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Contributors and Correspondents.

ENGLAND.

IRELAND—BELFAST—PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY—THE ENGLISH NATIONAL CHURCH.

Since last writing to you I have had a good deal of fatiguing travel and labor in Ireland, and more recently in the Metropolis of Great Britain. A few notes of the Assembly at Belfast, at which it was my privilege to be present, may interest your readers. Coming as I did directly from corresponding scenes at Edinburgh, the differences as well as the resemblances between them were very striking. There was a want of the imposing, dignified proprieties prevailing within and about both the Halls upon the Castle-rock, especially the southern one, where there is much of the statelyness of a court scene. But one soon feels that every deficiency in this respect is more than made up by the openness and warmth of manner of the Irish brethren, whether dispensing the hospitalities of their homes (with a freedom from which it were well the Scotch Capital should take a lesson) or conducting the business of their public gatherings. None who have been present at their public breakfasts in Ulster Hall will forget the sumptuousness of the entertainment provided, the excellent feeling which prevailed, or the happy eloquence with which it was expressed by home and foreign delegates.

The Assembly insisted by a large majority in re-electing its last Moderator, Mr. Johnston, and certainly they could not have had a better. The patience and tact with which he discharged the duties of a position so onerous and difficult were most admirable. This was most strikingly brought out in his disposal of the vexed question of instrumental music, after the better part of three days and nights had been spent in fruitless debate. Feeling ran high, and it was felt to be a critical moment. An honored elder proposed a few moments silent prayer, and at its close the Moderator suggested a wise compromise which gave victory to neither party, but pledged both for the present to drop the subject in the Church. Amid great excitement the proposal was unanimously adopted.

Very earnest and practical resolutions on the subjects of Temperance and Evangelistic open-air services were discussed and adopted with a display of power and enthusiasm which showed a spirit of uncompromising war with the crying evils of the day, and a most hearty loyalty to Christ and his gospel as the hope of Ireland. Under the zealous labors of Rev. Hamilton McGee in Dublin, and Dr. McClosky out of it, the Colportage Society seems entering on a new and most hopeful career of usefulness.

When the report of the Sustentation Scheme was presented and discussed, it was seen how admirably the Church had not only sustained the loss of her *Regium Donum*, but gained new life and strength by being cast on her own resources. The financial condition of many congregations and most ministers was found to be greatly improved. Few things have shown more strikingly of late the superiority of Presbyterianism to Episcopacy than the manner in which the two Churches in Ireland have come through the ordeal of the Disestablishment Act. The people of the latter are untrained to self-support or self-government, and show little capacity for either under the existing system. The attempts at liturgical reform were well meant, but ill-managed and unsuccessful. The people are dissatisfied, and in consequence the financial schemes of what is so ostentatiously but equivocally called the "Protestant Church of Ireland," languish most sadly.

In England I find strangely enough the same lesson very suggestively being brought before the religious public at the present time. While the National Church is rent with internal factions and threatened with formidable external troubles, the Presbyterianism of the land is reviving wonderfully, and developing new powers of spiritual vitality and ecclesiastical enterprise which are attracting the attention of earnest, thoughtful men without its pale, and giving it a moral influence in the country quite out of proportion to its mere numbers. This, along with the fact that the English Presbyterian Church has declined to commit itself to Disestablishment, with its attendant political agitation and distraction, has led some of the leading spirits of the Evangelical party in the Establishment to seek the advice of prominent men in the Presbyterian and other Non-conformist bodies. Already one conference has been held to devise measures for the deliverance of the National Church from

its own internal difficulties—how strange—and another is to be held next week, at which I have the prospect of being present, and may give you then some further particulars of this most singular position of affairs, so strangely in contrast with all the history and traditions of Episcopacy from the days of the Puritans and the Act of Uniformity to the present time. The fact is that the recent developments of Ritualism—awakening the Evangelists to the magnitude of the crisis. The Bishops refuse to move in the matter, though applied by 60,000 petitioners, many of them of the highest social standing. The lofty, led by such men as Lords Shaftesbury and Etway, and counselled and countenanced by many golly and influential clergy, refuse longer to remain inactive. And who can wonder, in view of the unchecked growth of Romish error and practice in the Church. Landing under the Benmet judgment freedom for this abuse of existing sacraments, they are boldly addressing themselves to the open recognition of the spurious sacraments of Rome, long practised more or less covertly. Eight years ago I remember seeing in Plymouth an Anglican mass-house, where the existence of the Confessional had just become known to the indignant public through the sufferings of a lady subjected by her confessor to the penance of *licking the form of the cross upon the bare floor*. Her bleeding tongue betrayed the outrage. About half a year ago I was told by a prominent member of the Church Association that there had recently been one or two cases of seduction through the confessional in this so-called "Reformed Protestant Church." Such facts need no comment.

