

# CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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## OXFORD'S MARTYRS.

On ancient Isis' sunny shore,  
Pause, traveller, pause awhile with me,  
And read, and deeply ponder o'er  
A page of bloody history.

The sun his setting halo shed  
O'er classic Oxford's towers high,  
When holy martyrs forth were led  
To death by fire for heresy.

They walked in glorious faith, and strong—  
Their day was well-nigh done:  
Their race was ended, and the long  
Uncertain victory won.

They saw them pile the fagots there;  
They saw the hooting crowd  
That bade them quick for death prepare,—  
They heard their curses loud.

Nor bloodless waxed their cheek, nor cold,  
Nor tremulous their breath:—  
They stood collected, dauntless, bold,  
And scorned to shrink from death.

They led them to the fagot-pile,  
No terror chill'd their hearts;  
But they raised their voice to God the while,  
Each bore his noble part.

"Sing to the Lord: in songs proclaim  
The wonders of his glorious name:  
Let all with one accord renew  
His praise, to whom all praise is due!

"Shall Rome, apostate Rome,  
Entice us from the Lord?  
On us can any blessing come  
Without his Holy Word?

"No! spurn the recantation vile,—  
The false recanter spurn!  
And let them live at ease the while,  
And we in torture burn.

"For though despised, down-trod,  
In dark affliction's night,  
The time shall come when God  
Makes up his jewels bright.

"Then shall to souls now cleansed from sin,  
A crown of gold be given:  
Then shall we hear the voice, 'Come in!  
Enjoy the promised heaven.'

The martyr-song has passed away,  
The martyr fire is out:  
Yet, still that deathless, glorious lay,  
Resounds the walls about.

## POPERY AT HOME—ITS ALARMING PROGRESS.

It has of late been the fashion with some to underrate the efforts of Popery amongst us, and decry as "alarmists" the best friends of Protestantism. In all seriousness, we do entreat such persons to pause and ponder the following facts and statistics.\*

In Scotland 70 years ago there were not more than 20 priests between the Tweed and the Solway, nor was there a Popish chapel save two small ones in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Now, in Glasgow alone, there are 2 bishops, 3 convents, and 20 priests; while in Scotland there are no less than 141 priests, and 150 chapels and stations. In England Rome's progress is still more wonderful. Fifty years ago it contained but four vicars apostolic, with one or two hundred priests. Now it has a "cardinal prince," 12 bishops, and 1200 clergy, secular and regular, from the mitred abbot to the fathers of the Oratory. And what is yet more striking is the fact, that this progress is increasing at a fearfully accelerated rate. Even since the Aggression of 1850 there has been in England alone an addition of no fewer than 44 converts, 61 chapels, and 88 priests to the army of Rome; and thus, so far from suffering the least check from all the excitement which that step created, with its numerous lectures, meetings, publications, and petitions, it only seems to have nerved her with the firmer determination to let England see that as she had parcelled out the kingdom, so would she possess it.

\*The facts here stated in regard to the progress of Popery in Britain, are generally taken from the Popish Almanacs for the year 1853.

Again, fifty years ago Rome's congregations in Britain were weak and struggling; its chapels few and rude, and generally found in some back lane; while a case of perversion to Popery was scarcely ever heard of. But now you see its magnificent temples rising in all directions, and generally in the most public thoroughfares and commanding positions; you are struck with their gorgeous decorations, pealing organs, troops of priest, and immense congregations; and scarcely a week passes but you hear of perversions from every rank and profession. Nobility and gentry have been perverted by the score, and clergymen themselves by the hundred. Rome now boasts 80,000 adherents in Manchester alone, nearly 100,000 in Glasgow, and numbers proportionally great in many other towns. You meet her priests in every quarter—in London and its vicinity alone there are no fewer than 120. While her power and influence are now such that her most fiery zealots are fast filling up our places of trust in all parts of the empire. Some of them are members of the Government itself; and the Irish Brigade, pledged to do the Pope's bidding, and only that, can now sway the votes on many questions in the House of Commons, and therefore to some extent rule the country.

