

DARK DEEDS OF THE PAPACY

CONTRASTED WITH

BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE GOSPEL :

ALSO,

The Jesuits Unmasked,

AND

POPERY UNCHANGEABLE.

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TO MRS. BARKWORTH,

AS A ZEALOUS PROMOTER OF PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES,

THIS WORK,

UNDERTAKEN AT HER REQUEST,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE

DARK DEEDS OF THE PAPACY.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND'S DANGER AND ENGLAND'S CURE.

All we hold dear to us as British subjects, sound Protestants, and sincere Christians, is in imminent danger of being irretrievably lost at this eventful crisis.

This peril is the more awful because it comes not from an open honest enemy ready to meet us face to face, and foot to foot on the battle-field of Christendom. Before such a foe the English Protestant Churchman, clothed in the whole armour of God, never quailed. Infidelity and heresy of every kind have been fearlessly encountered and completely vanquished by the Ithuriel-spear of Holy Scripture; and all other enemies, in a fair field, have owned the invincible prowess of our arms. The real and truly formidable danger, which now threatens us with utter destruction, comes from an enemy who moves with stealthy pace and measured tread, and never strikes the blow till sure of his prey. Nay, he fondly amuses the victim till lulled into baneful security, steals from the unwary adversary the secret of his great strength, robs him of his arms, and then obliges him to become an abject slave; or, if he reject slavery, deprives the helpless being of liberty, eye of *life*, and thinks that thereby he does God's service!

Let no man think that in this statement the truth is exaggerated. No. The reader of the following authentic details, including facts recorded in works, some of which are rarely accessible, will be constrained to admit that the half of the truth had not been told him! The attentive

reader will be convinced on a perusal of our account of the JESUITS,—those trained bands of Rome—that we fight not against ordinary flesh and blood ; that our battle must be fought—if the contest is to be maintained at all—with enemies whose weapons and mode of warfare are “ *after the power of Satan,*” cunning craftiness, unprincipled audacity, and union in evil, far beyond the reach of mere fallen man.

Whilst we were faithful to our trust, we were secure of Divine protection, and proof against all the subtilty of the devil or man. Such a position was confessedly held for a long period by this country, the ornament and bulwark of the Reformation. Before that glorious era, this island was in a comparatively miserable and barbarous condition. When the yoke of apostate Rome was thrown off, and the Church of England cherished the pearl of great price as she ought, the blessing of God descended upon our land ; the springs of the human mind recovered their strength ; and the privileges of all who trust in God through Christ were soon felt in the energy of character, self-respect, independence, truth, peace, and honesty, which are the fruits of union with Him, and the true elements of national greatness. Sensible of her pre-eminent position, and conscious of the cause, England, though not so zealous as she ought to have been in spreading the same truths and extending the same blessings to others, shrunk from any direct participation in the sins, and so escaped the plagues of the apostacy. On the contrary, whilst other kingdoms were successively scourged,—prosperity, greater than any hitherto enjoyed by an empire since the creation, was freely bestowed on this small island. Her internal security equalled her external. Every Englishman's house was his castle.

The case is altered now, and the downward course has begun. Forgetful of her duty, and unmindful of her responsibility, the State has gradually changed our policy, and abandoned our impregnable position. Instead of parent-like, encouraging only truth, and commending it to the minds and hearts of her children, error is openly taught by the State ; millions of immortal souls daily drink in the poison of the apostacy, purchased and administered at the cost of England, with the implied sanction of the whole nation ! For, especially

since the passing of the Reform Bill, no ministry can carry any object in the legislature, if the representatives of the people, instructed by their constituents, are really opposed to it. Popery is openly endowed and encouraged in many places. In Ireland a seminary for propagating the apostacy now receives an income from the State, much greater than the public and private endowment funds of the Protestant University founded by Elizabeth of happy memory: and there is reason to apprehend that steps are being at this moment taken by government to render less Protestant the foundation of the College which rejected the *Newmania* of our times, by making Romanists eligible, to scholarships, and thus to create an opening for Jesuits to sap and mine the faith of the students! Every possible discouragement is shewn to the truly Protestant clergy of the Church in Ireland. Remonstrance after remonstrance has been made for a long time in vain, for protection to the persecuted thousands throughout that island who have lately left the Church of Rome. Our colonies are similarly treated. It would seem that so long as England herself is permitted to enjoy truth, freedom, and prosperity, her Government may with impunity discourage and hinder the gospel, and *support* and defend the apostacy in all other parts of her mighty empire. But such a cruel, selfish, and wicked departure from the manifest duty and charitable spirit of a Christian and Protestant state, is sure to be visited with great severity by the Judge of all the earth.

They who "partake of Rome's sins shall receive of her plagues."* And this nominal "liberality," but really selfish infidelity, always meets with retributive punishment. The enemy has thus, by means of an infatuated Government and people, drawn closer and closer his lines around the fortress of Protestantism, and thereby rendered our defence extremely difficult. This difficulty is increased by the same just retribution; the plague which we encouraged around us has reached and lodged in our very fortresses; and the mystery of iniquity—propagated by the wealth and power of England throughout the sister island and the colonies—remains now free, for nearly twenty years, to spread its venom—after an

* Rev. xviii. 4.

interval of 300 years—in the very university, wherein arose Wickliffe,

“That bright and particular star,”

which ushered in the dawn of our glorious Reformation. The university which refused to admit Popery, even on the compulsion of James II., a Romish monarch, cherishes, there is reason to fear, *dispensed Jesuits* within its bosom, to delude with ‘great swelling words of vanity,’ the youthful noble, the too confiding student, and the unwarned candidate for holy orders. No wonder, then, that in many Churches spiritual devotion is superseded by material worship. The substance is forgotten, and, *with the help of candles*, shadows are seen and venerated. The virgin and the crucifix, instead of Christ and his atonement, are the objects of chief regard. “Forbidding to marry” with “commanding to abstain from meats”—under the names of ‘Protestant’ Sisters of Charity, and of fasting—are also inculcated with much consistency; because, as all historians declare, invocation of saints and angels—the essence of the apostacy* has always made equal progress in the Church with the conventicle and monastic systems, which, with lying legends, are the instrumentality and marks of its advancement. They have also receded together. And thus figments and abominations of Rome, such corruptions of Christianity as were styled by the great doctor Thomas Jackson “the master-piece of Satan,” are embraced by men whose fathers would rather have perished at the stake than have subscribed to one of them. In fine, so great and wondrous a change has come over the spirit of this mighty kingdom, that the land-marks, separating truth from error, are gradually disappearing. Many seem given over to “a reprobate mind,” no longer possessing that nice spiritual perception, which leads one to shrink instinctively, and with abhorrence, from the contaminating influence of the unclean thing. The direction to divulge some great crime, before coming to the Lord’s table, is made the shallow pretence and absurd ground of “auricular confession,” that master-engine of the Papacy. The way is thereby made easy for Jesuits—the eminent directors of conscience!—to creep into every house, and by means of some member or

* 1 Timothy iv. 3.

dependant, make themselves acquainted with its secrets. Thenceforward the phrase, "every Englishman's house is his castle," will be but a vain boast. When a Romanist confessor* shall have gained entrance, there domestic confidence, personal self-respect, and independence of mind cease to reign in the home and heart of its owner. Even property is comparatively insecure when one learned in the "secreta monita" dictates and receives the last will and testament of the dying penitent. Liberty and freedom of speech are scarcely possible when the speaker's conscience is, with all his secrets, at the disposal of a member of the body; which, sworn to secrecy, observe scrupulously their oath where good to society at large might be done by a disclosure; but whose scruples are easily settled when the interests of the Order require it. Much of this powerful engine is exposed in our chapter on the Jesuits. The acts and deeds of "the man of sin," in both England and Ireland, show in this volume that the dungeon, the torture, and the stake in due time† await him

"found among the faithless
faithful only he."

Another work making further revelations of the dark deeds of the Papacy in the inquisition, and on the Albigenses and Waldenses, with the latter of whom the author has had some personal acquaintance, will convey further information and evince what England may expect if "the plague" now spreading, be not "stayed." Should any be incredulous let his doubts be removed by reflecting on the extraordinary advance of Romanism in this realm in little more than 25 years. It is not 30 years since the agents of that system in the united kingdom, cringed to, fawned on, and flattered the Protestants. Oaths and declarations were circulated, pledging Romish bishops, priests, and laymen, to all meekness, patience, and loyalty, if only admitted into the British councils. What is their attitude now? Our Queen's prerogative is scorned,

* See a convincing work on the Confessional by Dr. M'Neile, that consistent and unflinching champion of the truth.

† That admirable summary entitled with great propriety "No Popery," Seeleys, London, demonstrates this fact, and exposes the shallow evasions of Dr. Wiseman, &c.

our Church ignored, we are indeed treated as heretics. If such a change has passed over "this garden of the Lord" in so short a period, what can hinder the rest, if not timely checked? To aid, however humbly, in averting the most deplorable and terrific evils, the following pages have been written amidst many interruptions from pressing yet delightful duties. The author's hope is, that by the Divine blessing, "the dark deeds of the Papacy" being exposed in connection with Rome's unchangeable dogmas, and as perpetrated by Rome's authorised agents, will open the eyes of many to see, in THEIR FRUITS, the terribly wicked and unscriptural character of the *doctrines*,* which infallibly lead to such results when circumstances favour their full and firm development. Whilst the beautiful contrast presented in the light of truth—placed side by side throughout with those dark deeds—appears brightest as it cheers the martyr's heart, and plays o'er his heaven-lit countenance while he glorifies God in the fires.

The corrupt teaching of Romanisers has confounded many minds, and perplexed many a tender conscience. The sapping and mining in all directions has done much evil. It is humbly hoped by the divine blessing that a brief review of what—"our fathers have declared unto us, even the noble works that GOD did in their days, and in the old time before them,"—may restore the lineaments of truth, and bring back the troubled spirit to the WORD, by which the LORD comforted the confessors and martyrs in their affliction. We also humbly trust that the simple exhibition of the apostasy, as seen in its FRUITS, when unchecked by a superior power, will repel in time the deluded from the precipice, which to pass is destruction: that the net of Jesuitism being laid bare will scare away even the unwary ere it be too late, and the eyes of parents opened to the danger of allowing their young people to be snared early in the course of education, or later by intermarriage with Romanists† to their utter ruin. Protestants can hardly

* Even the common Romish Catechism teaches that no one can be saved who is not in communion with the Pope; and hence persecution is justified as merciful!

† Anne of Denmark, James's Queen, was a *secret Romanist*, and in regular correspondence with Rome: her son married another Papist, lost his head, and deluged England with blood.—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lviii. p. 897.

fail to see that England's danger is in encouraging and endowing Popery. England's safety consists in supporting, extending, and encouraging the TRUTH only. For if she partake of Rome's sins, she must "receive of her plagues." Therefore, whilst the present salutary feeling lasts, all true hearted Protestants should make known to their children, who may, in turn, declare it to them who shall come after them, what is the true character of Romanism, and show, by the acts and monuments of our martyrs, that it is not a mere superstition to be dispelled by secular learning: but a fearful apostasy, whose main springs—the Jesuits—abuse learning to delude the nations who seek not their strength from above, and their faith in the written word only. It is plain that mere legislative enactments, such as prohibiting the use of certain titles, cannot save the country, so long as the *spirit and principle* of the Government encourage Popery in Ireland and the Colonies. So surely as the latter policy continues, the worst of all judgments will be poured on this land, and that which many now present greatly fear will undoubtedly come upon the guilty country so highly honored when God was supremely honored, and deservedly debased when He and His Word were despised. Let every individual then regard it as a sacred duty to use his influence to reverse the present Popish policy of rulers, which warmed into life the serpent that employs its returning vigor to inject its poisonous venom into the very life blood of its benefactors. Whilst the rights of conscience are duly respected, let it be no longer possible for an envoy, bearing a painfully humiliating letter to Dr. Murray, from a *Protestant* Lord Lieutenant, to inform the Pope, that "*every session of each successive Parliament has produced laws favorable to the increase of [Roman] Catholicity and decrease of Protestantism!!*"—Dr. Ennis, 1848. If the Protestants of this great empire do their duty, and not otherwise, will the country be saved from certain destruction. If "the mystery of godliness" be duly and systematically contrasted, in its *principles and fruits* with "the mystery of iniquity;" if we feel and labor by all spiritual means for making Christ, who is so precious to our own souls, known to our poor Romanist fellow-countrymen, because we love them

as ourselves, and because our gracious Lord is thereby honored—soon will *Maynooth* cease to receive the seed of the teeth of the scarlet colored beast, in order to ripen into armed men, and shed its harvest of blood as in the days of old. No longer will the faithful minister of the Church in Ireland be treated by the rulers of this country as if the plague-spot were upon his forehead. The Colonial-office will cease to be infested with Romish agents going out to our dependencies, at the expense of this Protestant country, to counteract and oppose the gospel of the grace of God preached by our missionaries to perishing sinners. Colleges and schools purged of “the old leaven” of Jesuitism, will no longer send forth ‘sweet water and bitter’ from the same springs of sacred knowledge. Christ being supremely honored everywhere alike, and Antichrist sincerely and universally renounced, the shackles, which hang loosely on our poor Roman Catholic fellow subjects, will be struck off by Him who is the Angel of the covenant: and the curse now about to enter every dwelling will be converted into a blessing. For ‘peace and justice, religion and piety shall be established amongst us for all generations.’ With this earnest hope and prayer are the following pages committed to the goodness and mercy of the Great Head of the Church, and anxiously does the writer ask the prayers of the Lord’s people for the success of this work of faith and labour of love.

CHAPTER II.

THE JESUITS UNMASKED.

"And his deadly wound was healed" or "was healing."
Rev. xiii. 3.

Spain, the land of magnificent scenery and gorgeous shrines, scarcely ever in her palmy days gloried in a more superb abode of superstitious devotion, than was possessed by the Benedictine monks of Montserrat, near Barcelona. Next to the celebrated church of St. James at Compostella, the altar of "our lady of Montserrat" was most frequented by pilgrims whose gifts hung in rich profusion on its Church walls. But of all the votaries that ever climbed, with eager step, those beautiful heights by the winding path which at each turn reveals a still more glorious panorama of splendid scenery, combining picturesque rocks and fragrant groves, pine, clad hills and smiling dales, cloud-piercing mountains, and sweet green vallies, by far the most remarkable in the world's history was a Spanish officer, by name Ignatius Loyola, afterwards founder of the Jesuit order. On the eve of the festival of the annunciation of the Virgin, 1522, this extraordinary man, spent the whole night before her altar. The wonderful beauties of the shrine, formed of precious marbles and studded with sparkling gems, which were lighted up by seventy-five golden lamps of various sizes, attracted not one passing glance, for Loyola was the ardent worshipper of her to whom they were dedicated. But a few short hours ago he was prevented by a mere trifling circumstance from plunging his dagger into the heart of an infidel Moor, who had denied her divinity as Queen of Angels.

It was in mere hypocrisy that Loyola and his followers ever assumed and profaned the sacred name of Him who died for our redemption. In reality, Jesuitism is "the institute of our Lady," and the grand object of this abominable system is to extend and perpetuate the worship of her who assumed to herself the humble title "of the handmaid of

the Lord," but whom by the grossest idolatry they have virtually made the *Great Goddess* of the Papacy.

It was in front of the Virgin's altar that Loyola passed the live-long night, now standing, now on his knees, now prostrate on the ground, imploring her intercession for the pardon of his sins, and devoting himself to her service as her own true knight. There never lived a man of more stern and fixed character than Ignatius Loyola. In order to remove the slight defect perceptible in his right leg from the ill-reduced fracture of the bone, he twice endangered his life by surgical operations of excessive torture ; and it was during his tedious convalescence that two Spanish books of devotion, one containing a great number of lying legends of the Virgin and saints, and the other a very meagre life of Christ, first stirred up his fiery spirit to missionary enterprises, which, in process of time, merged into the vast idea of subjugating to the Papacy the souls of the whole human race ! It is a most remarkable coincidence that at the very time Satan's elect champion was buckling on his armour at Montserrat for battle in defence of the " man of sin," God moved His honoured warrior, Martin Luther, to reply to the timorous counsels of the friends who would keep him from the Diet at Worms. " Though there be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the houses I will go thither " in the strength of the Lord. Luther came, and saw, and conquered all antagonists in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. and his satellite Princes. In those two moral giants of their day and of all time, though we may notice some features of similarity, yet we cannot but remark some special points of most marked contrast. Loyola was a most skilful tactician, whose military education gave him a strong bias to stratagem and artifice. Luther was candour itself ; he abhorred trick and chicanery, and wore his heart on his lips. Loyola never referred to holy scripture for his religious opinions ; he was content to take his creed as a word of command, and accepted, unhesitatingly, all the errors of the Papacy on the assurance that the Church could not err. Even in Loyola's spiritual exercises, to which we shall soon have occasion to refer, and which has been aptly called the " Bible of Jesuitism," we find a mere dry skeleton of our Saviour's history,

without any quotations from the epistles or prophecies, so that it is nearly certain that this great defender of Popery had never read one line of the Bible, even when foremost in his assaults upon Protestant truth! On the contrary, Luther boldly and incessantly avowed his determination to stand or fall by Christ's written word, and in his Patmos he freed the Bible from its sheath in unknown tongues, and gave to many millions of his fellow countrymen the power and the desire to wield that heavenly sword, for the conquest of sin, the world, and the devil. But the grand and culminating point of difference between them was, that Loyola, in accordance with the prophetic character given by the apostles of the great apostacy, as making its leading feature to consist of creature worship, bent all the energies of his mighty mind to promoting the worship of saints and angels, and specially to the exaltation of the Virgin Mary as their Queen, while Luther incessantly preached "Christ and Him crucified;"

"Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end,"

and constantly maintained that the doctrine of justification by faith only was the sure test of a falling or standing Church.

It is a significant fact which speaks volumes for the desperate tenacity with which the Jesuits cling to the worship of the Virgin, that even now in the nineteenth century, Pope Pius IX., being entirely at their mercy, and dependant upon their support, was lately induced to pronounce the "immaculate conception of the Virgin," *i.e.*, that she was born without sin, as an article of faith; a step in idolatry which none of his predecessors was hardy enough to take when Jansenism was in the ascendant, or even had any weight in the Roman Church.

Loyola soon found that the printing press, and the discovery of America, had given such a mighty impetus to the human mind, that education was the favoured object of the day, and he also saw what a vast superiority the reformers had in that point, at a period when an ignorant monk could no longer warn his audience to beware of Greek;—for all that learned that outlandish tongue became heathen,—and above all things to eschew the Hebrew tongue, which in-

fallibly converted all acquainted with it into Jews. Education then was the most vulnerable side of the Papacy; and in that side it had suffered its most deadly wound; for the healing of which, Satan now raised up this powerful order, who should especially devote itself to warping the human intellect by subtle sophistry and perverted learning. Loyola, in consequence, spent nearly seven years in laborious study at the universities of Salamanca, Paris. Then taking with him seven other students as subtle and ambitious as himself, he went to Rome, where he at length obtained, in 1540, a bull from Pope Paul III., permitting him to organize his Order, and in the following year he was installed in Rome as its first General. On this occasion, before a huge trinket-bedizened doll, representing the Virgin, in addition to the three vows common to all Romish fraternities, viz., perpetual poverty, chastity, or rather celibacy and obedience, he took a fourth vow binding himself to pay blind and unconditional obedience to the Pope, and engaging himself and his Order to travel any where, and perform any act required by the Pope, at their own sole cost and charges. 'All the other members of the new society then took an oath of blind obedience to their general, and these oaths were sanctioned by a solemn appeal to the Virgin Mary as their patron divinity. The exact military discipline in which their founder had been drilled, and the enterprise and activity of his character as a soldier, are easily recognised in the remarkable organisation of this dangerous society.

The monks were totally incapacitated for the business and engagements of daily life. Shut up in "the dim religious light" of their monasteries, whenever they appeared abroad in the world their visual organs seemed purblind, like owls in the glare of day; their mental energies were quite exhausted by their long and dreary ritual observances, and their bodily energies were either reduced to the lowest point, by the austerities which enfeebled or the excesses which stupified the frame. In the times of Luther a picture was most popular in Germany, where its truth caused it to make a profound sensation in favour of Protestantism; it represented an enormous friar raising a huge flask to his mouth, while with a mingled leer of sensuality and hypocrisy, he exclaimed, "I drink for all!"

Totally different are the occupations and training of the Jesuits. They appear in no procession; do not consume their precious time in vain repetitions of devotional offices; they are not called to enfeeble the frame by incessant austerities, for Loyola considered the body to be a divine gift, as well as the soul, and to require equal attention for working order; they are required to be well versed in worldly concerns of every sort, to secure to themselves an aptitude for cultivating the friendship and winning the confidence of persons in every grade of society, through whom direct or indirect advantages may be obtained by their Order. In every political movement they are especially enjoined to take an active though unseen part, and thus they are to converge all the power of kings and states in and for the aggrandisement of the Papacy: and the political influence thus secured to it by the kings of the earth is an additional mark by which we may recognize it as the great apostasy. In a valuable work by M. Gastaud, a French divine of the eighteenth century, we learn the nature of the machinery by which this formidable society carries on its schemes for universal sway. It consists of three classes. The first includes lay persons of *both sexes*, who are the camp followers, the most serviceable to the order and most mischievous to Protestantism, of this "militia of Christ." They are chosen from every profession and rank of society. Popish physicians, lawyers, fencing masters, hotel keepers, monthly nurses, whose attendance on the sick often enables them, in hours of mental weakness, to introduce Romish priests to their patients: school masters and mistresses, who may give valuable aid in corrupting the religious principles of the young; *policemen, servants, &c.* In fact any Romanist of wealth, or better still, of zeal, ability, and influence is heartily welcome to enter "this order of mercy," and it is considered a pre-eminent distinction to follow even from afar these most intellectual, fascinating, and worldly-wise defenders of "holy mother Church." Romanist parents are guided in the choice of such professions for their children as may enable them to be active members of this class of Jesuits. Romanist parents are also directed by their Jesuit confessor to ally their Jesuit sons and daughters with lead-

ing "heretical families, that by the relations thus contracted, *the heat of Parliaments* may be abated, so that heretics may never root out the Roman faith." Still more, "such parties are allowed by dispensation to attend heretic Churches, and to get into high offices of the state, requiring special oaths of allegiance, on condition of confessing quarterly or monthly, all matters likely to advance the Roman cause."

The second class consists wholly of *men*, partly priests and partly laymen, who, though as clergy high in rank, or as laity very distinguished in their different professions, are bound *by a vow*, to enter into the order of Jesuits whenever any particular emergency requires all the ability, genius, and energy of Romanism to be concentrated into one well disciplined host, with one definite aim, and under one general of approved skill, energy, and subtlety. These are called *Jesuits in Voto*, or vowed Jesuits; and there is scarcely a town, city, or court in the world where there is not one or more of those dangerous men to be found. The third and highest class consists of *Politick* or *Professed Jesuits*, to whom is entrusted the management of the more difficult and important affairs of the Order. The care taken in admitting a member to this class shows us the desperate character of the men who compose it. Previous to taking the vows the candidate, who has long been singled out for the office by the scrutinizing eye of some Jesuit, as possessing energy, subtlety, and bigotted devotion to Popery, must remain as a novice for two years, during which time he must every six months "manifest his conscience" to his superior, so as to unfold in dark review, not only his sins and defects, but also the inclinations, the passions, and bent of his mind. Not content with this mode of penetrating into the innermost recesses of the heart, each Jesuit in the seminary, and each of his fellow novices, acts as a vigilant spy over his most casual act or word, or even look, and reports them fully to the superior, who records this information in his private "Book of Novices," and thus not only obtains for himself a knowledge of the novice's character, disposition, and talents, but is enabled to prove his opinion by exhibiting the grounds for his conclusions to the Jesuit superior

over his district. Then follow six principal trials through which the candidate must pass creditably before he is professed, or admitted to the vows of the Order.

First, he must go into *Retreat*. Now, as not only Jesuits, but "the religious" of all classes in the Roman Church, and particularly because all the Romish priests and bishops of Ireland every year enter into *Retreat* superintended by Jesuits, it is a matter of real importance to understand this Jesuit movement. Here, therefore, we must enter a little into detail. The house of retreat of the order contains many cells so constructed as to seclude the novice in all the horrors of solitary confinement; so still, so awful is the silence in them! The door and windows must be closed, except when a gleam of light is required for the purpose of reading or of taking food. There must be a chapel close at hand in which mass may be attended morning and evening. A reformed Jesuit tells us, that when first he left his lonely and darkened cell to visit the chapel, he was so unmanned that he ceased not to weep during the service. He afterwards learned that during his absence his trunk had been opened with a false-key by his spiritual director, who examined all his books and papers and other articles with a view to discover the particular bent and nature of his character! Thrice each day the novice must sift his conscience, and each time minutely report its state to his director. Certain penances and austerities must be observed in the meantime. Fasting, denial of sleep, and bodily torture, such as lying on iron bars, wearing hair cloth, and the free use of the scourge; none of which, however, must be allowed to injure the health seriously. The poor wretch is comforted, under these sufferings, by his director's assurance that he is thus making satisfaction for his past sins, and meriting the grace of God! What an anti-christian insult to the perfect atonement of the Lord Jesus, and His merciful offers of *free* grace! The spiritual exercises of Loyola, already alluded to, of which we have an English translation by Seager, with a preface by Bishop—now Cardinal—Wiseman, is the guide-book to the novice as he advances upon the tortuous "path of paradise," on which he finds the false peace and spiritual pride which "sear his con-

science as with a hot iron." We will observe, that this vile book is a master piece of Satan to engage the fancy and imagination alone, leaving the understanding and the affections unmoved. "The Spiritual Exercises" supply the "devotions suitable for one month's retreat." The novice is, during the first week to have his imagination entirely absorbed by scenes of terror, which must be so realized as to exercise all his senses. He must work himself up, *late at night*, to such a pitch of frenzy, as absolutely, in imagination, to *see* the vast fires of hell and the souls of the damned undergoing their tremendous agonies; he must also *hear* their wailings and gnashing of teeth; he must realise in imagination the *smell* or stench of the brimstone, and of the burning damned ones; he must in like manner *taste* those most bitter things "the tears, the rottenness, and the worm of conscience, and finally *touch*, as it were the fires by which the lost are ever burning, yet never consumed."

The second week's exercises must lead the novice to see in imagination, as in a *Panorama*, the chief events in the life of the Virgin, for she is the great *mediator of the apostasy*. He must see her, for instance, "sitting on a she-ass, she and Joseph, with a poor maid servant, and an ox, setting out for Bethlehem, that they might pay tribute to Cæsar." Then he is required to form some idea of the journey, as to its length, obliquity, smoothness or roughness, as it presents itself from place to place." The first of the meditations must be about midnight; the next at dawn; the third about the hour of mass; the fourth at vespers, and the fifth before supper. One hour, more or less, must be employed on each, so as to exercise at each time all the *five senses* of the imagination. This week must also include meditation on the history of our Lord Jesus Christ, and craftily suggests reflections upon the duty of surrendering to His service, doubtless through the Jesuit order, all personal property, by will or otherwise.

The third week sees the wretched novice called by "the spiritual exercises," to review in imagination, all the incidents of our Saviour's crucifixion, but contrives to make this glorious object as little practically useful to the soul as possible, by fixing the *five senses* upon the sort of road which

he travelled, whether as rough or smooth, short or long, steep or level, and of the nature of the chamber in which He took His last supper, as wide or narrow, plain or adorned, together with the nature of the garden of Gethsemane, which must be imagined of a certain size, and the like immaterial circumstances. The events of the Passion are still further neutralized in effect, by the permission to *divide* them, and take different times for each meditation. So as to "reflect on the Lord's supper at night, and on the garden at dawn, &c."

The fourth week at length arrives, and the novice is drawn by "the spiritual exercises" to meditate upon the Resurrection. The window of the cell is thrown widely open, the concealed flowers and fragrant shrubs are revealed to his aching eye, and he is called upon to rejoice in his Creator and Redeemer; and the following prayer teaches him how he is to express his deep gratitude by the surrender of his property to the Divine service:—"Receive, O Lord, my whole liberty. . . . Whatsoever I *have* or *possess* Thou hast given me; this all I *restore to Thee*; give me only the love of Thee, and I am rich enough, and desire nothing beyond." Surely this Jesuit wisdom is *earthly, sensual, devilish*; it keeps from the poor sinner a knowledge and trust in the person, offices, and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, by directing his senses and fancy to the mere immaterial incidents of His history, while it pretends to *direct* the soul, spiritually, to Him! In all those "spiritual exercises" there is no reference to our Saviour's sermons, or conversations, or prayers; no instruction in the Holy Scriptures, though God himself declares that they are "profitable for correction, by his inspired Apostle, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness!" It should be remarked that by dispensation "for a consideration," because "all things are venal at Rome," this four week's work may be done with rail-road velocity in a few days.

The second trial of the novice compels him to spend one month in an hospital, in attendance on the sick. The third puts his humility and disregard of public opinion to a sharp test indeed: for it obliges him to support himself during one whole month by begging from door to door. The fourth

tests his perfect submission to authority as well;—for during another month he must, no matter what his rank, act as scullion in the kitchen of the seminary; and the cook, nothing loath, is directed to try his temper and obedience, by every imaginable insolence. Fifthly, he must prove his skill in perverting education, by teaching children and poor people the Jesuit Christian doctrine, &c. Sixthly, the crowning trial tests very severely his ability and eloquence as a preacher, and his powers of insinuation and adroitness as a confessor. “To make assurance doubly sure” the Jesuit novice cannot be allowed to make his full profession until thirty-three years of age. Neither learning, nor genius, nor captivating address, alone or combined, are sufficient qualifications for a Jesuit, he must have all these recommendations, and in addition he must be a man of action, action, action. While energy must impel him to incessant labours for the promotion of the interests of his Order, he must possess common sense in a rare degree, for it is with the *realities* of life the Jesuit must grapple. When he enters this vile conspiracy against mankind, he must also sever himself for ever from every tie of kindred, and crush every affection of the heart. So anxiously is this infernal qualification consulted, that as soon as any warmth of feeling is exhibited by a novice in friendly intercourse with his fellow victims, he is instantly removed to a seminary of a more chilling atmosphere. In fact the detective system which prevails to so iniquitous an extent amongst Jesuits, must prevent friendship by destroying mutual confidence. Loyola was an admirable model for the imitation of his followers in this respect. When in the immediate vicinity of his brother's castle, to which he was most cordially invited, he passed it coldly by without even a sigh for “auld lang syne;” and long afterwards when a letter from his brother was placed in his hand, the wretch, proving himself to be a true apostate, as being “without natural affection” threw it unopened into the fire which was burning before him! Yet Loyola was often affected by a disease in the eyes, caused by excessive weeping while delivering his singularly pathetic and powerful discourses!

Every Jesuit house has its rector; every district its pro-

vincial, and every kingdom its assistant, who severally transmit to the father-general at Rome, who is chosen for life, a frequent and minute report of the character and conduct of each Jesuit, and his abilities, whether natural or acquired; his experience, and the department for which he is best fitted, and above all his *temper*; for temper is a main-point with Jesuits, as it gives them such advantage in controversy, that no adversary can tell when he has been galled; for a kindly and patronising smile is always ready on his lips, even when he is most grieved at heart.

At the same time each report contains most accurate information respecting every circumstance or event which directly or indirectly concerns the Order. All these reports are digested carefully, and accurately arranged in the great registers of the father-general, who has absolute power to displace or to promote every Jesuit under his irresponsible rule, and who, in his secluded study at Rome, can survey with one comprehensive glance, as in a map, the state of the society in every corner of the earth; observe the peculiar talent of each member, and choose with perfect information the instruments which he can, with uncontrollable sway, employ in any service for which he pleases to destine them, and in which this dangerous society is invited to engage, by the transmitted reports of the political, social, or religious state of affairs. This is marvellous organization, but, cannot be adequately understood without a consideration of Loyola's famous "Letter on Obedience," in which he defines the fourth vow, that truly Satanic device for utterly extinguishing liberty of will, exercise of reason and responsibility to God. "The vow of obedience," says he, "to a superior binds him, who takes it, to adopt the will of his superior so perfectly in inward affection and perfect agreement, as to make it entirely his own, so as never to bend or mould it in any way, but to adopt it as the revealed will of God; so that if his Church has pronounced black to be white, he must not merely call it white, but absolutely believe it and think it to be white, notwithstanding the evidence of his senses to the contrary, and this too must be done with a certain blind impulse of an eager will bearing him forward, without giving him

space for enquiry!" And he illustrates his meaning by the example of "the Abbot John, who daily, throughout a whole year, watered the dry stump of a tree, never for a moment questioning the order of his superior, but believing and thinking the action to be most wise and useful, as he had been commanded to perform it." "In conclusion," says Loyola, a Jesuit must "yield himself to the will of his superior as a *corpse*!" No doubt the battery from which it is galvanized is at Rome, and worked by the masterly hand of the father-general. To Laincz, the father-general who succeeded Loyola, the society owes much of the deep craft which marks it character. His maxims are supposed to be contained in a very curious book, called "The Secret Instructions."

It was first brought to light by Christian, Duke of Brunswick, when he seized the Jesuit College, at Patterborn, in Westphalia. In the first page directions were given, that "if by accident this book falls into the hands of a stranger, it must be positively denied that these are the rules of the society!" We give merely the substance of these rules, which throw great light on Jesuit movements. Special directions are supplied to guide them in obtaining acceptance, influence, wealth, and power. For these ends they are guided in the use of the vilest intrigues, whether in person or through the instrumentality of the very worst and most infamous dependants or favorites of the rich and great, whose vices must be pandered to or most gently treated in the confessional. Dispensation may be obtained from the Pope for marriages within the forbidden degrees. Presents may be given to servants to secure the secrets of families. People must be taught that the society has the *fullest powers of absolution*, of dispensing with fasts, and discharging from debts. Princes must be the peculiar care of the Order; they must be *soothed* and conciliated, both in sermons, in the confessional, and in conversation. The animosities of princes must be discovered, either that the Jesuits may have the credit of reconciling them to their enemies, or, if it be for the interests of the order, that their contest may be so bitterly inflamed as to *weaken* them. Lavish promises may be made of perfect freedom

from the pains of purgatory, so as to induce the rich to give largely, or even to lend large sums to the society; and, if needs be, a very high rate of interest may be promised on loans, which may afterwards be turned into legacies or gifts, when the poverty of the Society becomes known to the lender. The Jesuits are advised to watch like vultures over the dying, whom, if other means fail, they may lead to expect *canonization from the court of Rome*, if wise enough to bequeath their property to the order. Women, who reveal the vices and ill-humour of their husbands, may be taught to *withdraw a sum of money secretly*, to offer, through the society, to God a sacrifice for the sins of their husbands. To all classes, and especially to kings, the Jesuits may, for a consideration, allow whatever pleasures they have an inclination to, provided public scandal be avoided. They must use *all means to damage the character of heretics*, so that even their very virtues may be made to appear horrid vices. "Since there is no other way to confound heretics, Jesuits may have a dispensation to multiply sects and divisions amongst them, by entering into their Churches; and they are permitted to rail outwardly against "Holy Mother Church" and their own Order, but always so as to implicate the Church of England equally in their accusations. Towards the enemies of the order they must be such dangerous foes, that "*they who do not love them, may at least fear them.*" Even the *mercier's shop* and "my lady's chamber" are not safe from the intrusion of Jesuits. "Fanciful articles, supplied by foreign nuns, may be taken as new fashions to court, &c., and some ladies of rank and beauty may be seduced into bringing them into note," no doubt to enrich Popish nunneries and depreciate our own native, but heretic, manufacture.

We must notice another celebrated Jesuit work, published in 1657, entitled "Apology for the Casuists." It justifies revenge, false honour, illicit pleasure, pride, sedition, rebellion, and murder. But Casnedi, the Jesuit, "out-Heroded Herod," when, so late as the middle of the last century, he published in Portugal, five folio volumes, in which he inculcates the very worst principles they had ever propagated, expressly teaching that

at the last day, it shall be said by the Sovereign Judge, "Come ye blessed who have murdered and blasphemed, &c., since ye believed that ye were right in so doing!!!" In fact, the principle of which St. Paul has declared, with respect to its maintainers, that their "damnation is just," pervades all the morality, or rather immorality, of this infamous order, viz., that men should "do evil that good may come," or, in their own hypocritical words, that "the end sanctifies the means."

So glaring, though subtle, were the apologies for crime in a book written by Moya, the Jesuit confessor of the Queen-Mother of Spain, 1664, that the faculty of theology at Paris, condemned it in the gross, declaring "that their respect for decency must prevent their censuring the abominations which appeared on the subject of chastity!" Yet the professed object of the Jesuit Order at its first formation, and the very recommendation through which it at first gained admission into every kingdom, was tell it not in Gath the *education of the young*. With such principles of action, as we have described, to guide them in this "delightful task," we do not wonder at the fact which has puzzled many a profound thinker, that the Jesuit system of instruction, while it appears to a superficial observer to enlarge the youthful mind, and to ensure valuable habits of exact order, has quite the contrary effect, for it draws a stern and impassable circle around the intellect, and contracts the mind into imbecile bigotry, by checking, as sinful doubts, all enquiries upon matters of faith, and even of science, when connected, however remotely, with revealed religion; while at the same time the means used for keeping up discipline have the effect of contracting, if not of paralyzing, the youthful affections.

The writer of these pages had lately a full opportunity of witnessing the Jesuit system of instruction in full operation. The president was a highly fascinating gentleman and an elegant scholar. The unfortunate pupils were *divided*, and thereby weakened upon true Jesuit principle, into several sections, to which different rooms were assigned. Tutors of first-rate ability presided in each room. The president spoke much of their

capabilities, and remarked that they were first-class men in the neighbouring universities, who were attracted by receiving a double portion of salary, and—he added, with a smile—I must say, more than a double portion of *praise*, for pride of genius must be kept alive by high applause. A Latin class was called up for examination, and when it was remarked, by the writer, that not the English, but the Italian mode of pronunciation was used in the seminary, the president cast a furtive look at a tutor, who was, no doubt, a Protestant, and marked out for perversion, and then whispered, “ I hope to see all those fine lads one day at *Rome*, so they should know how to speak Latin intelligibly there.” A Latin exercise was examined; and its writer proved guilty of having stolen a classical phrase from a forbidden quarter. In one of our honest English Protestant schools the lad would have been taught honesty by a sound caning, not so with the Jesuit, who laughed heartily at the discovery, which his superior knowledge enabled him instantly to detect, and then warned the lad to be more cautious for the future, at least, not betray himself by so clumsy an appropriation of “ purple patch ” upon his shabby performance. A professor of oratory arrived. A general muster of the most advanced pupils was made, and all encircled him in mute attention. The president took an opportunity of whispering, “ Be sure that you give great praise to our orator, and applaud heartily whenever I give the signal. Poor human nature is full of pride, and to get any good from it must be extravagantly flattered.” The subject of declamation was Mrs. Norton’s “ *Slave*,” and when, at the close of the poem, the slave shook his fetters in proud disdain, and gloried in the liberty of his free mind; the Protestant visitor rejoiced in the liberty where with Christ hath made us free, and invited the friendly Jesuit to his hotel, where a free conversation on the privileges of the Gospel might be enjoyed. The invitation was accepted but forgotten,—and the visitor was quickly shown out, but not before he noticed that there were billiard tables provided for the amusement and corruption of the elder lads, and bagatelle tables for the younger; and also, that notwithstanding all the suavity of the Jesuit, there

seemed to be a deadly fear of him in one and all of those around him, who started and grew pale whenever he addressed them. The Jesuits have contrived to usurp the entire control of the education of Romanists, and too often alas! are entrusted with the instruction of Protestants also. In fact there is scarcely a Romish seminary, in which these men have not the absolute rule. The order of monks, called the Christian brothers, who are indefatigable in the education of the poor, is directed by a Jesuit. The "sodality of the Sacred Heart," for the education of girls, is managed by Jesuits. Nunneries, whether in our own country or on the continent, are particularly watched over by these men "full of subtilty, children of the devil." Such attractive accomplishments, and exquisite embroideries, are taught in those dens of idolatry, wickedness, and slavish superstition, that ungodly Protestants are often guilty of sending their daughters thither; soon seduced by the soft and wily attentions of the Jesuit father confessor to their children, they invite him to partake of their hospitality; the result of this intercourse is described so faithfully by the masterly pen of Dr. Southey, that we must give the extract entire, as a warning to parents.

"Woe be to that Protestant family wherein a Romish priest finds admittance, for these men are indeed wise in their generation! The first lesson of monachism is to disregard your parents. St. Benedict, when he repeats the substance of the Commandments, in his "rule" changes the fifth, and instead of saying, "Honour thy father and mother," makes it, "Honour all men;" as if, says Calmet, to denote that his disciples must consider themselves as having no longer father or mother or relation upon earth. This principle the Romish priest inculcates in its utmost extent, when, through the confessional, he has obtained the ear of a young woman, and perplexed her with his sophistries, and when he has turned her brain, and separated her from her parents for ever; he shuts up the poor victim of delusion in a convent for the remainder of her days, to say prayers by the score, which she cannot construe, to rise at midnight to attend a service which she cannot understand, to address her prayers, not to her Creator and Redeemer,

but to saints of whom some were madmen, and some knaves, and many are non-entities; to put her trust in crosses and relics; to practise the grossest idolatry; to believe that the food which is innocent on Thursday's, becomes sinful on Friday's; and if her devotions aspire to the higher honours of her profession, to torment herself with whip-cord and a horse hair shift! So untrue are the encomiums upon the Jesuits as instructors; and equally false are the encomiums upon them as missionaries, and equally mischievous is their influence abroad in heathen lands. The fact is, that their great apparent success in gathering converts to their Church has been mainly owing to their sinful compliances with the idolatry and superstitions of the heathen,—which they generally allow their converts to retain unchanged, but under the designation of Popish saints and superstitions. Multitudes of poor naked Indians have been driven like beasts into an enclosure, and there baptised by Jesuits with brooms dipped in buckets of holy water, and then they have had a metal crucifix tied about their necks, and been sent back to their wilds "*registered Catholics.*" It is also a fact that Jesuit missionaries do not visit the poor and frozen regions of Greenland, &c. Their pious care has been extended to the countries, where by trading as merchants, or by their religious offices, their Order may be enriched, and their world-wide ambition gratified by such rigid and arbitrary rule as they exercised in Paraguay.

Such being the dangerous character and ambitious spirit of Jesuits, we do not feel surprised at finding them engaged in all "the dark deeds" which have convulsed nations since their establishment. Henry III., was assassinated by Clement, a Jesuit, and Henry IV., was assassinated by the Jesuit Ravailac. A remarkable circumstance occurred during the examination of the latter. He accused D'Aubigny, the Jesuit, of being privy to the act. This, D'Aubigny stoutly denied, protesting that he had never even seen him. When they were confronted Ravailac clearly proved that he had previously made his confession to D'Aubigny, and the latter replied, "God has given to some the gift of tongues; to others the gift of prophecy; to me He has granted the gift of *forgetting confessions!*" In 1584 the Jesuits contrived the assassina-

tion of William, Prince of Orange. The murderer consulted with four Jesuits, before he committed the crime, by whom he was assured that if he should die in the attempt, they would place him in the rank of martyrs! This infamous society has been already expelled *thirty-seven* times from the countries which it has disturbed by wicked intrigues. At length such was the indignation raised against the Jesuits, that Pope Clement XIV., in 1773, issued a bull for their suppression, in which it was declared that "they had so excited the faithful to all the rage of party-hatred and animosities, that the Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, and Sicily found themselves reduced to the necessity of expelling or driving them from their kingdoms, in order to prevent Christians *from rising and massacring one another* in the bosom of Holy Mother Church!" That Pope was poisoned in the following year. The cruel attempts made by Jesuits upon the life of our first Protestant Queen, and their accursed Gunpowder Plot, as well as their frightful ferocity in Ireland, will be found recorded in the following pages. We will conclude this sketch by describing the artifices which they have used in England for the propagation of the great apostasy. A rare and curious work styled "Foxes and Firebrands," furnishes us with several of our facts. The first alludes to a cunning artifice which they made use of, in order to make our scriptural Prayer Book odious to Dissenters, and a means of drawing weak Protestants to the Church of Rome. In these days, when some feeble-minded Tractarian clergy lay so much stress upon pictures and crucifixes as a means of devotion in our Churches, it has peculiar value. On New Year's Day, 1560, Queen Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's. A Prayer Book, splendidly bound and illustrated with Popish pictures, was placed on her Majesty's cushion by the Dean. Elizabeth examined it with curiosity, then frowned and blushed. After a moment's consideration she put it away, and called to the Verger to bring her the old Prayer Book. As soon as the service was over, in place of mounting her horse as usual, she walked to the vestry room, called for the Dean, and asked him why he had given her the new Prayer Book? When he explained that he had placed it there as a New Year's gift to her

Majesty ; the Queen remarked that he “ could never have given her a worse, for that she had an aversion to idolatry, to images, and pictures, of the kind of saints, and angels, and the grosser absurdities resembling the Holy Trinity ; and reminded him of her proclamation against images, pictures, and Romish relics in Churches ;” and when the Dean humbly declared that he acted in ignorance, the Queen expressed her hope “ that God would pardon his sin of ignorance, and grant him the Holy Spirit, and more wisdom for the future.” Upon enquiry it was found that *foreigners* had supplied him with the illustrated, or rather the darkened Prayer Book. The salutary effect of this spirited rebuke of our first Protestant Queen was soon seen in the careful eradication from the walls of all the London Churches, of all Popish paintings, and the substitution of Scriptural texts against Romish errors. The following most important facts are extracted from the registry of the Bishop of Rochester. They refer to Thomas Heath, brother of the late Bishop of this diocese, who appeared in 1568 in that city, and pretending to be a Protestant clergyman, applied to the Dean to recommend him for preferment. The Dean kindly directed him to preach in the cathedral before the Bishop, on the 21st November. It was ordered by Providence for the confusion of the hypocrite, that, whilst preaching, he drew from his pocket, with his sermon, a letter, which fell unobserved by him into the pulpit, and was found by the sexton, who noticed it to be directed to Thomas Finn, and bearing the signature of Samuel Malt, a notorious English Jesuit, then residing at Madrid. It was as follows :—

“ Brother ! The Council of our fraternity have thought fit to send you David George, Theodorus Sartor, and John Huts, their collections, which you may distribute wherever you may see it may be for your purpose, according to the people’s inclinations. These mixtures with your own, will not only puzzle the understanding of the auditors, but make yourself famous. We suppose your wants are not considerable at present, by what we have heard, how your flock do admire every day more and more. Be not over-zealous in your proceedings at first, but gradually win upon them as you visit them, and according as you find their inclinations bend to your designs. Let us hear how you have proceeded, for it will satisfy your brethren much, and enable them the better to instruct you for the future. Hollingham, Collingson, and Benson, have sent a faction among the German heretics, so that several who had turned from us have already

denied their baptism, which we hope will soon turn the scale and bring them back to their own principles. This we have certified to the Council and Cardinals, that there is no other way to prevent people from turning heretics, and for the recalling others back again to Mother Church, *than by the diversities of doctrines.* We all wish you to prosper.