The following, from a recent number of the "Church Herald," is a sample of the boldness of the ritualists.—"Another great practical step has been adopted in many churches, viz. the introduction of proper confessionals. The sooner the un-Catholic hole in the corner arrangement is abolished the better. Nothing tends to bring the sacrament of penance into greater disrepute than the secret something-to-be-ashamed-of way in which it is carried out by many Anglicans. We are informed that holy water has been introduced in one London church. The use of holy water was not condemned by the Puritan judgment. Those excellent persons who followed that judgment in some points will do well to restore *coups* at the door of their churches without delay." Quite a piece with this was the recent petition of 488 clergy to the House of Convocation for the formal recognition and regulation of the Confessional—a petition which is actually being now considered by the Bishops at their leisure. Can we wonder then at the intense indignation which has been aroused, and found expression last Monday evening in the great meeting at Exeter Hall, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, and addressed by several clergymen and members of Parliament. At last the Protestantism of the country is asserting itself, and we may expect something as decided as it is deplorably needful.

CANADIAN ABROAD.

London, July 3, 1878.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR.—No doubt our Christian friends of the Ontario province will like to know the details of the grave events which occurred at Antigonish on the 10th. They will see that Romanism is everywhere the same, the Enemy of Liberty.

The 9th, a little before I took my seat in the coach, an unknown gentleman took me apart and said: "Mr. Chiniquy, if you want to live a little longer, do not go to Antigonish, for the Roman Catholics will surely kill you there."

I thanked my unknown friend, and answered:—"The old soldier of Christ cannot find any better place to see than the battle field. It is the will of God that I should seal my testimony against the great Apostasy of Rome, let His will be done," and I took my seat.

I found the amiable minister of Antigonish, the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow, full of esteem for the priests, and much praising their liberality. I told him: "You do not know the priests of Rome, it is just when they speak in the most eloquent terms of Liberty, that they are preparing their darkest plots to destroy it." And I gave him to read the sentence of death of all the Protestants, as recorded in the famous Theology of St. Thomas Aquinas; assuring him that every bishop and priest of Rome are bound, every year, in the presence of God, to say that this sentence is so just and equitable that the Holy Ghost has evidently inspired every word of it.

Bro. Goodfellow found this wholesale condemnation to death such an extraordinary thing that he copied it. But he was to have, very soon, some other good reasons to modify his views about the liberality of the priests. A walk through the village of Antigonish brought us into the presence of numbers of Romanists, who were gathering from the country. We had never seen such threatening faces, they looked more like blood-thirsty tigers than men.

We opened the meeting in the Presbyterian church at 7 1/2 p. m., with a very large congregation of Protestants. But there were still more Romanists outside of the church. The subject of my address was "The errors of the Church of Rome, and the duties of Protestants towards Roman Catholics." I had not spoken ten minutes before these last ones entered the church, remained some time, and left, with great noise, at a signal. They repeated this a second time, but with such a noise, cries, ringing of their church bells, that it was difficult to speak. It was evident that the priests had schooled their blind slaves to do some mischief.

When the meeting was over, I gave my left arm to the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow, and my right one to a lay elder called Trotter; and, recommending myself to God, I walked out of the church. But we had not gone ten feet before a real hail of mud, sand, small stones and eggs fell upon me, and the kind friends who tried to protect me. Soon after, stones weighing five and six pounds, struck me with such a force, in the back, that sometimes I lost my breath, and would have fallen on the ground had not some kind and brave friends kept me up with their arms.

It was then that a big stone which had missed me, struck the dear Mr. Goodfellow so cruelly on the head, that I thought he was killed. He staggered and would have fallen on the ground, if a couple of friends had not supported him. He cried out, "My God, they have broken my head!" the blood was flowing from the wound and he put up his hand as to stop it.

