

ROMISH TYRANNY,
OR, THE
TACTICS OF PRIESTS
AND
AGENTS EXPOSED.

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TACTICS OF PRIESTS AND AGENTS EXPOSED.

A Sketch of Real Life.

BY

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FROM IT TO CHURCH AND STATE."



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TO
The Dear Memory of One,
WHOSE MUCH LAMENTED DECEASE,
WAS UNDER GOD,
THE MEANS OF FIRST DIRECTING THE
MIND OF THE AUTHOR,
TOWARDS THE ATTAINMENT OF
“THE GREAT SALVATION;”
AND OF
CONSTRAINING HIM TO ENGAGE IN
THE WORK, OF COMMUNICATING
TO POOR SINNERS,
THE “WONDROUS MESSAGE OF REDEEMING LOVE.”

THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE
INSCRIBED WITH MUCH AFFECTION.

Preface.

IN the following narrative, I present the reader with a sketch of real life.

In giving it to the public, I readily acknowledge that I should wish to direct *serious* attention, to a system as iniquitous as it is absurd, still, I have no desire to point out the guilty individually; and circumstances which I need not explain, have enabled me—to some extent at least—to place the identity of my characters, beneath an impenetrable veil.

THE AUTHOR.

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Chapter 1.

“THE ATTACK.”

My present sphere of labour is in a large and important Parish in the Diocese of London, and many are the terrible scenes of misery and vice with which I have long been familiar.

Oft, reader, have I endeavoured to speak words of comfort to the dying, to remonstrate with the abandoned profligate, and to grapple in discussion with the professed “infidel;” yet, in all the peculiar variety of cases in which it has hitherto been my lot to be engaged, never have I met with any, which has made a deeper impression on my mind than the present,—the startling facts of which I am now about to set before the public.

At the outset, let me frankly state that the case in point is by no means one of an ordinary kind; and while I shall endeavour, systematically and fairly, to set down its general particulars; may God in His mercy, be pleased to bless the humble effort for His Son’s sake!

In the month of May of the present year, my attention was specially requested, by an old and valued Parishioner, to the case of a lad of fifteen years of age; and upon whom a certain Romish Priest had most anxiously fixed his eye. Labouring as I do in the midst of a dense population, many of whom are of a somewhat migratory character; I have learned by experience, that it is virtually impossible to find time for prosecuting

inquiries respecting *every* case to which one's attention may be called ; still, from the earnest manner with which I had been communicated, I felt determined to keep a sharp look-out.

Not a hundred miles from our Parish Church, stands a well-known Roman Catholic edifice. There is a handsome dwelling-house attached thereto, and a staff, as it is supposed, of nineteen Priests, with Noviciates and Brothers—making in all a total of twenty-seven.

Perversion is very common, although it would be impossible to congratulate the Priests, upon the persons whom they select as converts ; nor the demeanour which characterizes them, after becoming, as it is commonly termed, “sons or daughters of the Catholic Church.”

But to return to the boy. He was *wanted* ; and a Priest of considerable notoriety, Father M——, had come to the conclusion that, all things proving favourable, the “baptism” should take place at an early date.

Now had Father M—— personally carried out his characteristic programme, this book would never have appeared : nor would the terrible scandal have arisen. But no ; such a course was not expedient. Hence it was thought advisable to enlist the services of a certain man ; and who, although ostensibly engaged in business as a grocer, contrives to find time to serve the Priests of his Church when engaged in “conversions” or cases of “difficulty ;” so that while Father M—— found himself fully at liberty to direct the “attack,” his valued agent *alone* appeared prominent ; while he (the Priest), in the exercise, no doubt, of a wise discretion, remained carefully concealed in the background.

The boy's parents were persons of high Christian

respectability, and very naturally experienced considerable repugnance, at the bare idea of their son becoming a convert to the Romish faith; and, consequently determined, by every means in their power, to oppose so nefarious a proceeding. In this, however, they had to encounter serious difficulty. So far as I have learned, it would appear that for a considerable time previous, the lad had been known to a man called D——, and who is the *agent* to which already reference has been made.

I cannot but think, that it would have been far wiser in the parents, to have exercised proper control over their son. Had they done so, the painful circumstances might never have transpired; nor would they now have to mourn over his sad condition.

Parents, however are not infallible; and it may be that in this instance, they acted as many others have already done, and:—

“were cruel only to be kind.”

As time, however, swiftly glided on, they began by degrees to see that no good could possibly accrue from such an acquaintanceship, and mildly hinted this to their son. The latter paid no regard to what they said.

Meanwhile D—— was far from *idle*, and presented the lad with certain Roman Catholic books. Such were accepted, and all at once the parents were well-nigh electrified, by observing a marked change in the demeanour of their son. Previous to his acquaintance with D—— he had been alike respectful and submissive; but now, alas! the entire picture was changed.

Nor was this all. The parents ascertained that Father M—— was now fully bent upon “*baptiz-*

ing" the boy. The very thought of this well-nigh distracted both of them, and their home, once so peaceful and happy, was now darkened by grief and tortuous suspense. The Priest and his inseparable ally were alike determined ; so were the parents.

In the succeeding chapters will be seen, how treachery, and fraud, are indeed prominent characteristics, of Rome, her Priests, and followers !

Chapter 2.

"A VISITOR."

I HAVE already said that Father M—— was fully determined on "baptizing" the boy. This the parents soon found to be the case; and it was not very long, before they received a visit from the Priest in person.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon it at any length. I need only observe, that it was one of a most excited and distressing character. Romish Priests generally lay the net skilfully; but, if ever the genuine essence of superior "craft and trickery," existed in the minds of such; most assuredly, Father M—— and his worthy associates, deserve a prize.

It is a common expression with many persons, that they admire "out and out impertinence." I should be strongly disposed to entertain the impression, that Father M—— himself was of a similar opinion; to judge at least from the fact—that however shallow his mental faculties are well known to be—yet, he possesses one characteristic virtue, viz. an unlimited amount of priestly impertinence and self-conceit. This was clearly proved by the nature of his visit. It was for nothing less, forsooth, than to request permission of the parents to "baptize" their son. Now, nothing could possibly tend to excite them more; and the interview was naturally one of a most stormy and exciting character.

The father, who for many years past, has suf-

fered severely from paralysis, was dangerously excited. In earnest language, he demanded by what authority Father M—— polluted his house ; for the purpose of making so distasteful a request ?

Father M—— (thanks to his own ingenuity) was evidently in a dilemma, nor did he know how best to extricate himself. His request was a very simple one, and he was not prepared to encounter such serious opposition. Alas ! vain man, he did not pause to reflect that such opposition, arose from the fact, that the worthy couple loved their bibles, and recoiled with a sickening sense of disgust ; from the absurd ceremonial of the Romish Church. They looked *not* to the Virgin Mary for succour, as poor benighted Romanists are urged to do, by “St. Alphonso Liguori ;” in a work by him, entitled “The Glories of Mary.” No, they received the Word of God, and with St. Paul in his First Epistle to Timothy, could truly exclaim :— “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ; of whom I am chief.” (1 Tim. i. 15.)