“ Madrid, Oct. 26, 1568.”

“ SAML. MALT.”

The sexton brought this singular document to the Dean, who instantly detected the artifice of Heath, when he compared it with Heath's sermon, the text of which was Acts xii. 5, “ Peter, therefore was kept in prison, but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him ;” and that the whole point of his sermon was to show that it was *spiritual* prayers, and not those prayers of the Church of England now established, which had brought Peter out of prison. The Dean immediately laid this letter before Bishop Guest, and Heath, after much prevarication, in which he pretended to be anxious to “ purify the Church from all *smacks* of Romish ceremonies,” was clearly detected as a Jesuit sent to trouble the peace of the Church, for in one of his boots was found a bull of Pope Pius V., licensing him to preach what doctrine the society of Jesuits pleased for dividing English heretics. He was offered liberty if he would make full confession, but refusing the boon was committed to prison where he died soon after, not without suspicion of having poisoned himself.

In our days, when from some pulpits the errors of Rome are advocated, it is also important to notice the following extract from this bull of Pope Pius V ;—

“ We authorise wise and learned of our ecclesiastics to confound heresy, that the heretics may be either recalled to our jurisdiction, or that a total infamy may be brought upon them by a perpetual discord amongst themselves.”

With such a power is it not certain that the Romanising clergy of our Church are “ masked Jesuits ?”

Sir John Temple, in his annals of the Irish rebellion of 1641, mentions a friar who cruelly tied several Protestants back to back, and then caused them to be flung over Portadown bridge. That villain afterwards assumed the name of Captain Holland in the Parliamentary army. He married and left £2500 to his family. Cromwell finding the Jesuits most active in obtaining information of all his movements, so that they were sooner known in Rome than in London,

instituted so rigorous a search that several Jesuits were discovered in his army, and being unmasked, their effects were confiscated, and Holland's ill-gotten gain shared the same ruin.

Dr. Ramsey was one of Charles the First's physicians in Scotland. He had two sons, both of whom became Jesuits. The elder entered the Parliament army under the fictitious name of Captain Right. So admirably was he disguised, that for a considerable time, with matchless intrepidity of face, he steadily baffled the enquiries of his own father, who between fear and doubt, often addressed him. This masked Jesuit was at length suspected, stripped of his disguise, and so much treasonable correspondence discovered, that he was executed as a traitor. The younger son became a physician, and a Jesuit *in voto*. His career was wild and eventful. He was a very clever linguist, and for some time pretended to be a Jew; wore a long beard, and taught Hebrew in the university of Oxford. At that period of our national history, great care was taken to prevent young students from being perverted at our universities, and Ramsey being detected in efforts to inculcate Popery, was summoned before the Vice Chancellor, but on the eve of his examination he fled to Cambridge, where he appeared in a different disguise, and propagated his apostasy. As soon as the Vice Chancellor at Cambridge heard of his mischievous attempts to pervert the faith of the students, he was again summoned, but fled and retired to London. O! that the heads of houses at our Universities were equally vigilant and determined *now*, in opposition to Popish subverters of the faith of the students entrusted to their charge, and for whom they must give account!

Such were the tact and courage of Ramsey that as soon as he heard that Prynne had offered a reward for his detection, he disguised himself as a poor Bohemian priest, who had been just rescued by an English merchant from slavery in Turkey; and so admirably did he carry on the deception by the Italian, German, and Latin languages, that he extracted a large sum of money from that zealous Protestant, to whom he afterwards wrote, apprising him that he had not only seen Dr. Ramsey, but hospitably enter-

tained and assisted him with money. Dr. Pullen, Dean of Clonfert, and afterward Archbishop of Tuam, met a singular adventure which throws still more light upon the unscrupulous means used by the Jesuits for weakening the Church of England. Pullen was preserved from the massacre of 1641, by a Jesuit, by name James Saul, who had received some favours from him; after escaping to England he became chaplain to the Earl of Oxford, whose wife was an amiable lady, but disposed to dissent. She frequented a conventicle where a shoe-maker so charmed her by his eloquence, that she at length prevailed upon her chaplain to accompany her thither. The Dean greatly admired the gifted preacher, but fancied that he had a dim recollection of having seen him before; and the very same day Lady Oxford having invited the shoe-maker to dinner, his suspicions were turned into certainty, for weary of remaining entirely in the shade into which the strange visitor's brilliant gifts had thrown him, Dr. Pullen quoted a Hebrew text, which was instantly responded to by the shoe-maker to the amazement of the company. Immediately after Dr. Pullen leaned towards his rival and whispered to him, "You are the Jesuit who saved my life in Ireland! Do not deny it, but take measures for your escape. I will now save yours if I can." The Jesuit quietly stole away, and great was the vexation of his admirers when informed of the facts of the case; but the Countess never afterwards followed "Wandering Stars." In the life of the learned and pious Dr. Hammond we find another remarkable instance of the versatility and subtlety of this dangerous Order. Dr. Hammond was one day in a Bookseller's shop reading the works of St. Ambrose, when a soldier familiarly placed a hand on his shoulder, and looking into the volume, read it with perfect ease. Dr. Hammond, astounded, asked how he could have acquired that knowledge; the soldier boldly replied, "from the Holy Spirit who had given him the gift of tongues." "Well," said Hammond, "I will try you further." The soldier stood the test wonderfully, and freely translated Greek, Hebrew, and other languages. At length a Welch Bible was placed before him; but he shut up the book angrily, with the words, "I will not satisfy you

further, for you will not believe even an angel from heaven!" Dr. Hammond had him arrested and brought before Oliver Cromwell, who caused his lodgings to be searched, when several Popish and seditious papers were discovered, and in one of his boots—apparently a favourite hiding place of Jesuits—a Papal bull, licensing him, under several names, to assume what calling he pleased, and he was then playing the part of a military field preacher.

Cromwell was the terror of Jesuits, and was so vigorous in his prosecution of those traitors, that when even one appeared openly in England, information was required to be instantly given to him. George Coulshaw, an ironmonger of Bristol, detailed the following singular fact to the sturdy Protestant Protector. An old school-fellow, named Coppinger, one day called upon him, and in the confidence of the festive hour, told him that he had been for eight or nine years in Italy, and had lately visited London, where he had earned a handsome sum of money by preaching; he remarked, that amongst all the Dissenting bodies he had found none so like the Jesuit fraternity, as the Quakers, and that at London he had encountered at a Quaker's meeting with two Jesuits, whom he well knew at Rome. He then asked whether there were any Quakers at Bristol, and when answered in the negative, and that it was unlikely they would ever visit that city; Coppinger turned quickly, and offered a wager of £500 to £5 that within one month a Quaker's meeting would be established at Bristol. Coulshaw laughed incredulously, but how great was his amazement to find that within the specified time two Quakers appeared at Bristol, who so "rambled and roared," that a flourishing sect of Quakers soon existed in that city.

The following extracts of a letter from Bishop Bramhall, of Derry, to Archbishop Usher, will be read with deep interest at this eventful time, when Jesuits are busy all around us, and have insinuated themselves into many offices of trust, both in Church and State:—

"In 1646 there were sent into England 100 professed Jesuits, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had been carefully trained in France, Italy, Germany, and Spain, and taught trades and professions, as well as dogmatical theology. Some were trained to represent themselves as Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, &c., and obliged, in public disputation, three

times a week, to prove their perfect acquaintance with the doctrine and discipline of the sect they were to enter.

“ These Jesuit emissaries have their licenses taken out in a variety of names, so that in case of discovery, the name, dress, &c. being changed, they can baffle their pursuers and yet remain in full connexion with their fraternity. To prove their constancy to their Order, they must every month report most minutely, not only all their own sayings and doings, but also all the valuable information which they can discover: so that Romanist English abroad are better acquainted with events than those at home. Of these hundred Jesuits who came to England in 1646, a large number entered the Parliament army, and others the army of Charles I., and often old college companions were confounded to find themselves on opposite sides, until the secret bulls cleared up the difficulty, by showing their vocation to have been fixed by the General of the Order.”

The celebrated Archbishop Usher supplies us with the *Secret Oath of the Jesuits*, from which we give the following most valuable extract:—

“ I declare from my heart without any mental reservation, that his holiness the Pope, is Christ's Vicar-General.....that he hath power to depose heretical kings, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and therefore that they may be safely destroyed.....Especially the now pretended authority and Church of England.....that the doctrines of the Church of England, of Calvinists, &c. are damnable, and they themselves are damned and to be damned that will not forsake the same.....I will help and advise all his holiness' agents.....in England, Ireland, and Scotland.....and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrines, and to destroy all their pretended powers, regal or otherwise; and I do further promise that, notwithstanding, *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of Mother Church's interest to keep secret.....all her agents' counsels.....In testimony whereof I take the most holy and blessed sacrament of the eucharist.*”

How terribly faithful Jesuits are to this awful vow we well know by their “ Dark Deeds,” recorded in the following pages; and sum up their character and career in the following remarkable words of a general of their order:—

“ We come like lambs; we govern like wolves; we are driven out like dogs; but.....we renew our strength like eagles!”

The sorest obstacle in the way of those formidable champions of the Papacy is the majestic attitude of the united Church of England and Ireland. The gigantic power of God as given to our Church as the great bulwark of Protestantism, has provoked them to deadly feud. We should never forget the dark menace hurled by the Jesuit Campian against our first Protestant Queen:—

“ Be it known unto you that we have made a league, all the Jesuits in

the world, whose SUCCESSION and MULTITUDE must over-reach all the practices of England, cheerfully to carry the cross that you shall lay upon us, and never to despair your recovery while we have a man left to enjoy your Tyburn, or to be racked with your torments, or to be consumed with your prisons. Expenses are reckoned; the enterprise is begun: it is of God: it cannot be withstood. So the faith was planted. So it must be restored."

In the valuable "Laws of the Papacy and the nullity of the Government of Queen Victoria in Ireland," by that eminent champion of our Protestant Church, the Rev. R. J. M'Ghee, we find the following startling facts:—

In the reign of Christian IV. of Denmark, a plot, conducted with much art, was discovered for the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in the North. Several ecclesiastics, *who outwardly professed the Protestant religion, but who had been brought up in the Catholic faith by the JESUITS, at the College of Brunsburgh, in Prussia, were actively and secretly employed in spreading Roman Catholicism in their parishes.* So by the vi. chapter and 3rd article of the Code of Christian V., every Monk, Jesuit, or member of the Catholic clergy is forbidden, under pain of death, to inhabit or make any stay in the Danish dominions, and every person who shall have studied at any place or school where Jesuits are established, is incapable of holding any situation in the Church or in any seminaries."

Now, if poor and intensely Protestant Denmark cannot escape the machinations of those incarnate fiends, who, in carrying out their vast idea of universal domination, shrink not from the impoverished pittance and desolate wooden Churches of the bleak north, surely any candid observer who witnesses in many of the superb Churches of wealthy England, men, calling themselves ministers of a Church which has the glory of producing so many noble martyrs, enacting Popery as far as they safely can, and

"Playing before high Heaven such rude fantastic tricks
As make the angels weep!"

must exclaim with us, the JESUITS are in ENGLAND, and must be UNMASKED!

CHAPTER III.

DARK DEEDS OF THE PAPACY NEVER CEASING, AND BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE GOSPEL EVER SHINING IN ENGLAND.

“What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?” “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”—Rev. vii., 13, 14.

If we beheld a messenger running up to us, covered with dust, exhausted with fatigue, loaded with insults, and covered with wounds, but content to expire at our feet, provided he might lay there, along with his life, the letter, which in his fidelity to us, he had so often bedewed with his blood and his tears; O! then, what ought we to think of the importance of the message? “This message,” one would say, “is worth a man’s life,—more than a man’s life. My poor friend has sacrificed all, in order to have it safely delivered into my hands. I must sacrifice all to receive it; even though I too should perish, I must read this letter!” It is in this spirit that Englishmen should ever contemplate the “acts and monuments” of their martyr-heroes. While they learn to abhor the “mother of harlots for being drunken with the blood of these bright lights of the gospel, and martyrs of Jesus,” they should prize the gospel, and receive the gospel; and, if needs be, lay down their lives for the gospel for which their martyr-ancestors rejoiced to suffer at the stake.

The first remarkable event in the dark dealings of the Papacy with England, occurred in the reign of William the Conqueror, when the bold Norman forbade his clergy to acknowledge a Pope, or to excommunicate a noble, or to publish any Papal bull without his sanction. Gregory VII., the infamous Hildebrand, seeking by fraud the power which he could not obtain by force, deluged England with multitudes of mendicant Friars, whose aim was to pre-occupy the minds of the middle and lower classes with an extrava-

gant attachment to Papal superstitions, by the "enormous lying" which they excelled in, while they described the miraculous legends and "old wives' fables" which formed the staple of their preaching.

The Franciscans were the most popular order in England, and they require a brief notice. Their founder was son of a rich merchant at Assissa, in Italy. His enthusiastic devotedness to "the chair of Peter; his ardent adoration of the Virgin Mary as the great goddess of the Romish apostacy; and the wild fanaticism of his austerities, conspired to render Francis a most valuable tool for the promotion of Papal ambition. Like the unhappy father Ignatius of our own days, this poor fanatic was caressed and flattered by the crafty priests, who gained power by his extravagant follies. They went much further,—for in those days the press had no existence to canvass and correct abuses,—with the most atrocious effrontery they held up Francis, even during his life, as the perfect pattern of our Lord Jesus Christ! And his followers exhibited him with a wound in his side, and four nails in his hands and feet, fixed there they said by Christ himself, who had visibly appeared to make "the conformity" complete! The so-called "infallible Church" sanctioned this blasphemous fable; and a day was appointed in the Romish calendar for its commemoration; and the title of *seraphic* was given to St. Francis and his host of barefooted Friars.

But a rival order soon appeared, which from its very first formation has ever been at bitter feud with the Franciscans in times of inaction, but its most formidable ally in active enterprises for extending "the domains of Peter." The Order of St. Dominic, then, strove to out-run their hated rivals in the race of blasphemy. They affirmed that the *five* wounds had been impressed upon St. Dominic also, but that in his superior humilities he had prayed for and obtained this amazing mark of Divine love, that "the stigmata," or scars, should never be *visible* as long as he lived! They declared that the Virgin Mary had adopted this cruel murderer as her own son, and fed him at her own breast, and that his countenance perfectly resembled the pretended miraculous picture of our Saviour, and that it

was revealed to him in a vision, that his "following" of Friars should have their place in heaven under the robe of the Virgin herself! Frightful and revolting to decency, as were the filthy and cruel austerities of St. Francis, they were far excelled by those of Dominic. Pure water never refreshed nor cleansed the body of the Romish saint, who wore an iron cuirass next his skin, which was never removed until replaced by a new one. A superstition still lingers in some of our schools that a dunce may be whipped into a scholar, and happily for the rising generation this doctrine is almost exploded; but now, and always, the Church of Rome improves not, changes not, and maintains that a sinner may be flogged into a saint! Hence it was Dominic's custom to flog himself day and night, with a scourge in each hand; using an accompaniment of one hundred stripes to each Psalm which he recited, and this at the astounding rate of ten Psalms, and thirty thousand lashes a day, so that his biographer, Yepes innocently remarks, "I neither know how his head should have been capable of repeating so many Psalms, nor how his arms could have had strength to give him so many blows, nor how his flesh, not being of iron, could have borne so inhuman a battery!" So great and wide-spread was the influence of those mendicant Friars, that in the reign of Henry III. the Italian priests drew from England more than three times the amount of the king's revenue, and on every side appeared "Eremites and Friars, black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," so "darkness covered the land, and gross darkness the people." It is true that, in the reign of Henry II., a party of foreigners visited England, probably fugitive Albigenses, whose purity of life as strongly rebuked the flagrant immorality of the Friars, as their scriptural doctrines assailed the monkish superstitions. Alas! those godly messengers of Gospel peace speedily encountered the full severity of Romish discipline. They were summoned before a synod of priests. To sophistical arguments the prisoners boldly replied, that "it was their duty to believe and obey Christ's written word, without disputation." When ferociously threatened, they meekly looked to heaven and exclaimed, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for

righteousness' sake." "The judges," says Lingard, the Jesuit historian of England, "wearied out by their obstinacy, consigned them to the secular arm, by which they were branded on the forehead, stripped to the waist, and whipped through the city of Oxford," where the synod was held, and thence they were driven destitute of food, raiment, and shelter, to perish miserably.

In John's reign another party of foreigners of similar opinions reached England, and experienced a worse fate, many of them being burned alive. No opposition being made to the Papal encroachments, its extortions became so grinding to the faces of the poor, that in 1376 the Commons presented an urgent remonstrance to King Edward III., stating the fact that the *taxes paid to the Pope yearly* amounted to FIVE TIMES the amount paid to the King. It was in this emergency that God, in mercy, raised up the noble English Reformer, who has been well designated, "the Morning Star of the Reformation." John Wickliffe has been stigmatized by the Romish Church as a heretic of the first-class, but while there is any virtue, and while there is any praise in England, the Protestant world will ever hold John Wickliffe in grateful remembrance. He is supposed to have been born in a village of the same name in Yorkshire, and having become a distinguished divine at Oxford, he was in 1376 appointed the Professor of Divinity there, and also Rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. His total silence upon the peculiar tenets of Romanism, and his constant reference to Scripture, soon gained for Wickliffe the title of "the Gospel Doctor." Soon after his appointment to the Divinity Chair he was engaged at Bruges to meet the Pope's envoys, and resist his tyrannical seizure of English benefices. Petrarch's vivid description of the corruptions of the Papal Court at Avignon is well worth consideration, as it shows us what Wickliffe must then have discovered of the horrible immorality of the Romish hierarchy:—

"Avignon is become a terrestrial hell, the abode of every thing most shocking. In this city there is no piety, no fear of God, no faith, no charity, no truth. Why should I speak of truth, when not only the houses, palaces, courts, churches, and thrones of the Pope and Cardinals teem with lies! A future state, heaven, hell, and judgment are openly treated

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as lies and childish fables. Good men of late have been treated with such scorn and contempt that there is not left one among them to be an object of their laughter."

Immediately after his return Wickliffe attacked the Papacy in the boldest manner; denied the Pope's supremacy, and proclaimed him to be the "man of sin, the son of perdition," described by St. Paul as "sitting as God in the temple of God," and denounced him as Anti-Christ. He also maintained that the Holy Scriptures contain all truths necessary to salvation; and that the perfect rule for Christian life was to be found in them only. Wickliffe had many disciples who attacked the Friars in their own fashion, by going about barefoot; preaching to the poor in common frieze gowns, but never begging like the friars; they also "lived cleanly." Accusations of heresy were soon urged against Wickliffe, but he was protected by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, then Governor of England; but he was often summoned before Romish tribunals. Upon one occasion he was brought before the Bishop of London, who refused him permission to take the seat offered to him by John Gaunt, with the insulting remark that "a heretic should not sit in his presence." Lancaster and Lord Percy threatened to drag the overbearing prelate from the Church by the hair of the head, and a desperate riot ensued. Wickliffe escaped with great difficulty, and immediately afterwards published "a treatise upon the Truth of Scripture," and subsequently translated the Bible into English. Before completing this precious work he fell dangerously ill at Oxford, and some Friars hoping that the terrors of death might bend his indomitable spirit called upon him to recant. Having listened to them patiently he requested the servant to raise him upon his pillow, and then gazing at them sternly, replied, "I shall not die, but live still further to declare the evil deeds of the Friars."

Wickliffe next proceeded to show the ridiculous absurdities, and unreasonable contradictions contained in the monstrous doctrine of Transubstantiation. Then, indeed, there was danger abroad; and even his patron, Lancaster, advised him to retract; but his translation of the Bible was in the hands of multitudes who saw that his doctrine bore

this unerring test. His followers daily increased in number, and obtained the name of "Lollards," as some suppose from Walter Lollard, who had previously preached this scriptural doctrine, or as others assert, from the old German word *Lollen*, which signifies to sing, as these followers of Wickliffe passed much time in singing Psalms and Hymns. A great and admirable champion of the Gospel was Wickliffe. His pen was ever busy in defence of the truth, and his writings were carried into Bohemia; and from his study of them John Huss imbibed those opinions concerning the great apostacy, for which he afterwards so heroically suffered at the stake; and Huss prepared the way for Luther. Pope Gregory, exasperated beyond measure at Wickliffe's distinguished success, fulminated no less than five bulls against him, in order to crush the daring apostle of the English Church. Our great Reformer quailed not, but to the very close wielded his pen in defence of truth; and his last work was to prove that the rival Popes who then convulsed Christendom by their scandalous contest, were two false priests of Anti-Christ. Terrible was the uproar produced by this work at Rome. He was cited there immediately, but an attack of paralysis, which seized him in his Church at Lutterworth, on 31st December, 1384, removed him peaceably to the better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." About forty years afterwards the Bishop of Lincoln opened Wickliffe's tomb, burned his bones and cast his ashes into the neighbouring brook, called the Swift. "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes to the Avon, Avon to the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine which is now dispersed all the world over." So "mightily grew the word of God and prevailed," that efforts of unusual vigour were required for its suppression, and in an evil hour *Transubstantiation* was chosen as the test of heresy. This silly and wicked fiction first arose from the inflated and unscriptural views of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, encouraged by the monkish writers of the dark ages. Through sheer ignorance of the figurative language so often used by our Lord Jesus Christ in his discourses,

the Monks gradually took the words of institution more and more literally, and this doctrine vastly increased the power of the Priests by the idea given to the people of their ability to create God, their own Creator, and then to offer Him up for the benefit of their votaries. Many ambitious and unscrupulous ecclesiastics urged Hildebrand to make it a matter of faith, for the benefit of Mother Church. It is perhaps the sole redeeming trait in that monster's character that he refused to abet this "pious fraud;" he pretended to consult the Virgin Mary upon the point; and then declared that she had pronounced against it. Pope Innocent III., however, was a wretch inaccessible to shame or fear, and by his influence at the fourth Lateran Council, Transubstantiation was pronounced a tenet necessary to salvation. "Thus," says Fuller, "their cruelty made God's table a snare to His servants; when their other nets brake this held; what they pretended a sacrifice for the living and the dead, proved indeed the cause of the sacrificing of many innocents."

William Sautre, the parish Priest of St. Oisith's, in London, was the first martyr for the Reformation in England. He had been questioned for his opinions by the Bishop of Norwich, and finally abjured them. "Let those," says the pious historian Fuller, "who severely censure him for *once* denying the truth, and do know who it was that denied his Master *thrice*, take heed that they do not as bad a deed themselves more than *four times*. May Sautre's final constancy be as surely practised by men as his former cowardice was pardoned by God." On his removal to London, Sautre petitioned that he might be heard before Parliament, a step which shows that he was anxious to recover his peace of conscience. On the 24th of May, 1400, he was brought before the Convocation assembled at the Chapter-house of St. Paul's, charged with eight articles of heresy, and with having maintained them after his recantation.

The chief charges against him were, that he had affirmed that he would not worship the cross, but only Christ who suffered on the cross; that if any man had vowed to make a pilgrimage, he would do better to give the expenses of the journey in alms than to perform it; that it was more the

duty of the Clergy to preach the word of God, than to chaunt their tedious Latin prayers, called Offices; and finally, that the Sacramental bread continued to be bread after it was consecrated. Sautre confessed that every one of these charges was well founded; and refused to flinch *one inch* from the exact bounds of truth. This being the first condemnation of the kind in England, it was most punctiliously conducted in all its forms, as an exact precedent for the future. These forms were probably borrowed from the accursed Inquisition, and were most cunningly devised for prolonging and deepening the horror of the awed and expectant spectators. Archbishop Arundel and six other Bishops met in St. Paul's Cathedral, sparkling and gorgeous in their magnificent robes. Poor Sautre was brought before them dressed in priestly attire, with the cup and paten in his hands. Amidst the deep and interrupted tolling of the great funeral bell, the Primate stood up, and in the name of the Holy Trinity (thus blasphemously profaned) degraded Sautre, first from his priestly office, and in token of that infamy incurred by heresy, he took from the undaunted servant of God the cup and paten, and plucked the priestly robe from his back. The New Testament was then placed in his hands, and taken from them again, and the rest of his robes torn off slowly and successively, till being degraded from all his offices, he remained as a Sexton with the key of the Church door in his hand; that was then taken from him, and the Priest's cap torn from his head. The crown of his head was then roughly clipped to deface the tonsure. The cap of a layman was then forced on his head, and he was delivered as a layman to the high constable, with the hypocritical injunction that he should be "treated gently." It was this recommendation to mercy which always ensured the burning alive of heretics! Poor Sautre accordingly was burned alive in Smithfield.

Shortly after Archbishop Arundel laid hands upon William Thorpe, a Priest of great learning, and a most zealous disciple of Wickliffe. He closed his truly eloquent and scriptural defence with those impressive words, "In this belief, with God's grace, I purpose to live and die. Do with me, O God, what thou wilt!" He soon afterwards was released

from his persecutions by death. The second martyr who died at the stake was a tailor, of Gloucester, named John Badby. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V., was present at his martyrdom, and urged him to recant, by promises, not only of pardon, but of an ample provision for the rest of his days; but the humble servant of God remained firm and immovable as the stake to which he was bound. The Prior of St. Bartholomew's then approached in solemn procession, bearing the wafer-God of the Papacy in his hands, preceded and followed by chaunting Priests, bearing huge lighted tapers. The cruel Priests then required their victim to declare how he believed in it. Badby faithfully replied that it was "only *hallowed bread*, and not God's body." The pile of faggots was instantly set on fire, and the tortured sufferer's piteous cries for mercy, whether addressed to God or man, were so heart-rending, that the Prince commanded the fire to be quenched, and the writhing man to be taken down; in that condition Badby was again offered by the Prince, not only his life, but a daily pension, if he would recant. It was a moment of fierce temptation, but the Lord Jesus stood by him and strengthened his faith; he had rightly judged that to gain even the whole world and lose his own soul by idolatry, would be infinitely worse than being burnt alive; so he was again committed to the flame, and expired a glorious martyr.

Twelve Inquisitors of heresy—for this dread tribunal had been introduced into England—were now dispatched to Oxford, where Wickliffe's writings were greatly cherished, and Wickliffe's translation of the Bible was eagerly read. The approach of the Inquisitors was the signal for awful perversion. Several persons were burnt to death for having and reading four epistles of St. Paul; and the persons who heard them read the word of God were condemned to bear faggots, and their own children were compelled to set fire to the faggots which consumed them, whilst Longland, the Bishop of Lincoln, preached at the stake that whosoever did but move their lips in reading those chapters were damned for ever! The Inquisitors reported to the King, as the result of their scrutiny at Oxford, that Christ's vesture without seam, could not be made whole again unless

certain great men who protected Wickliffe's disciples, were removed; and they particularly named Sir John Oldcastle, in right of his wife, Lord Cobham, as a most pestilent heretic. Henry V. was in many respects a very noble character, but he unhappily gave up his conscience so entirely to the guidance of his confessor, that he was called "the Prince of the Priesthood;" however, Sir John was a soldier of such remarkable talent and bravery, that the King made an earnest effort to save him, and urged him to submit to the Pope. The brave Christian knight made the following noble reply:—

"Your most worthy Prince I am always prompt and willing to obey; unto you, (next to my eternal God,) I owe my whole obedience, and submit thereunto, as I have ever done; all that I have, either of fortune or nature, is ready at all times to fulfil whatsoever you shall in the Lord command me. But as touching the Pope and his spirituality, I owe them neither suit nor service; for so much as I know him by the SCRIPTURES to be the great *Anti-Christ*, the son of perdition, the open enemy of God, and the abomination standing in the holy place."

The King turned angrily away and left him to his fate. Sir John was then excommunicated and committed to the Tower. Soon after he was brought to the Dominican convent, where he was encountered by the Archbishop and other prelates, with a vast concourse of Priests, Monks, Canons, and Friars. They insulted him repeatedly as he approached, pointing him out as accursed of God and man; but the taunts of the brutal audience moved him not. When Arundel offered him absolution and mercy, if he confessed his sins and recanted his errors, "Nay, forsooth, will I not," said the undaunted prisoner, "for I never yet trespassed against you, and therefore I will not do it."—Then kneeling down upon the pavement, and holding up his hands towards heaven, he cried in a deep and solemn voice, "I confess myself here unto Thee my eternal God, that in my youth I offended Thee, O Lord, most grievously in pride, wrath, and gluttony; in covetousness and vice; many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins; Good Lord, I ask Thee mercy!" He wept aloud while he uttered this passionate prayer; then standing up he exclaimed aloud:—"Lo! good people, lo! for the breaking of God's laws and commandments they never yet

cursed me ! But for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle me and other men ; and, therefore, both they and their laws, by the promise of God, shall be utterly destroyed !” When the Priests recovered from the surprise which this awful appeal to God and man had produced, they examined him concerning his faith. He boldly replied “ I believe that all is true which is contained in the Holy Bible. I believe all that my Lord God would I should believe.” When pressed with the murderous question concerning the pretended change of the bread into the body of Christ, he answered, “ I believe it to be Christ’s body and bread.” With one voice the Priests exclaimed against this ; and one of the Bishops standing up said “ it is clear heresy to say that it is bread after the sacramental words have been spoken.” The constant martyr replied “ St. Paul was, I am sure, as wise as you, and more godly and learned, and he called it bread ; the bread that we break, saith he, is it not the body of Christ ?” The Prior of the Carmelites, in order to cover the confusion into which this admirable retort had thrown them, then in a scoffing tone taunted him with being a disciple of Wickliffe. “ Your ways are not God’s ways, nor God’s ways your ways,” replied Lord Cobham, “ but as for that virtuous man Wickliffe, I shall say here, both before God and man, that before I knew that despised doctrine of his, I never abstained from sin ; but since I learned to fear and love my Lord God, it hath otherwise, I trust, been with me. So much grace could I never find in all your glorious instructions.” Turning away from his unjust judges, and stretching forth his hands to the people, this zealous witness of the Lord Jesus cried aloud, “ Let all men consider well this, that one Pope hath put down another Pope, one hath poisoned another, one hath cursed another, and one hath slain another, and done more mischief as all the Chronicles tell. He that hath ears to ear let him hear this ; Christ was meek and merciful ; the Pope is proud and a tyrant ; Christ was poor and forgave ; the Pope is rich and a malicious manslayer, as his daily acts do prove him ; Rome is the very nest of Anti-Christ, and out of that nest cometh all the disciples of him of whom Prelates, and Priests, and Monks

are the body ; the Pope is the head, and those shorn Friars are the tail !” “ Alas, sir,” said the Prior of the Augustines “ why do you say so ?” The constant martyr instantly replied by referring to Isaiah, “ the prophet which speaketh lies is the tail.” When a Friar angrily asked him whether he would worship the true cross ? “ Where is it ?” said the prisoner ; “ suppose it present” said the Friar. “ This is a great wise man” replied Lord Cobham, “ he put me an earnest question of a thing, and yet he himself knows not where the thing is.” Then spreading forth his arms he cried aloud “ this is a very cross, yea and so much the better than your cross of wood, in that it was created of God, yet will I not seek to have it worshipped !” The Bishop of London then remarked, “ Sir, you know well that he died on a wooden cross !” “ Yea,” answered Lord Cobham, “ and I know also that our salvation came not in by that wooden cross, but by Him who died upon it !” Archbishop Arundel then excommunicated him. The noble martyr looked at him with a cheerful and courageous countenance and said, “ Though ye judge my body, which is a wretched thing, yet am I certain and sure that ye can do no harm to my soul, no more than could Satan to the soul of Job ; and I will stand to my faith even to the very death by the grace of my eternal God.” Turning to the people he again warned them,—“ Good Christians, for God’s love be well aware of these men ; for they will else beguile you and lead you blindly into hell with themselves ; for Christ saith plainly unto you, ‘ If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.’” Then kneeling down before his enemies he prayed for them thus fervently,—“ Lord God Eternal, I beseech Thee of thy great mercy’s sake to forgive my pursuers, if it be Thy blessed will in Christ Jesus.” To the eternal infamy of the Papacy this good and great nobleman was hung by iron chains from a gallows, and burned alive by a slow fire ; but his faith triumphed, and his last accents were those of prayer for his cruel murderers, and of praise for the boundless love of God, who made, redeemed, and sanctified him.

For many years the Wars of the Roses so engaged all parties, that a season of repose was given to the saints of

God. In Fuller's beautiful words "the very storm was then shelter." But as soon as Henry VII. was firmly seated upon the throne, the Lollards were again persecuted by the Priests of Rome with increased malignity. Their first victim of note was a much respected lady, by name Joan Boughton. She was the first female martyr in England. She was above 80 years of age, and so admired for her exalted piety and abounding charity, that on the night after her martyrdom her ashes were collected as sacred relics of a saint. Her daughter, Lady Young, suffered the same cruel death soon after, with similar constancy. When William Tylsworth was burnt alive at Amersworth, his only daughter, being suspected of heresy, was compelled kindle the fire which consumed him! So entirely did the Romish Bishops now lose all natural horror of these atrocious deeds, that they even jested upon them; and the infamous Bishop Nix, of Norwich, used to call those whom he suspected of heresy, "Persons savouring of the frying pan." In fact, so numerous were the burnings for heresy, that a friend of Erasmus wrote to say, that the price of fire-wood was absolutely raised in London on account of the quantity required to burn heretics. Shocking to relate, every one who contributed a faggot to burn a heretic, was rewarded with forty days indulgence from the Pope! Children were compelled to accuse their parents, and parents their children; wives their husbands, and husbands their wives; on penalty of excommunication. Little mercy was shown to those who recanted their opinions. They were branded in the cheek with a hot iron, after which they were to wear for life a faggot worked on the left sleeve; and if, on finding themselves shunned by all who saw this badge of infamy, they presumed to lay it aside, they were committed to the flames without mercy. So that the common remark in reference to this token of priestly absolution was as true as it was sarcastic:—"Leave the love token on and be starved—take it off and be burned."

When Henry VIII. ascended the throne many circumstances conspired in making the Lollards hope to find mercy in their new Sovereign. The discovery of America had awakened the spirit of enterprise, and the printing press

was already shedding light from pole to pole. The young King possessed intellectual abilities of the first order, which attracted so many men of genius around him, that Erasmus declared that no college in the world contained so many learned men as the English court; but Henry was born, bred, and died a Papist. Prosperity corrupted his natural gifts, and evil counsellors made him a cruel tyrant to the people of God. Ferdinand, of Arragon, Henry's first father-in-law, whose blind obedience to the Pope had been rewarded by the title of "The Catholic," was an infamous character, who had even boasted of his success in crooked politics. When Lewis, "the most Christian King of France," complained that Ferdinand had once cheated him, "He lies the drunkard!" said Ferdinand, "I have cheated him above *twenty* times." Cardinal Wolsey was notorious for pride and violence. Bishops Gardiner and Bonner were also much in Henry's confidence, and their subsequent atrocities are sufficiently indicative of the evil influence they had over the Sovereign's councils. The great nobles of the court were men, for the most part, of ambition and rapacity, who encouraged all Henry's evil propensities. Above all, the very Popes of Rome, in Henry's days, were Julius, a blood-thirsty tyrant, and Leo X., a scoffing infidel. We need not wonder then, that the voice of the gentle Cranmer was as easily and as often silenced as the voice of Henry's own conscience; and that when Henry shook off the yoke of Popery

"Like the dew drop from the Lion's mane"

this political movement, signally as it has since been blessed to England, was accompanied by many acts of cruel oppression towards those who presumed to seek for their religion in the Bible, the source of all heavenly wisdom. Shortly before Henry died he commanded masses to be chaunted for the repose of his soul. This fact is of importance, for it [shows that all the odium which Papists endeavour to attach to the Reformation from Henry's vices, in reality attaches to their own religion, in which he was born, bred and died. He was the Jehu of the Reformation, who was furiously zealous against the Priests of Baal, but never appeared one of the true Israel of God.

Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, in 1521, obtained from Henry VIII. fresh authority to persecute heretics, so alarmed was he at the rapid increase of Lollards in his diocese. "The fervent zeal of those Christian days" says Fox, "seemed much superior to our days and times, as clearly appears by their sitting up all night in reading and hearing; also by their expenses upon books, of whom some gave nearly £20 for a book; some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James, or St. Paul, in English. The Rev. H. H. Horne in his inestimable "introduction to the critical study and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures" says that no less than £40 of our present money was then often given for an English Bible!

Thomas Bilney was one of the most heavenly of the martyrs of those days. He was a scholar of Cambridge, who nearly exhausted his scanty purse and feeble frame, in efforts to make peace with God in the Popish way, by masses, fastings, watchings, and indulgences. Hearing the New Testament, which Erasmus had just published, praised as an able Latin version, he bought it for that inducement only. But the word of the living God is quick and powerful, and the very first text which met his eye, rooted itself for ever in his open heart:—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." The comfort which he found in those gracious words was confirmed by the frequent perusal of the precious book, which henceforth became to him "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb;" and he went forth to preach the joyful news, as he had learned that men should seek for salvation only by Christ's finished work, through faith. He was brought before Tonstal, then Bishop of London, accused with having preached Christ as the only mediator, and not the Virgin, nor the saints; that pilgrimages were useless, and offerings to images were gross idolatry. He was found guilty, but persuaded to recant; and accordingly bore a faggot at St. Paul's cross. From that day he fell into a profound melancholy. Latimer, who was one of his converts, describes him as day and night watched by his friends, who feared to leave him one moment alone, and seeking to comfort him who refused to be comforted, for

“he thought the whole Scriptures were against him, and sounded to his condemnation.” After two years seclusion he privately left Cambridge, telling his friends “that he was going up to Jerusalem, and they should see his face no more.”

Immediately after he was found in Norfolk, preaching openly in the fields, confessing how he had fallen; publishing his repentance, and warning all men to beware how they would deny the truth, for which, if needs were, they should cheerfully die. He was seized by the unmerciful Bishop Nix for the great *crime* of giving an English New Testament to a hermit. A writ was quickly obtained from London for burning him alive. The night before he was to suffer, some friends found him cheerfully at supper, and one of them remarked he was glad to see him refresh himself before so agonizing a death. Bilney smiled sweetly, and more than once he put his finger into the candle which was burning before him, and then said “I feel by experience that fire is naturally hot, yet I am persuaded however, the stubble of this my body shall be wasted, that it will only be a pain for a time, afterwards joy unspeakable: besides my God, if He will, may prevent the flame from hurting me at all.” Then lifting up his eyes to heaven he joyfully repeated the glorious promises of God,—“Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name, thou art mine. . . . When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee, for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel thy Saviour.” On the following morning he was led to the stake; one of his friends stood by the prison door and spoke a few words of comfort, advising him to bear his fiery death patiently and constantly. Bilney replied in a calm unbroken voice, “When the mariner is tost upon the troubled sea he bears his perils better, in hope that he will yet reach his harbour; so whatever storm I shall feel, my ship will soon be in its quiet haven; I doubt it not by the grace of God; and entreat you to help me with your prayers.” There was a ledge nailed high up the stake in order to raise the victim that he might be better seen. Having put off the layman’s cap and gown in which he was dressed after his degradation,

he knelt down upon the ledge, and offered up a solemn prayer, in which he thrice introduced the words of the 148th Psalm, which so appropriately commences our incomparable Liturgy,—“Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified.” He then stripped off the rest of his clothes, and was chained to the stake. The dry faggots were soon in a blaze. and in a few minutes Bilney entered the joy of his Lord.

James Bainham, a Gloucestershire knight, followed Bilney's example in every point. Having been flogged and racked most cruelly, he recanted; but only a short month passed before he stood up in the face of the congregation at St. Austin's Church, with the English New Testament in his hand, openly confessing, with tears, that he had denied the truth, and declaring that if he did not return to it that book would condemn him at the judgment day. He then exhorted all present rather to suffer death, than fall from Christ as he had fallen. He declared that the whole world would not again induce him to feel such a hell as he had in his heart since the hour of his recantation. Bainham was dragged to the stake at Smithfield, and there to the amazement of all the spectators, when his limbs were half burnt, he exultingly exclaimed, “O ye Papists! ye look for miracles, behold one! for in this fire I feel no pain; it is to me a bed of roses!” Such were the consolations and heart-rejoicing peace in Jesus vouchsafed to this penitent believer.

We pause to remark that the book which Bainham held up in the Church of St. Austin's, was William Tindall's English Testament, the most important work that ever issued from the English press. It created such a storm of persecution, and so entirely drew forth the opposition of the great apostacy, that it requires our thoughtful consideration.—Tindall was born, probably, on the confines of Wales, and educated at Oxford. He was a man remarkable for piety, zeal, contentment and learning. Finding that the language of Wickliffe's Bible had become obsolete, and, from successive anathemas against it so rare, that a copy was very difficult to be obtained, Tindall conceived the noble project of translating the New Testament from the original Greek; and Humphrey Monmouth, a benevolent citizen of London,

and other merchants—inclined to favour the Reformation,—contributed largely to the work. Tindall travelled into Germany, where he visited Luther and the great Protestant divines; and finally settled at Antwerp, where, with the aid of the learned John Frith, and William Roye, he completed his English translation of the New Testament. The Romish Priests knew full well that as Dagon fell down before the Ark, so Popery would fall before the Word of God, which exposes its frightful corruptions. Awful, therefore, was the uproar which hailed the arrival of this blessed volume in England. A brother of Tindall, and two of his agents, were fined the enormous sum of eighteen thousand eight hundred and forty pounds for circulating these New Testaments; and others who were suspected of importing and concealing them, were made to ride with their face to the horse tail, with papers on their heads descriptive of their *crime*; and as many of the condemned books as they could carry fastened to their clothes all around them, to the standard in Cheapside, and there with their own hands they were compelled to throw into the fire the copies which had been seized, and they were fined at the King's pleasure.

The three noble translators were remorselessly hunted down till they expiated their *guilt* by their life-blood!—Roye fled to Portugal where he was cruelly murdered in his retreat. John Frith, full of zeal for the cause of God, came over to England, that he might, to use his own striking words, “set abroad the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” At Reading he was apprehended as a vagrant, and set in the stocks. The town schoolmaster hearing him bewail himself in elegant Latin, obtained his liberty and supplied his wants. The humble and practical piety of Frith and Tindall appears very beautiful in the following extracts from a letter that passed between them:—

“There liveth not,” says Tindall to his friend, “in whom I have so good hope as in you; not so much for your learning, as because you creep low by the ground, and walk in those things which the conscience may feel, and not in the imagination of the brain; in fear and not in boldness in open necessary things; in unity and not in sedition.....Your part shall be to supply what is wanting in me, remembering that as lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you sink into the hearts of men. Nature giveth age authority, but meekness is the glory of youth.”

A paper written by Frith against the wafer God of the Papacy caused his committal to the Tower. We cannot do better than quote the following extract from Tindall's letter of encouragement :—

“ Your cause is that of Christ's gospel, a light that must be fed by the blood of faith. The lamp must be dressed daily, and that oil of faith must be poured in morning and evening, that the light go not out.....Yield yourself, commit yourself wholly and only to your loving Father, then shall His power be in you, and work for you above all that your heart can imagine.....If the pain be above your strength, remember Christ's promise,—‘ Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name I will give it you.’ Pray to your Father in that name, and He shall cease your pain or shorten it.”

Frith was condemned by Stokes, Bishop of London, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Andrew Hewet, a young tailor, having declared that he believed as Frith did, was taken with him to Smithfield, where they were chained to the same stake, back to back. A Priest warned the people not to pray for them, no more than they would for a dog ! Frith smiled compassionately and prayed for his cruel persecutors ; he repeatedly kissed the stake, and declared that he joyfully suffered for Christ's sake ; and the last words that were heard from him on earth, were those of thankfulness, that the wind had carried the force of the flame to the other side of the stake, so as to shorten the sufferings of his young companion. Tindall was soon after strangled at the stake at Vilvorde, near Antwerp : his dying prayer was, “ Lord open the eyes of the King of England.” That prayer was heard, for Henry now ordered a visitation of all the Monasteries and Convents. Such scenes of profligacy and fraud as were then brought to light proved, that the peculiar marks of the *great apostasy* mentioned by St. Paul, as “ speaking lies in hypocrisy, and having the conscience seared with a hot iron,”—so thoroughly callous were they to all distinctions between vice and virtue,—characterized the wretched inmates of the dark dens, where they were “ forbidden to marry, and commanded to abstain from meats.” For example ; at Reading they pretended to show an Angel's wing which had brought over to England the point of the spear which pierced our Saviour's side ! More fragments of the true cross were produced than would build a boat. It was fabled that

at certain shrines a tooth of St. Appollonia was to be found, and that it was an amulet against tooth-ache : but so many teeth of this apocryphal saint were discovered as would fill a tun ! At Hales, in Gloucestershire, a vial was exhibited as containing some drops of our Saviour's blood, which were never visible to any person in a state of unpardoned sin, but which clearly appeared to such worthy penitents as, by large offerings, had obtained absolution. It was now found that one side of the vial was of thick and the other of *thin* glass. At Canterbury, Becket's shrine and tomb were examined. Here, indeed, the Friars drove a very gainful trade. The rust of the sword that killed him was tendered to be devoutly kissed by such pilgrims as paid handsomely for the indulgence ; and contributions were levied from the poorer classes of the faithful, by virtue of the upper leather of his shoe ! A jubilee was ordered every fifty years, when plenary and full indulgences were largely poured " out of Mother Churches binns " into the bosoms of all who visited his tomb ; and in one year more than £6,000 ! an immense sum in those days, were contributed at Becket's altar, while the altar of Christ did not show one single gift ! Does not this fact speak volumes in proof that the " worship of the dead," which is a special mark of the apostasy, is to be seen in the unhappy Church of Rome ! There was a crucifix at Bexley, in Kent, called the Rood of Grace, to which multitudes of pilgrims used to flock, because the image like that now at Rimini moved its head, hands, and feet, and winked its eyes *miraculously*, as the monks solemnly averred ; but Henry's visitors discovered the machinery by which all this was effected, and it was contemptuously broken to atoms, like the Neushtan destroyed by the great reforming King Hezekiah.

John Lambert, or Nicholson, a pupil of the martyr Biliney, was the next sufferer of note. He was a schoolmaster of London. Having appealed from the Bishops to the King, he was brought to Westminster Hall, where Henry sat as judge as well as disputant. The King was apparelled in white satin ; the cloth of state was also white, and even the guards were clothed in white, as if peace would be the order of the day. For five mortal hours poor Lambert contended

for "the faith once delivered to the saints." Henry commenced by saying furiously "Ho! good fellow, "What is thy name?" When Lambert meekly replied that he was indifferently called Lambert or Nicholson. "What!" cried Henry, "have you two names? I would not trust you, although my brother." Overborne by violence, Lambert at length cast himself upon the King's mercy. "If you commit yourself to my mercy," replied Henry harshly, "you must die, for I will not be a patron of heretics." Lambert was burnt alive, exclaiming with his last breath, "None but Christ! none but Christ!"

