

ROME'S
PERNICIOUS EDUCATION
OF
THE PEOPLE.

A LETTER
TO
THE METHODIST MAYOR
OF
ST. HELENS,
AND
ALL OTHERS WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

“Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird” (Rev. xvii; xviii).

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Houses of the Oireachtas

A LETTER
TO THE
MAYOR OF ST. HELENS.

SIR,—Lately I found it my duty to God, and without respect of persons or sects, to write a work, "Methodism: a part of the great Christian Apostacy." The perusal of your speech as Mayor of St. Helens at the opening of a Roman catholic bazaar near that place, in which you adulate your old mother, Rome, in order to help her to raise funds wherewith, under the garb of "Secular Education," to re-enslave in popery the children of England, so justifies the position I have taken, that I am constrained to point out your personal guilt in which, as Mayor, you involve your town of St. Helens, and the nation of which you happen to be an official.

Since you seem to be utterly ignorant of even the morals which will be instilled into the minds of the little children upon whom you have helped to rivet the chains of ignorance, even of what is right or wrong, permit me to give you a few extracts from Rome's teachings on morals and charity. In her Manual of Practical Morality, she says:—

"It is a great sin to put brothers and sisters in the same bed,—parents must send their children to good schools, and it is a great sin to send children to schools forbidden by bishops or parish priests, such as soupers' schools and Protestant schools."

See that foul teaching, Mr. Mayor, that polluted idea instilled in the same paragraph, that it is as great a sin to send children to Protestant schools as to mingle the sexes in bed! There are your liberal Methodist schools where you profess to feed the hungry, ragged outcasts, your missionary schools, in Ireland especially, where bread has been given to the famine-stricken, dubbed in opprobrium "soupers' schools," and as bad and horrible as the family brothel with sexes in the same bed! What horrible suggestions, what hatred instilled into the young mind against the Protestant schools wherein the Bible is supposed to be taught! what lessons on "charity!" Again:—

"*Dangerous places and things.* Bad dancing houses, bad wakes, gambling houses, fights, theatres, races, whiskey shops, gin shops, dram shops, public houses, sometimes lodging houses, and the streets at nights, shows, if there is anything bad in them."

"Going to sermons or prayers in Protestant churches—giving scandal by it, or joining with them in worship—reading Protestant books— . . . asking fortune tellers or those who use charms, signs, toss cups, cut cards—reading books about such things—&c. . . . *How often each sin?*"

There is all your Methodist religious and educational literature, and Protestant books taught in your Protestant schools, the Bible included,

placed again in the same category of corruption with books about charms, fortune telling, toss cups, cut cards, and all devilry, and driven, with all Rome's episcopal authority, into the ignorant souls of the bigoted Romish multitudes; and there are all your Methodist sermons and prayers, and all Protestant churches, put down in the same crimes sheet—"How often each sin?"—with the bad dancing houses, bad wakes, gambling houses, fights, theatres, races, whiskey shops, dram shops, public houses, the streets at nights, which makes up the practical morality of Rome's unhappy slaves of priestcraft and of such vicious teaching as that. That is Rome's authoritative "teaching in temporal things," intertwined artfully with her "education in religion," of which, as Methodist Mayor of St. Helens, you stand forth as the champion. But again, the Manual of practical Morality:—

"Duties of parents to children." "Teaching them when very young—making them when seven years old go to confession."

And so, Mr. Methodist Mayor, you have lauded and helped to forge the bars of the filthy den of the Confessional over little souls at seven years of age, hopelessly for ever. But again:—

"It is a mortal sin to get drunk so as to lose your senses."

Observe, Mr. Mayor, not a sin to get drunk, but only not drunk as a beast. Again:—

"It is a mortal sin to strike your parents, or in their presence to put out your tongue at them, or mock them or the like through spite, contempt, or in their hearing to curse them or call them very bad names, such as fools, beasts, drunkards."

Those are the seeds sprouted into blossom and fruit. Not a sin to curse, mock, call very bad names to parents, provided it is not in their "presence" or "hearing," or not done from motives of "spite." The little mind blinded to the scripture, "Thou God seest me;" to the law of God, "Honour thy father and thy mother;" "He that curseth father or mother, let him die the death,"—all trampled under foot, the commandments of God made of none effect, by that setting up in the mind of the wicked, cursing, mocking little devil, its motive of "spite" or "pride" as the arbiter whether the wicked action is a sin or not. That is Rome's baleful doctrine of "Intention" which, in the mind of the priest, constitutes his terrible power of priestcraft over his victims—that all the marriages or masses or baptisms he performs, and for which he takes money, are null and void unless he has at the time the intention in his mind to perform these ceremonies; they are all null and void, and the victim of his intentions are neither christened, nor yet married, but living in adultery; all the masses he so piously says are only shams, and all the bits of bread he pretends sacredly to change into the real presence are only paste after all, unless the priest's motive, his "intention," was there at the time to make his god out of dough! All sin taught the little ones under that cursed doctrine of motive, intention; and all sin taught and suggested under the name of religious education, intertwined with "The Rule of life" in

temporal things in your "beautiful school structure of classic taste and ample accommodation" for the slaughter of the little ones, taught how to curse, mock, strike, put out the tongue at the parents, and at the same time escape the curse of the broken law of God; and the plague spread over the land under the auspices of liberal lovable Methodism. But again, the code of morality for the little ones grown up, in the house, the shop, and the factory:—

"It is a venial sin to steal a little. It is a mortal sin to steal much. If you steal from different persons it needs half as much again for a mortal sin—and the same if you steal at different times. If you steal from different persons as well as at different times, it needs double the sum. If you steal often a little, when the little sums come to make altogether a large sum, then it becomes a mortal sin. It is also a mortal sin to steal a little, if at the same time you have *the will* and *intention* to steal much if you could."

That again is the hair-splitting between big sins and little sins, little sums and large sums, and How often, how much! to accommodate the defiled conscience and rule of life—How to steal with impunity, whereby the majesty of God's law—"Thou shalt not steal;" "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbour's," is rendered void in the mind of the unhappy victims of such hellish teaching, by such suggestion of evil as that, over which, Mr. Mayor, you have blown your trumpet of praise, hardening, in their terrible crime, the clerical teachers who heard you. But again:—

"To sell what is imperfect for the same price as if it were perfect, except in some cases where there is a common understanding that a thing is to be sold for what it will fetch—also when materials are given for some work, for example, cloth to tailors, it is a sin to keep pieces which remain, except people are quite sure that it is not against the will of the employer; or there is a common custom of doing it, and it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit."

