

a representation of the great Christian tragedy is somewhat startling. The text of the play has never been published, but is committed to memory by each of the performers. Every scene is preceded by an Old Testament type, or more than one. These *tableaux-vivants* are of the most perfect statuesque beauty, got up by a people who are sculptors by inherited taste from generations past.

The play itself is wonderfully given—dress, colouring and pose copied from some of the best known pictures. The dialogues are carried out effectively because naturally. The eastern dress and grouping, the colouring and action are all given to the life. As the brilliant day clouds over, and the sky grows dark at the time of the crucifixion, and the mock thunder reverberates among the mountains, one is much inclined to ask themselves whether or not it is real. As the play is only performed every ten years, it was hoped it might retain its simplicity unimpaired for many years to come, but, alas, for the vanity of human wishes, the greed of money which is a root of evil everywhere, has not failed to visit Ober-Ammergau. Peasants, actors and people alike look forward to it as their great harvest time, when their pious performance is to bring them wealth, and this year news comes to us not only of exorbitant charges, but of deceit. Human nature is human nature in Bavaria as elsewhere, and such being the case there is little room for amazement that greed of gain should manifest itself in one place any more than in another, and however interesting the play may be as a study and a "survival," we cannot in sober earnest imagine that our Lord's passion was ever intended for the stage.

D. KINMOUNT ROY.

MR. CHINIQUY AND "KENTUCKY BEN."

(Concluded.)

These facts are evidence again that the priests of Rome and "Kentucky Ben" are perfectly honest when they say with their tongues, and publish with their pens, that I was so degraded that the Protestants who have any respect for themselves would have nothing to do with me.

Eleventh fact: In 1878, when preparing to go and breathe the bracing atmosphere of the Pacific Ocean, I providentially received a kind letter from the Rev. George Sutherland, D.D., pastor of one of the richest and most influential congregations of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. He was inviting me in the name of the Protestant people of that distant land to go and visit them. There was a bank note in that letter of \$500 to help me to pay my travelling expenses, and to help Mr. "Kentucky Ben" and all the priests of Rome prove that the infamous apostate Chiniquy was so degraded that no respectable Protestant would associate with him.

Twelfth fact: When the principal Protestants of Sydney heard that the steamer which was taking me to their young, but already so grand country, was in sight, they engaged a steamer at a great cost, to come and receive me in triumph at a distance of twelve miles, that the honest priests of the Church of Rome with Mr. "Kentucky Ben" might have a good opportunity to publish that the apostate Chiniquy's moral degradation is so well known to the whole world that "no respectable Protestant would associate with him."

Thirteenth fact: I spent two years in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. All that time the Protestant ministers and people overwhelmed me with public and personal tokens of the kindest Christian respect and feeling. [I daresay they took me in triumph from one extremity to the other of their vast countries. Having known from the most reliable sources that there was a plot among the Roman Catholics to murder me, they put a guard, almost every night, for more than a year, of twelve and twenty men to protect me. Their largest churches and immense halls were never large enough for the multitudes who wanted to see and hear me. Several times they fought like lions, and several were wounded when they wanted to repulse the blind Roman Catholics sent by their priests to kill me. They forced the Governor of Tasmania to put the city of Hobart under martial law and bring the whole militia force in order to protect and save my life. I gave seven hundred addresses, lectures and sermons to those dear and noble Protestant friends whom my God had given me in those distant lands, and they gave me \$50,000 as a token of their kind feelings when I was in their midst! And it is in the presence of such public facts that Mr. "Kentucky Ben" repeats what he hears every day from the lips of his priests and what he reads in their daily and weekly press, "That the apostate Chiniquy's moral degradation is such that no respectable Protestant would associate with him!!"

Fourteenth fact: At the June meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of 1889 some member having said that in a few days Father Chiniquy was to celebrate his eightieth anniversary, there was such a burst of applause as I never saw before. Rev. Dr. MacVicar, President of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and Rev. Dr. Warden, secretary-treasurer, moved that the whole Assembly should give me a vote of congratulation as a public token of their Christian esteem. After that vote was unanimously given, he asked the General Assembly to invite me to write a new book under the name of "Thirty years in the Church of Christ," as a sequel to my last book—"Fifty Years in the Church of Rome"—and this vote was passed unanimously in the midst of the greatest enthusiasm and good feeling I ever saw. And it is only a few days after such public facts that the echoes of the Church of Rome proclaim what the priests, the

bishops and their press say with Mr. "Kentucky Ben": "That the apostate Chiniquy's degradation is so complete that no Protestant who has any self-respect would associate with him."