Father M——’s request was therefore flatly refused, and the lad’s father, a man of some information, proceeded, in a somewhat characteristic manner, to test the Priest’s ability, to defend the dogmas of his own church.

Father M—— was however, not disposed to enter into any argument, and frankly stated that such was not the purport of his visit ; and accordingly prepared to take his leave.

Before quitting the room, he imagined that in all propriety, he might hazard at least, a word of exhortation to the worthy couple ; and by whom he had been so effectually opposed.

Addressing the father, the Priest said :—

"How can you Mr. — possibly persist in your present course, for you know, that *out of the 'Catholic Church,' there is no salvation; and you are taking the boy straight to hell?*"

In reply to this, Mr. — characteristically remarked, "that the Priest in consigning him and his family to so dreadful a fate; had unfortunately omitted one important fact." Assuming that Father M——'s words were correct, "we shall," added Mr. —, "have plenty of company, for *you* are going there, that's certain."

I shall not attempt to picture the Priest's humiliation, on receiving such a reply. Personally, I have a great aversion to anything approaching jocularity on religious topics; still, I must confess that it is a deeply solemn thought, and therefore, assuming the Bible to be "the unerring word of the living God," no Christian man or woman can possibly entertain the scintilla of a doubt; as to the nature of that terrible fate, which awaits Priests of Rome, and *all* opposers of "God's righteous government."

Let not men, like Father M—— rest secure, under the impression that with impunity, "they may do *evil*, that good may come." Such at best is but a vain delusion, and should suggest to them the question, *Whither am I going?* Is it to heaven to be with Christ, and join the angels' song? Then my conduct must alter. If not, then heaven is *lost* to me. For why? Have I not "trodden under foot the Son of God?" Alas! what Romish Priest has not? And thus, their portion can be none other than "the lake of fire;" where "the smoke of their torment shall ascend up for ever and ever;" and thus, thrust out from God, they shall mingle their voices, amid "the wailing of the damned."

I close this chapter by observing, that prior to the departure of Father M—— from Mr. ——'s house, he was earnestly requested to give a promise, that he would not "*baptize*" his son; at least, without permission.

Like an inhuman monster he *refused*. The reason for so doing will be seen anon.

Chapter 3.

“ A MAGISTERIAL APPLICATION.”

No sooner had Father M—— taken his departure, than the parents, perceiving that matters had now assumed a most critical aspect ; resolved to embrace an early opportunity, of invoking if possible, the protection of the law.

Accordingly on the 12th of May, the mother set out with an aching heart. In due time, she arrived at one of the Metropolitan Police Courts, and was speedily ushered, into the presence of the presiding Magistrate.

It will not be requisite, to give a lengthened account of what took place, still, I have every desire to study accuracy ; and, to that end, have obtained after great care—the general substance of the present chapter, from the authorized report of “The Daily Telegraph”—and which now lies before me.

The mother in addressing the worthy Magistrate, stated that she applied for advice under the following circumstances :—

“ Her son, a boy of 15 years of age, had been induced by a certain Roman Catholic Priest, at the —— Chapel, to join their communion. In the very face of his parents’ protest, they had ‘*baptized*’ him ; and now claimed to have *control* over him.”

The Magistrate inquired still further into the particulars ; when, the mother continued :—

“Her son,” she said, “had been induced to go of the Chapel, by some Irish boys, who were sent round by the Priests for that purpose. He had been in the habit of going there—without his parents’ knowledge—for some time. On the preceding Thursday, he was sent as usual to school; but instead of going there, he went to the Priest (Father M——), and who, came to their house that afternoon, and solicited their consent to his becoming a ‘Roman Catholic;’ and although they strictly forbade such a course, he was notwithstanding, ‘*baptized*’ by the Priest in question. After the visit of the Priest, she endeavoured to keep the boy in, finding remonstrance of no avail; but, he succeeded in *escaping* from home, on the Friday morning, when the mischief was completed.”

“Her husband,”—she added—“had been in a lamentable state of illness; and had been much excited, by the circumstances she had detailed.”

The Magistrate, said—“he did not know what could be done. Her son might be deemed old enough to form an opinion for himself.”

The Mother observed—“that surely the Priests had no right to interfere with parental authority in such a manner; and ‘*baptize*’ children into their faith, *contrary* to the feelings and wishes of their friends. She earnestly trusted that the Magistrate would afford her some assistance.”

The Magistrate observed “that he could not uncatholicise her son.”

Some desultory conversation then took place, but, finding that the Magistrate—was from the peculiar circumstances of the case—utterly powerless to interfere; the worthy woman returned sick at heart, and in silence to her home.

Chapter 4.

“THE BAPTISM, AND HOW EFFECTED.”

In the preceding chapter I have stated, that the lad had been “baptized,” in gross defiance of parental authority.

Truly, Father M—— and his associates must be considerably pressed for “converts”: if, as a rule, they act as in the present instance. I have often thought of this, and *not* long since, when engaged in Parochial work; I actually met a man, whose wife told me, that her husband—a somewhat eccentric character—having entertained the idea of embracing the Romish faith; went upon a certain day to the same Chapel, as that already referred to; and, I beg the reader to believe me when I state, that the Priest, having vainly endeavoured to reason with the man; who was *hopelessly intoxicated*—actually sent him home to get *sober*; charging him to return, and he would then be *baptized*.

As I write, my very soul rises within me, as I think of the despicable hypocrisy, which characterizes the Priests of the Church of Rome; and the words of our Blessed Lord, suggest themselves to my mind, with overwhelming force: “Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of *hell* than yourselves.”

It may be, that I should not have laid such stress upon the passage here given; but for the fact, that

the priestly hero of the narrative was himself a "*pervert*"; and thus, we may readily assume, admirably calculated to carry out that system of "proselytism;" which our Lord so emphatically condemned.

But I am digressing; and must return to the general features of the narrative.

The parents of the lad, were under the impression, that should they succeed in obtaining from the Priest, a promise not to "baptize" their son—at least without their consent—they might naturally rely upon the faith of the same. Alas, they had by bitter experience, yet to learn, that peculiar craft, which so forcibly characterizes all followers of the Church of Rome.

The reader has been already informed, that Father M—— declined to make any such promise; so that, the parents now were plainly convinced, that the real crisis had at length arrived. Danger threatened them on all sides; and but one alternative suggested itself, by which they could hope to prevent the mischief, from being effected. It was a painful one, still, taking into consideration all the circumstances, they resolved to adopt it.

Accordingly, they intimated to their son, that as he had thought proper, to set at defiance parental authority; they could not willingly permit him to become associated with the Church of Rome; without at least, making a last effort to *save* him; and therefore, would under no pretence, suffer him to leave the house.

The unwilling captive, received this intimation in a sullen and morose manner; although to such an extent had he been already influenced by Father M—— and his Agent D——, that he actually had the unconscionable impertinence, to intimate to his

grief-stricken parents ; that “ do what they might, *neither bolts nor bars, should keep him from the ——— Chapel.*”

For some days, all went along smoothly. Still it was a dreary period, and I cannot even now, refrain from associating the bare recollection of it, with feelings of the most depressing kind.