There again, as in the case of stealing the little sums, and how much and how often, there is set up as the rule of life, as the guide to conscience, not the law of God, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," "Be content with your wages," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," "Thou shalt not steal;" but the defiled conscience, and man's necessities, real or fancied, are made the deceitful weights in business and barter, in daily life of trade and calling. If every tailor in the town is a thief, if there is a common custom of doing it, or if it is needful to make a reasonable profit on a sliding scale, to live, to expand, to keep a trap for Sundays, &c., then the Manual of Morality is consulted and Rome gives her blessing on her religious teaching and rule of life—you may crib the cloth of your employer! What a floodgate opened to the poor victim of such false teaching as that! No wonder the impoverished, tempted and misguided poor should fall.

But mayhap your "Worship" is not a tailor, but a proprietor of "whiskey shops;" then, should you go to Rome, there is a special clause:—

"It is a sin to mix something with what you sell, for example, water with any liquor, except there is a common custom of doing it, and it is necessary in order to gain a reasonable profit."

So Rome teaches, as in the case of the tailor, if all the publicans are thieves and mix the liquors, you may do likewise in order to gain a reasonable profit, even to gain the position of Town Councillor or Alderman, or mayhap Mayor, and drive, not a shandry on Sunday, but in all the glory of the civic coach. To do all that, your own conscience, guided by Rome's "Guide to conscience and Rule of life" in temporal, conjoined with religious instruction, is the arbiter of the amount of cloth needful to be cribbed, or the quantity of water to be mixed.

Over all that authoritative teaching of the church of Rome to her unhappy victims, children and adults, these are your words of praise and adulation:—"They knew that the Catholic church always considered that along with secular education, the religious element should be combined, that was to say, that while the mind was being expanded, and the understanding enlarged, the spiritual and religious part of a child's nature should be duly cultivated, so that the child, as he grew up to years of maturity, recognized the fact that he was a responsible being, and did not live simply for this world alone."

That is the whitewash wherewith you whited over the whited sepulchre of dead men's bones, the mausoleum of spiritual and moral death of Rome's slaughtered children, from her own mouth. In that sketch I gave you, you have the child as he or she grows up—the seed, the bud, the blossom, the fruit—from the home, the school, the factory, the shop—the mind expanded and the understanding enlarged, the spiritual and religious part of its education and of its nature "duly cultivated," even to the unhappy tailor taught how to steal the cloth without stealing; or the publican to mix artfully the water with the whiskey and the liquors to the due proportion of the customs of the neighbourhood, or of the dash in life before the neighbours, or a reasonable living, without being a rogue!

Into the doctrines, the root of that upas fruit, I have not entered. You call all such "opinions:" but I would remark that they are, like your own, built on the will of sinful man. Here I may remark on the matter of stealing. In the said Manual of Morality, the Second Commandment, which forbids to make, bow to, or worship images, is wholly stolen away, not in little by little, but in a gulch—while the Tenth is split into two in order to make up the number of "The Ten Commandments," and so conceal the theft; and, the sin of the use of images being blotted from the sight and from the mind, this is the teaching:—

"*Rule of Life.* Good Practices. Every day make a meditation, hear Mass, visit some picture or image of the Virgin."

But God has said, "Thou shalt not"—"Woe unto him that saith to the wood, Awake: to the dumb stone, Arise, it shall teach! Behold, it is laid over with silver and gold: there is no breath at all in it" (Habakkuk ii, 18, 19). For it is the work and office of the Holy Ghost to quicken the dead soul, to teach it all things, to guide it into all truth, to help its infirmities, and teach it how to pray (John xvi. 13; Rom. viii. 26, 27).

To support and spread broadcast that destructive teaching, destructive of all morals, of common truthfulness between man and man, and destructive of all national well-being, to say nothing of souls, or of the glory of God, you prefer that the taxes of this downtrodden, overtaxed people should be spent, rather than on the "Board Schools," from which such teaching is banished, and wherein the Bible, at all events as the rule of morals, is taught.

As the stalls, laden with traps for the unwary, groaned before your presence, before your Worship's glad eyes—the "Philanthropic Society's stall," "The League of the Cross stall," "The Carmelites' stall," the "Children of Mary's stall," "The Catholic Brethren Society's stall," the "Refreshment stall," Did you forget there was no stall for Christ there; no Bible stall there for the free circulation of the Scriptures of God; no, not even a stall for "Protestant books?" There was only room for the Methodist Mayor there! And as you drank in the "loud cheers" of the children of the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth even in morals, as that slight sketch from their own education code discloses; or as your "Worship" reeled under the delights of the "concerts and entertainments provided," the sackbuts, dulcimers, the pipers and trumpeters (Rev. xviii), Did you reflect on what you were saying, or the responsibility you were incurring, or what would be the consequences should the lethal system, its leagues and guilds and bloodstained crucifixes, be again dominant in these lands by means of a generation—boys and girls, men and women, "duly cultivated" from the cradle, the home, the school, the congregation, the retreat, the shop, the factory, in what you applauded as "Catholic principles," as expounded in that Manual of Morality, of religious and secular education intertwined in that serpent fashion; did you reflect on the words you uttered, that "Catholics were consistent"—even to bloodshed? that Methodism and its Laodicean loyableness would first go down in the wild foray, as of old. And here I must give you another extract for your edification from the teaching with which you were enamoured:—

"*Guide of Conscience.* Murder, or unjustly taking another's life, is a mortal sin."

There again is the law of God, "Thou shalt do no murder," "He that loveth not his brother is a murderer," set aside, made of none effect, by the loophole—"unjustly;" of which justly or unjustly, the murderer is the judge—and then the further loophole, the incentive of motives:—

"It is not a sin to desire some temporal misfortune to another in order that it may make him cease to give scandal, or be converted, or not persecute the good."

The soul, suffering under some real or fancied wrong, taught by his church, his Pope, his bishop, his priest Confessor, that it is not a sin to wish some temporal misfortune to another—family, property, life; the vengeful soul the judge of who is "the good" to be avenged, who is the heretic "to be converted" by temporal misfortunes, who is the evil doer to be "made to cease to give scandal." What a frightful door for all violence in religious and social and political life! what tyranny

over the souls and minds and consciences and bodies and property and lives of Rome's own children! Who dare disobey those cruel commands of the church's anathema, and forsake the daily visit to the picture, or the look at the crucifix, or the counting of the beads, for a glance at the scriptures of God. What watchful tyranny, as they are hector'd hourly—"How often each sin"—"of going to bad places, of going to sermons or prayers in Protestant churches—giving scandal by it, or joining them in worship—reading Protestant books—wilfully doubting, denying or disobeying the Catholic faith"—the scandal must be made to cease by the hint of the priest—"It is not a sin to make the scandal cease by temporal misfortune" to the poor slave seeking his freedom, or to the Protestant asserting his liberty of conscience—he must be converted by temporal misfortune; or to the elect of God, who hear the cry from heaven, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and receive not of her plagues"—he must be destroyed, burned at the stake, racked in the tortures of the Inquisition of Rome. What a frightful door opened for all violence, hatred, strife, robbery and bloodshed, in religious, social, and political life. History, ancient and modern, for 1260 years back, read in the light of that teaching, is the Scripture fulfilled—"In her was found the blood of prophets and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth."

