

The Christian Visitor.

FAMILY NEW SPAPER. DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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LOVE.

SERMON DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, DECEMBER 19TH, 1858, BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SQUARE GARDENS.

We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John iv. 19.

(Continued.)

Love, then, has for its parent the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. But after it is sown in our heart, it must be divinely nourished. Love is an exotic; it is not a plant that will flourish naturally in human soil. Love of God is a rich and rare thing; it would die if left to the frost-bitten and the chilly blasts of selfishness, and if it received no nourishment but that which can be drawn from the rock of our own hard hearts it must perish. As love comes from heaven, so it must feed on heavenly food. It cannot exist in this wilderness, unless it is nurtured from above, and fed by manna from on high. On what then, does love feed? Why, feeds on love. That which brought it forth becomes its food. "We love him because he first loved us." The constant motive and sustaining power of our love to God is his love to us. And here let me remark that there are different kinds of food, in this great granary of love. When we are first of all renewed, the only food on which we can live is milk, because we are babes, and as yet have not strength to feed on higher truths.

The first thing, then, that our love feeds upon, when it is but an infant, is a sense of favours received. Ask a young Christian why he loves Christ, and he will tell you, I love Christ because he has bought me with his blood! Why do you love God the Father? I love God the Father because he gave his Son for me. And why do you love God the Spirit? I love him because he has renewed my heart. That is to say, we love God for what he has given to us. Our first love feeds just on the simple food of a grateful recollection of mercies received. And mark, however much we grow in grace this will constitute a great part of the food of our love.

But when the Christian grows older and has more grace, he loves Christ for another reason. He loves Christ because he feels Christ deserves to be loved. I trust I can say, I have in my heart now a love to God, altogether apart from a matter of my personal salvation. I feel that even now, I must love him, for his character is unutterably lovely. His love to other people, as if it would compel me to love him. To think that he should love men at all is so great a thought, that altogether apart from my interest in it, I trust I can say that I love Christ, having seen something of Christ in his offices, and nothing of the rapturous beauties of his complex person. I feel as if I could come to his feet and say, "Sweet Lord, I loved thee first, because of thy gifts to me; but now I love thee cause thou art altogether lovely. Thou hast drawn my soul with the look of thine eyes; thou hast enraptured my spirit with the glories of thy person, and now I love thee, not merely because I have eaten of thy bread, and thou hast applied my wants, but I love thee for what thou art." But mark, at the same time, we must always mingle with this old motive. We must feel that we begin with that first stepping stone, loving Christ because of his mercies, and that although we have climbed higher, and have come to love him with a love that is "superior to that in motive, yet still we carry the old motive with us. We love him because of his kindness towards us. Why, I do think that it is possible for a man, filled with the love of Christ in his heart, and girded by divine grace, to soar to such a degree of love to Christ, that if you could hear him speak, you would sit and wonder, as though an angel spoke to you. Did you ever read the divine letters of Rutherford? I do think, if there remains among men a remnant of the ancient inspiration that guided the pen of Solomon, it rested upon the head of Rutherford. If you read the sonnets of sweet George Herbert, oh, how sweetly does he sing of his Master. If there be any of the heavenly harps left by accident on earth, George Herbert found one, and he touched the living strings with such divine excellency of judgment, that he made every string find out his Master. These men did not merely love Christ because of what he had done for them; but they found in their sonnets and in their letters—that their motive of love was, that he had communed with them, he had showed them his face and his side; they had walked with him in the villages; they had lain with him on the beds of spices; they had entered into the mystic circle of communion; and they felt that they loved him, because he was all over glorious, and so divinely fair, that if all nations could behold him, sure they must be constrained to love him too.

This, then, is the food of love; but when love grows rich, and it does sometimes—the most loving heart grows cold toward Christ. Do you know that the only food that ever suits sick love, is the food on which it fed at first. I have heard say by the physicians, that if a man be sick there is no place so well adapted for him as the place where he was born; and if love grow sick and cold, there is no place so fit for it to go to as the place where it was born, namely, the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Where was love born? Was he born in the midst of romantic scenery, and surrounded with wondrous contemplations upon the lap of beauty? Ah! no.