Finding that his parents were determined, the lad was not slow to perceive, that he could only contrive, by means of one expedient, to regain his liberty ; and this was, by contriving to *escape clandestinely.*

To my mind, it is quite clear, that from the first, he determined if possible to effect this, and no doubt took courage from the fact, that it was a course, of which his “ecclesiastical directors,” would be sure to approve.

One day, the boy contrived to elude his parents— escaped from the house, and at once placed himself in communication, with the Priest and his Agent ; although by what means such was effected, remains to this day still a mystery.

Once more within the grasp of the enemy, no time was to be lost, and arrangements for the “baptism,” were speedily concluded. But before however, such could be accomplished, great care was requisite.

Immediately after the escape, the Agent D—— had an interview with the lad. Whether he was *secreted* in his house, for any length of time, I am unable to state ; but of this I am assured, that a cab being provided, the poor deluded boy was driven *not* direct to the ——— Chapel, but to the dwelling-house of the Priests attached thereto ; and was, on the evening prior to the “Feast of St. Philip,” formally received into the Church of

Rome; by Father M—— and in the presence of 150 persons.

Thus, by means alone, of “trickery, lying, and deceit;” the lad was now a member of that “terrible apostacy,” The Church of Rome.

The Priest, and his Agent, have since asserted that by “his own free will; the boy renounced the Protestant faith.” But, such was *not* the case. They terrified him, and by sheer threat, so warped his mind—by means of their soul-destroying doctrine of “Purgatory”—as literally to drive him, well-nigh to distraction. Then, taking advantage of his prostrate mental condition, *taught* him to defy his parents; and to spurn all counsel, save indeed their own.

I ask the reader, could such be “baptism?” On the contrary, it was but a hollow mockery, and alone worthy of the men, who were base enough to engage in such a despicable farce. Father M—— may through his Agent—as he has already done—inform me that the lad’s “baptism” was a legal act. But I answer No! a thousand times No! “It was a mockery, a miserable burlesque; at which earth is speechless; and hell itself is dumb.”

Yes reader, it was not only a gross outrage to the parental heart; but a *crime* against society. Nor indeed, as my memory wanders back, o’er the dark shadows of the past, can I find suitable language; in which to express my utmost detestation of so base an act, save in the words of England’s greatest Poet, when he said: —

“Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth, o’erwhelm them to men’s eyes.”

Chapter 5.

“DISCOVERY AND REMOVAL.”

To attempt any adequate description, of the grief which befel the parents, upon becoming acquainted with the heartless duplicity of their son, is virtually impossible. I shall therefore refrain from dwelling upon so painful a subject; and proceed to set before the reader, certain novel circumstances; which soon afterwards transpired.

The parents, in the exercise no doubt of a wise discretion, resolved to lose no time, in sending their son from the neighbourhood. Accordingly, they communicated with some relatives in Essex, and in a short time, all necessary arrangements being completed; the lad was placed under their charge, with the view of affording him, change of air and scene.

It may be, that notwithstanding all that had already transpired; the heart of the anxious, loving, mother, still fondly yearned towards her boy; and no doubt many a prayer was addressed to Him, “who heareth in secret;” that in His mercy, the scales of superstition and darkness, might be dispelled; and that the lad, might once more stand forth in “the glorious liberty of Christ’s Gospel;” and which alone can set the sinner free!

Yes reader, the motto of the Christian disciple, is indeed that of the Psalmist,—“Hope thou in God:” and probably there never was a case—in modern times—in which parents, ever sought re-

fuge, in so gracious a promise; as those respecting whom I write.

Many persons would naturally have supposed, that when once the lad, was removed from the Metropolis; matters would proceed peaceably, and all persecution would cease. But it was otherwise. Father M—— could not tamely submit, to part from the “youthful convert”—not even for a season, at least not without, being in possession of his whereabouts; and so, having ample opportunity for communicating by letter, should such appear desirable.

Thus were the unfortunate parents, once more reposing in *false* security; while the enemy was still busy in the person of the Agent D——, and who strange to state, was actually holding communication with the lad.

The relatives under whose charge, he had been temporarily placed, soon found themselves beset on all sides, with annoyances of the most insufferable kind; while so great was Father M——’s anxiety, to retain his wonted influence over the young “pervert,” that he directed a present to be forwarded to him. And what convinces me so thoroughly, that D—— was the Agent of this heartless Priest; is, because all the arrangements were entrusted to his care. In due time a “concertina” arrived, and was forwarded by Messrs. Pickford and Co., such was speedily followed by a letter, containing money; and which was likewise addressed to the boy.

Of course the receipt of the “concertina,” together with the letter, and the money, could not in any degree contribute to the peace of mind of the relatives, nor smooth the difficult task, which they had in kindness undertaken.

They were considerably perplexed ; and as each day passed, realized to the fullest extent, the delicacy of their situation. Meanwhile the Agent, thought that it would be desirable in the interest of his "Mother Church ;" to pay the lad a personal visit. Accordingly, on a memorable day he set forth—as he has since declared—for the purpose of consulting his legal adviser, upon a matter of business, and who, singular to state ; was said to reside within about a mile and a half from the spot, where the lad was then placed.

Such to say the least of it, was indeed a marvellous coincidence ; although I gravely question whether the reader, will be disposed to admit its accuracy. D—— however, attempted by the exercise of considerable ingenuity, to gain an interview with the lad ; and who, I should state, was by the Romanist section—regarded as D——'s "god-son." from the part which he took at the alleged "baptism."

The man D—— on arriving at some country Railway Station, walked about a mile and a half, and when very near to the spot where the lad was staying ; entered a shop, and after obtaining writing materials, penned a hasty note. Having obtained some person for a trifling gratuity, to take it on, he awaited with considerable anxiety the result.

The letter referred to was duly conveyed, but although addressed to the lad ; was happily intercepted by his friends. Its contents were brief, but none the less pointed. The lad was informed of his estimable godfather's arrival in the neighbourhood ; and urged if possible, to meet him at a neighbouring Railway Station.

What might have transpired, had not the com-

munication been intercepted, it is indeed difficult to conjecture; still, from what I have since gathered, no doubt can be entertained, as to the real object of the Agent.

It is well known, that in a certain part of Essex, there is situated a Roman Catholic Church; and under the supervision of Canon ——. I have *no* moral doubt whatever, but that D—— was anxious to obtain a twofold end, viz., in the first instance to impress the lad, with the propriety of getting to this Chapel on Sundays, if possible; and also, to cultivate the acquaintance of the worthy Canon.

The reader may perhaps be disposed to ask, Well, and what could possibly be the design of all this? Alas! the reply is a very simple one, for the worthy Canon, had he been favoured with time and opportunity; would have speedily found a means of obtaining "*custody*" of the lad, and which, Father M—— was, and is to this hour, so desirous of obtaining.

Yes, reader, The Church of Rome will never rest satisfied, unless she can secure full custody of any pervert, youthful or otherwise. And I venture to affirm, that the accuracy of this statement will be abundantly shown; ere the present narrative is brought to a close.

