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PRIESTLY  
HYPOCRISY UNVEILED,

BY A LEVITE:

BEING A

DEFENCE OF THE CONFESSION OF FAITH,

AS OPPOSED BY THE REV. ALEX. MUNRO, LATE PROFESSOR OF  
THEOLOGY IN THE SCOTTISH COLLEGE OF VALLADOLID, IN  
HIS WORK ON CALVINISM.

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# PRIESTLY HYPOCRISY UNVEILED.

## TO THE READER.

THREE centuries and a half since Europe rang with religious discussions. That mighty movement took a form which has since been known as the Reformation. The Papacy now well nigh at the nadir of degradation, was then at the zenith of her power. Theology, the science of God, which Aristotle terms the most sublime and useless of sciences, had been taught in the Roman Church, from the days when the great Augustine opposed the heresy of Pelagius, by two different schools, since termed Calvinistic and Arminian: the former having the balance of orthodoxy in its favour, until the sitting of the Council of Trent, though the differences between them were never dogmatically settled by infallibility. Every national church that left the communion of Rome began its separate ecclesiastical existence with a Calvinistic creed. The doctrines of grace largely impregnating the Protestant Churches, infidelity was unknown, and did not take organic form or find bold expression to its negations for more than a century after the death of Luther. Scotland is more Calvinistic, England more Arminian: the latter keeps many atheistical lecturers, the former not one. North Britain has produced but one great free-thinker (Hume), S. B., many. I have met with several sceptics who had professed Christianity, in some of its manifold diluted forms, but not one had been a five-points-man. Let a man believe that he can, by native power, save himself, and such belief has a natural tendency to lead him to esteem lightly the true Saviour. Such believers do, in pride, often cast off the last shred of feigned allegiance to Him. Hence, since Rome, through antagonism to Calvinistic Protestantism, has favoured less and less the doctrines of grace, we are presented with R. C. cities almost wholly given over to infidelity, nay, nations losing well nigh every vestige of true religion. The Latin race has been the most Papal and the least faithful to gospel truth. Before the late struggle between the Teutonic and Gallic races it was said Germany was only a trifling advance on the Latin nations in this respect, that Rationalism had as truly, though in a less gross form, destroyed the vital action of Christianity in the fatherland of thought. Previous to the commencement of the titanic war, the Germans anticipated the dread collision by a national fast. When the campaign opened, as often as practicable the soldiers of the line closed the

day with even-song and prayer. After the long combat merged into final triumph there was a national recognition of Jehovah Sabaoth. Indeed, so much was this the case that enemies termed the Germans pharisees, hypocrites, &c., thereby clearing them from the stigma of being infidels. Huguenots, Puritans, Covenanters practically proved that no theological system is so well adapted to bring forth the severe, stern, ennobling and Christ-like virtue of humanity as Calvinism. No fortitude, nor *vim* exceeds that of a true son of Geneva. Not only is Calvin fatal to Infidelity and its forerunner Rationalism, but equally so to Popery and its harbinger Ritualism, the shame and bane of the Anglican Church. None of her sons are guilty of dallying with the woman of the golden cup filled with drugged wine, if true to the 17th of the 39 articles. Who ever heard of a Calvinistic Unitarian, Mormon, Swedenborgian or Christadelphian? Presbyterians are free from these broad nuisances, because they hold the theology of Westminster. If ever the fatal day arrive (*absit omen*), when Scotia casts aside her Confession of Faith, infidelity in some of its many dark shades will find a lodgement in the hearts of many of her sons, unto the deterioration of her national character. Calvinism lies under this disadvantage; at first blush of thought it seems monstrously absurd, and the creed of all known least adapted to grapple with the wickedness of man. Shew an intelligent Hindoo a cubic foot of coal for the first time. Tell him it contains more light than the lamp he nightly trims, and more heat than would boil his rice ten times. He looks at it, feels it, breaks it, and disbelieves. You extemporise a retort, make gas, burn it, lay the remainder of your coal on his wood fire. His eyes glisten with delight and astonishment. You now shew him a similar block and say, "this like the other was once part of a gigantic forest; it lived, grew, was waved by the winds. It contains old sun beams which were given forth by the burning orb of day before Dhawalagiri lifted its awful snow crowned head, or the Ganges rolled his sacred tide to old ocean. It was stored in the caverns of the earth by Providence, when, as yet though time was, chronology was not, for there was then "no man to till the earth." You have plunged him into scepticism the second time, and more deeply than before. He can only be cured by a course of instruction on geology, mineralogy, periods, deposits, fauna, flora, &c. Arminianism has this advantage. It is like the Ptolemaic system of the universe, which supposed the earth to be an extended plain in a state of rest, around which sun, moon and stars revolve daily. The

entire theory seems true at first sight. Experience discovers facts insoluble by this view, and gradually deliberation demonstrates its falsity. No dogmas bring out the "odium theologicum," the bitter enmities of the carnal heart against divine doctrines so clearly as Calvinism. I lately received a pamphlet, entitled "Errors of the Churches considered." By a working man. Its last words were, "Calvinism contains the worst doctrines that ever were *invented!* It is a devil-delighting, but, in the extreme, a God-dishonouring system. We would as soon have fellowship with an incarnate devil as with a Calvinist." I contend whether on the Green, platform, or paper, not against Arminians, but against principles. To me a man is more precious than a wedge of the gold of Ophir. This little work contains nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice. The scholar whose book is herein analysed is as unknown to me as Runjeet Singh. I now, reader, make my retiring bow to you and lift my chapeau

#### TO THE REV. A. MUNRO.

REV. SIR,—On the evening of December 20th, 1871, you and I attended an educational meeting in the City Hall. James Baird, Esq., presided. You wrote a public letter to that gentleman, stating your imaginary grievances in respect to his chairmanship. A copy of your pamphlet was sent to me. In it was an advertisement of a work entitled, "Calvinism in its relations to Scripture and Reason." Not knowing a work against the doctrines of grace that can bear inspection beneath the combined light of the Scriptures and Common Sense, I visited H. Margey and eased him of a copy, a favour which, judging from appearances, no one else had done probably for six months, and possibly for six years. I now present you with the result of my analysis.

#### CHAP. 1ST—"GOD COMMANDS US TO DO IMPOSSIBILITIES."

Your Introduction attacks a leader of the Reformation:—"Although Hamilton is reckoned among the martyrs of the Scottish Reformation, no sect of the present day would acknowledge him as a member, unless he were prepared to subscribe a much more extensive Confession of Faith than the Reformation had in his day discovered. He maintained that God requires man to keep all the commandments, although their observance be impossible. (The law biddeth us do that which is impossible for us; for it bids us keep all the commandments of God; and yet it is not in our power to keep any of them.) This appears so indefensible

to you that you again attack it at p. 97: "The Doctrines of the Scottish Confession of Faith are subversive of the Divine Justice. It is unjust and tyrannical to require of any man a service which it is impossible for him to render. But the C. of F. represents God as requiring from his creatures services which it is impossible for them to render; therefore the C. of F. represents God as tyrannical and unjust." You return to the attack at pps. 103, 106. I am amazed that a professor of theology should not see the correctness of Hamilton's thesis. God requires you to love Him with all your powers and faculties, and your neighbour as yourself, from womb to tomb, as laid down in the Larger Catechism (293), which you, approving, term "very satisfactory," and comment on thus: "Now, without contradicting himself, God cannot fail to require this real and personal obedience to the Law; for *he cannot cease to desire that his own will should be accomplished.*" Does He truly ask so much of us? Can we give it? You reply twice yes—however, your Church says "yes" to the former query, but "no" to the second. One of the canons passed in the Fourth Lateran Council is: "All members shall communicate at Easter, such communion being preceded by confession." If all confess yearly, surely they are expected to confess something. Confession without sin would be as music without sound, so that you positively expect all under your ghostly care to sin. Imagine that when walking along the Clyde-side, you meet with Bridget O'Rourke, and remembering that you have not seen her at confession for a long time, say, "Bridget, how is it you neglect your duties? I have not seen you at either mass or confession for a long while." She answers with a low curtsy: "Confession, did your Reverence say? Sure now I never sin, and so don't need to come. And as to mass, you told us Christ was crucified for sinners, and as I have left off sinning, I don't need the sacrifice." Honestly, would not a cold dread creep over you, and the ugly thought present itself, "Bridget has fallen into the hands of those wretched revivalists?" Why should you practically agree with Hamilton, and yet theoretically oppose him? Your Masses, Absolutions, Indulgences, Penances, Extreme Unction, Purgatory, and all that Intercession of Mary and the saints, imply that your people are violators of God's holy law. I venture to think you priests would look upon a member of the Roman-catholic Church who never received more than one Sacrament, viz., Baptism, did nothing in the way of Confession, &c., very much as a waiter in an hotel does upon a teetotaler. How could your heart warm to

a person who was your spiritual superior, and yet you were his ecclesiastical superior? However, don't be put about. Griffins and Unicorns are as real as Papists keeping the Decalogue. God does indeed ask the impossible. A certain man got £15 in debt, which he is well able to pay, but takes sprints, in one of which he falls on a muddy road, and there lies for two hours before the policeman observes him. He is taken to a cold cell, where he lies for hours. This results in illness, and that leads to insolvency. Does the law of Scotland hold him under obligation to pay though he is unable? Or a boy from Dalbeth joins the "Cumberland," and afterward volunteers into the "Black Prince." Getting weary of the sea he turns poltroon, smashing his thumb with a hand-spike. Query thereupon. Has Victoria no claim upon him because he cannot do the duty of an able-bodied seaman? You believe in the existence of Satan. Can he love God and do good? If he be under no obligation to do so, *no law no sin*, which makes him guiltless. But we both hold him to be the chief of sinners, which implies that he violates his obligations. It is, then, manifest that God does require what we cannot do. The knot is untied by observing that we and devils once had that power, but suicidally cast it from us—we in Adam, they, each by his own act. The moral creature can cast from himself ability to obey, but can he with equal ease cast aside obligations to obedience? Say we can cast off obligations, and you grant that creatures can become morally independent of their Creator. Jesus said, "Be ye perfect," and He became our ensample to show us how to do it. Who of the sons of the dust has yet reached that stature, and accurately copied the Divine type? At p. 103 you say: "God desires (obedience), not solely because of the intrinsic holiness of the law, but also as a means to an end. *It is the condition of salvation.*" Then we shall all be damned, for God said by Paul, "By the deeds of law (not *the law* given by Moses, any law) shall no flesh living be justified, for by law cometh the knowledge of sin." How beautiful! Here is the benevolence of the Lord in demanding a debt we cannot pay. It is that we may feel our insolvency, and ask pardon for Christ's holy sake. Our Lord said to that foolish young man, that if he would enter into life he should keep the commandments. There are two ways of getting out of debt: payment and forgiveness. "One was brought unto him which owed him a myriad of talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant

therefore fell down and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt." In view of so vast a debt, our right way is not to plead bankruptcy, and promise an insulting trifle in the talent, but declare ourselves right down insolvent, casting ourselves upon the mercy of the court of heaven, when we shall stand at once indebted by fact, but discharged by grace. Rome demands Auricular Confession of all her sons, and yet, odd to say, professes to teach that her children can keep the commandments, thus condemning her proteges; for if they can keep them and yet don't, it must be because they won't, which is worse than the Presbyterian, who says: "The law is holy, just, and good, but I am carnal, sold under sin." Adam bound me hand and foot; I am then presented with an implement of industry, and am shown what work I have to perform. Have you never heard the seraphic Isaiah say: "All we like sheep have gone astray?" Nor David: "There is none good, no, not one?" Nor one greater Man saying: "When ye pray, say, 'Our Father, forgive us our trespasses?'" Was Peter to pray for pardon? Do you fancy you can excel the first Popc, on whom the Church was built? Is it not arrogance to presume you can exceed him to whom was committed keys to open and chains to bind? you who write, p. 216, "Humility will scarcely permit the believer to acknowledge to himself that he possesses even the rudiments of virtue?" Answer this like a scholar: If a believer is in that condition, how can he be sinless? If you say he is sinless, but can hardly be got to allow that such is the case, I reply: Is it not sinful to deny that God has dealt graciously with you, if He has? Is your believer more humble than he who says, "By the grace of God I am what I am?" Paul does not deny that he is a gracious soul, which would be sinful, but gives the glory of his changed condition to Him from whom all glory comes. I believe no man, comprehending the philosophy of the plan of salvation, would desire to reach heaven by keeping Law, even if it were possible. Allow such an one to enter the new Jerusalem some other way than through Him who said: "No man cometh to the Father save by me. I am the door of the sheep." John says, "The twelve gates were twelve pearls." (The Pearl of great price He.) However, he climbs up and in. How lonesome! He is not allied to any one there. All are either holy angels or ransomed men, while he is neither. A song is raised. He listens, and amidst sounds exceeding At-

lantic thunders he hears multitudes saying: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us *from our sins* in His own blood, and hath made us kings and *priests* unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever." As he can't join in that chorus, when the oratorio ends he strikes up a squeak on an oaken reed whereon he plays Elder Brother: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither *transgressed I at any time thy commandment.*" His solo don't do. The foreigner is shewn down lower. Ah! man, whether is it sweeter to trudge afoot or to be hoisted on to the Good Shepherd's shoulders, and hear him sing in symphony with angels, "I have found my sheep *which was lost.*" Some years since, I debated with a member of your flock, Mr. Lewis, on Glasgow Green. I ended a speech thus: "I am a sinner, and if I die, I hope to die such." "Your co-religionist sent up a wave of laughter." Ha! hah!! "That heretical fool, Long is mad." In my next speech I said: "you laughed at my saying, I hoped to die a sinner, if I die." There are but two ways to die—as sinner or as saint. You would laugh still louder if a heretic said he hoped to die a saint. If I must die, how would you like me to make my exit? I spoke deliberately and endorse the statement even under correction, but observe, it is a sinner saved by grace as the dying thief was. You, sir, will be tempted to toss aside this chapter with "Did the impertinent fellow never read—'If ye love me keep my commandments?'" "The creature mocks his Creator by insinuating that Christ wished us to do what could not be done." Answer. As the Hebrew distinguished himself from the Hittite in coming under that blessing: "Shewing mercy unto thousands (of generations) of them that love me and keep my commandments," so the Christian differs from the Carnal. The Israelite was commanded to go three times yearly to Jerusalem, and went, to offer sacrifices of lambs or doves, and did so—to circumcise his child the eighth day, and complied. Not doing so would be rebellion and place him among externs. Yet doing so did not save his immortal soul, anymore than a child obeying its mother does by that act constitute it her daughter. If offering sacrifices took away sin (not some sin), each Jew would only offer one. Moral. We can keep a commandment having respect to external acts (and as a rule the christian does), as Sabbath breaking, murder, stealing, but to keep the entire law from cradle to coffin ("He that offendeth in *one* point is guilty of all,") is what we cannot do. Let me whisper: "If righteousness come by the law, then Christ died in vain." Now, it is a serious matter to

blaspheme heaven's wisdom, by asserting that God's greatest gift, and Christ's most solemn act was not needed. I think, reverend sir, that I have demonstrated that your logic is faulty. The major proposition of your syllogism, P. 97. "It is unjust to require of any man a service which *it is* impossible for him to render," ought to have *and always was* inserted after *it is*. Seeing it has been proved that no man can implement the decalogue, Where now is your doctrine of Supererogation, that a man may do more than keep the moral law, can more than love God, with all his heart and his neighbour as himself from birth to death. There was a haughty woman living in proud Preston, before the days when the Grecian bend was invented by and for the daughters of vanity. This rich person when condescending to promenade was not contented with walking upright in the majestic style, but threw her head back. The masons voted her above plumb! Before turning attention to a new phase of thought, suffer a few words about Hamilton, biographically. You tell me: "He is reckoned among the martyrs. His abilities and acquirements were not of a high order, nor were his ideas of the *new* doctrines very well defined." Yes, all sections of the Church of Christ hold that he won the martyr's crown. He died rather than receive the mark of the Beast on his forehead or in his right hand. When Beaton was chasing his soul from earth to heaven in his chosen chariot of flame, while as yet his mortal trembled towards the fire, his spirit yearned towards its Redeemer, insomuch that it was given unto Scotland's proto-martyr to imitate the first witness with his blood, crying with holy Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and it was so. It seems harsh and impatient in you to say what you do of that young heroic scholar. We have seen that he understood the foundational principles of Christianity more correctly than you do. Harsh in criticising his abilities. He covered himself with literary honours in the Universities of Paris, Louvain, and St. Andrew's. Impatient, when your Church cut him off at the early age of 24. Had Rome spared the noble young man, he might have reached your riper years, and then—Lastly, it is plain that you think a man is saved by sincerely believing a true creed. Not so. We are not saved by a Creed, but by union to a Person—not by believing a truth, but by believing *on* Him who says, "I am the truth." Did Jesus say to his recovered apostle, What dost thou believe? or, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" If it be necessary unto salvation that we believe a series of orthodox creeds, a system of divinity, then salvation is mental, an

affair of the head; on the other hand it pertains to the heart, the affections. Now, affection cannot be drawn forth by a creed, but only by a person. Paul therefore says, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus, let him be anathema." You say, if a man don't hold this, believe that, and teach the other, let him be accursed.

#### CHAP. 2ND—EFFECTUAL CALLING.

At P. 10 you object: "Grace is made by the C. of F. irresistible. Man has it not in his power either to refuse or reject it." Again, at P. 12: "As the power to resist and reject grace is a fact of which all men have an innate consciousness, such as they have of their own existence, the same certainty which all men have of their existence, they have of the falsity of that system." You refer to Cap. 10 of the C. of F.—Having carefully read that chapter, I conclude that where you have *irresistible* you should have *effectual*. There is not a word expressed, nor a thought implied, as to resistance therein. I confess the force of your remark as to willingness being no proof of liberty and prefer the termination to read thus: yet so as they come *spontaneously*, being made willing by His grace—instead of, "*they come most freely.*" A man's religion must be like the lark greeting day-dawn with her matin song—like the deer bounding across the plains, an affair rather of nature than of volition. It is absurd to think we can become good or do good by volition. When we act proudly or humbly do we form an act of judgment upon deliberation, and as a consequence will ourselves into a proud or humble frame? Or do we act in either case spontaneously, as an efflux of our natural disposition? Nevertheless, that pride is condemned by the good, much more by God, while all admire the act of humility. But if instead of its being a spontaneous act, this humility had been a voluntary one, put on for a purpose, who then admires it? I also allow that "freely" can't be applied to man whether he comes to Christ or abides in his apostacy, inasmuch, as the Creator to have no control over the work of His hands, and yet be perpetually regulating and sustaining it, is absurd. But if He has control, man cannot be free. If then, I am not free, is not my responsibility diminished in ratio to my want of freedom? By no means. Responsibility is felt, indeed, the feeling is never lost; but God's control is unfelt and is only known to us by revelation and reason. Each is a fact, but, how they harmonise does not yet appear; this, however, does not effect their being true. But granting what you say to be true about "freely" being an error in the statement of

the doctrine, what about that? I see beneath their terminology eternal truth, if not in the case of this solitary word, yet in the principle laid down, but below yours amazing error, as we shall see anon. Let it be stated at the threshold of our subject, that in the case of God saving a soul, the will is not consulted and therefore cannot be violated. Salvation is a creational act: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation." Does the Creator in physical genesis consult a creature as to whether it will or will not be? Neither does He in the moral palingenesis of the soul. The former is of His omnipotent hand, the latter of His almighty love. Does He consult a child whether it will be born of woman? Neither does He consult a man whether he will be born of God. Will He consult the dead as to whether they will hear His voice in the grave and live? He as little consults in regeneration as in resurrection. Two alpine guides fall sheer over a precipice of a thousand feet. Can they rise and climb back? In Adam we fell ten thousand feet and are without strength before Him. If Jesus of Nazareth were still among us and passed by those two corpses, and said to one of them: "I say unto thee arise." Would that be consultation? Now, "The Son quickeneth whom he will." Such as he vivifies are then "Born not of blood (relationship to Abraham), nor of the will of the flesh (of their natural wish), nor of the will of man (by the desire of some other person), but of God." Have you not read: "He took not hold of the nature of angels (to lift them out of the fall), but he took hold of the seed of Abraham?" Not seed of Adam, as you reason, *certain not all*. As a rule, this salvational act is done by preaching, for: "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God." You preach the gospel of glory, say, next Sabbath, and while reading aloud: "The Master is come and calleth for thee;" some poor sinners through that word tremblingly seek mercy until they feel they have found it. From that blessed season they live regenerate lives. Sins once sweet, now become loathsome, oaths are transfigured into hosannahs and whole hymns take the place of scraps of songs. You now have no difficulty as to their walk in the appointed narrow way. They are willing pilgrims: "My people shall be willing in the day of my power," being manifested. That, reverend sir, is part of what we mean by a heart of flesh taking the place of one of stone. Not only is there no consultation of the will, but none is possible. A man must be either good or bad. If Christ be lifted up before a pious man, he is forthwith drawn to Him. If to a bad man he at once says: Depart from

me, I desire not the knowledge of thee. This would go on invariably and for ever in spite of threats, to any of the former, or exhortations to the latter. This, Jesus meant when He said: "Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else, make the tree corrupt and his fruit corrupt." Or take Moses who puts the idea in this form, "Every beast after his kind." You cannot persuade a hen into a duck, nor can you persuade an unsaved sinner into a saved one. But God can and does by the preached gospel, acting regeneratively. The preacher calls equally and to all, but God calls whomsoever He will and they (and they only) come unto Him. That a professor should reason as you do, is passing strange. In your opinion man ought to have the power to refuse or accept of grace. But *refuse* stands in contrast with *offer* while *give* does the same to *receive*. You imagine it an affair of offering and refusing, whereas, so far as God is concerned, it is one of giving on His part and receiving on ours: "God so loved the world that he *gave* (not offered) his only begotten Son." "To as many as *received* Him (not accepted), to them, &c." "Have ye *received* the Holy Ghost." "I *give* (not offer) to my sheep eternal life." "Does God *offer* us life, light or limbs or *give* them?" Offer, offereth, offered, offering (noun), and other variations of the word occur hundreds of times in the Scriptures, but in all cases it is man offering to man or to God, but never, so far as I can discover, is it God offering to man. Indeed, the word offer implies the right to reject or refuse according as the thing displeases more or less. Now, *give* also occurs very often, with this difference, it is continually being met with as God's act and recorded in such form, that substitution of offer for it mars the whole sentence, *e. g.*, "To us a Child is born, a Son is *given*." "All cannot *receive* this saying, save those to whom it is *given*." A man can *receive* nothing, save it be *given* him of God." "I pray not but for them thou hast *given* me." Give, given, giveth, gave, gavest, &c., are absolute and are adapted to the Lord God despotic. Offer does for equals but not for Him. God through the medium of prophets and pastors may indeed offer. Or, more truly, they offer in His name. "My spirit shall not always strive." God endued Noah with the Holy Ghost, and he strove with the antediluvians who resisted the Holy Spirit in him, not in themselves. So Nehemiah: "Yet many years thou didst forbear them, and testifiedst against them *by thy Spirit in thy prophets*: yet would they not give ear: therefore *gavest* thou them into the hand of the people of the lands." Precisely so in the case of

Stephen. The Holy Ghost was in him, not them. You may say to the sinful soul: In the name of Him who commissioned me, "Light be," and darkness undispeled still cover the soul, but "He speaks and it is done: He commands and it stands fast." The light of the sun is natural. The light of gas is artificial. The former is directly from God, and is given freely. The latter is indirectly from Him, is offered by man, and paid for by those who accept it. We cannot reject the gift, but may the offer. God speaking life into the soul is a *Giver*, the disciple of Jesus preaching the gospel is an *offerer*. God does not woo the soul, but quickens it instantaneously, so that there is no opportunity for volition. Nature regulates the will. God changes our nature, and the will follows. Regeneration is a sudden act, His creational deed. Conversion is a process, and it is man's work, but finds its causation in the Spirit inly working. Regeneration instantly sanctifies his nature. Conversion gradually transforms the character. Man takes cognisance of the latter, which is the circumference of a circle whose centre is God. When the Shekinah entered the place built of the son of David, that palace became the temple of Solomon, nay, of God. When the priest slew a heifer, he made beef, but when it was presented to God, the altar sanctified the gift into a sacrifice. As the presence of Jehovah on Sinai in the bush made so common a thing as the mountain side holy, so His presence in the soul of the saved sinner makes him holy. My soul keeps my body pure. Separated the body "is sown in dishonour." As the soul by union with the animal part dignifies it into an immortal man, so God dwelling in the soul keeps it pure and sublimates it into kinship with Christ. You deem it necessary to the dignity of man that he should be empowered to reject salvation. Is salvation so light a matter that the dignity of a rebel against the King eternal is of more importance? You demand two things, the former Satanic, the latter absurd and unimaginable. The former is that so far as God is concerned He shall not control the will pro or con as to salvation, or the man cannot be free. That so far as man is concerned he shall have no bias or disposition for salvation, nor prejudice against it, or the man will not be free. Satan fell because he virtually said, Not thy will be done, but mine. The demand that the man shall be fatally free from God is therefore Satanic. But that is impossible for him to be, for you say: "Man has no freedom in his pursuit of happiness. A law of his nature necessitates him to constant search." In this connection law implies a lawgiver, which

must be God. If then He necessitates every man to the pursuit of that which may be a curse to him, how can you wish that He should withdraw all control from His creature in a case of infinitely greater moment, thus making him independent just at the crisis when it is best for him not to be so. Man cannot be indifferent: "Either he will love the one and hate the other." Every man is an angel or a devil in embryo, and must act according to the bias of his nature. Now, "God is love," and directly a man partakes of the Divine nature, he shows it by loving. This love assumes the form of sorrowing, believing, looking, hoping in, trusting on, and is expressed, in a figure, by the terms eating and drinking. Sorrow for sin is the first manifestation of love to God. We naturally grieve over hurting the feelings of those whom we love, and our sorrow will be proportionate to our offence, affection, the dignity of the offended one, and the clearness with which we perceive our fault. On Sabbath next you will say, "I believe in God the Father, Almighty." You believe He is almighty in space and nature, why not believe the Holy Ghost to be omnipotent in the heart by grace. Grace is neither a principle, nor a law, nor an influence, but God Himself working as one somewhere writes: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both *to will* and to do of His good pleasure." We may indeed grieve the Spirit whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption, the first resurrection. We may, to a certain extent, quench the Spirit (not extinguish), but all in a most limited sphere. Man may do as he will in respect to eating, drinking, sleeping, and other natural actions, but Nature ultimately asserts her sway. It is germane to our subject that the analogical teachings of physical science be brought under consideration, for thereby light is thrown upon theological doctrines on the principle *as the natural, so the spiritual*, there being the same God for both departments of being. At the British Association for the Advancement of Science meeting at Liverpool in 1870, the savans agreed that the relative merits of Biogenesis and Abiogenesis now assumes the position of a settled question in favour of the former. The theory of Biogenesis is, *life can come only from life*, while Abiogenesis taught, *from inert, inanimate matter life could be generated through the action of chemical agents, combined with electrical agencies*. This was the pet theory of infidels, Darwinians, and all opponents of the Mosaic account of the making of man. Professor Huxley, who presided, gave in that Biogenesis was proved. Your acting upon a spiri-

tually dead soul with external rites and internal volitions is but philosophers trying to grind up a living organism out of lifeless matter. They have not yet developed an ugly animalcule, to say nothing of a handsome baby, Cross and Weeks to the contrary notwithstanding. Your Pelagian abominations can galvanize a dead sinner into hypocritical contortions which, to the uninitiated, look like life, yet it endureth for a while and then fadeth away, so that even the many see their error and agree to call the thing Judas, Ananias, or Diotrefes. It was wanting in that holy, vital principle alluded to by One who said: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and *I will be* their God, and *they shall be* my people." Yea, Lord, says Padre Munro, providing they permit Thee so to do. In these indwelt ones is the vivifying and hallowing presence, out of which spontaneously flows a holy life. Can a dead man quicken himself? Can he prevent God entering his heart? Elohim made Adam of earth. As he lay inanimate on the greensward of Eden, God was only his Creator. The Lord breathed into his face the breath of lives, whereby the Lord God became his Father, while man became his last-born son. Mary received the Holy Spirit in Nazareth, and gave birth to the Redeemer in Bethlehem. Every man must be inspired ere he be actually saved. There must be a Bethlehem in his heart. Christ must be formed in him the hope of glory. All Christians have one high title, Theogenes: begotten of God. Those scenes enacted in Paradise and Nazareth were but rehearsals of what take place within a man ere the great drama of redemption be played out. Therefore, that man can reject grace is a fond invention of those who are ignorant of the Scriptures, and know not God.