Anne Askew, daughter of Sir W. Askew a lady of rare accomplishments, wit, and beauty, was selected as the next victim, with a view of turning Henry against Queen Catherine Parr, who was suspected of favouring the Reformation, and who greatly loved Anne, and had her much about her person. A Papist witness against this excellent lady admitted that she was the devoutest woman he ever knew; for she began to pray generally at midnight, and continued in devotion many hours after. She long by her woman's wit evaded the ensnaring questions put to her. When accused of having said it was written in the Scriptures, that God was not in the temple made with hands, she replied by quoting the words of St. Stephen and St. Paul; and being asked how she explained these words, she replied that she would not throw pearls before swine, for acorns were good enough for them. The Lord Mayor demanded of her if she had said that Priests could not make the body of Christ. "I have read" said she "that God made man; but that man can make God I never yet read, nor I suppose, ever shall." "Thou foolish woman," said he, "is it not the Lord's body after the words of consecration?" She replied "it was the consecrated bread;" and he proceeded, "if a mouse eat the bread after consecration, what shall become of the mouse; what sayest thou foolish woman?" She asked his opinion, and when he affirmed that the mouse was damned, she could not refrain from smiling, and said, "Alack, poor mouse!" A Priest asked her "whether or not if the wafer fell and a beast ate it, the beast received his maker?" She told him as he asked the question he might answer it him-

self, because he came to tempt her. Bishop Bonner plausibly entreated her to open her heart to him, for a wise surgeon should see a wound uncovered before he could heal it. To this unsavoury similitude as she called it, Anne replied that her conscience was clear, and it would be a great folly to lay a plaster on a whole skin. When pressed closely with the murderous question on transubstantiation, she replied that she believed as Scripture had taught her. When Gardiner called her a parrot, she told him that she was ready to suffer, not only his rebukes, but all that should follow, yea and gladly. He threatened her with burning; "I have searched all the Scriptures," she replied, "yet could I never find that Christ or His Apostles put any creature to death." At another examination, at Guildhall, she fearlessly answered to the deadly question, saying, that what they called their God was only a piece of bread; "for proof thereof," said she "make it when you like, let it but lie in the box three months, and it will be mouldy, and so turn to nothing that is good, wherefore I am persuaded that it cannot be God, whose body cannot see corruption." She was most cruelly tortured on the rack once, that she might implicate the Queen and ladies of the Court, but remained firm, and when the Lieutenant of the Tower refused to stretch her a second time upon the rack, the Chancellor Wriothesley; and Rich, a creature of Bishop Bonner, threw off their gowns, that they might better do the devilish work, and racked her with their own hands. She bore the tremendous agony without uttering a cry or groan, though immediately after being loosened, she fainted. Shortly after this scene of horror she wrote thus to a friend:—

"I am laid in my bed with as weary and painful bones as ever had patient Job. I thank my Lord God, therefore: my Lord Chancellor has sent me word if I would leave my opinion I should want nothing; but if I would not, I should forthwith to Newgate, and so be burned. I sent him word again that I would rather die than break my faith.....Thus may the Lord open the eyes of their blind hearts that the truth may take place.....O Lord I have more enemies now than there be hairs on my head; yet, O Lord, let them not overcome me with vain words; but fight thou Lord in my stead, for on Thee I cast my care. Sweet Lord! let me not regard them that are against me, for in Thee is my whole delight! Farewell, dear friend, and pray, pray, pray."

In the middle of June, 1546, her suffering spirit was "freed

from the burden of the flesh." Together with a poor tradesman, a Priest, and a Nottinghamshire gentleman of the King's household, by name Lascelles, she was brought to the stake in front of St. Bartholomew's Church. The execution was delayed till night covered the scene with her sable shroud, that it might be the more awful. Poor Anne was brought in her chair, for her cruel tormentors had racked her until she was unable to stand, and she was held up to the stake by the chain which surrounded her quivering frame; but this daughter of prayer was strong in faith, and greatly rejoiced in her present Lord; she encouraged her companions to quit them as men in faith and hope. After an intolerant and abusive sermon had been preached, the King's pardon was offered to her if she would recant. Refusing even to look upon the paper, she replied, that she came not there to deny her crucified Lord. Her companions, or, as they were called in those terrible days, her stake-fellows, imitated her noble example. The faggots were kindled. . . . at the same moment a loud peal of thunder was heard, and some drops of rain fell, which their sorrowful friends in the crowd felt to be God's own mighty voice of encouragement, accompanied by the tears of His angels while receiving the souls of those noble martyrs into glory! As if the evil spirit was lashed into more fury by such signal defeats, he now worked still more mightily in the "children of disobedience," for the persecution of God's saints. Latimer was consigned to the Tower. Cranmer had a truly miraculous escape from the stake. Queen Catharine Parr was at one time on the brink of destruction. The atrocious six articles was the whip of scorpions then wielded against the faithful Reformers. Even trifles were exaggerated to crimes, and a man was made an offender for a word. Sir George Blague, says John Fox, was an officer of the King's Privy Chamber. He was now accused of having once said, in reference to transubstantiation, "What, if a mouse eat bread? Then by my consent they shall hang up the mouse!" It was for this witticism he was now apprehended and condemned to the stake. Just then the King was sick, and irritated to excess; hearing some of his nobles whispering, he commanded them to inform him of the subject of their conversa-

tion, and was absolutely furious when told that his favourite gentleman was on his way to the stake. Henry instantly dispatched a free pardon to Sir George, and commanded him to be conducted to his presence. As the poor reprieved criminal appeared, panting and breathless from his late "hair-breadth escape," the King addressed him joyfully with the pet name by which he always called him, "Ho! my Pig!" "If your majesty had not been better to me," sighed Sir George, "than your Bishops were, your Pig had been roasted ere this time!"

When little more than nine years old, the Josiah of England, godly King Edward, ascended the throne. With all his mother's gentleness he inherited much of his father's ability and love for study. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, Prelates whom England's Church delights to honour, were his counsellors in ecclesiastical affairs, so they abundantly prospered. At his coronation, when the swords of the three kingdoms, were brought to be carried before him in procession, Edward observed, that there was one still wanting, and called for the BIBLE. "That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought, in all right, to govern us who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing, and can do nothing. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatever we have of Divine strength." One who was about his person, wrote to a friend, "If ye knew the teachable spirit of that young Prince, your heart would melt to hear him named. . . . the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the wittiest, the most amiable, and the gentlest King of all the world." "No pen," says Fuller, "passeth by him without praising him, though none praising him to his full deserts." When Edward was once urged to give the Bishops' lands and revenues to some ambitious nobles, he sternly rebuked his advisers, and added, "Set your hearts at rest; there shall no such alteration be made while I live." When a death warrant was placed before him for his signature, he remonstrated, shed tears and said, "that he who presented it should answer for the act before God!" Ridley, Bishop of London, preached before him on the duty of giving effectual relief to the poor. As soon as the

sermon was finished, Edward consulted him on the subject; and nearly in his last moments, when consumption had scarcely left him power to guide the pen, he signed the patent founding Christ's Hospital for the religious education of children; St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's for the relief of the sick, and Bridewell for the correction and amendment of vagrants; and at the same time he made provision that the indigent housekeeper should receive weekly parochial relief; then laying aside the pen, he lifted his eyes to heaven and said, "Lord God, I yield Thee most hearty thanks, that Thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of Thy name!" Soon after, he turned his face to the wall, and in broken accents prayed in those ever memorable words:—

"Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen: howbeit, not my will, but thy will be done! Lord God, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord! thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee, yet for thy chosen sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee! O, my Lord God, bless thy people, and save thy inheritance! O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England! O, my Lord God, defend this realm from PAPISTRY, and maintain thy true religion; that I and my people may praise thy holy name for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!"

Thus lived and thus died the first Protestant King of England! During the seven years of this gentle monarch's reign, the Reformation was accomplished, happily and gloriously, in this much-favoured land. One after another, the abominations of Popery, were dragged into the light of God's word, and then scornfully cast to the moles and to the bats: and our Church stood forth in her primitive beauty and apostolic lustre. As if to make us more deeply thankful for our high Protestant privileges, and to cause us to transmit to our children and children's children, an undying antipathy to the great apostasy, which exults in the murder of body and soul alike; a Popish sovereign again ascended the throne. Mary opened her bloody reign by an act of the basest perfidy. She went down to the men of Suffolk and Norfolk, who had all embraced the principles of the Reformation, and pledged herself to them most solemnly, that if they would assist to place the sceptre in her grasp, she never would, as Queen, interfere with the

religion which they held and loved; and as soon as those gallant men gathered round her, and escorted her to London, and established her on the throne, she turned round on them, and most relentlessly harassed and persecuted them to the most bitter of all deaths—that by fire!

As soon as Cardinal Pole, with Bishops Gardiner and Bonner, entered Mary's Council Chamber, freedom fled shrieking from England's shores, and the best of England's sons, in the fires of martyrdom, yielded up their souls to the God that gave them. Hundreds, week by week, were cast into prisons, so full were those abodes of horror, that, Sir James Mackintosh tell us,

“Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford were thrust into one chamber in the Tower, there being no possibility of separate accommodation for those eminent prisoners. Hundreds sealed their testimony with their blood; thousands were obliged to flee from their homes and kindred and native land, to seek refuge in Germany or Switzerland. In every parish throughout the realm, two sidesmen were appointed, whose office it was to search out every Protestant, in order to compel him to submit to Idolatry or to bring him to the stake!”

We proceed to give in detail the trials and executions of some of the leaders of the noble army of martyrs, whose fame has filled the world. John Rogers was the first victim of the Marian persecution. He was a Prebendary of St. Paul's, and had formerly been an English Chaplain at Antwerp, where he gave some help to Tindall in his grand work of translating the Bible. He had been married to a German lady, and had a large family. He was advised to flee as soon as Cardinal Pole appeared in England; but refused to act the hireling and leave his flock; and in his last sermon at St. Paul's Cross, he warned the congregation “to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and not to be entangled again with the yoke of bondage;” he then charged them most solemnly “to beware of all pestilent Popery, idolatry, and superstition.” Shortly afterwards he was apprehended for preaching, that the Church of Rome was the Church of Anti-Christ, and for denying transubstantiation. He requested that his “poor wife, being a foreigner, might visit him,” for, said he, “she has ten children, that are hers and mine, and I wish to advise her what were best for her to do.” Bishop Gardiner

harshly refused this plaintive request. On the very night before his execution, he implored Bishop Bonner for permission to speak to her, even a few words, before his burning; that horrible monster would not permit it! She met him, however, with her ten children, one hanging on the breast, as he went to Smithfield. The mournful spectacle of his wailing family did not shake his constancy. A pardon was offered to him at the stake, if he would recant; he thrust it from him with the words, "That which I have preached, I will seal with my blood;" then, bathing his hands in the flames which blazed around him, took his fearful death so triumphantly, as gave many of his brethren cause "to thank God, and take courage.'

Laurence Saunders was the second martyr. He had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, whence he was apprenticed to Sir William Chester, who happened to be Sheriff of London at the time of his martyrdom. The worthy knight seeing the youth's whole heart bent on the ministry, gave him up his indentures, and permitted him to return to his beloved divinity studies. He married and obtained preferment in good King Edward's days, and was at once marked out for persecution by Bonner, who was now Bishop of London; who commanded him to write out his opinion upon transubstantiation. Saunders instantly obeyed, saying, as he handed to him the writing, "My Lord, I see ye do thirst for my blood, and ye shall have it. I pray God, that ye may be so baptized in it, that ye may thereafter loathe blood sucking and become a better man!" Such was the deep consolation vouchsafed to this man of God, while suffering for his crucified Lord, that he described, to a fellow-prisoner, the happiness of his mind as a sense of refreshment, so sweet, that he believed it to be "a certain taste of the communion of saints, wonderfully comforting him, not only in spirit, but in body also." He charged his weeping wife not to seek his release, for that his hope in Christ was not to make him ashamed, for, said he, "in Him and through Him I shall be able to fight a good fight, and finish a good cause; and then receive the crown which is laid up for me, and all the true soldiers of Christ." He was then examined before Gardiner and Bon-

ner, and continuing steadfast in the faith, was condemned to be burnt alive. He then wrote to his wife, saying, he was shortly to die for the Lord Jesus' sake, and desiring her to send him a shirt,

“ Which,” he said, “ you know whereunto it is consecrated. Let it be sewed down on both sides, and not open. O, my heavenly Father, look upon me in the face of thy Christ, or else I shall not be able to abide thy countenance! He will do so, therefore I will not be afraid what sin, death, and hell can do against me.....O wife, always remember the Lord! God bless thee! Yea, he will bless thee, good wife, and thy poor boy also. Only cleave thou unto him, and he will give thee all things.”

With a strange infatuation, which makes them “ glory in their shame,” the wretched Priests of “ the man of sin,” and their silly dupes, our own Tractarian Clergy, exalt above measure the “ celibacy of the Roman Priesthood,” as a signal proof of their vast superiority over our married Clergy; although, in reality, “ *forbidding to marry*” is given by St. Paul as a signal mark of the great apostasy. Surely, one glimpse of the wife of Saunders, as she bends over that mournful task and finishes the shroud, which is so soon to encircle her loved husband's burning frame, reveals such a treasure of Christian faith, and hope, and love; such unity of mind, and of spirit, with that illustrious martyr, as to show us that she was to him in deed and in truth, the *help-mate* without whom God saw “ that it was not good for him to be.”

Graciously owned of God, indeed, are the self-denying labours of the pious wives of the Clergy in our schools and alms-houses, and in the cottages of our sick poor. In our remote missionary stations how helpless are the unmarried Clergy; and of our married missionaries many a one owes to the tender care of his faithful wife his continued strength and usefulness, and may well address her in the words of the poet:—

“ When pain and anguish wring my brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

It has been remarked that the married martyrs suffered the most bravely. When brought to the stake at Coventry, Saunders kissed it with a smiling countenance, and cried aloud, “ Welcome be the cross of Christ; welcome everlasting life!”

The first Bishop who witnessed a good confession at the stake was John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester. Promotion had wrought no change in him, "who being Bishop of two dioceses," says Fox, "so ruled and guided either of them, and both together, as though he had no charge, but one family. No father in his household, no gardener in his garden, no husbandman in his vineyard, was more employed than he in his dioceses among his flock, going about the towns and villages, teaching and preaching to the people there." Every day he entertained a certain number of poor in his palace; he or his Chaplain examined them in the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Creed; they were then served comfortably with dinner, and he never sat down to his repast, until he had first seen his poor guests well supplied. Bishop Hooper was long expecting to finish his course by martyrdom. When leaving Zurich, where his friend Bullinger had hospitably received him during the persecution under Henry VIII., his kind host pressed him to write to him often. Hooper promised to do so, but grasping his friend's hand he solemnly said, "The last news of all I shall not be able to write; for there where I shall take most pains you shall hear of me condemned to be burned to ashes." As soon as Cardinal Pole reached England, Hooper was urged to fly, but he replied "Once I did flee, and take unto my feet; but now, being called to this place and office, I am thoroughly persuaded to tarry, and to live and die with my sheep." He was soon arrested and brought to London. Gardiner's first question to him was "whether he was married?" "Yea, my Lord," answered Hooper, "and will not be unmarried till death unmarry me." Bishop Tonstall called him beast, and remarking this was enough to deprive him, put the murderous question concerning the consecrated bread in the Lord's supper, to which Hooper unhesitatingly replied. He was then committed to Fleet prison, where his firm health was so undermined by bad food, foul air, and damp, that he nearly escaped the malignity of his persecutors. Several pious persons relieved him with alms, but the gaoler took their names to Gardiner, in order to obtain their ruin. Hooper and Rogers were sometimes brought up together for examination. Able and distinguished "preachers

of righteousness" as they were, their bright example now was infinitely more valuable than all their sermons had been. So great was the admiration of the populace, that when Hooper and Rogers were brought back to prison after dusk, the officers were sent before them to get the candles in the shop windows, on their passing, put out—London had no lamps then—that they might return to prison unseen; but many used to run out of their doors with lighted torches to comfort them, and to pray that God would enable them to persevere constantly to the end.

According to their infamous custom, the Romish Priests industriously spread reports that their prisoners had recanted; and these rumours gained more confidence respecting Hooper, because Bonner and his Chaplains often visited him. When this report reached Hooper he addressed a most affecting letter to "all that unfeignedly looked for the Saviour's coming," lamenting that they should lightly believe, that he, John Hooper, a condemned man for the cause of Christ, should, after sentence of death, being then in Newgate prison, and looking daily for execution, recant that which he had hitherto preached. Had he refused to see the Bishop of London, it might have been said either that he was unable "to give a reason of the hope that was in him," or else that he was too proud to speak with him: and he entreated weak brethren to disbelieve such false tidings. "For I have hitherto," said he, "left all things of this world, and suffered great pains and imprisonments, and I thank God I am as ready to suffer death as a mortal man may be. It were better for them to pray for us than to credit or repeat such falsehoods. We have enough of such as know not God truly; but the false report of weak brethren is a double cross. . . . I have taught the truth with my tongue and my pen, heretofore; and hereafter, I shortly shall confirm it by God's grace with my blood." He also wrote a most affectionate letter to his brother prisoner, Bishop Ridley, with whom he had formerly some difference, and Ridley replied in the following humble and tender manner. "Howsoever in times past your wisdom, and my simplicity, I grant, jarred, each of us following his own sense and judgment; now, I say, be you assured, that even with my whole heart,

God is my witness, I love you in the truth, and for the truth's sake which abideth in us, and I am persuaded shall by the grace of God abide in us evermore."

Two days afterwards Hooper and Rogers were degraded together, and Hooper was sent to Gloucester, there to suffer. He rejoiced exceedingly at this, "praising God that He saw it good to send him amongst the people over whom he was pastor, there to confirm with his death, the truth which he had before taught them, not doubting but that the Lord God would give him strength to perform the same, to His glory." Sir Anthony Kingston was one of the persons appointed by Queen Mary to see him executed, and as soon as he saw the venerable prisoner he burst into tears, and implored him to save his life by recanting. The Bishop was deeply moved, looked to heaven, and meekly replied, "I am come hither to suffer death because I shall not gainsay the truth that I have taught amongst you; and I heartily thank you for your friendly counsel, although it be not so friendly as I could have wished it. True it is, Master Kingston, that death is bitter, and life is sweet; but I have settled myself, through the strength of God's Holy Spirit, patiently to pass through the torments and extremities of the fire now prepared for me, rather than deny the truth of His word, desiring you and others in the meantime to commend me to God's mercy in your prayers." Sir Anthony, seeing, as he said, there was no remedy, rushed out of the room to conceal his agitation, loudly thanking God that he had ever known Hooper, who had, under God, reclaimed him from a profligate life. The Mayor and Aldermen saluted him respectfully, and took him by the hand, which, to an excommunicated man, was a rare token of regard. The Bishop requested, as the only favour their old friendship could now confer on him, that there might be a quick fire shortly to make an end of him. He then went to rest, and rose early after one sound sleep, in order to pass the rest of his time in prayer. It was a market day, and a vast multitude of people surrounded the stake, which had been raised near a great elm tree in front of the Cathedral, where he used to preach so often. "So he went forward," says Fox, "led between the two Sheriffs, as it were a lamb to

the slaughter, in a gown of his host's, his hat upon his head, and his staff in his hand, to stay himself withal; for the sciatica which he had taken in prison, caused him somewhat to halt." He had been commanded to keep silence, and merely remarked, "Peradventure they think to hear something from me as in times past; but, alas, speech is prohibited to me! notwithstanding the cause of my death is well known unto them. When I was their pastor I preached unto them true and sincere doctrine out of the word of God." As he advanced along the streets the people mourned bitterly for him; and he would sometimes lift up his eyes towards heaven, then look cheerfully on those whom he knew, "and" says the good martyrologist, "he was never known during the time of his being amongst them, to look with so cheerful and ruddy a countenance as he did at that present." The tops of the houses, and the very boughs of the trees, were crowded with people: over the college gate stood many Romish Priests. When he was on in his prayer at the foot of the stake, a box, containing his pardon, if he would recant, was brought and laid before him. At the sight of it he twice cried out in a tone of strong abhorrence, "If ye love my soul, away with it." Full of trust in strength from above, when his executioners desired to fasten his neck and legs by iron bands to the stake, as well as his body, he told them that the trouble was needless, for he was sure God would give him strength to abide the fire without flinching. He was then stripped to his shirt, and being a tall man, and raised upon a high stool, he was seen by all the people, who wept loudly and bewailed him. The officer appointed to kindle the fire knelt down, and asked forgiveness, and the Bishop replied, "Thou doest nothing to offend me. God forgive thee thy sins, and do thy office I pray thee." His agonies continued nearly an hour, for by a refinement in cruelty, it was ordered that the faggots should be green wood, which burned slowly; but the voice with which he called upon his Redeemer was not that of one impatient or overcome with pain, and he "died as quietly as a child in his bed."

It was reserved for Mr. Mc. Clelland, a gentleman of the north of Ireland, to erect, very lately at his own cost, a tri-

butary stone to the memory of this "noble martyr to the Protestant faith" on the very spot, whence, like another Elijah, he was taken up in a chariot of fire to his sympathising Lord.

Hadley was one of the first towns in England which had received the gospel by the faithful preaching of the martyr Bilney. "So deep," says Fox, "was the love of those people for the word of God, that some had often read the whole Bible through, and could have said a great part of Paul's epistles by heart, and very well have given a godly learned answer in any matter of controversy; and, what is most to be commended, they were for the most part faithful followers of God's word in their manner of life." For so interesting a flock no more faithful shepherd could be found than Dr. Rowland Taylor. If Hooper was a beautiful model of an apostolic Bishop, Dr. Taylor was a bright example of a parochial Clergyman. At the time of his promotion to the benefice, Taylor was one of Archbishop Cranmer's household; but he instantly repaired to his cure, and, constrained by the love of Christ, he set himself vigorously to the work of the ministry. No Sunday or holiday passed idle to the Rector of Hadley. He was ever "in labour more abundant" and "in season, and out of season he preached the word." He was "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, and father to the poor." So powerful was the effect of his faithful preaching and benevolent example, that the rich farmers and clothiers, regularly in turn, followed him to the alms-houses and cottages, that with him they might "have the luxury of doing good." His family shared in all "works of faith and labours of love," and were beloved by all around. When Anti-Christ once again "raised his victor head" in England, Hadley Church was invaded by a Romish Priest "to play his wicked play of idolatry." Taylor, like a good shepherd, hastened instantly to the spot, and ordered the "Popish wolf," as he called him, to depart. For this offence he was summoned before Gardiner, who, with true Romish insolence, shouted out to him as he entered the chamber, "Art thou come thou villain? How darest thou look me in the face for shame; knowest thou not who I am?" "Yes," said Taylor, "you are Dr. Stephen

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord Chancellor..... And yet but a mortal man I trow. But if I should be afraid of your lordly looks, why fear you not God the Lord of us all? How dare ye for shame look any Christian man in the face, seeing ye have forsaken the truth, and done contrary to your own oath sworn to King Henry, and afterwards unto blessed King Edward?" Gardiner growled out that that was Herod's oath, and that the Pope had discharged him from it, and said unto him, "Art thou married?" Taylor replied, "I thank God I am, and have had nine children." When charged with having opposed the Priest, who said mass in Hadley Church, he replied, "My Lord, I am parson of Hadley.....and no man shall presume to infect the flock committed to me with the venom of the Popish idolatrous mass." Taylor was then consigned to the Queen's Bench prison, but was much comforted by the society of John Bradford. Those holy men "were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided." After two full years they were formally tried and condemned. Taylor was degraded first. Bishop Bonner, as a part of this impious mockery, was about to strike him on the breast with his crosier, but his hand was arrested by one of his Chaplains, who noticed Taylor's countenance, and called out, "Strike him not, my Lord, for he will strike again." "Yea, will I," said Taylor, "the cause is Christ's, and I were no good Christian, if I would not fight in my Master's quarrel." When relating this to Bradford, he laughed and rubbed his hands, saying, "I made him believe I would do so." "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous is bold as a lion."

The night after his degradation, his wife, and one of his sons, with his faithful servant, John Hull, visited him, and received his last charge and blessing. He advised his wife to marry again as soon as God should provide her with an honest and religious husband, who might be a merciful father to her poor children: when exhorting the boy to lead a godly and chaste life, he bade him ever to remember that his father died in defence of holy marriage. His wife, and one of his daughters, with an orphan girl, whom he had generously taken into his house, watched all that sorrowful

night long in the porch of St. Botolph's Church, fearing his departure was at hand. It was a bitter morning in February, at two o'clock, when Taylor was removed from prison. The little band of mourners discovered him through the darkness. He embraced them tenderly, and kneeling down in the street, he said the Lord's prayer, and then turning to his sobbing wife, added, "Farewell, dear wife; be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience!" Then he blessed the children, and charged them "to stand strong and steadfast in Christ, and to keep themselves from idolatry." John Hull was waiting outside the gates with his son. Taylor called the child, and John lifted him up and set him on the horse before his father; "Good people," said he, "this is my own son, begotten in holy matrimony. God be blessed for holy matrimony." Laying his hand on the boy's head he blessed him, and returned him to John Hull, whom he then took by the hand, saying, "Farewell, John Hull, the faithfulest servant man ever had!" When the party entered Suffolk, a number of the gentry met him, and implored him to recant, and assured him of a Bishopric as well as a pardon, if he would comply. These offers were in vain. As the procession, as it had now become, approached Hadley, the Sheriff asked him how he fared? he answered, "never better, I am almost at home—only two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house." The streets of the town were lined with people; many of whom often cried out in piteous accents, as he passed along, "O dear father and good shepherd, Dr. Taylor, God help thee, and succour thee, who hath so faithfully taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us." Taylor evermore replied, "Good friends, I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood!" It was the common belief, that after the martyrs were condemned, the council told them their tongues should be cut out, unless they would promise that, at their deaths, they would not speak to the people, so one of the guard struck him on the head with a staff, shouting, "Is that keeping thy promise, thou heretic?" Taylor then knelt down meekly and prayed, and a poor woman,—in spite of the guards, who threatened to trample

her under their horses feet,—prayed beside him. He then kissed the stake; got into the pitch-barrel in which he was to stand, and stood upright, his hands clasped, and his eyes raised towards heaven in prayer. A butcher, who was ordered to assist at this inhuman sacrifice to Anti-Christ, steadily refused, though threatened by the Sheriff to be sent to prison for his contumacy. Some wretches were at length found for this horrible work, and one of them threw a faggot at the martyr as he stood chained to the stake, which cut his face so that the blood gushed out. "O friend," said Taylor, "I have harm enough, what needed that." Sir John Skelton hearing him repeat the 51st Psalm, in English, struck him on the lips, saying, "Ye knave, speak Latin; I will make thee." At last they set the fire to him, and holding up both his hands, he called upon God, saying, "Merciful Father of heaven, for Jesus Christ, my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into thy hands." He then stood patiently with his hands raised in prayer, until a brutal fellow cleft his skull with a halbert, and the corpse fell forward. "Thus rendered the man of God his blessed soul into the hands of his merciful Father, and to his most dear and certain Saviour Jesus Christ, whom he most entirely loved, faithfully and earnestly preached, obediently followed in living, and constantly glorified in death." Can it be otherwise accounted for, because being "given over to a reprobate mind," they call evil good and good evil, and say to evil, be thou my God, that Romish writers insult the cold ashes of this excellent martyr, calling him "a very gross and sensual fellow, who went with his faith to the fire, where we must, it is to be feared, leave him eternally?"

His friend, John Bradford, did not long survive him. He was a native of Manchester, and was once in a place of trust, where he was persuaded to pass a false account. Upon hearing one of Latimer's awakening sermons, he was smitten with sorrow for his sin; sold his little patrimony to make restitution, and then devoted himself to the ministry. Having graduated at Cambridge, he was ordained by Bishop Ridley, and then promoted to a Prebend of St. Paul's. When brought before Bonner he was offered mercy, but replied, "I desire mercy with God's mercy; but mercy

with God's wrath, God keep me from!" He was committed to prison, but his keepers were so confident of his fidelity to his word, that they at their own risk used often to allow him, to go into the city, to visit a sick friend. He often comforted his mother while she grieved for his approaching martyrdom, in language not less beautiful than true, and which is well deserving the reader's particular attention, for it displays some of the designs of our wise and merciful Father in permitting Satan and his wretched agents to afflict and to kill, in this reign of terror, so many of his chosen and beloved children. "O my mother! perchance you are weakened in that which I have preached, because God doth not defend it as you think, but suffereth the Popish doctrines to come again and prevail. O good mother, God by this doth *try* and *prove* his people. When the blast cometh then flieth away the chaff, but the wheat remaineth." And he used to encourage her to suffer for the truth, "sure may we be," he said, "that of all deaths it is most to be desired, to die for God's sake. You shall see that I speak as I think; for by God's grace I will drink before you of this cup, if I be put to it. I doubt not but God will give me his grace, and strengthen me thereunto: pray that he would, and I refuse it not. In peace, when no persecution was, then were you content and glad to hear me; then did you believe me; and will you not do so now, sweet mother! seeing I speak that which I trust, by God's grace, to verify with my life?" Archdeacon Philpot, his bosom friend, said to Bradford, when danger was near, "Let us take up our cross together, and go to Mount Calvary!" "I am going before you," said Bradford, "to my God and your God, to my Father and your Father, to my Christ and your Christ, to my home and your home!" In the same spirit he wrote to his fellow-prisoners, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, "God forgive me mine unthankfulness, for his exceeding great mercy, that among so many thousands, it pleaseth his mercy to choose me to be one in whom he will suffer. O what am I, Lord, that thou shouldst magnify me, so vile a man as I always have been! Is this thy wont to send for such a wretch as I have been, in a fiery chariot, as thou didst for Elijah!" Bradford was a man of rare

humility ; having, in the days of prosperity, encountered a criminal on his way to execution, he exclaimed, " But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford !" At length the gaoler's wife came to him weeping, and said, that they were preparing his chains, and on the morrow he was to be burnt. Bradford took off his cap ; lifted his eyes to heaven and devoutly thanked God. He then retired into his chamber and prayed in secret ; then calmly dressed himself in a shirt, which had been prepared for his burning. About midnight he was removed from the Compter to Newgate ; and multitudes, with lighted torches, thronged the street, to receive the last blessing, and give the last farewell. John Leaf was to be his stake-fellow. This lad was only twenty years old, and could neither read nor write, and was condemned to die, because he had said that the bread remained after the words of consecration, and that confession to a Priest was not needful to salvation. Two papers had been presented to him in the prison, one containing a recantation, the other a confession of his opinions, that he might choose between life and death, by setting his hand to the one or the other. The recantation was read to him first ; he then desired to hear the other, and when he had heard it, he drew out his knife and wounded his hand, and stamped the bloody impress upon the paper, bidding them carry it to Bishop Bonner, and show him that he had sealed it with his blood ! At the stake Bradford possessed his soul in patience. " He endured the flame as a fresh gale of wind in a hot summer's day," and his last words were, " Strait is the gate and narrow is the way, that leadeth to everlasting life, and few there be that find it !" Showing his happy conviction that he had trod the way, and was now entering into the everlasting gate of heaven.

Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, next followed Bradford, from whose exhortations and glorious departure he received, under the Divine blessing, such encouragement, that when he suffered at Carmarthen, in his own diocese, he desired a mourning friend to give no credit to his doctrine if he saw him once flinch in the flames ; and by Divine grace, remained so calm and unmoved, that a wretch, furious at the beautiful composure of the heavenly martyr, stunned him by a blow on the head.

Bishop Ridley was gloriously distinguished in this noble army of martyrs, as well in his life as in his death. To his piety and learning our Church owes a mighty debt of gratitude and reverence. He was of an ancient family in Northumberland, and had been successively Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Bishop of Rochester and of London. His gentleness and generosity were unrivalled; the poor Clergy of his diocese ever found in him a father's guidance and hospitality. The Romish Bishop Heath, and the mother and sister of Bishop Bonner, were treated in his palace, to which they were sent for safe-keeping during the merciful reign of Edward, with as much respect and attention as they might have obtained in their own homes. Miserable indeed was their requital! Ridley and his fellow-labourers, Cranmer and Latimer, were for a long period confined together in the common gaol of Oxford. The wife of the gaoler was such a bigotted Papist that she fancied every act of inhumanity, which she showed towards them, would add to her good works, but in spite of her malicious watchfulness, they were privately supplied with every thing needful. During his long imprisonment, Ridley wrote many beautiful letters, breathing the full assurance of faith and hope. Such Protestants as were not in captivity, he advised to flee from England, upon which chastisements were being now heavily inflicted for grievous national sins. But for all such he prayed, that "when brought into the wrestling place, they might not shrink nor relent *one inch*, nor give back, whatsoever might befall, but stand to their tackle and stick by it even unto death." To his relatives and private friends he wrote a most affectionate letter, entreating them not to be cast down at the manner of his death; "ye have rather cause to rejoice," said he, "if ye love me indeed, for that it hath pleased God to call me to greater honour and dignity, than ever I had before, either in the See of Rochester or in the See of London, or should have had in the See of Durham, whereunto I was last of all elected and named. Yea! I count it greater honour before God, to die in His cause (whereof I nothing doubt) than in any earthly or temporal promotion." In most beautiful and pathetic words, he thus addressed his

own University. Oh that this solemn address may reach the hearts of all in that University, now and at all times !—

“ Farewell, Cambridge, my loving mother and tender nurse ! I thank thee for all thy kindness, and pray God that his laws and the sincere Gospel of Christ may ever be truly taught and faithfully learned in thee ! Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college, my cure, and my charge !..... Thou wast ever named, since I knew thee, to be a studious, well learned, and great setter forth of Christ's Gospel and of God's true word : so I found thee, and, blessed be God, so I leave thee indeed.....In thy orchard (the walls, huts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness) I learned, without book, almost all St. Paul's Epistles ; yea, and, I ween, all the Canonical Epistles, of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me into heaven : for the profit thereof, I think, I have felt in all my life time ever after.”

The Lord grant that this zeal towards that part of God's word, which is a key and true commentary to all the holy Scriptures, may ever abide in that College, so long as the world shall endure ! Finally, he bade farewell to the “whole body of Christ's Church militant here on earth,” in the following sublime words, “ Farewell, dear brethren, farewell, and let us comfort our hearts in all our troubles and in death, with the word of God ; for heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever !” Such was Bishop Ridley's preparation for the death of fiery torture prepared for him. At length Cardinal Pole, the Papal Legate, sent to Oxford three Popish Bishops to try, or rather to condemn, Ridley and Latimer.

How our feelings of reverence and love arise at the name of “ Honest Hugh Latimer !” He was the only son of a respectable farmer in Leicestershire. At four years of age his parents were so struck by the child's ready wit and love for learning, that they sent him from home to school ; and at fourteen he entered Cambridge, where he was soon distinguished by the fiery zeal, homely wit, and ready eloquence with which he assailed the Reformers. But, through God's mercy, his eyes were at length opened by the affectionate efforts of the noble martyr Bilney, and henceforward, with all his heart, he laboured to advance the cause, which he heretofore strove to destroy. His first Gospel sermon, at Cambridge, was a most singular and characteristic effusion. The time was Christmas, when *card playing* was universal, and, by curious

fancy, he showed that "as the ace of hearts was the trump card, and though never so small, was still more valuable than the best court card in the bunch, yea, even the king of clubs, so that the Lord Jesus Christ was best served by the *heart*, and not with the glistening pomp of men's traditions, or pardons, pilgrimages, ceremonies, vows, devotions of the beads on which the finger and thumb might merrily play without the heart.....the Pope's supremacy, &c.; so all these are needless where the heart is present." And very fully in this quaint and attractive fashion, he preached salvation as of free grace. So great a sensation had never before been produced by a sermon at Cambridge. The Prior of the Black Friars tried to foil Latimer's Christmas cards, by his own Christmas *dice*; and on the following Sunday he cast his *cinque*, or five places in the New Testament, and *quatre*, or four quotations from the Fathers, by which he attempted to prove that the scriptures were so full of difficult figures of speech, that the unlearned must wholly wrest them to their own destruction. On the very same afternoon, before an overflowing congregation, Latimer preached against the Friar, who, with his cowl drawn over his head, sat right opposite to the pulpit, maliciously scowling at the preacher, and anticipating an easy triumph.—His dismay may be easier imagined than described, when Latimer, in his own crushing style, pointed out the folly of his antagonist, by exhibiting the beautiful simplicity in which the grand truths of redemption are conveyed, "so that he who runs may read" them profitably; and then appealed to his auditors as to the easy manner in which, not only the figurative language of the Hebrews, but that of every nation is understood by the common sense of mankind. "For example," said he, looking full in the face of the Friar, "when painters picture to us a fox preaching out of a Friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough that the painting represents, what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissemination, lieth many times hid in these Friars' cowls, willing us to beware of them."

A burning and shining light, like Latimer, could not be hid, and after multitudes had rejoiced in his light, he

was introduced at Court by Dr. Butts, the Physician of Henry VIII., and afterwards was appointed Bishop of Rochester. It is recorded of him that when all the Prelates on a New Year's day presented gifts to the King, Latimer's offering was a New Testament, wrapped in a fine cloth, upon which was inscribed, to Henry, this alarming sentence:—"Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." The iniquitous six articles having been passed, Latimer resigned his Bishopric, and retired into the country, where he was grievously bruised by the fall of a tree, and was soon afterwards consigned to the Tower, where he lingered until Edward's peaceful reign released him, and he was brought once again to Court. Although now old and feeble, he preached regularly twice every Sunday, and took such extraordinary pains in preparation for the pulpit, that he rose to his studies every morning, both in winter and summer, at two o'clock. He constantly affirmed that his preaching would cost him his life; nor was his presentiment groundless, for shortly after Mary was seated firmly on the throne, he was summoned to London. As he passed through Smithfield, he merrily said, "Smithfield hath long groaned for me." In the Tower he was so barbarously treated, that during a severe winter he was not allowed a fire, until in his usual lively way he warned the keeper that he would escape if not taken better care of, and explained his meaning to the alarmed Lieutenant of the Tower, who instantly visited him, that he would surely die of the cold if not supplied with a fire.

The sufferings of these eminent saints of God were now nearly at an end. Before their stony-hearted Judges they witnessed a good confession. Ridley in his own solemn and overwhelming strain of argumentative eloquence. Latimer in his quaint but striking style, pointed to the well worn English Testament, which hung from his old girdle by a leathern thong, and said that he could not find the four bones of the mass in that blessed book; then spoke of the free grace of God, and full redemption in Christ, and charged the Romish disputants with "clipping God's coin" by their unfair quotations. But it was at the stake that the faith and hope of these noble martyrs beamed forth with true heavenly lustre. They embraced each other, and knelt,

each by his stake, in fervent prayer for strength that they might be "faithful unto death." They then cheerfully conversed together, while Lord Williams and other officers withdrew out of the scorching sun-shine into an agreeable shade. A most insulting and intolerant sermon was then preached by Dr. Smith. Ridley desired to answer it, but was told if he would recant he should have his life, otherwise he should be burnt: and the Vice Chancellor, with some Bailiffs as brutal as himself, stopped his mouth with their hands, after he had said, "So long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth. God's will be done in me!" Latimer said he could answer the sermon well enough if permitted, and contented himself with exclaiming, as he often did, "Well there is nothing hid but it shall be opened." Ridley then shared his poor thread-bare dress, and everything he possessed, amongst those who eagerly entreated for something as a memorial of him. Latimer's frieze gown was soon disposed of, and he appeared in a shroud which he had put on in place of a shirt. Till this last moment of trial his appearance had been that of a poor bent old man, but now, fulfilling his own remarkable expression in prison, that "before prayer he was a timorous mouse, and after prayer he was a strong lion,"—as if the throwing off the burden of infirmity and age, "he stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might lightly behold." Then Ridley prayed thus:—"O heavenly Father, I give Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee even unto death. I beseech Thee Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies!" When the fire was brought, Latimer said, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out!" The venerable old man received the flame as if embracing it, and having, as it were, bathed his hands in the fire, and stroked his face with them, he died presently without pain. As his body was consumed, the quantity of blood which rushed from his heart astonished the beholders; and it was remembered that he had continually prayed, that as God had appointed him to be a preacher of His word, so He would also enable him to shed

his heart's blood for the same. Ridley lingered in much suffering, till a bag of gunpowder, given to him by his faithful brother-in-law, exploded, and then he fell at his fellow martyr's feet.

The Princess Elizabeth at this time bid fair to follow to the stake the good old Latimer, who so often, with many tears, used to make the walls of his prison re-echo with prayers, that God would "preserve her, and make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England." As soon as Mary had crushed Wyatt's rebellion, she sent a body of troops to Ashbridge, where she lay dangerously ill, with commands that they should bring her "alive or dead."—The French ambassador, writes in a despatch, "while the city is covered with gibbets, the Princess Elizabeth, for whom no better lot is foreseen, is lying ill seven or eight miles hence, and so swoln and disfigured that death is expected:" and afterwards describing her entry into London, says, "she has recovered her health, but her death is determined." She was committed to the Tower, which she entered by the Traitor's gate. Many were the efforts, either to pervert her to Popery, or to seduce her in such direct opposition, as to seal her death-warrant; but the martyr's prayers and her own, through the whole prevailing mediation of the great Intercessor, obtained for her such wisdom and grace as kept her harmless. When asked the murderous question, what she believed the consecrated wafer to be, she thought for a moment, and answered in the well-known words—

"Christ was the word that spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

She implored an interview with the bigotted Queen, but was denied, and long afterwards Elizabeth expressed her conviction that her sister "thirsted for her blood." When Sir Henry Beddingfield appeared with his soldiers to remove her from the Tower, so certain was she of death, that in her usual quick manner she asked him, "Is the scaffold of the Lady Jane taken away yet?" At Woodstock she was so harshly treated by Sir Henry, that he forbade her to

amuse herself by looking at a game of chess ! She was once overheard to wish for the lot of a milkmaid, who, in all the buoyancy which freedom and a light heart inspire, was singing merrily while milking her cow in a field near the mansion. A New Testament is still preserved which bears her name in her own beautiful hand writing, together with the following affecting meditation, which shows that religious consolations of the best and purest nature, being gathered from the word of God, visited and brightened her prison hours. "I walk many times in the pleasant fields of holy scripture, when I pluck up goodly sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory, that having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life." She was finally removed to confinement at Hatfield, where her danger may be easily gathered from the advice of Gardiner to Mary, "that it was in vain to cut away the leaves and branches, if the root of rebellion against the Pope were spared."

But Elizabeth's ruthless enemy, Gardiner, was soon after "cut away" miserably; his last words were those of awful despair,—“ I have sinned with Peter, but I have not wept with Peter;” while the excellent Princess was spared to see brighter days, because King Philip, not through mercy, for into the heart of that remorseless patron of the accursed Inquisition, mercy never entered, but from political motives; for as Mary had no family, if Elizabeth were "cut away," the next heir to the throne—Mary, Queen of Scots—would instantly have her claims to the English sceptre, powerfully seconded by France, and all Philip's expectations of establishing Spanish rule in England, might be at once scattered to the winds. This is the true key to the generosity of Philip towards Elizabeth, which is now so ostentatiously vaunted of by the Jesuit writers. It has also been lately stated from Cardinal Wiseman's pulpit, that the Roman Church was not responsible for the frightful deeds which were perpetrated in Mary's reign; and this bold assertion was attempted to be proved by the fact, that the Spanish Friar, De Castro, had condemned religious persecution, in a sermon which he

preached before Philip and the Queen. Now this was equally a trick of "state craft" on Philip's part in order to obtain popularity in England; for this very Friar wrote a book in which it was strongly stated that heresy ought to be exterminated by fire and sword; and shortly after his return to Spain, he was promoted to an Archbishopric, a dignity never conferred except upon a most active supporter of the atrocious Inquisition. So to God be *all* the praise of Elizabeth's preservation.

Cranmer was not only a deeply learned, but a singularly devout and amiable Prelate. His gentleness approached timidity, and many were the efforts of Gardiner and Bonner, in Henry's time, to "cut off" Cranmer, whose integrity and purity of life caused their detestation to rise to as great a height as wicked Haman felt towards the unbending Mordecai. As soon as those his enemies came again into power, Cranmer "set his house in order," believing that his death hour was at hand. After paying all his debts to the uttermost farthing, and having cancelled all bills due to him by persons who were unable to pay, he said, with his usual placid smile, "I am now my own man, and able, with God's help, to answer all the world, and all worldly adversities." He was attainted of treason, but pardoned, that he might be prosecuted as a heretic. After much mockery of disputation, he was removed to the house of the Dean of Christ Church, where he was treated as a guest rather than a prisoner, until, in an evil hour, he was seduced, by flattering professions of regard, and promises of a quiet retreat for his old age, into signing a recantation. It is stated by Sir James Mackintosh, on the authority of Bishop Burnet, that at the very time the pardon was so confidently offered to Cranmer, his death warrant had been actually signed and sent down to Oxford, and that the long period which elapsed from its date to its execution, was not the result of merciful intentions, but of fiendish desire to work on the fears of feeble old age, and so secure his infamy as well as his murder! It is also said that the paper which Cranmer actually signed was equivocal, but that his arch-enemy Bonner, forged his signature to five other papers, by which he was made to confess himself a criminal and blasphemer of the first mag-

nitude. Cranmer was not informed of his doom even on the morning of the day appointed for his execution; but he knew enough of Popery to suspect a breach of faith, and he made his preparations accordingly. About nine in the morning he was taken from prison to St. Mary's Church. The Mayor and Aldermen went first, then the poor victim was led between the Friars, who chaunted in stentorian voice, the Latin service for the dead. When they reached the Church, the Archbishop was placed on a high stage in front of the pulpit, so that all the congregation might see him, and hear every word that fell from his lips; for it was believed that he would confirm his recantation. As soon as he ascended the stage, he knelt and prayed, weeping so profusely, and in his tattered garments appearing so affecting an example of the fleeting nature of earthly grandeur, that nearly all in the vast assembly were moved to tears. Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and at its close called upon Cranmer to confess and recant his former heresy, and shew himself a good Catholic indeed. Cranmer then drew forth from his bosom a prayer, which he read kneeling, in which, in heart-breaking accents, he expressed the deepest penitence, and sought mercy through Christ, and strength from on high. Then rising, he calmly addressed the congregation, pointing out their Christian duties, especially those of charity; then avowing his belief "in the Apostles' Creed, and in every word taught by our Saviour, and his Apostles and Prophets, and in the New and Old Testaments;" then, having thus far wisely abstained from any allusion to his former act of recantation, he declared that any papers signed by him since his degradation, were untrue, and added solemnly, "Forasmuch as my hand offended writing, contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished; therefore, for this, when I come to the fire, it shall be first burnt!" Such was the astonishment of the Romanists, that they listened in breathless silence, while he added, "As for the Pope, I refuse him as Anti-Christ; and as for the Sacrament, I believe, as I have taught in my book, and it shall stand at the last day, when the Papistical doctrine shall be ashamed to show her face!" Cole then cried from the pulpit, "Stop the heretic's mouth, and take him away."