Was she born on the steep of Sinai, when God came from Sinai, and the holy one from mount Paran, and melted the mountains with the touch of his foot, and made the rocks flow down like wax before his terrible presence? Ah! no. Was I born on Tabor, when the Saviour was transfigured, and his garment became whiter than wool, whiter than any fuller could make it? Ah! no; darkness rushed over the sight of those that looked upon him then, and they fell asleep, for the glory overpowered them. Let me tell you where love was born. Love was born in the garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus sweat great drops of blood, it was nurtured in Pilate's hall, where Jesus bared his back to the ploughing of the lash, and gave his body to be spit upon and scourged. Love was nurtured at the cross, amid the groans of an expiring God, beneath the drooping of his blood—it was there that love was nurtured. Bear me witness, children of God, where did your love spring from, but from the foot of the cross? Did you ever see that sweet flower growing anywhere but at the foot of Calvary? No; it was when ye saw "love divine, all loves excell'd," outdoing its own self; it was when you saw love in bondage to itself, dying by its own stroke, laying down its life, though it had power to retain it; and to take it up again; it was there your love was born; and if you wish your love, when it is sick, to be recovered, take it to some of those sweet places; make it sit in the shade of the olive trees, and make it stand on the pavement and gaze, while the blood is still gushing down. Take it to the cross, and bid it look and see afresh the bleeding lamb; and surely this shall make thy love spring from a dwarf into a giant, and this shall fan it from a spark into a flame.

(To be continued.)

(For the Christian Visitor.)

MUSINGS ON THE DEPARTED.

O Death what art thou? A Lawgiver that never stetheth. Fixing the consuming soul whereby the deeds of life become established. Proverbial Philosophy.

How often does the thought come to us who are living, must we die and pass away from all that our eyes now behold. Yes, we must soon go the way of all the earth, we must die and resign our spirits to God who gave them; but as the sun dies; but as the stars fade out; but as the flowers die for a resurrection morn! Close then with peace the searching eye beneath the prisoning lid; cross the busy hands over the pulseless heart. Life! life eternal! is yours if through Christ you have obtained the pardon of all your sins.

Busy meddling memory vividly recalls at the present time the forms of those who shared the pleasures of our earlier days. Looks of familiar love, that never more shall meet. Never on earth our aching eyes shall meet. Past words of welcome to our household door, and vanished smiles and sounds of parted feet, with saddened feelings we remember some cherished friend who in the prime of life fled from our sight, gone down to the gloomy mansions of the dead where the pleasant sunshine penetrates not the drear abode. Very bitter was the parting from those dear ones who seemed so necessary to our own happiness; nature mourns the affliction Providence that removed them from our sight.

Yet how sweet when faith can realize to mourning friends that God has done it; that he has removed them to that clime where sorrow can never enter. How consoling the words of the poet:

The grave! the grave! oh happy they, Whom death hath seized in early spring, Who sleep within the house of clay, And gather when life is blossoming.

Oh! how hallowed to remember the spot where the loved form is sleeping. Not far from a sweet brook, and fountains murmuring wave, and many an evening sun shines sweetly on her grave. How important the message left to us to prepare to meet our God. It is easy to die when we have Christ to guide us through the dark valley and shadow of death.

Oh! how much of sorrow and suffering does that one escape who in early life has sought the forgiveness of his sins and is transplanted to that land of eternal spring whose flowers death's withering hand shall never more blight.

How cheering the thought then that beyond the grave lies the prospect of the child of God. The world appears dark and lonely when loved friends are torn from one's embrace, but when we can realize that our best friend has done it; and that for our good we should seek from the Divine hand Christian resignation too. His afflictive dispensations; knowing that we shall meet those again on the fair shore of a glorious immortality where parting again shall never be known. Although sad thoughts pass through our minds when we perceive the vacancy around the domestic hearth. Yet these in a measure may be dispersed when we know that she is gathered around her Father's board in Heaven. She is safely housed from all storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd there, may we—

By faith look through the gloomy grave, To that bright blissful shore.

Where our beloved one dwells in light, Not lost but gone before.

Harvey, Albert County, Jan. 12th, 1859.