#### CHAP. 3RD—"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH."

P. 21 contains this compound error: "The body of men to whose teaching God has pledged His truth, Catholics call The Church. And as that body is to be perpetuated till the end of time, they call it *indefectible*. Since God has pledged himself to preserve its teaching pure and entire throughout all ages, they call it *infallible*." You term the pastors of the Church *The Church*. As well call the officers of an army *the army*. Luke says: "The Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved." Does that mean priests or people were added? Paul says: "Greet the church that is in their house." Can that signify less than all worshipping there? "He that prophesieth edifieth the Church:" What must that mean? "As Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it:"

Did He give Himself for the hierarchy only? Hear Him: "I lay down my life for the sheep." Is that pastors and people, or both? "For if a bishop know not how to rule his own house, *how shall he take care of the Church of God?*" Can that mean take care of himself and the clergy? The pastorate is of Divine ordination, but as the Queen is for the good of the people, and not the people for the good of Her Majesty, so likewise the clergy are ordained for the laity. Hear upon this a trifle from a canon authorised by Pope Pedro Primo: "Feed the flock of God as much as in you is, taking the oversight, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." Where *flock* and *heritage* express God's people, your Douay renders it, "Neither as lording it over the clergy," which, if the clergy is the Church, makes the prime Pope suppose it possible the clergy should lord it over themselves. If Peter did, he must have thought you would prove a most arrogantly tyrannical set. We read of a Book of Life written before the foundation of the world. A most democratic book. Containing millions of names, yet it cannot boast one title, not even Rev. or D.D. It is heaven's Court Circular and List of the Celestial Peerage, but knows nothing of titles, for in it is written, "All ye are brethren." The book naturally begins like the alphabetical lists of earth, *Abel*, and ends I know not how, but I hope about the middle there is to be found, *Munro*, and if there be, my word for it, the angels have set such a mark (Ezek. ix. 4) on you, that there is no need to add P.P. or D.D. We send a missionary whom we know to Africans whom we know not. Do we send him for his sake or theirs? That the teaching body constitute the Church is your first mistake. The second error is rather an assumption than an explicit statement. Respecting the word Catholic as used in the Apostles' Creed, I understand it thus: Before the birth of Jesus, true religion was more or less local. As Mahometanism revolves around the *foci* of Mecca and Medina, so Judaism centred in Jerusalem, and the Papacy in Rome. That One who said, "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit" unaffected by locality, seeing that "He is not confined to temples made with hands," set religion geographically free, so that we can worship God as acceptably on the banks of the Clyde as His people of old could on the banks of the Cedron. Siloah's softly flowing brook is no more holy than Kelvin Water. The Jewish Church *was* holy and *local*: the Christian Church *is* holy and *catholic*. Rome arrogates for her victims the term Catholics, of which they

are immensely proud, but with little reason. The primitive Christians were termed "those of that way," Nazarenes, believers, saints, brethren, and, best of all, Christians. Stand in the atrium of Nice and call yourselves Catholics; we contentedly travel some centuries back and, standing in the basilica of Antioch, plead guilty to being Christians. Assuming that R.C.'s are identical with Christians, even then they would no more constitute the Catholic Church than England does Great Britain. Christ's sacramental army, considered in relation to time, is formed, as all other armies are, of three divisions: *Patriarchal*, extending from the righteous Abel to the Exodus; *Israelitish*, from the Departure to the day of Pentecost; *Christian*, from the coronation with tongues of flame till the second coming of Christ. Those of these who feared God and trusted in His mercy by sacrifice, constitute the *body* of Christ, for which the Head was crowned with thorns. As well expect salvation out of that Church now, as outsiders of the ark expected it in the Jays of Noah. Its members constitute the body of Christ, being bone of His bone. As there are a certain number of bones in your body to which addition cannot be made, save at the expence of becoming a monster, nor one taken away unless you thereby become maimed, the Catholic Church is so predestinated and pre-ordained, and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished. Were there not precisely 8 saved in the ark, and no power could make them 9 or 7? So will it be at the second end of the world. Only one family was saved at the past *then*, and there will only be one family saved in the future *then*. I know how many children I have. Does not He? Each member of the Catholic Church is or was equally unholy by virtue of the old nature, but equally holy as to the imparted Divine nature. Noah, Daniel, and Job were as certainly saints and members of the Catholic Church as Peter, James, and John. But seeing that these in their entirety never flourished at one period, and that they were mixed up with false brethren who were not catholics, as Laban, Dathan, Ahithophel, Judas, Ananias, and Diotrefes, we call the Catholic Church invisible. The whole creation travaileth in pain even until now (1872), waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God by the first resurrection, which is the second exodus. Against this Church the gates of hell (the grave) shall not prevail. There shall always be catholics on the earth. Once they came down to 8; in the days of Elijah there were but 7,000 in Israel; in the days of Simeon few were looking for the

Consolation of Israel; and Athanasius had to stand up against a world turned Arian. Christ being the living One, each of them shall live also. And seeing it shall be His care to raise up seed to Abraham, there shall ever be witnesses to the power of redeeming love. Thus the Catholic Church is indefectible, cannot decay. But that any visible ecclesiastical organization ever was, does not yet stand proved. No hint is given of the patriarchal Church being so. As to the Israelitish Church, why the High Priest misled the people, and he and they defected into idolatry, even at the foot of Sinai, where God had just said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Was not Moses excluded from Canaan for sin? Did not he and his brother, with all the congregation of Israel, save Caleb and Joshua, die in the wilderness? That is corporate defectibility. For what reason was the Jewish corporation sentenced to 70 years' penal servitude, if not for defection? Did not Jesus come to this ecclesiastical corporation, and it handed Him over to Pilate for execution? Seeing that no corporation was indefectible before A.D. 33, why should we expect one after, especially when Paul said to the Church of Rome, "For if God spared not the natural branches (the Jewish stock), take heed lest He spare not thee (the Roman branch.) Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness, if thou continue in goodness: *otherwise thou shalt be cut off.*" As you have failed to prove the fruit, indefectibility, how will you prove the root, infallibility? Your book against Calvinism came out in 1856, "*Sine permissu superiorum.*" How suggestive! Those 16 years have wrought awful havoc in your corporation. Then we heard much of the Patrimony of St. Peter, of Papal States, but little of infallibility. Now we are dunned and stunned about the dogma, but not a word about the locality. In those days you served Isabella Segunda, the companion of Sor Patrocinio, who received imprisonment from the civil authorities for pretending that she had upon her body the stigmata of the passion of Jesus—the marks of His sufferings in crucifixion. How sad the change. The recipient of the golden rose a refugee, as is Eugenie, who sent Dufailly to do marvels with the chassépot at Mentana, apostolic Spain governed by an excommunicatee, monks starving, Jesuits expelled, relics despised, Protestant churches opened and opening, discussions going on in Rome as to whether Peter was ever there, Bible Society meetings within bowshot of the Vatican. Verily these latter days are times of lamentation. In those 16 years your creed was

elongated by two articles: The Immaculate Conception and Personal Infallibility. Your book does not drop one hint that you believe the latter. You there go in for the infallibility of the Church, a Gallican idea; but 1872 sees you ruled by an ultramontane notion. Your creed is growing, while your Church is failing. Seeing she has put forth two such hopeful blossoms in 16 years, what may we not hope for by the end of this century? In the year 1805, the R. C. aristocracy of Ireland petitioned the Houses of Parliament in respect to Catholic Emancipation. In the petition they said, "It is no article of the catholic faith, neither are they thereby required to believe or profess that the Pope is Infallible." According to your 1870 belief, he was infallible in 1805, the importance of which can hardly be overrated, and yet the good Christians of Ireland knew it not. They had the privilege of being guided by Pio Settimo, who could not officially err in matters of faith, and yet he had never informed them that so exalted a privilege was in their possession, nor did the Irish discover their wealth till two generations had died off, even until Pio Nono had nearly worn out the tiara. Why you say, "They call *it* indefectible," and then immediately add: "They call *it* infallible." Does *it* mean *him*, so that he is indefectible and also infallible? If not, you make the Church infallible and not the Pope, which though orthodox then is not now. But if he be indefectible and also infallible, then once a Pope always a Pope. Then, how as to three contemporary claimants, Alexander V., Gregory XII., and John XXIII., when all Europe could not tell for years which was the real Sir Roger. You now say John was, but the Council of Constance put him down, and clothed Martin VI. with the Divine attribute of Infallibility, while as yet John was living. Here were three men, one of whom possessed an attribute on a level with those of the Lord God, and two of them were anti-Popes, which you consider to be the wickedest of all positions fillable by man, and yet, your Church could not tell which was best and which worst. In some parts of your book, Protestants are represented as but a moderate advance upon idiots. You would be right if we could not see that your Church instead of being *Semper eadem*, always the same, as to doctrine, changes perceptibly in one pontificate, to say nothing of ages. When you penned those absurdities in Spain, Ferretti was then, as now, Pope, but neither you, nor the teaching body of your Church in Scotland, then held the personal infallibility of the wearer of the triple crown. Your work is proof, but I produce double demon-

stration. In 1843, a Jesuit named Mumford wrote a book called, "The Question of Questions." This was revised and endorsed by the Rev. W. Gordon, P. P., of Glasgow. It was examined by one who knew Roman Orthodoxy. He gave a certificate to it which he did not and would not to yours: "The Question of Questions," by Joseph Mumford, S.J., is a work of the greatest merit. I consider it likely to be highly beneficial to Catholics *in these days of controversy*; and, therefore, have great pleasure in recommending it to all the Faithful.

† J. MURDOCH, R.C. Bishop.

GLASGOW, 28th May, 1841.

At p. 13, section 7, Mumford says—"I shall now proceed to the full proof of all, and every one of these points here set down so briefly to the end, that thou mayest see how clearly we proceed, resolving first, this question, *Who ought to be our judge?* by showing in divers sections, that the Scripture *is not* our judge; and then showing that this infallible judge can be no other than the Church; and thirdly, that this Church can be no other than the Roman. And consequently, all that has been said, or hereafter shall be said to agree to the *infallible judge* (whom we are now seeking out) is verified of the Roman Church and of no other." Unless you can show the Pope is your Church, it is plain that Mumford, Gordon, Murdoch, and Ferretti taught one thing in 1841-3, but, that Munro, Parkinson, Eyre, and Ferretti teach a very different thing in 1872, and yet, all the while, ask us Protestants to believe that Rome knows no change. Well, those of us inside of Gartnavel, may, but, we outsiders must really beg to be excused. As I have hold of your button hole about this infallibility matter, let me tell you a little anecdote thereupon in respect to a miracle being put on the programme of the Council now supposed to be sitting in Rome, but, as practically the bishops would find their seats too slippery for their episcopal comfort and dignity, it is for the present being held *in nubibus*. Your hierarchs voted in three divisions, "*Placet*," "*Non placet*," "*Non modum placet*," though, you craftily tell the comers to the Clydeside Cathedral that the meeting was of one mind. The Jesuits thought it would give eclat to their arrangements, if at the precise instant when Ferretti read the decree of his deification they should reflect three beams of sunshine from the lofty dome down into the dim religious light of the assembled bishops, to be made to fall on Ferretti's forehead. Three, to signify in the name of, &c. Of course, they intended to mimic the baptism in Jordan, and plead to the world that the Holy Trinity had approved of the solemn

farce. Most aggravatingly, just as the pear was ripe for being plucked, everything went wrong. They had calculated they would have the assistance of the glorious Italian sun especially as the climacteric session was in June. But an awful thunderstorm set in precisely when it shouldn't. St. Peter's was lit up with lurid flashes of lightning and echoed to the artillery of heaven. The Pope had to read the dread document by the light of very long sixes instead of heaven's light. The mirrors could not be worked. I don't pity the Jesuits. They had no right to miss a golden opportunity to crush scepticism. They might have made a dead certainty of it, by having gas ready to turn on if needed as in some halls at the oratorio of the "Creation," when the part is being sung; "Let there be light," gas is at once turned on full. It was a noble chance lost. Think how Strossmayer would have felt when the 3 beams met on the brow of Pius, and 700 bishops leaping to their feet cried "A miracle! A miracle!! Hah, what a triumphant sensation! You know, father, your church professes power to work miracles, but, just at the time one is most needed, as now, she becomes so modest as not to try her hand beyond the mirror trick, a winking Madonna, or an Irish Priest driving a certain bad character out of Biddy M'Guire's cow with holy water. We neither grudge nor envy you the dogma. It is working Alten Catholicism in Germany, schism in Paris, confusion in the Vatican, and satisfaction only in the Jesuits. Happily we are not tormented with a Protestant Pope and these raging absurdities, nor does our creed shift about like the Goodwin Sands, in 16 years. While you are scraping the flesh off poor Paddy's bones to find Peter's pence, all we do is wonder at your credulity and his forbearance. Another word as to the Church. You are a theologian, I seek information, John says in his Apocalypse: "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her *my people*, that ye be not partakers of her sins." In what Church were these *His people*? It must be either the Roman, Greek, or Protestant. Can it be that God will call any out of the R. C. Church, when, according to you it is alone in safety? If not, they must be among the schismatical Greeks, or the heretical Protestants, in which case God has a people out of the Roman communion. Your notions of the Church suggest a question put to me in a rude crowd on the Jail Square, by a member of your flock, viz.—"Long, is your Church the Catholic Church?" "No," I replied, "I should be very sorry to think so." You should have heard the victorious roar; when it subsided, I put questions of this sort: Is the 43rd

Light Infantry the British Army? Is one branch of a tree the whole plant? Then, my Church is not the Catholic Church, but only a part of it, so far external organisation goes.

CHAP. 4TH—"CANONICITY."

You profess, p. 23, to prove the following propositions: "1. The doctrines of the Westminster Confession render impossible the formation of the canon; and, therefore, 2. The adherents of the doctrines contained in the C. of F. cannot know, and in fact do not possess, the canon of Scripture." Allow me to say that common sense tramples on such absurdities. I ask a Jew what his canon is. He informs me it consists of 22 books in keeping with the arrangement of the 119th Psalm. Seeing that our O. T. contains 39, I feel slightly tremulous lest we should have certain uninspired books. He is therefore asked to enumerate them. He says they are—

Genesis - - - - -	1	Nehemiah - - - - -	12
Exodus- - - - -	2	Esther - - - - -	13
Leviticus - - - - -	3	Job - - - - -	14
Numbers . - - - -	4	Psalms - - - - -	15
Deuteronomy- - - - -	5	Proverbs - - - - -	16
Joshua - - - - -	6	Eccles. and Song of Solomon	17
Judges and Ruth - - - - -	7	Isaiah - - - - -	18
1st and 2nd Samuel - - - - -	8	Jeremiah and Lamentations	19
1st and 2nd Kings - - - - -	9	Ezekiel- - - - -	20
1st and 2nd Chronicles - - - - -	10	Daniel - - - - -	21
Ezra - - - - -	11	Hosea and the lesser prophets	22

Whereupon I breathe more freely perceiving the difference to be in a mere matter of non-essential arrangement which neither Jew nor Christian says is inspired. I next ask what he knows about the Apocrypha. He replies nothing. Upon enquiring of the Fathers I discover "The books of it are not found in the catalogues of Melito, Origen, Hilary, Amphilochius, Gregory Nazianzen, Epiphanius, Cyril of Jerusalem, nor in the synopsis of Athanasius." The books of the Apocrypha were not quoted by Christ, nor by His apostles, nor were they written in the Hebrew but in the Greek after the age of inspiration was over in the Israelitish Church, and before it was re-opened in the person of John. When Jesus said, "They (the brothers of Dives) have Moses and the prophets," *i.e.*, their writings, as we say, I have Scott and Byron, he could not mean the Apocrypha, for no Jew, Protestant, or

Papist can mention a prophet who lived when they were written, as, then, no prophets lived at that time, no prophets could write them, and therefore when He said: "They have the prophets," He might mean any from Samuel to Malachi, but as the Apocrypha was written after the time of Malachi, He could not mean by prophets the writers of those books. Do you say that the books of it were recognised as canonical by the council of Carthage, A.D. 396? That was a small provincial council having less authority over the general church of christendom than the Ayr Presbytery has over all Presbyterians. What, they existed 700 years before their canonicity was discovered, and then it was found out, not in Asia, the birthplace of Christianity, nor in learned Europe, but by Africans! You say the deed of the Carthaginian Council was ratified by the Œcumenical Council of Trent in 1546. I reply, Rome had many conciliar gatherings in 1200 years, why leave so vital a question in doubt for over a thousand years? I play off the Council of Laodicea against that of Carthage. In A.D. 364, the canon it gave its authorization to is identical with that used by us. Against the Tridentine Council I place the Fourth Œcumenical Council which sat at Chalcedon, A.D. 451. That ratified the Biblican Canon promulgated at Laodicea. At best you have but two councils stating we are in error, while two justify us, and others tacitly allow the correctness of our position. All did so bar the late fiasco you began at Rome, but cannot finish there or elsewhere, in such evil lot has Peter's chair fallen. Answer what you will, I take the books and read that I may examine them. Internal evidence at once shows the Apocryphal books are uninspired. Some parts of them contradict others, the general style is as much below the average of oracular truth as candle light is inferior to the lime light. Much of it is old wives fables that you no more believe than I do. Indeed, no man would take the Apocrypha to be inspired unless informed so. Mahomet robbed the Bible to compose the Koran, but he was not guilty of copying from it. When a clever thief don't think an article worth stealing, his chance for theft being good, depend upon it the thing lacks marketable value. Now as to the canon of the N. T. we proceed on this wise, ask the primitive infidels Julian, Porphyry, Celsus, &c., what books Christians claimed as composing the N. T., and they essentially refer to those you and I use. Then ask the Greek and Latin fathers whether the canon you and I use is correct. They, with only the slightest variation, allow we have it as they held it. Where they differ, it is so as to neutralise each

other. Even your much vaunted of Jerome justifies us. Do you say, Then in such case you are guided by authority? I reply, They were not asked whether the books are of God, but only is that the collection of writings they held to be from Him. No mere testimony would convince me a book was from heaven. I must examine it, and if it bears no marks of Divine origin, if experimental as well as internal evidence rejects it, testimony would avail nothing. But when I receive historical testimony from Greek and Roman Churches, from old heresies and contending parties, find the Lutheran canon identical with ours, see the infidels of the whole world contending to ruin its influence (they never give themselves an hour's trouble about the Apocrypha), I then sit down to study it. By comparing book with book, I see a harmony of arrangement and grandeur of purpose convincing me of its genuineness. By the effect produced upon my heart, I feel it is of God. Observing that bad men are made good by it, if possible, the conviction is deepened. A certain labourer, just at the time he was shaving, received a visit from his gaffer, who, taking up his razor, said: "Why, Joe! how do you know this is a Sheffield blade? It has no maker's name. You surely can't tell true steel from common iron. I know mine is genuine, for I bought it in Sheffield, and it has "Joseph Smith and Sons" on it. You can't prove yours is the proper thing." He replies: "Well, I have shaved with it seven years, and I got it from a man that was dividing hairs with it on the street. That's what I go by." You, sir, occupy about 40 pages to prove that Presbyterians don't know the Bible if they see it, and can't prove it to be for them when they get it. Such labour might have been spared, as the substance of it is sophistical special pleading, which does not convince the writer, and of course not the reader. Some of your co-religionists say: "Rome gave the Bible to Protestants." The Bible was Rome's as the letter is the postman's, or the Thames is the private property of the Londoners. Indeed she never had more than copies of it, and they were hers just as much as an act of parliament is the property of a law stationer. She need not be so dog-in-the-mangery over it for the use she or her children make of it. R. C. Bible Societies, Bible classes, Bible magazines, and that sort of thing, are rather scarce among your people. However, I am happy to inform you that there is a change taking place in Rome. Just opposite the Vatican is the Bible Depot for all nations. How refreshing it must be to Antonelli and his Papalini friends, now playing at gaol birds for the amusement of the Garibaldini and Re Galant-

uomo, to look out of the windows of their prison and see the progress of the age. It reminds one of Bunyan's Pope, in a cave grinning at Pilgrims as they pass, but no longer able to scatter their bones at his cave's mouth. I have heard some Papists accuse Luther of rejecting the books of James and the Apocalypse from the canon. He did until he knew better. When he translated the Bible, every book is there which we have. There is a living man who is allowed by the Pope himself to be the best authority upon all matters of mere verbal criticism, affecting the text of Scripture. I can only refer to Constantine Tischendorf. He says our canon is unquestionable. Your objections do not prove errors in our canon, but, they do prove your subtle skill in making the utmost of a hopeless case. In keeping with this desperate opposition to the unconquerable, I have heard some of your members saying, that certain books of the Old and New Testaments are lost. Can you specify a single inspired book known to have had being, but now lost to the Church? You cannot do so. What do you care for the Bible, your glory is not the Scriptures, but your hierarchy, so differing from a Jew who wrote thus: "To whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God, and the promises." You would have written after this sort: To Rome pertaineth the merit of the saints, the intercession of the great Mediatrix, the power of absolution, the Papacy, the priesthood and the Infallible head. The same man spoke to the Roman saints in this wise: "Now to Him that is of power to establish you according to my gospel, and preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest, and *by the scriptures of the prophets*, according to the commandment of the everlasting God, made known to all nations for the obedience of the *faith*"—not the Pope nor the Church. Allow me to present the case between us in a few sentences: Rome and Westminster agree in relation to the canon of the Old and New Testament, save in the case of the Apocrypha. Leaving it out of view, there is no room for difference as to canonical books, seeing we use the same. Consequently, when you say, Presbyterians have not the Scriptures, seeing they have the same as yourself barring the Apocrypha, you can only mean they have not the Apocrypha, which, by the way, you completely fail to show is any part of the true canon. But seeing this is all you mean it cannot be more honest to say they have not the Bible than it would for me if I came to pay you a visit, and finding you in your shirt sleeves,

but in all other respects dressed, should I tell many I found you naked. So doing, would it not be thought that some evil animus was upon me? It is rare that men are so fond of falsehood as to lie gratuitously. Therefore, seeing that you are a Scotchman, and a scholar who must know better, when you say Presbyterians have not the scriptures, I set it down to Papal animus.

#### CHAP. 5TH—CHRIST DIED FOR ALL.

You say, p. 104: "Whilst, however, the Catholic Church teaches that God offers his grace to all men, and bestows it upon all who will, so that the condemnation of the wicked is to be attributed solely to their free rejection of the grace which they had the power to have accepted, the Calvinists maintain that God either offers not his grace at all to those who shall be lost, or, if an offer is made, that it is insincere, since there is not, and cannot be, on the part of God, any wish or design to confer it. In either case, the Calvinist finds the reason of the sinner's condemnation exclusively in God." Suffer me, sir, to ask your attention to the grievous error contained in these words: "So that the condemnation of the wicked is to be attributed solely to their free rejection of grace." How could it be "free rejection," when it was in the grasp of infinite knowledge anterior to the act being done? As to offer, God is a King. Crowned heads either pardon or leave the condemned to themselves. When the unhappy Allen, Larkin, and Gould were lying under condemnation at Manchester, had our Queen offered them pardon only to be suspended upon acceptance and profession of allegiance, and they had said, "No, we prefer dying for the honour of poor old Ireland—God save Ireland" would they not have got honour upon her? Victoria cannot make Fenian hearts loyal. God makes rebels into obedient children. You may reply, but God says by Solomon: "I called and ye refused. I stretched out my hand and no man regarded." Precisely so, the word coming through the medium of a man may be lightly esteemed; but when God Himself directly speaks it is done. "Who hath resisted Him" successfully? Now it is He and He alone who gives the internal effectual call, not a feeble offer. In the narrative of the resurrection of the dry bones as told by Ezekiel, did the wind (the Spirit) offer breath or breathe into them? God offers no more to men than He does to devils. Whether of these two titles is the greater, "Giver" or "Offerer?" Be sure to let Him have the greater. God designs *who* shall receive mercy. This *who* being unknown to the minister, and his

message being to sinners, he naturally offers salvation to all: "For all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God." The preacher offers it on a condition, viz., believing, for by that act of offering on his part, those ordained to eternal life are manifested. Imagine God to commission Gabriel to preach to lost angels now reserved in chains of darkness, He having determined to show mercy to ten millions out of a milliard of millions, allowing their numbers to be such. Gabriel's mighty voice reverberates through the mighty caverns of the lost world, saying, "Oh, spirits, once my happy companions, how have ye sinned, how suffered! My God missions me as a herald of mercy. Those of you who cease your useless rebellion and sue His compassions shall be saved to more than ancient glory, now lost." Then he dwells upon their folly and God's goodness. Multitudes upon multitudes scorn, mock, and become more devilish, but ten millions are saved. Where was the insincerity in that transaction? Christ said to the twelve, "He that believeth shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Which implied some would and some would not be saved, and yet they preached as though all might be saved. God gives unconditionally. Man offers us spectacles, God gives us eyes. On what condition did He give you sight? You won't say that you might see, as that is a result of the gift and not a condition for its impartation. Nor will you say that you might use it to your comfort, man's good, His glory, as these are obligations, not conditions. Would it be less than absurd to offer a loaf to a dead man? or a ticket for an oratorio to one having no ear for music? It is hardly less to offer bread to a starving man. Don't offer, give it. Christ is the loaf, and the sinner is the dead man, dead in trespasses; the Holy Ghost quickens him, and imparts a new nature, which hungers for the Bread of Life. You err greatly as to our view of the cause of condemnation. Once for all it is the wickedness of the wicked, and not their refusal to obey the Gospel call. You being right, those who never heard the Gospel could not be judged. But, "Woe (will be) unto you Chorazin? woe unto you Bethsaida; for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Sodom and Gomorrah, they would have repented. Therefore it shall be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for you." The citizens of Chorazin will be damned, and so also the dwellers in the Pentapolis of sin. They of Gomorrah would have repented had a Jonah been sent. None was. They of Bethsaida would not though a greater than Jonah

was sent; and He was. No mistake, though there seems to be a double blunder. Men will not be judged in relation to Gospel, as you suppose, but in respect to law. It is not Christ that condemns, but Moses, he standing for man's knowledge of truth and duty, be that little or much. On your principles, mankind at the awful bar must be judged under two heads—those who have heard the Gospel, and those who have not. Of course, antagonism to Christ intensifies a sinner's condemnation, but it does not cause it, inasmuch as he was under condemnation before he was guilty of opposing God's Shiloh. "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin." "This is the *condemnation* that men love darkness rather than light." But these are examples of putting the absolute for the comparative, as, "John came neither eating nor drinking;" whereas he ate locusts and wild honey. A certain man lay dangerously ill. His disease was such that his medical attendant was confident he could cure him, providing he would make use of a certain remedy. He refused and died. Was death due to disease, or not taking the proffered remedy? That cannot be a cause which does not operate. Christ only works in those whom He quickens. According to you, if He had not come into the world, Adam could not have been condemned for his disobedience, nor his sons for their rebellion. The devils cannot be condemned either. By your reasoning, you not only tarnish the golden diadem "Giver" into "Offerer," but make Him much less "Saviour" than "Condemner," seeing that the many enter the wide gate. P. 165 finds you marvellously erring from the vertical line of truth: "Until the Reformation, Christians believed that God rewards the good, because they are faithful, *and punishes the wicked, because they have sinned.* Calvinism, reversing all this, teaches that God saves the elect, solely because that He decreed their salvation, without any regard to their faith or sanctity (before they were saved. Just imagine! H. A. L.); and condemns the wicked, because He willed their eternal torments as a means of manifesting His own glory." You stand excused for not giving references, whereby those false statements could be verified, or, more correctly, falsified, because it is impossible to give such. I dare say you thought they might be found like slaughtered Trojans on the classic plains of Ilion. My head aches. Did God make my head that it should ache? Was that the sole end He had in view when by His fiat I was called from nothing? Or does my head, which He made, ache through my having wittingly or unknowingly violated physical

