

nearly every market-place in Europe? Does she loathe the Inquisition? Dean Farrar tells us that quite recently a Spanish professor publicly toasted the Inquisition at a banquet in Madrid; a French Dominican preached in its honor at Notre Dame; and the Revue Romanine, blessed by the Pope, had an article in 1895 by a priest who calls those who oppose intolerance "sons of darkness," and goes on, "Far be it from us that, bedimmed by the blindness of liberalism, we should seek out feeble excuses in defense of the Holy Inquisition . . . and the blessed flames of the stakes!" "And this," adds the dean, "under the eyes of the very mild and benevolent Leo XIII. We know, therefore, what we have to expect from this sweet and blessed dominance of soft-speaking priests." If acts as well as words are wanted to prove that Rome has not repented of her crimes in persecution, let the enquirer read what the Evangelical churches of Madagascar are suffering at the hands of the Jesuits and their instruments today. Rome has been cruel and she has been foul; witness Baronius and other candid Romanists whose admissions popes and cardinals find it convenient to forget. Perhaps the most mordant satire ever written upon the life of the holy Roman city herself is contained in the story of Boccaccio, which Dr. Salmon cites in his treatise on the "Infallibility of the Church." It runs as follows: "A Jew being pressed to embrace Christianity declared his intention of visiting Rome and judging of the religion by the lives of Christ's Vicar, his cardinals, and bishops. His Christian friends were horrified, knowing that the spectacle of the sensuality, avarice and simony which tainted all at Rome was better calculated to make a Christian turn Jew, than a Jew become a Christian. But the Jewish visitor, on his return, presented himself for baptism, declaring himself convinced of the divinity of a religion which survived, notwithstanding that its chief ministers were doing their very best to destroy it."

ROME CONTINUES TO THROW DUST IN MEN'S EYES WITH INCREASING LIBERALITY.

She still submits precarious inferences as established facts. She still tampers with history. She still maligns her opponents. She still restrains and perverts the Scriptures. She still boasts—at least to the uneducated—that her faith is what good Christians have always, everywhere, and all believed. She scoffs at the divisions of Protestants and carefully ignores the fact that the half of nominal Christendom is solid in its denial of the Pope's supremacy. Peter is the rock upon which Rome builds, but Peter's wife is a rock upon which Romanists have been known to suffer shipwreck, and so, as far as possible, they steer clear of her. I merely mention, in addition, the disparity between Roman teaching in authorized manuals designed for Protestant consumption, and the popular teaching which the faithful and credulous are encouraged to receive.

STATISTICS.

The Jubilee statistics published by the Catholic Truth Society contain the following totals for Great Britain: Churches, chapel and stations in 1837, 502; in 1897, 1,812; clergy, 1837, 567; in 1897, 3,115. Of religious houses for men there were in 1837, 6; in 1897, 253; for women, in 1837, 17; in 1897 there are 524, "each of which," says the pamphlet, "is a centre of light and grace." Of Catholic day scholars the numbers are, 1849, 8,445; 1896, 235,776. These figures speak for themselves. They do not, of course, include Romanizing Ritualists who are travelling Romewards with ever accelerating pace. Some of my High Church friends would have me doubt this Romeward trend; but I cannot. Since I have been in Plymouth I have heard a curious story to this effect. A week or two ago an Anglican clergyman of this diocese, who had gone some way, was dismayed to find that his people were ahead of him, and told them in a voice broken with emotion that they would really have to make their choice between the Bishop of Exeter and the Pope of Rome. Laments of such men as Dean Burgoon over the extravagances of their brethren are as significant as the exultations of Cardinal Vaughan. At Ebbs Fleet the other day he praised the Ritualists in these terms: "To their unspeakable honor be it said that multitudes, once the assailants of Catholic doctrine, have become its upholders and confessors. They who cast out the altar and stripped the church have re-erected the altar and refurbished the church. They who denounced auricular confession are hearing confessions; they who blasphemed the Mass are trying to say Mass; they who denied the sacerdotal powers of Rome claim to possess and exercise those powers. The iconoclasts have replaced the statues of the Mother of God and the saints in their niches of honor. Persecutors of the church have become her devout children." These, of course, are the men who, in truly Roman fashion, revile the Reformation, and long for the idyllic state of things which obtained in England before her fair and holy church was wrecked by that dire catastrophe. Strange infatuation! I commend to you, lacking time for more than an allusion, Bishop Ryle's excellent tract on "What we owe to the Reformation." There you will get a picture of pre-Reformation England, with its many ignorant and dissolute clergy; with its religious houses, not "centres of light and grace," but cesspools of abomination, with its populace sunk in superstition, and with its lavish exhibition of false relics; such as the fragment of the blessed Virgin's smock, which was supposed to be of great virtue in mitigating the sorrows and evils of child-bearing.