The reader has now so far seen, that the journey of the Agent D—— was a complete failure; still he was far from depressed, for did he not subsequently forward, in addition to the "*concertina*," a letter by post, containing money?

Truly, he had laid his plans well, for at this period "*The Feast of Corpus Christi*," was drawing nigh; and D—— imagined, that had the boy money, what could possibly be easier, than for him, to come up to London by stealth — deceive his

friends— and it might be, effect some arrangement with Father M——, “*for his future welfare;*” and by means of which, as a matter of course, his unfortunate parents would be completely foiled.

How great truly, would have been the joy of those heartless and unprincipled servants of Rome; had they been only successful in obtaining their desired end. For once however they were foiled— thanks to their own blundering—and their victim, was still free from their hungry grasp.

Matters however, could not long remain in this state. The Agent D—— having failed to accomplish his “dark design,” now redoubled his efforts. Day by day fresh letters came, addressed to the lad, and things thus got from bad to worse.

Meanwhile the anxious relatives, were deeply impressed with their responsibility, and feeling that upon all sides, they were surrounded by a relentless foe; lost no time in communicating with the lad’s parents in town, and courteously declined to undertake further charge.

It was at this period, that the lad was by order of his parents, re-conducted back to Town.

Chapter 6.

“ A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.”

THE lad had returned to town, and was once more beneath the parental roof; when at this period, my attention was officially directed to the case, by the Parishioner to whom I referred in the opening chapter.

According to promise, I made an early call, and found both parents in a state of extreme prostration. After a short, and somewhat desultory conversation, I inquired, if they had any objection to allow me, to have some conversation with their son? They readily consented, and I rose from my chair, with the view of following the mother to the room, which had been assigned to him.

Upon this, the worthy woman observed: “No please Sir, you had better wait here for a few minutes; while I go and prepare him.”

As I awaited her return, I began to consider, what particular course I had better adopt, in dealing with the lad.

I freely confess, that I felt considerably, the extreme delicacy of my position; and was somewhat nervous, not knowing, in what manner I might be received. While thus engaged in reflection, the worthy mother returned, and asked me to follow her. As we were quitting the sitting-room, she commenced to apologize, for the disorder of the room, to which she was conducting me; adding at the same time, “You see Sir, we have

been obliged to put him up a temporary bed ; with the view of having him, as near to us as possible downstairs."

I observed, that no apology was requisite ; and assured her, that "I only trusted, that by God's blessing ; I might be enabled, to deal judiciously with her son."

We entered a neat little back room. As the door opened, the mother remarked, "That's him Sir," pointing at the same time towards the bed. Addressing her son, she said, "G—— here is a gentleman, who has kindly come to speak to you." She then withdrew, and left us together.

Feeling deeply sensible of my embarrassing position, I determined to lose no time ; and approaching the head of the bed, I took a chair, and sat down. In a few kind words I addressed the lad, but as soon as I commenced, he buried his head beneath the bed-clothes ; and turned round, with his face towards the wall.

Determined not to be discouraged, I still continued speaking, and observed, "that I had heard with extreme regret, all the painful circumstances ; and had come not to reproach him, but as a friend, who wished if possible—to be the means of healing the wide breach which then existed—between himself and his unhappy parents."

When I had concluded, the lad without even condescending to turn round, answered me, somewhat doggedly, as follows :—

"Well ! suppose you have come ; I didn't send for you."

"I am quite aware of that," I replied. "Still as I am here by request of your parents, I must ask you, not to reply to my kind wishes in such a manner—without at least—turning round, to see with whom you are in conversation,"

I spoke firmly, yet without any appearance of harshness ; and soon found that my words had produced the desired effect. When I had finished, the lad turned round, and eyed me attentively from head to foot.

“G——” I said, “you don’t know me.”

“No sir,” he replied.

“I am connected with the Parish of St. ——, and have come to converse with you as a friend. Will you allow me to do so?”

The boy fixed his eyes somewhat vacantly upon me, and after a short pause, answered in the affirmative.

“And now G——” I said, “what is all this sad disturbance about? Am I really to understand, that you wish of your own free will—to abandon the Protestant religion in which you have been trained—and join the communion of the Church of Rome? If so, tell me candidly, what are your reasons for so doing?”

“Because The Church of Rome was the *first* Church. It was built upon Peter, to whom our Lord gave power, as the chief of the Apostles.”

I should here observe, that I had fully anticipated the lad’s answer ; and resolved to deal with it, very briefly.

“Oh, very well” I said, “that will do. Come now, we shall get along very nicely. And so G——, this is one of your reasons? Well now, perhaps you would like me to explain this point to you ; for I can plainly see, that Father M—— has been deceiving you.”

The boy here looked up, and smiled incredulously.

“Oh, I see, you don’t think so. Well just stop a minute.”

I placed my hand in my pocket, and drew forth

a small pocket Testament. Opening it, I turned at once, to the passage to which he had referred. It is a favourite text, with Roman Catholics, and the one above all others, which they are sure to quote. I was aware of this, and accordingly read it verbatim.

“Now” I said, “here is the passage. It is taken from the xvi. chapter of St. Matthew, and forms the 18th verse. Now, am I to understand, that you take this passage literally?”

“Yes,” he replied.

“Very well then. Now let me take you a little further on. For the sake of argument, I admit, that our Lord here calls Peter the “rock;” but mark, in the 23rd verse of the same chapter, our Lord thus addresses Peter, “Get thee behind me, *Satan*, &c.,”—so that upon your own showing, if you take that part of the passage literally; you are bound to believe that The Church of Rome—and to which you profess to belong—*‘is built upon Satan.’* Now G——, how will you explain this?”

I had no sooner finished speaking, than the lad looked up, and smiled in bewilderment.

“Well G——,” I said, “you never saw things in this light before I suppose?”

“No Sir.”

“Well, I can only tell you, that the objection is fatal, nor can Father M——, nor any Priest in England, fairly meet it.”

The lad appeared completely taken aback; and waited for me to resume the conversation.

“Now” I said, “you are young and inexperienced; and therefore not capable of disputing with such subtle, and unprincipled men, as Father M——, and the other Priests, at the —— Chapel.

And knowing as I do, that they invariably press this point, upon the minds of all young persons, who fall in their way; I determined to adhere strictly to it. I have now no disposition, to talk to you about 'Images,' 'Invocation of Saints,' or other matters. I shall now leave you, and call some other day. Before I go, I should like very much to ask you one question."

"Will you promise, not to associate yourself with The Church of Rome; before seriously thinking what you are about? And above all, think over our conversation of this afternoon, and ask God in His mercy, to look upon you in your agitated mental state. And now, good-bye for the present."

I rose from my chair, shook hands with the boy, and was about to quit the room. Suddenly, the thought occurred to me, that I should like to pray with him. Having asked and obtained his permission, I knelt down, and in a voice tremulous with emotion—implored the Divine blessing upon our interview; asking, that a gracious God, would be pleased to rescue the poor boy, from the soul-murdering heresies of The Church of Rome; and from the wiles of her Priests and Agents.

The lad kindly thanked me for my visit; and I quitted the room.