laws. Watch the dying companions of Jesus. Each deserves crucifixion on earth and damnation in hell. The agonising Man inspires life eternal into him at His right, but leaves him on the left in self-wrought guilt. Why quicken one and leave the other dead in sin? You say, plainly because one prayed, "Lord, remember me;" the latter mocked on until his guilty spirit fled to the shades below. Paul says: "No man can call Jesus, Lord, save by the Spirit." He must, then, have received the Holy Ghost before he cried "Lord." Again, hear the apostle of the Greeks: "The fruit of the Spirit is *love*, joy, *peace*, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, *faith*, meekness, temperance." Was the enmity of this robber's heart instantly changed into love? From a troubled conscience had he *peace*? Did he manifest *faith* in the living Redeemer? It was because One cleansed the temple, the Spirit entered suddenly; he was translated by Almighty Love from the kingdom and power of Satan into the kingdom of God's dear Son. His praying did not cause it but prove it. I now supplement your failure to quote from the C. of F. in view of affirming it teaches that God punishes the wicked not because they have sinned. Chap. 3 says: "God ordains the wicked to dishonour and wrath, *for their sin*, to the praise of His glorious justice." The Westminster Divines nowhere profess to tell why God saves any particular man, but only the fact that He does so. Probably at the end of this dispensation, the *why* may be manifested. You teach that God loves all equally. That seems beautiful; let us examine it by the light of revelation, premising that we need not be ashamed of what God says of Himself. When as yet Israel were but few He said, "You only have I known (loved) of all the families of the earth." At that time the Chinese did and still do outnumber them in the ratio of 1000 : 1. If "One shall be taken and the other left," would not a philanthropist choose the Chinaman before the Jew? He did not select on numerical principles. Also, He says—"Depart from me; I never knew (loved) you." Not mental knowledge, as God knows all. So we read—"I know (love) my sheep." Does He love goats, dogs, wolves, and swine? Paul assures us, "Whom he did *foreknow*, He also did predestinate." Special pleading can't make out that *whom* means *all*. This text is explained by its equivalent from the same pen: "He hath chosen us in Him *before the foundation* of the world, that ye should be holy and without blame before Him. *In love having predestinated us.*" Where *love* = *foreknew*, and *us* = *whom*. Again—"As many as I love I chasten." From this, it is manifest that God does not say He

loves all. Of all the sons of men the Son of Man was the most affectionate. But John says—"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." If that be not limitation, what is? How would it sound if we say—God made Martha, and Mary and Lazarus? Not at all well. Why? Because He made all, and therefore, it is needless to particularize. Let us try the son of Salome once more—"Before the paschal feast, when Jesus knew that His time was come that He should make His exodus out of this world unto the Father, *having loved His own* which were in the world *He loved them* unto the end" (of His life human). Is that all men? Let us try Matthew, no, Gabriel—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save *His people* from their sins." Here Matthew's His people = John's His own. God could give satisfactory reasons for not putting it in the liberal form, but as He has not given them, I can say nothing about it. Now for reason, Love is the mightiest principle known to man by fame or experience.<sup>8</sup> Love always saves its object if it can. Its ingenuity is virtually endless. If love can, it will. But God is Can Omnipotent. Do you say He cannot save except in harmony with His attributes of wisdom and righteousness? Salvation is a creational act: if He sets His love on a soul, what hinders His newly creating it after the image of Himself in the last Adam? If you say, why not do it to all men? I answer, why do it to any, seeing desert is foreign to the rebel, and He did it not to fallen angels. This error, that God in relation to eternal verities loves all equally is allied to that other, He died for all, as for John so for Judas. Which is demonstrated to be false, thus. Did Jesus die to effect what was possible or what was impossible? You answer, of course, the former. At the time of His death, those antediluvians who died in mortal sin, the inhabitants of the sinful Pentapolis, those who perished in the rebellion of Korah, such as were slain of the seven nations of Canaan, and Dives of the parable were already doubly dead. It could not avail to die for them. But, those who will perish from the day of Golgotha, until the day of judgment, are as certainly known to God as those of whom we have spoken, and it would be as impossible to save the second division of the wicked as the first. We agree in our interpretation of the account given by Him who will sit on the throne in the threefold office of King, Judge, Shepherd, to this extent, that some will be then condemned. Seeing it will be certain to us when the final crisis arrives, must it not have been equally as certain to Christ ere He bled or even the world was? What then, would be the use of dying for those

whom He knew would not be saved, though He died? If it be replied on my showing it would be equally as useless to die for Noah, he being then saved, as to die for Korah, he being then lost. I answer, Noah, and all in his case, were saved by virtue of a promissory note to save which One honoured at Calvary. "I lay down my life for my sheep," *i.e.*, the Catholic Church. Christ's atonement and intercession cover the same parties. Therefore, if He died for all men, He also intercedes for them. Does He do so: "I pray not for the world, but for those whom thou hast given me out of the world." "He maketh intercession for the saints." "He ever liveth to make intercession for them who come unto God by Him." Yet truly, it is proper that prayers and intercessions be made for all men, by us who are neither Creator, Lord, nor Judge, but fellow sinners in the same condemnation. Isaiah says, "He made intercession for the transgressors," because, all saints are forgiven transgressors. Our Rabbi told Judas He was a devil. John said he bare the bag away. After betraying the best of men in worst way, he committed suicide and went to his own place. Christ dies. Did He die to save him? It is mere childishness to say He died for him, providing Judas repented and believed as that implies three errors, (A) we repent and then come under the benefits of the cross, (B) He would have died to save a lost man, had such lost man only repented, although, the being lost was anterior to the death, (C) the sublime transactions of Gethsemane, Gabbatha, Golgotha are contingent upon us, instead of we upon them. The virtue of His propitiation was not hypothetical and contingent, but absolute and unconditional. He did not die for sins as suicide, drunkenness, murder, falsehood, unbelief, but for drunkards, murderers, liars, and unbelievers, so that Noah, David, Peter, and Saul of Tarsus, are saved thereby. "He is a prince and saviour exalted to *give* repentance unto Israel," not all flesh. As the great High Priest, He atoned for Israel, the Catholic Church, the seed royal, and to them alone repentance is given, not offered. If He died for a particular man, he will certainly believe, repent, rejoice. Christ saw him when he was under the barren fig tree of the fall, and in His own good time will call him under the shadow of the true vine where he shall sit with great delight. But put it in the more general form, that He died for sins rather than for sinners, and then try your hand upon this Puritan puzzle: Either Christ died for all the sins of all men, (A) or all the sins of some men, (B) or some of the sins of some men, (C) or some of the sins of all men, (D). Now, A is Universalism; C and D use-

less; but, B which alone remains to be true, is Calvinism. If He died for all sins of all men, unbelief would be no barrier to their Salvation. The benefits of His death do not find a parallel in the sun shining, of which, if a man does not take advantage, the fault of walking in darkness lies with him. If He died for me it was to purchase for me the Holy Spirit and resultant repentance. I do not repent first, and then begin to receive the benefits of His propitiation, but His death is the cause of my repenting. There was a *sufficiency* of merit in that death to atone for all the sons of Adam, but its *efficiency* was regulated by Infinite Wisdom, even as He would. There is a sufficiency in the sun's rays to make every country as fruitful as France, but, we see one country suffering an excessive blaze of brightness and made desert by torrid heats, as the Sahara, while others are perishing for want of the sun's rays, as the Esquimaux land. If, in like manner, the rain that falls on the Atlantic waste of waters, fell on African deserts they would bloom into paradises. As God in nature so in grace, He seems to blunder, but the time draws near when we shall say: "He hath done *all things well*." Where is the comfort of your doctrine? "God loves all, Christ died for all, the Spirit strives with all, if His love, that death, the Spirit are inoperative, or, at best, ineffectually operative in certain cases, and that they are in the case of the finally lost, cannot be denied. The Calvinistic view of a love that saves, a redemption that redeems, a Life that makes eternally alive, though, even in a limited number excels. This teaching of a Panphilism (loving all) grows out of the taproot of most of the heterodoxy mother Church mourns over, viz.: That God is the Father of all men; He is the Creator and Preserver of all, but the Father of none, save those who are begotten again. Fatherhood implies likeness. Can we say to the profane and the polluted ye are the sons of God? John says: "*Now are we the sons of God.*" Jesus said to the pharisees: "Ye are of your father the Devil." If they were the sons of God they could not also be the children of the Devil. You teach baptismal regeneration, which I hate. How can the child you hold in your arms at the font become an heir of heaven by baptism, when it is already a child of God? What, too, becomes of adoption? We cannot be the children of God by two processes. If we are by nature, there can be no room for our being made such by grace, as grace would find its work anticipated. Who elects, adopts, regenerates, sanctifies, translates, glorifies, but the Tri-une Jehovah? "Who hath made thee to differ" from the heathen? That you a R.C. priest should

so teach, is amazing. Your Church put Jerome of Prague to death by the awful instrument of fire. Could it believe Jerome was a child of God, loved of Him, died for of Christ, quickened by the Spirit, and then burn him? Impossible! The fact of the Council of Constance putting him to death demonstrated they believed nothing of the kind. But touching all men being the sons of God. Do you so term Nero, Julian, Arius, Luther, Calvin, Knox? You have travelled in Ireland and dwelt in Spain. Do the Irish and Spaniards call us heretics of Scotland, the children of God? It is clear, then, that neither your Church, nor you, nor the Bible, nor Calvin, nor I, believe all men to be by nature the sons of God. Job answered Bildad: "Neither is there any daysman betwixt us." He wished for a *judge* who would appoint a *day* on which he would settle their wrangle. We have a daysman, one Paul, to whom I appeal: "Ye are *all* the children *by faith* in Jesus Christ." Ah, then, there is no more room for discussion, for, if all are children *by faith*, none can be *by nature*. If, therefore, a man is naturally an alien, how can he make himself a son? A young man said to Jesus: "Good Rabbi, what must *I do* that I may *inherit* eternal life?" Can a man be his own father? The young man could no more do it than an angel could make himself a man or *vice versa*. Men change their views political, ecclesiastical or social, their notions, wishes, and intentions, but never their nature. "Can the Negro change his colour or the leopard his spots?" Hence we lay as helpless as clay at the feet of Mercy. We are born of God, not of our will, but of His, being fitted for the companionship of the aristocracy of the skies and the friendship of God by a Divine deed. So says Pope Pedro: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to His *abundant mercy hath begotten us again* unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." When this foolish youth boasted he had kept the commandments Jesus made a beacon of him unto the ages, virtually saying, Hast thou indeed kept the Sinaitic ten; Behold, I give thee one more, Sell thine estate, share it among the poor, and be my disciple. His instant disobedience proved he had just as much kept the law as members of your Church perform works of supererogation. Some holding your views, quote: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, *and open the door*, I will come in to him and sup with him." They then triumphantly ask, Is not opening the door doing something? The Codex Sinaiticus, a manuscript probably written when Constantine reigned, has—"If any man hear my

voice, *I will both open the door and come in.*" "If any man hear my voice" in his heart, not the priest's voice in his ear, it shall act upon his lifeless soul as it did upon the dead body of Lazarus, with this difference, that after an interval (say of 15 years, Isa. xxxviii., 5) Lazarus died again; whereas, the regenerate man may say, I am he that liveth (in Christ), and was dead (in trespasses and sins;) and, behold, I live for evermore. Jehovah said: "I am the Lord thy God that brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." If thy soul is in the wilderness of doubt, travail, toil, teaching, and hope; or, better still, in the Canaan of Sabbatical love, didst thou march grandly out of the Egypt of thy guilt, or wert thou carried in the bosom of the good Shepherd? Shall God or Munro get the glory of thy salvation, or wilt thou share it with thy Maker? Does Jesus seek the lost sheep, or it Him, or do they meet each other? Render, then, to God His due—salvation as to its conception, inception, and accomplishment. To man his helpless guilt. We are naturally as guilty as devils, and as weak as bruised reeds. "Thou hast destroyed thyself, O Israel, but thine help is in me." As ministering spirits carried the beggar, Lazarus, in their fond embrace, with kisses and songs, carefully upholding him that he fell not into purgatory, but arrived safely in the land of love, so the Angel of the everlasting covenant carries us in His infallible arms, and presents us without spot before Him in love. Angels could climb Jacob's ladder, but not we. Are absolutions, beads, confessions, dirges, masses, merits, mortifications, penances, pilgrimages, purgatory, the rounds of that ladder? I fear that if I climb up its swindlesome rounds, it will prove "some other way;" and instead of finding the new Jerusalem at the top, I shall find myself at the bottom, or lower, about the latitude of Rome, or worse. Pio Nono being judge, you may guess where worse is. Ah! man, I, a levite, have seen sights you, a priest, never saw. My wife washing one of our nine babies. It squealed, cried, and gripped its mother's apron. Now it seemed to fear it would be drowned, and then again it would fall off the jolting knee. She did not share its fears, but kept on smiling, cooing, and singing to it. Was that child safe because it cried and gripped? or because of a mother's love? Does our trembling grip on Jesus save us? or is it His almighty grasp of us? I have watched a hen clucking about a farm, and noticed her jealous care over the little yellow chirpers running beneath her legs. She took all sorts of providing, protecting care of them, but I did not see them return the compliment. Yes, love comes from above and is hardly re-

ciprodated below. Those who are born again come to trust under the wings of the God of Israel. "We love Him (how little!) because He first loved us" (O how much!!) There was once a telegram signed by a woman named Mary, and sent to a town 30 miles north of Bethany. It ran thus, "Lord, *he whom thou lovest is sick.*" The Pope would have put it in this way, Lord, *he that loveth thee* is sick. Signed, Ferretti. That is the secret of the Lord's not coming from Jerusalem to the Vatican to help the imprisoned Pontiff. So long as you Romanists insult high heaven by gibbering about merit, obedience, ascetic denials, and sufferings, there is no voice nor any one to answer. Give my love to Ferretti, and tell him that if he will but change his cry and say, Lord, I am a poor, hell-deserving sinner, in whom dwelleth no good thing; all my righteousness is as menstrual rags; but have compassion upon me for the sake of Him who died,—then there will be a change for the better. Samson boastfully shied away the jawbone and said: "Ass loads upon ass loads, a thousand men have *I* slain with the jawbone of an ass." The Lord saw his pride, and to chastise him, put his *I* out and made him humbly substitute *Thou*. Then he cried like an ungreased saw, "*Thou* hast *given* this great deliverance into the hand of thy servant, and now shall I die for thirst, and fall into the hand of the uncircumcised? Your poor Samson is shorn of Napoleon's bayonets by the Italian Delilah, and is in the hands of the liberal Philistines. Let him cease harping on the catgut string of merit, and strike the golden wire of mercy, and he will be delivered, if not from Victor Immanuel, at least from Pelagius. Either you are divinely saved, self-saved, or unsaved. If A, you were passive; if B, you can never see your saviour in heaven nor yet on the earth, save in a looking-glass; but if C, the Lord save thee! When Moses reared the copper snake in the desert, a bitten Ammonite could, by gazing, gain no relief from his fevering wound, for the serpent was lifted up for Israelites. But Jesus is lifted up on the pole of the Gospel, that any yellow Chinaman, red Indian, black African, or pale-faced European may come, if willing, and receive great salvation. Then, sir, those in whom God works mightily to will, fall to groaning, being burdened with a sense of awful guilt. A voice of One is heard crying in this wilderness world: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." They hear the joyful sound, and sabbatise in Him. The charming story of Joseph and his brothers narrates that, as ten of the sons of Jacob were on their way home, they halted

their asses at a caravanseray to get them provender. While there, one discovers his money in the mouth of his sack, by which he saw that his corn was a love-gift, not a purchase. When they reached the tents of Israel, the other nine found their money too. The one was a Calvinist, the nine were Arminians. When the Catholic Church circles the eternal throne, they will join in the "Non nobis Domine" with this chorus, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast *redeemed us* to God by thy blood, *out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.*" Would you improve the chorus by substituting *saved ourselves*, or *offered redemption*, or put in *all* at the expense of *out of*? What is the moral of the corn merchants? That love never sells—it gives. Does a mother sell milk to her babe? Do fathers sell education to their sons? Spiritual corn and wine are without price. Therefore, O priest, put from thee all that vile copper, leaden silver, brass gold, and bogus notes, called by thee merit, and receive the gold of Uphaz, the riches of heaven, as thou dost sunlight. Where is thy Christmas receipt for last year's sunshine? Does God in nature sell light, offer it, or give it? Part with thy false riches quickly too, lest He in anger say: "Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that *the gift of God* may be purchased with money." Do not degrade God from a king pardoning into a salesman bargaining. Forget not, "The *wages* of sin is death; but the *gift* of God is eternal life." We can deserve the bitter pains of the second death, but eternal life must be a gift (not an offer) as mortal life is. Heaven, if reachable by you on your *offer* and *buy* principles, will be but a dry spot. Proof by illustration. X, Y, and Z are going down the Clyde in an open boat. Through a lurch the three fall overboard. X strikes out swimming full force for the shore and reaches it. Y was sinking, but a sailor threw him a life buoy, to which he clung, and was taken into a boat. While the seaman was seeing after Y, unhappily Z sunk like lead. The sailor bravely dives and brings him up, but so far gone that half-an-hour applying restoratives hardly brought him round. X, Y, and Z are saved—X by himself, Y partially by himself, Z wholly by another. A few days after, the three meet the sailor in Greenock. Which will love him most? Which will feel happiest in his company? If I arrive in heaven on X principles, my cool affection to Jesus must prevent a just appreciation of Him and assimilation to Him. Now the latter is the work God has given us to do for time and after. My analogy

fails in the men being alive and possessing some power to act in the direction of saving themselves, which is no more the case with fallen men than with fallen angels. After the fall man was intellectually, morally, socially alive, but spiritually dead, as loveless towards God as Satan is. You complain of the Westminster Divines teaching: "The inability of men to please God is not a consequence of any actual transgression of their own. They are conceived and born in this state of spiritual impotence; and, in the system of Calvin, it depends solely upon God, and neither directly nor indirectly upon man to remove this disability." Why the infallible Word unmistakably says: "I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me." "Can a clean thing come out of an unclean." When a Hebrew woman (to say nothing of an Amorite) gave birth to a baby, she was looked upon as having done so unclean a thing that she was not allowed into any place of worship for six weeks, and this was called the days of her purification. Purification from what, if she was not supposed, as a rule, to which there has been no exception save that of the blessed Virgin and Jesus, to have brought an unclean thing into the world? If an infant is not unclean, why do you baptise infants? We are not saved by any good thing coming out of us by birth or prayer, but by something good entering, viz., the Holy Ghost. Also, it is written: "The Son quickeneth whom He will." As the Shekinah forsook the temple in the days of Ezekiel, and soon after the Chaldees destroyed Salem and its temple, as Jesus gave up Jerusalem saying: "Your house is left unto you desolate," and the Romans shortly came and destroyed it and the temple, so was it when Adam disobeyed: "In the day thou eatest thereof, dying, thou shalt surely die." Verily, verily, thou shalt die in the act. He ate, and God left the soul of Adam, years after, Death came and did by his body what Nebuchadnezzar and Titus did by the city and temple which had been holy. When God left the soul, all sorts of foul passions, sinful desires, and evil spirits entered and defiled it. If determined to save, he must return and fulfil the promise: "I will come and dwell in them," not figuratively, nor by a principle, but personally. Thirty years since, when photographers took likenesses, *the first image lasted for a season*, and then mocked the eye by fading away. Now, they apply a fixing process. The image of God is photographed by the sunlight of love, and fixed by the blood of the Lamb. "They shall never perish." When our Lord cleansed the temple, was it active? When He cast seven devils out of Mary, was she? The demoniacs

were as passive as the temple. The race of Adam fell. Did it settle down to condemnation without an effort lying passive in ruin? or was there a monster petition to the King Eternal, and deputies chosen to present it, its burden being: Lord, we perish. Come and save us? Not so. No human being ever thought of God coming to save, and of their being passive under the act. They had either your idea, they could save themselves if they only chose, or they were indifferent about the matter. Whether is salvation the result of a Divine forthputting of power, or human energy wisely directed? Fancy your big book convinced me that I am out of the true church, and I came to you with tears on my cheeks and sorrow in my heart asking: "What must I do to be saved?" Would you say: Repent and baptise yourself, or, "Repent and be baptised?" The latter certainly. I reply I have repented and do repent. Well, you say, then be baptised, for no amount of repentance can save you without it. It is a sacrament by which grace is conferred. When baptised by a priest, and conformed by a bishop, you will receive the Holy Ghost. Would you not represent Christ in that rite, and the water symbolise the Holy Ghost? Was I not passive in that ceremony? When confirmed, the bishop said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," was not my head passive beneath his hand, and my heart in the reception of His spirit? I might get hold of your hand and gently force you to receive hospitality under my roof. Can I do similarly by the Eternal God? Were not the apostles passive in their coronation by tongues of flame? Seeing, then, that your church, Bible, reason, all teach man's passivity in salvation, why object to Calvin doing the same? I think you say: "Bah! the foolish fellow. Of course I allow that in 'Repent and be baptised,' the latter part undeniably indicates passivity, but just as certainly 'Repent' implies activity, which is fatal to his nonsense." Reply. Who wrought repentance in that once dark cold heart? Baptism is only the outward profession of being already saved. My argument is, the heart was passive when God poured the oil of grace into it. The commandment urges not to salvation, but to its conscious enjoyment. Do you say respecting salvation being unlimited, Why taking your King James' translation as being correct. Paul says: "That Jesus, by the grace of God, should *taste death for every man*," which settles the question. Reply. In this case, I prefer the Douay: "That Jesus, through the grace of God, might *taste death for all*." I will impudently prefer my own rendering to either: "That Jesus, by the *charity of God*, might *taste death over all*." There is no word

in the text for *man*. It terminates with "Uper pantos:" over all. We look to the scope of the passage to find the noun to which *all* must be applied. He speaks not of our race, but only of "children," "brethren," "brethren," "children," "children," "brethren," for these follow "all." The evident sense is Jesus, the last Adam, was crowned with glory that He might die for all God's *children*, these being His BRETHREN. In doing so, He would brightly contrast with Adam, who, when crowned with honour, acted dishonourably, in that he slew *all* his *children*. It is a case met by the words of a wicked priest, who rightly said: "Jesus should die for that nation (the Jews); and not for that nation only, but that also He should gather together the children of God that were scattered abroad," under the shadow of His protecting wings, and then die "Uper pantos:" over all. Over is for, in the intensified form. Two Hebrew warriors, during the retreat of Saul on mount Gilboa, are fleeing in the gloaming from the mortal attack of the Philistine archers. The foremost is wounded and falls. His comrade comes up, bows over the prostrate form in sheltering curve, and receives three arrows through his body and dies on the bleeding one. At nightfall the wounded man rises, makes for home and safety. The second dies "Uper" over the first. But the Captain of our Salvation is greater than one warrior. He is the host of heaven in Himself. Sin, Death, Hell, bear down upon His brethren in dread conflict. He receives the envenomed shaft of a broken law shot by Satanic force, and dies for "Pantos" all. See yonder strong-winged eagle carreering through the upper air like a meteor. The atmosphere is becoming thick and murky. Instinctively forecasting the coming storm, she speeds her way for her craggy eyrie on the lofty mountain top where her three eaglets impatiently cry. She gyrates in lessening circles, and, sweeping down on her brood, alights. They cower and cuddle under her longed for wings. But the thunders now reverberating seem to shake the everlasting hills. Black clouds are rent by chinks of flame, from out of which leaps the fatal lurid flash. She, instinct with love and terror, rises to her feet, and, screaming, spreads fanlike her wings over her brood. The red bolt strikes her the topmost, but, conducted into the rock through her, the eaglets are saved. She dies "Uper pantos."

#### CHAP. 6TH—ASSURANCE.

You strenuously object to any man affirming he knows his sins forgiven. P. 114 tells us: "An infallible assurance extinguishes

hope, just as fruition terminates desire. With Christian hope, there disappeared also, from the system of Calvin, the ground on which it reposed. That system represents God as wantonly mocking and deceiving his creatures." At p. 216 you add: "The bare mention of '*an infallible assurance*' of salvation must strike discordantly upon the ears of men who have meditated on the nature of the gospel virtues. . . . Hope, the Christian's anchor amid the storms of life—hope which derives its life from our constant dependence upon the mercy of God, is swept at once by '*assurance*' from the earth." Before indicating errors in your theology, I shall point out patent blunders in your philosophy—"assurance extinguishes hope." Are you not assured of the ultimate triumph of Mother Church over heretical men and lost spirits? You, nevertheless, hope for that consummation. A part of your "Pater noster" says: "Thy kingdom come." Millions have been so praying from the apostolic age until and during the Pontificate of Pius IX. Have you the remotest doubt whether God will or will not let His kingdom come and hell's o'erturn? None, and yet you hope. Let us turn from Munro to Daniel: "In the first year of Darius, I, Daniel, understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish 70 years in the desolations of Jerusalem. And I set my face unto the Lord God to seek by prayers," &c. Here was Daniel, having the promise of Jehovah, praying for the fulfilment of what God had promised. As assurance destroys hope, Belteshazzar ought to have had no hope. But that proposition is just as true as this: "Fruition destroys desire." For a Professor, it is truly amazing. As well say that a smoker does not enjoy his cigar, has no desire for his pipe, while smoking. What a benumbing power there must be in Romanism! One of the heads of a college to be so senseless!! Paul says: "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Have we faith or hope? We have them for ourselves solely, or in union with others, but charity must be only for others. This chapter gives it a coronation as a God-like virtue. It is, like Him, a giver, while faith and hope are but receivers. When the tent-maker of Tarsus says, "Languages shall fail," does he also say faith and hope shall fail? Nay, we shall have faith and hope as certainly in heaven as on the earth. We shall not indeed hope to enter the realms of the blessed, but shall ever hope as to ranging new fields of light, love, and delight, the while cherishing an undoubting faith that our Father will open them up to us as fast as we are

prepared to enter. Herein lies the whole matter—we shall have hope without its sting, doubt, danger of loss. A sailor's wife at Lamlash, whose husband had been detained in Canton hospital, at last embraced the long hoped for one on the quay. While her hands tarry in the loved embrace of his, has assurance destroyed all hope? or does she hope that they and their dear ones will spend many happy seasons with each other in the cot on the brae side? Hope sometimes dies on Earth, always in Hell, never in Heaven. This doctrine of assurance is so intimately connected with the forgiveness of sins that it is necessary somewhat be said in relation thereto. God either forgives all a man's sins or none. No man can be partly guilty, partly innocent—partly in Christ, partly out of Him—partially dead and partially alive, any more than an antediluvian could be partly in the ark and partly out. Oblige by imagining a man partially baptised of the Holy Ghost! When God pardons, He does not forgive the man's sins so much as him. The man is forgiven. Either the blood of Christ has cleansed him wholly or not at all. In the case of the debtor who owed his king 10,000 talents (perchance of gold), what a mockery it would have been to say, I forgive thee 5,000. Seeing we cannot atone for one sin, that to satisfy Divine demands a Perfect Victim was needed, it is clear we should be as badly off as ever if only a small percentage of our transgressions were left to our charge. He says: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Partially or wholly? Bezaleel and Aholiab made the ark of the covenant. In its cavity was placed the two tables of stone containing the decalogue. The lid of it was termed the mercy seat. When the high priest sprinkled that open lid with the blood of the slain victim, the blood-blotted lid covered the law. But Moses broke the tables when they were first delivered. Christ's death covers all in the ark. Imagine the mercy-seat did not cover the 10 laws of God, but only 6, 7, 8, or 9. That would be as absurdly awkward as your doctrine of partial pardon. Fancy Noah's ark partially roofed. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins." "I have blotted out" might rightly be, I have blooded out, for, Blood and Blot are identical. We now blot with ink, but of old with blood. The priest who slew victims to Woden with Thor's hammer was called Blood or Blott. Yes, our sins are literally blotted out, not partially, which reflects on the blood of the Victim, on the Eternal Spirit by whom it was effected, and the Father to whom such atonement was offered. "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Improve

that blessed formula of our dear Jesus in like manner. But how handle this: "You being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven you *all trespasses*." I see passivity, totality, mercy there. Don't you? "Little children, I write to you because *your sins* are forgiven you." Some or all? "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." The line of totality in this eclipse of priestly limitation passes right over the Vatican. Nehemiah said to God, "Thou hast covered all their sin." We have shown that law and judgment take hold of a man for his entire life. So also does the forgiveness of sins. If his sins are pardoned it must be for life, otherwise you make him into a theological mongrel, a religious monster, never seen in the regions of reason, and only to be met with in purgatory. Instead of the soul being clothed with the wedding garment of Christ's righteousness, covering it unto approbation, you have it clad in the devilish costume of a dirty theological cutty sark, unto contempt and anger. When a man is forgiven, such gracious act covers past, present, and to come, which is evident from these considerations: If God pardons in any form, it must be all sins up to that time. So the *past* is covered. If not the *present*, the offender would have the presence of the Gracious One under condemnation. If they were not forgiven for the *future*, the next day all this blessed work would be undone, and he in his former condition. You may say, This is positively shocking! It opens wide the floodgates of iniquity, and invites to sin. According to that, the pardoned man may, if he likes, get drunk, commit adultery, or murder with assured impunity. Reply. So he may *if he likes*, but he won't like. "He that is born of God cannot sin, *i.e.*, as he once did, without bitter remorse, and, as the worldly do, delighting therein. He has lost his appetite for sin. Had Tetzal met him and said, "For four thalers I will give thee an indulgence to commit adultery." He would have said, If thou wilt give *me* forty thalers and the indulgence too, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" You seem to think that sin to the pardoned soul is sweet but forbidden; whereas it is its abhorrence. Of course, this doctrine takes the guilt off the confessional box. Why should he be in distress for "Absolvo te" of the priest, when he has an unction from the Holy One, the witness within which is greater. Is it not written, "He that believeth hath the witness in himself?" But how will this work in society? Who are those for whose special behoof you ask the Prison Minister's Bill? They all

abominate this view as you do, all fight for pardon by instalments. There are many Protestants in prison too, but not one per cent. of them believed himself a pardoned man before he became a criminal. The wicked rebel against God's hand, voice, Sinai. The righteous disobey their Father, and so grieve His heart, Calvary. The latter is hard to do. A stone-mason, named M'Crindell, once said to me as we were walking along the Salt-market, "I fell into sin, lost my sense of God's favour, and for nine months had no rest. During all that time my flannel sark was wet with sweat through anguish of heart." You give your partly pardoned men *outside* penance when they go astray. God gives His *inside*. The Irish priest sometimes put a stone on the head of the penance man. God lays an intolerable weight on his heart. Your pardon diminishes a dread of sin, while His makes sin seem exceeding sinful. When you repeat your credo: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," do you imagine the composers of that ancient symbol meant it in the wretched piece-meal sense in which your church doles out pardon to penitents as inspectors do to paupers. However, this division of mercy reminds one of your division of the Blessed. "Holy heart of Jesus, pray for me." "Holy back that was scourged on Gabbatha, pray for me." "Holy feet that were nailed to the cross, pray for us." Talk of rending the seamless garment. This is tenfold worse. You rend Him. Hah! what is that I hear, "Holy coat, pray for us?" Why, sir, your religion has sunk into fetishism. Do you repudiate worshipping God in pieces, and the clothing of the sorrowful Man? Here is crushing proof you do as bad: you, as a priest, are not bound to read the Bible in private, but you are the Breviary—a medley of God's Word with stories nearly as true as "Jack and the Beanstalk." That lying book is divided into daily portions. The part you must use and the prayer you are expected to offer on the 14th September, 1872, runs thus: "O cross, more splendid than the stars illustrious to the world, much beloved by men, more holy than all things, which alone wast worthy to bear the treasure of the world; *sweet wood! sweet nails!* bearing a sweet burden, *save* this present multitude assembled this day in thy praise." Half an eye can see that three objects are here presented to view,—*Christ*, who is called "the treasure of the world," "a sweet burden," and *The Cross*, called "sweet wood," and *Nails*, termed "sweet." And you worship two out of these three. Why, a Brahmin is as much a priest of the most high God as he who genuflects to wood and nails—the man who asks nails to save souls, turns up his scholarly nose at Patrick

