

tion, manual labor, mortifications and the choir. Others pursue learning, with prayer, mortifications, &c. Some dedicate themselves to the missions, others to education, or the secret solitude of the cloister, where heaven alone records their sacrifice; others to visit the sick and the hospitals, to relieve the distressed, feed the hungry, harbor the harborless, instruct the poor, teach the little ones, and be angels of charity to the imprisoned, and those whose lives are forfeited to the laws. Indeed, there is no evil to which flesh is heir to that is not multiplied and removed by these maligned men of the monastic state. The value of these orders was felt, and sorely too in this nation, after the destruction of the monasteries; and to the loss of them is due much of the ignorance, vice and poverty of the people in our days. As to the Jesuits (but I am no Jesuit or monk), of which such hard things are said, they take the vows before mentioned, devote themselves to education and the missions, and bind themselves to go wherever their superior and the head of the church command them, to preach the gospel and instruct the people. They fear not seas, nor burning sands, nor savage nations; in the heart of China, in the regions of Hindostan, in the far west of the American continent, as well as in the north and south. Nor do they shrink from the arid waste and scorching climes, or brutal horde of Africa. And why do they go? Not to get acres of land by hundreds, but to preach the gospel of Christ; not to hold an iron sway, which a little more, not better than savage intelligence gives over to the natives; but to be the fathers, the friends and instructors of the people in the highest of all sciences, true religion, and the best of all human knowledge, for which they are proverbial, even on the lips of their enemies, when the padlock of national prejudice and fear of human remonstrance are removed. They are called fathers in every country, because they have merited to be so called, for *sua* a cognomen will never take root among any people till it is found congenial to their soil; and the very Indians of Paraguay and its neighboring wilds kept up a grateful tradition in our time of these black-gowned fathers—a term by which they distinguished these ambassadors of truth and benevolence from all black-coated pretenders whatsoever. But how do they go? Not under the protection of England except where England chooses to protect them: not to enter on the domain of male and female bishops and parsons; for there is no established church; but alone, to make their own missions, and take charge of their own people throughout the world's domain, which heaven has given them: not with the exchequer on their backs, or Queen Ann's bounty in their pockets; but, like their prototype, St. Francis Xavier, without purse or scrip, depending on the charity of the faithful; not with sword, or staff, or government patronage; but depending solely on the blessing of God on their zeal and labors. It is not long since I had a letter from a poor Trappist monk of Mount St. Bernard, on the howling desert

of Charwood, every word of which was fire, every breath a flame to go to the uppermost boundaries of the globe. What for? To lie on a downy bed, and live in ease and splendour? To be called his reverence with a bow and crushing mien? To eat good dinners, sit in ball rooms and halls of state, and dandle my lady hither and thither?—No! To lie in the bush, to tend the forlorn, to help the wretched and the miserable, to preach the gospel of the ever blessed God to those that sit in darkness and the shadow of death; straightened with poverty and bound in irons. To labour all the day "in journeying often, in fasting often in cold and nakedness." Rising at midnight from his blanket and cold hard earth, to cheer the wilderness with matin, song never to taste, I say not the savoury dish or choicest viand, but never flesh of any kind, but grain and herbs the coarsest dressing, nor wine, nor ale, nor spirits to mingle it with. And is this what thou art on fire about, and after which thy breath is flame, Oh! thou choicest one (at least to some) among the sons of men? Yes. Then take thy stand by yonder velvet gentleman; he is a missionary too, and let high heaven make its welcome choice.

These monks, these Jesuits, these religious orders of all kinds are not merely plained and spokeshaved by religion; they are galvanised by it, and full of the electric fire,—'tis heaven's fire, not earth's; 'tis taken with angel's tongues from off that flaming altar that ever burns before the Great Eternal. 'Tis that of the patriarchs, the apostles of the Lamb that has set the nations on a blaze; not the hidden lamp in the bosom, or heated stone in the pockets to keep the minister's hands a little warm; or dram of brandy for the chest, while all is freezing cold without. No! Those men, old Goody two shoes; have got faith—the faith, depend upon it. Nor is it in transition on the declining plane towards infidelity. You have mistaken, good mother: it is your confraternity, your dear pincinnies that are sliding down, down to that interminable gulf. If there be any transition in them it is upwards, and forwards, and sideways: they are communicating their fire to others in great multitudes, who, like a furnace, send their flame to heaven, which, in return, sends down a supernatural supply in greater abundance. You may lay your wood in order, and your victim on the wood, and cry; but there will be neither voice nor hearing. You may pour water on the sacrifice of these Elias; but the fire will not descend in your sight, and drink up your water and consume the victim of approval. I have now vindicated the just ones from the slander of unbelief, and we can now afford to listen to the detractor.