[For the Christian Visitor.]

REVIVAL AT KESWICK.

Dear Editors,—Being assured that the numerous readers of the Visitor are anxious to hear good news, I therefore give you the following account of the revival that took place at the Quarterly Meeting held at Keswick, of which you received notice. In consequence of a heavy storm which came on Tuesday the 4th, the meetings for the week were not attended as appointed. But the next week we renewed our efforts with success, and on Sabbath, 16th day, five happy believers were baptized, in agreement with the command and example of our Saviour, and the meetings have continued every evening since. Last Sabbath five more were buried with Christ in baptism, and the interest is rapidly increasing. The congregation assembled at half-past two, for social meeting before baptism, and the house was so crowded that there was not room to sit; we therefore advised the people to stand, that more might obtain admittance; but the people gathered about the door and the throng was so great that it became necessary to close the meeting by prayer, and after baptism dismissed until evening, when the anxious assembly filled the house to overflowing. There are many anxious sinners here. The Lord is in this place of a truth. The work appears to have just commenced. Bro. Jewett has been with me in this good work and has rendered timely aid. I am scarcely able to attend all the meetings in consequence of ill health. We ask every Christian who may read this note to offer one short prayer of faith to God in behalf of sinners in this place. W. HARRIS.

Keswick, Jan. 24th, 1859.

A MINISTER IN CLOVER.

Messrs. Editors,—You have so much to publish of a lugubrious strain, about the treatment of ministers by their congregations, that I must, with your permission, give a sample different. I can tell you of at least one country minister, who, so far from having any complaints to make of hard usage, has difficulty rather in finding terms suitably to express his sense of the kindness of his people.

In the first place he receives a fair salary; one that with economy he could live on. This is always promptly paid, sometimes even before quarter-day. In addition to this, he receives uniformly kind treatment. He has been more than fifteen years with his present charge, and not the slightest misunderstanding between him and them has ever occurred. He can call to mind no word or act, during all that time, on the part of any individual, that seemed to manifest disrespectful or unkind feeling. On the other hand, he has been continually receiving most marked, and often most substantial tokens of affectionate regard.

His people have a way, too, of doing kind things worthy of all imitation, as he thinks. When they wish to make their minister a present, there is no "passing round the hat," no raising a subscription, no a king of one and another "what will you give?" Above all, there is no taking him and his house by storm; no inundation of good things; no committee of conveyance; and no speech-making. Whatever is done, is done quietly, and just as, and when each one finds it in his heart to do; and many are the conveniences and comforts, and luxuries, that come in from time to time in this way. During this very writing there is a knock at the door, and a fine bunch of wild game is left. And that is the way things come, one after another, and not all in a heap. One, as you see, sends game; another, at another time, a fine piece of beef; another (on some festival day, perhaps), a fat turkey; another, in summer time, a bunch of trout, fresh from the mountain stream. And then there are rolls of sweet yellow butter, and baskets of fresh-laid eggs, (at a time, too, when eggs are selling at thirty and forty cents a dozen), and baskets of luscious fruits and rare vegetables, and bouquets of scarce and fragrant flowers. Only think of it, Messrs. Editors, an obscure country minister—not even a D. D.—but seldom heard of through the newspapers, but little known out of his own neighbourhood, and yet supplied with such delicacies as turkey, and partridge, and trout, and Antwerp raspberries, and Bartlett pears, &c.

He is furnished with food for the mind, too, as well as the body. Valuable books, such as Sprague's Annals, and Conybeare and Howson's life of St. Paul, both in fine binding; articles of clothing, too, and even articles of vertu, are among the things he receives.

In addition to all these, there comes to him, now and then, through the Post Office, a note to the following purport:—"Please accept the enclosed, and oblige your friend." He examines the "enclosed," and finds it to be from thirty to fifty dollars. As the gentleman says "please" so handsomely, and "oblige your friend," what can the minister do but oblige him and accept? Not long ago gas was introduced into the town where this minister lives, and at once one gentleman, at an expense of nearly a hundred dollars, introduced it into the minister's house, and another gentleman furnished another hundred dollars to procure chandeliers and other fixtures. And it looks now as if there was to be a continuance of this kind of treatment toward this favoured man. The Christmas gifts to him and his little family, amounted to between sixty and seventy dollars in value, and on New Year's

Day a beautiful porte-monnaie, containing fifty dollars in gold, was handed to him, "with the compliments of the season," "from the ladies."