Hamilton! "All idolators shall have their portion in." Your dividing the Indivisible reminds me of "They were sawn asunder." Having first sawn asunder, "Thou shalt not covet" (a simple thought as indivisible as God), you then saw Him into parts who gave it, and then, wonderful to tell! cry loud and long because the Westminster Divines would not do so too in respect to pardoning sins. We are now in a position to consider the doctrine of assurance. Observe, the C. of F. does not teach it is essential to a Christian, but only that it is attainable. Job had it: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" Paul rejoiced in it with his fellow Christians: "For *we know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal." He tells the Romans about it: "Ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father." John delights in it: "Now are we the sons of God." As they knew they loved God in former ages, why not we, unless religion has deteriorated? Were they not men of like passions with us? A certain One said: "He that is not for me is against me." If a man questions me thus: Are you a child of God or of the devil? Do you love the brotherhood or despise the Church? Do you desire to see souls won to Jesus, or are you indifferent as to the extension of His kingdom? Is God's Word, Person, Sabbath precious to you, or do you think these trade questions for theologians? Let me say, "I don't know;" Might he not say, Do you know whether you love your wife, children, your native land, nature, literature? If I again say, "I don't know," he must think me insane. But if I say, "As to the latter, I do love them, but the former I know not, yea or nay." Will he not then have the right to say: In this matter there can be no neutrality. Indifference is contempt, and if any man positively love not the Lord Jesus after He has done and suffered so much for him, let him be accursed. A man not to know whether he is a soldier of the cross or a rebel against the King of kings is queer. But says the Rev. Munro: "Humility will scarcely permit the Christian to acknowledge to himself (let alone to others, H. A. L.) that he possesses even the rudiments of virtue." No scholar can believe that statement. Imagine a person say to you: Rev. Sir, you must either be a virtuous man or a vicious one. Which are you? Paul did not so reason, but told what he was, giving God the glory: "By the grace of God I am what I am." Job knew nothing of this nonsense: "Eyes was I to the blind, and feet to the lame." Nor did he who was healed at Siloah's brook: "Once I was blind, but now I see." Is it pride

in the sick man to have confidence in the skill of his physician, the captain in the pilot, the Alpine climber in his guide? Well, that it is all the Christian has who believes his sins are pardoned, and he shall reach the pearly gate. David speaks for such when expressing confidence in his God thus: "The Lord is my shepherd." Would Magdalene be guilty of pride if saying He cast seven unclean spirits out of me and having manifested His love to me when so vile, will He leave me at last in trouble to sink? You say she would. Let me tell you that humility does not consist in falsehood except it be voluntary humility (Col. ii. 18) instead of spontaneous. Why, sir, you complained that the Scotch divines taught man is passive in this matter, and your charge is true. If a man be passive, of what can he boast. Is he clothed with the righteousness of Christ? He did not weave the seamless robe. Is he adopted? He could not deserve it: "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay, but by the law of faith." I can fancy a man saying, I did difficult works, and suffered severe penances, therefore I am justified, for I deserve it. But I cannot think the same on the platform of passivity. Consider, moreover, that not only was it not his act, but if pardoned, it is a shame to him that he needed it. In addition, he observes that those who were once in the same condemnation still remain so. When he beholds them in the pit from which he has been raised, must he not be constrained to say: Their case would still be mine, but grace has made me to differ from what I was. I owe you £500, and you generously forgive me every farthing, shall I go and boast right and left that I owe you nothing. No, no. I shall keep my mouth shut, except when the fact is questioned, and be glad, but shall not insult you by doubting that you have forgiven me. It appears, then, probable that an ordinary true Christian will know his calling of God in Christ Jesus. When such a favoured one considers the immutability of God, that His gifts are unrepented of, and when he views God as eternal and indivisible, loving unlike man, who is temporary loving and afterwards neglecting the same object, giving this one a portion of his time, and then doing similarly by another, the believer naturally concludes that if He set His love upon him once it will never be removed. When he hears his Lord say with dignity and solemnity: "I give unto my sheep eternal life," he rests upon the Spirit's witness, his Lord's promise, and his consciousness of guilt being gone beyond return. Even the Law (which is fulfilled for him in the person of his Substitute), says by his sins what Moses did by

the Egyptians that once oppressed the chosen seed: "Ye shall see them again no more for ever." They did indeed see their carcasses on the sands of the Red Sea; and so the pardoned man looks back upon his sins as dead to him and he dead to sin. The scape goat that by a figure bore away the sins of the people never returned. "Thy sins and thine iniquities will I remember no more." The idea of a man being once saved and subsequently lost, of angels erroneously rejoicing over a wayside soul, has no charms for me. Would you have the Book of Life like Augustine's work known as "Retractations?" My Lord will assuredly say: "Here am I, and those whom thou gavest me. Of them I have lost none." Why should not the joy of believing my sins being forgiven be mine as well as yours? Yes yours. It is impossible that you should deny professing to be a pardoned man. If you have not believed, what right have you to be a priest? You are more than a mere believer, you profess to pardon others' sins. You teach that those who eat Christ's flesh in the eucharist have eternal life in them (John vi. 54), and you eat it. You affirm that you twice received the Holy Spirit, once at Confirmation, once at Orders. You are the medium through whom heaven's graces flow to thousands. You wear the coat of an officer of the sacramental army, and then write a book to convince people that you are not at all sure you are a private, nay, even a recruit, so far from being sure your sins are forgiven, you humbly doubt whether the mere germs of virtue, not to mention holiness, are in you. Pardon my saying I doubt whether you think so wickedly of yourself. But if so, what right have you in the priesthood? Surely the priest represents Christ. You can have no right to represent Him when you are not sure but what you are His enemy!

#### CHAP. 7TH—TWO WILLS IN THE DESPOT.

You object to the Calvinistic theory of *two wills* in God, viz., the *secret* and the *revealed*. Cogitation on the subject justifies Jean Chauvin. There was a period when all God's intentions must be classed under the first head. When He revealed, in part, His mind to angelic intelligences, whose existence antedates ours, then He might be said to have two wills, in so far as something was now known of His mind of which previously nothing had been known. Then He makes man and reveals Himself to him in Paradise, at Sinai, Calvary, and in the upper room on the Pentecostal day. By these sovereign acts He manifests His will concerning us. His revealed will is directing, having respect to

our duty as sinful creatures. We, by study of Nature and Revelation, must know more of God's manifested will than those did who first leaped into life and light at His creative fiat. Calvin does not teach that these two wills are opposed to each other, but work towards one sublime and honourable end. Albert Edward Guelph was lately stricken with fever (by whom?); but, in answer to much prayer, he is raised up (by whom?). When prostrate in delirium, we knew it was the will of God concerning him. The fact revealed the will so far. But we did not know the secret will of God in relation to recovery until it too became revealed in providential love. Knowing "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will (not permission) of your Father," we cannot but trace his illness and recovery to God. The act of afflicting and the subsequent act of restoration were not in antagonism. Each answered a great end—the grand idea of God calling forth the prayers of millions, causing men to feel the powerlessness of science, clothing the sufferer with something better than England's regalia, a sense of dependence upon God, and sublimating a nation's Hosannahs into Hallelujahs. The former act and the latter, like evening and morning, were each conducive to the same good end. So in nature, whereby a balance is observed. In the vastitudes of the fields of space, by the action and counteraction of the laws of attraction, centrifugal and centripetal forces are laid upon planetary orbs, whereby the heavenly bodies move in mystic dance with perfect harmony. They are not placed under contrary *laws*, but one grand *law*, which men call gravitation. So in the humbler fields of animal nature we find the Teredo, a small gelatinous marine animal, wonderfully adapted for boring into timber, nay, of absorbing the substance of wood into itself. Is there a wreck in the warm seas? Millions of these feeble tenants of the deep fix upon its giant timbers, and corrode them to a flimsy shell, which the motion of the waves carry away, whereby danger to navigation is prevented. What should we say to an objector who would persist that Nature, in growing timber and then destroying it thus, acted on suicidal principles? Who brings man to dust by death, and yet is the resurrection and the life? Why, sir, you take yourself out of the list of the learned, and in your ascetic humility, place yourself among children in understanding, reminding one of the little girl who questioned her father: "Papa, why do you wear braces?" "Why, child, to keep my trousers up." "Well, then, why do you have straps?" Certainly you must be suffering from theological amaurosis caught

in Spain. Let us clarify the subject by looking at it from that blessed standpoint, the Bible. God commands Abraham to offer up Isaac. That was plainly His revealed will, indicative of duty on the part of the patriarch. Was it God's secret will when He so bade him? And did not this secret will become His known? By the former, the patriarch was internally disciplined; by the latter, we are instructed in view of God's dealings with father and son. If it be lawful so to say, God's secret will is ever being diminished by its passage into the manifested. His goings forth are unto everlasting, and in His illimitable circumference, He is the unknown, the incomprehensible, but is ever becoming more known, more apprehended, though never to be comprehended. I suppose it is the same with great men, though necessarily in an infinitely less degree. A fool's bolt is soon shot, his mind easily known. The wise are reserved. Strictly speaking, there are not two wills, but one will, and two objects upon which that will operates. By gravitation a rock falls from the brow of a mountain into the plain. From the same plain a balloon rises above the fell top. Who but a Papal theologian would say there are two gravitations. Jehovah said to Moses, Thou shalt say unto Pharaoh: "The Lord God of the Hebrews hath sent me unto thee saying, Let my people go," but had previously told him the king would not. That was a manifestation of what the Genevese teacher meant by two wills. So in the Apocalypse: "For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil His will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto *the beast*, until the words of God shall be fulfilled." Probably, we may slightly differ as to what is meant by *the beast*, as I believe it to be the Papacy. Howbeit, we shall both agree in believing it to be some wicked power. Wherefore, it is plain that kings giving their power to *the beast*, instead of placing their sceptres at the disposal of Him whose right it is to reign, were acting contrary to *the revealed will*, but it is equally as clear that they were acting in accordance with His *secret will*, seeing that He put it into their hearts. We repeat *His revealed will*, is directive as to duty, and we have nothing to do with anything but *His revealed will*. As the son of Amram said: "The *secret* things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are *revealed* belong unto us, and to our children for ever, *that we may do* all the words of this law." It is impossible to conceive of an intelligent being without two wills, in the sense employed by Calvin, viz., some of his intentions known, while others are unknown. When Jesus told Peter to come to Him on the water, it

was His revealed will that Cephas should come, but it was His secret will that the prince of fishermen should not, inasmuch as He intended to teach him and us that we do not come to Him, but He to us. This expressed will taught Peter his weakness; the revealed shows our help is in Him. By combining the two lessons we learn: "When I am weak, then am I strong." Unless these considerations make the matter comprehensible, one may well despair of reaching your capacity. So much for ignorance, and thus much for unfairness. Calvin speaking of those who oppose this common sense view says: "I wish the reader to take notice that this cavil is directed, not against me, but against the Holy Spirit." You then add: "There needs no further evidence. Not only are principles laid down which destroy the veracity of God, but their consequences are intrepidly acknowledged. Such is Calvinism. The portrait is from the author." As though Calvin taught that God was as a house divided against itself, and having done so, blamed that blasphemy upon the Third Person of the ever blessed Trinity. The truth being he had only insisted upon the doctrine of *two wills* being clearly revealed, and that those objecting thereto, do not so much oppose him as Him, Calvin as God.—Before closing this brief chapter, let me tell a debating anecdote. I must premise by saying my opinion is that God is a despot of all despots, the most despotic. I once engaged to prove this in opposition to a member of your flock. Your co-religionists were delighted to hear me so rave. Calvinism was coming out true black. Moreover, they were confident that my opponent would abolish me so that I should give no more trouble to the Papalini of the Green. I began thus: "Men, observe, a despot is one who does not consult the will of his subjects. Victoria is not a despot, for she asks us at elections to give her our advice. We govern India despotically, but Ireland constitutionally. The Hindoos have not the franchise, while the Irish have. Despots are of two kinds, good and bad. A schoolmaster does not consult his scholars, a captain his crew, a general his soldiers. Good despots are those who consult the wellbeing of those whom they govern. Paul says, 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2: 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own *despots* worthy of all honour. And they that have believing *despots*, let them not despise them.' So you see the early Christians had good despots among them. Now God must needs be a despot, inasmuch as He cannot ask advice. 'Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counsellor hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and

who instructed Him and taught Him? God is, in a way, proud of being a despot. But you say: 'Surely God no where calls Himself by that ugly name?' Yes, holy Simeon with Jesus in his arms and the Spirit in his heart, said: 'Despot, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,' *i.e.*, I can die easy now. The Lord did not consult his will as to when He should manifest His Messiah to him, but crowned his days by making Christ one of the last sights on earth, as He would be the first in heaven. Pope Pedro and the beloved disciple once prayed a duet, of which this is part: 'Despot, thou art God, which hast made heaven and earth and sea.' As though saying, Blessed be thou, our God, for not consulting Annas and the Sanhedrim. Thou hast acted despotically and well. So says Peter, and again: 'There shall be false teachers among you, who shall secretly bring in destructive heresies, even denying the Despot who bought them.' And not these only, but holy angels surrounding the throne, sing and say: 'How long, O Despot, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood?' Thus, men, if I am wrong, it is in good company." This put a new face on the matter. I must do your men the justice to say they stood it like Protestants, *i.e.*, sensible men. Even my opponent, virtually gave in by asking a change of the subject. I fear our translators looked upon despot with a cold shudder, and so softened it into lord or master. I cannot find it in yours, ours, nor even in the Apocrypha. But to me it is like ice cream in July. Would you think of consulting me in any weighty case? Then if I have not wisdom enough to advise you, of what use would it be for the only wise God to consult me. No, no. I am just the man that needs a despot. A despot does not *offer*, he *gives*, he does not advise, but command. The Despot who has made me His willing slave (I am having a brave middle passage), has taught me to blindly bow and say to Him what you say to that aged, sinful, fallible despot of the triple hat: 'Thy will be done.' Of course, as a Greek, you know that literally Despot means having power to *bind feet*, to put into fetters. Even that character, the Lord does not shrink from taking upon Himself in a parable. Finding one who had not on a wedding garment, He sternly bids: 'Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness.' If Christ does not represent Himself acting despotically when He says: 'Come' and 'Depart,' I do not know what despotically means. The kingdom of heaven is not like that of Poland, an elective monarchy. Instead of the subjects electing the king, Royalty elects His subjects. Neither is the kingdom of heaven a constitu-

tional monarchy with Gabriel for its celestial Gladstone, having a cabinet council of seraphim with plebeian angels by way of a lower house. We know that He, Himself, worketh all and in all. Under His despotic sway, many things *seem* wrong, *look* unfair, *appear* positively cruel. 'Have faith in God.'

#### CHAP. 8TH—INDWELLING SIN.

Your statements concerning two wills are not so absurd as your utterances upon the subject we are now about to consider. When speaking of the Supreme Being, it is impossible to bring either consciousness, direct observation, or history into play. Our sole resource is to listen to what God says of Himself. That you should say, p. 144: "As the two principles of Manicheism acted necessarily; so here, in man, an interminable war rages between his unregenerate and his sanctified part. In which war (says the C. of F.), although the remaining corruption may for a time much prevail, yet the regenerate part doth overcome, and so saints grow in grace. This is strictly consistent with the Protestant idea of justification,"—is to me wonderful, after reading from a greater divine than even Valladolid has produced: "We know that the law is spiritual: but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I love not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I. If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now, then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." He continues in the same strain, and concludes his then experience by personifying the two principles in the Christian as an offensive corpse hand-cuffed and leg-ironed to a living man. Hear his wail: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this dead body?" Which experience differs n-thing, as to essence, from what he relates to the Gallo-Grecians: "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Was Paul then a Manichean as Augustine once was? But let us look at the philosophy of the case. Human goodness differs from Divine and angelic, inasmuch as virtue in the former consists in a constant combat against temptation, sin and evil. God and angels enjoy a perpetual sabbath, whereas we are soldier-pilgrims, ever progressing towards the land where all things are new, always combatting with the world, the flesh, and the evil one on our way. As we make no progress in glass slippers on a plane of ice, opposition being needed to ensure procession, so is it in the spiritual world. Imagine

a hero with no one to fight against! Now the *phronema sarkos* (will or mind of the flesh), in the wisdom of God, is allowed to remain in the regenerate that the saint may manifest his sanctity by struggling against it. "To him that overcometh I will give to sit with me on my throne." The victory lies in self conquest, which could not be if there was no self war, nor can we conceive of self war without sinful inclinations with which to war. These existing, we have a veritable duality of natures. In fact the soul becomes that field whereon the first Adam and the last deliver battle. As in the feud between Saul and David, the latter waxed stronger and stronger, while the former grew weaker and weaker, so is it in this inward war. "The elder shall serve the younger." The carnal nature thus is made serviceable to the latter-born spiritual nature. Before the reception of the Spirit at conversion, sin had dominion over the soul, and its victim was led captive even as Satan would. After the entry of the Spirit, Sin is still present, not as king, but slave. Nevertheless, that slave is as immortal as the body of the mortal man, and cannot, nay, I will boldly say, ought not to be expelled, until the mortal puts on immortality. When Israel entered Canaan, were the aborigines expelled or made subordinate? *The will* to offer sinless service to God is well pleasing. As in the case of the patriarch offering his son, God takes will for deed. The soul of the spiritual is like a dove fastened to a dunghill. One day He will say to the fluttering struggler: "It is enough. Come up hither." As Israel enjoyed the sweet fields beyond the river, the more for his desert privations, so will it be with those who groan being burdened. Look at our case by the lights of biography presented in God's unquestioned sons. Were they sinless as to their characters? I will not ask that such sinlessness extends to their entire lives, but only from the time of their call, as that of Abram from Ur. How sayest thou Noah? He pleads guilty of drunkenness. Jacob lied. Judah committed incest. David murdered. Peter denied his Lord and dissembled at Antioch. Even the affectionate John, like Jonah, would fain revengefully slay a townful of people, (Jonah iv. 5; Luke ix. 54.) We cannot deny the saintship of a man of them, nor can we their sinnerhood. As the torrent Aar rolls into the blue waters of the Rhine from the Alpine highlands, it brings a volume of muddy water which runs side by side with the royal river until the clear stream triumphs at Cologne, and on to the sea. It is even so with the two natures. What says that abundant worker in view of the cold steel of the legionary which was

to smite head from body in the Mammertine prison? Does St. Paul in sight of glory claim sinlessness: "This is a true saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom *I (am) chief.*" Surely Nero was a greater. Yes, but the apostle could only *see* the wickedness of *the emperor*, while he *felt* the sinfulness of *the man*, and feeling affects us much more than sight. He was saint Paul in relation to the last Adam, but sinner Saul in respect to the first. Of One he had the Spirit, of the other the body: "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." All saints are sinners, though all sinners are not saints. Thus it is written: "He maketh intercession for the saints." No intercession could be needed for those who were holy in all relationships. Isaiah does not contradict Paul by saying: "And made intercession for the transgressors," forasmuch as saints are transgressors. Of course, your idea of saintship varies from mine. With me, every Christian is a saint, made such by entry and indwelling of the Holy Ghost, without paying £15,000, the average cost of being proclaimed a saint by the apostacy which it calls canonization. Query. How does it happen that when Paul wrote to Ephesus, Thessalonica, &c., all the members of those churches were denominated saints, whereas the Pope never addresses the church as constituted of saints? Why call all Christians saints *then*, and only one per ten million *now*, while who the one is no man knows, until such saint has been dead 100 years? However, not to disagree as to *who* are saints, but to consider *what* saints are, a son of God must constitute that hallowed relationship, inasmuch as it guarantees the impartation of the Divine nature. God breathed His *fleeting* image into him whom Luke designates "Adam, which was the son of God." God breathes His *indelible* image into every son by adoption, fixing the likeness by the blood of the everlasting covenant. You daily say: "Pater noster," the Greek priest says: "Pater emoon." Latin and Greek agree to teach that prayer begins in sonship, that I cannot pray until able to say Pater: Father. "Our" is not made by Jesus to precede "Father," as that would build Him on us. He would say in our proper tongue, "Father of us." Pater relates us to the first table of the law—"Thou shalt love the Lord:" "Our" looks to the second: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour." So that whoso can rightfully say "Pater noster" must be a child of God and lover of man. Certainly that constitutes saintship! Well, what does Jesus command His holy ones to ask? "Forgive us our trespasses." Plainly

proving they are saints and sinners in one personality, just as the material and spiritual combine in one person. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that sin and holiness so meet, when reason, experience, and revelation all affirm they do? What distinguishes the hero from the coward so much as that the former will fight foot to foot, hand to hand, follows Nelson in giving the signal for close action? Our Indians say: "A sepoy will fight us all day with firearms, but his pluck fails as soon as he can see the white of the British soldier's eye." When God placed His chosen church in the position of sancto-sinful creatures, He presented to the angelic armies a spectacle of heroic moral valour, such as a seraph might envy, could envy dwell and burn in heavenly breasts. "The evening and the morning were the first day." In Christian experience, darkness is older than light, carnality than spirituality, but its darkness melts into brightness. Sancto-sinful looks contradictory, but is only paradoxical. "He who knew no sin, became sin for us, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him." He holy-sinful, we sinful-holy. You say, p. 145: "The doctrine of Manes is laid down in the C. of F. (what an insult to all who hold it! H. A. L.), with greater precision of terms than we have ventured to employ in the above remarks. The doctrine cannot be repudiated by Presbyterians; for it is clearly contemplated by their standards, reasoned upon, and, of course, supported by the due complement of Scripture texts: 'From this original corruption of nature *during this life*, doth remain in those that are regenerated; and although it be through Christ pardoned and mortified, yet *both itself and all the motions thereof are truly and properly sin.*' That which is said to be truly and properly *sin* must be a real substance. For, if it were not, it could form no part of man." And did you actually think that *sin* as here expressed, was intended to signify a substance and not *sinful*? You have minutely examined the C. of F. and therefore know its definition of sin: "Sin is any want of conformity unto or transgression of the law of God." It is then clear that the divines composing the C. of F. no more thought sin a substance than you or I do. Sin is a negation, the lack of holiness, which brings man into a positive state of damnability, parallel to the temple minus the Shekinah. How crass the intellect capable of thinking sin a substance. Do you find Protestants so stupid in commerce, manufactures, arts, arms, legislation, literature, mathematics, inventions, discoveries? Your book is positive proof to the contrary. You had the manuscripts at Valladolid, yet you could not get it printed in English. You had to send it here, which resulted in 40

gross errors, having to be corrected on the last page, because you could not see the proofsheets. In Glasgow there are thirty firms that will each complete an order for a similar work to be printed in Spanish, and warrant it needs no errata. Had the superstitions of the Papacy so benumbed the intellect of the naturally superior Spaniards as to bring them to the level of Mexicans, entirely wanting in commercial enterprise? Remember, sir, that Protestants are now ruling more than thirty millions of Papists, while your co-religionists are not ruling one million of us. If they cannot tell sin from a substance what imbeciles the Papists must be to be ruled by such dolts. You have, p. 198: "Calvinism denies that the just are really sanctified, and therefore destroys belief in a future state of supernatural happiness." How remarkable! Presbyterians believe sin to be a substance and do not believe in a heaven! What next? No one sees you preaching to the poor benighted sons of Knox at the corners of our streets. You never offer even a tract to any of us, but content yourself with ministering to those who have, from baptism, walked in the full blaze of Papal day. You jumble and err thus on p. 198: "She teaches also that *no being can exist in a state of indifference towards God*; but that all must be objects either of his complacency or of his displeasure; and therefore, that the man, from whom has been removed that which alone was capable of making him an object of displeasure is, by the very fact, admitted into favour. This effect, moreover, having been produced by *supernatural* grace through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, really infused into the soul, the just man becomes even in a *supernatural* manner, pleasing to his Maker." It is hard to conceive of a more erroneous and ambiguous paragraph. Imprimis, instead of writing: "No man can exist in a state of indifference towards God," you evidently mean that God cannot be indifferent to any man. Do you doubt that? Here, however, lies an error not simply of expression, but of divinity. You mean that the removal of sin makes a man an object of Divine complacency, and that previous to such removal the man was not an object of God's favour. This is wrong, which is manifest by observing that, God's love must have antedated such sinless condition, inasmuch, as he was made sinless by God's act. He does not love us after we have made ourselves sinless, but from everlasting, that he may make us sinless. Else, how does the sinner get rid of his sinful nature? Conduct we may improve, but our nature we cannot change. Your view makes God's love date from when we became sinless, but the chronology

of grace runs somewhat further back. You say: "This effect (obtaining the Divine favour) having been produced by *supernatural* grace through the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, really infused into the soul, the just man becomes even in a *supernatural* manner, pleasing to his Maker." This first "supernatural" is but tautology seeing God's grace must be supernatural. The merits of our Lord are not infused into the soul, but the Holy Spirit is. There is a reciprocal substitution in the cases of the saved sinner and his Saviour. The sinner lives because the Sin Offering died. In judgment he will have no condemnation, for One fulfilled all righteousness for him. The mantle of that One is his wedding garment. Nor does it cover him as a snowdrift does a dunghill, forasmuch as his nature has been regenerated, his character altered, his person purified. Your statement that, "The just man becomes even in a supernatural manner pleasing to his Maker," inasmuch as God sees him sinless, for so you evidently mean, is absurdly untrue. I fail to see the propriety of your saying a second time *in a supernatural manner*, inasmuch as pleasing God naturally, with our apostate nature, is impossible: "The carnal heart is enmity against God. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God." Do you make service on our part and favour on His natural? If so, why not say—the just man becomes pleasing to his Maker. Though that would be logically correct, from your stand point, inasmuch as it assumes that God loves a man, because he is sinless when he makes himself such; whereas, nothing can be more distant from the verities of the case. Imagine a man could change the enmity of our fallen nature into love, where would his place be in the economy of God? He is not blood-washed, for a sinner must be as passive in receiving the blood of sprinkling by the Spirit as a Spanish baby is in receiving baptism when in the arms of a Padre. Nor has he received the Holy Ghost, inasmuch as that is a Divine impartation. In fact, he would simply be a theological vacuum, or a megatherium in divinity, that could no more win the Divine favour than a monster could the admiration of a man of taste. On p. 209 you beat Munro in misconception, misunderstanding, and misrepresentation. See this: "Stripping the Protestant theory of its verbiage, under which it is buried, we would present it to the Calvinist, and then call upon him to realize, if it be possible, the state of that soul which is at the same time really sanctified and really sinful, abandoned to crime and yet 'accounted and accepted by God as righteous.' Is it possible to conceive that a man continues in a

