

Our Contributors.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY IN ECCLESIASTICAL LONDON.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Canadians who never read the religious journals of the old land, have the idea that ecclesiastical meetings in the Mother country are always conducted with extraordinary dullness and solemnity. They imagine that things racy and humorous are rigorously excluded from the great annual meetings of the British Churches, and that a happy hit which might be applauded in the American Assembly, and perhaps tolerated even in a Church Court, would be promptly put down in any ecclesiastical meeting in Great Britain. The facts are exactly the other way. Conscious of their power and dignity, the great British ecclesiastical meetings don't need to be everlastingly defending their dignity. Their dignity is sufficiently able-bodied to take care of itself. Nobody over there has the least fear that a racy speech may overturn the foundations of Zion. It never dawns upon the mind of a stalwart English, Irish, or Scotch Christian, that leaden dullness and dignified stupidity are the principal pillars of the Church. They know more about the real foundation of the Church than to adopt any such absurd theory. Intelligent British Christians leave props of that kind to people who have nothing better to stand on.

We have before us a copy of that most readable journal, the *British Weekly*, in which there are condensed reports of the proceedings of the English Presbyterian Synod, of the Baptist Union, the Congregational Union, of the Pastors' College (Spurgeon's) Evangelical Association, and of several other annual gatherings. At these meetings, the best men were at the front. Judging from the speeches they made, and the papers they read, one is justified in assuming that they forgot their ecclesiastical straight jackets when they left home. Certainly they forgot to be grim. Probably they thought that being grim is a special characteristic of "mere colonists" and "stucket ministers" who have sailed from the tight little island in search of churches to empty.

The annual meeting of the British Liberation Society was held in Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and was presided over by a member of the House of Commons. Some of the most prominent ministers of the three kingdoms were on the platform. The report closes in this way.

Mr. Mitchell, who was to speak on the Scotch Church question, was left to the last, a proceeding he very good naturedly affected to regard as a compliment. What he did say, however, only made his hearers wish that some of the preceding speakers had been more chary of their eloquence, for Scotch humour and Scotch fire are dear to Southern ears and hearts, and had there not been a long way for many of us to go, and a character for early hours to keep up, we could well have spent another hour in the Tabernacle to listen to such a racy speech as that of the Rev. D. Mitchell.

Had Mr. Mitchell been addressing a mixed audience in some small Canadian village, or cross-roads school house, he would probably have been asked to repress his Scotch humour and smother his Scotch fire, lest he should offend some of the half "Plyms" present. Those stalwart Englishmen were not afraid that a little Scotch humour would destroy their religion. They did not seem to think that a Scotch story, well told by a Scotchman to illustrate a point, would knock the piety out of them. They may have been wicked enough to suppose that even a mild laugh at a public meeting would not cancel their covenant title to a share of the great inheritance. Those Englishmen thought they could stand Scotch fire, which is more than Englishmen have always done.

At the anniversary missionary meeting held by the Baptist Union, Professor Elmslie seems to have ignored that dullness which so often does service for clerical dignity:

The speech of the evening was undoubtedly Professor Elmslie's. Mr. Fuller (our black missionary, as he is affectionately called), and Mr. Ewen, of Benares, both spoke well. But Professor Elmslie displayed a combination of sound sense and humour, of loyal adherence to principle and generous sympathy, of stimulating thought and genial mirthfulness altogether unique.

So it seems that learned professors, as well as "mere pastors" relax a little at times across the water. Probably Professor Elmslie did not feel that it was necessary to try to make up for his lack of learning and ability by looking mysterious, and uttering platitudes in funeral tones.

In the matter of raciness, Spurgeon is perhaps the greatest living sinner, as the following extract from his speech at the opening of the Pastors' College will show.

Many ministers have two creeds; one for the pulpit, and one for private consumption. They never obtrude the one; they keep it for fraternal and private meetings. If we do so, we shall become a proverb to all honest men; a scorn to the working classes. It is a piece of knavery. I believe nothing but what I preach, and I preach nothing but what I believe. If I did, I should deserve to lie in a cell all my life. Mr. Gadsby once rode in a coach with two ministers, and he asked them, "Now tell me, how is a man justified before God?" They replied: "Ah now, we know that whatever we say you will repeat it next Sunday, and it will be all over Manchester." Gadsby replied: "A man is saved by sovereign grace, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; now tell it all over Manchester." We only desire publicity. Look at Rowland Hill and Whitfield. As they fed others, they fed upon the Word themselves. They preached as if they enjoyed it. Oh, brethren, be earnest, if you would be real! A minister once said: "No one can go to sleep in my church, I have desired the sexton to wake up the sleepers." His friend replied: "Better tell the sexton to wake you up." Give them something worth listening to, and they will not go to sleep. A friend of mine said lately that no man need wish to be an "original thinker." Jesus Christ was not an original thinker; nor was the Holy Ghost. I will tell you who is the original thinker. The woman, when congratulated upon her son's strong-mindedness, replied, "Ah! it's nothing to his not-mindedness." It's all their not-mindedness. When we preach to please the people, we cannot be real. A great man once put his watch into the saucepan and stood looking at the egg. Many