When I returned upstairs to the sitting-room, I was anxiously interrogated by the parents, as to the success of my interview. I briefly informed them of what had transpired, adding, that "I still had hope." Some hurried conversation then took place, and I proposed to take my leave. Before doing so, I stated that "I would call again in a few days."

As I proceeded homewards, my thoughts remained

fixed upon the lad. I felt deeply for him, knowing that Father M—— and the Agent D——, had only succeeded, in acquiring their influence over him, by means of sheer threats.

During the next few days that followed my interview; I was more than ordinarily engaged in the work of the parish. Still, resolving to keep my promise, I arrived one morning at the house of the parents, and inquired how G—— was? adding that I had come, to have some further conversation with him. When judge of my great surprise, on being informed, that shortly after seeing me, the lad had been seized with “a dangerous illness;” and was now suffering from “fever.”

The information came upon me, so unexpectedly, that I appeared for the moment, utterly at a loss, how to find words of comfort, for the afflicted parents. I did it is true, contrive to stammer out something; while the vehement agitation of both of them, was more than I could bear.

I felt that in the lad's present critical state, it would be cruel, as well as unwise, to attempt to see him. So shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. —— I took my leave. As I descended the steps in front of the house; my whole soul was filled with indignation, and if ever I felt disposed to go forth to battle against The Church of Rome, it was then.

Yes, reader, as I thought of poor G——, who, but a few days before, seemed to be gradually awaking as from an empty dream; and now, as he lay in weakness, and pain upon a bed of sickness, my reflections were anything but peaceful or composing. If thought I, this is the end of Father M——'s work, truly, he has but little to boast of; while by the help of God I determined, from that hour, to resist, to the very uttermost, every Priest

or Agent of the —— Chapel, while connected with the parish.

No wonder I thought, that Father M—— visited the lad's parents, knowing full well, that such was in reality an entire sham. In company with D—— he had skilfully laid his plans; all of which, would have been rendered incomplete, had he failed to make his mock visit.

Yes, reader, it is no wonder that a Romish Priest can never look you in the face—for his mind is like a common sewer, into which all the filthy sins and impurities of a whole country side have been poured in the "Confessional;" these, he has poured back again, into the ears of young and inexperienced persons by abominable questions; corrupting and polluting their minds with the nastiness of his own. *He knows it*, and his guilt is stamped upon his forehead. And as from day to day, I encounter in the district—Romish Priests like Father M——, and gaze searchingly into their very faces, they start uneasily, as if one would read the very secrets of their hearts.

Yes, the mere restlessness with which they study to avoid the searching gaze; is most significant, and not without a moral. To ordinary minds, it would perhaps be difficult to find words in which fitly to describe it; had not our illustrious Poet, strikingly met the very case, when in memorable accents he was led to exclaim:—

" 'Tis here, but yet confused;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used."

Chapter 7.

“LITERARY EXPOSURE, AND RESULT.”

FINDING that Father M—— and his valued Agent, were still doing their utmost to regain the custody of the lad; it was suggested to me by an old resident in the district, that the particulars of so infamous a plot ought to be fully exposed in the newspapers. In this opinion I fully concurred; and felt that unless prompt steps were taken, it would be impossible to guess where the mischief might end.

Accordingly in the month of August, I communicated, in the first instance, with the publisher of the “Rock,” a well-known evangelical journal; and which has a weekly circulation of 50,000 copies. In due time, I received a communication by post, in which I was courteously informed, that as the matter was one of deep public importance; if I would briefly forward the particulars, such should have early attention.

I did so, and in due course they appeared before the public. Still, I was under the impression, that unless the great body of our tradespeople in the parish, were put in possession of the startling circumstances, Father M—— and his Agent D—— would after all escape somewhat easily.

After some consideration, I resolved to sound the alarm in the S.W. neighbourhood of the Metropolis; and accordingly appealed to the Editor of “The West Middlesex Advertiser.” I again endeavoured

as briefly as possible, to sketch out the general particulars of the case; describing the manner by which Father M—— and the Agent, had contrived to gain their influence over the lad, and appealed in earnest language, as to whether so base and infamous a plot, should be allowed to be calmly enacted; without a general expression of indignation from the Protestant inhabitants of the S.W. and surrounding neighbourhood.

I laid special stress upon the conduct of D——, and characterized the whole proceeding, as the result of “lying, trickery, and deceit.” Adverting to the “Judas”-like conduct of the Agent, in following the lad when from home, I observed that no language could adequately describe it; nor could I even attempt to set before the public, the depth of the plot—notwithstanding the matter of the “money” and the “concertina.”

The alleged “baptism” I denounced as illegal, and added that the lad had voluntarily, and in the presence of witnesses, *renounced* it; and that the “document of recantation,” had been forwarded to the Priest.

In closing, I stated, that the boy had been overtaken by severe indisposition, and that it was very doubtful whether he could recover; adding, that to such an extent had he been terrified, that under no circumstances, could he be prevailed upon to go to sleep, “without having a lighted candle in the room;” while the condition of his afflicted father, was indeed lamentable in the extreme; “nor was he even expected to survive the shock.”

My first letter appeared on the 8th of August, and knowing full well, what miserable cowards such men as Father M—— usually are; it never once occurred to me, that the public would be

favoured with any reply. Great therefore was my surprise, upon receiving—when at the sea-side—a copy of “The West Middlesex Advertiser,” containing a lengthened, and somewhat rambling reply.

As a matter of course, the accuracy of my general statements were entirely impugned; while its author was denounced in language, worthy only of the “lowest of the low.” Nevertheless it was a marvellous document, and for this reason, because it proved to demonstration the *truth* of what had been already stated; while the Agent actually signed his name, and thereby admitted his identity. The chief aim of the writer was to show, that the lad “willingly left the Protestant religion; and that owing solely, to the cruel treatment of his parents, he escaped from the house.”

I would earnestly call the attention of the reader, to the language here employed; because it shows—as has been already suggested—that the lad “placed himself in communication with D—— after his escape,” and was by him—or some other person equally as base—taken in a cab, to the dwelling-house of the Priests; passed “through the grounds to the Chapel;” and was there, as the Papal party have had the impertinence to allege, “baptized in the presence of about 150 persons.”

I will for the sake of argument, admit that the lad was “publicly baptized.” Still I am assured, that the reader will agree with me, when I state, that the officiating Priest, must have had some idea of an outbreak, should the parents hear of the event; and I have since ascertained, that the boy was taken into a kind of recess, where the font is placed within iron rails, and entered by a gate. The latter was cautiously *locked*, and the testimony

of the lad is, "that had his parents or others, entered the Chapel during the ceremony, or made any opposition; they could not have reached him."

The Agent next proceeded in his letter, to combat the assertion that the lad "was sent home," in consequence, as I have already informed the reader, of the annoyance of the Papal party; and declared, that his return arose from the fact, that the lad "was determined to go to mass, on the 'Feast of Corpus Christi.'" The remainder of the communication is utterly unworthy of notice, and only goes to show the gross ignorance of the person who penned it.