state of grace even in the very act of grievous sin? Can the Spirit of God be abiding by grace in the soul which has abandoned itself to iniquity? Yet this is Calvinism. The C. of F. tells us that the soul once justified, cannot by any crimes, lose its sanctity nor its right to the heavenly crown. So that, if, in the very midst of a *criminal career*, the sanctified man were to be cut off; nay, were to die in the actual perpetration of a crime, he would after death be made perfect in holiness, and be received into the highest heavens. "If Calvinists do not consider the guilt of sin to be venial, surely *their* purgatory must burn fiercely, since it can so speedily prepare *such saints* for heaven." Half that nonsense is annihilated by this humble illustration: a sheep may fall into filth, but nothing less than a sow will wallow in it with great delight. Where do you find the C. of F. teaching that persons abandoned to crime are accepted by God as righteous? Your caricature of Calvinism is nearly as much like it as the abominable valentines we see in the low neighbourhoods are like the persons they are posted to. I often hear Papists quote Solomon thus: "The just man falleth seven times a day and riseth again." Is not this said to throw light upon venial sin differing from mortal? And is it not good proof that the righteous man is yet a sinner? God found Noah perfect in his generation as compared with the rest of mankind, but he was guilty of drunkenness; he was upright compared with these law breakers, but crooked in comparison with Him who magnified the law and made it honourable. Yet God sees no fault in such sons. Love is blind and God is love. Hence, when Israel had waltzed round the calf and refused to enter God's sabbath, He says: "I have not beholden iniquity in Jacob, neither have I seen perverseness in Israel." Nay, how should He see guilt in Jacob when his guilt was laid on the head of the guiltless? David was a sanctified man. Did he not fall into sin and abide therein ten months before the Good Shepherd sent Nathan to pull him out of that horrible pit? When out, did he not baptise himself in tears and mourn his broken bones? In the king of the penitential psalms, does he say: Restore unto me salvation? No but: "Restore unto me *the joy of thy salvation*," for salvation itself he had never lost or, more correctly, it could never lose him: "Of those whom Thou hast given me I have lost none." His *salvation* was an affair of the Shepherd's, while the *joy* was his. God loving a man in relation to Christ, and not in respect to his actions, His love is unaffected by the actions of His client. If the justified man lives uprightly He does not love him

more; nor, if he lives sinfully does He love him less? However, the nearer he lives to God the more He *manifests* His love to him, and the hidings of His face who can bear? The Protestant tells his auditors that if they have received eternal life it must needs last eternally, but that if they presumptuously sin, they are shewn Samson who became weak as other men, having his eyes bored out with hot irons, degraded from a judge into a slave, and groaning at the mill of misery in pitch darkness amidst the blaze of Palestinian day. Yet out of weakness he was made strong. He did not pass through punishment, but chastisement. Howbeit, who, putting Delilah, the forbidden fruit on the one hand and blind servitude on the other, would choose the left? When Samson was at the mill he could not read his title clear to mansions in the skies, and though theology can read it for him the prospect of the transgressing child is by no means inviting. How does your Church do in this matter? Allows, practically, her children to live in the lowest moral condition, not to say spiritual, for of spirituality they are not guilty. In corroboration, I give an extract from a Priest's letter to *the Universe*, holding the original:—"In America, 5 out of every 7 of our Irish Catholic countrymen and women, settling down on the seaboard cities, go to perdition." Where, then, is your virtue of absolution? It is like the doctor's vaccination—loses its virtue and has to be repeated. "The time for the great work of regenerating the crowds of Irish, who have sunk below the level of the dignity of the virtue of their nation in this country, is, we feel sure, not far distant. (Cheers). St. Patrick has not forgotten poor old Ireland—(loud cheers)—nor has Mary ceased to intercede for her. The talismanic cry of their "sogarth," we feel sure, will rouse them to action; and once let us see them a sober people, the piety and simplicity of their lives will preach the gospel to those amongst whom they live. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)" That is from Father Kelley's notable speech in Exeter Hall, which allows, that Irish Catholics are a drunken set. Here is another P. P. says: "We have been assured that the Catholic money spent in drink each week throughout the year would build over 20 churches and schools." Here from Father Nugent, respecting the condition of Irish Papists in Liverpool, as extracted from his Prison Report—number of commitments during the year ending 30th September, 1867:—

	Catholics.	Protestants.	Other Denominations.	Total.
Males, -	2757	1872	212	4841
Females, -	2662	1307	66	4035
Total, -	5419	3179	278	8876

During the year there has been an increase in the total number of commitments of 1130, and of this number 1044 have been Catholics. This marked increase may be partially accounted for as previous to our appointing two services on the Sunday, at least 10 per cent. of the Catholics entered themselves as Protestants, to escape the dreary monotonous solitude of Sunday in their cells. Place of birth of Catholic prisoners committed during the year ending 30th September, 1867:—

	Ireland.	Liverpool.	Other parts of Britain.	Foreigners.	Total.
Males, -	1262	1163	242	90	2757
Females,	1555	855	236	16	2662
Total, -	2817	2018	478	106	5419

Extent of Education of Catholic Prisoners committed during the year:—

	Read and write well.	Read and write imperfectly.	Read only.	Neither read nor write.	Total.
Males, -	21	1306	306	1124	2757
Females,	—	515	726	1421	2662
Total, -	21	1821	1032	2545	5419

Upon inspection of the R. C. Moral Barometer for Liverpool, it is seen still (1872) at "set foul." The blackest Orangeman of the county Down could not draw a darker picture of the fearfully low moral status of the members of your church. If there be room for a lower descent here you have it from the same pen. The chaplain of Liverpool Gaol says, "On last Monday, August 5th, 24 women were brought up in the prison van to this jail; of these 22 were Catholics! Of this number only one, a woman of 63, was brought up for felony, 14 of them were committed for being drunk and disorderly, 1 for street obstruction. The old woman was a widow, 5 were married, 4 worked in marine stores, 6 were hawkers, and 6 were prostitutes." If in a Protestant city the communion of Rome produces 22 out of 24 female criminals, not one of whom can read and write well, it is simply just that you should be silent as to the virtues of the Confessional. As in Liverpool, so in Glasgow, the mass of pauperism and criminality is Irish Catholic. Read a list of the inmates of Duke Street, and it will be sprinkled with Bridget O'Neal's and Patrick O'Rafferty's. There was a Carpenter who said: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Imagine 24 criminals in Rome during the reign of Claudius Cæsar, of whom 22 were Christians! I refuse to imagine it. Why, it is notorious

through all Europe, that in the days of good old king Bomba, when the blood of St. Januarius did its duty most obligingly, that bands of brigands in the Abruzzi regularly kept a Pardoner to absolve their plundering or murdering travellers, with no more thought of its being wrong than our Protestant government has of the impropriety of having Chaplains for fighting regiments. It would seem as if brigands and beggars spring up from the foot-pads of the priest. Of this, Italy, Spain, Mexico, Paraguay, and Banda Oriental, are shocking illustrations. When you wrote: "If Calvinists do not consider the guilt of sin to be venial, &c." you well knew the C. of F. recognises no distinction between venial sin and mortal, but teaches that any sin deserves the wrath of God. The distinction of your church is absurd. A member of yours who was previously honest steals a penny, another who is an habitual thief steals £5, with which he gets a suit of clothes, being previously half naked. Every rational man holds that he who would part with character and sense of honour for so trifling a prize as a penny, must be baser than he who being a thief, continued such upon so great an advantage. Your church calls the act of the penny-man a venial sin, but that of the pound man mortal. Do not repudiate as a gross insult my affirming that priests have habitual criminals coming to confession. In corroboration, let me give you extracts from the work of an Irish Priest which obtained the cardinal favour of receiving Cullen's "*Cum permissu superiorum;*" whereas your book has not even the approbation of a bishop. At p. 21 he gives 16 faults, which persons going to confession are in peril of—1st. Children often talk with one another while they are getting ready for the Confession. 2nd. Some children are in a hurry to get to Confession, and do not wait till their turn comes. 3rd. Some are very slow in confessing their sins. They tell one sin, then a long stop—a second sin, then another long stop—and so on. Thus they make the Priest lose much time. 4th. Sometimes people confess their good works instead of their sins. 5th. Some people confess other people's sins instead of their own. There was a woman who told her husband's sins instead of telling her own sins. To teach her a lesson the Priest said to her—"For your own sins you will say one Hail, Mary, but for the sins of your husband you will fast on bread and water for a month! 6th. Some people waste a great deal of time by saying many useless words, and telling long histories. Instead of saying, "*I stole such a thing,*" they will tell the name of every street they

went through on their road, and such like useless things. 7th. Others will say, "*I stole,*" but *they do not tell what they stole*; or, "I broke the commandments," but they do not say which commandment they broke. 8th. Some confess only part, sometimes the least part of a sin. A person says, "*I stole a bridle,*" then he stops. *I ask him did he steal anything else?* "O yes," he says, "*I stole a horse along with the bridle.*" 15th. Some seem to think that they must always be running back to the Priest for every little thing they forget in Confession. 16th. Children sometimes forget to do their penance. But, the worst thing of all is, the concealment of sins, through fear or shame.—Rev. J. Furniss, C.S.S.R. Book XI. Confession. James Duffy, 15 Wellington Quay. Reader, note: this is a guide for children in the isle of saints, though it looks more adapted to a continent of sinners. Any ordinary person reading these must come to the conclusion that priests virtually encourage a state of things that every lover of his kind views with profound grief. Any Protestant reading these perils of penitents would suppose they were dreary caricatures made upon a subject that is no joke. When a boy I read in a jest book that one Mick Flannigan, confessing to his priest he had stolen hay; upon being asked "How much?" so that the proper distinction between venial and mortal sin might be drawn, replied, "Sure, your riverence may as well put it down as a cart load, for Biddy and myself are going back at the very first chance to get the rest." Though a boy I took it as a joke; but having learned the depths of Satan, I believe it probable such story was founded on the hideous after dinner jokes of a priest. I point you, sir, to fault 8th in justification of my belief. Shameless man, to be connected with such enormities, and by a "*tu quoque*" accuse the Westminster Divines of being guilty of teaching one may be a good Christian and live a criminal course, well knowing that to a man they abhorred such infernal teaching. Your Church can be easily convicted of that crime laid at the door of the Presbyterians. Turn to that shameful work by Liguori, known as the "*Glories of Mary,*" p. 323. "In the year 1604, there were in a city of Flanders two young students who, instead of attending to the acquisition of learning, sought only the indulgence of their appetite, and the gratification of unchaste passions. One night they went to a house of ill fame; after some time, one of them, called Richard, returned home, the other remained. After having reached his house, Richard, while undressing, remembered that he had not said the "*Hail, Mary's*" which

he was accustomed to recite every day in honour of the Virgin. Being oppressed with sleep, he felt *a great repugnance to say the*; however, he did violence to himself, and recited the usual Hail, Mary's *without devotion* and half a-sleep. He went to bed, and during his first sleep, he heard a loud knock at the door, and instantly saw before him his companion, presenting a deformed and hideous appearance. Who are you? said Richard. Do you not know me? replied the other. How, rejoined Richard, have you undergone such a change? you look like a demon. Ah! unhappy me, exclaimed the other, I am damned. In leaving that infamous house, a devil came and strangled me. My body lies in the middle of the street, and my soul is in hell. Know that the same punishment also awaited you, but the Blessed Virgin, on account of the little devotion of reciting the "Hail, Mary's," has saved you from it. After these words he opened his cloak, and showed Richard the flames and serpents by which he was tormented, and then disappeared." We may surely add—moral: attend as many brothels as you will, so long as you recite your "Ave Maria." I will only trouble you with two queries. 1. How did the anonymous student appear to lucky Richard while his soul was in hell and his body lying on the street? 2. How do R. C. serpents manage to live in flames like Protestant Salamanders? And one more question, which your cleverness and my wonder urge me to ask—Did the police take that devil into custody who garrotted a man in the streets? To return to your private book. You say: "Their purgatory must burn fiercely since it can so speedily prepare *such saints* for heaven!" Neither on your foolish R.C. principles, nor on rational ones, do saints go to purgatory. You teach that saints, martyrs, and those who retain baptismal innocence go direct to heaven. We believe the dogma concerning this fee-producing domain is blasphemy upon the only purgation known, the blood of Christ. The idea of "must burn fiercely," as though the hotter the fire the sooner the pot boils, argues faith in a religion no great advance upon the negro's belief in Mumbo Jumbo. Explain how pain purges guilt. We are not saved by the pains of Christ, but his death. When we say the blood of the Lamb, we mean His death, not the mere sanguinous fluid from His sacred veins. P. 210 comments thus: "This is the union which Calvinism requires its adherents to admit—God with His graces dwelling in a soul subject to sin." When Peter was called to the Apostleship, did not God dwell within the prince of fishermen? Yet Christ said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Did he not deny Jesus with curses, and flee? dissemble at Antioch, and lead many away by his dissimulation? Yet his Lord assured him He had prayed for him that his faith should not fail. We must believe the fervent prayer of so righteous a man availed. It is therefore manifest that when the son of Jonas was swearing falsehoods his faith had not failed, though it looks as though it had. Thus we learn that the life of Christ in the soul of the saved may be so low, that to all human appearance it had died out. "But the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." The Norwegian pine, seen in the dead of winter by a Hindoo, would be thought to be dead. It shall wave its branches in the south winds and merry sunshine in a few months. According to your teaching, God entered Peter's heart at his calling, leaving and returning as he daily sinned and repented, so degrading Him to the level of a nondescript, something similar to a *vice versa* of the weather man who comes out of his cottage when weather is fine, and goes back when it is foul. The R. C. doctrine of sin killing grace in the soul is dreadful. If it be true, David is damned. Jesus says: "Ye must be born again." Can we be born again and again? Let us leave your theory for your practice. You place the body, blood, nerves, and bones of the Lord in the form of a wafer on the tongue that habitually uses the foulest language. This pest of society is instructed not to chew the wafer, for: "It is written not a bone of Him shall be broken." She has to swallow her Redeemer dissolved in saliva, and receive Him into a stomach befouled unto disease by drunkenness and uncleanness. Even taking your burlesque of the doctrine taught in the C. of F. to be true, and taking your positive observed practice, I then prefer the former. Why, Fathers Nugent and Furniss make the stomach of Liverpool harlots and Dublin thieves into temples of— . It is too dreadful to think of. Do you say Protestant prisoners communicate as well as Papists? They *may* but yours *must*. During the last 15 years only 4 prisoners have taken the sacrament in Newgate, unless they belonged to your denomination. Now for an argument against your view of sinless saints living amidst sinful men, that I hinge the question upon. If it were possible for a child to have original sin purged by baptism, and retain baptismal innocence to the extent of never breaking any commandment either by commission or omission, yet such person would still be a sinner. As you ask no more than this for your saints, should I succeed in proving my assertion, your saints will have been shown to be no more than we Protestants who have be-

lieved, profess to be, saved sinners. In proof, I ask attention to the case of Achan, who stole the nugget of gold and the Babylonian robe, without the knowledge of a single companion in arms. Mark the result: "And the men of Ai smote of the Israelites about thirty and six men: for they chased them from before the gate even unto breaches, and smote them in Morad." The Aiites make breaches in their ranks and slay 36 men. A British general would have shown no surprise at such an ordinary loss, but Joshua did; because, it was invariable with these Israelites to conquer, when they were obedient to God, without one being killed or wounded. Their general, therefore, enquires of the Lord how this loss came to pass. Hear His reply: "*Israel* hath sinned, and *they* have also transgressed My covenant which I commanded *them*: for *they* have even taken of the accursed thing, and have also stolen, and dissembled also, and *they* have put it even among *their* own baggage." The whole verse is plural, yet only one man sinned, and that without general knowledge. Moral, if one member of the Catholic Church sins, all become relationally guilty, though personally innocent. This could be illustrated by a gross of examples from sacred and ecclesiastical history. Take one: Daniel says: "We have sinned, and we have committed iniquity, and we have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts and from thy judgments. Neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God, to walk in His laws, which He set before us by His servants the prophets." If ever there was a saint, Daniel was such, for God canonized him B.C. 594, when He said to Ezekiel, though Noah, Daniel, and Job prayed for the salvation of Jerusalem only themselves should be saved. The mouth of the Lord never complimented a man so highly before, so far as we know. Yet this saint pleads guilty to being a rebel. But consider the case of Him who knew no sin, yet became sin that we through Him might become the righteousness of God. Totally apart from the consideration of His covenant to become the sin-bearer of His people, viewing Him only as one of the Catholic Church instead of as the head of it, so long as He dwelt among us, He necessarily became, relatively, a sinner, though, personally, He knew no sin. He became relationally guilty, being personally sinless, that we might be relationally innocent, though personally guilty. If He had been guilty in no sense, it would have been act of supreme wrong to have let a hair of His sacred head perish, but His death was a righteous transaction. Had Adam and his wife continued innocent, increased and multiplied until they and their descendants reached the high

figure of ten millions of happy immortals, and that one of their number, unknown to the rest, had eaten the forbidden fruit, all would have instantly fallen. Adam fell relatively when Eve ate, personally when he ate. This being so, how can you claim for Liguori perfect sanctity when it cannot be claimed for Daniel, no, nor even for Jesus? It looks to me all in a piece with your arrogant claim to priests being the sole media by which grace comes from God to man. It is a manifestation of your ignorance of those great principles which God has instituted in respect to the Church. Supposing, but not allowing, that you can show the fallacy of this, and demonstrate your saints were sinless, then you are not out of your difficulties. The sinless are deathless. The fact of the B. V. Mary dying, according to your generally received tradition of the Assumption of her body by Christ, is certain proof that she was a sinner. Paul tells us that by sin cometh death. If then Daniel, Jesus, Mary, died each, either as sinners or sin-bearers, and your saints were not sin-bearers, they must have been sinners. The fact of their seeing corruption, and their tomb being with us until this day, shows that they were only, at their best, what David was, sancto-sinful creatures, who had seen corruption of soul, of which that of the body was the proof.

#### CHAP. 9TH—VIRGIN MARY.

P. 233 contains positive falsehood. After saying that the salutation of Gabriel to the B. V. should be rendered "Hail, full of grace," but is mistranslated "Hail (thou that art) highly favoured" by Protestants in order to degrade her, you say, "Protestants seem to think they cannot offer a more acceptable homage to the Son than by dishonouring His mother." As to our translation not originating in evil intent, one of the most erudite Romanists England ever produced, Dr. Lingard, in his "New Version of the Four Gospels, with Notes:" London, 1851, translates the original thus: "Hail, thou favoured of God." As to our dishonouring her, we charge that upon Rome, inasmuch as you disobey her clear command: "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do," and that only. When did He bid you worship Mary? Do Episcopalians degrade her when they weekly chant the Magnificat? or Presbyterians when they sing Paraphrase 36th?

" My soul and spirit fill'd with joy,  
My God and Saviour praise,  
Whose goodness did from poor estate  
His humble handmaid raise.

Me bless'd of God, the God of might,  
All ages shall proclaim;  
From age to age His mercy lasts,  
And holy is His name.

Does the City of St. Mungo dishonour her by calling the Tron Church St. Mary's? It seems more like dishonouring the mother of Jesus when you order a £2 : 6 : 9 wax and plaster image from Paris, and, the day after delivery by parcels van, kneel before it with Sinai ringing in your ear: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor bow down to it." Spain and Italy are selling off their old stock of Marionettes at a ruinous sacrifice. Even Maria de Atocha might be had for a golden consideration not very high. The Paris houses don't pack up one virgin now and paint "Glace" on the lid for ten, as compared with twenty years since. Happily the world insults her less than in the middle ages. We look upon her as a wise virgin (Matt. xxv. 4) now in glory, and utterly ignorant of the sad indignities heaped upon her by the Papal hierarchs and their dupes. What a sweet thought that she knows nothing of the travesties of Divine service aimed at her by those wicked men, Bonaventura and Liguori! She was saved by the blood of the Lamb, which she needed as certainly, though not as much, as that other Mary, known as Magdalene. This is demonstrable by the help of your tradition of the Assumption, which instructs us in that she died in the odour of sanctity at Jerusalem, the apostles, saving Thomas, surrounding her death-bed. He came three days after. They take him to the tomb, which is found full of the odour of flowers, but Jesus had *assumed* her body to Himself. Paul says, "By sin came death." If any moral creature dies, it must be either as sin-bearer or as a sinner. Did she bear our penalty or share it? Did He tread the winepress alone, or was there a woman of the people with him? The evangelists repeatedly call her mother of Jesus. You call her mother of God. A priest must allow it would be an honour for any woman to be the mother of the Pope. Well, in order to put honour upon an Irish lady, named Mary O'Brien, call her the Pope's mother. Ah! in comes common sense and you instantly say, "It would be no honour if it were not true." Then let us prove that it is not true that she is Theotokos. A woman is mother of all that is formed in her and of her, and of nothing else. The soul is not formed of her, for then it would be divisible, therefore she is not the mother of the soul, but only of that which is in consubstantial union with it. If, then, a woman is not the mother of the soul, much less could Mary be the mother of God, seeing that He, as Eternal, could not be of the temporal, the Creator formed in His own formed creature. A man must be a mariomaniac who would say that Mary was the

mother of the Divine nature, but nothing less than it was God. Do you say, "Forget not 'the Word was made flesh,' and she was the mother of that flesh." Reply: Spirit made flesh. Impossible! Paul interprets John: "God was made *manifest in the flesh*, justified in the Spirit." God, who is a spirit, was manifested through her rather than born of her. No, no, it won't do, Pio Nono. This nonsense about Immaculate conception and maternity to Godhead. Reason revolts at it, while the Bible is as silent about it as about Purgatory. When the Magi sought the young child at Bethlehem, the evangelist says, "They fell down and worshipped Him." Whereas, you would have said, They fell down and worshipped *them*, the holy family. When the Everlasting Father brought His first-begotten into the world He said, "Let all the angels of God worship Him." Here is our Divine warrant for His worship. Where have you any command, warrant, or example of Hyperdulia being given to her either by angelic or apostolic personages? or by any, save by apostatic ———? Luke tells us: "These (the apostles) all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus, and His brethren." No verse in the Bible is so fatal to Romish views. Here is a prayer meeting made up of men and women. Who ever heard of such a thing in all the Papal regions? This devout woman of whom we speak, is not here called the mother of God, but even after the Resurrection, which so clearly manifested His Godhead, she is called, as in the beginning of John's evangel, the mother of Jesus. She was there a worshipper, not worshipped. Seeing that priests' seduce people into worshipping her image, is it not certain that the deceiver and they the deceived would much more adore her warm living flesh than cold wax and plaster? How did the apostolic college act? How is it that you know better than they how to honour her? The mother of Jesus was there with the brethren of Jesus, viz.: James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas, and probably their sisters, whose names we know not. Yes, Mary like a true Jewish matriarch had at least six children by Joseph, in the order of nature, after that she had given birth to Jesus by the Holy Ghost. You prefer she should be ever virgin. Well, I don't. The matron is as pure as the maid, else, how make marriage a sacrament? I demand you be condemned by your own creed for the blasphemy of saying God had a mother. Yes, the Athanasian, which you repeated on Sabbath last: "The right faith is, that we believe and confess; that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and man; *God*,

of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: and Man, of the Substance of his mother, born in the world; Perfect God, and perfect man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting; Equal to the Father, as touching His Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching His Manhood. Who, although he be God and Man: yet He is not two, but one Christ; One; *not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh.*" Athanasius, helped by all the theologians of Valladolid, could not more clearly state that Mary was not the mother of God. She being such, how was it the ancient "Te Deum" does not render her due honour? It is as truly wrong to omit as to transgress. Show me either an apostle or a disciple of the apostles offering Hyperdulia to the mother of Jesus; and, though I do not promise to imitate them, I do engage never again to call Papists, idolaters, in respect to adoration of Mary. But your Church teaches in opposition to you. This very 1872, there is in the market: "The History of the B. V. M., Translated from the French by the Abbe Orsini, by the Very Rev. F. Husenbeth, D.D.," which says: "S. Bernard, S. Bonaventure, S. Thomas Aquinas, and Albert Magnus, all great theologians, maintained that she had been conceived in sin." Here is the last of the Latin Fathers, two Saints (?) and a great theologian taking our view. I closed as to Maria by asking a question that I have asked of several members of your flock, on the Green, but with small success. John was an aged slave on the isle called Patmos. On the Lord's day the Spirit came upon him as of old it had done upon Samson in the camp of Dan. He made John strong to see, Samson strong to do. The hands of Him who had been nailed to the bitter tree rent the veil of the sky as, years before, He had that of the temple. John beholds an open door in heaven. Gazing through, he sees myriads of millions of worshippers circling the throne, adoring the Triune God, Father, Lamb, and Spirit. In passing along the Clyde side on a Sabbath morning, I see your cathedral door open. Paying sixpence at the door I am allowed to enter. I see the people worship Father, Son, Spirit, and Mary. Unanswerable query. How is it that John seeing glorious heaven, dreadful hell, saw neither Mary nor Purgatory?

## CHAP. 10TH—PREDESTINATION.

Rom. i.—“Who was Predestinated the Son of God in power.”

Rom. viii.—“For whom He did foreknow, them He also did Predestinate.”

Rom. viii.—“Whom He did Predestinate, them He also called.”

Eph. i.—“Having Predestinated us to the adoption of Sons ”

Eph. i.—“Being Predestinated according to the purpose Him.”