"Ah," you will say, "that ought to be a grateful and a faithful minister." So he ought. He wishes and prays to be a great deal more so than he is. He wishes, too, that all his brethren in the ministry were favoured in these respects and others as he is, and he has penned this statement (which might be much extended) in the hope of stirring the minds of some to more generous feeling and conduct toward those who serve them in the gospel.—Presbyterian.

From the Colonial Presbyterian.

JUDGE WILMOT'S LECTURE ON THE CATACOMBS.

Exactly at 8 o'clock, his Honor Judge Wilmot, entered the Hall amid cheering, which was increased all he mounted the platform. A lance being restored, Judge Wilmot said—

I am not yet put down, (cheers). He then said that whenever his place should come when he could not occupy his place on the bench without being deprived of his liberty of free speech in regard to religious truth and error, then farewell the Bench, and the Platform as my place—(great cheering). He said he had never been in Rome, had never walked up the Appian way, had never visited the Capitol, nor stood within the Vatican, yet with Dr. Maillard as his guide, he would take them through the Lapidary chamber, and show them the inscriptions that were found on the Church of the Catacombs, and he would challenge those who taunted him with want of the necessary learning, to contradict one of those inscriptions, or to deny the accuracy of the representations, (referring to the diagrams by which the learned Judge illustrated his lecture). First, as to the origin and extent of the Catacombs. It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome brick and he left it marble. In order to do this, great excavations were made beneath the City, for the material with which it was to be rebuilt. Galleries to the extent of more than one hundred miles were formed by these excavations. One gallery runs fifteen miles in the direction of the Appian way. Beside the stone that was required, another material was taken out, not less necessary, called Pozzuolano, or what is now commonly known as Roman cement. The excavations thus made became a burial place, and from the year 75 or 98, till the year 400, it was the sole cemetery of the Christians at Rome; but it was also the cradle of the Church, and the refuge of the Christians from the storms that raged over head, before it became their final resting place. When the barbarous hordes swept over the Roman Empire, the Catacombs were ransacked by them for treasures, but they did not find any. Nothing was there but the bones of the departed and the inscriptions over the dead. From the sixth to the sixteenth century—for a thousand years—these Catacombs were occupied only by the robber and the wild beast. When they were opened in the sixteenth century, they became the scene of exploration, and Bozzio, Volaterra, &c., spent on the average each thirty years, in gathering the relics which were found there for Rome. D'Agincourt spent fifty years for his book, describing these wonderful monuments. This sixteenth century was the age of Relics; the opening of the Catacombs commenced that age. Dr. Maillard states that all the Roman Catholic writers claim that the doctrines of their Church were held by the Churches of the Catacombs. This is false. Every doctrine of Christianity is written in the Church of the Catacombs, but not one of Romanism. Above 70,000 inscriptions have been copied and removed, and the peculiar doctrines of Romanism are not to be found there. If you go to the Lapidary Gallery in the Vatican, on the one side you will see the Pagan and on the other the Christian inscriptions; on the Pagan, the names, pronouns, cognomen, agnomen, and all their virtues, and all that they had done—all written there; then on the other side you see inscriptions expressive of faith and peace, but in bad grammar and spelling, and you say, "Not many wise, not many highly, not many noble are called," and you conclude that when a church goes into a country, it begins its work among the Gentile heathen. And now in that corridor are 3000 inscriptions never yet published. Dr. Maillard received permission to take copies of the inscriptions for a month. But before the time was up he and his assistants quarrelled. A Jesuit came to him one day and said to him: "Very well, said he, but you must give up your work." No, said Dr. Maillard, I shall keep what I have. Then you must not publish them in Rome. Very well, I shall not. They were published, and his book, together with Seymour's Morning, and his book, "The Jesuits," and now what a theme. I would rather have spent one hour over these inscriptions than in reading all the fictitious trash of modern times, for while these inscriptions are in the mind, those who find faith in God's Word. Christianity came as light, as love in a world of envy and revenge, and as we have seen the clouds and lightning ready to eclipse the king of day, but soon he appeared in all his brightness, so Christianity came forth with spotless dress to illumine a dark world. It is in this period of glory I would call your attention. Twenty-five years after Pentecost Christianity had found its way to Rome—as we find from Paul's writings. The persecution under Trajan—the first regular persecution—occurred about the year 96. Before that it had suffered many assaults. All the prejudices of Jews, Pagans, Priests, were enlisted against the Christians, and now they had no refuge but the Catacombs. There were ten great persecutions recorded. But the year 303 came round, and in the palace of Nicomedia—the fourth Apostacy seal was about to be opened—were Galerius and Diocletian plotting against Christianity, which had grown, and grew, as the stone cut out of the mountain without hands—the plotting the extinction of Christianity. The edict was written, was published, that the Christians, their Churches, their property, should be destroyed. The edict went forth, and there was such a persecution as had never before occurred, when after ten years Diocletian had it inscribed upon columns that Christianity was destroyed. But though tens of thousands had been destroyed—stoned, impaled, wrapped up in skins and thrown to wild beasts, ten thousand were still in the Church of the Catacombs, and while that deep