Although from home, I could not rest, and by an early post communicated with the anxious parents; bidding them be of good cheer, and adding that "the lion was now roaring;" but by the grace of God, I would publish an early reply.

Incensed beyond measure, at the utter heartlessness of the Agent D——, I determined to show both him and the Priest no mercy; for I plainly saw, that if leniently dealt with, they would only derive encouragement for the future, to continue their "dark and infamous designs." Having read with every attention, the communication of the illiterate Agent D——, I forwarded my reply.

At the very outset, I took exception to the plausible theory suggested by my opponent; and contended, that it was useless to deny the serious charges, which I had preferred against the Priest and his Agent; inasmuch, as setting aside entirely my statements, the whole matter could be clearly substantiated "by documentary evidence; and which, was all the more striking, from the fact of its having been furnished by D—— himself."

My opponents—through their champion—dis-

claimed all connection with "agents," and, "asserted that none were engaged in so vile a trade." In reply, I challenged Father M—— and his inseparable ally, at their peril, to deny or disprove, "that the alleged 'baptism' was clandestine; and added, that all the necessary arrangements, had been carried out by D—— himself."

Respecting the infamous and unconstitutional attempts which had been made, to regain "the custody of the lad:" such had been proved beyond all dispute, while, with the view of showing the unscrupulous measures, which the Agent had resorted to; I maintained that he had dogged the footsteps of the lad, from day to day, and had actually been heard to say, "*that he was determined to have him* ; nor would he resign his prize under any circumstances, not even *though it should cost £200.*"

In conclusion, I stated, that "as I regarded the Priests as upon their trial;" I was determined to fight the battle to the last. And that notwithstanding the empty suggestion of D——, that my charges were false; I stated that for the information of the public, it should be clearly understood; that according to Dr. Cullen's Catechism, it was no sin for D——, "to tell base falsehoods, for the purpose of saving his Priests from odium and disgrace."

One very striking feature in D——'s reply, was, that he denied emphatically, that "the form of recantation"—and to which I have already referred—was forwarded to Father M——. Such was a glaring falsehood, proved from the fact that by the same post, D—— himself was personally communicated with. Nay, more; he even acknowledged its receipt, so that here, we have another instance of this miserable man's mode of "lying;" inasmuch,

as his insolent reply to the lad's father, proved the delivery of *both* documents.

From an unusual pressure upon the Editor's space, he was precluded from publishing my reply, in the usual course, that week—ending 8th August—but very kindly acknowledged its receipt; and briefly commented upon the facts of the case. He frankly avowed his conviction, that from inquiries which had been made, D——'s letter “was a tissue of falsehoods blended with a little truth;” and suggested that if Roman Catholics had anything to say in defence of their absurd creed, “why not meet in argument? and *not* seek to instil into the minds of children, the blasphemous fooleries of their soul-destroying faith.”

On the 15th of August, my reply was published. It excited considerable local interest, and I took good care, that copies of the newspaper should be well circulated. Nor was the effect, alone confined to the parishioners. D—— and his party likewise felt its force; and did not dare to issue a reply.

Every person who perused the facts were fairly startled, and the Agent received several significant intimations; that “if he was seen conversing with boys; or offering them money, for the purpose of inducing them to attend the services at —— Chapel, he might prepare for the consequences.” So great was the indignation of many strong and powerful men; that I verily believe D—— would have received violent treatment, had he not with characteristic subtlety, thought it best to change his “tactics.”

Not only was publicity secured by means of the newspapers; but a well-known Institute, came boldly to the rescue.

So far as I have ascertained, both one and all

were fairly agreed in this ; that a more despicable and heartless villain than the Agent D—, has been rarely heard of.

I have only to add, that the force of this assertion will yet be fully patent, and in a succeeding chapter ; the reader will find D——, affecting sorrow, and suing for mercy.

Chapter 8.

“FATHER M——’S RETURN FROM ROME.”

IN the preceding chapter, I have already dwelt, upon the heartlessness of the Agent D——. Nor reader, have I in any degree overstated the case, as the fertile imagination of this miserable man, literally beggars description.

There are however, one or two prominent features in which the gross villany of D—— was strikingly exhibited; and to such I would now briefly call the attention of the reader.

For example, we have already seen, that the unfortunate lad had—under the influence of the Agent—been taught to behave towards his grief-stricken parents, in a most insubordinate and offensive manner. To what end was all this? The answer is very simple. Knowing full well, how opposed were the parents, to their son joining the communion of The Church of Rome; D—— and the Priest hoped, that should the lad continue obstinate, nothing could be more natural, than for his parents, to eject him from the house.

Now such was just what they desired, and D—— had all along anticipated it. He would then have taken him *under his own charge*, and placed him in his shop. Not only so; D—— had done his very utmost, to obtain so desirable an end; and added, that if the poor lad would only be guided by him, he should not be permitted to go unrewarded; as he had determined “to leave him in his will, the sum of £100.”

Since this narrative was commenced, the lad has in the providence of God—obtained a very eligible situation; still even here, has this base villain D—— found his way. Day by day, he has entered the shop, purchased certain articles, and then on subsequent occasions, returned, with the view of finding fault with former purchases, and soliciting other articles in exchange.

I need scarcely inform the reader, that such is a mere piece of acting, and that D——, this wretched man, who appears to be literally “given over to Satan,” seeks by the exercise of his peculiar craft and treachery, to suggest fresh schemes, by means of which, he may if possible, regain his influence over the lad.

I would now however, direct the attention of the reader to another event, and which forms a prominent part of the present chapter. I have already intimated that Father M—— was in Rome; and therefore, could have no opportunity of perusing the letters, which appeared in the newspapers, until his return.

One Sunday evening, I was comfortably seated before a cheerful fire; and engaged in reading—as is my usual practice after service, when I received a message, that some one wished to speak with me. Desiring him to be shown up, I found myself face to face with Mr. ——’s son. He informed me that his father “would be much obliged to me, if I would step round; as there had been some disturbance respecting poor G——.”

Without waiting to hear more, I prepared to accompany him, and on arriving at the house, I witnessed a most heartrending scene. The worthy mother hurriedly informed me, “that Father M—— had returned home, and that, with the assistance

of D——, the lad had that evening been to the —— Chapel, and had seen the Priest.”

Both parents were plunged in sorrow, and could scarcely subdue their emotion. After matters had proceeded so calmly, the changed aspect of present affairs was too much for them; and they felt “that all was now well-nigh lost.”

The lad having been brought once more into contact, with this vile Agent, resumed his “dogged behaviour.” To all that his parents said, he turned a deaf ear. Nor reader, was he *himself*. On the contrary, such is the influence which a man like D—— acquires over the mind of any lad; that he appears perfectly hardened, lost to every sense of parental duty; and bent upon one object, viz., to defy and thwart his parents.

I need scarcely remind the reader, that the mere fact of the unhappy lad, having been brought face to face with Father M——, deeply alarmed and amazed us all. For my own part I freely confess, that I was for the moment literally aghast. To think of the protestations of regret which G—— had made, and in which he professed to deplore his past conduct; and then to rush once more into the “enemy’s net,” was to me utterly unaccountable.