P. 108 is written against the dogma of Predestination. You may affirm that you only oppose “Absolute Predestination.” Seeing that “Conditional Predestination” is an impossible absurdity, writing against *absolute*, you write against all. Your words are—“Hitherto we have not seen the worst of Calvinism. ‘In the lowest depth, there is a lower still.’ The formularies of Calvinism teach that God punishes His own creatures with eternal torments, because, they fail to do that which His own decree has made impossible for them; and, because they do those things which He himself had, from eternity, determined and ordained them to do.” Again p. 184 says: “Predestination, however, as we have already in part shown, and shall immediately prove, necessarily annihilates liberty.” Many other things are said, in respect thereto, of different degrees of absurdity, which, I will not fatigue the reader by giving, nor annoy you by reproducing. Let me suggest for your meditation a notable statement of Pope Pedro the first, whose views are diametrically opposed to Munro’s. He, speaking to the Jews at the time of the Pentecost, said: “Him being delivered by *the determinate counsel* and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain.” Where, two things are manifest, A, God not only foreknew Christ would be crucified, but *predestinated the deed*; B, Predestination does not destroy responsibility, for these men are charged with having done a wicked act. If needful this was made more explicit, and undeniable the very next day: “Of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy hand and *thy counsel determined before to be done.*” It cannot be denied that Herod and Pilate did wickedly, and as little can we deny that they only did what was before determined. Present events are arranged by Providence, but those events are the, by us, not understood, outflowings of everlasting wisdom. So to say, Providence is the builder, but Jehovah is the Architect. Now, these twain are not only *at one* but *are one*. We have nothing, practically, to do with anything besides this—when we sin we feel guilty and deserve

punishment. As to Him, we may say with Abraham: "Shall not the judge of the whole earth do right?" He predestinated how many bones should be in my body, how many members in Christ's mystical body; how many should be saved in the ark of Noah, how many should be enclosed in that greater Ark so that addition or subtraction should be impossible, inasmuch, as it would argue improvement upon perfection. Let us hear what the only apostle that ever ministered in Rome said: "All things work together," whether it be archangels circling the throne; or devils deep in tartarean shades; suns blazing in steady splendour; aërolites flashing into visibility to be directly buried in darkness; statesmen of transcendental ability or the low stump orator; the charmer Andromache walking forth in stately beauty or the humble worm creeping from its newly formed hole. As the wheels, straps, bands, levers, boilers, women, men, masters of a great factory, all cooperate, wittingly or without knowledge to produce one result, so it is in God's great universe. To deny predestination is to deny forethought, plan, pre-arrangement which is virtually preferring to trace cosmos to chance—blank atheism. I have no ambition to wander through the mazy labyrinths of this awful doctrine—fit subject for seraphic minds; but only indicate that when you write against it you do not oppose Calvin so much as you do Christ. In your vehement desire to hurt him you injured yourself. In fact, your book is a theological boomerang. If the boomerang be not skilfully cast it comes back to the wounding of the thrower. Your vol. would have shown in all the glories of "*Cum permissu superiorum*" had you only proved yourself equal to the occasion, in which case your edition instead of being the burden of Margey's shelves, would have been the glory of his counter, and the gain of his pocket. But you went blundering on, forgetful that you were not only apparently demoralizing Geneva John, but actually assaulting the teachings of your superiors, yea, as I shall show, disobeying the infallible head of what you term the Catholic Church. In this century and city there was issued a work by Bishop Hay, and revised by Bishop Murdoch, having the special sanction of the entire hierarchy of Papal Scotland. The sentiments expressed in that work are as far from those expressed in yours as the poles are asunder, especially on the subject of Predestination. On p. 16 the question is asked: "Can creatures produce any effect, or do anything of themselves, without the concurrence of Almighty God?" Answer. "All the powers which creatures have to produce anything, are given to them by God, and depend entirely upon His

preservation. They therefore, are only instruments in His hand for accomplishing His will; of which, however he has no need. They, indeed, can act with His concurrence, according to the powers He has given them; but *He is the original cause, on which they, and all the effect they produce depend.*" Sir, you complained largely because Calvin strips man of his liberty. Are effects produced independent of their original cause? If not, Hay of Edinburgh does identically the same as Chauvin of Geneva. But let us follow your teachers more closely. "Q. What do you mean by the Providence of God? A. The providence of God is His eternal will, by which He disposes of all things whatsoever that come to pass, according to His own pleasure, and conducts His creatures in the way that He sees most proper towards the ends and purposes for which He created them." Again, p. 19 wisely says: "It is impossible for anything to happen but what he foresees from all eternity; he has made all things in wisdom, and he orders all things in number, weight and measure. Consequently, everything that happens is foreknown by him, enters into the plan of his operations, and is disposed by the Divine Providence, according to his eternal purposes." If my space allowed, I could give whole pages of Bishop v. Priest, but must content myself with a trifle more. Let it be (you prefer the imperative), from p. 22, "*God permits sin*, because it is his will to permit it, because he has the most just and wise reasons to permit it, because it enters into the plan of his providence, and contributes to the great end of his creating this universe; and therefore he has, from all eternity, resolved to permit it." Father, can you tell me the difference between an omnipotent being permitting a thing to be and willing it to be? Unless you can, I claim that your Bishops teach God willed evil to be, nay, not evil only, but *sin*, black guilt. I have not quoted much from your Scottish Hierarchs, but still sufficient to prove that you and they are on different sides upon this great question. However, farewell, a long farewell to Bishops, and a thrice welcome to Popes, whom we shall see condemn your nonsense as much as Calvin, Hay, Murdoch, the Scriptures, and pure reason. The learned Du Pin in his work on "The History of the Seventeenth Century," vol. 4, cap. 1, p. 165, says:—

"The history of the Church in the seventeenth century affords us ample matter for study, and opens to us a new Field of Contests and Divisions between the Catholicicks themselves. I shall begin with the famous Dispute concerning Grace, which was warmly debated between the Dominicans and the Jesuits at the beginning of this century. That which gave occasion to

the revival of the Disputes was the Book of Lewis Molina, a Spanish Jesuit, concerning the Agreement of Predestination and Grace with Free-Will. The Opinions of the Divines may be reduc'd to two Principles: (1st.) That God does not predestinate Men to eternal Glory, but with a View and in Consideration of their Merits: (2nd.) That the Grace by which they have those Merits is subject to Free-Will; so that Men have it in their power to do Good with this Grace, and to resist it; and that this Grace is not denied to any one. The Doctrine of this Book was attacked by the Dominicans of Spain, who held that Predestination was gratuitous, and Grace efficacious of itself. This dispute was first agitated in the Schools, and then carried to the Tribunal of the Inquisition of Spain. Pope Clement VIII., to whom the Archbishop of Toledo refer'd this Dispute, was enjoining Silence on both Parties at first, and forbid the Inquisitor of Spain to take cognizance of that Affair. The Memoirs furnish'd by both Parties were sent to Rome, whither the Dominicans deputed Didacius Alvarez, and afterwards Thomas de Lemos, to maintain their Cause. In 1577 Pope Clement VIII. establish'd a Committee of Consultors (in which presid'd Cardinal Madrucci), to give their Opinion upon those Contests; but their Opinion not having been favourable either to Molina's Book or Doctrine, which they censur'd by their Arret of the 12th of March, 1599, the Jesuits demanded a Conference with their Antagonists; which was granted them. The Consultors persisted in their opinion, and presented to the Pope a Censure of Molina's Propositions. Then the Pope heard the Parties himself, who disputed before him in the Presence of the Consultors, in thirty seven different Meetings. The Opinion of the Consultors was always against the Opinions of Molina, and oftentimes the Pope himself was against them. Just as he was ready to decide the Question (Ah those Jesuits! H. A. L.), Death seiz'd him on the 3rd of March, 1605. Alexander de Medicis, who was chosen in his Place the last Day of that Month, and took the Name of Leo XI., died a few Days after his Promotion to the Pontificate. Camillo Borghese, who succeeded him on the 16th of May, and was called Paul V., quickly resumed the Examination of that Affair, and caus'd the Disputes to be continued in his own Presence. There were seventeen Conferences held from the 14th of September, 1605, to the first of March, 1606, which did almost all turn on the Efficacy of Grace it self. The Disputes being over, the Pope proposed to the Cardinals whether it was proper to decide that Affair. There were ten for the Affirmative, and only two, viz., Bellarmine and Du Perron, for the Negative. The Pope order'd the Consultors to draw up a Bull, according to the Advice of the Plurality. The Bull was presented to the Pope; but he did not think fit to publish it. He acquainted the Disputants and Consultors that the Conference being ended, he would publish his Decision when he thought proper; and that in the mean while, he order'd the Parties not to reflect upon one another about those Matters. In fine, the Pope publish'd a Decree on the 1st of December,

1611, by which he ordered that nothing should be publish'd relating to those Matters upon any Pretence whatsoever. This Decree was renewed by Urban VIII., on the 22nd of May, 1625, and by his Successors, Innocent X. and Innocent XI."

Thus you see the Dominicans were Calvinistic, while the Jesuits were Arminian. Secondly, that your side got the worst of it. Thirdly, that your writings collide with Scottish episcopal authorities. Fourthly, that being ordered not to write polemically upon this subject by four Popes, you could have no right to put pen to paper, either in Spain or Scotland, upon this forbidden theme. Fifthly, that if four Infallible Popes could not tell what was true doctrine, but were driven to the administration of a gag instead of a Bull, is it rational to suppose that a common priest can do better? To these may likewise be added, that you know less than Patrick Hamilton upon divinity, while this is the profoundest subject in the whole range of theology. No, no, sir priest, do your duty as to sacraments, and cheerfully leave dogmatical teaching to your ecclesiastical superiors, whereby the scandal of your laying yourself open to being wounded by a petty missionary will be avoided. Your book won't please Papists, as it lacks the proof mark—" *Cum permissu superiorum.*" You are hawking an unproved 3/6 blunderbuss, which explodes and ruins the marksman directly he fires at the Geneva fortress. It won't please Protestants, because defective in common sense and biblical lore. Your book don't please H. Margey, because it won't sell.

#### CHAP. 11TH—MUNROIC CRUDITIES AND ROMAN ODDITIES.

In the limited space at my disposal, I cannot reply to all the absurdities you dispense from Valladolid; yet seeing most of them are outrages on common sense, their bare statement is refutation enough. *E.g.*, p. 2: "We maintain that the doctrine of the Westminster Confession renders *belief* in the inspiration of Scripture impossible to most men, and its *proof* impossible to any." Also, p. 7, "Men must be still more surprised when they see Presbyterianism admitting the insufficiency of the proofs of the inspiration of the Bible it had substituted for the Church, and making itself responsible for the awful impiety that the inspiration of Scripture is incapable of proof." Let Presbyterians ponder well the concluding remarks of the above article—"Yet notwithstanding, our full persuasion and assurance of the infallible truth and divine authority thereof, is from the inward work of the Holy Spirit." How timid a priest when so easily scared! Had you

given the context to your R.C. readers, it would have refreshed them like dew falling on a desert. You act like a Turco who cuts off the head of a fine soldier's corpse, and holding it up inquires, "Was he handsome?" However, enough beauty remains with the mutilated fragment to condemn the inhuman act. P. 16, "Who could have expected to find them again detected in the use of so transparent a fallacy as the circulating syllogism—proving the book by the verses and the verses by the book? Why do you believe the Bible to be inspired? Because these verses prove it. What prove the verses? They are in the Bible, which is inspired." Tell me truly, was there no purple glow mantling your cheek from chin to brow when guilty of so caricaturing your rulers, the Protestants? P. 33 contains serious news to all whom it may concern: "The doctrine of the Westminster Confession renders the formation of the Scripture canon impossible." P. 48, "St. Paul points out thus the origin of all heresies—'For the desire of money is the root of all evil; which some coveting have erred from the faith.'" Did you not perceive the sentence being elliptical for The desire of money is the root of all (this) evil, viz., what the apostle had just referred to? Else how account for the rebellion of Satan, the disobedience of Eve, the murder of Abel, &c. In your Preface you have: "It is difficult to conceive how a Protestant can rest satisfied without a *thorough examination* into the grounds and doctrines of his religion." At p. 64 we read: "The so-called right of private judgment is a delusion or an impiety." If it be impious to use private judgment, why do you tempt to its use by writing a polemical book? The same Preface says: "We have not made it a special object to follow up the principles of Protestantism to their ulterior results; but enough will appear, in the course of the following pages, to show that the tendency of the ideas introduced by the Reformation is towards revolution and anarchy in the State, to endless divisions in religion, and finally to infidelity." Read your "Tablet," which is filled with abuse of the Italians for being Infidels. It says Pius is in the hands of secularists. Look at Spain. That, too, is governed by infidels. But France! Why it is the habitat of Infidelity, the cradle of Scepticism, the native land of Voltaire, Rosseau, Volney, and the Cyclopedists, though at the same time the right arm of the Pope. Unfortunately for Ferreti, its arm is rather screwed with the late war. Pray, don't blame the Reformation for the condition of France, Spain, and Italy. P. 77 utters this wild nonsense: "The exercise of private judgment

renders faith impossible." Why then did Paul say, "I speak as unto wise men, judge ye what I say?" Belief without judgment is *credulity*, not faith. P. 80 publishes: "The Westminster Confession goes so far as to make the attainment of truth not only doubtful, but impossible. It declares that since the fall, 'We are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil.'" Did not Jeremiah declare, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked?" Can sweet water flow out of that bitter fountain except *One* do by it as Elisha did by the waters of Jericho? As to attaining to the truth, Truth is not a creed, not a system, not a church, but a Person. Jesus said, "I am the truth." "Lovest thou me?" not What is thy creed? At p. 82 you speak of your superiors in the following contumelious manner: "It is with Protestants as with all who speculate upon subjects on which they have not been instructed by *some man qualified to show them their nature*: they leap to conclusions without any process of reasoning whatever." Hear it O ye dwellers on the banks of the Classic Cam! Attend ye Oxonians! Ye four Universities of Scotland give audience! Get priests from Valladolid, Maynooth, or Rome, else suffer the dread penalty—abide in black ignorance of logic, whether it be of Aristotle, Morell, or Whately. Answer, O wise man of the schools, how does it happen that Protestants turn out such numbers of first-rate men in each art, science, and trade, so that a quarto would not contain even the names of our exaltedos, and yet they are ignorant of the rudiments of the art of reasoning? Why we have a Tinker, one Bunyan of Elstow, who has written a deathless book, which has been translated into 13 languages, whereas none of your writings have been translated into 3. While one of our hedge-row tinkers can write more effectively than a Professor of Theology, talk no more proudly. But why should I ask you to write a text-book, when you could neither gain the Bishop's "*permissu*," nor the patronage of the public to the extent of a small edition? Nay, the very printer was so ashamed of it that he issued this weakling anonymously. Moreover, it is usual for such works to come under the eye of the literary critic. Alas for yours! Unless it was favourably reviewed by that Fenian rag, the "Free (?) Press," whose only wise deed was self extinction, I know not whether your tome has been heard of beyond the longitude of the Clydeside. If ever there was a literary abortion and a theological abomination combined in one vol., here we have it. If that does not prevent the swellings of your pride, this will.

A few months since your friend, the Rev. T. B. Parkinson, S.J., published a pamphlet on "Catholic Education in Glasgow." On p. 26 he tells us that you have a College in Charlotte Street, and that amongst other subjects French is studied from a text-book written by Voltaire. Seeing that he was the great corruptor of France, that his essays must be more or less influenced by his malignant spirit, why do you not write the boys a text-book instead of corrupting their hearts in order to benefit their heads? Yes, why? According to Father Parkinson, every book there in use is written by a non-catholic. I defy denial. Where, then, is your literary ability? On p. 83 you perpetrate the following: "Let us examine, in succession, all the passages which bear upon the real presence, and find, if possible, words clearer than, "This is my body," by which these may be made to say, "This is not my body." Paul says, "That rock was Christ." Shall we look for texts that say that rock was not Christ? or compare scripture with scripture and learn what it means by so saying? I turn enquirer. When our Lord was baptised, put on His trial, crucified, any man could see Him. After His resurrection He appeared only to disciples, 1, 2, 8, 11, 500 as the case was. Then Pilate and Annas could no more see Him than we can Noah. I enter St. Andrew's, and observe the officiating priest upraise something circular, mutter Latin words, acolytes ring bells, the congregation prostrate themselves in adoration. I am told that what I am gazing at was pastry, but is Christ. You the faithful priest, I the faithless heretic see precisely the same object and, it is vital to observe, I see the object, not the vacant place of the pastry after transubstantiation. Had Cephas and Caiaphas gazed in the direction where He was, after resurrection, the fisherman would have seen Jesus while the judge would have seen nothing. In the reign before Queen Elizabeth's, R. I. P., this infernal dogma was called the "burning doctrine," because, its profession regulated whether a man's bones were to be made into lime or he be left alive. Your Church forges the most shameless falsehoods to make people believe what is incredible. Here is one out of St. Joseph's Jesuit District, Cowcaddens: "In the year 1290, a poor woman who had pledged her dress to a Jew in Paris, for the sum of thirty sous; seeing that Easter approached, went to beseech him to lend her the dress for that day, that in it she might appear decently at the table of the Lord. The Jew on hearing her request, replied—'If you bring me the mysterious bread that you receive at the church, and that you call your God, not only

will I lend you your dress for one day, but I will return it to you now, without condition or payment.' The woman was poor and full of vanity; poverty and self-love helping her, she silenced her conscience, and accepted the odious proposition. Easter day came, she went to her parish church St. Mary, and communicated; but instead of swallowing the adorable Host, she retained Him, and after Mass she brought her God to the Jew. He placed Him on a large box and pierced Him with a penknife; he was terrified to see blood come forth from the openings in abundance. This prodigy did not open his eyes; his rage redoubled, and seizing a hammer and a nail, he buried the latter in the Host, and again blood streamed plentifully. Almost frantic with demoniacal feelings which bigotry can create, and desirous at all hazards to rid himself of the august object of his hatred; the unfortunate wretch threw the Host into the fire, from which He came out intact and remained in the air. The Jew took hold again of the Blessed Eucharist, and plunged Him in a pot of boiling water, which no sooner received the precious and wounded flesh than it was tinged with a blood colour. The sacred Host issued from the vessel, and again stood motionless in the air; at this moment the Jew's wife coming in, saw where the body of Christ was, as she afterwards affirmed; the image that her intercourse with the Catholics rendered so familiar to her, that of Jesus crucified. Soon after, the bell of the church "Saint Croix de la Bretonnerie" was rung for High Mass, and one of the Jew's children playing in the street, asked those who passed where they were going: 'We go to Church to adore our God' they replied. 'You may go back again, then,' said he, 'for your God is no longer at the Church, my father has just killed Him.' The people paid no attention to the child's remarks, and continued to flock towards the building in which the gorgeous Easter ceremonies were being performed; one woman only, more attentive or more curious than the others, was struck by his words, she pretended that she required some firing and knocked at the Jew's door. He was her neighbour and admitted her into the house. But all his conflicting emotions were overwhelmed with astonishment to see that the Host descended from the place where He had miraculously rested, into a little vase she held in her hand. With wonder, and the utmost respect, she ran with the great treasure of whom she was the bearer, to the cure of the Chapel "St. Jean-en-Greve," who immediately rendered an account of all that had occurred to the bishop of Paris. The Jew and his accomplices were arrested and avowed all. Urged to re-

pent, the Jew would not; delivered to the hand of civil justice, *he paid his life* for his odious sacrilege. His wife and children, enlightened by the evidence of the miracle of which they had been witnesses, asked for, and received baptism." If a man does not believe the doctrine after so clear a proof as this, he is little better than that Jew. Your peroration at p. 229 deserves eternal brass: "In the meantime, it remains firmly established, that, since Calvinism knows not the revelation of God, nor where it is to be found; since it knows not what man is, nor his state, nor his duties, nor his relations to God, nor how he is to attain the end of his being, it is totally unfit to be a teacher or guide of mortals. Its office is a usurpation. Its existence is sin. It is a blind leader of the blind." It strikes me that if Calvinism did not die right off in 1856 so as to allow its *post mortem* examination by you in 1872, it must have been sheer stupidity in not recognising that it was logically dead, skilfully slain by a Scotch priest. There are scattered about your 240 pages, other absurdities, to which it would be tedious to advert, much more to dwell on. The only practical use your vol. seems capable of is this: when a member of your flock is subjected to Penance, and has not the wherewithal to purchase an Indulgence, you should read over to the unhappy mortal a few pages of it. I know nothing of human nature if that individual does not walk circumspectly from then on, should he survive the ordeal. But, by way of variation, let me give you a few Roman Comicalities from other sources. How can you priests tell such stories as the following? For space sake, I may premise that the former part of the narration tells of a man having died, who, when dead was kept in a room for 12 years, after which he came to life again and eased his mind thus: "Twelve years had now passed. Still it was always the same. One day they were going past his door. And they heard a sound inside. They wondered at this. For during 12 years the room had always been as silent as if there was only a dead body in it. They listened again! They heard a groan. It seemed a groan such as you may hear sometimes from those who are dying. They forced open the door. They found that he was really dying. They said, "O dear brother, *for God's sake* tell us what has been the matter with you during these long years. Why all this silence? Why these tears? What was it that happened you? Tell us. Speak to us before you die." The dying man opened his eyes, which were half shut in death. He said, "Dear brethren, I am dying. Before I die, I will tell you why I have done all these strange things. It is now 12 years since

you thought my soul had left my body never to return. While my body seemed to be lying lifeless here, my soul was before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ. The examination of all the thoughts, words, and actions of my life had begun. I was terribly afraid, for I knew not what the end of it might be. I shook with fear and terror as the time for the everlasting sentence came near. I can tell you but little of what I saw, because my soul was filled with horror and fright. But this I can tell you, that judgment is very different from what we think. I saw that there were *quantities* of sins I had forgotten," &c. I wonder 6 things : 1. Whether the law : "All liars shall have their part in the lake," applies to priests. 2. How "his reverence" would like being kept waiting 12 years for burial fees. 3. What a Paddy's paradise there must have been when the wake, which always lasts from death to funeral, continued through 12 years. 4. That you do not tell the name of this papal phenomenon nor give his address. 5. That you should manage to sell impossible falsehoods when actual truths may be had for nothing. 6. If our Lord is engaged for 12 years in judging one man, how long are others kept waiting. Furniss is bad, but Liguori is worse. On p. 78 on the Commandments, where he is exhorting *Christians* to cease from cursing, he says : "A blasphemer who had been sentenced to be hanged, *the moment he was thrown off the gibbet*, gave way to the bad habit he had contracted, burst out into a blasphemy against a *saint*, and so ended his life. Make now a good confession ; make a firm resolution during this mission to blaspheme no more. And, for the future, say every morning as soon as you rise, three 'Hail Maries,' in honour of the B. V., that she may obtain for you the grace to be delivered from so horrible a vice. And when you meet with any occasion of impatience, accustom yourself to curse the Devil or your sins, and leave the saints alone." I wonder 3 things : 1. At your saint assuming, that Christians, in any case, are swearers. 2. How the gibbeted body managed to curse after the Papal Calcraft had drawn the bolt. 3. At the presumption of priests that when Christ says : "Swear not at all," you say : "Curse the Devil." You Neri are surely demented. By way of example let me remind you that your colleague, the Rev. P. Forbes, preached the funeral sermon of the Right Rev. J. Murdoch, D.D., I believe, in your hearing. In the course of his turgid sermon he said : "At this moment I feel a conviction that his spirit is now hovering round us, is looking down upon us, and taking a complacent interest in these obsequies. Pardon me therefore, if I say to him,

‘Bless me, venerated Father, this day.’” On p. 1 we have the bishop in the Clydeside Cathedral clearly enough. On p. 7, “My hearts conviction is he died a saint. Still as we are never absolutely certain, without a particular revelation, and as nothing defiled—no matter how slight the stain—can enter heaven, nay, as ‘God judges justices,’ we shall, I trust, comply with his last request. Allow me, therefore, to ask you in his own words, one and all, to pray for him.” Where it is manifest you have your late bishop safely landed in Purgatory. But on p. 8 I read: “Catholics, methinks I see our Blessed Father already arrived in heaven. I think I see him met by the little children he baptised, who died in their baptismal innocence, and who received salvation at his hands. I see the children whom he instructed running to meet him. I see the dying whom he assisted and prepared so well, coming forth to receive him. I see his penitents whom he taught to tread the path that leads to glory, all surrounding him. I see the thousands he had sent before him to Heaven, introducing him to her he loved so well—the Virgin Queen of Heaven—she to her dear Son—he to his Eternal Father, and that he is received by the Blessed Trinity, with these consoling words:—“Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.” Here you fairly have the Right Rev. J. Murdoch, D.D., in heaven proper. I have but one wonder upon me, but it is a big one: How could he be at the Clydeside, in Purgatory, and Heaven at the same time? I know that St. Francis could work the bi-locality trick, viz., be in two places at one time; but that Father Murdoch could do a greater, tri-localization, be in three at one time, I scarcely see. Your friend, Forbes, in that discourse, says: “No sinner was ever so hardened as to be proof against the mild persuasiveness of Dr. Murdoch. The very murderers would be melted into tears before they had spent with him the second hour. *Fourteen times he conducted criminals to the scaffold, and all died in sentiments of deepest sorrow and contrition.*” Well, allowing that shows your bishops act effectively upon murderers after they are caught, would it not be more effective so to act upon them that they did not end their days in the condemned cell, and have their bones deposited in quicklime? I doubt whether during the whole of the Rev. Murdoch’s episcopate there was a single accredited member of any Presbyterian Church hanged for murder in the whole of Great Britain. Who wonders that priests are anxious for the “Prison Ministers’ Bill.” The shepherd knows where to look for his flock. From your

“Annals of the Propagation of the Faith” for May, 1842, I read in an extract from a letter of Father Francis, Capuchin Missionary-Apostolic, written in Agra, Jan. 20, 1842, to the Vicar-General of Gap, the following: “I shall also, at his lordship’s desire (*i.e.*, his bishop’s, H. A. L.) mention that the 31st regiment of foot has given me in the space of 11 months more than 1300 francs (£52) in aid of the Missions. This regiment contains only 500 Catholics. *They are all private soldiers*, and have just marched, probably, alas, to be massacred—they are gone to fight against the Affghans.” Now, Father Munro, what say you to 500 of your co-religionists all and severally occupying the lowest position possible in the army?

#### CHAP. 12TH—GUNAİKOMANIA.

No Protestant can be angry with you for attacking Calvinism inasmuch as he concedes the right of fair criticism upon all subjects. Moreover, many of our good men are Arminian. So far as concerns theological schools, some follow the Frenchman while others delight in the Dutchman. We do not view men in relation to Chauvin or Herman, but to that greater Man, He of the marred countenance. You have a perfect right to select your school, but having done so, are bound to attack the rejected honourably. You have not done so. This 240 page-power attack on Calvinism has been as the impact of a spent arrow, tipped with poison, against the seven-ply shield of Ajax. Your pen has been degraded by falsity and malice in attacking Protestantism (far more precious to me than Calvinism) on your penultimate pages, where our translators have laid to their charge a most awful act—wittingly corrupting the word of God. Not only so, but doing it from the worst conceivable motives—lust of women irrespective of their age, *gunaikomania*. The English reader is familiar with the word *nymphomania*; sexual madness in nymphs, girls, young women. Had our ministers been called nymphomaniacs, in the sense of *for* instead of *in*, that would be bad enough, but, however, let us examine the charge against our translators before we attend to the crimes against our pastors: “Protestant controversialists, in their popular addresses or writings, quote as evidence against the celibacy of the clergy and religious orders: ‘Marriage is honourable in all.’ The English Bible does here certainly favour the *gunaikomania* of the Protestant. But it does so, only in as far as it misrepresents the word of God. The text literally translated would read: ‘Marriage honourable in all.’ The ambiguity of the

words rendered *in all*, which may mean *in all men* or *in all things*, could not well be preserved in English. But what can be said to excuse the substitution of *is* for *let it be*, in the midst of a clause where, from beginning to end, the imperative mood is employed? So well did the Protestant translator know that *esto* not *esti* was understood, that in the very next verse, precisely the same construction is rendered—“Let your conversation be without covetousness.” Your libel, then, is that where our translators have: “Marriage *is* honourable in all,” they ought to have: “Let marriage be honourable in all.” So far I agree with you through observing that from the command of God to man to “Increase and multiply,” to when Paul orders bishops to marry it is plainly imperative, that as a rule, man should marry. The apostle is always imperative upon marriage, as: “To avoid fornication, *let every man* have his own wife.” King James’ translators merely state a fact, but no obligation. Yet, as to your charge that they did it to strengthen the case of personic *gunaikomaniacs* is simply preposterous, inasmuch as, so far from making it an apostolic injunction, they softened it down to a mere historic statement. Their very error justified them from the charitable inference you draw as to their reason. As to ambiguity, I see none, not to give grammatical reasons which effectually show you to be in error, but might not be followed by certain readers, I call upon you to observe that marriage, being a sacrament, can neither be applicable to angels nor animals, but only to blood bought men. Consequently, *in all* must be followed by *men*. It appears, then, that you have strained at a gnat. I now proceed to the more serious work of proving you have swallowed a camel. If the charge of substituting the indicative mood for the imperative were the heaviest we can bring against Rome, I should say nothing, inasmuch as he who brings a light charge with a fanfarronade of grievous words compliments the accused. This I shall not do. Your Church attempted to corrupt the Scriptures at Gen. iii. 15: “*She* shall break the Serpent’s head,” (*She* for *He*, to bring in Mariolatry); Psalm xcix. 5—“Worship His footstool for *it* is holy,” (*It* for *He*, to bring in Iconolatry.) Mal. ii. 5—“For the lips of the priest *shall* keep knowledge, because he is the minister of the Lord of Hosts, (*Shall* for *Should*, to bring in priestly authority.) 1 Cor. vii. 9—“It is better to marry than *to be burnt*,” (*To be burnt* for *to burn*, to bring in celibacy of priests.) Eph. v. 32—“This is a great sacrament; but I speak *in* Christ and *in* the Church,” (*Sacrament* for *mystery*—*in* for *concerning*, to prove mar-

riage a Sacrament.) Heb. xi. 21—"By faith Jacob, dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored the *top of his rod*," (*Upon left out, to bring in image worship; adoring the knob of a stick is certainly a beautiful idea.*) 2 Peter ii. 4—"But if God spared not the angels that sinned; but delivered them, *drawn down by infernal ropes*, to the lower hell, &c.," (Can do nothing with this verse—to bring in nonsense.) These stare every reader of the Douay Bible in the face. They are corruptions with a vengeance. I also append your reasons for violating the text. I could fill seven pages with corruptions from the same source. Suffer me to remind you of the Bordeaux Testament, which translation was brought out by Rome in 1686. So full was it of intolerable falsifications that, when exposed by Protestant scholars, its very shame made your Church do its worst to destroy the entire edition. She is a good hand at destruction, and so effectually did her work that a copy of it cannot now be purchased for £50. We have one in London and another in Oxford. Here are samples of its foul-some doings: Acts xiii. 2—"As they offered to the Lord *the sacrifice of the mass*." Heb. i. 7—"He maketh the flame of fire his sacrificers." In the margin of Luke xxii. 19, it says—"The *mass* instituted by Jesus Christ, He commands his apostles to offer it." Luke ii. 41—"And his father and his mother went every year in *pilgrimage* to Jerusalem." 1 Cor. iii. 15—"Yet so as by the fire of *purgatory*." 1 Tim. iv. 1—"In the latter times some shall depart from the *Roman faith*." Relics clearly proved, Heb. xi. 22—"Joseph ordered the *translation of his bones*." Processions also, Heb. xi. 30—"By faith the walls of Jericho fell, after a *procession* of seven days all around." So likewise the distinction of sins, 1 John v. 17—"There is a sin which is not *mortal* but *venial*." The Bordeaux Testament shewed that the New Testament was not the proper thing for Rome. Had Protestants acted in like manner, what would you say? But why should our translators corrupt Scripture to cover marriage when God commanded it in Paradise and Christ sanctioned it in Cana? They could plead Enoch was married. I suppose you priests would call him a *gunaikomaniac* as he begat sons and daughters. The patriarchs could not be such unless married. Priests, levites, and the high priests were, in nearly every case, married men. Moreover, in the N. T., they could take your version and read, 1 Tim. iii. 2—"It behoveth, therefore, a bishop, to be blameless, *the husband of one wife*," or 1 Tim. iii. 11—"Let deacons be the husbands of one wife, ruling *their children*, and their own house well." If this failed to