In this Manual of Morality, this guide of conscience, this rule of life, "What every Christian must Know and Do," but what no Pagan ought either know or do, the Pope, whose special sanction and benediction it contains, sends to hell all who do not practice that wicked morality, or know the wicked doctrines from which it springs:—

"Benedict xiv. says:—'We affirm that the greatest part of the damned are in hell because they were ignorant of those mysteries of faith which Christians must know and believe.'—Inst. 27, No. 28."

No. God says the greater part of the damned are in hell, because they knew and practiced that "mystery of iniquity," its doctrines and moralities; and at their head "the man of sin" himself, who, "sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God," able to forgive sin, to indulge sin, and to make of none effect the law of God—the "little horn" of the fourth beast, the last kingdom upon earth, of whom it was prophesied, "He shall speak great words against the most High, and shall wear out the saints of the most High, and think to change times and laws."

As you seem to be utterly ignorant of the Irish, their history and religions, as of the morals of Rome, permit me to give you this excerpt.

For 700 years, from A.D. 400 to 1172, Ireland was called the Island of Saints, "Insula Sanctorum." During that period there were no English there, no popery, no Romish priests. From Patrick's day the native Irish had the Scriptures of God. Raiders rushed in upon them from Scythia and other barbarous nations as the Roman Empire broke up, and, "making their way by the sword, held the people most monstrously enslaved to all the savage customs and barbarous ceremonies practiced in their dominion." That is the first enslavement of the Irish.

The enslavers, however, soon quarreled amongst themselves—“Dermott MacMorrough, King of Leinster, being by the kings of Conought and Meath enforced to fly his country, made his repair to Henry II., King of England, for aid to the recovery of his territories in Ireland, most injuriously, as he pretended, wrested out of his hands.” Henry, the papist king, engaged in shedding blood on his own account in France, another horn of the ten horned beast of Papal Christendom, “refused to embark, himself, in the quarrel, yet graciously recommended MacMorrough’s cause to all his loving subjects by his letters patent. Hereupon, Earl Strongbow first engaging himself determined, as a private adventurer, to endeavour his restitution with the utmost forces he could raise. There were certain conditions agreed upon between them, and a transfer made by MacMorrough of his kingdom of Leinster to the Earl upon his marriage with his only daughter, Eva.” Effected by the treachery of MacMorrough and the guile of Strongbow, the English papist adventurer, thereby the Christianity of Ireland was merged into the popery of Rome and into the slavery of English popish rule by means of a woman, Eva, backed by the sword of blood. That is the second enslavement of poor Ireland.

But there was a more formal enthrallment than that by Strongbow and MacMorrough and Eva. Henry II., of England, and his “holy father,” Pope Adrian V., entered into a Concordat for mutual interests. “Pope Adrian’s Bull gave Henry leave to go over and subdue the Irish nation; and, to make good by the sword the Pope’s donation, he made a general seizure of all the lands of the whole kingdom, and so, without other ceremony, took them all into his own hands;” and, by the sword, exacted for the Pope from every house the penny—“Peter’s Pence.” The nation, thus fully enslaved to popish England, was, by that concordat, hopelessly enslaved to the spiritual and temporal power of the church of Rome and her priests; there she lies, weltering in her slavery and bloodshed to this day—enslaved by the church of Rome, the “woman” sitting on the scarlet-coloured beast—the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth” (Rev. xvii, xviii).

From that time, 1172 to 1560, English and Irish, they were all Romanist, hating one another and killing one another, as the civilized English papist settlers settled on the fat of the land, and kept “the mere Irish” at arm’s length, even by acts of parliament preventing the English intermarrying with them, as wild beasts, while demoralizing them by popery and enflaming them by cruel treatment. Henry and John and Richard II. and their successors, at the point of the sword, exacted for the Pope the “Penny” as the reward of blood, and with that the tithes and charges and tariffs for sacraments, offices and masses, which to this day impoverish the people, giving them in return the mass-book and that code of morals to enslave and destroy their souls.

This is the Bull of Pope Adrian in 1172, whereby he first slanders, and then hands over to Henry, the original Irish scripture-reading people:—

“Rex Anglorum Henricus, nuncios solennes Romam mittens, rogavit

Papam Adrianum ut sibi liceret Hiberniæ Insulam intrare, et terram subjugare, atque hominos illos bestiales ad fidem et viam reducere veritatis." *Mat. Paris. Ann.* 1156.

Those are Rome's weapons ever, the tongue that first defames, and the sword that kills with "temporal misfortunes" those who are to be converted to her faith of bloodshed and her way of lies. A whole nation, at a stroke, turned from the Scriptures to idolatry and savagery and bloodshed.

That is the history of the original Irish in their own land, a free people with their Bible, the Way of Truth, and the Faith of God. They were not "bestial men" as the Pope blasphemed them to justify his wickedness in perverting them to popery by Henry's bloody sword; but a people guided by principles of right, even to the rebuking of wrong-doers amongst themselves:—"A Synod or Council of the Clergy being assembled at Armagh (1172), and the point fully debated, it was unanimously agreed by them all that the sins of the people were the occasion of that heavy judgment then fallen upon the nation, and that especially their buying of Englishmen from merchants and pirates and detaining them under a most miserable hard bondage, had caused the Lord, by way of just retaliation, to leave them to be reduced by the English to the same slavery. Whereupon they made a public act in that Council that all the English held in captivity throughout the whole land should be presently restored to their former liberty."

