

before the Reformation?—The followers of that sect, will, themselves, inform him, that, from the fourth century until the sixteenth, the world has been totally unacquainted with any such religion; and, that an individual, by name, Martin Luther, has been the founder thereof.

Marvellous presumption of mortal man!—behold! that Church, which has been founded by our Saviour—propagated by the Apostles—cemented by the blood of martyrs, and adorned by the writings of so many enlightened divines—in an age, whose characteristics were firmness of faith, purity of morals, and sanctity of life—that church has, according to Protestants, totally failed—plunged herself into every species of superstition and idolatry, after a reign of three centuries: while we behold, still in a flourishing state—in the vigour of its pristine bloom,—a miserable sect, which derives its origin from the outrageous declaiming of a perjured monk—owes its propagation, to crime, plunder, and massacre; and has been patched together by a multitude of fanatics, whom their worthy prince, Fox, would fain represent as so many martyrs!!! What! Is Luther a more solid foundation than Jesus Christ? His ribaldry more powerful than the preaching of the Apostles? And the blood of Fox's martyrs more efficacious than that of the first Christians? Shame, shame on those who would even think of so blasphemous a paradox!

Another motive, which has caused me to abandon the Protestants, is this; in all their writings, sermons, tracts, meetings and conversations, I have noticed the most glaring contradictions, and the height of ignorance. Alas! inconsistency and ignorance are the very essence of Protestantism; nor is this a matter of surprise, when we reflect, that they have nothing fixed—nothing determined in their creed—no rule of faith to be guided by—eternally changing from one maxim to another, according to time and circumstances—what they teach now-a-days is widely different from what Luther established in the commencement of the Reformation, and equally so from what they will teach thirty years hence, (supposing that God be pleased to suffer their existence until then.) Thus it is, Rev. sir, that certain thundering blunder-makers of the Freemasons, Hall, with tract in hand, will, at one time, graciously condescend to call us idolaters—worse than the Hindoos—while, at another time, we are raised to the dignity of Christians! Thus, St. Bernard receives the title of “canonized blasphemer” from one of their preachers; and that of “the holy Father,” St. Bernard, from an ex-Catholic Priest, the author of a miserable pamphlet, lately published in London. Thus, they maintain, that the church has fallen into error, about the fourth century; and still there are persons canonized by the Church of Rome, since that period, whom they venerate as saints—persons, who have been notorious for their attachment to these pretended errors. Thus, they accuse us of intolerance, when we say, that salvation cannot be obtained out of our Church; and yet, they repeat, in the words of St. Athanasius, that their

is the Catholic faith, which, if any one doth not faithfully and firmly believe, *he cannot be saved*. Thus it is, in like manner, that the respected head of our Christian church is called the Antichrist; and yet, this is the Antichrist, or one of his predecessors, (every Pope is an Antichrist,) who has converted England to Christianity; and yet, this is the Antichrist, who, after the battle of Waterloo, has been restored to his former dignity, and replaced on his throne, by this identical people! Thus too, your Rev. neighbour in Somers-Town, by prohibiting to read a newspaper on Sunday, has cut-stripped the severity of Priests, Jesuits, and Monks, all put together; and this, because he is permitted to preach whatever strikes his would-be poetical imagination.

In a word, the inconsistencies, with which Protestant divines every where abound, are so obvious that, unable to stand the test of proper investigation, they start before the penetrating eye of every individual acquainted with the doctrines of both religions, and, at the same time, so multiform so unnumbered, that the simple detail thereof would form a handsome little volume. There is one, in particular, stamped with so scandalous a character, that I cannot pass it over in silence. I mean the union which exists between Protestants and Calvinists. The latter, besides a number of blasphemous doctrines, teach the horrid paradox, that they who from a state of grace, fall into mortal sin, labour under an absolute impossibility of returning to God. The former deny it. Here is one of the most essential points of Christian belief, on which they differ, and still, they unite in the same cause, and still they meet together for the purpose of promoting the Reformation; and still they live in communion one with the other; and still they form the same Church! O strange!—but exclamations are unnecessary. Protestants themselves, are fully aware of these horrors; and I have frequently had occasion to remark their total disgust thereof, by the grimaces, contortions, not to say the grunting, with which they salute such doctrines from their pulpits. But, it may be asked, if Protestants hold these tenets in such utter abhorrence, why do they live in this close, long-cherished union with Calvinists? The reason is obvious—it is, in the first place, because, one without the other were too weak to oppose the irresistible influence of the Catholic Church; while a number of wonderful things must be the necessary effects of their mutual assistance, and united, *praise-worthy* operations. Secondly, in order to put on a more Catholic face, by being more widely diffused. It is for these motives, also, that they shelter under the wings of parental affection, so many miserable dissenters of every shape, and of every denomination, from the Methodist to the Jumper. Hark, as we are upon Jumpers, let us make a little jump from the present point, and say a word or two, *en passant*, as we jump along, about these different sects.

There is nothing so scandalous in the Protestant religion—nothing that fills the mind with such disgust, upon reflection, as the numberless tribes of self-erected, self-guided, little religions, which

have sprung up from the fruitfulness of her seed, and the instability of her principles—every year she brings forth a new one, and the number will soon be so great (that I fear, lest for want of room, they fall upon and devour their common parent. It is true, indeed, there have started up different sects, from time to time, in the Church of Christ, (one, perhaps, every century) and this reproach, taken in itself, were unjust. But here we behold a sect almost for every year, these three centuries past, caressed and hugged by Protestants, according as they shew their faces; while the Church of Rome, has, at all times, and in the very instant of their birth, strangled the noxious creatures, and cut them off—totally severed them from her communion. To this, Protestants answer, by retorting, that, in the present Church of Rome, there are various sects, under the names of Benedictine, Dominican, Franciscan, Jesuit, &c. O the blindness! the unparalleled ignorance of such wretched divines! who will not, who cannot see, that these are so many religious orders; professing the same faith, in every point; living in perfect submission to the laws, decrees and ceremonies of Rome's universal Church, and bearing these different names, from certain circumstances, but chiefly, from the institutors of their respective orders.

Another strong motive, in consideration of which I have been induced to abandon the Protestant cause is, the horror that has filled my soul, upon serious reflection, on the conduct of our first reformers.—Can any one period of the history of ages furnish such perfect examples of human depravity, as a Luther, a Cranmer, a Henry the Eighth? A Luther, who has openly rebelled against his lawful superiors—preached sedition, massacre, blasphemy, and a thousand other impieties—broken vows of the most sacred and binding nature, and caused another to do the same—held constant intercourse with infernal visitors, and disgraced human nature by drunkenness, and every species of debauchery. A Cranmer! the cause, the instigator of so many seditious plots and machinations—he, who has sanctioned the adultery of his brutal master—scandalized the Church of God, by his own sacrilegious fornication, and after sending innocent thousands to the stake, has at length, been brought to the block himself, to receive the mete reward of his numberless horrors. A Henry the Eighth! that execrable compound of unprecedented abominations—that heartless oppressor of the poor and widows—that disturber of the dead—that sacrilegious plunderer of Churches and Monasteries—and the murderer of five different wives! In a word, that second Nero—Nero? No—this father of the reformation stands without an equal on the page of history, and Nero, himself, were an honor to human nature, in comparison.

Such, Rev. Sir, such are the vaunted founders of Protestantism! Such the characters who have presumed to reform the Church of Christ, without any authority or mission whatever. The Monk, because he was refused permission to preach indulgences. The King, because he could not obtain