satisfy they could show that when the first Pontiff forsook all for Jesus he still clave to his wife, for whose mother he obtained medical assistance from the Good Physician. Having now exonerated our translators we will do the same in respect to our pastors, after fortifying our position by calling your attention to a few authorities bearing thereon. "It cannot be that true doctrines will ever result in false consequences. Truth produces only truth; and a single false consequence fairly growing from a principle, suffices to demonstrate that it is erroneous"—*Munro*. "Nor were there wanting men, like the Landgrave of Hesse, who saw that the supporters of the new ideas would not be likely to refuse to the frailties of a powerful ally such indulgences as were simply hopeless *under the moral rule of Catholicity*"—*Munro*. "He who professes a principle, is responsible for all its legitimate consequences. He cannot hold the one and reject the others. The principle and its consequences must be held or rejected together"—*Munro*. "The pure in heart shall see God"—*Jesus*. "For it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done by them in secret"—*Paul*. "But fornication, and all uncleanness, let it not be once named among you, as becometh saints"—*Paul*. How shall this shameless charge of *gunaikomania* be met? The revolting accusation is unsustained by one scintilla of proof. I can only say fame and repute deny it. Truly we have ministers guilty of uncleanness; but when such cases crop up, the whole country is talking with a "Who would have thought it?" proving the rule by the exception. Our pastors not being bound to unnatural celibacy become honest heads of families, observing the apostolic injunction, to rule their houses well. As you lead no proof in your libel, nothing remains but to march into the enemy's territory. I hesitate to do so not because of the bravery of the inhabitants, but the foulness of the roads. A friend of mine sent me a colonial paper containing the stratification of soil in an old convent garden now being built upon. It runs after this form: "Four feet of black mould, five feet of infantine bones mixed with lime in the proportion of two shovels of lime to one of bones, two feet of sand and then clay, &c." I will not insist on that, because I cannot prove the case. As a debater, I expect no belief without proof. I will therefore prove as I go. We have seen the Japanese martyrs canonized wholesale, but, previously to that, in 1839, the great pet of the Papal sect, Alphonsus Liguori, received the doubtful honour of saintship. Since that, nay, but two years, he received the additional honour of being proclaimed a Doctor

of the Church. Saintship only guarantees holiness, doctorship warrants learning. His works were examined by the greatest theologians of Rome and not a line failed to win approval. You, sir, are bound to study his preparation for the duties of the confessional. The following are extracts from it. Before giving them veiled in the holy language of the Roman Church, on the principle that one puts on gloves when about to handle unclean things, I *defy* you to deny they are his, *challenge* you to say you have not been drilled in them, *dare* you to turn one sentence of them into English and publish it either orally or by type. If in the vernacular I should soon find myself beside my brother hater of Popery, Mackay, now lying in Winchester gaol, or with the murdered Murphy, now lying in Birmingham cemetery. These are extracted from Liguori's moral (*sic*) theology, under the head of "Instructions of Confessional intended for Man and Wife:" "Dubit 1. An liceat petere cum periculo sanitatis, nempe si alter uter conjugum laboret lepra, morbo Gallico, phthisi, aut alio morbo contagioso?" Liguori then answers the doubt giving the opinions of learned theologians (the wretches for being learned in such a dirty line) who think, yea or nay. Your friend Scanlan knew practically what is meant by "*morbo Gallico*," as you will find allusions thereto in his letters. "An peccet mortaliter vir inchoando copulam in vase præpostero, ut postea in vase debito eam consummet?" Any modest minister would rather lose his precious sight than question a sister of his congregation as to such uncleanness. "An et quomodo peccent conjuges coeundo situ innaturali? Situs naturalis est, ut mulier sit sucuba, et vir incubus; his enim modus aptior est effusioni seminis virilis, et receptioni in vas fœmineum ad prolem procreandum. Situs autem innaturalis est, si coitus aliter fiat, nempe sedendo, stando, de latere, vel præpostere more pecudum, vel si vir sit succubus, et mulier incubus." O my soul, come thou not into their secret; unto the assembly of these holy celibates, mine honour, be thou not united. Men argue such shameless subjects, and persist in thinking they are the only representatives of that pure One! "An autem, si vir se retrahat post seminationem, sed ante seminationem mulieris, possit ipsa statim tactibus se excitare, ut seminet?" The arguments of your theologians, pro and con, would fill this little work. The idea of asking a woman questions pertaining to this following doubt is unmentionably horrible. How you, Father Munro, can seek such information of your fair penitents is unutterably strange. "An autem sit semper mortale, si

vir immittat pudenda in os uxoris?" The following theologians deny that it is: Sanches, Bossius, Filliucius, and Perez, but Sporer, Tamburini, Diana, and Fagundez affirm that it is. The wretches coolly calculate about it so that the query oscillates between the two parties till each settles most wisely whether it be a mortal or a venial sin. I can give far viler questions, but it seems wrong, in any language dead or living. When I was a laddie, living in the old house at home, our pump occasionally ran dry. My father then made me hold the handle high, while he poured in a bucket of water, then I pumped until the water came. When I was away he poured the water in with the left hand and pumped with his right. Your priests pour into the fair confessees, suggestions of impurity and then pump away until you get any desired quantity of pollution. That this shameless confessing of women leads to *gunaikomania*, on the part of priests, is manifest from a portion of Liguori which is sufficiently pure, and yet awfully suggestive, to bear being rendered into English. "Oh, how many confessors have lost their own souls, and *those of their penitents*, on account of some negligence in this respect." They began to confess to your priests in the spirit, and left off in the flesh. A quarter of a century since I was studying Greek in Glasgow, under one O'Lochlin, who was a Maynooth man. I asked him this question: "Supposing a young fellow to commit various hideous sins, and come to you as his ghostly adviser for absolution, would not the fact of your knowing his doings lead to estrangement, inasmuch, as the rake would naturally avoid one who knew such things about him? Which would, largely carried out, separate people from priest." "O," said he—"I should take care no such effect was produced. If we met I should accost him in a cheerful familiar manner, and chat away about any event of passing interest so as to show his confession was no more on my mind than an unheard confession. In fact, the theory of the Church is, I only know it in the confessional as a confessor. Consequently, outside, I know no more of his secrets than he does of mine." I at once saw how women, who have been to confession, are comforted at balls, entertainments, and excursions patronised by priests. Let us have another, happily the last, fragment from Liguori; of course, it is as familiar to you as your old hat, but after reading it from my pen, pray sir, say no more about *gunaikomania*. "An sit denunciandus confessarius, qui, sollicitatus a pœnitente ad copulam, renuit, et divertit ad solos tactus?" Escobar, Trullenchius, Hurtado, and the Salamanca Doctors say that

such priest is not to be blamed; and you know Spanish priests understand these matters. Surely I have a right to say here, concerning these horrific teachings of Liguori, what you say without right of Calvin's doctrines: "The terrible features of such a system might, perhaps, by some, be contemplated in safety; but *they ought not to be uncovered to the promiscuous gaze of men.* To dwell upon certain phases of evil is both painful and dangerous." You a confessor counterfeiting being shocked at Calvinism, reminds one of what the late Mr Hogg, chaplain of Duke Street, told me: "One day a Papist convict requested me to have the Bible removed from his cell. He was afraid it might get him into trouble. In fact, thought he might be corrupted by it." As well might a sewer fear being polluted by the moon's pale rays. But the dwellers in this city may think that, as you put Purgatory, Indulgences, and Relics, on the one side in Glottopolis, so you purify the atmosphere of the confessional until it becomes adapted to Presbyterian lungs. If they so judge they are sorely mistaken. Five years since, a R. C. came to me requesting I would get him married at St. Jude's. Upon enquiry I discovered he had seduced his sweetheart, who was then pregnant, and that they were unwilling to be married at the *Chapel*; because, they would have separately to be confessed, when each must not only state the fact of criminality, but tell all in minute detail to be followed by Absolution, Penance, Mass, Marriage, 3 of which 4 would have to be paid for. This the womanly heart of the young creature revolted at. But, then, breaking off from Rome was a fearful alternative. She went mad. I visited the asylum when she was in it. We now leave Liguori for Scanlan. The former your teacher—the latter your co-worker. By a fragment of his biography we shall see that Fathers are fathers. The original was published by W. R. M'Phun, in 1853, being 3 years before your *great work* blessed the world, under *the wing* of H. Margey. The works are almost contemporary, and reflect light upon each other. Scanlan is purifying the moral atmosphere of the United States; while you do the same benevolent work for Scotland. "Ye are the salt of the earth."

#### FATHER SCANLAN.

CHAP. I.—One bitter cold night in Nov. 1846, a female with two infants sat on the flight of steps leading to the dwelling of a certain dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in Glasgow. He was abroad in the city, and she anxiously waited an audience.

The youngest child, of two years of age, nestled murmuring in her lap; while the other, about a year and a half older, clung to her side, sharing at once the cold seat and a threadbare tattered covering, through which the rude winds penetrated, making the poor creatures tremble as with an ague. The principal figure in this unhappy group was the mother of the infants. She was about twenty-five years of age, but suffering and privation had set their withering impress upon her features, still delicate and beautiful in affliction. All care for herself seemed to be lost in an anxiety to minister to the comfort, such as it was, of her famishing offspring. Her misery had that day reached its climax—the sun had risen and set without her being able to make them break bread; and for her children's sake, and not her own, she had that night resolved to do, what the very thought of doing had often made her shudder—to appeal for parochial relief as the means of preserving her children from absolute starvation. Before she could do so, however, she must possess credentials of her claim, and these she held in certain documents which could establish the paternity of her children. These documents she had left with the Right Reverend B——, who, for particular reasons, did not seem at all inclined to give them back; and her errand was now to make a last appeal. At length a carriage drove to the door, and his reverence alighted. “Here again?” growled he. “Did I not tell you never again to darken my threshold? I must hand you to the police!” “I implore your reverence,” muttered the female, “in the name of these two poor babies, who have not broken their fast this day”—— “And whose blame is that?” said the priest, interrupting her. “Did I not find them comfortable quarters in the Catholic Orphans’ Institution?—to the damage of my own conscience, too,” growled he to himself in an undertone. “Did I not advise you to strive to forget them, and to seek a home in the land of the stranger, where your sins might be forgotten and atoned for? Did I not give you money to procure a passage, so that you might not bring disgrace upon our clergy? But no; you would take your own way, with your affection, as you call it; you would have your two brats given up, and you have got them, and you see what you have made of it.” “I would rather have my infants perish for want with myself, than by neglect and loathsome disease in your Orphans’ Institution!” firmly answered the young woman; and melting into tears, she continued—“Orphans, alas! not orphans, but worse than orphans: had they been fatherless and motherless, they would not have suffered thus.

Oh, John Scanlan, father of my children, that it should have come to this!" and she sobbed aloud. "Your pitiable plight is your own seeking, Ann Jane. Leave my door; you have nothing further to expect from me." "I know it, sir, I know it; and all I ask now is what I am entitled to—my letters." "Letters?—umph. These you cannot have: they are of no use to you, woman." "Were they of no use to me, they are mine; but to me, and to these children, they are of vital importance. I have no choice between death and parochial relief: the first, but for these infants, I would welcome; the other can only be obtained through these letters." His reverence hesitated; and retiring to his house, returned in a few minutes with some documents. "And who has been advising you to this, pray? Must you have these letters? The devil has been busy with you, I fear." "The letters are to save my children from starving," said the woman. "Take them, then!" said the "holy father" angrily, at the same time throwing them at her. "Let them do their worst; but never darken my threshold again." The door was closed on the famishing woman and her children, and she was soon lost in the dingy purlieus of the Gorbals. The reader is invited to follow us, while we narrate her brief but melancholy story.

CHAP. 2.—Ann Jane Johnston, who will occupy the most prominent part in our narrative, came to Scotland from the north of Ireland in June, 1836. She was then a pretty girl of fifteen years of age. Though a native of Ireland, this could scarcely be distinguished either from her tongue or appearance. She obtained a situation as a domestic servant in Paisley. She continued in this capacity for nearly a period of six years, in respectable Protestant families; and as an evidence of the esteem in which she was held, it may be mentioned that she continued in her last place for five years. She was a Roman Catholic, and attended the ministrations of the Rev. Mr Carolan in Paisley; but it would appear, from what follows, that that rev. gentleman had some fears of her becoming a proselyte to the Protestant faith; and we shall see what flowed from his efforts to prevent such an event. Ann Jane's high character obtained for her, in the spring of 1842, an offer from a Protestant family of distinction, who were leaving the country for New Zealand, to accompany them. She had all but concluded an arrangement, when her priestly adviser dissuaded her from it, on the ground that she would be lost to the Catholic Church; and suspicious that a longer continuance in the service of Protestants might eventually render her a convert, he volun-

teered to procure her a situation in the service of a rev. brother on the north side of the river, in the parish of Old Kilpatrick, a portion of the bishoprick historically recognised as the birthplace of the renowned Saint Patrick, the patron saint of all Ireland, but which has been peculiarly unfortunate in its guardian fathers. Accordingly she proceeded to Glenhead, carrying with her the following letter:—

“Paisley, 21st April, 1842.—Rev. Dear Sir—The bearer Mary Anne Johnstone is the person of whom I spoke to you, the day you were here. I am deeply interested for her. She is a real good and honourable dacent *Girl*. She has been in the onc Service these six Years and partly by my advice she now at the term leaves it. She is a General housekeeper and a very nice intelligent person as you may know from her appearance. I spoke to her about the hire, she told me she had but £6 10s and had to, by herself to attend in every way a large family. She can cook and dress, and attend nicely in that way, can wash and sew, and in fine, is the nicest servant you could meet possessing a rich Stock of Good Sense and Sterling virtue. She told me she would stop with you for £3 sooner than go else where for three times the hire. There was a Protestant family wanting her to go out with them in a few days to New Zeland, but this I put out of her head as she would lose her religion by doing so. If you make your arrangements with her, as I am sure, you will not feel much after Mary. I assure you Dear John you could not do me a greater favour than take this *Girl*, anything you do for her, I look on it as done for myself. I hope she will be able to tell me on her return that you have engaged her valuable services, try to come in some day next week as we'll want to see about the day of the *visitation* very probably you'll have a line to that effect in a day or two.—I remain Rev. Sir yours very respectfully. (Signed) JOHN CAROLAN.”

“The Rev J. Maloney, Cath. Clergyman, Glenhead.”

Such a warm recommendation could not fail to be successful and Ann Jane went into the service of the Rev. Mr Maloney in May, 1842. By doing so, the intentions of her spiritual adviser in Paisley were likely to be defeated. Instead of attaching her more firmly to the Roman Catholic body, it had the very opposite effect, for there she obtained a glimpse behind the scenes of the machinery of the system, that laid the foundation of an eventual separation from it. It was in this sink of clerical depravity that Ann Jane encountered him who was her first destroyer. In the autumn of 1846, Priest Maloney went to Edinburgh to see the

Queen. He had also other professional duties demanding his attention elsewhere from Duntocher, and Priest John Scanlan came to occupy his place, and overlook his household and his servantmaid, during his absence; but the nature of his surveillance will be best understood from what followed. Priest John Scanlan is well remembered in the localities in which he was stationed as being the best looking man to be met with in a week's journey. He was not long at Glenhead till an intimacy of an improper nature sprang up between him and Maloney's servant, Ann Jane Johnston. In private he opened his mind to her, and laughed and mocked at the mummeries and ceremonies of the poor deluded adherents. On days on which the Romish faith enjoined abstinence from animal food, Scanlan would order to be prepared a good beef-steak dinner, as if in contempt of the system, and on these occasions he was joined by his female companion; and scenes of lewd mockery and debauchery were often enacted at Glenhead that the young woman afterwards shuddered to contemplate. The manufacturing of holy wafers used in some of the religious ceremonies of the Church, was a fruitful occasion of mirth. These, the work of Ann Jane's own hands, aided by her priestly friend, she was frequently enjoined to curtsy and kneel before in the midst of laughter and merriment; whilst the solemn proceedings at the chapel, and gullibility of the congregation, were themes of derision and fun at the conclusion of the religious services of the day. In short, Priest Scanlan only donned his priestly character with his cassock; but such a course could not last long even at Duntocher.

CHAP. 3.—Before the termination of the young woman's yearly term of servitude at Glenhead, having peculiar reasons for quitting, she went to Greenock, where, under the assumed character of Mrs Brown, whose husband was an engineer in a deep-sea steamer, she took lodgings near to the harbour, in the house of a respectable lady. The *soi-disant* "Mr Brown," the engineer, was only occasionally "at home;" and when he came, he never remained over one night at a time. He looked the engineer very well, and generally wore in his pocket the newest novel of the day, shewing that the pursuits of practical mechanics were not, with him, incompatible with a taste for light literature. He was tall, remarkably good-looking, and had a dash of romance in his composition that favoured the conclusion that he was, despite his rough overcoat and large muffler, an engineer of the better sort. It never occurred to any one that the "engineer" was the Rev. John Scanlan.

Things went on thus till the 21st of June, 1843, when the young woman became the mother of a young "Brown," which was immediately put out to nurse; and a fortnight afterwards Priest Scanlan, *alias* "Mr Brown," addresses her from Glasgow:—

"(Post mark, July 4th 1843,) Monday evening.—DEAREST ANE—I now proceed to redeem my promise of writing to you, Mr Scanlan is in Glasgow and will be there until Friday next Mr Maloney is not yet come meet me at renfrew on Friday about one a clock you need not come up at once and speak to me but rather stop in the boat and I will go in the same to Glasgow hoping that you and yours are well I am with deepest love yours."

Thus the rev. gentleman, having closed his Sunday labours in directing the conduct of his flock, betakes him to penning an *illegant* epistle to his dearest paramour, and carefully couched to cloak his intrigue. In August following the priest and his lady-love are found rusticating in "Lowth's smiling valleys" in Ireland. while his flock in Scotland are left at large to roam, with the pleasing consolation, however, that the celibastic pastor has gone a trip for his health to his native air. He returned to Scotland before her, and treats her to a notice of his excursion home among a cargo of regular paddies, who fought like "Trogans," the *causa belli* being none other than the true Hibernian one of love of each other, or nothin' at all.

"August 23d, '43.—I am happy to inform you that we had a very pleasing passage to Scotland, Diversified much by a cargo of regular Paddies who fought like Trogans without I should think any cause save the love of displaying their dexterity. They frequently made such a rush that we were all well nigh swamped. I hope you are in good health and enjoyin the scenery of Louths smiling valleys. I am at present in Glasgow but am not Quite certain whether Greenock or it will be my destination. Neither of them will long. I am Quite determined upon it. I did not call at Greenock but I intend to go down about the end of the week. When you come over you can easily see me by sending a message in different writing well sealed or remaining some place convenient until you see me pass by. be convinced of what I told you often. Yours very sincerely  
A FRIEND."

After passing a month in Ireland, the young woman returned to Greenock in September; and in October thereafter she left for lodgings in Gorbals, Glasgow, so as to be more convenient to her priestly lover, who had gone back to reside there with Bishop Murdoch in discharge of his priestly functions. He continued to

visit her regularly there, and she saw him almost every day. The opportunities for doing so, however, appear to have depended at times on the bishop's absence. A letter of his promises the felicity of more than one night's interview on account of the bishop going from home: "When the cat's away, how the mice do play!" On this occasion he has forgotten his usual caution, and subscribes his own name.

"21st June 1844.—Dear Ane—I endeavoured by every means in my power to spend this night with you but I declare it is not in my power. Do not be angry the Bishop will be going from home shortly at which time I can remain more than one night. This I declare is the truth. I hope to be able to see you this afternoon.—Yours,  
J. SCANLAN."

"To Mrs Brown Care of Mrs McLauchlin Clark's Court main St. Gorbals."

After eleven month's residence in Glasgow, she returned, in August '44, to her old quarters in Greenock, there being again a pressing necessity for her doing so, and Mr Scanlan's next letter is addressed to her there.

"Glasgow 15 Oct. 44.—Dear Ane—You are always accusing me of not being very strict in the fulfilment of promises but you see how exact I am in performing the promise I made to you of writing this day—I am in good health and if it be possible I will call down on Friday first if not then on Monday certainly—I hope you are well—believe me to be,  
yours sincerely."

Ten days afterwards their second child, Patrick Scanlan, was ushered into life in the birthplace of the former; but in the interim the anxious father-expectant writes again.

"Saturday evening Oct. 20th '44.—Dear Ane—I suppose you received my letter stating that I could not see you until Monday next—Now I find it will not be in my power to go to Greenock until the day after that is Tuesday—though the difference of time is not very much, I thought it better to write—yours &c &c &c"

He must have gone to Greenock on the promised visit, and returned to Glasgow. The next letter acknowledges receipt of tidings of the interesting event of the 25th October that gave him another son.

"October 29 1844.—Dear Ane—I had a letter on yesterday from a particular friend of yours telling me that you are well, need I say that it gave me the greatest pleasure to hear it, yes though you may think otherwise I can assure you there is not a person living whose happiness is more dear to me. I rather think I will not be able to see you before the beginning of next week least you may want

anything in the meantime you will find a note enclosed in this letter. I am yours sincerely."

Priest Scanlan's position in the chapel at Glasgow was that of an underling, and, like Goldsmith's country curate, was—"passing rich with forty pounds a year." But it was natural to suppose that a priest of his excellence and moral worth must needs rise in his profession. He was appointed to a charge in Hamilton, from which place he writes her in November.

"Hamilton monday morning.—Dear Ane,—I trust the state of your Health will permit you to come here and see me on Wednesday first—you will get a coach starting for this place from meinzes Hotel Trongate at the following hours—10—12 forenoon and 3 and 5 afternoon—when you do come here enquire for Hervie's lodge near the town house—if you cannot come write to me & I will call down this week.—I am yours sincerely."

The next letter is from Hamilton to her in Greenock, arranging for a meeting in Glasgow, and is as follows:—

"Hamilton 23d Nov. 44.—Dear Ane,—I hope you are in good health—if you are much improved I would like to see you next week—not in hamilton recollect for I am just now going to Airdrie to collect for the chapel, and in all probability I will be there during the week to come, but in Glasgow—need I say that you are dear to me still before long you may be certain that I will prove it to be true, this may sound in your ears as a mere empty expression but time will tell write to me on monday next to Airdrie and do not be afraid to do so as I can assure you there is not the slightest danger—mention the place & the hour—be sure now and take care of yourself from the cold, take a little more medicine for I am still in terror least any thing should go wrong with you, the post is nearly going so I must stop.—Yours very truly J. B."

"Direct Catholic Chapel Airdrie for me."

And thus this rev. gentleman, whose province it was to guide poor erring humanity in the paths of virtue and of duty, goes on to trifle and tamper with the affections and the peace of a poor erring and confiding girl, who, from all that has transpired regarding her throughout the affecting story, has been only guilty of loving her priestly betrayer—and, it may be, confessor—"not wisely, but too well." However anxious he seems about her bodily health, he ministers only to her mind diseased what, alas! as is too often the case in such circumstances, "Time has told" to be "a mere empty expression." Mark the nice contingency of this priestly hypocritical voluptuary, as exemplified in the sentence—

“If you are much improved, I would like to see you next week;” while the concluding portion of the sentence is devoted to telling her that he is going to Airdrie to collect money for his chapel. Good, zealous priest! If such be the character of those who erect chapels, what must be the character of those for whom they are erected!

It is clear from the next letter that the meeting arranged for in the previous letter has taken place.

“Hamilton, Dec. 14, 44.—My dearest Ane,—Enclosed you will find one pound which I hope will defray your expenses until I see you again—if possible I will call down next week—however, it would give me great satisfaction to hear from you as soon as this reaches—do be pleased to write to me and mention the day you will come up here.—Yours truly, J. B.”

A meeting of the lovers must have taken place between the 14th and the date of the next letter—the 23d December—and at which he appears to have committed *an act of folly*, which he conveniently ascribes to his *not being in his sober senses at the time*. He calls God to witness that, if she pardons him this offence, it will be the last. The nature of this offence upon a woman that a few weeks before had borne a child, may be variously construed; but let the criminal himself speak.

“Hamilton, 23d Dec. 1844.—My Dearest Ane,—I am very sorry that my folly should have fallen upon you so heavily as it did. If I were in my sober senses you may depend it would not be so—pardon me this offence and as god is my judge it will be the last. I hope you are improving in health—take good care of yourself if it be possible I will expect you on Wednesday first by the 3 o’clock coach—I will be down to see you at the New-Year when I trust you will be in better spirits than the last time—I have got so severe a cold that I am not able to leave the house—least you should want in the meantime I have sent the enclosed note.—I am my dearest Ane your sincerely, J. B.”

“For Mrs Brown in ——— Dalrymple Street, Greenock.”

If his folly has laid the poor girl upon a bed of sickness, he appears himself not to have escaped the chastening rod, as his next letter shows.

“Hamilton, 1st Jany 1845—My Dear Ane,—I received a letter from Mr R—— on yesterday morning in which he says that you are not well as yet, this grieves me very much especially now as alas I am beginning to feel what sickness is—I am still confined to bed & in the Drs opinion will be so for another fortnight—I

hope the day will soon come when we will see each other well again.—Yours most sincerely, J. B.”

“Enclosed is a note for Mrs Brown in ——— Dalrymple-street, Greenock.

The next letter, a fortnight afterwards, solicits a visit to his sick chamber.

“Hamilton, 13th Jany 1845—Dearest Ane,—I am still in a very delicate state of health. not able to leave the house & in the opinion of the medical Gentleman who attends will not have strength enough to do so before another Fortnight—I am much reduced in fact my feet totter beneath me as I attempt to walk a few steps, I hope you are now improved. that would be a great consolation to my Depressed spirits. If you are I trust you will be so kind as come here to see me on Thursday first. if not let me hear from you by letter. now do not disappoint me in this expectation. I sent you a note last week, Enclosed here you will find another.—I am yours very truly, J. B.”

“Give my best respects to Mr R———.

“For Mrs Brown. Greenock.

The next letter shows that she had gone on the solicited visit ; but certain appearances at the railway terminus have troubled her, but he tells her not to care about them—in short, to be bold in her iniquity. She appears to have been at this period apprehensive of a *denouncement* ; but he quells her fears, and stifles the promptings of conscience within. And this is the pure spirit into whose ear, in the confessional, the good Catholics of Hamilton were wont to whisper their evil deeds with a view to absolution ! Simple, confiding sinners, to suppose that their souls were in such safe keeping ! But he is recovering, and, like the sow that was washed, he returns to his wallowing in the mire ; for

“When the devil was sick,  
The devil a saint would be ;  
But when the devil got well,  
The devil a saint was he.”

“Hamilton, 28th Jany. 45.—“Dearest Ane,—I received your note and feel most happy that you are not anything the worse for coming here on that cold day—Do not trouble yourself in the least about what you saw at the railway terminus what do you care about them I am considerably improved though not quite well as yet, in case I am better by the end of the week I will be down. you will find one pound enclosed in this note give my best respects to Mr R——— ———.—Yours truly J. B.”

Three days after this letter, he has scrambled out of bed, only to ascertain his inability to walk even five yards, much less to undertake a pilgrimage to the shrine of his affections at Greenock. In his "great pain and trouble," he again solicits an immediate visit from her who was the object of his constant thought, which would contribute much to relieve him. Poor rev. gentleman, surrounded by his sorrowing flock, and nursed by their most solicitous sympathies and attentions! Little did they or the medical attendant know that the true panacea that was to restore him to bodily health and vigour was his own "Dearest Ane," whom he worshipped with such devoted and affectionate idolatry! Little did the poor and devout dupes of popery at Hamilton suppose that, when they waited on his *riverence* in the vestry of the chapel house, confessing to him all their own sins or peccadillos in the same line of iniquity, and in the belief that his *riverence* was an honest puritan in morals—little did they think how he must have laughed and chuckled over their blind credulity after receiving from them the *fees* for the absolutions. "The Mystery of Iniquity!" How correct is the scriptural definition of this horrid system, that leads the people to be dupes, and the priests to be blackguards! When the pious papists of Hamilton peruse these pages, and when they remember the sanctified hypocrisy of Father Scanlan in his priestly tonsure and robes of office, listening to the secluded whispering of the backsliding boys and girls of his devoted flock, his assumed castigations and rebukes will now be more strikingly remembered, and any similar performance from his celibastic successors will, we hope, be more correctly estimated. The disease seems to have chastised most unmercifully, and entirely prevented him from any immediate caterwaulings from home; however, it does not seem to have so far subdued him as to lead his mind to give up his course of iniquity, as witness the following bed-side epistle:—

"Hamilton 31st Janr. 1845.—Dearest Ane—I have just scrambled out of my bed to send you this letter which I hope to render unnecessary by my presence on to-morrow—I have been confined to my bed for the last 10 days in great pain and trouble—though I am now somewhat better I am able to walk 5 yards—I hope you are better if you are for the love of God come & see me on to-morrow or after it would contribute very much to relieve me. I can declare on all that is most sacred that during my illness no thought recurred to my mind so often as that of going to Greenock at the new year—I had a letter from Mr M'lauchlin asking for

your address you will find a note enclosed in this miserable scrawl. your ever affectionate and devoted J. B."