What a code of morality, based on the Scriptures, is that of the ancient Irish nation in the Synod of Armagh, 1172, compared with the manual of morality of Rome's teaching to day, and its direful effects on the enslaved people. There we have the Irish people, free; some of them, like all people, using their liberty wrongly, but a magnanimous people acknowledging their national sins, bowing before "the chastisement of the Lord," proclaiming liberty to their slaves, and submitting to their own enthrallment and "slavery," the double slavery of Pope and King. A magnanimous people, they freed their slaves all over the land, bought with their own money,—more magnanimous than England, who only freed her African slaves on receipt of twenty millions of pounds in compensation; more large-minded and unselfish than the Southern States of America, who only set them free when war and bloodshed struck off the manacles. What a sin of Rome and England to have reduced such a free, magnanimous, scripture-reading people, guided by lofty principles like those, to the double slavery of soul and body. Before that slavery took place, God had, for eleven hundred years, gathered out from that ancient Irish nation "His own elect" (*Matt. xxiv. 31*).

What a desert has Rome made of Ireland, its religion, its affections, its soul, its liberties, its national well-being for the last 700 years! For the first 400 years of that period, the hot sands of the desert were soaked with the blood of English and Irish, all Papists to the time of Elizabeth, 1560. Since England threw off the reign of the Papacy, they have been soaked and deluged with the blood of Irish and Irish in their faction fights, and with that of Irish and English, Papist against Pro-

testant. What an Aceldama under the guidance of Rome and her priesthood!

And now one illustration of Rome's love of "education combined with religious instruction."

"Richard Jackson, of Forkill, in the county of Armagh, esquire, who died on the 11th of January, 1787, devised an estate of about £4000 a year to the following charitable purposes: That his demesne (which had no tenants upon it), consisting of 3000 acres, should be colonized by Protestants; and that four school-masters should be established on it to instruct, gratis, children of every religious persuasion.

"In the year 1789, the trustees obtained an act of parliament, to carry the provisions of the will into execution. The papists who lived in the neighbouring country, a savage race, declared without reserve that they would not suffer the establishment to take place; and they soon put their menaces into execution. They fired twice at Mr. Hudson, rector of Forkill, the trustee. On one occasion an assassin was sent from the Popish chapel when the congregation was assembled to the roadside where Mr. Hudson was passing by, and he deliberately fired at him with a musket, from behind a bush, and killed his horse. The new colonists were hunted like wild beasts, and treated with savage cruelty, their houses were demolished and their property destroyed.

"The treatment of Alexander Barclay, one of the school-masters, in February, 1791, will show the reader the ferocious disposition of these savages; and he must shudder with horror at hearing that they openly exulted in the perpetration of these enormities, many of which they committed by torchlight. 'On Friday evening, at seven o'clock, a number of villains assembled at the house of Alexander Barclay, one of the school-masters in the parish of Forkill, near Dundalk, appointed by the trustees of the late Richard Jackson's charities, to instruct indiscriminately the children of the poor of said parish. They rapped at the door; he enquired who was there; and one man, of the name of Terence Byrne, his near neighbour, whose voice he well knew, whom he had before at different times admitted upon knowing it, told him it was he was there; he opened the door, and a number of men rushed in, threw him on his face, and three of them stood on him, and stabbed him repeatedly. They then put a cord round his neck, which they tightened so as to force out his tongue, part of which, as far as they could reach, they cut off. They then cut off the four fingers and thumb of his right hand, and left him on the floor, and proceeded to use his wife in the same manner. To add to their barbarity, they cut out her tongue, and cut off her four fingers and thumb, with a blunt weapon, which operation took them up above ten minutes, one or two of them holding up her arm while they committed this inhuman action. They then battered and beat her in a dreadful manner. She was a handsome young woman; they cut off one of her breasts, and she soon after died. Her brother, a boy 13 years of age, had come from Armagh that morning to see her. They cut out his tongue and cut off the calf of his leg, and left them all three in that situation.

"No reason can be assigned for this most inhuman transaction. The man was a Protestant, a peaceable decent man; he taught about thirty

of their children *gratis*, being allowed a salary by the trustees for forty more. He asked them whether he had ever offended them? They said not; but that was the beginning of what he and those like him should suffer.' ”

That is the public record of Rome's hatred of education, and her treatment of school-masters in Protestant schools, the embodiment of her Manual of Morality, and Rule of Life, and Guide of Conscience, to this day, from which we have quoted; her infliction of “temporal misfortunes” by the Dragon's rage in 1641-1798, or the Serpent's guile in 1885. The priests were at the bottom of it, as ever: —

“Byrne fled; but was convicted at Armagh, and hanged at Forkill. In his way thither he showed signs of despondency, sobbing, sighing, and bewailing his fate. But when near Forkill, he met a priest, who whispered a short time in his ear, after which his countenance brightened up, he advanced to the place of execution with firmness, and was launched into eternity with singular resignation.”

The priest whispered in his ear that guide of conscience, that code of morality that it is not a sin to cause temporal misfortune to Protestant school-masters, and to cause the scandal of Protestant schools to cease, even by cutting out the tongue and cutting off the fingers that teach the children to read the Bible and to earn their bread.

I do not enter into the horrors of those rebellions of 1641, in which 300,000 “unresisting” Protestants were butchered in cold blood all over the country; for there was very little fighting in the field—the Protestants being slaughtered in their scattered homes, or driven into the waters and drowned; while Charles I, hiding away at Edinburgh, connived at the slaughter, and relief did not reach them till it was too late.

That the blood was shed by Rome in hatred of the Bible and of education, the following extract will suffice to show:—

“Adam Clover, of Slonoscie, in the county of Cavan, duly sworn, deposeth, That James O'Rely, Hugh Brady, and other rebels, did often take into their hands the Protestant Bibles, and, wetting them in the dirty water, did, five or six several times, dash the same on the face of this deponent and other Protestants, saying, “Come, I know you love a good lesson; here is an excellent one for you; come to-morrow, and you shall have as good a sermon as this;” and used other scornful and disgraceful words unto them. And further saith that, dragging divers Protestants by the hair of the head, and in other cruel manner, into the Church, they there stripped, robbed, whipped, and most cruelly used them, saying, ‘If you come to-morrow, you shall hear the like sermon.’
Jurat, Jan. 4, 1641.”

“Edward Slack, of Gusteen, in the county of Fermanagh, clerk, deposeth that one of the rebels there took his Bible, opened it, and, laying the open side in a puddle of water, leaped and trampled upon it, saying, ‘A plague on it! this Bible hath bred all the quarrel; and that he hoped within a few weeks all the Bibles in Ireland should be used as that was, or worse, and that none should be left in the kingdom.’
Jurat, Jan. 4, 1641.”

But again:—

“The examination of John Goldsmith, parson, of Brasshole, in the county of Mayo, sworn and examined, saith, “That a youth of about fifteen years of age, the son of Master Montgomery, the minister, meeting with a bloody Rebel, who had been his school-master, this rebel drew his skein, and began furiously to cut and slash him therewith; the boy cried out to him, ‘Good master, do not kill me, but whip me as much as you like!’ Nevertheless, the merciless and cruel rebel, then and there, cruelly murdered him. *Jurat.*, Dec. 30, 1643.”