RITUALIST TRADUCERS.

of the Reformation seem to imagine that they have proved their case when they have reminded us that Henry the Eighth was not a saint. Frankly enough we own it. But history, both sacred and secular, proves beyond contention that when there are very foul places to be cleansed, Providence does not disdain to do some of the rough-sweeping with a soiled broom. To change the figure, the light of Henry's life was smoky and evil-smelling, but the candle lit by such men as Ridley and Latimer shines like a star for ever. The use which Rome makes of Anglican clergymen when she has at length

secured them is sufficiently adroit. I am told that when they have received their training in a Catholic college, they are sent back to the districts in which they formerly worked as Protestants to proselytize. This has happened in many instances at least. In promising a glimpse of contemporary Roman Catholic worship in London, I purposed to attempt a picture, with light and shade and coloring. I content myself with the barest outline of the facts. A member of my own church visited the Brompton Oratory. There is a big statue of St. Peter with the keys. While my friend looked on, a woman kissed the toe of this statue, placed her head beneath its foot and muttered a prayer; the inducement to this particular form of devotion being the promise of "fifty days' indulgence applicable to souls in purgatory." On the same occasion batches of kneeling worshippers kissed a casket which enclosed a relic of St. Phillip, here held by a priest before the altar. When a reasonable number of kisses had been received, the priest gravely wiped the casket with a decent cloth, and the kissing recommenced. Brethren, I hold that the Romish system has not improved. That its influence is spreading subtly and swiftly among us I cannot doubt; and the attitude that becomes us Baptists is one of vigilant instruction, unceasing, and uncompromising opposition. Our people need to be informed. With much diffidence.

I PROFFER ONE OR TWO SUGGESTIONS:

(1) Let our ministers refresh their minds upon this controversy, where refreshment is needed, and let them preach upon the subject at least once in the year; giving also occasional lectures to the Young People's Guild or the Christian Endeavour Society. I mention two books which would be found useful Dr. Salmon's "Infallibility of the Church," a biggish book, and a very fine one; and Dr. Wright's "Primer of Roman Catholicism," an excellent text-book. (2) Let our Sunday school superintendents arrange to devote one afternoon a year to an address upon Romanism, taking care that the speaker is level-headed and competent. (3) Let us appeal to the Free Church Committee, which has a catechism in hand, to push on its labors; for we are in bitter need of compact, memorable statements of evangelical doctrine. (4) I suggest that we urge the very ablest men we have among us to use their best abilities in supplying us with tracts. Some of us despise halfpenny books. Rome does not, and in this she is wiser than we. In her church lobbies you will find popular tracts written by her best men. You can put a penny in the box and take one. I call not for giggling negations of Romish error; but for strong, clear, winning statements on evangelical truth. For instance, if Dr. Maclaren would give us a penny tract on the true doctrine of the Lord's Supper, as against the false doctrine of the Mass, we could sell it by thousands. My friends and I would take the first thousand for our own church and district. (5) With aestheticism of the Anglicans and the Romanists we cannot compete. We are absurd if we try. Our hope must be in pulpit efficiency, fidelity to the pure Gospel, the completest pastoral oversight we can command, prayerful zeal of our members, and the presence with us through all of the Spirit of Truth. Now, if I have sinned against charity in any word of mine this morning, I pray that God and my brethren will forgive me. This controversial business is a thing for which I have no native liking; and it is vast relief to turn from the thought of error and schism and the strife which these engender, to the thought of the one Church, invisible and undivided, growing silently and purely through the ages, whose perfect and eternal beauty will grace the marriage supper of the Lamb. I conclude with a sentence from the pen of our sainted friend Mr. Spurgeon, quoted in the recent Church Congress at Nottingham: "The True Bride is as yet in the making, and even the second Adam sees her not till she is fully fashioned; then will he call her 'the mother of all living.'"

Give Christ Your Heart.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

It seems as if nearly half the deaths reported in the newspapers are set down to "heart failure." This constant reiteration may remind us of the vital place which that central organ holds in our bodily machinery. By the play of its valve—as by the play of a piston-rod—all the blood in the system is sent coursing through veins and arteries; once in every four minutes every drop of our blood passes through this "court of honor." The currents driven forth at every stroke of this busy piston carry heat and vital energy to the farthest extremity of our frame. Stoppage there means instantaneous death.