Farther, it is well known that Rome has long had her deadly eye upon Britain. For this end the propaganda annually pours enormous sums into this country. Societies have been formed in France, Belgium, Spain, and other lands, for the sole purpose of praying for its conversion. There is a network of Jesuit spies spread over the whole land, communicating with each other and with Rome. There is scarce a Protestant meeting at which some of them are not present; and so bold have they grown that they had persons employed distributing Popish tracts at the door of Captain Trotter's late meeting on behalf of the Madiai in Edinburgh. We have even heard of cases in which they have taken the covers off religious tracts, put them on Popish ones, and then sent them abroad under this disguise. Their "Jesuit Servant Societies," for sending spies into Protestant families, in the guise of servants, are now well known. One such was lately detected in the house of an eminent minister. It has long been suspected that many of the Tractarians are Jesuits in disguise, and it is certain that Jesuits have in some cases actually been ordained as Protestant ministers. Not long since a gentleman recognised in a Protestant curate the very man who had some time before shewn him over a Jesuit college at Rome. Yet these are mere samples of the many cases we could adduce to prove that the country swarms with Rome's emissaries—and that these, in their fearful work, exhibit a restless energy and unscrupulous treachery which it is really frightful to contemplate.

And now what is to be thought of those Protestants who still sleep while such an enemy is not only sowing tares all around them, but springing mines beneath their feet? Let but a distant rumor arise of a French invasion, and all Britain is astir; a militia is mustered, batteries are mounted, and war-ships are manned. Yet here is a foe in the very midst of us, more dangerous far—bound by no laws of war nor feelings of honor—never one known to give quarter nor to keep faith. Yet some still smile and cry, "No danger!" Fellow-Christians, is this judicial blindness? How many gracious warnings has God been giving this land that a fearful struggle is near; and we are daily startled by some portentous augury. As if he would leave us wholly without excuse, he has been of late bringing to light on our own soil a series of startling cases, such as that of Miss Talbot, Miss Sellon, and the Jesuit Gawthorne; nay, he has been making Popery exhibit its worst atrocities before our eyes in every land on earth. Yet

our nation sleeps on; Parliament continues in various ways to nurse the viper, which no longer takes pains to conceal its deadly designs. A country which would answer by a fleet or army an insult from the greatest power on earth, submits to be treated with contempt by the Pope alone. His insolent aggression she meets by a feeble bill, which has never once been enforced; and even this legislative abortion the Brigade now insist on having repealed.

Fellow-Christians! to you we turn in this our country's crisis. Shall we tell you that we have much cause to be ashamed when we contrast Rome's efforts, ay, and triumphs, with our own? In 1850, what did we not undertake to do? Alas, how short-lived and spasmodic the excitement of that year! Save that poor Aggression Bill, which our lukewarmness has already put in jeopardy, we have not gained one object we then set before us; while Popery is on all hands triumphant. Maynooth was to fall; it still stands, and has since been enlarged and beautified. The convents were to be opened; they still are closed; and, as if in derision, Rome has since almost doubled their numbers. We proposed to have a Protestant church in Rome; the proposal has been treated with scorn; and, as if in taunting defiance, they are now rearing a gorgeous cathedral in London. Such has been our success; and we have detailed the enemy's.

Beloved fellow-Christians, let us at length arise; and while we talk in glowing strains of our Cranmers and Knoxes, prove that we really breathe their hallowed spirit. We have the finest materials for vigorous action. In piety, wisdom, energy, and wealth, our country is unequalled. Oh, what a pity such vast resources should at a moment so critical be going to waste, and that, from want of thorough organization, our best efforts hitherto should have proved like the confused movements of a crowd against a well-disciplined army. Then, British Protestants, organize associations, distribute information, pour in contributions, and give, above all, your prayers and exertions. If we remain inactive now, we shall deserve Heaven's judgments, and we may expect them. But if now we go forth in right earnest to the conflict, in the spirit of humble faith and prayer, our victory is as sure as God's promise can make it, and Rome's legions will as certainly melt before us as did the Midianite host before Gideon's three hundred.—*Buhoark.*