That, again, is Rome’s “religious education, combined with secular instruction;” the discipline by her school-master, with the skein in his hand, and his Protestant pupil before him, when opportunity offers.

Nor do I here enter into the atrocities of the rebellions to 1798, which culminated from that horrid mutilation of that unfortunate schoolmaster and his family at Forkill, save to remark that on the old maps of the time it is marked of the river Banne in Wexford, “Here Strongbow landed.” He landed in 1172 for the first slavery of the harmless Irish, who read the Scriptures. In 1798, in that same spot, Wexford county, the descendants of Strongbow’s Papist invaders reddened the waters of the same, the Banne and the Slaney, with the blood of the descendants of the Protestant English settlers; and at the Bridge of Wexford, at Vinegar Hill, at Scullabogue Barn and the country around, fulfilled the behests of their church, and, by temporal misfortunes, caused the “scandal” of Protestant Schools, Churches, and Bibles, “to cease,” as they marched with their crucifix of blood, and “their priests saying Mass for them every two miles.” “Under the influence of intoxication and fanaticism they were led on by the priests, who inspired them with ideas of their own invincibility, ‘because’ as they informed the misguided wretches, ‘they were engaged in the cause of heaven and against the enemies of God,’” That is the “strong delusion to believe a lie” of all churches and peoples, who, in small intelligence, associate God, who is a Spirit, and His worship, which must be in spirit and in truth, with the picture or the image made like to corruptible man, the mark of man as a “natural brute beast” in his fall; “Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man” (Rom. i. 20, 23.) In proportion as they dishonour God with the image and its accompaniments, “God gives them over to a reprobate mind,” to ferocity, even to think that “killing is no murder,” that they do God service; or, as that Manual of Morality regulates their passions, it is not a sin to make any thing they think a scandal to their church to cease by temporal misfortunes to the heretic or the neighbour, or the worshipper of God. Their banner, under Strongbow in 1172, was the red cross steeped in blood; their banner in 1641 was the Red Cross steeped, baptized, in blood; in 1798, “Their banner was a black flag with the cross, and the letters, M. W. S. (“murder without sin”) inscribed in white, and on the other side a red cross; this they placed on the custom house of Wexford, before the butchery began”—on the banks of the Banne and the Slaney, before the blood reddened their waters afresh.

And here comes out the Retributive Justice of God, that the scene and the spot of Rome's first triumph in idolatry and bloodshed by the Bull of Pope Adrian V., in 1172, and of her last, in 1798, should be those of her coming fall and humiliation in Ireland. For the last six months in that same region, numbers of the children of the papacy, calling themselves "The Hook 200," asserting their liberty, have met without a priest on Sabbaths to say their prayers, having nailed up the doors of their chapel against the priest and the bishop, and the Pope. It is a part of that movement of which Bishop Nulty, in his Pastoral, read lately in the chapels of the diocese of Meath,—“The possibility of Irish multitudes renouncing their allegiance to the church in a paroxysm of passion, either in retaliation for some imaginary interference with their political freedom, or to avenge an insult or affront which they had rashly assumed had been offered to them by the Holy See.”

I have, as ever, avoided all politics; for, “standing on the sand of the sea” (Rev. xiii), God's children look on at the sea and the waves roaring; therefore, I have not alluded to the history of the Papacy in the uprising of her children—France, Spain, Italy—against her, to the assertion of their liberties. I have also avoided any allusion to the atrocities in Ireland for the last five years, since, by the rule of “blood-guiltiness,” the unhappy people of Ireland have been encouraged to carry out Rome's teaching afresh. It is the state of this empire of England, sinking into idolatry and bloodshed, as in the days of Ahab and Jezebel, in want, in poverty, in war, about to be dismembered, which stirs me up, as the state of Israel stirred up Elisha and Elijah of old, to point out Rome's attempt on the life of the nation; her desperate effort to recover her power in Ireland, and to reinstate herself in England. Therefore it is that I have shown those destructive consequences of her teaching and morals by which she, through her schools, tries to recruit her spiritual armies in this, the last conflict. This she is trying to accomplish by all possible agencies and ways, not only by missions and schools and bazaars and raffles, but by means of small-minded Ritualistic politicians, dead churches and lovable Mayors; while, on the other hand, blackening Board Schools, the legal provision made for the education of the people, and their only hope whereby to enable them to earn their bread. The object of the ecclesiastics is, by means of the Taxes of the people, to re-enslave them through their children under the hypocritical pretence and cry of “Religious instruction,” “Secular and religious instruction combined,” “Denominational education,” “State-aided education,” as Cardinal Manning discloses; the eye of Rome on the money of the people of England whereby to slay the people of England, and connect England with the curse of Rome's idolatry and bloodshed for 1260 years. The shallow clergy of the Church of England and the Dissenting Bodies, themselves grasping at money grants, cannot see the trap set for them, that state-aided education, denominational education, in the mouth of Rome's priests, means the sinews of war to Rome out of the rates of the country, to establish the Romish priests in power once again; and so cause “the scandal” of Protestant schools and the reading of the Bible

to cease out of the land; now by proselytizing by "good words and fair speeches," by bazaars and raffles, and, by-and-by, with the skein, should the opportunity come, as Rome hopes it will come; for in her drunkenness to the day of her fall, "She saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her" (Rev. xviii. 7, 8).

To reimplant in Ireland that system of education, that code of morals of Rome, to root the priests afresh as Task Masters over the people, Gladstone in 1876, with a majority of 120 at his back, whereby he had passed the Land Bill and the Disestablishment Bill, brought in his "Irish Education Bill," whereby he proposed to hand the whole youth of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, into the hands of the Romish priests. But Lucifer, like lightning, fell from heaven. His own followers, headed by Fawcett, the worldly wise man, the blind man, who could not look at images to "enliven his devotion," led the insurrection, and the tidal wave which had raised him aloft, receded and left him a wreck on the rocks—Gladstone was floored in the House of Commons. He did not see that the hour of Rome's fall is come, and that all who have attempted to prop her up have fallen—Austria, at Sadowa, and the French Empire at Sedan; and that all who are helping to tear her to pieces are rising, the Italian Monarchy and the French Republic. Gladstone and the English nation are her only hope, and both are fallen, disgraced, weltering in their bloodguiltiness and in their blood, in Ireland, in England, in Egypt, and in India.