Though I was much effebated by the many stones which had struck me, I felt so indignant when I saw the blood of my martyred friend flowing, that, turning my face toward the furious mob, I said in my teeth: "You are a band of cowards to attack unprotected and unarmed men! Ah! if I had here twelve of my brave Orange-men!"

I had not finished the last words when a volley of stones struck my breast and nearly threw me down on my back. About ten seconds after two stones struck the back of my shoulders, and another one my neck, and caused me to stagger. Then two stones hit the back of my head with such a terrible force that I felt unable to walk any longer. My bodily strength was fast giving way—it seemed then to me that this was my last hour. And I repeated, from the bottom of my heart, the words of our dying Saviour, "Father, receive my soul into thy hands."

In that very moment I heard a friendly voice saying, "Come in! quick! Come in." Raising my eyes to the left, where the voice came from, I saw a door opened. I said to Mr. Goodfellow, "Let us go to that house, and, without losing a moment we stopped in."

The murderers, furious to see us escaping with our lives, made a last effort to murder us. I heard the cries, "Kill him! kill him," and a new volley of stones were thrown, but they missed us and lost themselves in the glasses which they broke.

When safe in the noble Mr. Cameron's house, the few elders who had tried in vain to protect us, and the brave ladies who had accompanied us on that calvary road, washed away the blood which was covering the head and the face of Mr. Goodfellow and prevented the inflammation of the brain which I had to fear by putting cold water on my head and my bruised back bone and shoulders.

I then said, "Brethren and sisters, this is a most solemn hour for us all; the dear Saviour is evidently with us; he has most miraculously saved ourselves; let us listen to the sweet saying words he wants to say; let us read the XV. chapter of John."

But as neither Mr. Goodfellow nor I were strong enough to read, we requested one of the elders to do it.

It was a solemn hour indeed, when bruised, wounded, and bleeding, for our Saviour's sake, we heard that dear Saviour whispering into our ears:

"Abide in me, and I in you. I am the true vine, ye are the branches. As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends. I will not call ye servants, but friends. If the world hate you; ye know it hated me before it hated you. The servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."

These lines flew into our souls as rivers of light and life. And a joy, which no human words can express, filled our hearts. We fell on our knees to thank our merciful Heavenly Father, that he had chosen us to suffer something for the love of Jesus, and we requested Him to accept the offer we made of our hearts and souls and bruised bodies. We called the dear Saviour to unite our sufferings and our blood to His, and to make us as perfectly one with Him as the branch is one with the tree.

At one o'clock at night, the Rev. Mr. Goodfellow had sufficiently recovered his strength to try to get home. I remained alone in the midst of the Christian family of the brave Mr. Cameron. But that night was to be a sleepless night for me. There were too many and too strong emotions of joy and gratitude to God in my heart to allow me to shut my eyes.

Besides that, till the first dawn of day, the water-God worshippers waited around the house, hoping to find some opportunity to lay their hands upon me.

All this was so just at the door of the Roman Catholic Priest of Antigonish. They could see all the stones thrown at us, they could hear the noise of all those which hit our bruised bodies. With a motion of their little finger, a single word from their lips, they could have stopped the riot and driven away the rioters. But no sign was seen. No words heard from the Priests. For this was the Roman Catholic Priests' Work!!

I do not say this to rouse the bad feelings of the Protestants but only to awake in them from their original and disgraceful slumber, and to prevent them from continuing to support the diabolical system of Popery, by giving their daughters and their sons into the hands of the manufacturers of the water-Gods—the Jesuits and the Jews. I say this, in order to show to the Protestants that the time is come to put a stop to the constantly increasing power and insolence of Popery: not by persecuting the blind slaves of the Pope, but by enlightening them, by supporting with an increased zeal, the diffused enemies of the Church for their conversion.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in Christ, have I not again the right to tell you that it is your duty to support your soldiers when bruised, wounded, and bleeding; they fight for you the great battles of our common Lord, against the implacable enemy of your Bible, your liberties, and your lives.