"Mrs Brown."

The "miserable scrawl" discovers a still more miserable and hardened sinner. Although "just scrambled out of bed," where he had lain for "ten days in great pain and trouble," instead of reflecting with penitential sorrow on his past iniquities—on his having destroyed the fair prospects of a simple and too confiding young woman—his heart is fully set in him to do evil. He declares "on all that is most sacred that during his illness no thought recurred to his mind so often as that of going to Greenock at the new year!" This is an awful example of the hardening effects of sin. The longer it is indulged in, the more insensible does the heart become to the admonitions of conscience, and the requirements of the divine law. And think of such a man being consecrated a "holy father," and appointed to guide his fellow sinners in the paths of virtue and of peace! Less than a week afterwards he writes to her again:—

"Hamilton 5th Feby '45.—Dear Ane—I hope you are far in the way of recovery by this time—I am considerably better since I last saw you, though not quite well as yet—I went to Glasgow on Saturday for the purpose of remaining here to collect but I had to leave on Sunday morning and come here—on next Sunday though I will be there and then I will send you some money or go down in the middle of the week—take good care of yourself and keep from the cold—Yours sincerely J. B."

His Sabbath ministrations at Glasgow seem to have had little effect on his own mind. His pulpit discourses were immediately followed by an epistle to "dear Ane." She, with the *childer*, was now lodging with a private but respectable family at Greenock, who, in the reverend and *learned* gentleman's writing, are designated "*the hoosans*." All that family were, to the end, in the belief that the pious divine was "Mr Brown, the engineer of the big steamer;" so that Mrs Brown's letters were duly received from Glasgow, as "the big steamer" did not touch at the harbour in passing up the river; and "J. B.," or Jack Brown "the engineer," was, when he appeared personally at Greenock, always received as a respectable friend and a regular visitor, whose civility and decent demeanour made his visits always welcome. After this last visit he had to return to "the steamer," as Captain Bishop would observe his absence from the ship. However, in a few days after, he writes again from Glasgow.

“(Post mark, Feby. 10, 1845.)—Glasgow, Monday evening.—Dear Ane—I came to Glasgow on yesterday morning—I will Go down some day in the course of the week to see you I hope you are now quite well, my best respects to the hoosans—Yours truly J. B.”—NB enclosed is one pound note.

CHAP. 5.—The next letter shews that the Rev. Mr Scanlan's position becomes critical: suspicions have been awakened in Glasgow, and he is rigorously questioned, but refuses to “confess.” He had sufficient experience to know the folly of letting his own transgressions be known to his Superior or any one else. His personal interviews with the black sheep of his own wandering flock at Hamilton, must have let him into a knowledge of many of their sad sins and secrets, and have led him to say to himself—“What poor sunken slaves to superstition must these people be who come to me and tell all their thefts and resettings, their frauds and villanies, their drinking and debaucheries, and multifarious blackguardisms! What detestable men, what nasty women! My own thoughts and actions have been defiled by the continued narrative of their abominable conduct. I will take good care that I wont pain the ears or defile the thoughts of my Superior with any tales of my wanderings to Greenock or elsewhere.” He kept his resolution firmly, and wrote the following affectionate and parental letter. His promise of a good time coming, and this “time fast approaching,” was in corroboration of his repeated verbal declaration to the poor girl that he would “cut the church,” and become her husband in a lawful and honourable manner. That hope was always cherished by the poor creature; but to her it was a hope deferred, that left her a wreck on the cold shore of a homeless world, to languish, pine, and shiver in a state of mental misery that few can appreciate or conceive. Before his return to Hamilton, he indites as follows:

“Glasgow, March 3, 1845.—Dear Ane,—I now proceed to write to you according to promise. I was very rigorously questioned on the day I left you about where I was which I refused to tell. I will not leave on that business I was speaking on until after Easter. I beg of you to get a girl to assist you with the children or you will have no comfort or peace let me know what you have determined on. I would advise you strongly to leave the place you are in. Make up your mind whether you will go to Hamilton or remain in Glasgow and let me know all about it,—direct your letter to Hamilton and let it be there on Saturday—Cheer up your spirits & bear all things patiently for a little longer the time is

fast approaching when you will be better circumstanced. I am really afraid to go down this week though it may happen that I would—now do not forget writing to me again saturday first.—Yours truly, J. B.”

“N B I am not going any place until after Easter.”

The next letter promises a reform in his drinking habits. This was a vice in which he frequently indulged. While housekeeper at Duntocher, Ann Jane witnessed many a drunken scene, and many a “heavy handful” she had in getting the floor cleared, and the “holy fathers” tumbled into their lairs, after a sederunt of five or six hours of ecclesiastical jollification. Could the walls of the chapel house of Duntocher relate a tithe of the hilarious orgies that were transacted within, they would a tale unfold that would tingle the ears of every listener. That somewhat secluded domicile continued for a considerable time to be the sort of session-house for the bacchanalian bravadoes of the brotherhood. Out of sight of the bishop, out of mind of the church—the bottle went round with such effective rapidity that the *infallibility* of the jolly divines was never so incontestably demonstrated as when they were stretched horizontally on the carpet. The pulling off their boots and other habiliments before getting them hoisted into bed, was often a task of the most herculean nature, and one that few women could have strength enough to accomplish. From the continuous debaucheries of Duntocher, Scanlan acquired such a habit, of tasting spirituous liquors that he often lost all regard for even the forms of his profession. When the hour of recovery and remorse followed, he made his lady-love his confessor, considering her a safer *confidante* than his bishop in all such matters. In these moods, his duty to his family down at Greenock with “the hoosans” was always more pathetically remembered, and “a note enclosed” gave proof of parental affection. With a fair appearance of teetotal integrity he returned to Hamilton, and transmits the following sound and sensible letter to “Mrs Brown,” with better hopes and better feelings.

“Hamilton 13th March '45.—Dear Ane,—I hope you have been very well since I saw you last. I am getting somewhat better than I was at that time though not so well as I would wish to be by any chance. I have not tasted spirituous liquors, of any kind since that time & indeed in future I will not make so free with it as I was accustomed to do you will find a note enclosed. Perhaps I would go on friday though I am not certain of so doing as yet. Write to me as soon as you receive this & let me know

whether you have made up your mind to leave that place and how you are getting on.—Yours truly, J. B.”

And again, four days afterwards, the thought of his love and her little ones at Greenock made him desirous of taking the opportunity of the “Fast” to take another jaunt “down the water.” It would appear that when the Protestant city of Glasgow holds her stated Fast-Day, the *working* clergy of the Catholic Church are relieved from duty, and are at liberty to take a holiday. Scanlan, it would seem, had arranged to avail himself of the privilege, but circumstances prevented. He, however, writes, and again includes “a note enclosed.” About this time he shewed himself to be more fond of his family, and more faithful to the duty of providing for them, than at any other period of his criminal correspondence. He is now, we believe, doing church duty in the States of America; and should a copy of this Pamphlet fall into his hands, it may call up the recollection of those days of sacerdotal delinquency on the banks of the Clyde, and lead him to put the question to his conscience—“Shall I go to my grave and leave these two orphan boys to be provided for by the inhabitants of Greenock, while I, their father, am able to provide for them?” On that occasion he forwarded the following:

(Post mark, 17th March 1845.

“Thursday mor.—Dearest Ane,—I hope you have been well since I last saw you, this being the Glasgow fast & a very fine day I thought to go down but it was out of my power. Please remember me to ——— & Mr ———. I will be down on Monday night. I am a great deal better—You will find a note enclosed believe me to be Dear Ane—Yours very truly, J. B.”

“For Mrs. Brown Greenock.”

The next letter makes allusion again to the very foolish act of December, from the consequences of which she does not yet appear to have recovered.

“Hamilton 22 March 45.—Dear Ane—I received your letter to day. I am sorry to learn that your health is not improving of course you have to blame me for it. Never will I forgive myself that very foolish act I was guilty of—prepare yourself to come on Tuesday next & I will send the servant out of the way. Do not bring any of the children with you unless you wish to ruin the whole of us. You can easily get some person to take care of them for one night. recollect now Teusday night I will have all things ready for you. The time is fast approaching when neither you or myself will be in bondage we will arrange a great many little

matters when you come up. Write to me on receipt of this & believe me to be ever Dearest Ane Yours faithfully J. B."

"N.B.—You will find a note enclosed."

It is evident that the bondage which he alludes to in this letter is not the spiritual bondage of sin, but the bondage of his position as a member of a celibastic priesthood. Whether he really intended to cut the slavish connection, become an honest man, and marry the mother of his children, or basely looked forward to his precipitate flight to the New World as the means of escape from bondage, it is not easy to determine; but circumstances favour the former conclusion, while he may have been impelled to the other course by his priestly brethren, as the most likely way to hush up and avert the scandal and obloquy which his conduct, if noised abroad, was likely to bring upon the holy order.

The next epistle is written in dread of "a recent occurrence," indicative of a coming rupture. It is short, but emphatic.

"Hamilton 16th Apl '45.—Dear Ane,—I hope you are well. Strange things have occurred since I saw you these I will explain upon monday next when I intend if possible to call down and see you. Enclosed you will find a note.—Yours truly, JOHN BROWN."

And again, two days afterwards:

"Glasgow, 13th April 1845.—Dear Ane,—I see it will not be in my power to go to see you on monday night. I am in dread to go in consequence of a recent occurrence which I will explain to you when next we meet—come to Mr M'laughlins house on Monday and I will meet you there at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, give my compliments to Mr — and the —. Yours truly, J. B.

The next letter makes it evident that the whole affair has exploded, for he has beat a hasty retreat to Dundee, which it seems was "a very poor place" for his sort of priest work. He should rather have said—The Papists here are very poor, and consequently the priests are poor also. However, he writes thus:

"Dundee 5th May 1845.—Dear Ane,—Enclosed you will find two notes which is all I can spare at present, in consequence of the very poor place I am in. You will not hear from me for 10 or 12 days again. I hope you are well in health take good care of yourself and be sure to go down the water—it will undoubtedly serve you—I am very uneasy about what I was speaking to you about though I heard nothing of it since. I really do not know how to act, you can form no idea of the intense anxiety with which I am racked. I am just now writing to the big man—have you seen an account of the great dinner in Dundalk get one of the Irish papers

it is worth reading I expect in the course of a few weeks to spend some days with you in case you are down the water.—Yours very truly J. B.”

“Mrs Brown.”

This was the last letter he was permitted to address to her in Scotland. One Thursday evening, about the middle of May, 1845, the “engineer”—that is, the Rev. John Scanlan—arrived at “Mrs Brown’s” lodgings in Greenock, bringing with him a large trunk. He said he was on his way to England, on a mission to collect for some chapel maintenance scheme. He remained two nights, left “Mrs Brown” some flannels to repair against his returning, and also his watch and a ring with his name engraven upon it, and proceeded to Liverpool on the Saturday evening. The young woman Johnston, who will be easily recognised in “Mrs Brown,” suspected his going out of the country, and was driven to despair. In the following week he wrote her from Liverpool. The letter will tell its own story:

“Liverpool 20th May 1845.—Dear Ane—Enclosed you will find a post office order for £3 which is all I can afford you at present. Do not be alarmed at what I am about to tell you. When you last saw me in Greenock you were astonished at my boldness in going out if you then knew the cause you would not. I was then in the very act of leaving the country because the Bishop threatened to suspend me in consequence of something that was transpiring about you. This I would have told you if I thought you could bear up against it. Do bear it Ane and I will do everything in my power for you and my dear little fellows. I am about to start for New York in the course of 5 hours, from which place I will write to you immediately on my arrival. I intend to write for my sister also and bring her with you. I implore of you now to bear up against this, also to live very sparingly think more of a halfpenny than you did of a shilling before—Your truly J. B.”

“Mrs Brown Greenock.”

The poor young woman with her two deserted children then went to Gourock, as the lodgings of “the hoosans” were getting too hot for them. The “engineer” was beginning to be suspected of *smuggling* and the “big steamer” of not being a “regular trader.” While at Gourock in June, Scanlan wrote her from America.

“New York, June 25th 1845.—Dear Ane—I arrived here on yesterday evening after a beautiful passage on board the ship John R. Skiddy from Liverpool, the sea was very calm during the whole voyage except one evening when it blew a very hard gale but it

did not continue long, you have no idea of the beauty of the scene while it lasted. I never imagined that the sea could appear so awfully grand as it then did, but I am sure you have already got more words on this subject than you relish. I am certain that your state since I saw you has not been the most pleasant however you cannot believe me when you take all the circumstances into consideration if I remained but one other week I am certain that I would have been suspended how miserable then both you and the poor little fellows should be is at least pretty evident, I could endure all myself but to see you in want I never could. I have suffered more since I last saw you than I thought it possible for me to endure. Many a restless hour I have since spent in almost a state of distraction more on your account than my own though I assure you I have no idea of the manner in which I will act as yet, bear up your spirits, and I trust that you will know comfort yet. I am rather in a delicate state of health and therefore I have to confine myself for a week or so. This state of health does not arise from any bad conduct on my part since I saw you but from a sort of general debility and a cold I caught in the ship. I have not tasted spirits of any kind since then nor do I intend to do it for some time at any rate. You will find the half of a 5£ bank of England note inclosed in this the next half I will send by the next packet. to be candid I am not well able to afford so much at present 4£ is what I intended to have sent but I could not get an order for it without a great deal of trouble so the balance turns up in your favour you can easily get change for it in one of the Greenock banks, in the course of a few weeks I will send you as much more as I can. Now I beg of you my dear Ane to take care of yourself and my dear little fellows and I hope I will be able to send for you very shortly and give my best respects to Mr——— and all your friends and believe me to be dear Ane yours most sincerely J. SCANLAN.

"Mrs Brown Greenock Scotland.

"N. B. write on receipt of this and direct your letters as follows care of Right Rev. Dr Hughes Catholic Bishop New York for me. Let the outside writing be very legible."

The next is the only remaining letter of Scanlan's. Although he still practises the deception of "Mrs Brown," his own name, as in the case of the other, is subscribed to it. We may remark here that Scanlan, before he departed from Scotland, must have got his credentials for presentation to the church in America; but how Bishop Murdoch really could give him a certificate of character bearing that he was a true son of the holy church, a genuine suc-

cessor of the apostles, after knowing so much of his scandalous performances, is one of those moral phenomena that characterise the Church of Rome as the mother of abominations. Office-bearers of Protestant churches are not unfrequently known to be transgressors of the moral law; but there is this great difference, that when such delinquents are even suspected, they are at once taken into court, and before the world publicly examined with the most severe and rigid scrutiny, and when found guilty, disbanded the office for ever. No hushing up, no clandestine credentials to carry them off to another country, there, if they chose, to repeat the same impostures; but driven off with brand on their brow, telling that the sacred office of the ministry shall not again be stained by their conduct or character. How different with Rome!

“New York June 30 '45.—Dear Ane, Enclosed you will find the half of a 5£ bank of England note which you can get cashed at any of the Greenock banks by paying a little discount, the other half I have sent a few days before though I have reason to think that this will reach you first in the other letter I desired that you would write to me as soon as possible and send your letter to the care of the Right Rev. Dr Hughes New York now in case this reaches you before you write do not do it upon any account, as I am about leaving New York for Boston this evening if I do succeed there you will hear from me shortly, keep up your spirits and I trust all will turn out for the better, mind yourself and the little fellows, in the other letter you have a full statement of the reasons that induced me to act as I did farewell at present my Dearest Ane and believe me to be very sincerely yours JOHN SCANLAN.

“Mrs Brown.”

CHAP. 6.—In September the mother and her two deserted children returned from Gourock to Greenock, where she remained till December following, whence she removed to Glasgow. She stated that early in 1846, her means of support being then entirely exhausted, and being in utter want with her two children dependent on her for support, she applied to “the clergy” there for aid and advice in her friendless and forlorn condition. One of the body there, high in office, told her that Scanlan had been sent off to America, not on account of his connection with her, but with a mill girl, and that he had been granted a character much better than he deserved, to procure him a charge there. The same dignitary urged her to write Scanlan for assistance, and she got the rev. gentleman who at the outset had been the means of her going to serve Priest Maloney at Glenhead, to write a letter

addressed to Scanlan at St. John's, New Brunswick, where it had been ascertained he had become located. This letter, from subsequent causes, was never despatched, and is preserved among the other correspondence. This rev. gentleman's first letter was remarkable for its frankness and strong recommendation of the girl, and as shewing his apparently intimate acquaintance with her. At the period at which it was written he had interfered to prevent her going out to New Zealand with a Protestant family, *because she would lose her religion by doing so*. It is at this point of her history that the ebb-tide set in; and it would be difficult to tell what this poor creature suffered from being intercepted at that time by her disinterested priestly adviser, when about to be plucked as a brand from the burning. In going into the service of the priest at Duntocher she may have "preserved her religion" according to the popish standard, and got a priestly confessor for a gallant; but if she preserved her religion, it was at the sacrifice of honour, virtue, and everything calculated to make her life tolerable. Still, that the rev. gentleman's interference may have been the result of the best intention, is not, perhaps, to be questioned. His second letter, however, written less than four years afterwards about the same *dacent Girl*, is worthy of notice from the marked difference of its tone. It is as follows:—

"Greenock 24th Feby 1846.—Revd. Sir—In the spirit of religion and christian charity I now appeal to you, a person named Anne Johnston with whom you are acquainted applied to me lately in a most deplorable condition in rags as to her person in starvation as to her body in a Hell as to her soul, she and her two children were in the utmost distress when I herd her sad tale of which you formed the principle theme I gave her a trifle in charity as I knew her to be good before but which was soon exhausted. That her case may not go abroad before the world I apply to you in her name for some assistance to her, she is unwilling that she would make known her distress to others as the more she would communicate it to, the more scandal would be given. I consider you are bound not in charity but strict justice to send her something there is no evading this application, I was slow to believe at first but she possesses writings of your's which are decisive on your connection with her, you know the cause of her misfortune as you are the father of her two children this fact is undeniable, or I would never think of speaking thus it was with reluctance and only after being convinced in various ways I believe this fact. The creature bore all patiently to the utmost extremity and then

applied to me as a last resource, for the sake of Religion for the sake of Justice for the sake of suffering humanity in her person, let not this appeal be made in vain. If this is disregarded another application will be made in another form and I would recommend attention as soon as possible to the present note. There is no backing out of the difficulty either to sending her something, or matters will inevitably be published. I hope you will answer this either with money or without as matters are very peculiar with this girl at present.—I remain Revd Sir Yours very faithfully

JOHN CAROLAN."

"Revd J Scanlan St Johns New Brnswick."

The conduct of the rev. father in deserting his youthful offspring, and reducing a virtuous young woman from a state of innocence, respectability, and comfort, to starvation and rags, is bad enough; but her case is not much improved by the letter of his rev. brother, imploring him, in the name of Religion, of Justice, and of Christian Charity, to send her something, or matters would inevitably be published—to send her hush-money, to prevent the matter going abroad in the world, and becoming a scandal and a disgrace to the priesthood. Ah! there are strong reasons for suspecting that the fear of this has had more to do with the appeal than the relieving of the poor famishing deluded mother and her children. Although the priest who penned it could not feel ashamed of it, it would seem that the poor woman did, for the letter never found its way to its destination. She shrank from forwarding the vivid picture of her misery even to him who was the cause of it. She had tasted of the tender mercies of her priestly deluders; and rather than beg for hush-money from her betrayer at the instance of his brother priest, she chose a different alternative. One day the dignitary referred to asked her if she had yet written to Scanlan, and she said she had not. He told her it was too late now, as he had written out about his conduct, and he would be deposed from the priesthood. Her children were admitted into a Catholic Orphans' Institution as the "orphans Brown." She was strictly charged not to tell that she was the mother, nor seem in any way attached to them. Strong efforts were made to get her to go off to America, not for the purpose of joining Scanlan, whom she was to avoid. She was told she would easily forget her children, which she was to strive to do, and they would be provided for at home. Three pounds were given her to procure a passage out; but as the sum was not sufficient for the purpose, even had she been willing to go, she never went, as she was much attached to her

children, and could not think of parting from them, and besides had no prospects in America. The dignitary got from her all Scanlan's letters. He gave her frequent pecuniary assistance, and paid one pound to teach her sewing. Hearing that in the Catholic Orphan Institution eruptions had broken out upon her children, she insisted on having them out, and she got the following order for this purpose:

“Mr McIlhenie—Please let the bearer have the two Browns. They are no longer to be inmates of the Institution—JOHN MURDOCH. Let the children have their clothes.—J. M.”

There is a point here deserving notice. When Bishop Murdoch knew the whole character and history of this melancholy affair, he, it would appear, aids and abets in his deception, and passes off these children under the name of “Brown,” when he knew that that was not their name. We have the bishop's note before us this moment in his own handwriting, and mourn over the thought that he should be so placed in this painful affair. Whatever the young celestastics may do in their tricks and intrigues, we could have wished that their great head, the bishop, had stood in a more honourable position. Must we say, “Like priests, like people,” to the whole matter? When the poor woman obtained possession of her children from the Catholic Orphanage, and took them to her home, she found them all broken out into eruptions or scabs and one of them almost blind, apparently from gross neglect. The dignitary from that period became very angry with her. And this brings us to the point at which we introduced our readers to the wretched young woman and her deserted children at the doorstep of the “big man's” residence. The sequel is soon told. The children were admitted to parochial relief, and the mother's eyes were thoroughly opened to the hollowness of the professions of those among whom it was her misfortune to fall a blighted, ruined woman. She afterwards became a sincere member of Mr Macnaughton's congregation in Paisley. Her story got abroad, and subjected her to frequent insult and annoyance from Roman Catholic neighbours. To add to her misfortunes, she contracted a marriage with a Protestant tradesman, who, from ill health, was little able to alleviate her distresses. By the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Macnaughton and other friends, she was, however, assisted in removing the family to Belfast in the summer of last year, where she hoped to live contented, and to strive to forget the past; but the canker-worm was at work—the “iron had entered into her soul;” and in a few weeks she dropt into the grave, for her heart was broken.

And now, Reader, I bid a long adieu to Munro and Rome. I doubt not the errors of the former and the horrors of the latter make you cry with Macbeth, "Hold! enough." Who can wonder, after reading the works of that wretched creature Liguori, that John should represent the Apostacy as a harlot diademed with blasphemy and clothed in scarlet, having in her hands two cups, one filled with the blood of the saints; this, unhappily for her, now contains only a few Barletta dregs, whereas in the good old days of Innocent III. it was as full as an egg and as red as a cardinal's hat; the other cup is filled with the wine of her fornication, with which she has made drunk the nations of the earth—especially Ireland. Thank Heaven! we have lived to see cup number one down to low-blood mark, and there will be no turn of the tide. Thank Heaven! the Italians and Spaniards are beginning to spurn cup number two—becoming theological Good Templars, total abstiners from this *vino inferno*. Thank God! the day is at hand when He will strike out of the harlot's hands her two cups which she has grasped for 1260 years, and will make her to drink cup number three—the wine of the fierceness of His wrath. In 1865, when Napoleon III. was in the pride of his power, and Rome said, "I sit as a queen and shall see no sorrow," I published my "Mene," in which I forecasted the speedy fall of both Pope and Emperor. This was soon fulfilled on the glorious fields of Sadowa and Sedan, resulting in Cadorna's troops entering the Porta Pia, and so the seven-hilled city fell into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. The Papalini of Glasgow Green laughed me to scorn. "Ha! Hah!! Haw!!! That mud-prophet, Long! The Pope to go to grief next year!" It did not turn out mud but solid Protestant gold. The Vatican is now, like the prophet's scroll, "full of lamentation, mourning, and woe." When I see our land wickedly wasting £385,000 in Parliamentary grants, yearly, upon the harlot who caricatures Christ's pure bride, I take my revenge by looking at Bismarck, or watching affairs in the Rome of 1872. I observe that God has made Prussia into a Protestant Samson who has taken hold of the two pillars of the Papacy (Austria and France), and pulled the infernal fabric about the ears of the idolators. Paris was a moral ulcer and Rome a theological cancer. They have been cut out with the sword and cauterized with the needle gun. Now the body politic of Europe breathes a less malarious atmosphere. This 1872 ought to be observed as semi-sacred by us. It is the ter-centenary of Dutch liberty, of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, of the death of Knox of deathless memory. Let us be worthy of the mighty dead. They valiantly fought

Rome when she was terrible in her power : we fight her timidly now she is contemptible. They despised the harlot when she was in the heyday of her charms : we bow and smirk to her now she is passé. Some of our sham Protestants will crown themselves with dust when the smoke of Babylon ascends, and the unmarked men raise the chorus—

“Babylon is fallen, is fallen to rise no more ;”  
and the angels say—HALLELUJAH.

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The little are too apt to ape the great. Ergo I must have my *Errata* as well as a Theological Professor.

On Page 22, for June, read July.

On Page 22, for Alten Katholiken, read Alt Katholiken, *i.e.*, Old Catholicism. Wherever Infallible is met with, when predicated of that sinful man Ferretti, read Insanible.

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Just as I was going to press I had the *Universe of London*, Saturday, May 4th, 1872, put into my hands. It contains the following paragraph :—“The Confessional Unmasked” has again forced itself on public notice, and the result is that it has been again condemned. Some time ago Sir Thomas Henry, at Bow Street, made an order for the seizure and destruction of copies of a publication purporting to be a fair and legitimate report of the trial of Mackay at Winchester, and in this publication the entire of “The Confessional Unmasked” was produced. This decision was appealed from, and in the meantime the destruction of the books was suspended. The appeal was heard in the Court of Common Pleas, and the argument of the attorney-general was a masterpiece of forensic reasoning. He tore to atoms the flimsy sophism that under pretence of a law a man could deluge society with copies of the foul and filthy publication in question. On Tuesday Lord Chief Justice Bovill (with whom the other judges agreed) delivered judgment, dismissing the appeal with costs. The grounds of the judgment were that the publication was a common-law misdemeanour, indictable as a nuisance against public morality, and also that it was not privileged on the ground of being a fair report of legal proceedings. So far well ; but it seems a pity that the real criminals behind the scenes cannot be reached by the strong arm of the law. Mackay was imprisoned, and now a shopkeeper has had his abominable books seized. But the committee of the “Protestant Electoral Union” escaped scatheless, and the name of a high Protestant dignitary (Dr. McNeile) appears

in the report as encouraging the publication of a book now declared to be an indictable nuisance. This judgment is not a mere Catholic victory, but one at which all friends of morality must rejoice. If any other decision had been given it would have been an encouragement to those who desire for their own gain to poison the minds of the young."

If anything printed can move the indignation of a man it is surely this. To see a Church boasting that its Moral Theology!! is so bad by reason of its obscenity that it is protected by Lord Campbell's Act. Amazing, yet true! Ah, there is the advantage you Papists get by our own laws over us Protestants. I defy Father Munro, Archbishop Eyre or Pope Ferretti to mention a single book that was sent forth by the authorization of any Presbyterian Church since Knox organized the first Presbytery, which was suppressed by any government, Catholic or Protestant, because of its obscenity. So the Papalini flutter in triumph, because not even the trial of the "Confessional Unmasked" may be printed in the vulgar tongue. Hurrah for our laws. Three cheers for our theology that does not need protection. But what shall we say to creatures like men whose writings are relegated to the same category as Holywell Street! And, not that alone, yet are proud of such degrading protection!!

And what is the news of May 6th, 1872? That the murderers of Murphy are released from Gaol four months before the expiration of the time to which they were sentenced. The Home Secretary would listen to no prayer for Mackay who only did what I have done in my reply to "Father Munro," but for murderers. However, I forget myself. The Papists are privileged. Under this government every Son of Rome enjoys full "benefit of clergy." The Priest sees his sins put right, and the government does the same by his crimes. Surely Britain and Ireland are the "Fortunate Islands" of Popery, and here we are in the midst of a papal millennium.