For fifty years this man of stunted intelligence, without forethought to prevent bloodshed, but of great cunning and volubility to evade the guilt and to wriggle out of the difficulty, darkening counsel by words without knowledge, has been the leader of the army of the men of small intelligence but excitable souls which, with its flag of "Ritual and Ritualism" has plunged England into the religious war of Church against Church, and party against party, which has eaten up her vitals. Of that "Ritual of Religion and Ritual of Armies" he has been the Captain, to recruit Rome's army, to restore the Pope's spiritual power, to hand over the Mahomedans and Central Asia, and with them the commerce and the bread of England to the ritualistic and idolatrous Russian Church; and with them India also—Russia is at the gates of India.

To root Rome, mother of all the ritualists, and her images and her school system and her code of morals in India, the captain of "The ritual of religion and the ritual of armies," picked out of all the nobility of England the man of the smallest mind, the failure in politics, who, by the Alabama muddle, disgraced the intelligence of England, and lost three millions of money to the people; the man who had not "brains enough" to keep himself away from the Mass book to the Bible, and from the daily look at the image, to God, who is invisible—he picked out and despatched him as Viceroy of India.

In "The Graphic," of June 30, 1883, we have this record and illustration of the Aceldama of blood enlarged to India under the mischievous

rule of Lord Ripon, the pervert to the image and the crucifix and the fiery, bloodstained cross, only two years after his arrival there.

RELIGIOUS RIOTS AT COLOMBO, CEYLON.

"Kotahena, a district in the town of Colombo, Ceylon, was recently the scene of what threatened at one time to be a succession of very serious riots between the Buddhists and the Roman Catholics. A "Pinkama," or religious festival, on a very large scale, had been fixed by the Buddhist priests to take place during Passion Week, Good Friday and Easter Sunday being the chief days. The worshippers, who numbered thousands, passed through several streets accompanied by several huge grotesque figures of men, birds and snakes, and also by a deafening noise of pipes and tom-toms. The procession passed, on its way to the Temple, close to the Roman Catholic Church, and thus gave umbrage to the worshippers, who on Easter Sunday sallied out in great numbers from the neighbourhood of the church, armed with various weapons—clubs, stones, knives &c, and breaking up the procession, killed the bullocks and burned the bandies, or carriages, which were being led in the procession, together with the various images. The rioters then attacked the police. These being overpowered, it became necessary to send for the military, who promptly responded to the call. One charge from them was sufficient to put a stop for that day to all further violence on a large scale, although their aid was again called for on the following day.

The illustrations represent, firstly, the procession, with figures of a dove and hooded cobra, the emblems of Buddhism; and, secondly, 'Detachment of British Troops in Charge of the Buddhist Temple During the Riots.'

That is a scene of riot and carnage and bloodshed in far off India in 1883—a photograph of Rome's children, perverted from the milder Hindoo idolatry to the more fierce Popish idolatry under the teaching of Lord Ripon, the pervert from Protestantism to Popery, its images and bloodshed. There they are at it after the old fashion, with the old weapons, clubs and stones, and swords and skeins; the irascible murderous children of the Papacy, with seven devils in them, more wicked than the first, rushing from out their chapels, and from off their knees, on "Easter Sunday" with the red cross and the black flag, and the crucifix aloft, as they rushed from their chapel to cut out the tongue and cut off the fingers of the schoolmaster and his wife and boy at Forkill 100 years ago. There they are, the oppressors, imbruing their hands in the blood of their countrymen, the Buddhist priests and worshippers; burning their holy images, dear to the poor Hindoo as the images of Mary and Joseph and Rome's relics are to Ripon and his fellow perverts. There are the two systems of idolatry in collision in India, even to bloodshed, the fierce children of the Papacy turning upon and beating down the authorities in India, the police of the land, and only restrained by the military power; the reign of religious terror in India as in Ireland for the last five years of Gladstone's misrule; boycotting, maiming of cattle, murder, till the Phoenix Park tragedy in the death of his own relative, Lord F. Cavendish, arrested the torrent of blood in unhappy Ireland; England and India through Gladstone and Ripon, the Ritualistic Premier and his Popish Viceroy, identified with those scenes of violence, those corners in Rome's battlefield of 1260 years.

That scene in India is "the war of religions," "the war of races," the

Roman Catholics attacking Hindoos.

Detachment of British Troops in Charge of the Buddhist Temple during the Riots.



THE BUDDHIST PROCESSION
RELIGIOUS RIOTS AT COLOMBO, CEYLON.

Houses of the Oireachtas

troubles of England inaugurated by Lord Ripon's Cathedral at Simla and its images; between the Mohamedan and English in Afghanistan and the Soudan; between Hindoo and English, between Hindoo and Hindoo in India: the curse of ritualistic image worship and its concomitant ever, bloodshed, as in Ireland of old by Pope Adrian and King Henry in 1172; the curse fallen afresh on England in these last days of her apostacy from the Bible to the crucifix, from Faith to sight and sense, from Grace to works, from God's Will and Sovereignty to the will and power of man, from Truth to arminianism, from Intelligence to rationalism, all making up "the cup of the wine of the wrath of the fornication" of Rome, which brings down upon Christendom "the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation" (Rev. xiv, 6-11).

Fallen in the House of Commons in his attempt to restore Rome's power, Lucifer, son of the morning, arose out of his ruin, and by accusing his opponents of "extravagance" and "bloodguiltiness," and giving out afresh that he was some great one, regained his seat of power in 1880, bewitching the multitudes, God, in anger on the nation, permitting it. For five years professing to be the apostle of "peace-at-any-price," he has shed more blood and sown the seeds of more bloodshed than Nero. For the last five years in Ireland, Egypt, Afghanistan, Africa, the Soudan, it has been nothing but a horrible succession of butcheries and carnage, not forgetting the 20,000 slaughtered with Gordon the betrayed, in Khartoum, or the millions to be slaughtered over the possession of India and Egypt. Drunk with the wine of the fornication of Rome, the unhappy man cannot see his own natural face in the glass; that God "setteth up over the kingdoms the basest of men" as a scourge; that by them, their Ahithophel, hesitating counsels, their stunted intelligence, their idolatrous proclivities, their shortsightedness, He dashes the apostate nations against one another as bottles to be broken in pieces (Jer. xviii; xix; xxv; xxvii;) even as He raised up Babylon of old, the land of graven images and of blood, to punish Israel after the flesh when she, her eloquent orators, her cunning craftsmen, her priests, her princes, her rulers, filled her streets and her high places with images and altars and music and with blood—The retributive justice of God!