When I thank you for what you have done in the past, have I not again the right to tell you, "Do not forget, in your fervent prayers, those who are exposing day and night their lives for our dear gospel cause? Never forsake those whom the Great Captain of our Salvation has called to present their breasts to the enemy in the gap. Do strengthen their bruised arms and cheer up their hearts, till we gain the lasting victory and the walls of Babylon will fall."

Truly yours in Christ,

C. CHINIQUY.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., July 15, 1878.

POPERY PRACTICALLY EXEMPLIFIED.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR.—Some years ago a temperance lecturer went through many of the States accompanied by a drunkard who at certain points in the lecture was brought upon the platform to illustrate what the speaker had been saying as to the demoralizing effects of the alcoholic traffic. Thus it frequently happens that whenever, the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy lectures, Roman Catholics themselves will volunteer to assist him, demonstrate the correctness of all his exposures, by practically illustrating the debasing influence of their religion. On Thursday evening, the 10 inst. Rev. Mr. Chiniquy lectured in the Presbyterian Church, Antigonish, N. S., and before the close of the lecture the Roman Catholics entered in such force as to take possession of the Church, and by unseemly demonstrations interrupted the services and endeavoured to break up the meeting. A number of them rang the bell of the Church, and the rest, with two or three exceptions, set up a cry of fire and then ran pell-mell for the door. Failing by this dodge to break up the meeting, they returned and took entire possession of the Church, rang the bell again and also the Protestant School House. When the meeting was dismissed the Roman Catholics filled up the porch, crowded in front of the door, refusing to disperse, though requested to do so, and waiting for Mr. Chiniquy, who on coming out of the Church, accompanied by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Goodfellow and a few others, was pelted with eggs, bricks and stones, the arguments with which Romanists usually vindicate the divine character of their creed. This was continued with increasing violence until the pursued party took refuge in the house of Mr. Alexander Cameron, where they were besieged and where Mr. Chiniquy was compelled to remain all night,—the mob keeping close guard until near daylight, assaulting the door, breaking windows, throwing stones even at ladies as they were entering the house, yelling like fiends and threatening that, if Mr. Chiniquy did not come out, they would break in and drag him out. Fortunately, however, they were restrained by their own cowardice from doing any further injury than had been already done. On the street between the Church and Mr. Cameron's house where, in addition to the above-mentioned weapons, axe-handles were used, an elderly lady had her ankle severely injured with a large stone, an inoffensive old man was knocked down, and Rev. Mr. Goodfellow was struck four or five times, one stone cutting him severely on the head. Mr. Chiniquy, though the chief object of their malice and frequently aimed at, received only one blow which did him much injury. Where, it may be asked, were the constables of the town, magistrates, etc.? As for constables, there are only two, and one is said to have tried to do his duty, but was quickly walked aside and told to keep quiet, the other was amongst the foremost in inciting the mob to violence. As for magistrates, one at least was among the rioters and made himself conspicuous as an abettor, waiting and watching for Mr. Chiniquy until near daylight. Lawyers and lawyers' clerks formed a part of the mob. And hear it, ye Gods of Ottawa! A member of the Dominion Cabinet, minister of Militia, and Judge in prospect, was standing by on the outskirts of the crowd and calmly surveying this outrageous violation of that Law he has already sworn to uphold, and which, as Judge, in this Province, he expects soon to be called upon to administer. And what about the priest? His house is close to the scene of the riot, he was known to be at home; and though one word from him would have dispersed his obedient dupes, yet that word was not spoken, but he quietly looked on and manifested no desire to suppress the lawless conduct of his spiritual children. Even fair ladies, as usually gentle, exhibited their feminine tenderness and the benign influence of their holy religion on their christian hearts, by clamouring for

