

they are not discouraged, for they really wish to climb to heaven. Behold, them then again climbing; and it is always by the ladder, on the top of which is Jesus, that they wish to go. See how they try to rise to the top and reach even to the Saviour. But again behold their strength fails; behold them exhausted, quite overcome. Ah! they had hoped that this Jesus, whom they believed so good, so compassionate, and so merciful, would have assisted them!

Yes! if this had been the true Jesus of the gospel, who had been there, on the top of the ladder, he would certainly have assisted them; he would have held out his hands to them; he would have even descended to meet them in order to assist them to climb. For Jesus, the Saviour of the gospel, *he* runs after his sheep, he puts it upon his shoulders, he brings it to the fold. The Jesus, the Saviour of the gospel runs to meet his son who was lost—he presses him to his bosom. But it was the Jesus of Rome, it was the Saviour, fashioned by the Popes and Bishops of Rome, who was at the top of the ladder. Well, this Saviour, this Jesus of the Romish Church, when he does not sleep, turns a deaf ear to them; he appears not to see the deep misery of the sinner; or if he beholds it, it is to feel supreme disgust; on seeing them, he prepares to chastise them, he raises his arms to strike them, and put them out of his sight; he is there, the Saviour after the manner of Rome, on the top of the ladder,