diapason of Hell rung over their heads, the sounds of peace and love were heard below, and they were caught up by the Church above—"Blessing and honour and glory to him who hath washed us from our sins in his own blood." These thousands were supported there by rich Roman ladies. Let us go then into this Church of the Catacombs and see what its records say. His Honour then called attention to the diagrams, and explained the inscriptions and symbols. To Diogenes the forsooner. Forsooner was an order of the clergy as well as grave diggers. These forsooners, lectors, presbyters, all as I shall show were married men. Put that down. Another memorial exhibited a mallet, comb, saw and axe, concerning which symbols there was a great falling out among the Romish Doctors, for they do sometimes differ. One said it was the grave of a martyr, and these were the instruments of death; he was cut, hampered to death, but they now agree that these are the symbols of trade. Judge W. then called attention to the many inscriptions signifying that the departed rested "in peace." There was no Purgatory there. Purgatory was borrowed from the Pagans. Virgil had previously written about the parched souls bleaching in the wind. Other inscriptions were—"In Christ—in peace"—in Christ the first and last, in peace—in Christ, he first and last, enclosed in a triangle, representing the Trinity; in circle denoting the eternity of Jesus.

A number of epitaphs of deacons and Presbyters were pointed out, showing that they were married. This "The places of Basil the Presbyter, and his wife Felicitas"—a presbyter with a wife. Another—"Once the happy daughter of the Presbyter Gabrius—here lies Susanna joined with her father in peace." Another—"Claudius a Lector, and Claudia his wife. Another—"Petronius, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty. Spare your tears dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God, buried in peace." But here is a Bishop, who it appears, was married. Worse and worse! "My wife Laurencia made me her tomb. The Bishop Leo survived his 80th year." Now on turning over to the Douay Bible I find this text: Let a Bishop be the husband of one wife. Note. He should not be married more than once before he be a Bishop. Think of that (laughter). But there upon the walls of our Lapidarian Galleries, Presbyters, Deacons, Forsooners, Lectors, Bishops, all married men. But times are changed, and we are changed with them. It might be expected, the lecturer went on to say that, having plenty of leisure time down there they would give expression to their faith and hope. And so we find inscribed such passages as, I am the Good Shepherd, &c. He made me to lie down in green pastures. As yet the figure of the Saviour had no nimbus over his head, no aureole. There were representations of turning the water into wine; the miracle of the loaves and fishes; Daniel in the den of lions, and a hand appearing—only a hand; the raising of Lazarus. Then Elijah in Bas relief. Jonah—in such form as indicated the doctrine of the Resurrection. Abraham offering up Isaac, and a hand staying him. Moses receiving the Law, and still only a hand. No figure of deity yet. A painted up, said his Honor, these figures in my study, and in my spare moments, for I have no Ecclesiastical superior to consult, and bow before with "deeper reverence"—and in my hours of idleness from law books I