He was then dragged from the platform and hurried away to the stake, which was placed on the very spot where Ridley and Latimer had suffered. He had overcome by faith! True to his resolution, he stood cheerfully at the stake, his venerable countenance lighted up with heavenly joy. As soon as the fire arose, he held out his right hand to meet it, so that all present saw it sensibly burning before the fire reached any other part of his body, and he often repeated in a loud and firm voice, "This hand hath offended! this unworthy right hand!" He stood like a statue amidst the flames, his face raised in strong supplication towards heaven, whither he was fast hastening, and thus "in the greatness of the flame he expired." His heart was found unconsumed amidst the ashes of the pile. On the very day of Cranmer's martyrdom, Cardinal Pole was installed Archbishop of Canterbury, and the reality of the smooth professions of toleration which he so copiously poured forth at his first entry into London, may be tested by the fact, that not a week before the Queen's death, three women and two men were burnt alive for the Gospel in Canterbury.

Hitherto we have described the glorious testimony to the truth given by the leaders of "the noble army of martyrs" in England, but let us not suppose that such magnanimity and fidelity were confined to them alone; far from it: very many facts might be adduced to show the zeal and courage of the poor and lowly followers of the Lord. One young man, who suffered at Canterbury, George Roper by name, extended his arms like a cross, in token of his faith in Christ crucified, and in that fixed attitude was consumed to ashes. Rawlins White, a poor Welsh fisherman, requested a friend to hold up his finger if he saw him flinch from the flames, that he might "remember himself." The sign was not needed. Another martyr was assured by a friend, that the Lord Jesus Christ would strengthen him by his own spiritual presence at the stake. When surrounded by the flames, the dying man joyfully exclaimed, "Austin, He is come! He is come!" Even females and children sealed the truth with their blood. Paratine Massy and her newborn babe together triumphantly ascended to glory by this

fiery chariot. A poor blind girl, by name Joan Waist, whose love for hearing the Bible read, was so intense that she worked incessantly, that her earnings might hire those whose pity would not induce to read the sacred volume to her. She was also condemned to die, as she would not forsake her Saviour, and her brother's hand guided her to the stake, where she joyfully suffered, exclaiming from her fiery pillar, "Christ and His word! Christ and His word!"

Several of those humble followers of the Gospel were thrust along with Archdeacon Philpot into Bishop Bonner's coal-house, where, with rude and ruffian hands, that monster of cruelty used to strike these poor prisoners, and pluck out their beards; and even once, Fox says, "fell from beating to burning," and applied a candle, which was burning on the table before him, to the hand of a poor weaver, Thomas Tomkins, who had presumed to quote St. Paul in his presence! and shortly after he consumed the rest of the brave martyr's body at the stake. When Philpot came to Smithfield, he knelt down upon the pavement, and with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaimed, "I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield!" When he came to the stake, he kissed it and said, "Shall I disdain to suffer at this stake, seeing my Redeemer did not refuse a most vile death on the cross for me?" Hugh Laverack, an old cripple, and John Aprice, a blind man, were burnt together. When Laverack was chained to the stake, he cast away his crutch, and turned to his blind stake-fellow, whom he comforted in these words, "Be of good comfort, my brother, for my Lord of London (Bishop Bonner) is our good physician, he will heal us both shortly,—thee of thy blindness, and me of my lameness." Cicely Ormes was the wife of a weaver at Norwich. She attended two beloved friends to the stake, and bade them take comfort, for they would soon meet her again, because that she "would shortly pledge them in the same cup that they drank of." When brought to the stake, poor Cicely said to the assembled multitude, "Good people, I look to be saved by the death and sufferings of Christ, and this my death is and shall be a witness of my faith unto you all here present. Good people, those of you who believe, as I believe, pray for me." She then turned round, and

with a cheerful countenance, kissed the stake and said, "Welcome the cross of Christ." When the flames were high around her, she exclaimed in ecstasy, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour!" and then fell "asleep in Jesus."

Such were the people of God, "of whom the world was not worthy," and by persecuting whom the Papacy proved itself the great foretold and foredoomed Apostasy. In the short reign of the *last* Popish Queen, one Archbishop, four Bishops, twenty-one Clergymen, eight gentlemen, eighty-four artificers, and two hundred and fifty men, women, and children were burnt alive; besides the multitudes who died in loathsome prisons or in exile; and England, from shore to shore, re-echoed the terrible mandate, "Turn or burn!"

At length Mary departed in gloom and suffering, and on the 17th November, 1558, called fondly for many a year, "*Hope Wednesday*," Elizabeth was given as "a comfort to the comfortless realm of England."

On Elizabeth's public entry into London, an English Bible was presented to her. She kissed the sacred volume, held it up with both her hands, and then laid it reverently upon her breast. The clemency which marked Elizabeth's accession was a blessed relief to the harassed Church of God, and that this mercy was not the wretched indifferentism of modern political Gallios, but the result of real and scriptural charity, is amply proved by the following very characteristic reply to an address from five Romish Bishops. It is extracted from Strype's annals, and is peculiarly valuable in the Tractarian controversy, as it shows the Roman Church to be an intruder in England, and possessing no claims on us, even on the ground of antiquity.

"E. R.

"Sirs,—As to your entreaty for us to listen to you, we have it yet, do return you this our answer. Our realm and subjects have been long wanderers, walking astray whilst they were under the tuition of Romish Pastors, who advised them to own a Wolf for their head (in lieu of a careful Shepherd) whose inventions, heresies, and schisms be so numerous, that the flock of Christ have fed on poisonous shrubs for want of wholesome pastures. And whereas, you list us and our subjects in the teeth, that the Romish Church first planted the Catholic faith within our realms, the records and chronicles of our realms testify to the contrary, and your own Romish idolatry maketh you liars; witness the ancient monument of

Gildas, unto which both foreign and domestic have gone in pilgrimage, there to offer. This author testifieth *Joseph of Arimathea* to be the first preacher of the word of God within our realms. Long after that period when Austin came from Rome, this our realm had Bishops and Priests therein, as is well known to the wise and learned of our realm, by woeful experience, how your Church entered therein by blood, they being martyrs for Christ, and put to death because they denied Rome's usurped authority.

"As for our Father being drawn away from the Supremacy of Rome by schismatical and heretical counsels and advisers, who, we pray advised him more or flattered him than you, good Mr. Father, when you were Bishop of Rochester? And then, you Mr. Bonner, when you were Archdeacon? And you Mr. Tuberville? Nay, further.....who was more an adviser to our Father than your great Stephen Gardiner, when he lived?..... Was it not you and such like advisers that.....stirred up our Sister against us and other of her subjects? Whereas you would frighten us by telling how Emperors.....have owned the Bishop of Rome's authority. It was contrary in the beginning, for our Saviour Christ paid His *tribute* unto Cæsar, as the chief superior; which shows your Romish supremacy is usurped. As touching the excommunication of St. Athanasius by Siberius and that Council, and how the Emperor consented thereunto, consider the heresies that at that time had crept into the Church of Rome, and how courageously Athanasius withstood them, and how he got the victory. Do ye not acknowledge his creed to this day? Dare any of you say he is a schismatic? Surely ye be not so audacious. Therefore as ye acknowledge his creed, it shows he was not schismatic. If Athanasius withstood Rome for her then heresies, then others may safely separate themselves from your Church and not be schismatical. We give you, therefore, warning, that for the future, we hear no more of this kind, lest you provoke us to execute those penalties enacted for the punishing of our resisters, which out of our clemency we have forborne."—*From Greenwich, Dec. 6, Anno Secundo Regni.*

It should be remarked that the only penalty inflicted by Elizabeth upon the Romish Bishops at the time of her accession, was the refusal, with a shudder, of her hand to Bonner, when the monster approached it with his polluted lips. Eleven peaceful and prosperous years had repaid England for her late disasters, when Pope Pius V. wickedly disturbed the general tranquility, by a Bull publicly excommunicating Elizabeth. In this abominable instrument he calls himself Peter's successor, Prince over all people, and all kingdoms, to pluck up and destroy, scatter, consume, plant and build; and styles Elizabeth the pretended Queen of England, and *the servant of wickedness*.....He then denounced her as an heretic, who had departed from God, and God from her: absolved her subjects from their allegiance, and forbade them to obey her or her laws." The

Pope who issued that Bull has been canonized; and it is no wonder that all Romish historians have followed their inflexible head, and calumniated Elizabeth as a "servant of wickedness;" but that Miss Strickland, and other professing Protestant writers, should follow in the wake of Anti-Christ, in vilifying her character, and lauding bloody Mary, is as indefensible as it is wicked. The Jesuit Campion immediately threw out this bold challenge against our first and greatest Protestant Queen:—

"As far as concerns our society, we all, dispersed in great numbers through the world, have made a league and holy oath that as long as any of us are alive, all our care and industry, all our deliberations and councils, shall never cease to trouble your calm and safety."

The Jesuits publicly taught that she ought to be deposed, that it was lawful to kill her, and that all Catholics obeying her commands were cut off from the communion of the Church by so doing! They taught that the ladies of her Court ought to kill her, and after several unsuccessful attempts upon her life, a Priest, named Ballard, devoted himself to the infamous attempt, and engaged several others in the enterprise, which, by Divine Providence, was frustrated. Elizabeth meanwhile swerved not one hair-breadth from her brave and onward path in contending for the Protestant faith, and lent succour to the persecuted Huguenots of France. So firmly did she express her sentiments at the Court of France, when the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's day took place, that a French ambassador was sent to palliate it, if possible; and when he entered the Royal presence, his steps faltered, his face became deadly pale, and he was unable to announce his message, when he saw the Queen of England and all her Court arrayed in the deepest mourning for their murdered fellow Protestants. Dr. Southey, whose familiarity with Spanish records makes him a standard authority, tells us that a great Papal league was now made to crush Elizabeth and enslave her kingdom. Mary, Queen of Scots, was made their ready agent. She endeavoured to send her infant son to Spain, in order that he might be bred up in the Romish faith. When this was found impracticable, and the scheme of marrying Mary to the Duke of Norfolk brought that unhappy nobleman's head to the

block, a conspiracy was formed between the Pope and Don John of Austria, that he should conquer England by the help of the Spaniards, and then wed Mary, and in her right become King of England, and thoroughly root Protestantism out of England by fire and sword. Woes innumerable would have descended upon England if Mary had obtained a seat on the throne. A more fearful Marian persecution than that which had so lately passed, like the simoon of the desert, over England, would have been the certain consequence. In anticipation of such a tremendous calamity, a leading Romanist at Oxford wrote thus, "The heretics are now cool enough, but I hope they will soon be as hot as the arch-heretics whom we here saw consigned to the flames."

Philip of Spain eagerly entered into this unholy alliance. Immediate preparations were made for the invasion of England in every Spanish port. The forest of the Waes, in Flanders, was felled for the supply of timber for shipping. Every dock yard in the Spanish empire swarmed with carpenters and smiths, framing ships or forging weapons. It was determined to send Elizabeth, when captured, to Rome, to be dealt with, as seemed fit to the Pope. The danger was tremendous, but Elizabeth quailed not; for she had seen worse days, and experienced the protection of the Most High. She called upon her Protestant people, and they arose as one man at the summons of their lion-hearted Queen. After mercy had been extended, notwithstanding all her conspiracies, to the Queen of Scots during nineteen years, she was executed, much to Elizabeth's sorrow. The gallant Sir Francis Drake was sent with a squadron of ships to harass the Spanish vessels in their own ports, and so much did he damage them in their supposed secure harbours, that the invasion was postponed for one whole year, and England had time to make ample preparations for self-defence. On the memorable 25th May, 1588, the Spanish fleet sailed from the river Tagus: never before had the ocean borne a more splendid armament. It consisted of 130 ships, of 57,868 tons, manned by 840 mariners and 2,088 galley slaves, and bearing 2,639 great brass cannon, and 19,295 veteran soldiers, commanded by the ablest cap-

tains of the time ; 80 lesser ships brought up the rear, and the fleet was victualled for six months. At the close of June, 80 ships sailed from Lisbon as a reinforcement. The Pope had pronounced a blessing upon the splendid fleet. He baptised it, but not with English blood, "The Invincible Armada ;" and he sent a consecrated plume of peacock's feathers to waive upon the prow of the Admiral's ship.

The Royal navy of England was of little more than one half the force, and many of the ships were mere merchant vessels, badly found in every way ; but they fought for God, and He signally blessed their cause. A succession of storms, most unusual at that favourable season, seriously damaged the unwieldy Spanish ships, and English valour did the rest. The remote shores of Scotland and Ireland were strewn with mighty wrecks. Shackles and instruments of pious inquisitorial torture were revealed, which made many a heart to echo Elizabeth's noble act of national thanksgiving. All the insurrections which troubled Ireland in Elizabeth's reign were also fermented by the Court of Rome, and shall be fully noticed amongst the "Dark Deeds of the Papacy," in that beautiful but unhappy land, A.D. 1603. In the seventieth year of her age, and forty-seventh year of her reign, our first Protestant Queen departed in peace, full of years and of glory. In her last moments she told the Archbishop of Canterbury that her "mind never wandered from God." In her long and prosperous reign, England recovered her religious and civil liberty, rose to a commanding influence in Europe, extended the colonies far and wide, obtained the undisputed empire of the ocean ; and, in the nobler realms of mind, her divines, poets, historians, and philosophers made the Elizabethan era the golden age of English literature. All these blessings were vouchsafed to the faithful Protestantism of our illustrious first Protestant Queen. May the reign of our beloved Queen Victoria be equally distinguished by true Protestantism, and all these blessings shall crown it richly, for God hath said in his unerring word, "Righteousness exalteth a nation."

When James I. ascended the throne of Great Britain, efforts the most persevering and subtle were made use of to draw the new Monarch to the side of Anti-Christ : but

James had been too well instructed by Buchanan to be ensnared in the net of Romish sophistry. He used to say that he was but half a king to the Papists, "being lord over their bodies only, while their souls were the Pope's," and that "there cannot be true obedience where there was not true religion." James's wisdom—much as our would-be-wise politicians act in the contrary spirit—was soon proved, for the very next year the diabolical conspiracy was concocted, which, but for a most signal interposition of Providence, might have effected the total ruin of the Protestant cause. Seeing that there was no hope in their plans for drawing the King to espouse Popery, it was considered amongst Romanists what might be the most effectual mode of destroying him. At a conversation of this kind between Catesby and Percy, men of rank and ability, but unfortunately bigotted Papists, it was resolved to run a mine under the Parliament House, to fill it with gunpowder, which was to be exploded at the very moment that at the opening of the Session of Parliament the King, surrounded by the Royal family, had commenced his address to all the nobles and commoners of that august assembly. A more atrocious conspiracy for spreading woe and calamity has never yet defiled the page of the world's history. Human nature shudders and blushes at the monstrous act; and yet, Desmond, a Jesuit, and Garrett, the superior or assistant of that order in England, approved of it, and quieted the remaining scruples of the guilty conspirators by assuring them that even the destruction of the Romish peers and spectators was not to change their fell purpose, as the Holy Mother Church required the sacrifice of the innocent with the guilty! nay more, those children of the Devil bound all the parties in an oath of secrecy, and confirmed it with the Sacrament. Percy hired the vault under the House of Lords, and placed in it thirty-six barrels of gunpowder which were covered over with billets of wood. The doors of the vault were then thrown boldly open for the inspection of all, and this dreadful secret, though committed to thirty persons, who were to be agents in the frightful deed, was kept religiously! Guy Fawkes, an officer in the Spanish service, was enlisted in the enterprise, as a desperado of fanatic zeal and fearless bravery, whose office was to prepare and fire

the train, when the awful moment had arrived. But there was one above whose all-seeing eye marked the guilty men in their hidden deeds of darkness, unseen though they were by human ken, and who by a signal interposition of his Providence made James the honoured means of discovering and frustrating their anti-Christian villainy. A letter was handed to Lord Monteagle, which bore no signature, but was couched in terms of earnest warning. He was advised to withdraw to the country, because a sudden blow would be struck in the Parliament by an unseen hand. Lord Monteagle treated it carelessly, and merely handed it to the Secretary of State, who also considered it as an empty threat, but he laid it before the King. James mused for a while over the singular document, and then suddenly penetrated its meaning as referring to some plot for blowing up the Parliament House with gunpowder, and he ordered the vault to be searched. The inspection was delayed till the very night of the day before the Parliament met. At midnight, Sir Thomas Knevet, attended by some officers entered the vault and encountered Guy Fawkes at the door. He had just completed his fiendish work, and having laid the train so that the explosion was made certain, he was returning to his abode with a dark lantern in his hand. The faggots were then turned over—the gunpowder was discovered, Fawkes was searched, and the matches were found on his person; he was conscience stricken, and made no defence, but furiously expressed his anguish that he had not fired the train the moment the officers appeared, so that he might have destroyed his enemies and himself in one common ruin. At length he made a full confession, and all the conspirators were punished; and thus Almighty God defeated the third great effort to re-establish Popery in England. Great was the national abhorrence to this attempted dark deed of the Papacy, and enthusiastic the national thanksgiving for this wonderful deliverance. May its annual celebration ever keep such feelings alive in our land! may it, in seasons of darkest gloom and national danger, from traitors within or foes abroad, give us by its recurrence fresh cause to thank God and take courage!

Charles I. owed most, if not all, the calamities which

troubled his reign, and finally caused his severed head to roll its bloody track at the foot of the scaffold, to the dark intrigues of "the man of sin." Postponing to the next chapter some of those unhallowed dealings which invest that portion of the history of Ireland with a deep but most melancholy interest; and contenting ourselves with the remark that, during the Commonwealth, Rome quailed before the Protestant spirit which then exalted England to the grand and commanding attitude of *Protector* of Protestants throughout the world, we will at once pass to the fourth great effort made to re-establish the Papacy in the scandalous reign of James II. Tyranny and treachery were always hitherto the foul means employed for re-establishing the great apostasy in our Christian land. The very same means were now resorted to by James. His first great check was sustained from the seven Bishops, whose names are dear to every true hearted Englishman. They were,—Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was a man of sterling piety and wisdom; seventy years had not abated the vigour of his understanding, nor the warmth of his heart: Kenn, Bishop of Bath and Wells, the pious author of our morning and evening hymns, which delight us in our childhood, and console us in our old age: Turner, of Ely; Lloyd, of St. Asaph; Lake, of Chichester; White, of Peterborough; and Trelawney, of Bristol;—all Prelates of approved piety, zeal, and wisdom. Those seven worthies signed "an humble petition" to James, with a view to prevent the imposition of Popish enactments. The President of the Council refused to present it to the King, but obtained admission for the Bishops to the Royal closet. The King, fancying that they were come to make submission, received them very graciously, especially as, when they delivered the paper into his hands, they knelt down before him, but his brow became as dark as midnight as he read it; and folding it up, he said, "I did not expect this from you; this is a standard of rebellion!" Bishop Kenn answered in language as dutiful as it was resolute, "We are bound to fear God and honour the King; we desire to do both; we will honour you; we must fear God." All seven were committed to the Tower, and if James had not been entirely *sold* under Anti-Christ, he

might have seen that the free Protestant spirit of England would never basely truckle to an Italian despot, and he might have retraced his home-ward path and preserved his noble kingdom; for, as the Bishops were carried down the river to their prison, the banks were crowded with spectators, who, with uplifted voice and hands, asked their blessing and prayed for the Bishops and the Protestant cause. The very soldiers who guarded them, and some of their officers, knelt, as those aged men of God passed into the Tower gates, and they implored a blessing. Meanwhile the Bishops meekly, yet firmly, exhorted the people to fear God and honour the King, and keep steadfast the gospel of Christ. The King's father Confessor, Petre, could not hide his glee at the mortifying treatment shown to the Protestant Bishops; and he is said to have used language worthy of Gardiner and Bonner, in the hottest days of Popish ascendancy: but the persecuted Bishops "strengthened themselves in their God." At length they were brought to stand their trial in Westminster-hall. As they passed through the city they were everywhere saluted with loud acclamations and fervent prayers for their acquittal. The people even forced their way through the guards, and kissed the Bishops' hands and garments, and begged their blessing. Thirty true-hearted Protestant noblemen, and a vast body of gentry, attended them into the Court. At six o'clock the next morning the verdict of acquittal was given. It was received by the people with a shout which shook Westminster-hall. The Bishops immediately went to Whitehall Chapel to return thanks; all the Churches were crowded with people loudly thanking God. The bells rung from every tower. Every window was illuminated; huge bonfires blazed in every street. Medals were hastily struck in honour of the event. Portraits were published and eagerly purchased of the seven men of God, who were enthusiastically called "The seven Champions of Christendom; the seven Golden Candlesticks, and the seven Stars of the Protestant Church."

The King was in the camp at Hounslow when the verdict was given, and asked what caused the uproar amongst the soldiers. When one of his officers told him, it was nothing

but their rejoicing for the acquittal of the Bishops. "Do you call that nothing," said he, "but so much the worse for them!"

The grinding tyranny and base treachery of James II., whose sole object was to give up the rights and liberties of our country to the irresponsible rule of the Bishop of Rome and his cowed Monks, became so intolerable, that the glorious Revolution of 1688 was achieved without bloodshed. The Popish Stuarts were exiled, and a line of Sovereigns was established on our throne, expressly chosen for being Protestant, and solemnly pledged by their coronation oaths to defend our "United Church of England and Ireland," against all Papal aggressions. Since that auspicious period, civil and religious liberty have flourished in our country so as to make it indeed "the glory of all lands." It is true that so long as a single member of the exiled family survived, "the Pope and the Pretender" troubled our peace, especially in Ireland, where their dark deeds were of no common atrocity; but "No Popery" was branded on the heart of England by the four terrible ordeals through which she was made to pass by the ambitious designs of the Papacy; and both those foul intruders were kept at bay by the Protestant spirit of the nation, who would have "no peace with Rome till Rome makes peace with God." The signs of the times portend a fifth great conspiracy for the re-establishment of the Papacy of Great Britain. The good old English God-fearing word "*Duty*," which nerved our noble martyrs at the stake, and was the electric spark which fired our sailors' and our soldiers' hearts for battle and for conquest; alas! that time-honoured word has been supplanted by one of treacherous import and foreign and Anti-Christian origin—" *Expediency*." Political Gallios and Infidel Statesmen have forgotten that Popery is in indeed the great apostasy foretold and foredoomed of God, that it is Satan's great machine by which he now works in the children of disobedience; seducing them into national idolatry, and securing to them national plagues. Since the fatal year 1829, when the first breach was made in our then glorious Constitution,—concession after concession has encouraged encroachment after encroachment. The

Romish Priests secured to themselves, out of taxation upon English industry, a grand manufactory of Priests at Maynooth, whence they are turned out by the gross, to propagate the great apostasy, and to excite dissatisfaction to Protestant rule, in the remotest corner of our vast empire. They have artfully secured, by intrigue and by menace, the lion's or rather the tiger's share of the noble grant of £125,000 per annum, for the education of the poor of Ireland; and so far they have extinguished the pure light of God's word in 4,000 Irish Schools. The Romish Bishops have received, unconstitutionally, titles of honour, and take precedence of the native nobles, whose "plough-team they oft drove in a field;" and not content with equity they now strike hard for ascendancy. Another Cardinal visits our shores; "his words are smoother than oil, yet are they drawn swords." This Prince of the Church brings in his train twelve Romish Bishops, whose dioceses are carved out for them on England's free soil, by a foreign despot, whose own throne is supported by French bayonets; and who, if his enterprize succeeds—which God in mercy forbid—may reward his benefactors at England's cost!

But our chief danger is from *traitors* in our own camp. Oxford, which was once the fountain of pure Protestant Truth; which was the "Alma Mater" of John Wickliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation;" and which was illuminated by the flames which consumed the martyr-champions of England—Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer..... Oxford, we tell it in sorrow and in shame, has sent forth some degenerate sons, who have been perverted by Jesuit preachers and professors; and, at their bidding, have striven to elevate human tradition above the written word of God, and preached the Church instead of its crucified Lord,—crying "the temple of the Lord! the temple of the Lord!" instead of seeking to make their people living temples of the living God, these traitors advise "union with Rome;" and, in reference to the Babylonian woe, teach us "to speak gently of a sister's fall!" Those insidious pioneers of the Jesuit host, which has now encamped in England, wear the garb of our Christian Church, and eat of her bread, while their hearts are gone away after Anti-Christ. Some of their

number have already openly deserted to the enemy, and "gone to their own place." It should be the earnest prayer of every true-hearted Protestant, that God would "stir up his strength and come among us and with great might succour us" at this great crisis; and that it would please Him so to dispose the hearts of our Rulers, both in Church and State, that they may withdraw all state support of Popery, and take immediate and effectual measures to purge our Universities, and our great public schools, and our parish Churches of such Ministers as, to use the faithful words of our noble martyr, Rowland Taylor, "should presume to infect the flock committed to them, with the venom of the Popish idolatrous mass." Then, indeed, we might expect the prayer of good King Edward to be gloriously answered, and our own eyes should see our covenant Lord "defending the kingdom of England from Papistry;" and then we might enjoy a cheerful confidence in godly old Latimer's prediction, that "the candle lighted in England by the *martyrs'* flame shall never be put out;" and that God would make our Protestant Queen another triumphant Elizabeth, a comfort to the comfortless realm of England.

CHAPTER IV.

DARK DEEDS OF THE PAPACY AGAINST THE CHURCH IN IRELAND.

“And he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed!”—Exodus ii. 2.

The Cathedral of Christ's Church, at Dublin, is a very ancient and noble gothic edifice of vast proportions. Throughout its majestic aisles, many storied urns, and animated busts fill the mind of the worshipper with awful thoughts of death and the judgment to come; but never were eternity and the punishment of unfaithfulness to God, brought home to the conscience with more appalling power than by the celebrated sermon of James Usher, A.D. 1601. The great organ has ceased to peal its solemn hymn of praise, the young preacher ascends the pulpit, lifts his heart and voice to God for guidance and a blessing, and then turns to address the vast assemblage which has been attracted by the fame of his eloquence, piety and learning, that afterward shed so bright a lustre over his name as Primate of the Irish Church.....The Lord Deputy, the great officers of state, and all the chief personages of the city are present.....A breathless silence precedes the delivery of the text, and blank dismay overshadows every countenance when the text is announced, Ezekiel iv. 6. “Thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days: I have appointed thee each day for a year;” and its application is unfolded in an irresistible exposure of the idolatry of the Roman Church, as similar to the idolatry of the house of Judah: and the guilty connivance of the Protestant rulers in cherishing and supporting that idolatry is denounced, and his final words smite upon their hearts like the sound of the last trumpet, as he thus concludes, *“from this year I reckon forty years, and then those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity.”* If any scoffing Sadducee had been present, and made light of Romish

idolatry and of the preacher's warning, how terribly he must have been rebuked, when, exactly FORTY YEARS afterwards, the great rebellion burst upon the heads of those who had fostered and *embraced* Popery, and they found it their ruin !

But we anticipate. The Papal poison tree did not *always* cast its broad and blighting shadow over the south and west of Ireland. Popery was established in Ireland *so late* as at the time of its conquest by England. The beautiful hymn called "St. Patrick's Breast Plate" contains none of the corruptions of Popery, and is a document admitted by all parties to be the earliest Irish manuscript in existence. It was composed by the patron saint of Ireland at the early dawn of the eventful day upon which he was to preach in the great hall of Tara before the King and chieftains of Ireland, A.D. 433. The danger was great, for his Pagan foes lay around him "thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa," and they had threatened his life. The hymn begins with a profession of faith in the Trinity and unity of God, and in the incarnation of Christ, his crucifixion, resurrection, ascension and coming to future judgment, and then proceeds in the following strain :—

"At Tarah, to-day, may the strength of God pilot me, may the power of God preserve me, may the wisdom of God instruct me, may the eye of God view me, may the ear of God hear me, may the word of God give me sweet talk, may the hand of God protect me, may the way of God direct me, may the shield of God defend me; Christ be with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left, Christ on this side, Christ on that side, Christ at my back, Christ in the heart of each person to whom I speak, Christ in the mouth of each person who speaks to me, Christ in each eye which sees me, Christ in each ear which hears me. At Tarah, to-day, I invoke the mighty power of the Trinity. Salvation is the Lord's. Salvation is Christ's. May Thy salvation, O Lord, be always with us !"

Gifted as he was with such purity of doctrine, and such a spirit of prayer, St. Patrick obtained wonderful success.

Hence, neither the learning nor the missionary zeal of the ancient Irish Church, which found admirers even at the Court of Charlemagne, any more than the domestic feuds of its chiefs, can be attributed to Romish influence. At the present crisis, when the Bishop of Rome not only claims, but exercises, supremacy in England, and has proved the aggressive character of his apostate Church to be unchanged, it is a fact worth noticing that it was by the treason, (A.D.

1139,) of Malanchy O'Morgiar, an Irish Bishop, that the native Church of Ireland was subverted, and that "the *Cardinal's Pall*," with which Pope Innocent bribed him, had scarcely visited the land before it became the *Banner of Popery*; and the *Italian Papiro*, with four Archbishops, soon followed from Rome; they carved Ireland into dioceses, and destroyed the liberties and pure doctrine of its Church. God grant that similar steps lately taken by Pius IX. may not tend to a similar result in England! The contemptuous opinion held, by the Papal Court, of the ancient Church of Ireland, and the readiness of the Cardinal and his satellites to be "Lords over God's heritage," is thus quaintly expressed by St. Bernard, in his life of Malanchy, "From the barbarian soil of Ireland, that gave him birth, our friend derived no more of his nature than the fishes of the sea derive from their native element: he that could bring honey from the rock, and oil from the flinty stone, hath done this!" Disbelief in transubstantiation, purgatory, the marriage of the Priests, using a wooden-table for the Lord's Supper, and eating meat in Lent; together with a different mode of keeping Easter, are elsewhere stated to be the errors of the ancient Irish Church. For the complete subjugation of the still resisting ecclesiastics of Ireland, Pope Adrian, by the famous Bull of 1154, granted *permission* to Henry II. to annex Ireland to England, on condition of its subjugation to the Roman See by the yearly tribute of one penny for every house in the conquered territory.

From Henry's very first invasion of Ireland, he adopted every means to bind to the Pope all the Irish Prelates. Rank, office, wealth, and flattery were used with lavish hand; and each See as it fell vacant was filled by a partizan of Rome. He succeeded but too well in his primary object of establishing Popery in Ireland, but was punished sorely by the retributive hand of God; for he, and nearly all his successors on the English throne, made the fatal mistake of elevating the Irish Popish Bishops above their former fendal lords, and governing the country by their favoured agency; a policy which, from the very first hour of its adoption, has not only kept up a grievous slavery under those "thirty tyrants," and those titulars who, foisted in

from Spain, after the native Bishops became Protestants, oppose the Protestant Bishops of the present day, who are the rightful successors of the ancient Sees:—for, of all despotism, the worst and most grinding is that of the Papacy. But not only so: this policy also recoiled with terrible effect upon themselves; for by trusting Romish Prelates, whose celibacy enables them, as Lord Bacon has profoundly remarked, to evade giving any hostage to their country, and whose first allegiance is due to a foreign Prince, their dependance has often proved

“ A broken reed at best; but oft a spear,
On whose sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.”

Following up this dangerous policy, the writ of Henry II., appointing Fitz Adelm to the Lieutenancy of Ireland, is addressed to his “ *Archbishops, Bishops, Kings, Earls, Barons, and all his liege men;*” and Henry III. commences one of his writs thus, “ Henry, by the grace of God, King of England.....to the venerable Father Luke, by the *same grace*, Archbishop of Dublin, and to his trusty and well-beloved Maurice Fitzgerald, his Lord Deputy of Ireland, greeting;”—thus placing the Prelate above his Lieutenant. How early the pernicious results of this mischievous policy appeared, may be seen from the following facts:—Laurence O’Toole, the Pope’s appointed Archbishop of Dublin, travelled to Rome upon the first check which his presumption received from Henry II., and applied to the Pope for a reversal of Adrian’s grant of Ireland to the English Monarch! “ He exerted himself, says Giraldus Cambrensis, “ with all the zeal of his nation, for the privileges of the Church, and against the King’s authority:” and in reward of his eminent services the Pope raised him to the dignity of “ Apostolic legate to Ireland.” The Bishop of Ferns had excommunicated the great Earl of Pembroke, because he had seized two manors belonging to the Church; and upon that nobleman’s death claimed restitution from the King, who commanded him to proceed to the tomb and absolve the Earl, and went in person thither to see his wishes carried into effect. How great must have been his mortification, when the haughty Prelate lifted his hands

over the grave, and with judicial solemnity pronounced these awful words :—

“ O William, thou that liest fast bound in the chains of excommunication, if what thou hast injuriously taken away be restored by the King, or any of thy friends, with competent satisfaction, I absolve thee ; otherwise, I ratify thy sentence, that being bound in thy sins thou mayest remained *damned in hell for ever !*”

The heir would not surrender the disputed manors, and the Bishop confirmed his malediction. Such being the unwise license allowed to the Popish Prelates, we cannot feel surprised, however we may be grieved, by the following petition, which the historian Leland gives us, as it was presented in the following reign :—

“ Margaret le Blunde, of Cashel, petitions our lord, the King's grace, that she may have her inheritance which she recovered at Clonmel before the King's Judges, against David Mac Carwell, Bishop of Cashel. *Item*, for the imprisonment of her grandfather and grandmother, whom he shut up and detained in prison until they perished by famine, because they sought redress for the death of their son, father of your petitioner, who had been killed by said Bishop. *Item*, for the death of her six brothers and sisters, who were starved by said Bishop, because he had their inheritance in his hands at the time he killed their father. It is to be noted that the said Bishop has built an Abbey in the City of Cashel, which he fills with robbers, who murder the English and lay waste the country ; and that when our lord the King's Council, examine into such offences, he passes sentence of excommunication against them. *Item*, it is to be noted that the said Margaret has five times crossed the Irish Sea. Wherefore she petitions, for God's sake, that the King's grace will have compassion, and that she may be permitted to take possession of her inheritance. It is further to be noted, that the aforesaid Bishop has been guilty of the death of many other Englishmen besides her father ; and that the said Margaret has obtained many writs of our lord the King, but to no effect, by reason of the influence and bribery of said Bishop.”

So much for the *benefit* of Romish Bishops' christian instruction and example in Tipperary, one of the most beautiful and fertile shires in the British empire. If we have “sowed the wind shall we not reap the whirlwind?” Another shocking outrage shows the unbridled violence of Romish Prelates, when unchecked by the strong hand of Protestant rule. The Bishop of Limerick having been accused of violating the privilege of the Franciscan Friars, their appeal was referred by the Pope to the Archbishop of Cashel, who had no sooner entered, than the Bishop laid violent hands upon him, tore the citation furiously out of his hands

and ordered him to be gone! When the Archbishop fled in dismay, the Bishop in full pontifical dress entered the city, and with bell, book, and candle, publicly excommunicated every person who had showed hospitality to the Archbishop; and when the latter, some time after, entered Limerick on a visitation and preached, the Bishop caused public proclamation to be made, that he would excommunicate every person who presumed to hear the sermon, and sent some of his servants to insult and assault the Archbishop as he left the city. The inferior clergy followed this pernicious example; and there are many cases on record of assault and even murder committed by Priests, Monks, and Friars, not only upon the laity, but upon one another, "coming to the charge in coat of mails with swords, clubs, and other weapons." So late as the sixteenth century, a Bishop of Leighlin was murdered by his Archdeacon, because he had rebuked him for his evil practices. This violent spirit and foreign allegiance, notwithstanding the special favour of the English Government, was shown by these Prelates when Edward Bruce planted his standard on Irish soil. The Romish ecclesiastics being but slightly bound by their equivocal allegiance to English rule, almost unanimously revolted. They denounced the English as enemies to the Roman Church and oppressors of the nation, and exhorted the populace to flock round Bruce's standard; "because," said they, "the Bruce is the champion of God, and the descendant of the ancient line of Milesian Monarchs." They crowned the adventurer at Dundalk, as King of Ireland; but so subtle is the Papacy, that even in that rude age the Priests put forward the Chieftains as the ostensible agitators, and played the springs of rebellion behind the scenes, slipping aside from the responsibility, and leaving all the dangerous posts of honour to their confederates, who had, probably, been seduced into rebellion by the very men who first deserted their cause. This crafty dealing is clearly observable in the memorial dispatched to Pope John XXII. entreating him to revoke the grant which his predecessor Adrian had made of Ireland to the English Monarch. It is entitled "The complaints of the Nobles of Ireland," but its subject matter sufficiently shows the quarter from which it

came. It reminds the Pope of the minute details of the Contract between his predecessor Adrian and Henry II. ; and it founds its request, that " his Holiness " would transfer the sovereignty of Ireland to Edward Bruce, upon the facts that " a Bishop had been cited, nay, committed to prison, and that a Cathedral had been despoiled of half its lands ;" and it coolly adds, " fifty thousand of our brethren have been cut off by the sword, and we are not left a spot which we can call our own." How little English Popery did for ameliorating the condition of Ireland, may be gathered from the following statement in this memorial, that

" The English Clergy preached the heretical doctrine, that it is no more sin to kill an Irishman than a single dog, or any brute animal; and some of their Monks preach that if it were to happen, as it often does happen, that they were to kill an Irishman, they would not for this refrain from mass even for a single day."

So little loyalty did these Irish Ecclesiastics show to the English King, who courted their support, that whenever a colourable pretext appeared, and they could do so with any hope of safety, they at once rebelled. When the impostor, Lambert Simnel, appeared in Dublin, nearly all the Romish Bishops received him joyfully: they conducted him in state to the Cathedral of Christ Church: amidst loud acclamations they took a crown from an image of the Virgin, and placed it on his head, and voted a subsidy to the Pope as the liege lord of Ireland. In fact, the ecclesiastical historians of Ireland—Protestant and Romanist—give us so many instances in which the Popish Prelates were at feud with the Irish nobles, that they lead us to conclude that the former imagined that English rule had given them complete ascendancy, and allowed them an immunity from all restraints, as subjects of the Canon law of Rome. Nay further, they note many periods in which these ungrateful men rose tumultuously against English government, as if Ireland were virtually under the sovereignty of the Pope, and, from Henry II. downwards, English Kings were only the Pope's liegemen, and his tenants at will, who could be evicted whenever it was his pleasure. Of this the following extraordinary scene in the eventful career of the celebrated rebel, Gerald Fitzgerald, will afford a striking illustration. This insurgent chieftain was more than half an Irishman in descent, and fully an Irish-

man in the activity, audacity, and wit, which made him the darling of his countrymen. After eluding his pursuers for a considerable time, he was at length captured, and taken to London. Henry VII. was a shrewd monarch, and he desired to try what effect a public and solemn trial might have upon the turbulent nobleman; so he was confronted with his accusers, and called upon to answer each charge made against him. As the climax of his offences, he was charged with having burned the Church of Cashel to the very ground. "Spare your evidence," exclaimed the prisoner, "I did set fire to the Church, for I thought the Bishop had been in it!" "May it please your Majesty" cried the accusers in full chorus, "all Ireland cannot rule this Earl." "Well then," replied the King, "this Earl shall govern Ireland." Very wise proved Henry's choice of this Bishop-quelling Earl, for during his Lieutenancy, there was "a great calm in Ireland." It is a strong proof of the value of vigorous resistance to the Pope's assumed supremacy, as a means of tranquillising Ireland, that, after Henry VIII. shook off the Papal yoke, and assumed the title of King of Ireland, for the first time in her annals, as Dr. Phelan observes, "Ireland was at peace under one acknowledged Sovereign." A son of the chieftain Fitzpatrick, when discovered in some treasonable correspondence, was given up to justice by his own father; and tranquillity prevailed so universally, that a very large body of troops was spared for the King's service before Boulogne, where an Irish officer had the honour of defeating the French champion. Eight years were passed in this undivided allegiance, when a new agitation was deeply moved, by the following letter addressed to O'Neil, one of the leading Irish chiefs, by the Bishop of Metz, in the name of the council of Cardinals. It deserves particular attention, for to this very day, its influence is very great in keeping alive the Papal power in Ireland:—

"My Son O'Neil,—Thou and thy fathers were ever faithful to the mother Church of Rome. His Holiness, Paul, the present Pope, and his Council of Holy Fathers, have lately found an ancient prophecy of one St. Lazerianus, an Irish Archbishop of Cashel. It says that the Church of Rome shall surely fall, when the Catholic faith is once overthrown in Ireland. Therefore, for the glory of the mother Church, the honour of St. Peter, and your own security, suppress heresy, and oppose the enemies of his Holiness. You see that when the Roman faith perisheth in Ireland, the

See of Rome is fated to utter destruction. The council of the Cardinals have therefore thought it necessary to animate the people in that holy island in this pious cause ; being assured that while the mother Church has sons of such worth as thee, she shall not fall, but prevail for ever, at least in Britain."

It has been boasted that in Ireland Mary's reign was bloodless ; but the absence of persecution may be easily accounted for during the *commencement* of her frightful rule, from the following circumstance. Since nearly all the Protestants then in Ireland were of English descent, and were then, as *they are to this day*, the *real garrison* of England in the sister island, and the surest friends of English government ; if Mary had allowed her Bishops to burn them, Ireland would have been lost to the British crown. But it is certain that if the Queen's life had been prolonged, the Marian persecution would have raged full as fiercely on the Irish side of the channel as it did in England ; for in the third year of her reign the Lord Deputy St. Leger was removed from office, because his enemies at Court had accused him of having formerly written some verses in ridicule of transubstantiation. It was the first article of the instructions to the new Lord Deputy and his Council, "that they should be ready with their aid and secular force, at the request of all spiritual ministers and ordinaries, to *punish and repress* all heretics and Lollards, and their damnable sects, opinions, and errors." Soon after, the eagerly expected commission was issued by the Queen to her Irish Bishops, but it miscarried strangely on the way. It was entrusted to the fiery fanatic Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, who was dispatched to Dublin expressly to see it carried into full effect. In those days of slow travelling he remained one night at an inn in Chester, where he was soon waited upon by the Mayor of the city, to whom, in fiendish glee, he told his errand ; and opening a box took from it a parcel, which he held up triumphantly saying, "There is a commission which shall lash the heretics of Ireland !" The mistress of the inn was present ; she was a Protestant, and her heart trembled for the fate of her brother, who was a Protestant resident in Dublin. With her woman's ready wit and devotedness, she hastily seized the parcel, while the Dean escorted his visitor to the door, and then placed in its

stead a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs uppermost. When Dr. Cole reached Dublin, he instantly presented himself to the Lord Deputy in full Council, and the Secretary was commanded to read her Majesty's commission; when, to the confusion of all, the pack of cards appeared! Dr. Cole solemnly assured the Lord Deputy that he had certainly received the commission, and could not account for its removal from his custody. The Lord Deputy seems to have been of the true Gallio school,—which has so often sent rulers to unfortunate Ireland, always ready to give “heavy blows and great discouragements to Protestantism,” and reckless of the mischief, if they can but keep their post,—and he answered quickly, “Let us have another commission, and we will shuffle the cards in the meantime.” The baffled inquisitor returned with sorrow and shame for another commission, which he obtained, but was detained by stormy weather so long on the English side of the channel, that it was happily superseded by the death of Mary. So much for the goodness of God in preserving Irish Protestants from the tender mercies of our last Popish Queen. The story of the good woman of Chester reached the ears of Elizabeth, who sent for her to Court, heard the recital with great delight, and settled upon her a pension of forty pounds per year, a great sum in those days.

Bishop Mant, a Prelate deservedly honoured in Ireland for sound Protestantism, steady support of scriptural education, and honest distribution of patronage, gives us, in his valuable “History of the Church in Ireland,” so deeply interesting a sketch of the celebrated John Bale, Bishop of Ossory, that we cannot read it without deep admiration of his character, and sympathy for his sufferings. John Bale, a native of Suffolk, was educated in the Carmelites Convent at Norwich, and afterwards at Jesus College, Cambridge, during which period of his life, as he often afterwards confessed with a sigh, “ignorance and blindness had wholly possessed him:” but by the blessing of God on the advice of his friend, Lord Wentworth, he was led to study the bible, and by its pure light to see the corruptions of Rome. Further, as he tells us, “throwing off all the marks of the beast and following the Divine precept,” (1 Cor. vii. 9.) he married

in the Lord, a wife who was his inseparable companion and comforter in all his joys and sorrows. He was imprisoned twice in Henry VIII.'s time, for preaching against the invocation of saints, and worship of images; and his testimony against those foul abominations was the more convincing, because he spoke from his own experience, and could say, "Yea I ask God mercy a thousand times, I have been one of them myself." During Lord Cromwell's life he was comparatively safe, but upon his protector's death, he withdrew to Germany; and on Edward's accession, returning to England, after eight years exile, he was promoted, by the unsolicited mandate of the amiable young King, to the Bishopric of Ossory. Immediately after his consecration he proceeded to Kilkenny, where the Cathedral of Ossory, as well as the See house is situated, and set himself vigorously to work in reforming abuses, and in preaching the gospel.

"I found," he tells us, "the holy communion of the Lord's supper used as a Popish mass, with the old apish toys of Anti-Christ, in bowing and beckings, kneelings and knockings; the Lord's death, after Paul's doctrine, neither preached nor yet spoken of.....much ado I had with the Priests for my saying that the white Gods of their making, such as they offered to the people to be worshipped, were no Gods, but idols, and that their prayers for the dead procured no redemption to the souls departed; redemption of souls being only in Christ, of Christ, and by Christ. I added that their office, by Christ's straight commandment, was chiefly to preach and instruct the people in the doctrine and ways of God, and not to occupy so much of the time in chaunting, piping, and singing.....much were the Priests offended also, for that I had in my preaching, willed them to have wives of their own, and to leave the unshamefaced occupying of other men's wives, daughters and servants.....as for me, I quietly preached Christ and salvation by Him alone to His people, and laboured to withdraw them from Popish superstitions during that 'half hour's silence,' and those few years of rest that God's people here enjoyed under that blessed servant of Christ, King Edward."

But the time of this godly man's blessed sojourn in Ireland was short; he describes vividly the terrible recoil with which many of his Clergy, like a deceitful bow, returned to the service of Anti-Christ.

"On Thursday, the last day of August, I being absent, the Clergy of Kilkenny blasphemously resumed again the whole Papism, or heap of superstitions of the Bishop of Rome, to the utter contempt of Christ and his holy word.....they rang all the bells in that Cathedral, Minster, and Parish Churches; they flung up their caps to the battlements of the

great temple, with smilings and laughings most dissolutely; they brought forth their *cofes*, *candlesticks*, holy water, stocks, *crosses*, and censers; they mustered forth in general procession, most gorgeously, all the town over with 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis,' and the rest of the Latin Litany. They chattered it, they chaunted it with great noise and devotion; they banquetted the day after, for that they were delivered by the grace of God into a warm sun!.....They may make the witless sort believe that they can make, every day, new Gods of their little white cakes, and that they can fetch their friends' souls from flaming purgatory.....They may now, without check, have other men's wives in occupying.....and be as utter defiance with marriage, though it be an institution of God, honourable, holy, righteous, and perfect.....I write not this without a cause, for why? There were some which boasted of this.....and when they were demanded, how they would afore God be discharged? they made answer, that *Ear-Confession* was able to burnish them again, and to make them so white as snow, though they thus offend never so oft."

