

New York! . . . He, the poor God of Rome, can not help it; He must follow me wherever I go, and he must silently allow me to distribute Him into the hundreds of lecturing meetings I have held, or will hold, in the various cities in the United States.

Does not the Church of Rome proclaim by that horrible diabolical doctrine (which is her doctrine) that not only her good priests, but her bad and renegade priests, are more above God in power, dignity, prerogatives, than heaven is above the earth? Does not the Pope prove by that horrible doctrine that he and his priests are the anti-Christ of whom Paul speaks?—"Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped: so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is a God."—2 Th. ii.

Where can we find that "man of perdition, who exalteth himself above God," if he is not the Pope and his priests, who boast that, at every hour of day or night, God Almighty is bound to come at their bidding into that little cake, and when there, He is absolutely powerless to resist them! They carry Him in their vest or pants' pockets; they drive Him in their buggies through the country, or force Him to accompany them in sailing or steam ships, and cross the seas and the oceans; shut Him up in their secret chambers, or tabernacles, where, more than once, the rats and mice put an end to His miserable existence.

For let not the Roman Catholics forget that their God, when once under the spell of their priests, becomes absolutely impotent to protect His divine person against any one of his foes—nor even against any one of the elements by which men are taught, and apt to protect themselves. He is burned in the fires which attack Him in His secret chambers; He is drowned in the rivers and the seas, where He sometimes falls with the priests who carry Him in their vest or pants' pockets; and He is crushed into atoms under the wheels of the cars with the priests who have sometimes the misfortune to perish in those terrible railroad accidents. Though, often, man can protect himself against the fire by running away, the poor God of Rome has no way of escape from fire. There He is, absolutely motionless and powerless before the devouring flames. He can neither fly away on His wings, nor run away with His feet.

Man, fallen into the deep waters of the sea or endangered by the rapid rivers, has often saved himself by swimming. But the impotent, inert God of Rome can not swim; He must perish there, and be buried in that watery grave without even being able to make any effort to prolong his miserable and humiliating existence.

How many times I have heard, in Canada and the United States, the poor deluded Roman Catholics' lamentations, when the fire had destroyed their churches: "Oh! what a calamity!" they cried; "the good God is burned." "*Le bon Dieu est brulé!*"

But I consider it my duty to put before the intelligence of the