## POPERY ABROAD—ITS AMAZING GROWTH.

The entire Roman Catholic population of the world is estimated at 139 millions, and these are governed by an army of ecclesiastics, whose mere names would fill many volumes. In the city of Rome, they are in the enormous ratio of 1 to every 20 inhabitants. In the petty kingdom of Naples, there are no less than 64 bishops 20 archbishops. In all the other southern states of Europe it is much the same; and it is little better in the northern ones. In France alone, Rome has an agency of 42,000 priests, 7000 religious houses, male and female, 1000 boarding schools for young ladies, 900 charitable institutions, and 200 ecclesiastical colleges. And the small kingdom of Belgium, containing not 4½ millions of people, has near 20,000 ecclesiastics of all kinds, with 650 convents, monasteries, &c.

Passing on to other continents, we find Rome's emissaries dispersed over the vast region of America, from Hudson's Bay to the Straits of Magellan; we meet them in Asia, contending with Brama and Buddha on their own soil; we see them in Australia, striving to pre-occupy its colonies; nay, we trace them even through Africa, on the sands of the Sahara and the swamps of Guinea. To

say nothing of America's Popish countries, the United States alone, that in 1800 had but one bishop and a few priests, have now no less than 36 bishops and 1500 priests, with 147 Popish seminaries, &c., 34 colleges, and 136 religious institutions. In Asia again, Rome has now no less than 20 vicariates-apostolic, embracing 500 stations and out-stations, and employing a staff of 337 priests, with the usual complement of monks, nuns, &c. Yes, and of all these the vast majority are in our own Indian empire. Then Australia, which 50 years ago contained but one bishop and two priests, has now an archbishop, 14 bishops, and several hundred priests.

Is it possible to read these statistics, and reflect on Protestant apathy without dismay? and what must we think of those who still profess to despise a power like this, which counts not kingdoms but continents for its provinces, and controls them by an army whose name is Legion—with one centre, Rome; one commander, the Pope; one aim, universal conquest; and one spirit, unquenchable fanaticism. The statistics of British Popery are startling enough, but here is an army of which the whole British priesthood are a mere detachment. Its progress in Britain is sufficiently alarming; yet the above figures demonstrate that even this is but a small part of its general progress—like the rise of the tide in our rivers and estuaries, which is but a mark and consequence of its rise in the surrounding seas.

But there is something in Rome's present condition more alarming far than the mere number of its priests. Six years ago the Papacy seemed expiring; the world witnessed a general flight of its despots; the Pope himself was a fugitive; and Europe's salvation seemed near. Rome has since, by its single arm, rolled back the tides of progress over Europe, and bound its nations in heavier chains than before. Italy, which in 1848 was opened to the Bible, seems now more hopelessly shut than ever. The city of Rome, which then contained 150,000 inhabitants, has now but 100,000; the rest have been imprisoned, banished, or executed. Tuscany is now as notorious for its Popish persecutions, as it used to be distinguished for its learning and arts. In Austria, Rome rules with a dominion unsurpassed in the 12th century. In Holland she has perpetrated another aggression. In Prussia she has not only secured the restoration of the Jesuits, but other important concessions. While in Spain she has lately issued an edict, forbidding all men without exception to profess Protestantism within its territory. And as for France, she has not only placed a perjured usurper on its throne, but has enabled him to extinguish, to all appearance, the spirit of 1848, and keeps that restless nation prostrate at his feet, as though it were paralyzed or spell-bound.

Here then is a foe that in six years has carried every important post on the Continent; has driven liberty to Britain as its last European asylum, and now bends its entire strength against her; a foe whose advance guards are amongst us, and whose emissaries fill our country with their intrigues. Yet Britain slumbers, and thousands cry "No danger!" Well, suppose there were no danger, has it come to this that Protestant Britain shall remain deaf to the cries of enslaved and persecuted millions who are imploring her aid? Britain, that land of God's special favour! Was it for this he has preserved her for centuries from so many dangers—destroyed the Armada, defeated the Gunpowder Plot, and kept her safe in 1848, when other kingdoms were reeling? And can she now look on our persecuted brethren of continental nations, and utter the language of Cain? God forbid. But she cannot thus separate her interests from theirs; their safety is our safety.—

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