While the unfortunate parents were vainly endeavouring, to reason with the lad, the latter exclaimed with surpassing coolness:—

“Well, I know a young man who wanted to become a Catholic. His friends objected as you are now doing; but they got *over* it in time.”

I could remain silent no longer, and addressing the lad I said:—

“G——, knowing as you do, the opposition with which your parents regard your present course; I ask you one question. Will you follow

D—— and Father M——, and break your father's heart?"

The lad hung down his head, and offered no reply.

I should mention for the information of the reader, that the nerves of the unhappy father, had been so excited; that unable any longer to endure the sight of his son, he left the sitting-room. As I sat trying if possible, to bring poor G—— to listen to reason, I could hear the father in the adjoining room; as in broken accents, he implored a Gracious God to rescue his son, from the miserable superstitions and idolatries of The Church of Rome.

I remained but a short time longer, then finding each member of the family, so overpowered with grief, I left them. True, I had been unable to pray with them; still I could pray for them.

While respecting D—— I thought, and still think; that by the strong arm of the *law*, his infamous doings should be effectually suppressed.

Go, base, cruel, heartless villain; and know, that it was to such pests of society as yourself, that our illustrious Poet referred, when he said:—

“O would, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.”

Chapter 9.

“THE AGENT *v.* THE AUTHOR.”

BEING one evening absent from home, in consequence of an engagement with a relative; I was for the time being, desirous of effacing from my mind the cares of parochial work. On my return, I was informed that a Mr. D—— had called requesting an interview. My informant stated, that he was evidently in an excited state, in consequence of the effect which had been produced, by the publication of my letters, in the columns of “The West Middlesex Advertiser.”

Upon receiving such a message, I was for a time undecided, as to whether I ought to lower myself, in according a personal interview, to a person of so base a character. At last, however, I resolved, that in the interest of truth and justice I would see him. The Agent (for such was the visitor) had left word that he would call at six o'clock on the following evening, so that I knew when to expect him. Still, knowing full well the person with whom I was about to come in contact, I was determined not to receive D—— alone; and therefore, secured the presence of a friend who was engaged to take tea with me, but who, at my request, arrived a little earlier.

A few minutes after six, D—— arrived and was at once shown upstairs. As he entered the room, I somewhat stiffly acknowledged his presence, and proceeded to note his personal appearance. For

the information of the reader I may state, that he was a man of middle height, somewhat fresh-coloured, and wearing a neat little black patch over the right eye; having I presume been deprived by accident, from the sight of it. He was dressed in a short overcoat, and held in his hand a kind of round beaver hat.

Motioning him to be seated, I said:—

“And now Mr. D——, may I ask what is your business; as I did not quite understand the nature of your message last night?”

“Well sir,” he replied, “I want you to make a public apology, for a statement which appeared in your second letter to ‘The West Middlesex Advertiser;’ to the effect, ‘that I was *not* to be believed upon my oath.’ I make this request,” he continued, “because I have received such annoyance. Boys have hooted me through the streets, and my business has suffered, in consequence I feel assured, from the damaging nature of that statement, and of which I now complain.”

“Very well Mr. D——. And so you seek a public apology. Well now, do you suppose for one instant, that I will accede to such a proposal?”

“Well sir, you can do as you like; only I can tell you, that I shall take proceedings.”

I felt amused at the man’s impertinence. I knew that he did not mean one word he said, and therefore resolved to press him to the uttermost.

“Now Mr. D——,” I continued, “you ask me for an apology: and, I in reply decline to give it. Are you answered sir?”

“Well,” he said, “may I ask to what you referred?”

“Certainly. When I stated, ‘that you would not gain credence, not even on your oath,’ I referred

not to your dealing as a man of business, but to the disgraceful part which you took in deluding this poor lad. So far from my retracting one word, I am fully prepared not only to repeat it; but likewise, to sustain my assertion by documentary evidence."

After vainly endeavouring to frighten me by empty threats; D—— found it requisite to change his "tactics," and continued as follows:—

"Oh, very well sir, since you state, that you were not referring to my dealing in business I am quite satisfied. I can also quite understand the motives which induced you to take the matter up; still I feel that you have been deceived by the parents."

"Not at all," I replied. "I have formed my own judgment of the case after due reflection; and am fully convinced, that so far as you are personally concerned, I am under no mistake."

I may as well here place before the reader, a striking instance of the manner in which D—— attempted to argue with me. Referring to the "document of recantation," which had been duly forwarded to the Priest, notwithstanding the alleged denial of the Agent, in his reply to me, I said:—

"Now Mr. D——, do you really mean to adhere to your former statement respecting this document?"

"Yes," he replied, "I repeat it was not forwarded."

Almost involuntarily, the conviction flashed across me, that the man was fencing. Turning to my friend, I said:—

"Now I see it all. He denies that Father M——, ever received the document. This how-

ever arose from the fact that the Priest was in Rome when Mr. D——'s letter appeared ; so that in the absence of the Priest, he was at liberty to deny the fact."

My friend, who had listened with the utmost attention to the conversation, appeared greatly astonished at the subtlety of D——, while the latter finding that he had met his match, surveyed us both with a somewhat sardonic smile.

I felt now considerably incensed, and addressing D—— I said :—

"Now Mr. D——, you requested an interview with me, and I have granted it, and your business with me is now fairly at an end. Still, as I have you here, I shall take this opportunity of giving you a little of my mind. Apparently you glory in your infamous work, but suffer me to ask, what have you done? By subtle treachery you have done your utmost to regain possession of this boy, and in gross defiance of parental authority. You have disturbed the peace of a home, which ere it knew you was bright and happy. Nor is this all, you have brought the unhappy father well-nigh to the brink of the grave ; and all for what? To take a weak and credulous boy from his lawful protectors, and associate him with those of your religious views, at the —— Chapel. Once for all I charge you to take heed. You play a bold game, still, I will prove to Father M—— and yourself, that I do not fear you. If you persist in invading this Parish, you may expect to find a relentless foe ; one who will never rest, until by the publication of "your dark and infamous designs" he excites the feelings of the Protestant public to such a pitch ; as that you will for your peace of mind—feel it requisite to leave the neighbourhood. You sir, may glory

in your work, but honest men will spurn you with indignation and disgust."

When I had finished speaking, D — rose from his chair; I then rang the bell, and in a few minutes he was ushered from the room.

As he quitted it, I thought that but for the systematic working of our Parochial system, I might in all probability never have heard of the facts of the case; nor been able to expose the "tactics" of so base a foe. What, oh! what can be the nature of that terrible sorcery which now prompts so many to seek the destruction and overthrow of a system; which has long been the boast and glory of the Church of England?

While reader, may we, being fully persuaded of the gross iniquity of such a course; resolve by the help of God, to stand by the truth as embodied in her formularies; and whilst the cry of her enemies is "Down with her, down with her even to the ground;" let our prayer be, and let our efforts correspond with our prayer: "Peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces."

Chapter 10.

“A CLOSING WORD.”