He considers that the anti-Christian character of Popery "is shown in its general neglect of truth, and of the human understanding." Yet Popery stood up for truth when nearly all the nations had fallen from it; and the understandings of its children are so cultivated now that no one can withstand them. "But it is exhibited more fatally by the state of society in countries

where it prevails, exhibiting a remarkable tendency to infidelity & scepticism." If the springing up of infidelity in countries where the faith of Rome prevails proves the tendency of that faith to produce the infidelity, then the teaching of Christ himself had the same tendency; for when he had propounded the doctrine of the real presence St. John, chap. vi.), many went away and walked no more with him: Judas also grew up a traitor among the apostles. In England, under the fostering care of the established church, have grown up thousands of infidels who would destroy Christianity if they could; and besides these are the Socialists in vast numbers, who denounce Christianity, and the church, by law established, especially, as a vile imposture, the author of all the evils in society. Moreover, almost all the sects deny vehemently the Christianity and apostolicity of this church, and wish its downfall. Surely, then, the church has produced this infidelity which only watches its opportunity to do what infidels in some Catholic countries have succeeded in doing. Were I to follow this man through all his wanderings, his strange incongruities, his misrepresentations, wilful distortions, bold falsehoods, and a tissue of the most depraved and revolting sophistry that fills almost every line; I should never have done. The most charitable construction that we can put upon his rabid extravagances is, that they are the aberrations of a disordered mind, in all the wildness of desperation. We must now enter on the doctrine of metempsychosis showing the transmigation of the anti-Christian spirit through the various ascetic, or monastic bodies. It is an heirloom, he thinks, of the Catholic church. It was received and nourished in the apostles' days: for though they cried out against it, the faithful cherished it and delivered it down to their successors. It is true that then it was in its infancy and not fully formed, but it assumed a number of abortive shapes, and under this guise contrived to live *incog* till happier times; for "what sprung up in the first centuries in heresy or fanaticism underwent in its growth the most varied organization, till it passed into, and has thriven later in another sort in the form of an ecclesiastical usurpation." What these varied forms and organizations were through which the anti-Christian spirit passed deponent doth not say; but of course the "grievous corruptions of Rome," when she was pure, when she alone preserved the truth, and kept the lamp of the gospel burning: these corruptions were one or more of the forms of Anti-Christ. Then, however, this Roman Anti-Christ coerced the heresies and fanaticisms that troubled the church. But what did this heretical and fanatical Anti-Christ do? for there were two Anti-Christ—one in the corruption of pure Rome, and the other in the eastern, I suppose, heresies and fanaticisms. What did this latter Jewish one do? Why off he made to Rome; and, to conciliate the old simple bishop who had given him so much trouble, offered to make him pope, the first of a long succession, if he would receive him to his embraces. The good old

man winked his eyes for a few moments, and then, opening them and stretching forth his arms, said: "Is it thou, heretical and fanatical Anti-Christ? Come to my embraces, for the earth is too little for two: henceforth we twain are one, and will reign under an ecclesiastical usurpation. This is the best marriage I ever solemnized." said the new pontiff: "I am now pope, thou all Christendom knows the Bishop of Rome was never pope before; but I and though will easily persuade the world to acknowledge me, contrary to their convictions, for the successor of St. Peter and the primate of the world.

And now for the good deed thou hast done, Heresy, I give thee leave to corrupt all mankind. It matters not what heresies are born and prevail—what enthusiasts and fanatics rise and form societies: thou hast made me a throne; that throne I fill, and will fill; and all are and shall be welcome to my embraces, providing they bow to my authority; otherwise death is at their door.

Now the pope is the great Anti-Christ, enthroned in the temple of God; and from his eyes darts a fire—from his breath the energies of life—and from his magic sceptre rise up orders in succession, each shadowing forth in its parturient form and mien the part he is to act in the tragic drama of introducing by degrees the Gog or Magog of the latter times. Anti-Christ lived in the pope and in all his subjects under different forms, till the Pope and Popish church, denominated Popery, got old and weak; and then he let it slip from himself into simple "Monastism," so that the pope, evidently now could not be Anti-Christ: he had given it up.—Well, from Monastism it passed into the mendicant orders. Pshaw! I wonder it did not find better quarters than beggary! It did not like its quarters, however, far stay in them long, but off it skipped into Jesuitism. One would think that now it had found a home, for what could be so good a guise, or so safe a compact as that it had now formed? Jesuits, as represented, did all in their power to please their guest, and, to do honor to him and gratify him, they consented to become the pope's life-guards. Nay, they went farther, and humbled themselves to become his policemen in plain clothes, that they might be spies on all other religious orders and clergy and laity of Christendom. On their smiles trembled life and death: they could say, *pax vobis*, or *Dei vindex a nobis!* This and all that it implies is designed by this assassin of the character of the mildest, most modest and unobtrusive, least inquisitive and meddling in the affairs of others, and who as I have said, not only bear, but have every where gained the voluntary appellation of fathers by their flocks. One thing is quite evident. This man, however he may like to see spies among the poor Irish, does not like spies over himself, much less spies in plain clothes; and so fearful is he of a sly peep, that he shuns every unfamiliar face as a pope's policeman out of uniform.