From this wonderful bodily organ the word is transferred to our spiritual nature. That inward power which drives the current of thoughts, affections and volitions is called in the Bible "the heart." It is the seat of character. It rules the whole inward life. If Jesus Christ gets control of the heart, He controls the whole man. When a suitor seeks to win the heart of a young maiden, he feels sure that if he gains, that he will gain her hand, her person, her entire self. When the Lord Jesus says to any one of us, "Give me thy heart," He means, Give me thyself! He asks us to know Him, to trust Him, and to obey Him. Obedience begets love, and love prompts to obedience.

There are many reasons why we should give our hearts to Christ. He has a right to them, and a refusal is not a mere immaterial thing, it is a heinous sin. The more depraved and disordered your heart is, the more reason for giving it to Christ. If my watch is out of order, I do not attempt to mend it; I put it at once into the hands

of a watchmaker. The worse off the watch is, the more need of repair. The worse the condition of your heart, the more reason that you betake yourself to Him who can "renew a right spirit within you." To the guiltiest wretch, as well as to the most exemplary moralist, the sovereign Saviour says, "Give me thy heart."

This is a positive step; this means a positive religion. Faith is an act. Giving Christ the heart is putting him on the central throne and letting him rule us. We give him the keys to every room. This is a vastly more thorough business than fighting a single temptation or lopping off a particular sin. This is the slowest and most useless way to fight the whole legion of devils; for if one is cast out, another will step in. Such negative work comes to nothing. Christianity is more than saying "No" to this or that temptation; it is saying "Yes" to Jesus Christ. The only remedy for trickiness is downright honesty; the only cure for tiptoeing is entire abstinence; the only reform of Sabbath breaking is Sabbath observance; the only remedy for covetousness is general giving; the only cure for skepticism is to try Christ for yourself.

There is a great deal of well-intended preaching that amounts to very little. It is the preaching that thunders away, Sunday after Sunday, at particular sins. Such sermons might frighten some, and make others angry or desperate. The heart is the real sinner. Out of it flows the falsehood, or the impurity, or the pride, or the malice or the unbelief that the preacher is driving at. To "cease to do evil" is not enough, even if it were easily accomplished. "Learn to do well" is infinitely more important, and that means to learn Christ. Paul went to the core of the matter when he told us that if we walk in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. The only way to get sin out of your life is to get the root of sin out of your heart, and the only sure process is to give Jesus the heart and enthrone him there. As Mark Hopkins has well said, "The beauty on the surface of daily life is from the central principle within, as the beauty on the cheek of health is from the central force at the heart."

Here we discover the real reason why so many people have never yet become Christians. They want to be saved; they expect sometime or other to be saved; they are ready to reform this, that, or the other fault; but they stop short of the one vital thing, and that is, to surrender their hearts to Christ. The Holy Spirit presses them right there and to do just that, and they quench the Spirit, who will never compromise with them. Christ's one glorious offer is "Seek and ye shall find. Ye shall seek me and find me when ye search for me with all your heart."

My unconverted friend, does not this touch your case exactly? You are to-day offending God, losing all peace of conscience, wasting your life, and risking hell. If you are finally lost, your bitter lamentation will be, "I might have been saved; I expected to be saved at some time: the loving Saviour asked for my heart, and I refused him?" To sink into perdition will be awful enough without the harrowing thought that you flung away Christ, and flung away heaven.

Don't say that you cannot regenerate your own heart. A farmer cannot make his grain grow, but he can cooperate with the forces of nature, soil, sunshine and rain, and so secure his harvest. Pray for the Holy Spirit's help; work with the Spirit, not against him. You cannot make your sinful heart new and clean. Jesus can. Jesus offers and pleads with you to let him make your heart what it ought to be. His one condition is, "Give me thy heart." Do it!—Evangelist.

Strong Meat Makes Strong Men.

These are not days for dilettanteism in any department of life, least of all in religion. We need strong men and strong women with principles, with positive beliefs, with energy and force of character, with convictions upon all great moral questions, with force in living and acting, whose judgments and opinions will help to shape public sentiment, whose influence will be always on the right side, and will count for something, and whose words on any subject will command attention and respect and inspire to worthy action.

"A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith, and willing
hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie."

In the bringing up of such men we need the strong meat of the Word of God, and not mere dainty bits picked out here and there from favorite chapters. Milk is for babes, but milk will not build up the tissue and brawn necessary for vigorous manhood. Those who have anything to do with the teaching of the young people in Sunday schools and in homes would do well to give serious thought to this subject. Perhaps the tendency is too much toward things that do not give strength.—Selected.