What a "superfluity of naughtiness!" Bale had been too dangerous a foe to "the man of sin" to be left unmolested in "his hour, and the power of darkness." He was assaulted ferociously by some Popish Priests and others, who thirsted for his blood. They attacked him in his house, and murdered five faithful servants before his eyes, who at the peril of their own lives fought for their beloved master. He succeeded in shutting the iron gate of his Castle, and was preserved from his enemies until a military force came from Kilkenny to aid him, under whose protection he escaped by night to Dublin. There too his life was hunted for by the bloodhounds, and he was again forced to flee. After many perils by sea and land, from storms and pirates, captivity and plunder, he reached Basle, where he found a peaceful retreat, until recalled by Queen Elizabeth, who made the remainder of his life easy by the gift of a Prebend in Canterbury Cathedral, where he lived to a good old age, incessantly employed with his pen in writing books against Popery, such as "Yet a course at the Romish Fox," historical sketches of the most eminent martyrs, and an autobiography, which is of intense and thrilling interest.

Eleven years of profound peace blessed Ireland in the commencement of Elizabeth's glorious reign. All the Bishops, except two, Walsh and Leverous, were reconciled to our Reformed Church, and cast off the slough of Popery. A great multitude of Priests followed their example, and the laity every where crowded into the Churches. Woe to

the bloody See of Rome for the melancholy scenes which, in Ireland, followed the excommunication, hurled against Elizabeth by four successive Popes! After a long and perfect separation from the Papacy, Ireland was infested by foreign titular Bishops, nominated by the Pope, and imported from Spain and other quarters. So thoroughly novel was this importation, that the present Romish hierarchy are, to all intents and purposes, mere invaders and trespassers in Ireland. Their campaign was opened by a scandalous trick, like that at Rimini and Apt. There was, in the aisle of Christ's Church Cathedral, at Dublin, a marble statue of our Redeemer, crowned with thorns, and a reed in the right hand. On the Sunday, after our beautiful Litany was offered up in English, and while all were engaged in prayer, blood was seen to trickle down through the crown of thorns, along the face of the image. Attention was soon directed to this strange and moving spectacle. Many gathered around it, and mournfully exclaimed, that the Saviour was sweating blood in an agony, caused by these heretical prayers! Many prayed to the dumb image, and the Lord Deputy, with the Privy Council, retired hastily, fearing that the blood of the living would follow speedily. The Archbishop of Dublin, with great presence of mind, caused a form to be placed at the foot of the image, and made the Sexton minutely examine its head. He was an honest Protestant, and soon found out the key to the pretended miracle; for he drew a sponge, soaked in blood, from the hollow of its head, and it was subsequently discovered that a Monk, named Leigh, had placed it there that very morning. Thus "God frustrated the knavish trick," and upwards of one hundred Romanists were so ashamed of this foul artifice, that they vowed they would never again attend a Romish mass! Chosen bands of Jesuits now invaded unfortunate Ireland, bringing with them plumes and banners blessed by the Pope, and quantities of arms and ammunition; but the most terrible weapons in their armoury were the special indulgences and Papal absolutions, even to the third generation, for those who should engage in this HOLY WAR! Shane O'Neil now started forth as the leader of this infamous *Crusade*. He was a chief

of most besotted habits, but crafty, courageous, and indefatigable. He had already baffled the English government, both in the field and cabinet, and he had eluded the still more dangerous attack of the law officers of the Crown: he even ventured to London, where he managed matters so adroitly as to insinuate himself into the good opinion of the sagacious Queen, and her wary Ministers. Thus he threw the English government so completely off its guard, as to secure to himself those most precious advantages in opening a war—time, and his own scene of action. On his return to Ireland, he pursued his plans so vigorously and craftily, that almost simultaneously the provinces of Ulster, Connaught, and Munster declared war upon England; and multitudes, enthusiastically believing their Priests, that they did GOD SERVICE, followed his banner. He sent agents to the Papal and Spanish Courts, and they were received with as much honour as the ambassadors of a sovereign Prince. His success in the opening campaign was very great, but he wanted one qualification for the leader of a religious war—*submission* to the Priests, whom he offended in various ways, so that they watched an opportunity of discarding him. It soon arrived. Shane O'Neil made a fierce incursion into the English quarters, at Armagh, where he burned the Cathedral, because it had lately been defiled by heretical worship. The Roman Catholic titular Archbishop immediately excommunicated him. In vain were his protestations, even with tears, that his zeal for mother Church had stirred him up to the accursed deed: all his applications for mercy were contemptuously rejected; and his dream of conquest was broken when the whole army melted away from the accursed banner. In the first agony of his grief, he wished to steal to the English quarters, with a halter about his neck, and thus cast himself upon the mercy of the Lord Deputy. He was dissuaded from that, and fell miserably by the daggers of some wandering free-booters. Thus ended Shane O'Neil, and the first religious rebellion in Ireland! The Jesuits now threw all their forces into field, leaving "Fathers" Campion and Parsons to baffle the Government in England, by smooth protestations, while they were working secret treason. "Fathers" Saunders

and Allen were despatched, by the same Pope, and from the same seminaries, to the weaker island, at the head of a large body of their Order. These fire-brands of hell selected James Geraldine, as their champion; and Pope Gregory XIII. stamped this infamous expedition by a bull, directed to all Prelates, Princes, Counts, &c., of Ireland, in which he denounces Elizabeth as "*hateful alike to God and man,*" and "exhorts all the faithful, by the bowels of the compassions of God, that discerning the seasonableness of the opportunity, they may not fear a woman *who has departed from the Lord, and the Lord from her.*" This true successor of Anti-Christ then adds,

"And that you may do this work with the greater alacrity, we grant to all, and singular of you, who being contrite and confessing, or having the purpose of confessing, shall follow the said General, or shall forward his holy purpose by counsel, arms, provision, or any other means.....a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins, according to the form which is accustomed to be used for those who war against the Turks for the recovery of the Holy Land!"

James Geraldine went to Spain and Rome for supplies, and was accompanied by a titular Romish Bishop, and father Saunders. They shortly returned with a body of Spanish troops and Italian banditti, whom the Pope had induced "to leave their country for their country's good," by the promise of plenary absolution, for the meritorious act of aiding him in this holy war! James Geraldine—or Fitzmaurice as he is called in the Irish annals—fell in a miserable quarrel soon after his return to Ireland, and Gregory XIII. issued another wicked bull, transferring the command of the "holy war" to his cousin, Sir John Desmond: and there was a most mischievous provision in that vile document, by which all those indulgences were engaged "to the said John and his army, or after his death to his brother James, and those who shall adhere to him;" thus perpetuating rebellion, and insuring the extinction of a noble family, whose misfortune it was to have any fellowship with this worker of iniquity. Dr. Phelan tells us a very extraordinary fact,—that this Gregory *had a natural son*, by name Jacomo Buoncompagno, for whom he really destined Ireland; and he now promised the "debateable land" to Spain, until they had ejected the English, when he would have claimed it for his son! Leland

also informs us that this Pope had promised to confer all the British dominions upon the King of Spain.....if he could conquer them. A bloody conflict took place at Monasta Neva: the Jesuit Allen proudly displayed the Papal standard, the keys of St. Peter, and the sword of St. Paul. Before the action began, he rode about the field in full pontificals, distributing Papal benedictions and assurances of victory. During the changing fortunes of the well-fought field, he fiercely maintained his post as Priest, General, and Soldier, and his body was found by the English victors surrounded by a heap of slain.

When the newly elected commander, Sir John Desmond, reached the rebel camp, he was coldly received by the Jesuit Saunders, who artfully insinuated that no confidence could be reposed in him until he had given some unequivocal pledge that he never would be reconciled to the heretic Queen. The mode in which the savage vindicated his sincerity to his friend is a sad example of Popish gratitude. There was an English officer named Henry Davers, a native of Devon, whose bravery and generosity had obtained for him the highest esteem in Ireland. The Desmond family had received many acts of kindness from him, and to Sir John he had been such a liberal benefactor, that the endearing appellation of son and father had marked their intimate friendship. The Lord Deputy knowing how strong an affection existed between Davers and Sir John, despatched this trusty officer to the scene of action, hoping to reclaim the insurgent chief. The first night the English officer reached Tralee, his adopted son surrounded the house with a party of ruffians, who acted as his body guard. The porter had been bribed to leave the gate unbarred. In the dead of the night the assassins entered the chamber of their sleeping victim. Awakened by their approach to his bedside, Davers started from his slumber, but was re-assured when he saw Desmond, and said quietly, "What my son, is the meaning of this brawl?" and received for an answer the miscreant's sword through his heart! A poor Irish servant, too humble in station for Jesuit perversion, flung himself across his master's body, hoping by the sacrifice of his own life, to save his dear master's; and it was by his piteous

lamentations that the deed of blood was first discovered. Sir John repaired speedily to the rebel camp, where he was joyfully received by the Jesuit Saunders, who complimented him upon "*the sweet sacrifice which he had offered to heaven,*" and proclaimed the achievement which had for ever sealed his attachment to "holy mother Church!" Earl Desmond was soon induced to join the crusade, and the Romish titular Bishops of Cashel and Emly were despatched as his agents to the Courts of Spain and Rome.

The crusaders were signally defeated by the troops of Elizabeth. The closing scenes of Earl Desmond's life are of deep and melancholy interest. After his last defeat he fled into his own domains, accompanied only by three clansmen and a Priest. One day he was espied by some of Lord Roche's retainers, who hotly pursued the wretched fugitives. The Priest was taken and betrayed the haunts of his patron. From that day the unfortunate nobleman had no rest. Disguised as a poor peasant, he passed his solitary hours in caves or morasses, and at night some humble followers brought him food. One day, from sheer misery, his clansmen descended like hungry wolves upon a farm yard, and carried off some cattle. The owner raised the soldiers of a neighbouring fort, who tracked them to a distant glen. Following its windings, they arrived at a point where the defile expanded into a thickly wooded valley. The officer had ordered his men to halt and return from their fruitless search, for night was falling fast, when he noticed a light faintly twinkling amongst the trees. Taking two of his soldiers with him, he approached it, and found a miserable hut, and an old man lying languidly before the fire. The officer struck him with the back of his sword, and the unhappy prisoner cried out, "Spare me, I am the Earl of Desmond." His head was struck off and impaled on London Bridge. Shortly after his death the Popish titular Bishop of Killaloe arrived with a large reinforcement of men, money, and arms; but it was too late; for the second crusade, or, as it was emphatically called by Romish writers—"Religious war"—was at an end. The Jesuit Saunders wandered for two years through the wilds of Ireland, waiting for better times, but was found dead in a wood horribly disfigured by wild beasts.

in the water, as if impatient to cast himself at the feet of so great a man. The craft of the Jesuit prevailed over the unsuspecting and impetuous spirit of Essex, at the private interview which followed. Tyrone's disloyal suggestions brought the head of poor Essex to the block, fulfilling the Jesuit Campion's declarations, that the members of his Order "would never cease to trouble Elizabeth's calm and safety;" and so the Tyrone rebellion was greatly prolonged. Still the Earl of Tyrone, by degrees, lost the confidence of the Priests. He had been too much enlightened by his conversations with heretics; and he very soon got a significant hint, that the fruits of all his dangerous enterprises were transferred by the Pope to another and more trust-worthy ally. Clement VIII. despatched a bull to "the Prince," greatly applauding his successful exertions in the Papal cause; and he accompanied it with a splendid plume, "formed," says the *infallible* Pontiff, "of the genuine feathers of a *Phoenix*, as a fit emblem of revival in the Church and State;" but Don Matteo O'Viedo, a *Spanish* ecclesiastic, whom he at the same time appointed Archbishop of Dublin, was the bearer of the gift. Tyrone saw at once that he had lost the Pope's confidence, and wrote a letter full of blasphemous adulation to the "*Father of spirits of earth*," entreating him to appoint to the afflicted Church in Ireland, pastors of his, Tyrone's, nomination. Clement, in reply, evades giving any pledge, but thus assures "the Prince" of succour:—"When opportunity offers we shall write to our children, the Catholic Kings and Princes, that they may give you and your cause all possible assistance." Shortly after, a Spanish General in Chief, Don Tuan D'Aguila, followed the Spanish Archbishop, and he waged war "in the name of Christ—or rather of Anti-Christ—and the *King of Spain*."

Eugene Mc Egau, the titular Bishop of Ross, and Vicar-Apostolic of Munster, together with his titular Episcopal brethren of Clonfert and Killaloe, rushed forth to aid the Spaniards, and thundered out a most awful anathema against all who should take up arms in the cause of heresy, or GIVE QUARTER to the prisoners of the heretical army! The mode in which this atrocious agent of the "man of

sin," dealt with such offenders, displays both the vengeance and tender mercies of the Papacy. "They were first restored to the peace of the Church, and then instantly executed in his own presence!" This horrible fanatic soon after fell in a bloody conflict, grasping his sword in one hand and his breviary and beads in the other.

Violent jealousies arose between the stately Spanish officers and their wild Irish comrades, as soon as the Pope's treachery to Tyrone was divulged. To such a height did their mutual animosity arise, that on one occasion a Spanish officer was heard to say, that "Christ did not die for the Irish!" But the Spaniards soon shared in the disaffection, when it appeared that Clement had revoked his boon to Spain, and had determined to confer unfortunate Ireland upon the Lady Arabella Stuart, and the Lady, upon Cardinal Farnese; of course absolving him from his vows, as Mr. Butler informs us in his so called "History of Catholics." "This notable project," says Dr. Phelan, "which France, from motives of humanity, and Spain, from vexation, having refused to aid—soon after fell to the ground." After the battle of Kinsale, in which they took no part, the Spaniards retired from Ireland. Tyrone being utterly routed, fled to Ulster, where he made an unconditional surrender, just before the Queen's death; he then passed over to Spain, where he lingered long as a pensioner on Spanish charity. Thus ended the third "religious war" which the Papacy excited in miserable Ireland, during the reign of Elizabeth.

JAMES I. greatly mortified the Romish party in Ireland by the coldness with which he received their loud professions of loyal attachment. Dr. Burke, in his "Hibernia Dominicana," tells an amusing anecdote of the King. Sir James Chichester, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, sent over a very fine Irish horse to his master. "I doubt the knave's a Papist," said the cautious monarch as he eyed the gallant steed with considerable distrust, "I will not mount him." But the spirit of rebellion soon appeared upon the quiet scene; for, says a contemporary historian, "the Pope's Archbishop of Dublin came here like the Petrel, a bird which portends a storm to sailors." For the

first time a Roman Catholic rent was levied in Ireland, chiefly by Priests and hired Lawyers. It included three rates, to be enforced, if necessary, by *excommunication*:—A gentleman's quota was fixed at 5s.; a yeoman's at 2s.; and a peasant's at 4d. The collections were very great. One Friar,—who declared that he was commissioned by the Pope to preach, "that the people should take his holiness to be their true head, and rather go into rebellion than change their religion,"—levied out of one poor country congregation, at one sermon, no less than two hundred cows and horses. The Lord Deputy was greatly alarmed, and issued a proclamation stating that, by the device of sundry Jesuits and Priests, and by the authority of certain recusant members of Parliament, this disloyal tribute was raised, and warning the people to resist it. The King showed much clemency in the form of the oath of allegiance, in which he did not include the "spiritual supremacy" claimed by Elizabeth, as it continued to be misrepresented; but Pope Paul V. pronounced the oath unlawful, and issued a bull, in which he exhorted the Irish to imitate their ancestors in an unbending resolution to maintain the holy Roman faith, and he also bestowed on them plenary indulgences and flattering thanks. Many insurrectionary movements followed this mischievous manifesto: but the firmness of James, who committed two Irish delegates to the Tower for presuming to question his Royal prerogative, caused a long period of tranquillity. When Charles I. ascended the throne he was unfortunate enough to have a Popish Queen, who quietly introduced a Popish Envoy at his Court, and a Popish Minister into his Cabinet. Strafford, the ablest Viceroy who ever governed Ireland, found himself unable to carry out his vigorous policy in suppressing the rebellious disposition showed by the reviving Romish faction; and he was obliged humbly to solicit the Pope's agent "that he would be pleased to restrain his monks, *for the present*, or if that were too much, that he would induce the continental Courts to give a deafer ear to their clamours!"

After six unsuccessful attempts at rebellion since the accession of the Stuarts, the awful time approached when the whole strength of Rome would deluge Ireland with

blood, in one of the most horrible outbreaks that stains the pages of the world's history. Strafford sagaciously foresaw a coming hurricane, when the general election of 1634 called out the active energies of the Romish Priests. He complains thus,—

“*Popish Jesuits* are very busy at the elections.....they charge the people, on pain of excommunication, to give their votes to no ProtestantsI therefore purpose to question some of them, it being indeed a very insufferable thing for them thus to interfere.....in causes purely civil, and it is of passing ill consequence in inflaming his Majesty's subjects one against another.....and to bring in a direct party of Papist and Protestant.”

Strafford's unflinching hand had long firmly quelled the conflicting elements of strife; but unhappily he was recalled in April, 1640; and only two months, since his removal, had elapsed, when symptoms of the “great rebellion” began to appear in a profound calm.

“The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.”

It has been noted that overtures of amity from the Papal Court invariably end in desperate efforts to obtain its ascendancy. Just so Pius V. wrote most gently to his “beloved daughter” Elizabeth, offering her own terms in choice of a liturgy, and the discipline of the Church, if she would acknowledge his supremacy. The threatened Spanish invasion, and the three Irish crusades succeeded. Exactly in the same double dealing policy, Bossuet was commanded to draw his beautiful picture of the “mother of harlots,” so as to represent her as she was in the days of her innocence; and to trace a *family likeness* between the pretended *sister* Churches of England and Rome. Efforts were being secretly made the while to subvert the Church of England, or to crush her by tyranny. A revolution was the result, and the Stuarts were driven from the throne. Dr. Phelan remarks, that the fearful Irish rebellion of 1798 had been preceded by liberal overtures of Dr. Troy, the titular Bishop, and his Priests. In our own days similar efforts at *union* with Rome have been made by Jesuits, under the mask of Tractarianism; and Papal encroachments, which the first Minister of the Crown has justly pronounced “insolent and insidious” have followed. Precisely of the same character were the conciliatory overtures now made by the Papal nunzio,

Panzani, to Laud and his unfortunate master. Father Davenport undertook to show, with the oily subtlety of a Jesuit, that a union between the Churches of England and Rome was possible and expedient: so that a man might be the true son of the Roman Church, though he subscribed to the articles of the Church of England!—While he amused the realm with this deep artifice, large numbers of Jesuits and Friars stealthily came over to Ireland. Seven thousand disbanded Roman Catholic soldiers were gradually concentrated there; and experienced officers were silently, but incessantly, dropping in. The Pope, Cardinal Richlieu, and the Spanish Court were preparing succours, and the mine was being formed, which so soon exploded with terrible effect. Cardinal Richlieu had warned the conspirators, that all their engagements to aid one another in casting off the English yoke, would be “a rope of sand, if not sanctioned by a *religious* obligation:” so the leading Irish Roman Catholic Prelates and chieftains often met at an old Franciscan abbey, by name Multifarnam, in the county of Westmeath. There was a chapel there fitted out in the true Papistical style, which some men—who would sacrifice utility and comfort to mere effect, and superstitious reverence—would desire to revive amongst us. Noble pictures “of saints and their Queen” decorated the walls; the Gregorian chaunt was proudly raised by a well appointed choir and a fine organ; crosses, copes, and albs appeared in abundance. This for the gaudy ceremonials of the Romish Church; but what better suited the conspirators was the ample number of apartments and offices for the entertainment of strangers, both horse and foot. As the season advanced, the visitors to the abbey or “spiritual retreat” increased so much as to alarm the more timid Protestants, who, by degrees, quitted the vicinity of this “holy home.”

On the 23rd October—ST. IGNATIUS'S DAY—the carnage began!—on the 30th the order for a general massacre was issued from the camp of Sir Phelim O'Neil; and, simultaneously with it, the manifesto of the Roman Catholic titular Bishop, McMahan, proclaimed the commencement of a “*War of Religion*,” which was attended by

more horrible atrocity than ever before or since marked the history of the "Harlot drunken with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." Dublin was mercifully spared, for on the very night before the massacre commenced, information was given to the Lords Justices, by Owen Connolly, an Irishman by birth, but a convert from Popery, just time enough to preserve the city from destruction. North, south, east and west, Protestant blood flowed in rivers; houses were reduced to ashes; villages and towns were the scenes of deadly strife. The very cattle of Protestants were inhumanely tortured, by being gashed all over their bodies; and then left to wander frantically through the country, till the loss of blood put an end to their sufferings. Nearly the only burial allowed to the poor Protestants was the burial of the living, and it was the fiendish pastime of their persecutors to hear their groans and complaints issuing from the earth! Popish children were taught to hunt down Protestant children; to pluck out their eyes, and hack their quivering little limbs. Some of the Protestants were forced to murder their own parents, or wives, or children; and then they themselves were savagely butchered over the still bleeding corpses of their relatives; and while death was mercifully closing the eyes of their poor victims, the horrible Popish bigots often cried exultingly in their ears, that these agonies were only the commencement of eternal torments! Dublin was now a city of refuge to the persecuted people of God. Each hour beheld troops of poor fugitives pouring into its streets. They came, it is pathetically remarked by contemporary historians, "like Job's messengers from all quarters, bringing sad news of devastation." Many Protestants of rank appeared amongst the miserable bands, covered like the rest, with old rags; some with no other covering than a little twisted straw mat about the middle. Reverend ministers mutilated and wounded: widows loudly bewailing their murdered husbands; mothers lamenting the massacre of their children; poor infants ready to perish in their weeping mothers' arms; and bewildered maniacs, whom grief or terror had bereft of reason, brought up the long train of miserable mourners. Some were so worn out with travelling, and others so frozen

with cold, that they entered the gates creeping on their hands and knees; nearly all were so "hunger-bitten" that they appeared like living ghosts.

Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls, and Member of the Irish Privy Council, informs us, in his "History of the Irish Rebellion," that the Popish inhabitants of Dublin, being prevented by the curse pronounced by their wicked Priests against all who gave succour to heretics, refused those melancholy sufferers any aid whatsoever: and but for the extraordinary generosity of the Protestant citizens, in aid of Government, multitudes of them would have miserably perished! Many empty houses, barns, stables, and open sheds, were crowded with them. Yet many lay in the open streets; the Churches were thronged by such multitudes of those forlorn beings, seeking charity from their fellow Protestants, that there was scarcely room to enter them; and many of the higher classes, ashamed to beg, crept into lonely spots, where they wasted silently away, and died unnoticed by human eye. All the city Church yards were too narrow to contain the heaps of corpses which were daily borne to their gates; and the Lords' Justices set apart two large tracts of ground, one on each side of the city, as cemeteries for the victims of those Dark Deeds of the Papacy. Daily, thousands, who were able to bear the voyage, took shipping from Dublin and the other Irish ports. Alas! their flight was in winter; and the season was unusually tempestuous; but they dreaded the madness of their own countrymen more than the fury of the elements on the great deep. Several ships were cast away, and those few which reached England were so long at sea, that many of their over crowded passengers had perished on the voyage. Many of those who could serve in the army were daily enlisted; yet so great was the multitude of poor Protestants in Dublin, that provisions became scarce and extravagantly dear. This narration is very harrowing to the feelings, but it is actually needful, in order to show Popery by its *fruits*; so we proceed to give further details. The country parts presented a still more awful spectacle. Thousands died of cold and hunger; few ditches or bog and turf pits were free of corpses. The English castles, of which the traveller now

sees so many noble ruins in every quarter, gave refuge to many poor Protestants ; but so long was aid from England delayed, that most of them were surrendered, and the miserable fugitives and the garrisons were butchered in cold blood, while the Popish inhabitants of nearly all the great towns stripped and expelled the poor Protestants. At Portadown one thousand Protestants, men, women, and children, were brutally driven, in successive troops, to the bridge over the Bann river, which was broken down before their eyes, and they were cast headlong into the deep stream. It was the fiendish sport of their Popish murderers to shoot down such of their victims as endeavoured to swim to the shore. In the county of Armagh alone, four thousand Protestants were drowned. The county of Cavan was the scene of still more appalling horrors. The high road for twelve miles together was stained by the gory track of poor wounded Protestants ; and more than sixty children were abandoned by their flying parents, so fiercely were they hunted down by the blood-hounds of the Papacy. These poor little innocents all perished, and their corpses were devoured by beasts and birds of prey ; for their enemies vowed that any who dug graves for them should be buried by their sides ! At Kilfeale, in the county of Kilkenny, a whole Protestant family, father, mother, and four or five children, together with a maid-servant, were hung on one tree, and then buried in the same pit. The youngest child revived in the cold earth ; and stretched out its little hands through the soft clay, and cried ‘ Mama, Mama ! ’ but Popery had steeled the hearts of those satanic murderers, and they heaped earth upon him, until his voice was no longer heard by human ear. At Clowes, in the county of Fermanagh, seventeen Protestants were similarly treated ; and their groans were heard issuing from the ground for some time after their burial. At Graigne, in the county of Kilkenny, seventy two men, women, and children, were massacred or buried alive. Amongst the latter was Robert Pyne, who sat up in his grave, crying, “ Christ receive my soul ! ” until the martyr’s plaintive prayer was turned to hallelujah and songs of praise.” Multitudes of Protestants were enclosed in houses, which were then set on fire, and burnt to ashes, to the great delight of those

wretched followers of Anti-Christ, who loudly exclaimed, "O how sweetly do they fry!" At Monge, in the county of Mayo, the wife of Simon Leper, a Protestant, was forced to kill her own husband, and immediately after her own son was compelled to kill his mother, and finally these Popish ruffians hanged the son! A young Scottish Protestant was chained to a tree, and disembowelled in a manner so disgustingly ferocious, that we cannot describe it. The Protestant Clergy were still more ruthlessly persecuted. Their Churches were demolished, or what was still worse, profaned by sacrifices to idols. Many were hanged. One was stripped of all his clothes, and driven naked through the town of Cashel by the Romish rebels, who vied with one another as to which of them would stab him oftenest, till he fell down exhausted, and died in the street. Thomas Johnson, Vicar of Tullagh, refused to go to mass, and immediately the Prior of Strade said it was as lawful to kill him as a sheep or a dog! A Clergyman, by name Thomas Bingham, was murdered: his cheeks were split open, and a carrot placed transversely between them; a leaf of the bible was placed before the corpse, which was commanded to preach in death, what he had loved in life, with the horrible words, "Preach! your mouth is wide enough open now!" In the counties of Armagh and Tyronne, thirteen Protestant Clergymen were murdered, and their persecutors would not allow their bodies to be buried. The Rev. Mr. Crowd was so beaten with sticks on his bare feet that he died in agony. Still more vile was the bigotry of the Romish titular Bishop of Killaloe, who ordered the graves of several Clergymen to be opened, and their "heretic" bones scattered abroad. But the bible was then, as it is now, the chief object of the Popish priests' hatred, as Charlotte Elizabeth remarks, "Because the bible is against them, they are against the bible." Bibles were publicly torn and burnt,—they were cast into pools of filthy water,—they were trampled upon; and one Popish ruffian, as he crushed a bible under his foot, shouted, "a plague on it! this bible hath bred all the quarrel! I hope that all the bibles in Ireland shall be used as this is, or worse, so that not one shall be left in this land!" At a "bible-burning"—alas that the Popish Priests of Ireland

should have coined this terrible word—in the county of Wicklow, the followers of Anti-Christ, as they rejoiced over the appalling sight, shouted “It is hell fire that burns!” Friar Malone, of Skerries, took the poor Protestants’ bibles and cut them in pieces, and cast them into the fire with the satanic declaration, that he wished he could thus deal with all Protestant and Puritan bibles! At Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, the Popish ruffians entered the Parish Church, and burnt the bibles, pews, and pulpit, with extreme triumph, expressing their detestation and hatred of Protestantism. Even in our own time, melancholy to say, the malignity of Romish Priests against the holy bible, incessantly appears in such atrocious acts. The Romish Bishop Doyle, a renowned champion of the Papacy, publicly praised a wretched bigot, who had destroyed a bible, and who so feared contamination from the sacred volume, that even in his infernal act he used a pair of tongs, and did not touch it once with his dainty hand! In the office of the Priests’ Protection Society at Dublin, may be seen the remains of a bible half consumed in the fire by a Priest in the county of Cork.

Ought not every member of our noble Bible Societies to make it a matter of prayer, and of effort, that the national sin committed by the endowment of the Romish College, at Maynooth, which supplies “bible-burning Priests,” may speedily be broken off by true penitence, and by the revocation of the State provision? John and Anne Nicholson were offered their lives, if they would go to mass, join the rebels, and burn their bible. John silently gave a motion of abhorrence, but his wife, in the true spirit of a martyr, exclaimed “Sooner than burn my bible and turn against my countrymen, I will die upon the point of the sword!” Both of them were instantly murdered, by those would could “kill the body, and after that had no more that they could do.” There were doubtless many other splendid examples of Christian faith and hope amongst those murdered Protestants; and in the Church triumphant are to be found multitudes in the noble army of martyrs, who bravely won their crowns in the torturing scenes of 1641. We give but a few instances of love to Christ which proved stronger than death. Henry Cowall, a respectable Protestant, was offered his life if he

would go to mass ; he had grace to prefer death to idolatry. Robert Echlin, who was only eleven years old, was also offered his life on the same condition. The noble boy refused the offer in these striking words,—“ I see nothing in the Romish religion which would make me exchange my own for it.” One young Protestant girl was threatened with death by the drawn sword of a rebel ; she quietly said, “ You cannot kill me unless God give you leave ; His will be done !” The ruffian three times lifted the sword to cut her down ; but her faith, probably, so awed him, that his hand refused its office. He turned away abashed, and she escaped unharmed.

A brief notice of godly Bishop Bedell, will brighten for a moment the dark scenes through which inflexible truth obliges us to bend our reluctant course. William Bedell was born at Black Notley, in the county of Essex, and graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He was so distinguished for learning, zeal, and piety, that the suffragan Bishop of Colchester, having been accused of ordaining too many persons, replied, “ I have ordained abler men than ever the Bishop did, for I have ordained Mr. Bedell.” He was selected to go out as Chaplain with the English Ambassador to Venice, where he saw unbridled Popery, and was very successful in his efforts to enlighten some learned Italian Ecclesiastics. After a varied and most useful ministry in England, he was despatched to Ireland, as Provost of the Dublin University ; and two years after was promoted to the See of Kilmore. During twelve years of apostolic labour, love, and hospitality, he ruled that favoured diocese so much to God’s glory, and the welfare of the souls entrusted to his charge, that when one of his Clergy visited Scotland, and shewed to a number of zealous covenanters Bedell’s license for his absence, they noted with surprise, that it bore his signature as that of “ *a fellow elder,*” asked a particular account of so remarkably humble a Prelate,—and when they heard a description of his life, and the astonishing improvements effected by him in Kilmore diocese, and with one voice they exclaimed, that they would go down on their knees to the King, if they thought he could send to Scotland such a Bishop ! From the very first day of Bedell’s sojourn

in Ireland, he saw the true cause of its misery; for in Italy he had witnessed similar vice, indolence, and filth, and knew that *Popery* was the bane of both countries, and the Gospel of Christ the only antidote. He found that even in the reign of Edward III., by the statutes of Kilkenny, the egregious mistake had been committed of putting the language of the country under a ban, so that any Englishman who spoke the Irish language should lose his lands, or if he had none, should be imprisoned! Nay more, that at the time of the Reformation, the English Reformed Clergy in Ireland were commanded, by law, to use the Latin language, wherever the English was not understood! Hence foreign Papal emissaries were the only teachers who could make themselves intelligible to the unhappy Irish natives. Bedell mourned sorely over this melancholy state of things. For his noble and successful efforts to remedy this crying evil and national sin, we must refer our readers to the able and interesting history of Bedell, by that excellent Christian patriot, Mr. T. H. M. Mason, who, with his admirable sister, has devoted a long life to the promotion of the gospel amongst the Irish-speaking natives of his country, through the agency of the Irish Society. We can only remark that the Bishop's labours were greatly blessed, not only in raising up Irish-speaking Ministers, but in converting Irish-speaking Roman Catholic Priests; many of whom he used to lodge in his See-house while engaged in their studies. At sixty years of age he made himself so perfectly master of the Irish language, which, from its dissimilarity to any of the other languages of Europe, presents no ordinary difficulty; that he was able to superintend the translation into Irish of the Bible and Prayer Book, and even to give an Irish service in his Cathedral on each Sunday afternoon. So much beloved was Bedell in consequence of this wise partiality for the language of the people's affections, (they often even *now* say, "my ear hears the English, but my heart hears the Irish,") that upon the breaking out of the rebellion, when he and his family were ejected from the See-house of Kilmore, by Swiney, the Romish titular Bishop, the rebels removed him for safety to the ruined castle of Loughouter, situated on a small island in the beautiful lake

of Killeshin, adjacent to the See-house; and there they guarded him carefully from danger. His Roman Catholic converts never deserted Bedell. It was Dennis O'Sheridan, a reformed Priest, who received him hospitably under his own roof, when sickness made it needful to remove the venerable servant of God from his Patmos. On the thick cloud which then portended Ireland's ruin, Bedell beheld the rainbow, when he thought upon his newly translated Irish Bible, and mused upon the wondrous change which it would yet effect, in God's own time, in the land of his adoption. During his imprisonment he repeatedly preached, and called his little flock thrice each day around him for prayer. His last hours were brightened by true Christian faith and hope. When dying, he exclaimed,

"I am going the way of all flesh. 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.' 'I have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens'.....the fair mansion of the new Jerusalem which cometh down out of heaven from my God. Therefore for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain; which increaseth my desire even now to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to continue here, in all the transitory, vain, and false pleasures of the world, of which I have seen an end.....I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God, through the all-sufficient merits of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer, who ever liveth to make intercession for me.....who hath washed me from all my sins in His own blood!.....Let nothing separate you from the love of Christ; neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor sword; though as ye hear and see for His sake we are killed all the day long; we are counted as sheep for the slaughter; yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.....Therefore, love not the world, neither the things of the world; but prepare hourly for death, that now besieges us on every side, and be faithful unto death; that we may meet together joyfully, on the right hand of Christ at the last day; and follow the Lamb, with all those that are clothed in white robes, in sign of innocency; and palms in their hands in sign of victory, which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb..... What can ye look for but one woe after another, while the 'Man of Sin' is thus suffered to rage, and to make havoc of God's people at his pleasure... Rejoice, therefore, forasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad with exceeding joy..... I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished the course of my ministry and life together. Though grievous wolves entered in amongst us, not sparing the sheep, yet I trust the Great Shepherd will save and deliver His flock out of all places, where they have been scattered in this cloudy and dark day, that they shall be no more a prey to the heat, neither shall the beasts of the field devour them, but that they shall dwell

safely, and none shall make them afraid.....O Lord, I have waited for this salvation."

When this eminent saint was gathered to his fathers, the faithful Sheridan and others visited the intruding Romish Bishop, to request permission for Bedell's interment in the Cathedral Churchyard. They found him in a state of such beastly intoxication that he could scarcely understand their request; and when he was at length so far roused as to comprehend its purport, he refused the boon, saying, that the Churchyard was holy ground, and should be no more defiled by heretic bodies! At length permission for the burial was extorted from him, and Bedell's remains were followed to the grave by a vast concourse of people. The rebel chief gathered his forces, and joined the long train of real mourners. They fired a volley over his resting place to do him honour, and cried out, "Requiescat in pace, ultimus Anglorum,"—"May the last of the English rest in peace." A Romish Priest, wishing like Balaam, to die the death of the righteous, but unwilling to *live* his life, was heard to exclaim, "O sit anima mea cum Bedello,"—"O may my soul be with that of Bedell!" The savage treatment experienced by this eminent man of God, reminds us of our heavy task, and bids us proceed to describe the "Dark Deeds" of the Romish Priests in this appalling massacre. There had been no provocation whatever given to them: so far otherwise such criminal indulgence was shewn to them by the Government, as to draw forth the indignant and eloquent protest, and prediction of Ussher, which has been already alluded to. The children of the higher classes of Romanists were permitted to go abroad, in order that they might imbibe a deeper hostility to England in foreign nunneries and monasteries.

Lord Chief Justice Lowther in his charge at the trial of Sir Phelim O'Neil, stated that, by their own admission, such was the favour shown to Popery by Government, that "it was as hard to find what number of Friars were in Dublin, as to count how many frogs there were in the second plague of Egypt." None of the penal laws were then enforced against their worship. Yet the rulers had, in Ussher's bold language, been now obliged "to bear the iniquity of those whom they had embraced:" and in the following extracts

from despatches of the Lords' Justices to the Lord Lieutenant, we find this *truth* fearfully exemplified, "That Popery will never rest satisfied with toleration, or even equality, but must ever strain after ascendancy, even through torrents of blood." "October 26, 1641, the combination hath taken place through the incitement of JESUITS, Priests, and Friars." And in December 14, 1641, the Lords' Justices supply facts to show that it is a war of extermination against Protestants.

"An eminent Popish Priest, styling himself a Chaplain Major, has openly boasted that he was the plotter of this great rebellion; that he had spent in travelling, and execution of the design, four thousand pounds; and that all the kings of Christendom, except the kings of Denmark and England, had a hand in the business!.....The Castle of Longford being obliged to surrender through scarcity of provisions, was promised quarter. But a Popish Priest stood at the Castle gate, with a sword in his hand, which he plunged up to the hilt in the body of a Protestant Clergyman, the moment he appeared, and this atrocious act was the signal for the butchery of all the rest."

The English Parliament, in their proclamation published in Dublin, November 12, 1641, commences thus,—“The Lords and Commons in this present Parliament being advertised of the dangerous conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland, by the treacherous and wicked instigation of Romish Priests and JESUITS, for the bloody massacre and destruction of all Protestants living there.” Sir John Temple, one of the acting Privy Council, tells us that “from *the Priests went out the watchword, both of time and place;*” and he gives us the following fact. A Romish Priest, named Hugh O’Deegan, boasted of having reconciled to Rome forty English and Scotch Protestants, who yielded to the terror of death, his sole argument: and, after giving his unfortunate converts the wafer-God of the Papacy, he asked them whether Christ’s body were really in that sacrament? They meekly answered in the affirmative. He then catechised them further on the articles of the new creed of Pope Pius IV., and enquired whether they believed the Pope to be the supreme head of the Church? They submissively assented. The Priest then congratulated them upon being so speedily changed into good Christians, from being wicked heretics! but, he added, that for fear they should ever relapse into

error, it would be advisable to send them from earth at once. Then coolly turning to the ruffian guards, who surrounded his kneeling converts, he gave the preconcerted signal, on which they were instantly massacred!

So tremendously sweeping was this frightful massacre of Protestants, that in the deposition of Archdeacon Maxwell, it is stated that in the province of Ulster alone, upwards of one hundred and fifty four thousand Protestants were wanting at the close of the rebellion; and it has been calculated that above *three hundred thousand Protestants* were massacred or expelled from Ireland during this terrible period! Those who accuse of apathy and want of missionary zeal the clergy of the Church in Ireland,—because the Protestants, before the late famine and emigration, amounted to only two millions and a half, while the Roman Catholics were nearly six millions,—should remember what multitudes of Protestants were exterminated in the various “Religious Wars” in Ireland, and what multitudes of Protestants yearly emigrate, since every insult and discouragement has been heaped upon them by rulers, whose sole aim appears to be to exalt and foster Popery. Sir John Temple also supplies us with the following facts, which are too important to be omitted. He says,—

“Now for the *Jesuits*, Priests, Friars, and all the rest of the viperous fraternity, belonging to their holy orders, who, as I said, had a main part to act, and have not failed, with great assiduity and diligence to discharge the same.....whereas, they did long before, in their public devotions at mass, pray for a blessing upon a great design they had then in hand; so now I have heard they did in many places the *very day before* the breaking out of the rebellion, give the people a dismiss at mass, *with free liberty to go out and take possession* of all the lands which they pretended were unjustly detained from them by the English: as also to strip, rob, and despoil them of all their goods and cattle.”

One Priest said to his miserable people at mass “that the bodies of such as died in this quarrel should not be cold before their souls should ascend up to heaven, and that they should be free from the pains of purgatory.” Another Priest taught his people that “it was no more pity nor conscience to take Englishmen’s lives or goods, than to take a bone out of a dog’s mouth!” The Priests also gave the sacrament, as was confessed to by some Roman Catholic persons,

on condition that neither Protestant man, woman, nor child, should be spared; and the wretches used to boast that it did them "much good to wash their hands in Protestant blood!" In fact, so intoxicated with their success were those men of blood, that they spoke confidently of soon receiving aid from the Pope, the French, and the Spaniards; and that the clergy of Spain had already contributed 5000 stand of arms and ammunition for a whole year. It was their intention, as soon as all Ireland should have been conquered, to transport thirty thousand to England, where, by the aid of foreign auxiliaries, they would root out Protestantism by fire and sword! Such undoubtedly was the plan of the *Jesuits*, whose ambition pants for *universal sway*; and it was not without probability, for the Friars and Priests were so active and blood thirsty in Ireland, that Dr. Maxwell remarks in his evidence, "A man could see no part of this *tragedy* wherein there was not a devil, or a Friar, or both." The *whole* censure should not, in justice, rest upon the subordinate Priests, for the titular Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, O'Neil, at the synod of Kells, declared the rebellion to be "*a pious and lawful war*," and Pope Urban VIII., by a bull dated 25th May, 1643, thus revived the flagging courage of the Irish rebels:

"Having taken into consideration the zeal of the Irish towards propagating the Catholic faith, and the piety of the Catholic warriors in the several armies of that kingdom.....and having got certain notice how, in imitation of their godly and worthy ancestors, they endeavoured by *force of arms* to deliver their enthralled nation from the oppression and grievous injury of the *heretics*.....and gallantly do what in them lieth to *extirpate and wholly root out* those workers of iniquity, who, in the kingdom of Ireland, had infected and always striven to infect the mass of the 'Catholic' purity with the pestiferous leaven of their *heretical contagion*.....to all and every one of the faithful Christians in the aforesaid kingdom of Ireland, now and for the time *militating against* the heretics.....we do grant full and plenary indulgence and absolute remission of all their sins!!!"

And, in the learned Dr. Borlace's Appendix, we find another bull, of the same Pope, thus encouraging the chief rebel, Owen Roe O'Neil,—“Your renowned and constant zeal against heretics we do not slightly praise,—non parum laudamus;” and he goes on to excite those blood stained murderers to persist with confidence in their massacre of Protestants, by the promise of a plenary remission of all

their sins! Such being the command and example of their Pope and Priests, we cannot be surprised at hearing the melancholy fact, that almost *all the English settlers, who were Romanists, heartily joined the native Irish in this awful massacre, showing that Popery, and not difference of race, is the cause of party spirit in Ireland.*

In the short and scandalous visit of James II. the Irish Protestants suffered extreme persecution. The act of settlement was broken through. Five lists of attainder were published, comprising nearly all the Protestant nobility and ladies. The Bishops were driven from their Sees, and the Clergy turned out of their parishes. Dublin University was used as a barrack, and it was made highly penal for Protestants to attend a place of worship, or even to meet, in greater numbers than two or three, on any pretence whatsoever. It is not in our power to describe the gallant defence made by the "Prentice Boys" of Derry, after they had expelled their traitor governor, Lundy, and were nobly commanded by the Rev. George Walker, whose courage, in the defence of the city, was only equalled by his piety in the Church, and whose flag, bearing the motto, "No Surrender"—the watchword of Irish Protestants—was floating proudly over the beleaguered walls, even when famine caused the very carrion to fetch a high price as an article of food, and whose prayers to heaven for succour were scarcely closed in Derry Cathedral, by the hearty Amen! of the famished loyalists, when the roar of cannon announced the joyful news that the iron boom, across the harbour, had been broken by King William's squadron, and food, arms, and soldiers were within hail of their walls.

By the crowning victory at the Boyne, July 1st, 1690, "Popery, slavery, and arbitrary power" were banished from the land, and a long period of rest was given to the sister Island: but Papal ambition, like the horse leech, for ever cries, "Give, give," and deep hostility to England smouldered under this outward calm.

It is a remarkable proof of the *incurable* treachery of the Papacy and its immitigable hostility to Protestant England, that, as was not long since revealed by the Roman Catholic

Bishop Doyle, so long as a single member of the exiled Stuarts existed, the appointment of the Roman Catholic Irish Bishops was in the Pretender's hands; and tens of thousands of Romanists were privy to the traitorous system. All the gold of the English could not, Dr. Doyle complacently remarks, buy this valuable secret, nor was it divulged until the danger incurred by having so many "generals, officers of the Church," in the Pretender's service, had entirely passed!

Weary with inaction, the Papal party revived to acts of open violence, and in 1791 the first blow was struck by the barbarous murder of a Protestant schoolmaster, his beautiful young wife, and her little brother, who were so savagely mutilated, that their weeping friends prayed that death might terminate their sufferings. The murderer was convicted, and he went to the place of execution loudly bewailing his fate; but when a Romish Priest met him and whispered in his ear, the wretch's countenance brightened up, and he died asserting his innocence. Such is the *lie* which Papal absolution puts in the right-hand of its miserable votaries, when about to exchange time for eternity; and this is a practice so studiously followed, in order to make the law of the land odious to the ignorant people, that a convicted Roman Catholic criminal seldom confesses his guilt, and dies protesting his innocence! Many living Protestants detail to their children their providential deliverance in the awful massacre of Protestants, which was plotted and partly effected in 1798. Papal agitators glory in these horrors, which they affect to cover by the thin veil of patriotism, which we learn, from good authority, is the last refuge of a scoundrel. They triumphantly ask, "Who fears to speak of '98, who blushes at the name?" Alas! the records of that period of Irish history are stained with much innocent blood! Although French aid was mainly sought, and infidel Protestants were seduced into it as a means of union with the French Republic, it was unquestionably as much "a Religious War" as the frightful massacre of 1641. The infidel Protestants were soon expelled from command when they interfered to protect their fellow Protestants; and Priests Roche, Murphy, &c., became the

leaders of the rebellion, and turned all their violence against the poor scattered Protestants. Especially was their fury directed against the Protestants, who, knowing that "union is strength," had banded themselves together in clubs or lodges for their mutual defence, and called themselves *Orangemen*, in token of their adhesion to the Protestant principles which had called the Prince of Orange to the throne of England. These Orange Unions, by combining Protestants for mutual defence, have kept Ulster perfectly tranquil for the last fifty years, and their loyalty and bravery is so much dreaded in the Popish parts of Ireland, as the chief hindrance to rebellion, that incessant calumnies have been poured upon them by seditious agitators.