Amongst the stalls, Mr. Mayor, of your bazaar was the "Carmelites' stall." Do you know the particular place which the Carmelites occupy in Rome's army of proselytism? Whilst the guild of the "Children of Mary" devote their energies to promote the worship of Mary, making use for that purpose of the ties of natural affection between mother and child, which Christ rebuked when he pointed to his spiritual children around Him—"Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother;" and while the Augustinian and other orders apply themselves to bewitch the intellectual, the Carmelite guild devotes itself especially to captivate the credulous, the superstitious, and the excitable, the votaries of prophecies and visions, as at Knock and Paray-le-Moniel in our day, in order to enhance the value of superstitious relics to the "credulous race."

The Carmelites were at the bottom of all the atrocities of the rebellion of 1798 in the west especially, Mayo and Sligo. Let me give you this further extract:—

“Another circumstance which contributed to promote the cause of rebellion in those counties, and to cement its votaries by a bond still more binding than the oath of the United Irishmen or Defenders, was the propagation of the mysteries of the Carmelites among the Roman Catholics. This was originally a religious order, which was said to have been instituted for the advancement of piety and morality, but it was now perverted to the purpose of associating men for the express purpose of committing treason, murder, sacrilege and robbery, with every other inferior crime, which depravity might suggest, or opportunity afford.

“As its malignant influence operated much stronger in Connaght than in the province of Leinster, where also it was made a vehicle of rebellion, I shall give the reader a more minute description of it.

“In the neighbourhood of Ballina, there were some mendicant friars, who were led by the poverty of their situation, to convert the credulity of the popish multitude to their benefit, by inducing them to believe that an admission into this fraternity would ensure them eternal happiness; and this foundation being once laid, it was not difficult afterwards to persuade them to pay a small sum of money for its attainment.

“At their initiation they receive a square piece of brown cloth, with the letters “I.H.S.” inscribed on it, meaning Jesus hominum Salvator, which was hung round the neck with a string, and lying on the shoulder, next to the skin, was, from its situation, called a scapular. The price of it on initiation was, to the poorer class, one shilling; to those who could afford it, higher in proportion to their ability. This distinguishing badge of the order having received the priest’s benediction, was supposed to contain the virtue of preserving the disciple, not only from outward dangers and injuries, but also from the attacks of the ghostly enemy. They ascribed to these scapulars the power of protecting a house in which one of them happened to be, from being consumed by fire, or of extinguishing one on fire if thrown into the flames; while the sacred extinguisher would remain perfectly safe from the power of the fire, like the three Hebrews in the Babylonian furnace.

“The ignorance and credulity of the popish multitudes were imposed on by the following device: The cloth of which these scapulars were originally made, being composed of the Asbestos, possessed a quality to resist fire; and on receiving the priest’s benediction they were held in the flames, where, to the astonishment of the beholders, they were found to preserve themselves safe and entire; and having undergone this fiery ordeal, the supernatural power which produced it was ascribed to the priest’s benediction. Many of these were taken off the necks of the rebels when taken prisoners, and their virtue was put to the test by exposing them to the fire, where they gave a convincing proof of their frailty, by being (as the inventors themselves have long since been) reduced to dust and ashes.

“The parish priests in their counties of Mayo and Sligo, either convinced of the utility and efficacy of this order in promoting the cause of their religion, or seeing that the sale of scapulars was very profitable, procured the power from the friars before mentioned to dispose of them, and admit candidates into this holy order.

“Bags of them have been often sent to fairs and markets, and sold to the credulous multitude. This ‘sacred symbol’ soon became the signal by which those of the ‘true faith’ were to know each other, and the rallying-point for those devotees who carried on the crusade against the heretics; and a shop was opened soon after the landing of the French, where all the ‘sons of Erin,’ with their pikes in their hands, were supplied with scapulars at regulated prices.

“We may say to the popish multitude of Ireland, in the words of holy writ, ‘Ye do err, not knowing the scriptures’ (Matt. xxii, 29).”

That is the Carmelite guild, its scapulars, its charms, battenning like the worm upon the credulity, superstition and ignorance of a “credulous race.”

What a diabolical invention is that of the Carmelite order, which, by its motto, “I.H.S.,” Jesus, saviour of men, associates the Gospel of Jesus with the shedding of blood, and that with all the horrors of murder and assassination of the helpless, whose only sin in their sight has been industry and prosperity, and the reading of the scriptures. The motto ought to be, Rome, the destroyer of men and of the welfare of peoples.

But for the French, who refused, by God’s overruling providence, to give up the protestants to the massacre, not one would have been left alive. The French, being Republicans and soldiers, steadily refused the request of the Romanists for permission to massacre, saying that “they came not to kill people on account of religion, but to give them a Constitution.” “The officers were filled with amazement on hearing the Irish recruits say, when they offered their service, that they came to take arms for France and the blessed Virgin!”

“Monsieur Charost said, ‘that they had just driven the pope out of Italy, and did not expect to find him so suddenly in Ireland.’”

Mr. Mayor, you only saw the Carmelite Society and its scapular of blood and credulity at the bazaar; not in its horrors, but surrounded by the “refreshment stalls and the concerts and entertainments provided” to make drunk the unwary. How the “Carmelite” priests laughed in their sleeve at the credulous Methodist Mayor of St. Helens, in his credulity imagining that the leopard has changed his spots.

Another illustration of the deceptions practiced upon the priest-ridden, “credulous” race:—

“O’Keon, well knowing the superstitious credulity and the fanaticism of the popish multitude, assembled a vast concourse of them in the street of Ballina, and having mounted the rostrum, he related the following story to them in their native tongue: “That he dreamt one night in France, that the Virgin Mary visited him, and informed him that her votaries in Ireland were suffering the most grievous persecution, and she recommended to him to go to their relief. As he regarded it merely as an idle dream, she made him a second visit, and bemoaned,

in the most doleful accents, the state of her friends in Ireland, and repeated her former advice ; but as he showed no regard to it, she made him a third visit, and gave him a violent box on the ear. Convinced by this that her Holiness was serious, he repaired to the French directory, and persuaded them to undertake this expedition ; and he assured them that there could not be a doubt of its success, as it was undertaken by the advice, and under the sanction of the blessed Virgin. The besotted multitude, persuaded of the truth of what he said, testified their joy and their approbation of it by vociferous acclamation."

"Father Prendergast lived near Westport, and was of the order of mendicant friars, who support themselves by the voluntary donations of such persons in their neighbourhood as can afford to exercise acts of liberality ; but he, like many others of his order, extorted very large contributions from the bigoted herd of papists, who have an extraordinary superstitious reverence for their sacerdotal guides of every description.