have studied them. Here is another figure—this was of a lady dressed not according to the fashions of the present day—regarding which his Honor restrained with some difficulty his humour. He then quoted Tertullian's answer to the charge, brought against Christians that all famines, wars, and other evils were attributable to them, to the effect that they had suffered all these evils before—famine often and war, when Hannibal after the battle of Cannae had measured rivers by the bushel. The love feasts were then referred to, so interesting to his Methodist friends. They were feasts of love intended to represent the repast of the passover, at which they prayed, sang a hymn, spoke as in the presence of God, made a collection for the poor, and gave the kiss of love. These simple rites after the triumph of Christianity, when the Church of the Catacombs came up to the light of day and went forth to convert the world by persuasion were sadly corrupted. The pagans had their Saturnalia and Bacchanals, and these love feasts were turned to account as a substitute for these orgies, and became so corrupted that a law had to be passed to put them down. In the 16th century the Catacombs were opened up after being closed for 1000 years. Then monks and friars went down to bring up bones, and saints' bones and martyr's bones were sold all over Europe—to work miracles—a tooth to one, a thigh bone to another, and money poured plentifully into Rome. Of some saints there were sold five heads, and many more legs. Was it the Church of the Catacombs that did that? But how tell the bones of a saint? The reply is—"Oh, as soon as the tomb of a saint was opened, a delicious odor ravaged the sense." There was one skull that told all about itself. Did you ever see any relics? I did, in Montreal. His Honor then described some backbone and other bones of saints. And on the morning I saw and read a prayer for St. Januarius, praying him to use his influence, and for doing so you would have 60 days of indulgence. I called your attention to the hand held out to Abraham and Moses. No man hath seen God at any time, and no one of the Church of the Catacombs, proposed to give a shape to God, but upon the ceiling of the Church of Montreal is the figure of the Trinity painted—God the Father being represented as an aged patriarch. Is this according to the Church of the Catacombs. Mary is also here on her knees amid the cherubs, privileged above all others.—No authority for this either with the Church of the Catacombs. There was a church and it called itself a Christian Church, and it made imaginary mediators. There was one—a figure and a pair of forceps near it, and they venerated him a Saint and it might have been a poor Pagan blacksmith. Then another,—to the Divine Remains, Julia Eudolia. Julia Eudolia who put the monument there was mistaken for the dead one of the divine remains, and was made a saint, and indulgences were granted through the intercession of one who was only a curator of highways. Then there were the eleven thousand virgins in the cathedral church of Cologne who were only eleven—Judge W. explaining the way in which the mistake occurred, and giving the Romish account of the reason of martyrdom of many, that being that they would not marry the Hungarians, and yet prayers were offered to them and indulgences granted to those who should offer the prayers.—His Honor then gave