It is beyond measure melancholy to follow the track of the rebels, after the Romish Priests had obtained the entire command. After the conflict at Arklow, the rebels marched to Gorey and there massacred many Protestants. Walker, a blacksmith, was placed on his knees to be shot; a rebel interceded for him, but he was instantly murdered, Priest Murphy sternly refusing the favour, and declaring "that where there was but *one drop* of Protestant blood in a family they ought to be put to death!" Several captive soldiers were asked their religion; one of them replied that they were good Roman Catholics. They were then consigned to prison; but shortly after it having been discovered that they were Protestants, they were brought out and placed on their knees to be shot. Four times the muskets of the firing party burnt priming, and Priest Murphy, impatient of delay, called out, "Let the heathen go back to prison, and be d—d." Such was the frenzy and bigotry excited by the Roman Catholic Priests, that rebel soldiers repeatedly assaulted their prison doors in order to murder them.

In Sir Richard Musgrave's History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, we find the very striking deposition of a gentleman, by name George Taylor, of Wexford. It gives us so complete a picture of the *Dark Deeds* of the Papacy at that time that we record it fully. He was taken prisoner with many others, and led to the rebel camp at Gorey; he was one day detected in reading his Prayer Book, and was struck several times with a pike, and asked to recant; but he was

a true Christian member of the Church, and refused to renounce his faith. Numbers of Protestants, the Rev. Mr. Owen amongst them, were thrown into the same prison; their heads were shaved, and covered with pitch caps.—They were offered life if they would recant, and submit to be baptised again by a Romish Priest; but the great majority nobly refused to become renegades. After much misery in prison, they were marched to Wexford, tied by two and two, in long and sad procession. As the doomed victims of Popery entered the town, they were met by an exulting Romish mob, and after a week's miserable imprisonment, lying on rotten straw, and fed on a morsel of bread and putrid water.....they were then in batches brought out for execution. Taylor's turn arrived at length. He and his party were led to Wexford Bridge, and their way to it was tracked broadly and deeply by the blood of their murdered fellow Protestants, for in barbarous sport the Popish rebels shot or picked their poor victims ere they reached the bridge, from the battlements of which they were driven by pikes and swords, and compelled to plunge into the rapid river. When these faithful Protestants—shall we not rather call them martyrs of Jesus?—reached the bridge, they knelt down to pray, but were rudely ordered by the rebels to *bless themselves*. Six of the party had already been put to death, and poor Taylor was ordered to strip off his coat for immediate death, when his life was preserved by the interference of one from whom no mercy was expected, and he was remanded to Wexford gaol, to await the general execution ordered for the morrow. On that sorrowful 20th of June, still spoken of with a sigh by many an aged Protestant, the rebels had vowed “that they would never draw bridle till all were on a level; and that by that time to-morrow there would be no buying nor selling in Wexford.” By the mercy of God the Protestants were, on the morrow, delivered from all the expectation of their Popish persecutors, by a strong party of the King's troops. Many such “hair breadth scapes” are still gratefully narrated by Irish Protestants. Awful, indeed, was their danger, when not merely houses, but even brakes or banks of furze were set on fire, in order to consume them alive, if they took refuge there!

At Scullabogue, in the county of Wexford, there was a barn, into which nearly two hundred Protestants—men, women, and children—were driven as prisoners; but they knew their doom, when a poor Protestant woman asked for *water*, and a Popish woman answered, “Do they want water: give them poison!” A Priest sent orders to put them to death. The barn was set on fire, and as the poor victims, in their death struggle, forced their way through the smoking roof, or door, or windows, some were savagely tossed back into the flames by the pikes of their fiendish murderers, “with loud shouts of joy and pleasure;” and others were more mercifully shot down as they were escaping from the blazing ruin. A very affecting account was given by a person who visited the awful place in quest of the remains of a friend. He could not distinguish one body from another, so much were all blackened and consumed. Many bodies were piled by the door, to which they had flocked for fresh air; and some bodies lay against the wall in the attitude of prayer. The leader of the vile wretches, who were guilty of this dark crime, was called, in compliment to his devotion to the Papacy, “The true bred Roman!”

During this short, but sanguinary, rebellion, the Romish Priests were ever foremost in goading on their wretched dupes to a fanatical frenzy of hostility to Protestants. On the march from Gorey to Arklow, Priests Murphy and Roche said mass four times, and such was the blind servility of the wretched murderers that followed them, that they used to kneel down and kiss the earth the Priests trod on!

Printed copies of the following oath, commonly called the bloody oath, which was taken by the rebels, were found on the bodies of the slain:—

“I.....do solemnly swear by.....and the blessed Virgin, that I will burn, destroy, and murder all heretics up to my knees in blood.”.....

In a confession of faith found in a Friar's box at Gorey, and supposed to be a copy of one in extensive use, from the time of the massacre of 1641, the following passages occur:—

“When we assemble, we all cross ourselves, acknowledging these our articles in the presence of our Lord God the Pope.....our holy Primates

Bishops, Monks, and Friars.....We acknowledge that they can make vice virtue, and virtue vice, according to their pleasure. We are bound to believe that the holy massacre was lawfully put into execution against Protestants, and likewise to *continue* the same, *provided with the safety of our lives.* We are not to *keep our oaths with heretics if they can be broken.....*We are bound to drive heretics out of the land with fire, sword, faggots, and confusion, as our Holy Father says, if their heresy prevails, we will become their slaves. O dear Father keep us from that,—(here the holy water is shaken, and they say Hail Mary three times.).....We are bound to absolve with money.....those that imbrue their hands in the blood of a heretic.”

To prove that the last article was duly observed, we have the following strange deposition taken by Joshua Nunn, High Sheriff of Wexford.

“Thomas Cleary, just before his execution for the murder of his Protestant master, E. Turner, on Wexford Bridge, confessed himself guilty, but declared that he had often heard people say that it was no sin to kill him; and he added that he had received absolution from two Roman Catholic Priests, Father Murphy, of Kilrush, and Ryan, of Ferns, who merely directed him to fast from meat three days in each week for three months, as his penance!!”

Before the conflict at Arklow, Priest Murphy rode round the rebel ranks, showing the English bullets, which he assured them had fallen harmless off his person at the fight of Gorey; and declaring such was his miraculous power in the holy war, that “if he had but threw pebbles at the heretics, they would have been swept down as if by grape shot!” Priest Roche, the rebel chief, also professed himself able to supply his followers with bullets, which he had caught in his hands as they poured upon him from the Royal troops!

Fifty-three years have sped their rapid flight since the last great attempt to exterminate the Protestants of Ireland. The hostility of the Papacy is not one whit abated, for the prophecy of St. Lazarianus still haunts and troubles the Vatican, and the Pope and his Cardinals tremble when they hear of a decay of Romanism in Ireland, for they believe that event will be the death knell of the great apostacy throughout the world.

But a sweet and softening change has come over the hearts of the Irish Romanists. The Irish bible of Bedell has shed into many a rude cabin the pure light of heaven, and Romish idols have been cast in scorn to the moles and to the bats. Above all, they have been drawn to admire

the Church, and to believe there is a blessing upon her, when they behold the noble fidelity of the Irish Clergy to the grand principle of *scriptural education*, notwithstanding the poverty and the reproach to which it has exposed them: they have had their prejudices removed by the loving zeal with which those devoted men of God, often debar themselves of the common necessaries of life to supply their famine-stricken Roman Catholic brethren, and thus often "exhaust the lamp of life, while feeding the lamp of charity." The inexhaustible benevolence with which, even to this day, Christians in the sister-kingdom give out of their abundance or their deep poverty, to aid the Irish clergy in ministering in works of mercy amongst the Irish poor, is owned of God in disposing the Irish *nation* to gratitude and love for Protestant England. The result hitherto has been most cheering, and light appears so widely "sown" in Ireland, that it is likely, at no distant day, to be *one* with England in faith, in love, in industry, and prosperity. Yes! Ireland may soon be the brightest jewel in the British crown; and may, by grace, yet repay many of her obligations. Even while the Irish Clergy are engaged in hand to hand encounter with the myrmidons of the Papacy, they have spared to their sound-hearted English brethren—who are now summoned into the arena—the aid of such champions as McNeile, and Seymour, McGhee, and Baylee, and many other gallant champions of the cross, led and guided by another Bishop of Ossory, whose praise is in all the Churches for his crushing assaults upon Popery, and its spurious issue Tractarianism, and whose defence of the grand doctrine of justification by faith only, as the articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ has gained him a world-wide reputation.

The battle is not our's but God's; and all we are called on to do, is to "play the man," and fight valiantly, and let the Lord do that which is good in His eyes.

CHAPTER V.

POPERY UNCHANGED AND UNCHANGEABLE.

“Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”—Rev. xviii. 4.

Let us now take a rapid survey of the present dealings of the Papacy in those countries of Europe where its action is free, and we shall find ample proof to satisfy us that there is not the slightest alteration in its nature; but that it accommodates itself to circumstances, and shows all the old serpent's craft, together with all his venom; and never spares the blow, when circumstances enable it, to smite heresy, *i. e.*, Protestantism, with safety to “mother Church.”

To begin with Spain. Surely nothing can be more degrading than the condition to which Popery has reduced a country, possessed of such vast natural advantages, and once so eminent in genius, chivalry, and enterprise. A Spanish ecclesiastic, Bishop Melchior Cano, once mournfully said, that “the Jesuits found the Spaniards a nation of heroes, and made them a generation of hens!” The horrible Inquisition did the rest. But a few short years have elapsed since the Cortes of Madrid threw open the dungeons of the Inquisition, and found in them twenty-one persons, not one of whom knew the crime of which he was accused, or even the name of the city in which he was; for the prisoners of the Inquisition are never confronted with their accusers, nor even indulged with a copy of the charges against them, and they are always arrested at midnight. One of these poor prisoners was doomed to undergo the pendulum on the following day. He was to have been bound to a table directly under a huge sharp-edged pendulum, which at every swing was to come closer and closer, so as to saw its course through his head! The fiery fate of Mr. George Burrows's Spanish bibles is significant enough of the priestly persecution in store for any poor Spaniard, who should dare to obey

the Divine command, and "search" for himself the blessed Scriptures of truth which are "able to make wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Look at Portugal! Can any quibbling or prevarication extenuate the frightful persecutions endured by the poor Portuguese converts at Madeira? The three English ladies—God bless them—who allowed the poor hunted converts to meet at their house for study of the Bible and for prayer, were publicly insulted. The authorities connived at the outrage. Their windows were then smashed in, and their doors burst open at midnight; their house was ransacked by a savage mob, instigated to madness by a *Romish Priest*, and the young ladies with difficulty escaped to a ship in the harbour. The following Sabbath Dr. Kalley's house was attacked by a still more furious mob, whose lessons of piety on that day were the great merit of persecuting heretics: with yells of rage they broke into every chamber in quest of their victim, who had providentially escaped on board the British West India steamer: undeterred by the presence of the governor, the chief of police, and even of the *British Consul*, they cast his books and papers into the street, where they burnt them, and as each successive bible was torn up and cast into the flames, all Funchal echoed their shout of triumph. The poor converts were scattered abroad after passing several nights amidst the bushes and rocks, and enduring vast privations; the greater number of them escaped on board ship, and the accounts given by one, who had the privilege of being their fellow passenger, of the delightful harmony which prevailed amongst them, and the generous liberality with which they supplied one another's wants, show that they had received the Gospel "not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth;" and drew one day from the mate of the vessel, the very same exclamation which was applied to the Primitive Christians, "How those folk love one another!"

Turn we to Bavaria. Can we feel ought but shuddering antipathy to the diabolical system which so remorselessly harassed that faithful evangelist, Martin Boos? Whilst he preached Popery his eloquence and his character were commended, and obtained dignities and affluence; but when,

by God's grace, he was led to draw pure doctrine from the fountain of truth, and to proclaim, "Christ for us, and Christ in us," then Anti-Christ raged; "then his name was cast out as evil;" above 100 times he was dragged before the Inquisition. Repeatedly he was torn from affectionate congregations, who wept sore because "they should see his face no more." And never did poor—no, rather call him *glorious*—Martin Boos know repose until flowers were strewed over his grave, and his blessed spirit reached "the pleasant land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Would Martin Boos or any one of the thirty-seven converted Roman Catholic Priests, who had grace given them to follow in his path, tell you that Popery is changed?

Austria! Here we are in the magnificent scenery of the Tyrol. The sun rises over the majestic snow-capped Alps

"Which like giants stand
Sentinels o'er that enchanted land."

All nature rejoices; the earth teems with a golden harvest, for it is the 5th of September, in the year of plenty, 1838. But hark! The hoarse voice of the descending torrents sounds gladness as they join their deep bass to the general hum of praise. What mean those sounds of woe which break sorrowfully upon the startled ear, and that long train of mourners which winds its slow march toward the Prussian frontiers? These are the Zillerthalers. They have been guilty of the crime and misdemeanour which is more heavily condemned by the Bishops of Rome than the violation of all the ten commandments, for they have presumed to embrace the life-giving word of God, and they will surrender it with life alone. They have already endured a great "fight of afflictions," and the tyrannical Romish Bishop has for a long period interdicted to them Christian burial, and they have been debarred from Christian marriage. The sovereigns of England and of Prussia have vainly interceded for the boon of liberty of conscience. The Emperor has yielded to the Papal mandate, and the Zillerthalers must recant, or for ever leave their beloved "father-land." Few accept the terms, because the love of Christ truly constrains the Zillerthalers to forsake all and follow him. In that noble band

you may see a poor peasant, accompanied by his wife and seven children, who have been just offered by a rich Roman Catholic relative a handsome freehold farm, if they will conform to Popery; but they have calmly replied, "We are not going to sell our religion." Look narrowly at the companion who walks beside them. His eyes beam with the fire of youth, but his head is white with the snows of age. His wife and children have been over-persuaded to recant, and have deserted him; but he "looks not behind him" while still on Sodom's soil. On their road a Romish Priest accosts them with pretended pity, and deplores their certain destruction on the way. "That does not trouble us" is the reply, "if we live we live to the Lord, and if we die we die to the Lord." They enter the Popish town of Iglau. It snows fast and thick. Some of the party approach an inn to prepare food for their perishing children. The fire by which they stand is instantly extinguished, and with threats of the lash, they are driven from the town! Sometimes on their way they are rudely repulsed, though they offer money for what they require. They are directed to sheds or hogsties for shelter, or forced to encamp on the open plains, amidst storm and rain. The very places on which they repose their worn frames are deluged with buckets of water before their eyes, as if polluted by contact with heretics! Those noble confessors of Christ are now a goodly colony at Erdmannsdorf, which they call "Zillerthall," after their beloved mountain home. Go, ask them if Popery be one whit changed from the fierce intolerance which depopulated Zaltburg, in the very same manner, of 30,000 Protestants, exactly a century before! A mournful negative, broken by tears, will be the reply.

Switzerland! Look at the Canton of Friburg. It is a high festival in 1849. Alas! instead of the "tirage" which called forth such merry scenes of mock hostility last year, the well practised rifles of the brave and honourable Swiss are directed, with deadly aim, at their own, heretofore beloved countrymen; for the Popish Bishop no longer will allow equality of civil privileges, and at his fell summons, the unhappy Romanists must imbrue their hands in the blood of their kindred. The war of the Sunderbund has been crushed

by the supreme government. The Bishop is arrested and expelled. He flies to his master, and is received as a martyr, with open arms. Fie upon the Papacy for this bloody deed! But why should we feel surprise; its author and its supporter in iniquity was a murderer from the beginning!

Now traverse the garden of the world—*La Bella Italia*—from the north to the south, as the writer has done in a pedestrian tour, and you will find unmistakable evidence that Popery is unchanged. Visit the much enduring Waldenses, whose picturesque country has been well called, by Bishop Newton, in allusion to their terrible persecutions, “*The Vale of Tears*.” Ask them if the Papacy be indeed “*the old wild beast*,” and “*in bondsman’s key and bated breath*,” they will whisper that it is still the cruel Pharaoh which has caused them to bear on their shoulders the baskets of earth, with which they continually, as their population encrease, form terraces on their lofty Alpine heights, up to the very snow line, for their vines and their corn, because it is unlawful for a Protestant to purchase, or occupy one acre of ground beyond the stern rigid mathematical line drawn round their vallies. They will tell you that successful controversy is punishable by the death, as well of the convert as of the agent, who has been the blessed instrument of reclaiming an idolater; and that their only mode of replying to the insolent taunts of the miserable Romish Priests is, by painting scriptural inscriptions over their Church doors; and as a slight example of Popish intolerance, they will point to the high wooden screen drawn between the Romish Chapel and the Church of *Santo Giovanni*, lest the heretic worship should wound the eyes of the Romish congregation. At Turin we have but lately seen a specimen of the Papal tyranny under which the Waldenses have so long groaned. One of the King’s ministers of state introduced a law, making the ecclesiastical courts liable to the jurisdiction of the civil courts. This interference with their irresponsible sway, called forth a violent manifesto from the Archbishop, and all the power of the Crown could not obtain the last rites of the Church for the dying minister, although the denial was deemed to involve his eternal exclusion from heaven! In Florence there was lately a very remarkable trial.

The Bible, Diodati's Italian version, was placed at the bar and although acquitted of guilt, like its Divine Author, with the remarkable words, "I find no fault in it," yet we are reminded of the celebrated Italian Reformer, Fulgentio, who, after he had eloquently described the inestimable value of the sacred volume, coolly put it into his pocket, remarking, "But the book is prohibited!" All the Italian bibles in Florence have been likewise prohibited, and their ardent admirers have been bereaved of the blessed book, which should be common property like the air we breathe, and the blessed sunshine which guides our way. What religious liberty is given at Naples! Why, a Hebrew bible was returned by a custom-house officer to the writer of these pages, solely because he supposed it to be a dictionary, and all his other books were taken from him, although travelling with a British passport. Not satisfied with silencing "the living voice" in the native tongue, the Tuscan Government prevents Italians, who understand French, from frequenting the Swiss service, and lately cited Count Guicciardini, who used to frequent the Swiss Protestant Church. When he confessed his attendance, he was asked whether he was a Catholic, and replied that he was, in the sense of belonging to the universal Church, but he did not believe in all the dogmas of the Church of Rome. He was asked whether he had a right to leave his Church and join himself to another, and having replied in the affirmative, and that he was justified in doing so by his conscience and by the toleration allowed by law, he was informed that the penal laws against apostacy had not been repealed, and that his attendance at a Protestant place of worship would be punished by *imprisonment!*

Thrice miserable Rome! For a little season its people fondly cherished bright hopes of civil and religious liberty. The blessed bible, *for the first time*, was translated into Italian, and eagerly sought for. A congregation, numbering between two and three thousand hearers, often assembled to hear, *for the first time*, "in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God." Freedom! Oh that word, sweet to a Roman ear! was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, to all to worship God after the dictates of conscience. The

glorious theme inspired the spirit of many a Roman Priest, who gladly flung away the crucifix to embrace and hold forth the word of life. All overtures, safe and honourable, to civil and religious liberty, were offered to Pius IX., in the name of God. How did he receive them? Knowing how feeble are his spiritual weapons in opposition to the sword of the spirit, which now gleamed bright in Rome as a weapon of heaven's own armoury, and "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds" of superstition and sophistry; Pius IX. had recourse to the tremendous political power, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, and simultaneously France, Spain, Austria, and Naples "give their power and strength unto the beast," which once again plants his burning hoof on prostrate Rome.

But we cannot thus speedily leave the "seat of Catholicity (Roman)." The frightful exhibition in 1849, of the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition; the secret trap doors leading to vaults, in which were found quantities of mouldering bones, mingled with tresses of beautiful hair, and fragments of dress, not only of men and women, but of little children; and the inscriptions traced upon the walls of many cells—"Can this be the religion of Christ, which thus torments Christ's people?"—these undeniable and damning facts show that Popery is unchanged at its fountain head, from which bitter water must continually flow. And how are foreign Protestants treated at Rome? Why, the English, who spend such vast sums in that impoverished city, dare not *pollute* it by their heretic worship, and must retire each Lord's day to a miserable granary without the walls, and a sentinel parades before the door during the hour of service, musket on shoulder, enquiring of each stranger as he enters, whether he is an Englishman? This grinding tyranny and intolerant spirit pursues even the cold ashes of the dead. In the English burial ground may be seen a melancholy epitaph on the tomb of an infidel poet:—"Here lies one, whose name was writ on water." That inscription was permitted, but when an English Clergyman placed on the tomb of his lamented wife, who lived and died a Christian indeed, the consoling and faith invigorating text,—“Blessed are the dead which

die in the Lord," he was forced to erase it from the monumental marble, because the Papal Censor denied that a heretic could be blessed either here or hereafter !

FRANCE gives us a striking illustration of a very curious and dangerous peculiarity of the Papacy. Its amazing *political* strength, which the ignorant legislators of our own Protestant country never calculated upon, when they granted equal political privileges to Popery in 1829. This is a tremendous engine in the unscrupulous hands of the Propaganda and of the Jesuits. The stealthy mode in which the suffrages of the people are canvassed in France by the Priests, chiefly by female influence ; the able management of their votes at elections, and the controul thus obtained over Ministers of State, who must, in return for political aid, in emergency, yield some peculiar privilege to the Romish faction, or give " some heavy blow and great discouragement to Protestantism,"—these are the arts by which the overwhelming influence of Popery has now " begun to be felt " in France. Here we have the true cause of the grievances under which French Protestants are now groaning. This is the malign influence which has closed Protestant Chapels and emptied Protestant Schools, and has absolutely forbidden public Protestant worship in many places, so that the most piteous description of their oppressed condition is continually reaching us from French Protestants. All this is found in a country notorious for infidelity, because Popery and Christianity are fancied to be identical, and the strong sense and enlightened minds of the *free* thinking French cannot but revolt against the absurdities of Popery, which, in fact, are laughed at while submitted to for form's sake. A witty French lady used to say, " that the *Rosary* was not devotion, but a distraction—only a pretty dance of finger and thumb." The plain truth is, that political Popery can exist like a toad built up in a wall, without spiritual light or air.

In BELGIUM the Romish Priests, by their machinations, drove out a Protestant King ; and for a considerable time they have been in direct conflict with Government on several points, but especially on the great subject of Education, which has been prevented and crushed by their hostility,

which is chiefly felt, as in France, through *political channels*.

PRUSSIA, intensely Protestant as it is, has also cause to exclaim that the Romish system remains unchanged, as intolerant, as tyrannical, as faithless, and, start not, gentle reader, at the assertion, as *filthy* as it was in the darkest ages which have passed away. Just visit Cologne, where Coleridge says, that his olfactory nerves were saluted with

“Seventy different stenches,”

although our fair ladies show their art in extracting exquisite perfume from such a city, and thus,

“From the nettle danger, they pluck the flower safety.”

Yet we must remark, that attributing filth to Popery, is no libel at all, for this mystical Babylon is declared in the prophetic writings to be “a cage of every *unclean* and *hateful* bird.” If our kind readers will follow us as their guide into the fair fields of *prophecy*, we will soon show them very many points of similarity between the Papacy and the Babylon foretold and foredoomed of God, but none more tangible to the senses at least than this.—Well! in this city which is said to be blessed by the relics of the three wise men of the east, and of the eleven thousand virgins who had perished in the attempt to bring Popery to heretic England—the Romish Archbishop was lately guilty of perjury and treason. All the oaths and pledges given at his appointment were violated. Papal bulls were executed and proclaimed without the royal “Placet.” The University at Bonn was disturbed and nearly broken up, because one of the Professors had dared to question some of the Popish tenets: every candidate for Orders, or for a benefice, or for the office of Confessor, was obliged to swear an oath of obedience to the Pope and to himself, so as to make void the oath of allegiance to the King. The Roman Catholic Clergy were commanded, in direct violation of the Prussian law, “Never to give the nuptial benediction until a promise had first been given in every case of intermarriage between Protestants and Romanists, that all the children should be brought up in the Roman faith;” and this arch traitor had the audacity to call on the Priests to stir up the people in open insurrection. Most providentially the Protestant King and

his Protestant Ministers of State expelled this dangerous emissary of Rome before he had time to excite a rebellion, or the beautiful banks of the Rhine would have been desolated by a murderous civil war.

Can we deny that our own mighty empire,—the glory of all lands, because it is Protestant, and because the State is Christianised by the Church, whilst in its turn the Church is supported by the State,—is writhing in every member at this moment, under the fierce assaults of the evil genius of Popery? Our Colonies are vitally disturbed by its machinations. Canada is scarcely recovered from the civil war excited by the emissaries of Rome. They have procured the confiscation of “the reserves of the Church” in Canada; our Clergy are scarcely able to exist in a country where the flood of emigration incessantly multiplies their labours. King’s College has been seized and appropriated to Popish instruction, and a venerable Bishop has been forced to cross the Atlantic to supplicate aid for the erection of a Protestant University. In Newfoundland a fierce Papal struggle has for some time been carried on. In India disguised Popery has been preached in many of our pulpits, and complaints have been made of Popish tampering with our troops. Australia still looks with wonder at a precedence in rank given to Prelates appointed by a foreign despot, over the Prelates sent thither by our own Sovereign. Believe it, that the Papacy would never make such struggles for this precedence, for it has the wisdom of the old serpent to guide it, but that *real influence* is thus obtained. In Malta the local legislature has enacted laws of such grinding tyranny against Protestants, that the Bishop of Gibraltar was constrained to forward to our Government the noble protest which does him infinite honour.

As for poor IRELAND all her miseries have been directly traced home to the Papacy, which exerts all its gigantic political power to make and keep her Popish and wretched; because it is impressed with the conviction—of which we have explained the grounds in the preceding chapter—that the loss of Ireland would prove the death-knell of Popery through the world. We say it advisedly, that it is mainly by political influence that Popery holds its ground in Ireland.

For nearly the last thirty-two years the errors of the apostacy have been so completely understood, and so faithfully exposed by the Irish Clergy, and the Gospel has been so affectionately tendered to the poor Romanists, that but for the subtle artifices by which their attention is so constantly diverted to political subjects, and their prejudices kept at the boiling point by the altar harangues upon the "heretic tyranny" that deprives them of their fancied rights—but for this strong delusion they would now be, by grace, one in faith, and love, and industrious energy, with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. This deep scheme had the double advantage of consolidating their vast political strength by all the concessions wrung from Government, while it diverted the attention of their unfortunate dupes from religious enquiry. So grievance was discovered after grievance; with real "Hibernian intrepidity of face" they contrived to appear the most persecuted of mortals, while in reality they were driving all before them, and privately congratulating one another on their astonishing success in their quest of political power. We have no space to describe here their triumph—angels wept over it!—when by a masterly stroke of policy they seized on the grant for national education of £12,500 per annum, and thus at one fell swoop demolished 4000 scriptural schools; or how they snatched £30,000 per year from the national purse, for that national sin, the endowment of their College at Maynooth; or how, in open violation of their oaths and protestations, they succeeded in raising the *tithe war*, and in demolishing ten Bishoprics, and nearly one half the revenue of the Church in Ireland; or how they swamped the Protestant Corporations, and are "*now running a muck*" at the Protestant landlords, under the mask of "Tenant right." Their French brethren may be more animated and gallant as an election approaches, but they are totally eclipsed in energy by these sturdy Hibernian agitators, who between bluster and blarney, sway their subjects so as generally to return the Candidate of their choice, who *must* do their bidding in Parliament and no mistake. These men cease not to breathe hostility against heretic England. The Rev. L. Morrissey, formerly Parish Priest of Templeorum, and Roman Catholic Chaplain to the pri-

sons in Dublin, gives us the following outline of their cherished object:—

“The Pope must have the nomination and appointment of Roman Catholic Monarchs to these Realms. Ireland must be tributary to him again; the Bishops and Clergy must be re-instated in their glebes and Church livings; the forfeited estates must be restored to the *right* owners, and all the heretics in the land must be exterminated, and their properties confiscated, and the nation must be purged from *heresy, and the remains of heresy.*”

One word on this sad subject and we have done. A Roman Catholic Bishop openly declared that every Priest in Ireland is at heart a Repealer, (that is, desires to cast off the union with England,) and his words have never been contradicted. These, then, are the men whom our infatuated rulers desire to see gifted with titles of honour, and lords paramount over the native nobles of the land; whose plough “team they often drove afield.”

Can we be silent on the brightness, while we have so largely dilated on the darkness of Ireland? Our Protestants, nearly two millions, are as gallant, as loyal, and as noble-hearted as they were, when General Humbert at the French invasion in 1798, called them “our friends the enemy:” and of our Clergy 1700 out of 2000 faithfully support scriptural education, though they thus expose themselves, not only to the bitter persecution of the Romish Priests, but absolutely—we blush to record the astounding fact—to the hostility of the representative of the Queen, who frowns on their fidelity to the King of Kings and to His revealed word, and selects for Crown patronage no man whose heart is right with God. The Irish Clergy have been so impoverished by the unjust proportion assigned to them of the grinding poor-rates, that their sufferings have been and are truly heart-rending, but they are borne without a murmur. The benevolent Archbishop of Dublin has spoken of Clergymen's sons reduced to labour on the roads for their support. Our excellent Divinity Professor, Dr. Singer, (Trinity College,) and Rev. C. W. Wolseley, (134, Grafton-street, Dublin,) Treasurer of the “Irish Clergy Temporary Relief Fund,” could describe cases of harrowing distress, amounting to martyrdom. The consolation of the Irish Clergy is, that their afflictions have been richly

blessed to their souls; they have been persecuted and starved into the *martyr spirit*, which will never, it is fervently prayed, forsake them. Already their reward appears even in this life: "They have gone forth and wept, bearing precious seed; and already they come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

By the aid of the Church Education Society they have been mainly enabled to uphold their Scriptural Schools, and by the co-operation of the Irish Societies they have obtained access to the hearts and homes of multitudes of Irish speaking Romanists. Already twenty thousand converts from Popery have returned to the bosom of the Church within the last five years; and the generous aid of Christian friends in England gives good hope of a vast increase by the increased agency thus employed.

We cannot refrain from giving the following lines written by an Irish convert, now a Scripture Reader of the Ladies Auxiliary Irish Society. They touchingly display not only the sore persecution of excommunication which these poor Christians endure, but also the solid consolations which support them in the hour when priestly anathemas cause all their "own familiar friends to lift up the heel against them."

An exile at home I must dwell,
None dare to converse or make free;
From the reach of all men I'm expell'd,
No share with my people for me.

The Priest all his power has exerted,
His craft o'er the world prevails;
All men from my face have deserted,
Not one to accost me remains.

Each man to me seems to be dumb,
That once for my health did inquire;
Their friendship they all do resume,
And their language it seems to expire.

My cabin is lonesome at night,
No foot sound I hear at the door;
My friends who were once my delight,
Will visit my cottage no more.

My spouse who was tender and kind,
Her affections were faithful and free,
She's gone and has left me behind,
For in death she is severed from me.

Two orphans of mother bereft,
Yet tender in years to controul,
Are all the companions that's left
Their forlorn sire to console.

But yet, through the Gospel of glory,
I search for the truth there foretold,
And read for my babies a story,
Once wrote by the Prophets of old.

I am nourished by Christ's invitations,
Who calls on the weak and oppress'd,
And says, to a world of nations,
Approach me, and I'll give you rest!

So much for the altar denunciations of the Romish Priests, who cease not to disturb poor Ireland, desecrating the Lord's day by their violent political harangues, and stirring up murderous strife around them. At the late synod at Thurles they fulminated a violent "pastoral" against the Protestant

landlords, and denounced the Queen's Colleges in such terms as to draw forth the condemnation of the Prime Minister of the Crown.

As for ENGLAND we know not how to describe the extraordinary arrogance shown in the late Papal aggression, or the tremendous evils which may be the consequence, if prompt and sufficient measures be not instantly taken to crush this "serpent's root, from which shall come forth a cockatrice, and whose fruit shall be a fiery flying serpent."— Just consider the words of the Papal bull, appointing Romish Bishops in England.

"We of our proper motion or certain knowledge and of the plenitude of our apostolical power, constitute and decree that in the kingdom of Englandthere be restored the hierarchy of ordinary Bishops.....Thus then in the most flourishing kingdom of England there will be established one ecclesiastical province, consisting of one Archbishop, and twelve Bishops, his suffragans. Wherefore we do reserve to ourselves and our successors, the Pontiffs at Rome, the power of again dividing the said province into others, and of increasing the number of dioceses, and in general that as it shall seem fitting in the Lord, we may freely decree new limits to them."

Was there ever anything more imperious uttered by the old governors of Rome, who crushed the whole world under their iron sceptre? This is not all; Cardinal Wiseman, a Prince of the Roman Church, speaks thus in his Pastoral,

"At present, and till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, *we govern, and shall continue to govern*, the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex, as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berks, and Hants, with the islands annexed, as administrator with ordinary jurisdiction."

And in the same breath he shows us the spirit of furious and reckless aggression, with a view for obtaining *temporal power*, in which this step was taken, and in which the ultimate proceedings would be executed.

"The first altar at which I knelt in the Holy City was that of our own glorious St. Thomas, of Canterbury. For twenty-two years I daily knelt before the lively representation of his martyrdom; at that altar even I partook of the bread of life; there for the first time I celebrated the Divine mysteries; at it I received Episcopal consecration. *He was my Patron, he my Father, he my model*; and withdrawn from the symbols of his patronage by the supreme will of the late Pontiff, I sought the treasury of his relics at Senas, and with fervent importunities asked and obtained the mitre which had crowned his martyred head."

Surely there is not a child in England who has not heard

of the ferocious *Thomas A'Becket*, whose imperious violence in asserting the Papal dominion in England, embittered the life of its most sagacious and successful Sovereign, and strove, by civil war and foreign invasion, to ruin the kingdom. And this second Dominic, whose "feet were swift to shed blood," and "in whose paths were destruction and misery" to his country, is Cardinal Wiseman's model!

Now hear the insolent and seditious defiance hurled at our beloved Sovereign's first Minister, by Dr. Ullathorne, pseudo-Bishop of Birmingham,

"There is one point for your Lordship to consider. The hierarchy is established, therefore it cannot be abolished. How will you deal with this fact? Is it wise to force a large body of her Majesty's subjects to put the principle of Divine law in opposition to such an Enactment?"

The consequences of this aggression are likely to be tremendous. Synodical action shall instantly concentrate in one burning focus the scattered powers of the Papacy in England, and a consuming fire of persecution and treason must speedily burst forth. When the Canon laws of the Romish Church, framed during the reigns of many successive "wicked Popes," and chiefly aimed at "the extirpation of heresy, and the remains of heresy," and for the total subjection of the *conscience to a foreign despot, supersede* our good old English laws, founded on free principles;—alas! what but civil war and foreign invasion, perhaps of the four nations lately employed by Pius IX. in the subjugation of wretched kingdom, can be looked for? Surely England's wealth and greatness have long been envied by continental Romish states, who would joyfully hear the "holy father's" summons, and would hope in his blessing for victory upon their junction with the vast multitude of *our* countrymen, who unhappily owe undivided allegiance to the Pope.—Milton spoke almost prophetically when he said—

"Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names
Places and and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual

And for that pretence
Spiritual laws, by carnal power shall force
On every conscience."

Having by this rapid view of the present character of

the Papacy proved it to be unchanged in its intolerant and aggressive spirit; we now come to a subject of intense and awful interest. We confess that we were once of the number of those who charitably hoped the best of Popery, and believed that its nature was becoming gradually assimilated to the Gospel character by the vastly increasing spread of Gospel light. Alas! a long and candid study of many authorised Papal works of theology, a close inspection of the conduct of Romish Priests, both at Rome and in Ireland, for upwards of twenty years, and confidential communication with many reformed Priests and Laymen, during that long period of time, have often filled the Writer's mind with uneasy fears, and with a deep sense of the excessive improbability of any vital change being ever made in a system so corrupt and intolerant as the Papacy; and attentive study of prophecy has at length convinced him irresistibly that Popery is the great foretold apostacy, and that its downfall shall be sudden and terrible, and that it is doomed to fall being found as rebellious against God, and as cruel towards His people, as its foul contriuer and supporter—Satan himself.

First, then, let the reader consider the intolerant principles of Popery, which shall be as briefly and simply exposed as may be consistent with accuracy and sufficiency of information. By far the most imposing scene in the late synod of Thurles, was that in which the assembled Romish Prelates, (amidst all the artistic exhibitions, of which their unhappy Church makes such mischievous use, in substituting impressions on the senses for appeals to the conscience and the mind,) arose together, and humbly putting off their glittering mitres, knelt down upon the pavement, and recited the Creed of Pope Pius IV. to which they swore an assent, "without doubt or reservation." The first part of that Creed is identical with the ancient Nicene Creed, but the latter part is utterly novel and Papistical. It denies the right of private judgment, or the *free* study of holy Scripture, while image worship, and saint worship, and transubstantiation, and adoration of the wafer, and auricular confession, and seven sacraments, and indulgences, and Papal supremacy, and purgatory, and the mass, and the pretended Vicarship of Peter, and oral traditions, and

Church interpretations, and *sacred canons*, and *decrees of general councils*, and the Tridentine doctrine of justification by obedience to the commands of God and of the Church, and the superabundance of human merits are promulgated in it as articles of faith, no less to be believed than the doctrine of the blessed Trinity! This strange compound of Christian truth and anti-Christian error, concludes with the solemn declaration before God, that it contains all the Catholic faith, and that no man can be saved without holding each and all of those articles. The "strong delusion which makes them believe this *lie*," must excite our heartfelt pity for the miserable Romanist, but our pity is changed to horror when we find that one of the novel articles of this Creed binds every Romanist, under pain of eternal damnation, to believe that the Romish Church is "the MOTHER and MISTRESS of ALL Churches," our own beloved Church inclusive; a claim founded upon that stupendous lie, that monstrous forgery, that fraud and imposture which should be hooted out of the civilized world, the pretended Supremacy of St. Peter as Bishop of Rome, for there is scarcely the shadow of a proof that St. Peter was ever at Rome at all, and there is every proof that he was never Bishop of Rome. Our horror is vastly increased when we find that every beneficed Romish Priest, Professor, and Bishop throughout the world, "promises, vows, and swears that he will, *as much as may be in his power*, procure, that this Romish faith, out of which none can be saved, must be held, taught, or preached by all his subjects, and by those under his spiritual charge," *ourselves* and all other *baptized* Christians being of the number!

There is no mention in this creed of the means to be used for reclaiming heretics, who believe *either more or less than it teaches*, but there are full instructions given in the Decrees and Canons of the general Councils and of the Popes, all things delivered and declared in which are received in that comprehensive Creed. In those decrees it is declared "that heretics, however unwilling, are to be brought to salvation by force;"* "that the Church is to persecute them;"† and that "the enemies of the Church are to be coerced by arms;"‡

* P. 2, Caus. 23, Quæst. 4, ff. 299. † Ibid, ff. 300. ‡ Ibid, ff. 301.

“that faith is not to be kept with them.”* Still more horrible is the Papal decree, “that a massacre of excommunicated persons, perpetrated through zeal for the Church, has not the guilt of murder,”† a doctrine which throws a dreadful light on many a bloody scene in the sad history of Papal persecution.

Again, heretics are declared “as *belonging* to the Church of Rome as *deserters* belonging, to the army from which they have deserted, and that they are still subject to her jurisdiction, so as to have judgment passed on their opinions, and themselves denounced with *anathemas*;”‡ and the jurisdiction is defined to be “the right which a general retains to punish deserters, although their names may not appear upon the muster roll.”§ The Canon Laws of the Romish Church comprised in the bulls and decretals of Popes and decrees of general Councils, denounce excommunication, confiscation of all their goods, imprisonment, and extermination as the punishment of heretics. As to excommunication, the fourth general Council of Lateran says, “We excommunicate and anathematise every heresy extolling itself against the holy orthodox Catholic faith, which we have now expounded, condemning all heretics by what names so ever they be called.” The third general Council of Lateran says, “We anathematise them, their defenders and receivers.” As to confiscation, the third general Council of Lateran decrees, “The goods of heretics, if they be lay people, shall be confiscated.” For their imprisonment, the general Council of Constance says, that the “temporal lords, being required by the Inquisitors, Archbishops, Bishops, &c., shall, within their jurisdiction, without delay imprison heretics, and cause them to be kept in close custody, by putting *them into fetters and iron chains*, till the Church hath passed sentence on them.” And for their extermination, the third general Council of Lateran forbids any to let the heretics there mentioned, tarry within their houses and territories. And the fourth general Council of Lateran declares, that “if the temporal lord neglects to purge his territories from heretical pravity, notice must be given of

* Dec. Pars. ii. Caus. 22, Quest. 2, ff. 285.

† Dec. Pars. ii. Caus. xxiii. Ques. v. ff. 306. ‡ Cat. Conc. Trent, p. 96.

§ Maynooth Class Book, Tract de Eccles. p. 404.

his remissness to the Pope, that he from thenceforth may pronounce his subjects discharged from their obedience, and give his dominions to Catholics." So our beloved Sovereign is actually excommunicated, and her Crown at the mercy of the Pope, to be assigned to a [Roman] Catholic in consequence of her liberality in tolerating the Church of England, and the Presbyterian Church, and the other denominations of Protestants, who rejoice in our *free* constitution; all of which, as they protest against the novel articles of the Creed of Pope Pius IV., are essentially heretical!!! The fourth general Council of Lateran, A.D. 1219, gives us the canonical mode of discovering heretics. It is *sufficiently* shocking and intolerant for the Romish Church. "All Archbishops, by themselves or their Archdeacons, or by some fit and honest persons, twice, or at least, once a year, shall visit their own Parishes in which it is reported that any heretics do dwell," and "if any persons whom they suspect to be guilty of heresy, will not undergo their canonical purgation.....he is to be condemned as a heretic."

We must here notice the bull of Pope Boniface VIII., concluding with those terrible words, "We declare, define, and pronounce, that *it is essential to the salvation of every human being that he be subject to the Roman Pontiff*, and whosoever obeys not, as the Scripture declares—let him die the death!!!" We must also add, that heretic offenders are generally handed over for punishment to the civil powers, who are compelled to act, under threat of excommunication, and even of deposition, if obstinate, by the Romish agents of the Papacy, who are directed to use the following most hypocritical intercession:—

"Sir,—We passionately desire you, for the love of God, and in regard of piety, mercy, and our mediation, that you will free this miserable person from all danger of death, or mutilation of members."

To the objection that Protestants also were guilty of persecution, we reply that after shaking off the Papal yoke, some of its persecuting spirit adhered to our Reformers, although it was rarely exercised, and chiefly against the *treason*, rather than the false doctrine of the Papacy; but then no Protestant Church has ever assumed the title of *mistress* of all Churches; much less made persecution an

article of faith by anathematizing all Dissenters as deserters who must be reclaimed or punished by excommunication, confiscation, imprisonment, and extermination. Why do we enjoy this religious liberty? From our free study of the bible, which reflects as in a mirror the mercy and benevolence of our heavenly Father, and our own duty as His dear children, "to walk in love" even towards our enemies. Alas, the Papacy has no such means of amelioration. The dim "religious light" which she possesses only makes "darkness visible." Popery interdicts the bible, and therefore must remain in bitter bigotry. What says the Council of Trent? "If the bible in the vulgar tongue be allowed, more evil than good must arise therefrom; and if any presume to read therein without a license in writing they cannot have a remission of sins, except they first deliver up their bibles to the Ordinary."* By the creed of Pope Pius IV. the few Romanists who have been favoured with this license, must pledge themselves to read it with a jaundiced eye, only interpreting it according to the sense of holy mother Church, and guided by the unanimous consent (???) of the Fathers. The notes appended to the Popish authorised versions of the bible, the Douay and the Rhemish, mournfully prove how awfully the poison of bigotry has entered the Papal system, and how totally its cure is to be despaired of when the same poison is mixed so intimately with the very antidote which heaven supplies for its cure. Those frightful notes makes the sweetest precepts of the gospel, and even its direct injunctions against persecution, "to breathe out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." The prayers of heretics, *i. e.*, Protestants, are denounced as "idle and voluntary babblings, and as the howling of wolves." Their blood is to be considered "no more the blood of martyrs than the blood of thieves, murderers, manslayers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which.....no commonwealth should answer." Roman Catholic Bishops are reminded that "they should cherish great zeal against heretics and hate them.....that they should be stout against them and slay them, that their commission enables them to judge, condemn, and punish heretics, "*i. e.* Protestants," and

* Trident. Index Expurg. Regula IV.

such like rebels," and teaches that "all teachers who have not the apostolic succession," of which the Papacy falsely asserts itself to be the sole possessor, "are thieves and murderers." The very rebuke of our Lord to the disciples who in their ignorance desired fire from heaven to consume their enemies, and His merciful declaration that He "came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them," furnish this blood thirsty Church with an occasion for inculcating her satanic malice, thus,—“Neither the Church nor Christian Princes are hereby blamed for putting heretics, “*i. e.* Protestants,” to death.” The *moral* compulsion used by the servant in the parable of the wedding feast gives occasion to this *ferocious* comment. “Such are invited as the Church hath power over, because they promised in baptism, and therefore are to be reached, *not only by gentle means, but by just punishment also.*”

We have only further space for the very remarkable note on our Lord's parable of the tares and the wheat. It is highly important, for it furnishes us with the right key to the dealings of the Papacy with us in past and in present, and, may we not say, in future times?

“The good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without *danger*, and disturbance of the whole Church.....OTHERWISE where ill men, be they heretics or other malefactors, may be punished without disturbance and hazard of the good, they may and ought by public authority, either spiritual or temporal, to be *chastised or executed.*”

What is our natural comment on this shocking note? Clearly this, that when intolerant and unforgiving Rome “has a giant's strength, she must use it as a giant,” but when she is feeble she may “roar you as gently as a sucking dove.” So it is our plain duty for self-preservation, to keep the firm hand of power always upon her, to save her wretched votaries from blood guiltiness, and ourselves from being massacred.

It is the absence of these pestilential notes that makes our Protestant version of the bible so detestable to the Romish Church, that each successive Pontiff hurls his anathemas against it. Pius VIII. classed it amongst “other prohibited books,” and Leo XII. called it the “gospel of the devil;” and when that wretched old Caitiff pronounced

his curse, it was turned into a rich blessing upon the British and Foreign Bible Society; he called the English Scriptures "poisoned pastures," and Pius IX. commenced his reign by a similar malediction.

The pretended *infallibility* of the Romish Church prevents it from ever retracing its frightful course in error. That claim has broken down the bridge behind it! So that all those anti-Christian and anti-social principles, are, as it were, written by Satan with a pen of iron in the rock for ever. Hence, it must be stupid ignorance, or *something worse*, which can induce Protestants to think that the persecuting and aggressive *principles* of the Papacy are changed, or can be ever changed. We see that the creed of the infallible Pope Pius IV., by acknowledging as articles of faith necessary to salvation, the supremacy of the Pope and the right of the Church of Rome to be the *mistress* of all Churches, and the recognition of all the decrees of the general Councils, makes intolerance and aggression of the most dangerous sort, vital parts of the religion (?) of Roman Catholics; so that, as we have heard of the founders of Pagan Rome, that they were suckled by a wolf, and were utter wolves in after life, we can expect nothing but fierce and deadly hostility to the followers of the gospel, from the nurselings of that ravening wild beast, anti-Christian Rome.

