

"Beware of false teachers who come to you in sheeps clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves."

A Good Tree cannot bring forth evil fruit: Neither can a Corrupt Tree bring forth good fruit.

Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Mat. VII. 15.—19.

P. S. The Arch-Bishop of Dublin (*Whately*) Says, that there is not to be found either in the New Testament or the History of the Church the least ground for the fiction of the Apostolical Succession.

## APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

*The order of the Bishops of Rome from the testimony of the Fathers.*

**IRENEUS**, says—Peter, Linus, Anacletus, Clemens,

**EPIPHANIUS**, says—Peter, Linus, Clemens, Anacletus.

**CLEMENS**, says—Peter, Clemens, Linus, Anacletus.

**EUSEBIUS**, says—Anacletus, Peter, Clemens, Linus.

**OPTATUS**, says—Anacletus, Cletus, Augustine, Damascus.

**Others**—say, Anacletus, Cletus, Linus, Peter.

From the above it will be observed that not two agree, even in the earliest age, as to the order of the "Succession."—Yet Bishops, Toronto, Montreal, &c. are quite sure that all is right from Peter down to them! It is however more possible that were they to go a little farther back they might trace their Spiritual Genealogy to Balaam the son of Bosor in the mountains of Aram, whose character many of the pretended Succession bear "for he loved the wages of unrighteousness"—and such has it been with them "in the beginning—is now—and ever shall be" until the end of their ungodly reign.

## THE POETICAL "SUCCESSION"

The following exquisite little gem of poetry was written for a recent celebration by a poet of the real poetical succession—but he was a hard working **STONE MASON**.—

God's spirit smiles in flow'rs

And in soft summer show'rs,

He sends his love.

Each dew drop speaks His praise,

And bubbling fount displays,

In all their lucid rays

Light from above.

The tiny vines that creep

Along the ravines steep

Obey His nod.

The golden orb of day

And ocean's brilliant spray

To him due homage pay—

Creation's God.

Thus Friendship wears its bloom,

And smiles beyond the tomb,

In its own light.

O may that Love be ours,

Which gilds life's darkest hours,

Cheering like smiling flow'rs

Hope's deepest night.