ministers put the Bible in the saucepan and stand looking at the people. They boil the Bible down. Let us boil the egg, and keep our eyes upon the watch. I believe in all within the Bible, from the first of Genesis to the last of Revelation. We believe in a real God, a real redemption, a real heaven, and also in a real hell. If we give an inch to error, we must give an ell. If we admit one mistake in the Bible, we must admit many; if God erred in a little thing, He has erred in a great one. Then, be honest in your statistics. Don't bamboozle. Now, dear church members, let me speak to you. There was an Irishman who, having a few pounds, thought that he would be carried in a sedan chair. There was but one in the village, and it had neither bottom nor seat. But the bearers carried the handles, and the man walked in the midst. He said "that, if it had not been for the dignity of the thing, he might just as well have walked." Alas! there are many Church members so. Then, don't tolerate sham doctrines. We were told lately that we were all elected, and that all we had to do was to make our election sure. That is like the schoolboy who wrote "Psalm" as "salm." When spoken to he replied, "What is the use of 'P'?" It has no sound in it." So men spell their Psalm without a "P." They say of this doctrine and that, they are no use. Then avoid sham experience; and avoid sham living. That man, for instance, who paid his 1s. in a pound, and said, "Thank God I have not lost my honour, nor have I quite lost all my property, for much of it has been made over to my wife." Men would say that such a man's religion was a 1s. in the pound, and the shilling possibly counterfeit.

THE JESUITS

BY REV. R. F. BURNS, D.D., HALIFAX.

HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANOURS.

But let us pass from the religious to the political view of the practices of the Jesuits. We have already intimated that we arraign the Jesuits at the bar of history, and solemnly charge them with having had to do either directly or indirectly with some of the most black and bloody transactions that blot its annals. We charge them with having accomplished the death of Henry III. and Henry IV. in France; and the Prince of Orange in Holland. We charge them with having aimed at the deaths of our own Queen Elizabeth, and her successor, the weak-minded James. We charge them with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, in France; and its counterpart nearly a century after, in Ireland. We charge them with the Spanish Armada, with the Gunpowder Plot, and with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. We charge them in fine with "hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like."

We go first to France. Not until twenty years after their establishment did the Jesuits set their foot on that soil which they were destined to drench with blood, and to convert into a heaving volcano. The university and Parliament, and even the bishop of Paris, with his priests, were jealous of this rising order. Through the "fair speeches" however, and the interposition of the crown and the principal aristocracy, they effected an entry in 1500. Buildings were erected and plots hatched with amazing rapidity, a holy league was formed, of which the notorious Guises and Philip II., of Spain, were prominent members, but at the bottom of which were the Jesuits.

The articles of this league declared it to be "for the maintenance of the Roman Catholic religion in France, as well as in the Low Countries, and on the death of Henry III. to take measures that the Cardinal de Bourbon be appointed his successor; the heretic and relapsed princes being for ever excluded from the right of succession." The object, in other words, was to prevent Protestants ever reigning in France, and to perpetuate the succession to the crown along a Popish line. After the formation of this Holy Alliance Henry III. was tossed on a sea of troubles, and at last, in 1589, was stabbed at St. Cloud by James Clement, a Popish Friar. There can be no question that he was in direct concert with the Jesuits, who had contrived that league which had proved the source of the unhappy monarch's troubles. In the pulpits, and through the press, they declared the murderer to be a martyr, and Henry to be a Herod. Over altars in their Churches the portrait of Clement was placed. They even proposed erecting a statue to him in the Cathedral of Notre Dame—and when his mother appeared in Paris, they told the people to go and venerate that blessed mother of a holy martyr.

The Jesuits, with all their adherents, united in a firm phalanx to plant barriers in the way of Henry IV. to the throne. Despite all their efforts, he got securely seated. Though a Protestant, melancholy to relate, he apostatized, and took the Jesuits into his confidence. But though he loaded them with favours, they requited them with the basest ingratitude.

John Chastel, a student of philosophy in one of the Jesuit colleges, struck at him with a knife, when sitting in his chamber, in 1595. The wound did not prove mortal. Immediately the Jesuits were expelled from France, but in 1603, they were permitted to return. Seven years thereafter, on the 14th May, 1610, as the infatuated Henry was stepping from his carriage, he was stabbed to the heart by the priest Ravallac. The assassin, on being seized, justified his deed by an appeal to Jesuit writings, especially those on "Regicida," by the Spaniard Mariana. He declared further, that he had been at mass, and received absolution beforehand for his crime, from Father D' Aubigny, while he was privy to his intentions.