It might be objected, indeed, that these peculiar tenets, although embalmed in a creed, may become obsolete, and lose their effect and hold on the Romish Church; so that after a time our faith may be identical, and the novel articles of Pope Pius's creed may pass into a happy oblivion. We reply that this is most *improbable*, because every one of those articles was originally coined, so to speak, to exalt the Romish Clergy, and to enrich them. The errors of transubstantiation, saint, and relic and image worship, and auricular confession, &c., make the Priests masters of the living, and purgatory makes them disposers of the dead. In fact the surrender of any one of the new articles of Pope Pius's creed would entail too vast a loss of power and of pelf, to be submitted to by a Church which has for nearly 1260 years enjoyed their fruits in guilty security.

Besides the Papacy is a wonderfully complicated system,

which is not only gifted with astonishing recuperative energy, but possesses in itself vast powers, political, monetary, immoral, (for it is truly "*the mystery of iniquity*,") and ecclesiastical ; which not only give restorative succour to the spiritual power when in dangerous decline, but prevent any remarkable change in the system, by acting as safety valves, or rather as compensating wheels in this vast machine, which has been well designated by Mr. Cecil and Dr. Jackson, profound thinkers and pious men alike—" as Satan's master-piece."

It will be a very curious and useful study to review, very briefly, these different powers of the Papacy, and to note their effects in consolidating the system, and forbidding the remotest probability of change.

The temporal power of the Papacy is so mysteriously involved in the crooked schemes of worldly politicians, that we can only form a very inadequate view of its tremendous strength. However, Ranke, in his history of the Popes, points out so many singular instances in which the temporal power of Popes proved the engine by which their spiritual authority was preserved from total shipwreck, that we can neither doubt its existence, nor its stupendous efficiency for evil. Ranke describes cases in which the Popes not only brought vast armies to invade Protestant States, but also stirred up civil wars, in order to crush religious inquiry, or married their illegitimate children or near relatives, into the families of reigning sovereigns, in order to cement political alliances, and this in so crafty a manner as often to make those connections with antagonist Princes, on the principle of the old Scottish Laird, who caused one of his sons to follow the Pretender, and the other to serve the then reigning Monarch, so that which ever cause triumphed " the ilk should remain in the family." It will be scarcely credited by our reader, when they are informed that in some instances Popes threw off all their political influence into the scale for the advancement of Protestant States, against their powerful Popish antagonists, not from compassion or liberality, but solely in order to make their power *felt* by the haughty Popish Emperors and Kings, who would otherwise have presumed so far as to demand a

general Council, of which Popes have an utter aversion. Pope Innocent III. thus shows us the nature and the foundation of this claim :—

“ In token of spirituals, she (the Church) gave me a mitre; in token of temporal, a crown: a mitre for priestly power, a crown for regal; constituting me the Vicar of Him who hath written on his garment and on his thigh King of kings, and Lord of lords, and a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.”

This sovereignty over temporal powers is one of the subjects on which Romish Ecclesiastics love to dilate, in consequence of its immense value to their false system. One of their most celebrated writers illustrates it thus :—

“ It is typified in the creation of day and night, the sun and the moon. The day is the Church, the spiritual establishment, and the sun is the Pope. The night is the secular authority, the temporal kingdom, and the moon is the King who rules it, and as the moon is seven times larger than the earth, and as the sun is eight times larger than the moon, therefore the Pope is $7 \text{ by } 8 = 56$ times greater than any temporal King!”

Acting upon this monstrous claim, the Romish Bishop swears,

“ I, —, elect of the Church of —, from henceforward will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, the apostle, and to the Holy Roman Church, and to our Lord the Pope, and to his successors.....I will help them to defend and keep the Roman Papacy, and the royalties of St. Peter, saving my order, against all men.....The rights, honours, privileges, and authorities of the Holy Roman Church of our Lord the Pope, and his aforesaid successors, I will endeavour to preserve, defend, increase, and advance; and I will in like manner humbly receive and diligently execute the apostolic commands.”

And the Roman Parish Priest swears thus :—

“ To the Roman Pontiff, the successor of blessed Peter, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ, I promise and swear true obedience.”

It was by this union of political power with spiritual, that Pope Innocent III. crushed the opposition of our own King John. First, by the interdict which brought our country to the state thus graphically described :—

“ The Churches were shut; the elements mouldered on the altar; the Priests fled the Churches; from the bridegroom dropped the hand of the bride; the mourner left the body unwept—the corpse rotted on the highway, unburied; the mother viewed with horror her new-born babe, never to be named by the name of Christian, and the child shrunk from its parent, placed beyond the pale of salvation, and excluded from the rites of the Church.”

Secondly, in the plenitude of his power as ruler of the

Kings of the earth, Innocent granted England to Philip Augustus, King of France, together with the remission of all his sins; and when he heard that the French army was approaching the coast for embarkation, he exclaimed, "Sword, sword, leap from thy scabbard to destroy." It was in the exercise of this wicked policy that the Pope annulled *Magna Charta*, absolved John and his Barons from their oaths, and stirred up his humbled serf to take up arms in order to quell the rising spirit of liberty. This reckless policy then deluged one of the noblest kingdoms in Europe with blood. This was the temporal power which Pius V. arrogated to himself in his famous bull against our first Protestant Queen, when he proclaimed himself constituted "Prince over all nations and all kingdoms, that he might pluck up, destroy, dissipate, ruin, plant, and build;" and he then proceeds to "deprive her of her pretended right to the kingdom, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever," and "absolved all nobles..... of that kingdom from their oath of allegiance;" all these claims have been enforced and submitted to over and over again. See the Emperor Henry II., for three days, a shivering suppliant, bare-footed and bare-headed, at the proud Pontiff's gate! Mark the Great Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, submissively holding Pope Adrian IV.'s stirrup, as he dismounts from his horse! There you have the test of reality applied to this apparently visionary claim, when Gregory VII. acted the supreme lord over Spain, Sardinia, and Saxony; and Adrian IV. conferred Ireland as one of St. Peter's royalties upon Henry II., who afterwards humbly sued to Alexander III. to confer the Crown of Ireland upon his son John. Here we have the true secret which accounts for the ever-encroaching spirit of Romanists in every Protestant State. They believe, as an article of faith necessary to salvation, that the Crown of the realm is alone to be obtained from the Vicar of Christ—they swear that they will maintain his royalties to the uttermost. We may be grieved, then, but we cannot be surprized at their refusal to be contented with the equal political privileges which satisfy their Protestant fellow-subjects. They cannot conscientiously stop short of obtaining a Roman Catholic King

and Roman Catholic Parliament, and the extirpation of heresy and the remains of heresy. How can we ever expect them to give an undivided allegiance to a Protestant Sovereign, who is a deserter from the spiritual, and a rebel against the temporal sway of the Pope? These glittering claims lie dormant, to the uninitiated, but they are not the less steadily pursued from age to age; and are often realized; we have seen that the strong will of our Henry VIII., and the pure spirit of our Edward VI., in time gave place to an intolerant Romish Queen. Hence, even though another Pope Clement XIV. should be found really desirous to reform the Romish Church, and ready to abandon the supremacy, which is so essentially persecuting and aggressive, means would likewise be found to *remove*, by poison or otherwise, a Pontiff whose act would be counted as a sinful betrayal of religious and political rights, which raise a college of the petty Bishops of a petty fourth-rate State to the proud position of Princes of a Church, which is mother and mistress of all Churches. We may rest assured also, that many men of "vaulting ambition," will ever be found to enlist under the Papal banner, attracted by these grand political claims of universal dominion, eager to carry out those vast schemes which will aggrandize themselves as well as "the Church," and this state of things will never cease to render any real change in the aggressive and persecuting spirit of the Papacy, utterly hopeless.

Its monetary and immoral powers also bring enormous strength to this anti-Christian Church, while they fearfully encrease the improbabilities of its reformation. We must consider them together, because the inexhaustable mine of Papal wealth is opened and worked by fraudulent means, and its richest veins are found in the permitted vices of its miserable votaries.

We have seen that, in former times, it was matter of grave complaint in the Parliament of England, that the Pope extracted from our country more than five times the whole revenue of the State. A curious statistical paper on the Ecclesiastical revenues of the States of the Church, now before us, as published in a Maltese Journal, shows that this marvellous skill in supplying the exchequer of "mother

Church," has suffered no abatement in our enlightened age, when "the cotton" Lords boast that the money power is the really moving power. The items our space does not allow us to give, but here are the sources of income :—

The dowry of monks and nuns ; the masses which must be paid for, as very few are given gratis ; the receipts at christenings, and confirmations, and marriages. Certificates of baptism. Burial expenses, including wax tapers, and payment of processions of monks and friars. The collections of sturdy begging Friars, who will take no denial. Charity collections in Churches. Tithes and Preachers fees. Churching of women, indispensable, as it is believed that the grass burns under the foot of an unchurched woman. Blessing of houses, and horses, mules and asses. Scapularies, blessed rosaries, and girdles, and holy water, and hearts of Jesus, and of the virgin, and relics. Gifts at (supposed) miraculous shrines, such as that at Rimini. Masses for the sick, extreme unction, masses *for the dead*. Indulgences, *absolutions, dispensations, &c., &c.*, which realise two millions, and two hundred thousand pounds sterling each year ; and that without admitting into the calculation the revenues of the many Ecclesiastics, engaged in political functions, such as Cardinals, Legates, Nuncios, &c. ; and this vast sum is extorted from one of the poorest states in Europe, which has a population of little more than two millions, while the ecclesiastics, including priests, monks, lay-brothers, nuns, and sisters, amount to sixty thousand ! The calculation does not include bequests, which from "the curses not loud but deep," of the multitudes of impoverished orphans and destitute relatives, are considered as truly enormous. With such a glimpse at the treasures of the Papal mint in one poor country, we understand something of the monetary power which raises stately cathedrals, colleges, and nunneries, as if by the movement of an enchanter's wand, in localities where Popery is in danger, or where she is victorious.

In Dingle missionary settlement these tactics have been clearly developed. In order to stop the rapid conversions of Romanists, a body of Friars was lately located there, and the bribes which they offered to the poor starving people were so many as to show an almost inexhaustible supply of

wealth. At Achill too, Dr. McHale, being totally unable to enter the spiritual lists with the Rev. Mr. Nangle, bid high it is said, for possession of that envied settlement.

Truth compels us to notice the vile traffic in sin which supplies much of this enormous wealth. Mr. Cunninghame, in his work on the apostasy of the Romish Church gives, us the following shocking items, extracted from the Romish "Taxa Cameræ."

	£	s.	d.
The price of absolution to a Layman, who stole holy things out of a holy place	0	10	6
Do. For a Priest guilty of stealing holy things.....	0	10	6
Do. For a Priest for the vice of simony	0	10	6
Do. For a Layman murdering a Layman	0	7	6
Do. For him that killeth his father	0	10	6
Do. Or mother, or wife, or sister, or kinswoman, if the murdered person be of the laity	0	10	6
The murderer of a Priest must seek absolution at Rome.			
Do. For a Priest to keep a Concubine, and also his dispensation to save him from being <i>irregular</i>	0	10	6
Do. For nameless crimes	0	7	6
Do. Dispensation for marrying first cousin	2	14	0
The common fee for absolution of sin of ordinary nature...	0	5	0

Now this foul corruption is no mere temporary abuse, for many Papal bulls expressly "represent forgiveness of sin as the fruit of indulgences," and it is an established doctrine enshrined in the creed of Pope Pius IV., that the good works which the saints have wrought out, over and above what was necessary to merit heaven, form a rich treasure of which the Pope keeps the key, and doles out merits to whom he will. The celebrated Cardinal Bellarmine (the Jesuit who at his death bequeathed one half of his soul to the Virgin Mary, and the other half to the Divine Redeemer,) defended this abominable traffic in sin. Infallible Popes, when they require any extra sum of money, issue indulgences varying in efficacy from one hundred days to ninety thousand years, or to as many days as a purchaser may hold grains of sand in both his hands. Your choice at a word! Preachers have solemnly declared before God that their value is so certain, even to the dead, that a soul flits from purgatory as soon as the purchase money tinkles in the Priests' money chest.

Now where "the root of all evil" is thus deeply and ex-

tensively interwoven with the Papal system, it makes the miserable Priests so greedy of filthy lucre, and their guilty dupes so inveterably attached to sin, that no salutary change can ever be wrought in that shocking system "which grows by what it feeds on." Will not covetous Priests uphold her in her gainful traffic in sin, and will not even wicked Protestants seek in her a comfortable shelter for their vices?

The Ecclesiastical power of the Papacy is also enormous, and of a nature which further forbids all hope of the slightest change in its intolerant and aggressive nature. If it were permitted to Pius IX. to review his "train bands" on the *campagna di Roma*, what a vast army would be gathered from all quarters of the globe! Save in the grand field of Armageddon, no review could ever exceed this in the strange and wonderful exhibition of organisation and numbers. The anti-Christian host is composed of both sexes, of all grades of intellect and acquirement. The skirmishers and guerillas are those wandering friars, passionists, oratorians, and those *addoloratas*, *ecstaticas*, and *sœurs nativités* whose fanaticism or partial insanity the Papacy perverts to her own base ends. The sappers and miners are the cunning "Christian brothers" and sly "sisters of mercy and charity;" and St. Vincent de Paulites, no longer hiding their proselyting zeal under the mask of benevolence, but openly boasting of their vast success in perverting ignorant poor Protestants, by the bountiful alms which ignorant rich Protestants supply to their hands. There go the armourers, those Benedictines from the studious retreats where they ever forge polished weapons of sophistical argument against gospel truth. There are the grave-digging Trappists who disclaim the gifts of reason and of speech, but who are such adepts in treason, that Louis Phillips expelled them from France. There you see the bare-footed Carmelites and Capuchins, who sustain existence as beggars amongst beggars, in order to rule the outcasts of society, and keep them blind slaves of "mother Church." The "militia of Christ" pass next in review, and you see the Inquisitors, with their vast "Index expurgatorius" for the torture of the emanations of the mind, and for the suppression or corruption of "the Fathers," or of the productions of God's great gift, the press;

and also armed with the rack, and the wheel, and the pulley, and the pendulum, and the smiling "madre dolorosa" which is to enfold the Protestant in her loving embrace; while it pierces his quivering frame with innumerable wounds. Barnabites and Camaldolis, Theatines and Augustinians, Franciscans and Dominicans, also find their ranks. These are some of the "regular" troops of Pius IX.

The troops of the line are the "Seculars," or Parish Priests, and a better drilled force never entered the field. For this "holy war" they have been trained from childhood in the errors of Romanism, so as to think, see, and act "as mother Church's interest requires and occasion serves." They have been trained in dogmatic theology so as to be perfect masters in the use of sophistical quibbles and perversions of truth; whilst seclusion in seminaries peculiar to themselves, secures an ample measure of narrow minded bigotry and hostility to Protestants; and so rigid is the discipline which they owe to their general officers—the Romish Bishops—that they approach them with genuflexions; the slightest disobedience meets the condign punishment of deprivation or suspension. But where are the Jesuits of whom we have heard such wonders. Oh, there is scarcely one in that vast host, lay or clerical, male or female, at all distinguished for sagacity, subtlety, captivating address, and indomitable energy, but that individual belongs to "the Institute of Mary," and is vowed to the Pope's service, soul and body, now and for ever! Very many of them are absent, being "dispensed with to *assume the religion* of heretics in order to make them infamous by divisions, or to betray the Protestant Church, of which they pretend to be the defenders." The "mother Abbesses" are also here from their dens of infamy or of miserable slavery. See how their pale bewildered prisoners shrink from the light of day, as they fall into their ranks, mute and heart-broken, because the iron-bands of Rome have entered into their souls, and sorrow "like a worm in the bud," has eaten into their heart's core. Multitudes of them die young. Oh for a gleam of heavenly day to dissipate "the shadow of death" which enshrouds them, that they may behold "the salvation" in Christ before they "go

hence and are no more seen." The numbers of the Papal army have been estimated at one million. If we take as the basis of our calculation, that one State alone supplies sixty thousand, that number must be increased seven fold, including the confraternities which circle round every Parish Priest, and by monthly confessions bind themselves to work out his schemes. What a gigantic agency suited to promote the Papal interests in the council chamber of a sovereign, or the cabin of a beggar, or on the floor of a Parliament-house, or in the purliens of St. Giles; within the walls of a learned university, or within the precincts of a free-school; in halls of dazzling light resounding with revelry and song, or by the death-bed, which is watered by the tears of mourning friends! We have alluded to the stern discipline which pervades this vast host, and binds them to a foreign Sovereign. It consists partly in the oaths which bind the conscientious, and partly in the self-interest which makes obedience essential to the continuance of rank and affluence. Roman Bishops are not only sworn to defend "the royalties of St. Peter," but also "to fight and war against heretics." The case of Dr. O'Finan, pseudo-Bishop of Killala, instantly supplanted by a new Bishop sent from Rome, under the title of "Apostolic Administrator," because he presumed to offend against the Canon law by an appeal to the Queen's Bench, speaks volumes of the surveillance exercised over Roman Bishops; and the persecutions endured by the Rev. L. Morrissy, Roman Catholic Priest of Templeorum, owing to a declaration of loyalty to our Protestant Sovereign, shows the grinding tyranny exercised over Parish Priests. Still more, nearly all the Papal agents are bound by the vow of celibacy, which, Lord Bacon sagely remarked, prevents them from giving hostages for good behaviour to the country, whilst it renders them "more cruel and hard-hearted, good to make severe Inquisitors, because their tenderness is not so often called upon." All must confess to their superiors the inmost secrets of their hearts, and all must, through the same channel, hold incessant communication, on every affair in any wise connected with the spiritual or temporal interests of the Church, with their foreign Lord at Rome, who, in his

conclave of ambitious Cardinals, or College of the Propaganda, determines on the course which each of his agents must pursue, whether in conformity with the laws of their country or the reverse. Each of the monkish Orders obeys a General, who must live at Rome under the eye of the Pope. So they are, in truth, no longer English, French, Germans, Spaniards, or Italians, but Roman Churchmen. And however they may differ amongst themselves, as regular or secular, Benedictines or Augustines, Franciscans or Dominicans, Carmelites or Trappists, Jesuits or Jansenists, they agree in one point—they support the Papacy—they are Roman Churchmen. Their sympathy and their allegiance is not with their country nor with their kind, but with the “triple tyrant,” whose embodied, and sworn “trained bands” they are, and whose behests they must obey. In such a system there can be no amelioration. It is too vast and complicated. When Archbishop Fenelon and Pascal, and other Jansenists preached the doctrines of free grace, the Jesuits crushed them. At the great Council of Trent, when the Archbishop of Siena, the Bishop of Della Cava, the Bishop of Belluno, and Seripando, the General of the Augustines, advocated justification by faith alone, and wholly in the merits of the Redeemer, the Jesuits Salmeron and Lainez commanded an overwhelming majority, when they declaimed against any innovation on the doctrines of the Church. The melancholy truth must be spoken out,—the Bible is virtually a prohibited book to the Romish Clergy; and their confreres in this vast agency; because as we have seen in Pope Pius IV's creed, they must take the sense of mother Church, and seek for the unanimous consent of the Fathers—in 80 folio volumes, Greek and Latin—upon every sentence in the inspired Word; a course so notoriously impossible, for “mother Church” gives no infallible interpretation, and the Fathers do not agree with themselves, much less with one another—that the Bible is entirely placed out of their reach. What have they in its stead? “Old wives fables,” silly legends, which must tend either to make them mere infidels or idiots in spiritual things. For example, the life of St.

Fursey, whose misadventures, Dr. Southey remarks, began like those of Tristram Shandy, before he was born; or of St. Nicholas, who used to fast *twice* a week before he was weaned; or of the venerable Bede preaching to a heap of stones, each of which answered, in broken tones, "Amen, O venerable Bede;" or of Pope St. John's horse which refused to suffer any person to mount him after he had been once blessed, by bearing the sacred loins of his "Holiness," and this fable is read in the Prayer Book of the Roman Catholic Clergy upon Pope St. John's Day!

The legends connected with the Rosary are astounding. To understand them properly our Protestant reader must be informed that the rosary is a long string of beads generally 150 in number, and those beads are of different sizes, and that after every ten small beads a large one is placed; upon passing each small bead through the fingers, one Ave Maria or prayer to the Virgin is repeated; and a pater noster or Lord's prayer is recited, when a large bead comes in course, thus giving *ten* prayers to the Virgin, for every prayer offered to God!! Now for our legends—

"One day the Virgin appeared to St. Alain, and regarding him with a sweet and dove-like expression, hung around his neck a rosary, the string whereof was composed of her own beautiful hair. She espoused him..... and she fed him at her holy bosom, and told him that by this Ave Maria the world had been renovated, hell emptied, heaven replenished; and that by the rosary, which was composed of Ave Marias, the world was to be reformed."

Another legend of this wonder working chaplet tells of an Italian knight, who persisted in telling his beads, and had his eyes opened to behold an angel, who carried every bead as he told it up to the Queen of heaven, who magnified it to her purpose, and out of the whole string, constructed for his future habitation, a gorgeous palace on one of the celestial mountains! Again, we hear of a whole band of robbers who were at once converted, and bought each a rosary; and all became Monks or Friars, because while going on their vocation, they one day piously invoked their saint defender Nicholas, and by his favour they fell in with a godly Monk who was telling his beads; and behold their

eyes were opened, and they saw a rose come out of his mouth with every ave, and a gillyflower with every pater ; and lo ! an angel gathered them from his lips, wreathed them, and crowned with this mystic coronal, the happy, though unconscious worshipper of Mary !!

More flagrant still is the story of Jacob, the usurer. He was a notorious extortioner, but.....he bought a rosary, and sometimes used it in honour of the Virgin. When he died the devils seized him as their due, but on their way to hell they were intercepted by the Virgin and the Archangel Michael. The latter had the fatal scales in his hand.—Jacob's evil deeds were many and ponderous, and his good ones like a feather, till the Virgin threw his rosary into the light scale, which instantly preponderated, the other side kicked the beam, and the usurer was carried triumphantly to heaven !!

The Breviary has been well called the "Roman Bible" from the incessant use made of it by Romish Priests, regular and secular. It consists of four thick volumes, one for each season of the year ; and one of these must be devoutly (?) studied for nearly two hours every day under pain of mortal sin. This vile production is interlarded with such lying legends as follows :—Of Peter Dalcantara it is related that being abroad in a snow storm he sought shelter in a roofless building, and the snow, from respect to the saint, formed a solid and stately dome over his head ; and further, that his charity was so burning as to make him rush from his cell into the open fields to prevent his body from being consumed : and of St. Philippon Neri—of which Order the miserable apostate Newman is now the advocate—we read that his love to God so swelled his heart that it elevated, broke, and displaced two of his ribs ; and that while performing mass, his celestial fervency at times lifted him into the air, and shed a wonderful light around him : and of St. Denis, who after he was beheaded, carried his head in his hands for two miles : and of St. Francis, who being thrown overboard by heathen sailors, crossed the straits of Sicily astride on his cloak : and of Peter, of Nolassus, in whose infant hand a swarm of bees built an honeycomb : and of

St. Rose, of Viterbo, who was detected in the act of stealing bread to feed the poor, but preserved from punishment because the loaves were instantly turned into roses: and of St. Margaret, of Crotona, "whose body to this day, fresh, uncorrupted and unhurt, and smelling sweetly, is *worshipped* with the greatest devotion in the Church of the Lesser Brothers, which is now called after the same Margaret. It continually blooms with miracles, with which the Roman Pontiffs, being much moved, liberally granted many indulgences to increase her *worship*." The horrible idolatry which pervades the breviary is indeed "rank and smells to heaven." It is offered to all those apocryphal saints, and to their relics, and direct adoration is paid to the material cross. The Virgin Mary is incessantly exalted in this blasphemous book, and in every other work of Romish devotion. She is called "the mistress of all creatures, and queen of angels, and the summit of her merits is exalted above all the choirs of angels, even to the throne of the Godhead." St. Bernard is quoted as saying that "all Scripture was given concerning her, and because of her, and that for her sake, this whole world was made:" and every day she is called in prayer, "our life, our hope, our mediatrix," and she is "entreated by the authority of a mother to command her son!!" Her pictures are worshipped incessantly, and they always artfully represent her arms around the infant Saviour, as if he were now equally subject to her controul. Bonaventura, a Cardinal and a saint, in his Psalter, substitutes "our Lady" wherever the great name of Jehovah appears!! This invincible idolatry of the Virgin Mary makes Romish preachers and writers invariably represent that Saviour who died for us upon the cross as a vindictive God, and the Virgin as the advocate who intercedes for us, not through His merits and mediation, but her own. They always represent the Redeemer as the judge, and Mary the advocate; whereas the Apostle tells us that "there is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

We cannot sully our pages with infamous extracts from Dens, Sanchez, or Gobat, Baily and De La Hogue,—class

books at Maynooth College,—books, which form the incessant study of Roman Catholic Priests in their preparation for the odious confessional. These writers analyze and classify every variety of crime which the most brutal and sensual of mankind ever perpetrated. These obscene studies enable the confessor to put such a variety of searching questions, as must infallibly discover the whole heart of the penitent; but, shocking to say, while “probing the heart as a surgeon probes a wound,” or “using his obstetric skill,” such vile thoughts must be excited, that both parties must be contaminated, and purity of heart for ever defiled! This foul ordeal must be submitted to at least once in each year under pain of mortal sin. The Council of Lateran decreed “that *children* are bound to go to confession as soon as they are able to discern good from evil, and are capable of malice.” But the Papacy not only corrupts her Priesthood, but she absolutely “clothes them with cursing as with a garment.” The forms of excommunication are enough to freeze one’s blood with horror. To give them their full measure of appalling power, the Priest recites all the articles of the Romish faith, and then cites all the names most venerable to a Christian, as parties to this atrocious act of blasphemy, as if they have all become hostile to their unhappy victim,—

“May the Father, who creates man, curse him! May the Son, who suffered for us, curse him! May the Holy Ghost, who suffered for us in baptism, curse him! May the Holy Cross, from which Christ, for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him! May the HOLY and ETERNAL Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him! May all the Angels, principalities, and powers, and all heavenly armies, curse him! May the praise-worthy multitude of Patriarchs and Prophets, curse him!May all the Saints, from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages, damn him! May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or in the stable, the garden or the field, in the highways or in the woods, or in the Church! May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in working, in resting and in blood-letting, in living and in dying! May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly! May he be cursed in his brain, in his vertex, in his temples, in his eye-brows, in his cheeks, in his jawbones, in his nostrils, in his teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers! May he be damned in his mouth, in his heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach! May he be cursed in his veins.....his knees,

his legs, and feet, and toe-nails! May he be cursed in all his joints and articulation of the members. From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet may there be no soundness. May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his majesty, curse him!!!”

The bell is then tolled as sounding the victim's death-knell; the book is violently shut, to denote the closing of the book of life against his name; and the altar candle is extinguished to indicate that his light is gone out for ever.

Still more the notorious bull “*Cœna Domini*,” which the Pope fulminates every Thursday before Easter against every heretic, *i. e.*, Protestant: curses the very horse he rides, the money in his pocket, the hemp, steel, and other materials of his work, as well as the work itself, and every Romanist who may aid, succour, or pity him! In so terrible a spirit of bitterness are the aggressive principles of Popery cherished by Romish Priests, that when a pious Protestant clergyman recently visited the unfortunate Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, and asked permission to pray with him for their mutual enlightenment and conversion to God, this reply was calmly but firmly given,—“I would submit to be torn in pieces, by a thousand mad dogs, before I would pray with you!”

It is with this diabolical ingenuity that Rome contrives to abstract the bread of life from her miserable priesthood, and to give serpent's food in its stead. It is through these broken cisterns, these sinks and sewers, that they seek the water's of life. They fly from the living well, the fountain head at the rock of Scripture, whence they flow pure and will for ever flow. Surely we cannot be wrong then, in affirming, with words of sorrow indeed, but of “truth and soberness,” that the Popes of Rome still are, what Baronius confesses them to have been, “monsters of wickedness,” and that St. Bernard's words still apply to their Priests; and that without change “that they have wolves for their sheep, and that Rome is the Devil's own pasture.” So that neither the Papacy nor its agents can be changed.

We cannot conclude this chapter better than by

quoting the following lines of our great Christian poet,
Cowper—

"Hast thou admitted with a blind, fond trust
 The lie that burn'd thy fathers' bones to dust,
 That first adjudg'd them heretics ; then sent
 Their souls to heaven, and curs'd them as they went ?
 The lie that Scripture strips of its disguise,
 And execrates above all other lies ;
 The lie that claps a lock on mercy's plan,
 And gives the key to yon infirm old man
 Who once ensconced in apostolic chair,
 Is deified, and sits omniscient there ;
 The lie that knows no kindred, owns no friend,
 But him that makes its progress his chief end ;
 That having spilt much blood, makes that a boast,
 And canonizes him that shed the most ?
 Away with charity that soothes a lie,
 And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger by !
 Shame on the candour and the gracious smile,
 Bestow'd on them that light the martyr's pile ;
 While insolent disdain in frowns express'd,
 Attends the tenets that endured that test !
*Grant them the rights of men, and while they cease
 To vex the peace of others, grant them peace ;
 But trusting bigots whose false zeal has made
 Treachery their duty, thou art self-betrayed."*

CHAPTER VI.

POPERY THE GREAT BABYLON FORETOLD AND FOREDOOMED OF GOD.

“And the Angel said unto me I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns.”—Rev. xvii., 7.

We have looked with admiration and love upon the noble zeal and lofty courage which constrained Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, and so many of our martyr heroes to denounce, with true faithfulness, the abominations of the Papacy, and to bear their fiery fate without shrinking, sooner than retract one tittle of their protest. What was the secret of their strength? It was their discovery in the Holy Scriptures of that awful truth, that Popery is the great apostacy and the Babylon foretold and foredoomed of God. Hence to them was richly fulfilled the glorious promise which opens the book of Revelation,—“Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein,”—for they were thus rescued from the pollutions and the plagues of the fallen Church of Rome.

It is to ignorance or forgetfulness of this terrible truth that we must attribute the perversion to Popery of many in our day, who would never otherwise have dared to brave their soul's certain ruin, because they were offended by an act of the Privy Council enforcing toleration. It is then with deep thankfulness we approach a subject so generally profitable, while at the same time it amply proves our position, that Popery is *unchanged* and *unchangeable*. As our space necessarily obliges us to be simple and brief while we present as much information as we can in a narrow compass; we beg to refer our readers for further knowledge to the works of Mede, and his able advocate, Dr. M. O'Sullivan, Bishop Newton, and Elliott, and to the valuable hand-

book on Prophecy, by Mrs. John C. Martin, "The Revelation of St. John briefly explained." All students on prophecy are filled with wonder at the grandeur of the subjects of Daniel's predictions, and at the minuteness of detail which adds to the general circumstances, *dates*, and other special points, which make his prophecies require the most exact accuracy in their fulfilment; and this is invariably the case with all those which have already been accomplished. So the famous prophecy of "the seventy weeks" supplies an irresistible argument for the conversion of such Jews as will give it a candid examination, because it gives such a minute sketch of the Messiah's appearance and death, as an atonement for sin, with the *dates* of those events which perfectly make out our Redeemer as the long expected *Prince*. Just so with infidel historians, Daniel's accurate delineation of the great empires which should rule from his day to the end of time, ought to produce perfect conviction of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. It is recorded of the Emperor Napoleon that he beguiled some of his prison hours by the study of universal history; and that, at his suggestion, General Las Casas drew out a chart of history, on which he employed four different colours to denote the empire of the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, and shaded them off so as to represent the different changes which occurred in them. The chart was much admired, but how much would Las Casas have been astonished if he had found, that nearly 2443 years previously, the Prophet Daniel, when expounding to his master Nebuchadnezzar, his vision of the gigantic image, had described those great empires more accurately before the events than he had done after them, and with this further superiority, that Daniel predicted the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom as the fifth great monarchy, of which Las Casas knew nothing, and he also saw not the great apostacy, which Daniel predicted in the seventh and eleventh chapters, with an equal closeness of detail in circumstances and even in dates, absolutely startling from its presenting to us not merely the figure, but the very features and age of the miserable Church of Rome! Surely we may calculate upon the very same accurate fulfilment of the portion of this prophecy not yet completed.

In the seventh chapter after the lion, bear, and leopard, which represented the Babylonian, Persian, and Macedonian kingdoms, there comes last more terrible than the others, a monstrous beast, "dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly, with iron teeth, which brake in pieces and stamped the residue with the feet of it, having ten horns," by which emblem is represented the great Roman empire, its haughty stride upon the earth, its destructive treading down and crushing of all remaining powers within the bounds of the prophetic earth, (which included the whole extent of the Roman empire,) and its final separation into ten kingdoms (horn being the prophetic emblem of kingly dominion), viz. Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Naples, Tuscany, the ancient state of Lombardy, Ravenna, and Rome. But Daniel starts as he sees a little horn coming up amongst the others, but not one of the ten of which three were plucked up before it by the roots. He noted also that "it had eyes like the eyes of a man, and a mouth speaking great things." Now Daniel was very curious about "this little horn that had eyes and a mouth that spake very great things, whose look was more stout than his fellows," and he received from the angel those clear explanations concerning him:—"He shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings; and he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time; but the judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and destroy it unto the end; and the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Who, that looks with unjaundiced eye upon this picture of the foretold empire, does not intuitively recognize the Papal power? As the wondrous little horn arose amongst the ten horns of the beast, emblematic of the Roman empire, so the Papacy sprung up, not in the east, but in the west, not in the Babylonian, nor Persian, nor Macedonian, but in the Roman empire, and it arose at

the time that the Roman empire was split into ten kingdoms, exactly the period when the power of the Bishop of Rome became regal and plucked up three horns, that is, engrossed into "the states of the Church" the three kingdoms of Rome, Ravenna, and the ancient Lombard kingdom. The irregular way in which the Papacy rose to temporal power, and its mixed nature, partly ecclesiastical and partly temporal, is shown evidently by the remark that this little horn was "diverse from the first," while its episcopal character was plainly indicated by the eyes it had, for *oversight* is the office of a Bishop; and the Bishop of Rome is specially noted for the cunning and foresight with which he watches for all opportunities of advancing his power, spiritual and temporal. Still more striking is the description of the mouth of this cunning royal ecclesiastic, as "speaking very great things." What powerful Bishop ever exceeded him of Rome in thundering out bulls and anathemas, in excommunicating Princes, and absolving subjects from their allegiance? "His look was more stout than his fellows." See the arrogance of the Bishop of Rome fully realizing this trait of Daniel's picture, by assuming, not only supremacy over all Bishops, but even, as we have seen, over all the crowned heads in Christendom, and his frightful pride in requiring his *foot* to be kissed so as to claim greater homage than is paid to the greatest kings or emperors. "And he shall speak great words against the Most High." Here indeed we can be at no loss for a similarity between the blasphemous power predicted by Daniel, and the shocking blasphemies against the Most High, which are absolutely so identified with the Bishop of Rome, that they are as inseparable from his existence as the shadow is from the substance. There is not one of his titles which is not glaringly blasphemous. "Holy Father" is the title given by our Lord Jesus, in John xvii., to the Almighty—the King Bishop of Rome assumes that title continually; and, "His Holiness," or "The Blessed," are his usual titles of blasphemy; our Lord Jesus is named our High Priest, and so the title of "Supreme Pontiff" or High Priest is assumed by this blasphemous ecclesiastic. Again, the office of the Holy Spirit is to guide into all truth—so

... Invisible Judge
... Christ is an
... over
... Anti-
... This is
... In
... we have seen to
... IV.'s Creed,
... than all
... celestial, ter-
... whatever
... God!"
... and King of
... the dominion
... our Lord God
... is heresy!"
... and assertions,
... decrees
... supersede God's
... mark,
... as the
...—we speak it with
... the second of
... the truth, by for-
... in direct defiance to the
... and by abro-
... of the Canon
... also by
... proclamation of facts and
... But lo! the angel
... for it fore-
... calamity for the
... "he shall wear out the saints of the Most
... High." We may believe that in great part the Papal
... were then
... "a
... man of God greatly beloved," and for his strong consolation

it was immediately revealed that this ungodly power should bear sway during a limited period only—"they shall be given into his hand until a time and times, and the dividing of time." All sound expositors agree that "time," in prophecy, signifies a year, and "times" indicates two years, and the "dividing of time," half-a-year. Now the ancient Jewish year contained twelve months of thirty days each, and Ezekiel, iv. 6, tells us that a prophetic day stands for a year, so here we have 1260 years, as the duration permitted to this horrible empire. The Papacy boasts of her antiquity. This we deny not, for Daniel tells us it should last 1260 years, but wish it were greater still, for then its infernal dominion would be nearer its termination. If we could accurately fix the date of its full establishment—when power "was given into his hand," we might with as much accuracy, as in the prophecy of the seventy weeks, fix the period of the downfall of Popery, for the very day on which the hallelujahs shall resound from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, over her smouldering ashes; but we cannot very widely err by fixing the year A.D. 606, as the period likely to be that in which the Papacy received its full strength, because in that year a most public avowal was made at Rome of the newly dominant saint or demon worship, by re-opening the Pantheon, once the temple of Cybele and all the gods, for the worship of the Virgin and all the martyrs; and when Phocas, the usurping Emperor, set up there an idolatrous power, who was recognized by the ten kingdoms, under the title of the "universal Bishop," or "supreme Head of the Church;" so that the ruin of this mighty foe to God and man may be joyfully seen by the writer of these pages, or their reader, in the year 1868. Even so Lord Jesus, come quickly, Amen!

We request special attention to the Prophet's vivid description of the Redeemer's coming, and the ultimate triumph of his kingdom, and of the destruction of the Papacy in its unreformed character, for it distinctly shows that up to its final destruction, it shall know no amelioration of its murderous spirit and anti-Christian nature. "I beheld, till the thrones were cast down, and the ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the

hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire; a fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened. I beheld then, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, I beheld even till the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and given to the burning flame." In a subsequent part of this awful prophecy we learn a fact which never ought to be forgotten by us Protestants, "I beheld, and the same horn *made war with the saints*, and prevailed against them UNTIL the ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High, and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom."

Following the golden thread of prophecy, we are guided to Daniel's prediction of the wicked and wilful King, chapter xi. 36, which is evidently an expansion of the former prophecy, and gives us such additional marks of the future anti-Christian empire, as still more clearly apply to the Papacy, so that our prophetic argument gains accumulating strength as we advance. Here we have still allusion made to the mixed empire, partly temporal and partly spiritual, of the Papacy, but we have two additional points of resemblance to the fallen Church of Rome. The worship of saints, defenders or mahuzzims, which should be the essence of the crime committed by this wicked state, and the preference of *celibacy* implied in the disregard of wives, which should be a distinguishing trait in the character of those saint worshippers. Here is the prophet's description:—"The king shall do according to his will, and shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, nor regard any god: for he shall magnify himself above all." "And," taking the marginal reading, "as for the Almighty God in his seat, or temple service, he shall honour, yea, he shall honour a God of forces, or Mahuzzims, saints, protectors, (even together with that) God whom his

fathers knew not shall he honour with gold, and silver, and with precious stones, and pleasant things: thus shall he do in the most strong holds, or, as it may be rendered, he shall make the holds or fortresses of the Mahuzzim—that is, monasteries (ecclesiastical strong fortresses) with or jointly to the strange or unknown God, that is, the Christian God, viz. ‘to God and the saints’—whom he shall acknowledge and increase with glory; and he shall cause them to rule over many, and shall divide the land (or different kingdoms and cities amongst those saints’ protectors) for *gain*.” What a living likeness to the Papacy have we here coming to us from the pencil of inspiration! In prophetic language an individual continually represents a *succession*. So king, priest, and beasts denote a series of kings, priests, and emperors. Exactly so, the woman clothed with the sun is an emblem of the mystical Church, the faithful spouse of the Lord, existing through all successive ages; and the harlot of Babylon was never meant of a single woman, but a succession of idolatrous professors of Christianity; and the “man of sin,” “the son of perdition,” is equally the representative, in prophecy, of a successive line of Christ-betraying Ecclesiastics. The false-apostolic succession, of which Romanists so much glory, is another mark of the beast. Just so, this wicked and wilful king of Daniel, is a vast adumbration and gigantic sketch of the essential character of the Papacy, which is exhibited in uniting to the worship of the true God, the worship of patron saints, not merely those assigned to countries, as St. George to England, St. Andrew to Scotland, St. David to Wales, St. Patrick to Ireland, St. James to Spain, St. Denis to France, and even to cities, as St. Mark to Venice, but also to classes of society, as St. Luke to painters, St. Nicholas to thieves, but even to diseases, as St. Vitus to the epilepsy, St. Appolonia to the tooth-ache, and still lower to brute animals, as St. Anthony to swine, and St. Loy to horses, mules, and asses! To this very day, on St. Loy’s-day, masses are said and holy water sprinkled, if paid for, upon those humble beasts of burden, at Rome. This was exactly the hero or demon worship of the ancient heathen. For the chief objects of their adoration were multitudes of

deified dead men and women, who were accounted as middle powers between God and men. Here we have the saint-worship of the Papacy. It began by a pious respect to the memory and the bodies of the martyrs; next annual festivals were celebrated in their honour, and in the panegyrics then delivered, apostrophes were often made by the orators to them, as if present; then prayers were offered at their sepulchres; then their bones were translated to Churches; then a power of working miracles was attributed to them by the superstitious, and those relics were absolutely considered the bulwarks and fortresses of the places which possessed them, and of the people who carried them on their persons as amulets and charms; whence the transition was very easy to downright invocation and idolatry, precisely in the heathen fashion. So the same mode of worship as the heathen used, was exercised towards those saints-protectors. In like manner incense was burned before altars, specially dedicated to them, and holy water was sprinkled, and candles or lamps were kept burning before them in broad day-light. Images and pictures representing them were made and bowed down to, votive offerings and flowers scattered round them, and long processions, with lighted torches, appeared before their shrines to do them honour, and a great variety of religious orders of *shaven* unmarried priests and vestal virgins were devoted to their service. All of these observances were equally parts of Pagan and Popish superstition. So really was this the case, that the very same altars and the very same images, which had been consecrated originally to the heathen demons or departed heroes, were at the full accession of the Papacy to power, accommodated to the worship of the Virgin Mary and other Romish Saints; nay, more, the very same inscriptions, such as, "Omnipotent," &c., were ascribed to both, and of both the very same miracles are recorded. Such is the heathen origin of many Popish observances so fondly coveted by the misguided Tractarians of our day, on the score of antiquity! Ancient enough they surely are, as they were in existence long before the Papacy itself. How different was the opinion held by the fathers of our Reformed Church, about "these great image-babies with

which silly fools play the wicked play of idolatry." We quote the vigorous and indignant words of one of our Homilies :—

" Not only the bones of the saints, but every thing appertaining to them, is called a holy relic. In some places they offer you a sword, in some the scabbard, in some a shoe, in some a saddle that had been set upon some holy horse, in some the coals wherewith St. Lawrence was roasted, in some places the tail of the ass which our Lord Jesus Christ sat upon, to be kissed and offered unto for a relic. For rather than they would lack a relic, they would offer you a horse-bone for a Virgin's arm, or the tail of the ass to be kissed. O wicked, impudent, and most shameless of men, the devisers of these things! O silly, foolish, and dastardly daws, and more beastly than the ass, whose tail they kissed, that believe such things!"

Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, in his admirable tracts, " Cautions for the Times:" London—John W. Parker, West Strand ;—most ably proves the invocation of saints, as practised in the Church of Rome, to be identical with the idolatry perpetuated in Pagan worship. We give an outline of his Grace's argument. Not to mention that some of those, so called saints, never existed at all, and that some of them were crazy fanatics, and others very wicked men ; you will readily see that asking a *dead* person to pray for you, when you do not know him to be present, is quite a different thing from asking a *living* person to pray for you. When it came to be believed that a holy person, when *removed from earth*, can hear the addresses of thousands and millions calling on him in all parts of the world, and know the secret dispositions of mind in each several person that invokes him, this belief did *deify* him. Whatever subtle explanations may be attempted of the way in which " glorified saints " are able to hear, from various reasons, it is plain that the great mass of their worshippers must regard them no less as gods, than the ancient Pagans the beings they worshipped. For the Pagans acknowledged that many of their Gods had been *men*, only they fancied that after death their souls had obtained great power and influence over the things of this world. Now as the Almighty always treated the conduct of the Pagans in thus praying to the dead, as idolatry, it cannot be safe and free from idolatry to invoke the saints in the same posture—at

the same time—in the same place—and even in the same form of words, as we invoke God Almighty.

We have already noted the minute accuracy of Daniel's prophecy; how singularly borne out it is in the "gold and silver, with precious stones and pleasant things, with which honour" is given by the Papacy to those saints-protectors! We, who have visited many foreign shrines, have been amazed at the profusion of riches lavished upon those dumb idols. At Sienna the shrine of St. Catharine literally blazes with precious stones, and the shrine of the Virgin at Loretto is a perfect mine of jewellery. In Madrid the extravagant outlay upon the Saints-protectors' shrines exceeds calculation. Napoleon's General, who melted down the silver images of the twelve apostles, believing that the men whom they represented, would never murmur that their images should go about doing good, as well as the good men whom they represented, were looked upon with horror. In fact, this glory of *adornment* is another mark of the wicked and wilful power against which, as true Christians, we should protest; "it is the price of blood." The celibacy, arrogance, and avarice which Daniel attributes to this wicked power, we shall soon have occasion to consider, so we merely remark that this "man, greatly beloved," concludes his predictions by a rapid review of the wars which different powers, such as the Turks, Saracens, and others, should make upon this shocking incarnation of evil. But he does not omit the mention of its intolerant and persecuting character, for the prophet adds, "he shall go forth with great fury to destroy and utterly to make away with many;" but it is noted for the comfort of the afflicted Church, that a limit shall be placed to this power for evil: "He shall come to his end and none shall help him." Is there any intimation given to us here by the spirit of truth, of any change in the ferocity and impiety of this wilful and wicked empire?