"Such was father Prendergast, a stout, sturdy, well fed priest, who battered on the fat of the land, *Epicuri de grege porcus*, without giving himself any trouble about his spiritual concerns, except when he could turn them to profit.

"The most fruitful source of lucre which his vocation afforded him, was the sale of scapulars, of which he often sold a basket at fairs or patrons.

"He also dealt in charms and prophecies. One of the former, of which I give the reader a copy, was found on the person of one Prendergast, a farmer, who obtained it from this holy friar in the year 1798, and a similar piece of superstitious trumpery is to be found in doctor Bernard's history of the siege of Drogheda, written in the seventeenth century :—

' Jesus I. H. S. Maria
Trust 4 Thee.'

"This is measured by the wounds of the side of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was brought from Constantinople unto the emperor Charles, within a gold chest as a relief most precious, to that effect, that no evil or anything might take him who reads it, hears it, wears it ; he cannot be hurted by any tempest, fire, water, knife, sword, lance, or bullet ; neither the devil shall hurt him. He shall be victorious, and never die an untimely death, and it shall be a sure safety. Amen, so be it.' To Pat. Prendergast."

"As soon as the French landed, father Prendergast attached himself in the strongest manner to them, and was very successful in promoting their interest, from the great influence he had over the lower class of people. When the king's troops again took possession of the country, he, with many others, fled to the mountains, where for some months he endured much from want, anxiety and disease.

"A party of the king's troops, who went in search of some banditti who infested the country, found this 'holy friar' a most miserable instance of the uncertainty of human affairs, lying in a wretched hut, almost consumed by that most dreadful and loathsome disorder called

morbus pediculosus, of which he died soon after; and such were the putrid effluvia which issued from his body, that it was both dangerous and offensive to approach it for the purpose of interring it."

And so the deceivers of the people, the vendors of scapulars and charms and sacraments, cannot insure themselves against even that awful and "untimely death," but perish in their own corruption.

But that word "Carmelite" is at the bottom of all Rome's pretensions to shed blood, and to excite her children to shed blood, on account of religion. Mount Carmel was the scene of the vengeance of the Lord God by Elijah on the worshippers of Baal, and the users of images; and Rome's Pope, "sitting in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God," in his pride and arrogance, takes the sword, in imitation of Elijah, and kills, not the idolaters and the image worshippers, but the Protestants who read the Bible, and the elect of God, who flee from idolatry, and who witness against all idolaters and all liars. The Church of Rome, the Church of graven images, knowing nothing of the creative work of God the Holy Ghost, whose work it is to spread the gospel, takes the sword that kills the body, and sends out her fiery multitude with their scapulars from the top of Carmel. Ignorant of the power of "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," she tramples down the words of the Lord Jesus, fixing upon herself her own doom—"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword;" (Matt. xxvi, 52); "He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword." (Rev. xiii, 10). Rome, ignorant of the gospel, puts herself under the curse of the law, and the sword of the law, wherewith Elijah slew the four hundred and fifty idolatrous priests from Mount Carmel. On Mount Carmel Rome built her monastery for her mysteries of superstition and ignorance of the credulous races enslaved by her priestcraft; and the scripture is again fulfilled: "Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down; and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence" (1 Kings xviii; Amos ix, 1-3).

Did you reflect, Mr. Mayor, upon the cruel wrong you have done the Irish nation, who are groaning to burst their chains of 700 years? Have you not read that rebellion against "Catholicism" has found its way even into the Catholic organ that records your maudlin speech: that the people's growl against the foreign papacy and its clerical armies has even reached Rome, and made her tremble lest the "jealous and credulous race," "in a state of dogged and sullen disobedience," should, in a paroxysm of passion, follow the other nations and "practically apostatize from the faith," "in a fit of passion," as Bishop Nulty says—cut the bands and the yoke forever; and so the Pope's wail over his lost Italy, that "mortal hatred of Catholicism" has siezed her, be true of the Irish nation also; and so fulfill the scriptures, "These shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire, for strong is the Lord God that judgeth her!" (Rev. xvii. 16.) It was cruel of you, Mr. Methodist Mayor, to attempt to help to dash the cup of freedom from the parched

lips of the people of poor Ireland by joining their jailers, the priests, in order, under the plea of religious and secular education combined, to re-rivet the chains falling from off the downtrodden race. What a sight! The priests and the Methodists "at the refreshment stall," and amid the strains of music, shaking hands over the enslaved corpse! But the League of the sons of Wesley and of the sons of Mary is false as it is futile. Jesus said of the Apostacy, "They shall betray one another and shall hate one another" (Matt. xxiv. 11).

But when you made that maudlin speech of love and friendship with the "Reverend Fathers," their stalls and guilds, and schools and teaching, Did you reflect on the difficulty in which it would place you as chief magistrate of St. Helens? When next you sit in judgment on the poor tailor or the publican in their straits to make a reasonable profit, or the child of vengeance in his mistaken zeal of right or wrong, or the poor inebriate, "drunk, but not so as to lose his senses," How can you administer the laws of the land, or hold that, in the matter of the cloth cribbed, and the water mixed with the whiskey, and the temporal misfortune inflicted, and the quantity of drink taken, they are "responsible beings," as you described, when they are only carrying out "the principles of Catholicism" instilled into them from childhood to old age in the schools you assisted them in opening with that flourish of trumpets—driven into their souls by their church, and by their lowest and highest authorities, whose "Imprimatur" and sanction, priest, archbishop and Pope, the manual of immorality from which I have quoted bears upon it.

Apart from the false doctrine from which they spring, the sorcery of priestcraft upon which they rest, and upon which I have not entered, Is not that code of morals baptized Paganism, with nothing of Christianity about it, save the name of Christ to gild over and conceal its "mystery of iniquity;" is it not destructive to families and nations, is it not from hell? (2 Thess. ii, 1-11.)

One other object I have had in writing you this letter, Mr. Mayor, is, as I stated in the beginning, to emphasize your sin, "who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them" (Rom. i, 18-32). That is your sin personally in using your office of Mayor to drag the necks of the little children under the guilotine of popery still reeking with the blood of the generations that are past, and from which the nations are trying to escape by wresting the education of the people from the hands of the priests after 1260 years of slavery, of ignorance, crime and bloodshed; and also to identify again, out of your own mouths, Popery and Methodism as one, the two extremities, head and tail, mother and daughter, of the great Christian Apostacy, about to perish with its multitudes under the curse of the broken law of God (Rev. xvii, xviii, xix, 1-6; Dan. vii, 25).

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully, on behalf of God,

T. W. CHRISTIE,

One of God's elect.