I HAVE now endeavoured systematically and in order, to set before the reader, the general features of this narrative. The present condition of the lad is simply that, as already described, he is now in the providence of God, engaged in a suitable situation; still, in consequence of the unceasing persecution resorted to by D—, great care is requisite to keep him from the “snares of the enemy.”

I cannot however allow myself to neglect so admirable an opportunity, of calling the earnest attention of various classes, and into whose hands this book may fall; to one or two most important considerations, and suggested I think, by the striking circumstances of the narrative.

And first, I would say a word to those, who are continually crying out respecting the cruel and intolerant spirit of those, who contend for the simple right of Romish controversy. By such I do not mean, a work in which personality and abuse is resorted to. On the contrary, nothing can possibly be more unlike the true spirit of controversy than this. Such consists not in riotous and unseemly proceedings, but in sound argument, coupled with an earnest Christian desire, to seek the spiritual welfare of those who are addressed.

But, it is important to bear in mind, that the persons who are generally so ready to object to

controversy are themselves utterly *ignorant* of the great question at issue. To them it is utterly immaterial, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants are in the ascendancy. But such a course is not that which right-minded persons can adopt, nor is it in accordance with scriptural teaching; as it is expressly declared, that we "are to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints."

Such then is the declaration of Scripture, while it is lamentable to find, that multitudes—even of professing Christians—are content to sit down idly, and leave the "faith" to take care of itself.

Such persons are however taught a striking lesson from Roman Catholics themselves. They do *not* despise controversy. On the contrary, such is systematically taught in every school; while it is deeply to be regretted, that innumerable cases of perversion have arisen, from the simple reason; because persons have proved unable to combat the sophistries of Rome, and hence have feebly succumbed to the wiles of the Priests.

I would therefore strongly impress upon the reader, the necessity of "contending earnestly for the faith," by means of controversy judiciously conducted; notwithstanding the miserable assertions of those, who through ignorance or indifference, are prepared with easy consciences to allow the truth of God, to be dishonoured and assailed; without even raising a warning voice in its defence. Such persons may possess an unusual amount of charity, while verily, they are enemies not only to society, but likewise to themselves.

Another class, and with whom it is necessary to be upon our guard, are those unprincipled and tyrannising opponents of God's truth, viz., the **Ritualists**.

I refer to them because, the reader will find, that the invariable expression concerning controversy, and which I have just referred to, applies to them. Personally I have frequently found this to be so, notwithstanding that peculiar subtlety, which characterizes all they say or do. Be warned reader, of this section. Regard not their vain and insulting pretensions. Visit not their places of worship, nor be captivated by their theatrical services. If they oppose God's truth; then oppose them. In other words, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." (Isaiah viii. 20.)

And now, I would address myself in conclusion to a most important section, viz., Roman Catholics. I adopt this course, because I cannot but feel, that this book will find its way into their hands. Of course, I quite expect, that some will be disposed to say, that the narrative is false. I would therefore meet such a statement by asking, is it really possible, that persons can be found, who are prepared to sacrifice their time, for the express purpose of *wilfully* misrepresenting your religion? Is it true, that myself and others, who are prominently engaged in this controversy; are the base and designing persons, that your Priests would fain picture us to be? I admit, that there are Roman Catholics, who may be of such an opinion; still I cannot think that the great bulk will be disposed to agree with them.

But not only are such cases as I have described, constantly occurring in England; but even in America and elsewhere, the same state of things exists. I now submit an extract from a New York newspaper, "Harper's Weekly," and to which I ask earnest attention.

It reads as follows ---

“ABDUCTION !

“of MARY ANN SMITH by the Roman Catholics. A full history, with testimony, decisions, correspondence, portrait of Priest, and present state of the case. 50 cents by mail. Cloth, 80 cents. Write to

“Rev. H. MATTISON, Jersey City, N.Y.”

What I ask, can we think of a religion, which prompts its followers to *steal*, or of the Priests or Agents, who glory in directing the “attack?” To my Roman Catholic readers, I would say in the eloquent language of one,* who has ably refuted the miserable sophistries of Rome. “I adjure you, to rise with Abraham of old from the land and habits of idolatry, and to come forth, like the patriarch, at God’s bidding; to a far better land, which the word of God most clearly shows you. Do not halt. Be men. God prosper the holy of purpose. Remain not in the tombs of Rome’s charnel-house. Like Lazarus of old, come forth from the grave, and at the bidding of the Saviour; throw off the bands and napkins of corruption in which for centuries you have slept. Hear ye not the trumpet cry, ‘Come forth.’ Leave the mephitic vapours of tradition for the sweets of pure and untainted truth. Be slaves no more. They only are freemen whom the truth of God makes free, and all are slaves besides. The angel of the everlasting covenant that ordered Peter to come forth from the prison in which the wicked Herod had placed him, calls in awful and piercing accents to you captives and prisoners of Antichrist, bondsmen of Satan,—‘Come out, that ye partake not

* The Rev. Dr. Cumming.

of her sins and receive not of her plagues.' I urge you to come forth, you who, like Samson in the lap of Delilah, have so long and so disastrously slumbered, that ye have been shorn of your moral strength, deprived of your privileges, and denuded of your most precious birthright; and rest assured that He who says, 'Come out of her, my people, and partake not of her sins and receive not of her plagues,' will give you strength to be 'faithful even unto death.'

"The Bible, our Rule of Faith, batters the assumptions of the Mass to atoms, and proclaims in loud and exterminating accents, 'By *one* offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.' It casts Transubstantiation to the moles and to the bats, showing that this horrible tenet was concocted in some dark age, bearing for its date the ninth century. Our Rule of Faith annihilates the Invocation of Saints, and shows that such is a specious theory, and an idolatrous practice. It tells you in accents piercing and impressive that you may not, *must not*, blend the tears of Mary with the blood of Jesus, or the rags of saints with the righteousness of God. It tells you to turn your backs upon saints, and angels, and archangels, and to rest your eye upon one single object—but that object—how glorious! how sufficient! 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.'

"Yes, my Roman Catholic friends, as you value your never-dying souls, as you desire an eternal heaven, in all time of your wealth, in all time of your tribulation, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, look to Christ, and to Christ alone, as the only altar, priest, and sacrifice. Turn, oh turn from that miserable and apostate Church,

which sanctions and wages persecution, drunk with the blood of saints, and whose chosen weapons are the faggot and the flame. I know there is a power in the Gospel over your hearts and consciences that you will not, dare not, cannot, resist. Thus then may you be brought out of that vessel which was built in the storm-blast in the eclipse of reason, revelation, and conscience, which, shattered and open in every part, leaks fearfully and sinks inch by inch, into the fathomless abyss of everlasting and ever-burning wrath. Come, my friends and fellow-sinners, not to this or that party, not to Calvin or Cranmer, but to that great and glorious Ark, 'God manifest in the flesh,' which will bear you through the difficulties, turmoils, trials, and sorrows of this present evil world, and will land you, not like the ark of Noah, on the barren crags of Ararat, to look forth upon a world depopulated and dismantled, but safely and softly amid the still waters of perpetual peace, beside the everlasting hills of the heavenly Jerusalem, even in the bosom of your Father and my Father, of your God and my God."

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