

## WHAT CAN POPERY DO FOR SINNERS.

When a Roman Catholic, feeling that he is a sinner, goes to the Priest, and says, "What shall I do to be saved?" What answer does the Priest give him? Does he say to the inquiring sinner, as St. Paul did to the Philippian jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?" No: his reply is, "Repeat so many *Pater-nosters* or *Ave-Marias*, and then I will give you absolution;" or, "Go on a pilgrimage to some shrine of the Virgin Mary, and she will pardon your sins."

In the year 1816, a Christian lady was hearing a Protestant clergyman preach in a small village in the Tyrol. This village was situated a few miles from a place called, "Our Lady of the Hermitage;" a place of pilgrimage much frequented by the Roman Catholics. The clergyman was trying to persuade the pilgrims, of whom there were a great number not to go to this Romish shrine. As the lady sat listening, her attention was specially attracted by a very aged female, who, quietly seated among the rest, was evidently no listener to the discourse, but continued to tell her beads with eager and ceaseless assiduity.

When the preacher had concluded, the lady approached the old woman, and asked whether she had understood him. "Alas! no, Madam," was the reply; "for this gentleman speaks German, and I understand nothing but French." "Come with me, then to my room," said the lady, in a kind tone, "and we will converse together upon it; besides, you seem to be exceedingly tired." "Yes, indeed, lady," answered the poor creature: and no wonder; for I have walked three miles this morning; and I have

still four more to crawl through, before my appointed penance is performed; and that is hard upon one of my age." "How old are you, then?" asked the sympathizing listener. "I must be ninety-two, I think; for I was born in 1724; so you can reckon my age yourself, madam. This is the fiftieth time that I have made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of the Hermitage. I am a poor wretched sinner, and have many sins on my conscience; and, alas! I become, year by year, aware of such sins as I did not see to be such before; and they tell me, that my only hope of forgiveness is doing penance, and going on pilgrimage. But I feel very sure that this is the last time I can do so; and so I do hope I shall obtain forgiveness; for if not, I am a lost and undone creature to all eternity." "The Lord has doubtless sent you hither, my poor old friend," said the lady, much affected, "in order that you may hear tidings which will bring peace to your soul. Calm yourself, therefore, I beseech you, for I see that you are much agitated, and listen to what I am going to say: or you can read, perhaps?" "Yes madam." "O, that is well!" exclaimed the lady; "for then you receive God's testimony instead of mine;" and, so saying, she held out to her a French New Testament, and pointed to the text, John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." When the aged woman had read these words aloud, the lady turned to John xix. 30, and pointed to the words: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished: and He bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." And then, from these two texts, the lady pro-