Mr. Chiniquy's blood. One woman, while in the Church blew a whistle, and then shouted "At him, boys!" Another expressed a wish to have Mr. Chiniquy's head that she might crush it under her feet. One woman shouted, "Hang him, boys," and another said if she had poison she would poison all the Protestants like she would rats! While others declared that, if the Country Catholics were in town, every Protestant in Antigonish would be dead before morning. What do you think of that, ye so-called Protestants who fancy Roman Catholics are not now so blood-thirsty as they were on the evening of the 24th of August, 1872, when seventy thousand Protestants were surprised and murdered in France? Be it understood that those expressions were made use of by women who were considered to be the most respectable among their own people. A religion which affects women in this way, proves its "pedigree." Wild beasts are bolder in the dark than in daylight. The mob re-assembled the following night, and marched through the streets, ringing bells, carrying lighted torches, and the effigy of Rev. Messrs. Chiniquy and Goodfellow, which they burned at the Church door. This procession, consisting of some two or three hundreds, was composed in part of the most respectable papists in town, such as lawyers, lawyers' clerks, merchants and magistrates, the latter, however, following the torches at such a distance as, they thought, would conceal them from observation, while the priest, it is said, sat in his door-way, quietly contemplating the edifying spectacle, and no doubt perfectly satisfied that such an imposing ceremony was quite sufficient to vindicate his religion and counteract any tendency to apostatize which Mr. Chiniquy's pungent addresses may have produced. Mr. Chiniquy in his discourse had invited the Romanists to discussion, stating that he was willing to meet them, and would return at any time to Antigonish to discuss the subject publicly with their bishop and priests, or whomsoever they might bring. But, lo! the answer to this invitation was "error's usual defiance." Popish arguments are axe-handles, iron-bars, bricks and stones and the burning of effigies! Poor Rome! These are the only arguments left her since the Rack and Inquisition have been wrenched, we hope forever, from her bloody grasp. Rome fears and shuns an honorable discussion, with Mr. Chiniquy. But Mr. Chiniquy's exposures, damaging as they are, have not done her in Antigonish more harm than she has done herself, for the last exhibition will not redound to either her credit or profit. The Presbyterian Congregation of this place, though they did not invite Mr. Chiniquy, yet do not regret his coming, they are rather glad of it than otherwise. It has been the means of calling forth a demonstration which has opened their eyes as to the real character of the Church of Rome and the kind of people amongst whom they live. In their sympathy they hitherto supposed them to be Christians, but recent events have proved them to be murderous savages. Dire threats have since been made against the Pastor and others, hostile demonstrations still continue, and the Presbyterians, it is reported, are about to memorialize the Government upon the subject. This affair suggests the following reflections. First. What is religion for, whether to make us good or bad citizens? Is an appeal from the Bible the only way by which we can ascertain whether a religion be from Heaven or of men? Did not the Founder of Christian appeal to the practical effects on the lives, the daily conduct, of those who had received the teaching of Jesus the Baptist? Matt. xxi. 25 to 32. Has Christ not authorized us to judge the tree by its fruits? "By their fruits ye shall know them" Matt. vii. 15 to 27. The Church of Rome has taught and now teaches, that she divinely commissioned to hang and burn both now and forever, every human being who pronounces to read, think, and speak for himself on religious matters. She has done it in the past and tries to do it now. Can such a religion be from heaven? Can it be the "Gospel of peace," of "Good will toward men"? We who know the principles of Romanism say that they are fitted to produce murderous practices, and then Romanists themselves will step forward and by stones, bricks and iron bars demonstrate that we are right! We thank them for their valuable services. Second. Is it Christian-like to maintain one's religious views by stones and effigies, or by rioting and brawling in the streets? Isaiah xlii. 1 and 2. Is that not precisely the way in which the enemies of God and truth have acted in all ages? By adopting such a method of vindicating their views, the Romanists, though too blind to see it, are walking in the very footsteps of those who murdered the prophets, Jesus Christ, His Apostles, and many of the Reformers. If the tree is known by its fruit, what a deadly upon Popery must be, for it is guilty of the murder of more than fifty millions of the human race! We know the blasphemy of those who say they are Jews, and do lie, but are the evildoers of Satan. Do we go into their churches, ring their bells, break up their meetings, and stone their priests though they cause us from their altars and consign us to perdition for ever? God forbid! Third. Are those who connive at the subtle violating British law the right men to be sent to Ottawa to make laws for a Christian people, and then to be afterwards appointed judges for the administration of justice? Such appointments are a libel upon justice, and a gross insult to British Protestants! Even among Pagans it was a common maxim—"Let justice be done though the heavens should fall!"

Yours truly,
A. C. G.]

Antigonish, N. S., July 18th, 1878.

N. B. Many Protestants here think the Montreal "Witness" and other Protestant papers should copy the above.