In consequence of these repeated attempts, very stringent enactments against the Jesuits were found necessary—enactments which bear a very striking contrast to the milk and water ones of more recent times, and in the light of which their incorporation and endowment among ourselves seems so singular.

In 1570, the leaders of the Protestant party in France were invited to Paris. They were fêted to satiety. Everything

was done to please them and throw them off their guard. Flowers had been spread over the pit that had been dug for their ruin. On a given signal, swords sprang from thousands of scabbards, and for three days and three nights, the streets of the gay Capital flowed with blood. The carnival was exchanged for a carnage, the most bloody that history records.

This event, which will keep St. Bartholomew's day forever in remembrance, was undoubtedly applauded by the Jesuits, if they were not the prime actors in it. We know for certainty that the Pope proclaimed a special thanksgiving at Rome, on account of it, and struck off a medal which still exists to memorialize it.

THE MASSACRE IN IRELAND

may be fitly placed side by side with that of which France was the scene. The circumstances were not unlike. The impelling cause was the same.

From the period that Charles I. ascended the throne, the Jesuits became more than ordinarily active. They directed their efforts especially to Ireland. Their grand aim was to cut the cord that bound it to England, and to connect it with Rome. The hardy and heroic colonists that had fled across the channel to find an asylum in Ulster, stood in the way of the carrying out of their cherished idea. They, at first, feigned friendship, and made overtures for a coalition against Charles. But suddenly the mask was torn aside—the bolt felt. On the 23rd October, 1641, thousands of our innocent unsuspecting forefathers fell beneath the blows of concealed weapons. The glare of countless, blazing huts reddened the sky. Priests were seen openly urging forward the inhuman monsters. A mountain of stiffened and mangled corpses was again piled up as a suitable monument to the Woman whom the pen of prophecy describes as "drunk with the blood of the saints."

During the reign of James, Henry Garnet was Provincial of the Jesuits in England. One day, the significant question was proposed to him, "Whether, for the sake of promoting the Catholic religion, it might be permitted, should necessity require, to involve the innocent in the same destruction with the guilty?" In the true spirit of a Jesuit casuist, the wily Garnet replied, "That if the guilty should constitute the greater number, it might."

This answer contained in it the germ whence subsequently sprung the Gunpowder Plot. It flashed into the mind of Robert Catesby that it would be a glorious deed, which would earn for him a high place in the calendar of saints, to blow into eternity King, Lords and Commons, on the occasion of the assembling of Parliament, on the 5th November, 1605. Along with a friend, to whom his intention was communicated, he flew over to the continent and consulted with Guy Fawkes, then a student at Douay. Fawkes grasped at the idea. Our readers know the rest. What we wish particularly to notice is, that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the plot from beginning to end. Garnet, then chief, confessed before his execution "that he had heard of the plot in confession, but amongst Catholics, the secrecy of confession was inviolable."

HERESIES.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS HENNING.

A perfect silence reigned throughout the immense assembly. Various proceedings followed. The charges against Huss were read, but he was scarcely permitted to reply to them. He listened on his knees, his hands raised to heaven. Once he mentioned aloud his safe-conduct that had been so shamefully violated and turned his sad eyes upon the Emperor. A deep blush spread over Sigismund's face; he was strongly moved. Sentence of degradation was next pronounced against Huss. The priests appointed for that duty at once approached him, put on him the priestly robes, and then took them off. They then placed on his head a paper crown, on which were painted three demons of frightful aspect, and on it was inscribed, "Chief of the Heretics." Huss said to them, "It is less painful than a crown of thorns." They mocked him with bitter raillery, and then led him away to execution.

He went from the Church to the place of execution guarded by the officers of justice. Behind him came, in a long procession, the Emperor, the Prince Palatine, their courtiers, and eight hundred soldiers. A vast throng of people followed, who would not be turned back. As Huss passed the episcopal palace he saw that they were already burning his books, and smiled at the malice of his enemies. He was bound to the stake, and the wood piled up around him. Before the pile was lighted the Elector Palatine advanced and asked him to recant and save his life. He refused. He prayed, and all the multitude prayed with him. The fire was lighted; he raised his arms and eyes toward heaven, and as the flames ascended he was heard joyfully singing a hymn of praise. Higher, higher rose his dying chant, until his voice mingled with the songs of angels above.

All that remained of John Huss, his ashes, his clothes, his furniture, was cast into the Rhine, lest his followers might preserve them as relics of the martyr. But the Bohemians afterwards gathered the earth on which he suffered and carried it away. His friend, Jerome of Prague, Milman vol. VII. p. 505, was burned the next year, by order of the Council of Constance. Bohemia has never ceased to lament and honour her gifted sons, and the world is just becoming deeply conscious of what it owes to Huss and Jerome of Prague, the fore-runners of Luther.

In July, 1431, a council assembled at Basle still more revolutionary in its character than that of Constance. The