Let us now reverently seek more knowledge on this awfully important subject, in the prophecies of St. Paul and St. John, and we shall find this grand prophecy of Daniel recited, explained, and extended, and with copiousness of detail filled up so as to determine and fix the application to

the Papacy, with a precision which defies contradiction, or even doubt. St. Paul, (Thess. ii.) speaking "*concerning the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and concerning our gathering together to Him,*" at His glorious appearing, as a source of rich consolation, such as (Thess. iv.,) he had so largely insisted upon, warns believers to beware of the danger of having their faith unsettled by the expectation of a very speedy arrival of that joyful day, because a strange and horrible thing should occur before the second coming of the Lord, "*the falling away,*" or apostacy, should come first, and at its head a perverse and reprobate leader, whom he styles "*THAT man of sin, THAT son of perdition,*" and *THAT wicked or lawless one.* For the sake of clearness, we will restrict ourselves in this place, to a consideration of the character of the head of the Papacy. St. Paul, in allusion to Daniel's prophecy, calls him "*that,*" famous "*man of sin.*" Idolatry being so peculiarly offensive to God, that he has declared himself to be, with regard to it, a "*jealous God,*" just as unwilling to have his honour impaired by this crime, as if he had been jealous of it—it hence is called in Scripture—from its bad pre-eminence in guilt—"sin." For instance, the idolatry into which Jeroboam seduced the Israelites, was always called "*The sin of Jeroboam.*" Now every Pope is absolutely a follower of Jeroboam, because he canonizes *saints*, and thereby adds fresh incentives to idolatry. Some years after the death of any individual, who has obtained much of public respect, and who has died "*in the odour of sanctity,*" a court of enquiry is held as to his or her claims for canonization, and the Pope earns his unenviable title of "*man of sin,*" for it is mainly by his fiat that this new stimulus may be given to the worship of saint-protectors. Surely Pius IX., who commenced his reign and his return to Rome, by exhorting his people to make fervent supplication to the Virgin, as the patroness of the Papacy, has shown himself a true successor of all "*the men of sin*" who went before him. He has an equally valid claim to the title of "*that son of perdition,*" the false apostle who sold his Lord for money, for, as we have seen, gain has ever been accounted godliness by the Pope and his emissaries, and whether at Loretto

or Treves, or Rimini, or at Rome, "filthy lucre," has sanctified in the eyes of the Papal despot, the impious fraud of the Virgin's shrine, or "the holy coat," or the winking Madonna, or the indulgences granted from "the binns of mother Church." We have seen in Daniel's prophecy that the wilful King "who shall exalt himself and magnify himself above every god, and speak marvellous things against the God of gods," has had, as we saw, his exact counterpart in the blasphemous titles assumed, and the prerogatives claimed by the impious King-Bishop of Rome; but the apostle (speaking in the prophetic strain of things future as present) tells us more accurately still, that "he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Here we have the ecclesiastical and spiritual nature of this empire distinctly fore-shadowed, for after the death of the Lord Jesus the temple of Jerusalem was never called the temple of God by the apostles, but they always meant by it the Christian Church; so "*the man of sin,*" and "son of perdition" "sitting in the temple of God," means his presiding in a professing Christian Church, as a successor of Judas, "the son of perdition," not of Peter, and his "sitting there as God," means his claiming Divine authority as infallible vicegerent of God!!! in things spiritual as well as temporal, over the consciences and possessions of his serfs. "Showing himself that he is God," implies his doing this with great pomp and pride, especially at his inauguration, when he is absolutely placed on the high altar of St. Peter's, and *worshipped* with the utmost pomp!!! The last title, "that wicked or *lawless one*, is also very appropriate to the Pope, and to Daniel's wilful king, "who shall think to change times and laws," for it has been declared by Romish writers, that the mere nod of the Pope can change virtue to vice, and vice to virtue; a practical exemplification of which claim may be seen in the Papal dispensations, which for centuries allowed Kings of Portugal to marry their own nieces, in direct defiance to the Divine interdict; and the approbation given by many successive Popes to murders and massacres of Protestants. This is very awful, and displays such superhuman pride on the part of the Popes, and such drivelling imbecillity on

the part of his miserable votaries, that St. Paul's solution of the secret cause of both is instantly felt to be the only true one; "whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, with all deceivableness of unrighteousness."

Yes! The Papacy came hot from hell, and its presence makes a hell upon the earth. Each successive dispensation under which God's people were placed, was corrupted by Satan with idolatry, and when the final and most glorious dispensation—the Christian, blessed our world with peace and goodwill in the exhibition of wondrous love, which gave God's only begotten Son for us men and our salvation, then Satan clothed himself like an angel of light, in the dress of Christianity, and built up his own antagonist masterpiece, that most stupendous of all deceptions—Popery: which is no form of Christianity at all, but a directly antagonist system: devised by Satan as the engine by which he works the eternal ruin of "*them that perish.*" St. Paul here calls it "mystery of iniquity," because it is the deepest conception and mightiest achievement of Satan. In it he has admitted the whole Canon of truth, but has contrived that it should teach only error; into it he has also admitted the whole revelation of light, and yet has contrived that it should breed only foul and pestilent darkness. It is an universal counterfeit of truth, which has a chamber for every natural faculty of the soul, and an occupation for every energy of the natural spirit, permitting every extreme of abstemiousness and indulgence, of fast and of revelry, melancholy abstraction and burning zeal, subtle acuteness and popular oratory, world-renunciation and world-wide ambition, embracing the arts and sciences and stores of ancient learning, adding antiquity and misinterpretation of all monuments of better times, and covering carefully with a venerable veil, that only good monument of better times—the Bible, because it would expose its infinite superstitions and Satanic character as the foretold apostacy. The *time* in which this terrible apostacy should be fully developed, or, as Daniel said, when "times and laws shall be given into his hand," is obscurely intimated by St. Paul, in the words that "the

mystery of iniquity doth already work, only he who now letteth, *i. e.*, hindereth, will let, or hinder, until he be taken out of the way." This *hindrance* was generally understood in the early ages to be the continued power of the Roman Emperors, exactly the time fixed by Daniel for the rise of the little horn, *viz.* at the breaking up of the Roman empire. It is an indisputable fact, that though the Roman Emperors persecuted them sorely, yet that the primitive Christians uniformly prayed for their preservation, in accordance with apostolic warning, that Anti-Christ would immediately appear as soon as the Roman Emperors ceased to reign at Rome. This ought to be acknowledged by the Tractarian worshippers of antiquity; because if any tradition can be traced to a Divine source, it is this, for the apostle says, "when I was with you, I told you these things, and now ye know what withholdeth that he might be revealed in his time." We pause to notice how terrible a warning is given to wavering Protestants, by the Apostle in his description of the doom of those who forsake Christ for Anti-Christ, "them that perish, because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved; and for this cause God shall send them strong *delusion*, that they should believe a lie, that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness;" for "if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." But Paul, like Daniel, hastens to comfort us by the hope, which was the first and warmest in his thoughts and wishes, "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth," *i. e.* *enfeeble*, as if by a consumption which does not *change* the *nature*, but the *power*—by his heavenly word read and preached—and "destroy with the brightness of his coming;" when, as the Apostle mentioned in the previous chapter, "He shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in *flaming fire*, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Just the doom foretold by Daniel.

The same Apostle, (1 Tim. iv. 1—3,) gives us further particulars, which we must notice, however briefly. They refer to the essence of the apostacy, the mode by which it was effected, and the character of the agents employed in

this diabolical enterprise. They are deeply interesting. In the closing verses of the preceding chapter, the object set forth to our faith is the Lord Jesus Christ as our incarnate God; our Saviour by his sacrifice; our sole Mediator as received into the incommunicable glory; and with his Father, the true and only object of Divine worship. This grand truth the Apostle pronounces, a great mystery; and shows that reception of it, by faith, into our soul, is the real source of godliness. This is "holding by the Head," and forms the true foundation of the faith of Christians. But in the following verses he describes a foul apostacy, which is "the mystery of iniquity," in contrast to the mystery of godliness, and of which the essence consists in raising a cloud of demons, or, as the words may be better rendered, saints-protectors, to darken our prospect of the mercy of the one Mediator, and to obscure his glory by usurping his office. In allusion to the former prophecies, the Apostle notes, "the Spirit speaks expressly, that in the latter times," that is, in the latter period of the Christian dispensation, "some shall depart from THIS faith," *i. e.*, this entire trust in the glorified Redeemer. Apostacy is the word used in the original Greek. Now the word apostacy does not mean a total renunciation of Christianity, but the corrupt admixture of idolatrous worship with it, for the writers of the New Testament derive their language, as well as their ideas, from the Old Testament; and it abundantly appears that the Israelites never totally abandoned the worship of the true God, when they worshipped the golden calf of Aaron, for that act of idolatry was perpetrated at a feast proclaimed unto Jehovah; in like manner the idolatry of Jeroboam's golden calves, and of Baalim, and of the host of heaven, which formed the sin of Ahab and of Manasseh, was mixed with the worship of the true God; and the act in all these cases was called by the Greek interpreters of the Old Testament, by the word used by St. Paul—apostacy. So the apostacy of the Jewish Church was idolatry mixed with pure worship, and it is like idolatry which forms the apostacy in the Christian Church also. The word "*some*" may usually denote a few in our language, but in the Greek and Hebrew it frequently signifies

a MULTITUDE, as (John vi. 66,) "*many* of our Lord's disciples went back and walked no more with him," but he says, "There be *some* of you that believe not." St. Paul speaking of the infidelity of the Jews, (Rom. xi. 17,) said, "*Some* of the branches are broken off," meaning the great body of the nation; and in (1 Cor. x. 7,) "Neither be ye idolaters as *some* of them were." Moses says of that act of idolatry, "And ALL the people brake off their golden ear-rings, and brought them unto Aaron." (Exod. xxxii. 3.) The Apostle next shows the mode by which this separation is effected between the soul of the apostate and the one true God, in the one true Christ as sole Mediator, "by giving heed to seducing spirits," or "*false doctrines*," as in (1 John iv. 1,) where the Apostle says, "Believe not every spirit, *i. e.*, doctrine, but try the spirits, or doctrines, if they be of God;" "and doctrines of," or *concerning* "*demons*," the Mauzzims of Daniel, or the heroes worshipped by the Gentiles, in a word, *the souls of men deified after death*, of which we have already seen the apostate Church of Rome is guilty of *idolatrous* worship, by invocations and prayers, being thus totally at variance with the Gospel of Christ, and guilty of this awful apostacy. This is undeniably the guilt of Romanists. No less easily do we bring home to the agents of that condemned system of idolatry, the character given by St. Paul, when he tells us, "that conscience-seared hypocritical liars, who forbid to marry and command to abstain from meats," are the very "wolves in sheep's clothing," whom we are bound to avoid, if we will be pure from the damning sin of apostacy. Here we have the early Monks and Friars of the Romish Church, who, by practising the strange and unnatural habits of celibacy, and contempt of some kinds of food as sinful, conduct unworthy of a Christian, made for themselves a great reputation for sanctity, which Milton well exposes,—

"Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain,
But our destroyer, foe to God and man."

And Dean Swift, in homelier words, exposes their folly,—

"Who bacon thinks gives God offence,
Lacks real faith and common sense."

Well! those fanatics, esteemed as saints of purest order,

by their fabulous visions, and fabulous legends, and fabulous apparitions of the dead to the living, and fabulous miracles, such as we have seen recorded, not only in the common books of devotion, but even in the breviary—so exalted the dead martyrs, and Popes, &c., &c., that they succeeded in introducing,—by what Cardinal Bellarmine calls “the glory of miracles,” but what St. Paul has stigmatized as “lying wonders,”—this saint-worship which is the essence of the apostacy, and the damning “sin”—the idolatry of the Roman Church. They are called “conscience-seared hypocritical liars,” and so are the Romish Priests; for their abominable doctrine of venial sin enables them to make a distinction in falsehood, which causes them to feel no compunction at all in uttering “a lie *officious*” that is useful to “mother Church,” because it is reckoned venial and trifling, and easy to be wiped away by the absolution of a Romish Priest, if not in itself meritorious as tending to good. It is this vile system of “enormous lying” to uphold their Church by pretended miracles, and quibbling prevarications, which has done so much to introduce Popery amongst our unsuspecting Protestants.

The writer feels acutely this villanous trait in the character of those “conscience-seared hypocritical liars,” the Romish Priests, for it was well nigh seducing himself into the apostacy. Before entering the ministry, he met some Jesuits at Rome, who denied all the glaring errors of the Romish Church,—affirming, as they said, in the words of Bossuet, that such were merely the extravagant opinions of individuals in the Church, and calumniously imputed to the Papacy by Protestants. Not being then acquainted with the creed of Pope Pius IV., which, as we have seen in the previous Chapter, authenticates all their false doctrines *infallibly*, he was reduced to a perplexed silence. They then declaimed upon the antiquity of their Church, and its universality, and quoted, with pretended admiration, the opinions of Fenelon and Pascal. The writer did not then know that those very authors had been persecuted, and their doctrines declared heretical by the Romish Church, and that the Jansenist order, to which they belonged, had been suppressed. One of the Jesuits then very eloquently

described the beautiful humility, charity, and power in prayer of a Romish Priest; and when the interest of his auditor was at its height, he quietly remarked that the effectual fervent prayer of this righteous man had availed much in performing several miracles, which he detailed in the most glowing language, and offered to confirm it by an *oath*! It was upon a Sabbath evening, and in an agony of perplexity, the writer providentially drew out his pocket Bible, and by grace was preserved from the great apostacy; for when the Jesuit, proceeding in his subtle address, gently laid hold of the sacred volume, and said it would be "no longer necessary for his friend to fatigue his intellect with the study of that book, because the infallible Church could guide him into all truth without an effort," his suspicions awoke instantly, he retained the Bible, and by its teaching, through grace, he was preserved from the snare, which has, alas! entrapped but too many of our guileless countrymen, who are ignorant of Satan's wiles.

Conscience-seared hypocritical liars! Such is the character given by God's unerring word to the agents of the apostacy. It is our most painful but necessary duty, to identify still more clearly the Romanist clergy with this shocking description. "Hypocritical liars" attaches to them from the introduction of saint worship up to this very hour, and will never cease to be "the badge of all their tribe." The notorious wilful falsehoods used, as we have noted in the preceding chapter, for drawing men to worship dead men and women, we need not here cite, but merely quote some "lying wonders," by which they laid the foundation of transubstantiation, and advanced the idol of the mass.

A monk solemnly declared that "he saw Jesus Christ in the form of a child sitting upon the altar." And another added falsehood to falsehood when he averred that "Wit-kind, King of the Saxons, entering disguised into a Church, and diligently observing the Christians' fashion of receiving the communion, saw them put a little pretty smiling boy into their mouths;" and others tell us of a "hive of bees seen in St. Gervais's monastery, in Paris, that built a chapel of wax, in honour of the host (or wafer God,) which somebody put into their hive; and also a miracle of an ass that left his provender to worship the host."

Blanco White tells us that the vast body of Spanish Priests utterly disbelieve transubstantiation and purgatory; and all the converted Priests say that this is precisely the same state of mind with all intelligent Priests of our day; and yet they *pretend* to believe this monstrous fiction.—“What conscience-seared hypocritical liars!”

We refer our readers to McGhee's “Laws of the Papacy,” in which they will find the mode in which this “searing of the conscience” is effected:—mainly by the subtle distinctions and mental reservations which Peter Dens and other casuists supply to them in rank abundance, for the benefit of “mother Church,” as “the end sanctifies the means.” For instance, oaths may be taken so as to be utterly evaded by being sworn with this secret reservation, “*saving the right of my superiors;*” in other words, saving the rights of Priests, Bishops, and Popes. The laymen are taught to mean, *if* our master the Priest allows it; the Priest reserves the right of his master the Bishop; the Bishop of his master the Pope, who is thus made the centre of Papal perjury, as he is of all Papal crime, and literally “the man of sin.” Here is given an example of the teaching of these “conscience-seared hypocritical liars:”—A Romish witness was remonstrated with for his notorious perjury, but he quietly answered, “I kept my oath perfectly, for this morning I swore I would not tell a word of truth to-day!” It is another shocking illustration of the true application of this character of “conscience-seared hypocritical liars” to the Romish clergy, that at the very time Archbishop Murray declared on oath before the committee of the House of Lords that the communications between the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and the Pope referred to spiritual cases solely; and with the utmost—apparently—simple candour, defined those cases to “regard the *sanctification of souls.*” this worthy agent of the great apostacy, and eleven of his apostolical brethren, were disseminating the Rhemish notes of their Bible, as the infallible commentary of the Church for inculcating the extirpation of heretics, and the abominable work of Dens was the standard of the Priests, for directing the consciences of their flocks! Their sapient Lordships little dreamt of the subtle distinction which re-

conciled these violent opposites—that the removal of the heretical pestilence was necessary for the sanctification of the faithful !!

It is this atrocious system of wilful and premeditated falsehood, so deeply interwoven in the minds and consciences of Romish Priests, which makes them so dangerous as antagonists, and places them so far beyond the reach of conviction, that their conversion to God is of lamentably rare occurrence. If the slightest inaccuracy can be spied out in a statement against their Church, they think themselves justified in denying its (whole) truth; and if but a particle of truth can be discovered in any statement in their favour, they are instantly prepared to deny that the statement itself (as a whole) is false; and laying this “flattering unction to their souls,” they rest satisfied.—Surely these miserable men are as false as their system itself. As the Papacy is the great apostacy of which we read in the inspired page that it is “after the working of Satan.....with all deceiveableness of unrighteousness,” so its Priests are universally “conscience-seared hypocritical liars,” for they are “of their father the dévil, and the lusts of their father they will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, because he is a liar and the father of it.”

“Is not this the GREAT BABYLON that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?” Such was the exclamation of the haughty monarch as he walked in his palace and gazed upon the grandeur of the city, which his hands had reared to its stately splendour. Such we may well imagine to be the proud reflection of Lucifer, as he gazes with fond delight and fiendish glee upon ROME—the mystical Babylon which has stood a city of strength for his service during more than half the ages which have rolled over the earth since the days of Noah. The Lord, who permits Satan to strengthen himself with all his might against the children of God, that “the trial of their faith may work patience,” and that being “partakers of Christ’s sufferings” they may “when his glory shall be revealed, be glad also with ex-

ceeding joy;" and that the power of His grace in holding them up may be the more abundantly manifested, did allow this great metropolis of worldly pride, and strength, and magnificence, to arise as it were out of nothing, in order that Satan might have the whole power and strength which he possessed upon earth collected and concentrated against the Redeemer and His kingdom. He allowed the Prince of this world to try His Church, even as he tried Job, by manifold afflictions and temptations. For well nigh two thousand years ROME has been the centre from whence Satan has waged war against our Zion. In the days of Cesar Augustus this seat of Satan was permitted to be at its strongest, not merely in the pride of arms, but in the pride of learning, and of wit, and of arts, that it might compete in its fullest vigour with the "kingdom which is not of this world;" and when Nero, Vespasian, Titus, the Antonines, and Trajan, failed to check the onward march of the everlasting gospel, and Julian, the apostate, was impotent to prop the falling temples, and prevent the light of heaven from streaming in upon the dark rites and vile superstitions of idolatry, and Pagan Rome fell like Dagon before the ark of God; then Satan arose in his might, and entering into the proud and covetous Bishop of Rome, caused him, for gain and for power, like another Judas, to betray the son of man with a kiss of hypocritical homage; and so the enemy of God and man made Rome, still more than ever, his stronghold; and erected into it the *see* of the successors of "the son of perdition." Then Rome became the seat of that Archdeception, and mistress of all delusions, and abomination of abominations, with which all the kings of the earth have committed whoredom, the infernal device of the Papacy. That this startling statement is solemn truth we now proceed to show from the testimony of "the disciple whom Jesus loved;" and who points out ROME as the great Babylon which is become "the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." In the xii. and xiii. chapters of Revelation, St. John gives us a sublime and wonderful picture of the Christian Church in her exultation, and in her subsequent sorrows; and in terrible contrast with this angelic spouse of the Redeemer,

who is clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, he portrays her deadly rival—the Papacy—under the semblance of a horrible carnage—coloured dragon with seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. That the sun-clothed woman is the true Church of Christ on earth there can be no doubt, for in xii. 17, we see that her seed are noticed as they “who keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.” The luminaries around the Church of Christ mean here, as in other prophecies, chief rulers of the earth in their different degrees and orders. The sun and moon symbolizing the chief secular governors, and the stars the angels or presiding ministers of the Church. (Rev. i. 20.) The heaven here spoken of cannot mean God’s throne, but as in vi. 14 refers to the assembled constellation of the Princes and Governors of the Roman empire; and “the travailing of the woman clothed with the sun” represents the sudden increase of the Church. When after long and painful labour (persecutions of Pagan Rome so bitter as to draw forth the doleful lamentations c. vi. 10, “How long, O Lord, holy and true?”) her cause was suddenly supported by the two highest in rank in the Roman empire—Constantine and the second Emperor—and in the light of their countenance she became the joyful mother of a Christian kingdom, and “a nation was born at once to our travailing Zion.” (Is. lvi., 8.) But this state of exultation roused the fury of the old “serpent and his seed,” whose enmity to the woman and her seed” never knows rest or change. So Pagan Rome rose fiercely against her under the symbol of the great red dragon—having crowns upon the heads, but no crowns upon the horns, to denote that the empire had not yet fallen into ten separate kingdoms. Mr. Elliot has shown that the adoption of the dragon on their ensigns about the close of the third century, and the assumption of the “diadems” by Diocletian still more distinctly fix the period of this vision. Thus the association of Christ’s true Church with the honors of the world was brief indeed; for no sooner was the exaltation of God’s true people—“the man child”—effected, than the Church was compelled to fly into seclusion, as a place better suited to her purity, than

the heaven of temporal greatness. Her children weaned from the earth by persecution sought their true heaven in the throne of God, whither in heart and mind they ascended to their Saviour, in whom their life was hidden, and with whom they continually dwelt by faith. But the dragon "prevailed not" for in the year A.D. 324 the ancient Paganism was overthrown and this triumphal song of the Christians echoed from earth to heaven, "now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God and the power of His Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down.....and they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death. Therefore rejoice ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them."

But "we have no abiding city here." So quickly sounds of woe smite sadly on the Prophet's ear. Hence we learn that a period of apparent security is always a time of danger to "the Church of Christ militant here on earth." The cause of alarm is indicated verse 12, "for the Devil is come down unto you having great wrath." Arianism—the foul heresy which denies the Redeemer's divinity—and the Macedonian heresy, which denied the personality and divinity of the Holy Ghost, together with other heresies and superstitions, were immediately poured out of the Serpent's mouth, and this flood of corruptions drove the Church into the *wilderness* of comparative invisibility. So to the taunting question so often put to us by Romanists,—“Where was your Church before Luther?” our reply is thus given,—“She was driven to the wilderness,” but she was borne thither on the “eagles' wings” for the two grand doctrines which lift a Church as on two wings to heaven,—“Justification by faith in the blood of the God-man, Christ Jesus, and sanctification by the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost in the believer's soul,—were confirmed at the second general council of Constantinople, A.D. 381, which condemned the heresies of Arius and Macedonius. As Mrs. Martin beautifully observes, “with such doctrines, even in the wilderness, the soul draws from Christ full and refreshing sustenance, as well as spiritual life.” Now the time fast drew nigh, when as Mr. Elliott observes, the wily serpent having failed

with his first selected weapons, devised a scheme worthy of the father of lies—namely, to form within the Church itself a perfect anti-Christendom; or to rear under the name of Christianity, that stupendous fabric of idolatry, superstition, and tyranny, which should, by means of her own faithless sons, drive the woman to the “place prepared of God” for her. In the vision of the Prophet, (chap. xiii.) there arises out of the sea—that is, out of the troubled state of the Roman empire—a huge beast, with seven heads and ten horns, to which the dragon gives his seat, and his power, and great authority; but the crowns are now placed upon the horns, and on the heads, instead of the royal diadem, we see written the name of blasphemy. The evil nature and permitted power of this hideous monster, is the same with Daniel’s little horn, of which we have spoken so largely, “having given to him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies which he opened in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven; and it was given him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them.” What makes the likeness of this beast with Daniel’s little horn complete, is, that the appointed time given to each is exactly the same. “Power was given to him to continue forty and two months;” that is, twelve hundred and sixty prophetic days, a day for a year. As the limit of the dominion is the same in both cases, so is the beginning; for the crowns which sparkled on the ten horns of the beast in St. John’s vision, indicated the complete dissolution of the Roman empire into ten separate kingdoms, as contemporaneous with the rise of the Papacy, precisely as Daniel had foretold in his description, the rise of the little horn after the ten horns had appeared on the nondescript animal, by which he symbolized the Roman empire.

It is unnecessary for us to show that this description of St. John’s beast applies as accurately to the Papacy as that of Daniel’s little horn, which we have already proved identical with it. The same superhuman arrogance, blasphemy against God, idolatry, and furious persecution of his people, grievously reflect the express image of the Papacy. But there are additional particulars supplied in St. John’s vision which most wonderfully heighten the likeness. See “all

the world wondering after the beast and worshipping it, saying, Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him? And how all that dwell upon the earth (prophetically for the Roman empire) shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb." Here we have the astonishing sway over the human mind solely on religious grounds, and the universal reception of its corruption, excepting only by the elect of God, which the Papacy so glories in as notes of a true Church, but which are really fresh marks identifying it with the beast. The seven heads of the dragon denoted the seven different forms of government exercised in Pagan Rome, viz., kings, consuls, dictators, decemvirs, military tribunes, emperors; and in the reign of Diocletian, a new form of government appeared, when the Persian diadem was assumed, and the title changed to "Sovereign of the Roman world;" but all the heads retain "the name of blasphemy," to which, as well as to its idolatrous and tyrannical nature, Rome, under each new form of government, most tenaciously adhered. We read that one of these heads was "wounded to death;" this refers to the time when the empire lost its Pagan character, and was converted to Christianity, in the time of Constantine, but "its deadly wound was healed," when it lapsed again into idolatry.

But see in this portentous vision of the future, a new wonder appears! "I beheld," says the Apostle, "another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake as a dragon; and he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth, and them which dwell therein, to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed." This vision represents a body of falsely teaching Clergy, quietly and craftily arising, not from the tumultuous sea, but from the earth, as gradually and silently as plants spring up. The two horns aptly represent the two great bodies into which the Romish Clergy are divided,—regular or monastic, and secular or parochial,—distinct, indeed, but uniting their strength for the aggrandisement of the first beast or Papal empire. Their assumption of Christianity is shewn by their resemblance to a lamb, even the lamb of God, while the idola-

trous nature of their doctrine is shewn by the beast "speaking as a dragon!" We have fully shewn how the Romish Clergy "exercise the power" of the Papal see, and are its unscrupulous and indefatigable agents: and also the censures, interdicts, and excommunications, by which they scatter its thunderbolts, and the "lying wonders," such as miraculous images, liquefying blood, and the wafer which they pretend to have been changed by their incantations into the Lord Jesus Christ, by which they delude unfortunate souls. A further and remarkable coincidence between this symbol of the Romish Clergy, and the actual working of the Papal system is pointed out by Mr. Elliott, in his interpretation of "The Image of the Beast," as the expression of the Pontiff's WILL, or representation of his mind given to the world, in the decrees and councils, which were endowed with LIFE and SPEECH by the co-operation of the Romish Clergy, or they never would have been submitted to, and this with the sole alternative of death.

How this portraiture agrees with that of the "conscience-seared hypocritical liars" predicted by St. Paul, as the agents of the great apostacy! This is not all. Three classes of persons in St. John's days had marks imprinted on them, either the name of their master, or a characteristic emblem, or a hieroglyphic number. Now in the true spirit of hypocritical lying, while the Papacy in reality rejects the *finished* work of the Redeemer, by offering daily pretended sacrifices, &c., &c., it adopts the cross as a distinctive emblem. Bishops place a cross before their name; and Priests at ordination service, receive the cross in the hand; and in the mass, and their other services, they incessantly make this sign; and in the Pontifical there is a service which the Pope uses in worshipping the cross on each Good-Friday, because *Latria*, or worship of the highest degree, is said to be due to the material cross; and Romish Priests communicate this sign in nearly every religious ordinance, "to small and great, rich and poor." And it is under this grievously abused emblem that Crusaders are enrolled to fight against heretics: and towards all who refuse this perverted symbol, the exclusive dealing of "refusing to buy and sell" is practised to this very hour, wherever "it is safe

for mother Church" to exercise this mark of the beast, as in Piedmont, or Ireland.

The Prophet concludes this description by giving us the mystic number by which we may discover the beast; for in the days of St. John numbers were used to designate personages of great note; and letters in the Greek and Hebrew language were made to stand for numbers. "The number is 666, and it is the number of a man." Irenæus, who lived in the second century, proposed the name of *Lateinos*, which exactly contains the required number, as follows:—L. 30; A. 1; T. 300; E. 5; I. 10; N. 50; O. 70; S. 200. "It seems to me," he says, "very probable that *Lateinos*, *the Latin*, is the name; for this is the last of Daniel's four kingdoms, they being Latins that now reign." What a very astounding and undesigned coincidence between St. Paul and St. John in their respective accounts of the period in which the great Papal apostacy should appear in its strength! We have seen the former fixing the removal of the Roman Emperor, as the starting point of the wicked race of "the man of sin," and the latter refers it here to the very same period, because it was when the western empire was broken up into ten barbaric kingdoms, that the eastern empire retained to itself the time-honoured name of Romans, and affixed to the western the title of *Latin*, which was derived from *Lateinos*, the ancient founder of the kingdom of Latium. It has been noted as a truly wonderful fact, that no other word, in any language, can so perfectly express the same number, and the same thing, as this word *Lateinos* or *Latin*. It should be, indeed, "a word of fear, ill-omened," to the Popish ear, for it is branded in enormous characters upon the Papal system. In defiance of Scripture, which prohibits worship in an unknown tongue, (Cor. xiv.) in despite of common sense, which shows its inutility as a means of instruction, the Latin tongue, though for many ages a dead language, must be used universally in the Romish Church. Mass, prayers, hymns, litanies, canons, decretals, bulls are all given in *Latin*. The Papal councils speak in *Latin*, and the *Latin* vulgate is the only authorized version of Holy Scripture. In fact, the Pope has communicated the Latin language to

all under his dominion, as the mark of his empire; and the Latin language must remain thus honoured in the Popish Church until its destruction. Why? Because "Lateinos," or Latin, is the number 666, and it is the number of the beast, as well as the name of the ancient Italian King. So the LATIN mass as surely indicates the wild beast of St. John, as the deep-toned growl which re-echoes through the forest shades, betokens the Bengal tiger's approach. Oh that it was as efficacious in awakening the poor travellers Rome-ward to their awful peril, that they might escape the fell destroyer's fangs!

After these scenes of horror, what a beautiful contrast, and what a relief to the eye of the believer, is presented by St. John, in chap. xiv. It is a joyful vision which suits the grand crisis of the Reformation, when the slain witnesses rose from the dead, and the tenth part of Babylon fell. We behold a lamb standing on His holy hill of Zion. Here we are free from the blighting presence of the Papal beast, with the horns of a lamb professing Christ, while it is really Anti-Christ, and "speaks like a dragon," inculcating idolatry and cruelty. But the true "lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," He is surrounded by a vast multitude, who appear with "His Father's name written on their foreheads." These are no worshippers of the Papacy, but of the true God, whose word they take as a rule of faith, and by which they have known and loved "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." They stand on holy ground, even mount Sion, for they have been rescued from the cursed territory of Rome. In the delight which thrills every nerve at their glorious freedom, they pour forth a new song,—a confession of Christ as their only Mediator, and the praise of the one God in Trinity, and no hope or refuge but in Him. A song for many centuries almost unheard. Oh how different is their character from that of the Papal agents! The latter "conscience-seared hypocritical liars," bound by their corrupt Church "to know one thing and swear another, although the life of a man, or the safety of the empire should be destroyed by their perjury.* The companions of the lamb are different indeed, "for in

* Dens in Sigillo.

their mouth was found no guile;" and they are pure from the stain of the spiritual fornication or idolatry of "the rest of men." Christ is the magnet which attracts their souls incessantly. "They follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." "They are without fault before the throne of God," because, by faith, "Christ is made of God unto them wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." Hence, their song is of heavenly sweetness, and it is raised in grand chorus by many Protestant Princes, and tongues, and nations—in prophetic language the waters and thunders—to the grand accompaniment of golden harps—the heavenly-renewed "hearts in which they make melody to the Lord." What a glorious company! These are "the redeemed from among men being the first fruits unto God and to the Lamb;" they are the earnest of a future blessed and abundant harvest, when "the fulness of the Gentiles" shall come in, and "all Israel shall be saved." Alas, that we must here abruptly turn from this enrapturing vision to consider the mystical Babylon, and show its identity with Papal Rome!

St. John (chaps. xvii., xviii., xix.) delineates Papal Rome as the chief seat of the great foretold apostacy, and details its awful wickedness and terrible downfall in a magnificent sketch, which, for sublimity of conception, and splendour of imagery, is unrivalled in all the prophetic writings. The true Church of Christ had already been described under the emblem of His spotless bride driven into the wilderness, and escaping persecution in the remote vallies of the Alps and other hidden retreats. In the new scene now exhibited in this grand prophetic panorama, we behold the Church of Anti-Christ also represented as a woman; but oh, how different! Behold! a most abandoned harlot, who glories in her shame, as she parades her way, clothed magnificently in scarlet, and sparkling with gems of price, borne aloft on the scarlet coloured beast with seven heads and ten horns, which is full of names of blasphemy. In her outstretched hand she presents a golden cup full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications; and upon her forehead blazes the terrible inscription—"MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT,

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THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH." This horrible woman is most loathsome to the eyes, for she "is drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus." So strange and appalling is this spectacle, that St. John, accustomed as he was to visions of wonder and horror, "wondered with great admiration." His guiding angel, however, expounds the mystery, and the interpretation identifies the mystical Babylon and Papal Rome with more than noon-day clearness. The scarlet coloured beast is the same as that described in the xiii. chapter; and as the seven heads are now expounded to be emblematic of the seven mountains of Rome, as well as of its seven forms of government; and the ten horns as denoting the ten European kingdoms, springing from the western empire, and uniting their strength to defend Rome, we can have no doubt that this shocking monster represents the Papacy in its fully developed deformity and power. As for the vile harlot, the angel expressly tells John, "the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." Now this statement can only apply to ROME, which, in St. John's day, was the metropolis of the world; and there are points in this description which emphatically represent the woman sitting on the beast, as emblematic—not of Pagan—but of Papal Rome, as "the mistress of all Churches," and "sitting upon," or despotically ruling the Papal Churches and kingdoms. Pagan Rome received into the number of her Gods, all the objects of worship in every country conquered by her arms, but she never forced or seduced any nation to receive her own false worship, which could scarcely be called spiritual fornication, as she never knew a purer faith. But Papal Rome indeed played the harlot, not heeding the warning voice of Paul. (Rom. xi., 20—23.) She corrupted the true faith in the atoning blood and meditorial office of the Redeemer, by the admixture of saint-worship, bread-worship, and image-worship; so she fell away into the apostacy, and "left her first-love," and committed spiritual fornication. With the glittering appendages of her idolatry, "the golden cup"—the fragrant incense—the ear-capti-

vating music—the eye entralling splendour of embroidered vestments—and the very noblest efforts of the architect, and the painter, and the sculptor—she has seduced the nations to embrace her corrupted creed : so that not only the kings of the (prophetic) earth, but also their subjects, have been drunken, and lost their spiritual discernment “with the wine of her fornication.” The purple and scarlet colour, the gold, and precious stones, and pearls, which form the pompous attire of the Pope and his Cardinals, are discovered in their infamous type.

The true character of the Romish Church shines out—like the mystic letters on the wall—upon her forehead. Here we have inscribed, by the finger of God, her real titles, not of honour, which she so affects, but of “shame and everlasting contempt,”—“MYSTERY.” The very title which blazed in golden letters on the front of the Papal mitre, till removed by Julius III., and which denotes the depth of her subtle mixture of truth with error, that enables her to hold all scriptural verities, and teach only error. “BABYLON THE GREAT.” Here we see an allusion to her pretended claim to the title of CATHOLIC, and also to the oppressing captivity to which she subjects the true people of God. “THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS, AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.” She calls herself “the Mother of all Churches” and our “Holy Mother the Church,” but in truth she is the fruitful parent of every species of idolatry and profligacy, which in Papal Rome abounds to a most revolting degree. In that abandoned capital there is scarcely a shrine without its peculiar relics, images, and falsehood teaching pictures, provocative of idolatry : and in the times of the Reformation such was the unbridled profligacy of Papal Rome, that Luther tells us of a deep lake near a great monastery there, which, when drained, exhibited the shocking sight of the skulls of six thousand infants !

But the trait which more readily strikes the eye as infallibly indicating Papal Rome, is her fiendish delight in persecuting the true people of God. “She is *drunken* with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.” St. John would not have “wondered with great

admiration" at this riot in the blood of the saints, if committed by Pagan Rome, whose ruthless hostility had driven him into exile at Patmos: but it was indeed an astounding sight to see a professedly Christian Church, guilty of such atrocious cruelties towards Christ's people, as to throw completely into the shade all the persecutions of the heathen Emperors. If Rome Pagan has slain her thousands of innocent Christians, Rome Papal has slain her tens of thousands.

Witness the bloody crusades which she stirred up against those harmless "martyrs of Jesus," the Albigenes, during one of which, in the city of Beziers alone, upwards of 30,000 were massacred in one day, the Pope's legate, with uplifted crucifix, crying aloud, "Kill all and God will know his own." Witness the poor Waldenses, those

"Slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains celd,
Even them who kept the truth so pure of old;
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.

* * * * *

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven."

Witness the massacres, almost amounting to extermination, in the low countries, where the Duke of Alva, "a true bred Roman," boasted that in the space of nine years he had destroyed 86,000 Protestants by the hands of the executioner. Witness the massacres of St. Bartholomew's day, when King Charles IX. assisted in person, and boasted that he had sacrificed in that night of horror 70,000 Protestants; for which massacre the Pope had the "Te Deum" sung in the Chapel of the Vatican, and issued a bull for a jubilee to be celebrated throughout France in commemoration of "the happy success against his heretic subjects," and wrote with his own hand to the French king, exhorting him to "pursue this salutary and blessed enterprise." Witness that most direful instrument of Popery, the accursed Inquisition. Of that dark and dreadful tribunal little is known, for few survived to tell what they suffered; but Llorente, who was

himself officially connected with it, says that in Spain alone three hundred and forty-one thousand persons were condemned by it! Of the ceaseless persecution which the Papacy has ever waged against the ancient people of God, we need not speak here. An Inquisitor once exclaimed, "Give me a Jew in my crucible and I will show you a residuum of ashes." A beautiful young Jewess, in the multitudinous procession of victims at an "auto da fe," was forced out of the line of march, and approached the Queen of Spain. She lifted her fair hands in an ecstasy of terror, and cried aloud, "Mercy for the love of God." Alas! there was neither mercy nor the love of God to be found in the breast of the royal lady, who turned away panic-stricken at the appeal, because Philip III. had been rebuked by the Grand Inquisitor for exhibiting compassion at another "auto da fe," and was refused absolution for his sin until a cupful of blood had been drawn from his arm, by way of penance, and burned publicly by the common executioner. Oh, what revelations of the blood-thirsty spirit of this *true* Babylon could be given us by the prisons at Goa, which were often literally flooded with the gore of God's persecuted people. But why traverse foreign shores? In our own land the voice of the blood of the martyrs still cries from beneath the altar, and the spirits of Cranmer, and of Ridley—of Latimer, and of our noble army of martyrs—come to our summons, as witnesses, to prove that Papal Rome is indeed the "*BABYLON drunken with the blood of the saints,*" and that her thirst for their blood is not and never shall be slaked; for whenever she awakes in her might her voice is always heard on high crying, "I will seek it yet again," for a drunkard of blood she is and will continue while she exists.

Two more points in this soul-harrowing picture instantly remind us of Rome Papal, while they do not at all apply to Rome Pagan. We find (chap. xviii. 13,) that the chief source of her wealth is in "the souls of men"—a clear allusion to her abominable traffic in sin, and its pretended pardons and redemption from purgatorial flames "for money," of which we have already spoken; and (in chap. xvii. 2 and 13,) the

vast political influence of the Papacy is also noted when it is said by the angel that the ten kings have committed spiritual fornication with the beast, or, in other words, joined in Papal Rome's idolatrous worship, and thus "have one mind, and shall give their power and strength to the beast," from a religious or rather an anti-Christian principle, which forms the sole bond of union. Who could affirm these things of old Rome, whose strong right hand seized its treasure, and subdued with iron grasp its tributary kingdoms? Indeed, ancient Rome might well repudiate any similarity with this prophetic picture, and refer it to her perfidious and cowardly successor, whom she might address in the indignant words of her own martial chieftain, "Measureless liar! I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman!" But the angel (in chap. xvii. 10 and 11,) removes all doubt when he tells St. John that the great city was now under its sixth form of government—the empire—and after the seventh dynasty, when the Persian diadem and eastern ceremonies should be assumed, the eighth or *Papal* rule should commence; and the monstrous beast "which was and is not" (that is which, under the seventh form of government, should for a time become Christian, and thus cease to bear its bestial character for a time, but should again resume it, when it should become the seat of "the man of sin") should fully appear in its cruel and idolatrous character. The enumeration of the ten kingdoms, into which Pagan Rome was dissolved simultaneously, with the rise of the Papacy, is equally conclusive in forbidding the application of this prophecy to ancient Rome. Lastly, John beheld the total destruction by *fire* of the Rome indicated in his vision; none can attach this most important point of prophetic delineation to Rome Pagan, of which such a vast part remains to this day, in all its pristine grandeur."

Before we describe the closing scenes of the 1260th year, which shall eventuate in the awful downfall of mystical Babylon, we must note two most consolatory truths recorded in the prophecies of St. John. Upon discovering that Britain originally formed one of the ten kingdoms subject to the Papal monster, we cannot but feel intense

alarm at the sad attempts which have been lately made by Romanizing Clergy to seduce us once again to put away "the cup of salvation," and drink of the poisoned golden cup of Rome's idolatry.

The astonishing energy shown by those degenerate sons of our Church in their unholy efforts to cast most cruel aspersions upon our glorious Reformers, and the noble articles and liturgy which they watered with their blood and bedewed with their tears, and the flattering pictures which they give of our "gentle Mother Church of Rome," in their "Tracts for the Times," in their pulpit addresses, and even in little children's books, as well as in our most leading publications, together with the Romish innovations in the services, and in the adornment of so many of our Churches, vastly deepen our alarm. These efforts have already drawn away numbers to the Anti-Christian communion of Babylon. Shall they triumph in the spiritual ruin of our country?.....Blessed be God for the strong consolation! we read (in Rev. xi. 13,) that in the great earthquake of the Reformation, which shook Rome to her centre, that *one-tenth* part of the city should fall, and there is no intimation that it should ever be rebuilt. Again, we have vouchsafed to us the cheering hope of the conversion of many souls to God, even in doomed Babylon, before her last hour shall have struck. St. Paul, (2 Thess. ii. 8,) predicts that the Lord shall consume, or *waste* away the great apostacy by the Spirit of His mouth; that is to say, by His word fully circulated and faithfully preached; *before* He shall destroy it by the brightness of His coming." Likewise, St. John (Rev. xix.) intimates an extraordinary diffusion of Gospel truth before the fall of miserable Babylon, when he describes the great angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying, "Fear God and give glory to Him, for the hour of His judgment is come." This good news is further confirmed by the Apostle, (chapter xviii.) where immediately preceding the ruin of Papal Rome, another great "angel comes down from heaven, having

great power, and the earth is lightened by his glory." Such wonderful diffusion of gospel light will be followed by another astonishing manifestation of Divine love, which "willeth not the death of a sinner," in the sweet accents of that still small voice, which shall issue from heaven direct, and shall penetrate into the inmost recesses of "that habitation of devils, and of every foul spirit, and every unclean and hurtful bird," saying, "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not her plagues." What blessed encouragement for our missionary labour amongst poor Romanists!

Alas! the seventh vial of chastisement, under which Rome *now* stands unhumbled, is at last fully drained—the voice of mediatorial mercy ceases, for "her sins have reached to heaven." Her ghastly cruelties, enormous frauds, and hideous blasphemies cease not. She is utterly UNCHANGED and UNCHANGEABLE. In her "is still found the blood of prophets and of saints." The decree goes forth. The mighty angel casts the vast millstone into the deep, and as it sinks in the troubled waters the thunderbolt falls. *The seven hills of Rome are composed of volcanic tufa*—subterranean fires rush forth at the Divine command. "In one day she shall be utterly consumed, and the smoke of her burning shall be seen afar off, and that great city Babylon shall be no more found at all." The self-same sun, whose rising beams gilded the towers of Sodom and Gomorrah, cast its setting rays upon their smoking ruins. So shall it be with Babylon the great, and "the merchants of the earth,"—the covetous Priests, whose trade was in "*the souls of men*," "shall weep and mourn over her, for by her sorceries were all nations deceived." Soon they shall weep for themselves, for at the fierce battle of Armageddon, they shall fall before the sword of "Messiah, the Prince," who shall spiritually, or personally, appear there in all His native glory—no more an humbled and despised man of sorrows, but a conquering Monarch. Every eye shall see Him as he descends from the riven heavens. Behold him! Behold him! He comes in all his glory to avenge his insulted majesty on the infernal "mystery of iniquity,"

which has now for full 1260 years placed his gracious word under a ban, and blasphemously substituted sinful Priests on earth, or departed saints in heaven, and all their foul attendant superstitions, in His own mediatorial office, which was the purchase of His own precious blood.

See Him approaching! He is "the *faithful* and *true*,—in righteousness He judges and makes war. His eyes are as a flame of fire, and on His head are many crowns;" and the incommunicable name JEHOVAH shows Him to be "perfect God, as well as perfect man." "His robe is dipped in blood," even in that all-cleansing stream, which flowed on Calvary's cross. He is the great Creator, whose fiat spoke all things into being; for his name is called "*The Word of God*;" "out of His mouth goeth a sharp sword, to smite the nations"—even His word—"the sword of the spirit," which shall now judge all that despised and disobeyed it; for now the day of grace is gone—and the hour of vengeance is come—when Messiah "shall tread the wine press of the fierceness, and wrath of Almighty God," and all the blasphemous titles of Anti-Christ shall wax dim before the name written on Christ's vesture, and on His thigh,—"**KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.**" Jesus is not alone, for in every age His true people have never been forsaken, and have never perished; so innumerable armies of heaven follow in His train, clothed in white robes, which have been purified in His blood. Oh, how instant and complete is their triumph!

The Papal beast for a little season only surviving the ruin of his seat at Rome; and the false Prophet—the teachers of lies which they declare to be God's truth—are taken captive, and "cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."

The author and prime mover of all this delusion, that old serpent which is the Devil and Satan, "is next bound and cast into the bottomless pit in which he is sealed up until the thousand years, for which he is doomed to captivity, are expired, "that he shall deceive the nations no more." Hark! The great voice of much people in heaven chaunt this song of triumph:—"Alleluia, salvation, and

glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are His judgments ; for He hath judged the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication, and hath avenged the blood of His saints at her hand. And again they said Alleluia. And her smoke rose up for ever and ever !'

THE END.

J. PULLEYN, PRINTER, SILVER-STREET, HULL.

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