a history of the progress of the form of the crucifix, and asked is this history right or is it wrong? A cloth with a face painted was called the banner of St. Veronica; on it was written "Veronica"—but this which means "true image"—was mistaken for Veronica. And now the worship of St. Veronica is one of the most gorgeous festivals of the Roman Church. The Church of the Catacombs believed in the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ as sole mediator and that he absent from the body was to be present with the Lord. But Popery claims powers to grant indulgences, though that power is not in the Douay Bible. Burnett tells us that Pope John the 22 granted 300 days indulgence. Boniface to all who say a lamentable contemplation for our blessed lady, 7 years and 40 Lents pardon Pope John 22 on another occasion 3,000 days, Five Holy Fathers, Popes of Rome, 500 years and so many lens of pardon. Pope Boniface the 6th for repetition of agnus dei 10,000 years. Pope Sixtus for prayer before the image of the Virgin, 11,000 years of pardon. Sixtus the 4th extended his forgiving power to 65,510 years. Is this all true? Deny it if you can? But there are people who can deny anything. Burnett in his history of the Reformation, part 2, pages 38 to 58 is my authority. But he is a Protestant authority and a Protestant can't tell the truth; good! We'll see by and by who tells the truth; shall be revealed. And now I tell you on the authority of these fact similes, these epitaphs, that there is not a shadow of efficacy of clergy nor of the worship of the Virgin—her name is not to be found in the 70,000 records of the early church, nor in the Vatican library which goes to prove the mediocrity of saints,—only one stone in the Vatican library contains "ora pro nobis"—pray for us. Not a single particle of the existence of purgatory, nor of the sacrifice of the mass, which was not adopted till the 9th century, nor in their painful record an altar denunciation, no abuse, no personal attacks nor anything to contradict the doctrine of justification by faith, Judge W. then referred to Cardinal Wiseman's book called Fabiola, or the Church in the Catacombs which only refers to Diogenes the Forsooner and ora pro nobis and two or three others. The book is a string of fiction interwoven with a little mingling of fact.—He then said that God's providence had preserved these records till the 16th century, when the printing press and letters might prevent their perversion. And now the Protestant Church can go down to the Church of the Catacombs and find the Protestant gospel of faith and hope and love. Did you ever hear that we are indebted to a certain church for the Bible. I take from them no merit that they can justly claim. I thank God that the Bible has been preserved. I do not wrap myself in the mantle of bigotry, and in reading the history of Port Royal I delight to think of De Saci and the nuns who made a concert for prayer 200 years ago, that while the Bishop was engaged in translating the Bible, prayer for him and his work should be unceasing and under that influence he completed his work. And I love to think of the venerable Bonaerius finished his work, kneeling before his manuscript and thanking God that he had finished his work. I think of Wickliffe too; we don't deny our obligations.—After some remarks on the cause of medieval darkness the speaker referred next to the Douay Bible—quoting the texts Rom. 5. 3. Being justified by faith, let us have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 8. There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus who walk not according to the flesh. 2. For the Law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath delivered me from the Law of sin and death. If so what use for the fires of purgatory. Rom. 10. 17. Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God. 1st John 1st and 7. But if we walk in the light as he is also in the light we have fellowship one to another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin.

Write that over the door of the Confessional and not another will enter there. 1st Tim. 2, 5. For there is one God and one Mediator of God and man, the man Christ Jesus, upon which it was remarked that by some mysterious means the only Mediator was obscured in the Catholic Church, and man was thus excluded from obtaining pardon. The next text he should quote was one which had converted a Roman Catholic lady and brought her within the Church of the Catacombs. It was Rev. 4. 13. I heard a voice from heaven saying Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth &c. Upon which it was this note—"This means the Martyr"—but it had reference to every believer from Lazarus in Abraham's bosom to every one of you. Then 2nd Cor. 5. 6, was quoted, "We are confident and have a good will to be present with the Lord." (Put that down.) No note here. The Scriptures were commended for searching the Scriptures. Here is more work. Note in Douay. They went home to see if the text was right. But it is argued One Mediator can mean nothing, very well. Judge Wilmot then referred to the preface to the Douay Bible—and in doing so said that it had been his prayer that he might be useful; that he was thrown into the storm, that he was trained in a storm, that he had been threatened with political annihilation, yet he had survived all—yet he had killed no one. But don't suppose that you, (referring to his detractors), disturb me by your rhodomontades for they give me no more annoyance than a swarm of butterflies. You will cry quits before I do. I traced my ancestry to those who landed on the shores of New England in the Mayflower, and they cannot frighten me. He then referred to the so-called "freeman" and spoke of the slavery of the mind as worse than that of the body—and quoted the preface of the Douay Bible in which it is stated that it was thought good, inasmuch as the ignorant and unlearned and the proud wretches the Scriptures to their own destruction, to prevent the reading of them—the learned and proud—by which terms all were covered—so that none were permitted without the high sanction of ecclesiastical authority to read the Scriptures. He then referred to Tindal's translation from the Greek text of Erasmus, told how he had fled from persecution, how the Bishop of London had bought up the first edition and burnt it, how another edition had been smuggled into Britain among wheat, how Cardinal Wolsey had searched Oxford, Cambridge and London, how the floors of the rooms were searched in Cambridge and bibles found under the rooms of eighteen students, who were cast into a fish cellar, where four days before the end of the month of August, how the Bishop of Rochester was called by Cardinal Wolsey to preach against Luther, and how the heretics were compelled to carry