Fifteenth fact: When in England, in 1860, a great number of dinners and soirees were given me by some of the most eminent Protestant men of great Britain. I will mention only a few for the edification of the bishops and priests of Rome who constantly assure their people that my degradation is as complete among the Protestants as among the Roman Catholics. The first invitation to dinner was from Dr. Tait, Lord Bishop of London, who was soon after named the Primate of England, and raised to the highest dignity of the Episcopal Church by being named Archbishop of Canterbury. That grand dinner was given me in the historical Palace of Lambeth, where I was surrounded by some of the most prominent men of the Protestant Church, among whom was the Right Rev. Dr. Thomas, now Bishop of Geelong, in Australia. The second grand dinner, or soiree, given me, which I will mention, was by Lord Gainsborough, whose wife was the first attending lady of the Queen of England. At his table and in his magnificent salon I was surrounded by the elite of the nobility of Great Britain. They spent the evening in questioning me about the superstitions and idolatries of Rome, and the hope I had to see the dear people of Canada following the example of England by breaking the heavy and ignominious yoke of the Pope; they really overwhelmed me with the tokens of their kind and Christian feelings. When it was nearly twelve at night Lady Gainsborough invited a beautiful young Duchess to go around her noble guests to receive in a splendid silver plate what they liked to give me for the support of my missions among my country-men, and she brought me 250 gold guineas, that Mr. "Kentucky Ben" and all the bishops, cardinals and priests of Rome, with their truth-loving press, might have good reasons to publish that the apostate Chiniquy was so degraded that no Protestant who had any self-respect would have anything to do with him.

I might speak of the other grand dinners and soirees given me by Lord Roden, by Sir Arthur Kinnaird, M.P. for Edinburgh, and many others, but I suppose that the intelligent readers have got sufficient proofs to enable them to say that the priests and bishops of Rome with Mr. "Kentucky Ben" are real gentlemen, and most honest, fair-play-loving men, when they tell you that the infamous apostate Chiniquy is so degraded that no respectable Protestants have ever consented to have any intercourse with him since he left the Holy (?) Catholic (?) and Apostolic (?) Church of Rome.

However, there is another fact which so clearly shows that the bishops and priests of Rome, with Mr. "Kentucky Ben," are honest, reliable and lovers of truth when they speak of the apostate Chiniquy, that I cannot omit it.

Since my God has opened my eyes to the corruptions, superstitions and idolatries of Rome, I have considered it my duty to publish, not all, it would be too horrible, but a part of the mysteries of iniquities which I saw when within the walls of that modern Babylon, and I have written a good number of pamphlets and books—among the principal of which are: 1st. "The God of Rome Eaten by a Rat;" 2nd. "Papal Idolatry;" 3rd. "Why I Left the Church of Rome;" 4th. "Rome and Education;" 5th. "The Priest the Woman and the Confessional;" 6th. "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome;" 7th. "Le Vrai Contre Poison;" 8th. "Sound an Alarm;" 9th. "The Apostasy of Dr. Newman;" Well, to prove me their supreme contempt, the Protestant nations of Europe and America have translated my pamphlets and my books into their languages, and they have bought a prodigious number of these books. They have been translated into the languages of Italy, France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Bohemia.

"The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional" is in its fiftieth edition, though it was published for the first time in 1874; and "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" is in its twentieth edition, though published in 1884. Two hundred thousand copies of my lectures have been already sold, and more than 100,000 copies of "The God of Rome Eaten by a Rat," have been bought in England, and still more on the continent of America. More than a million, then, of my books and pamphlets have been purchased at a price of not less than half a million of dollars by the Protestants, since only twenty years, to show to the priests of Rome that they are perfectly true, honourable and honest, when they assure you that the apostate Chiniquy's degradation is so well known that no Protestant who has any self-respect would have anything to do with him.

Sixteenth fact.—When, in the month of January, 1883, I was lecturing in London, I received the visit of Lord Shaftesbury, who presented me with an invitation from the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to attend their grand meeting on the 5th of February. When a priest of Rome, very often I had read the encyclicals of the infallible Popes of Rome assuring me that that Bible Society was one of the most infernal inventions of the devil, that the men engaged in circulating the Bible were the instruments of the devil, and that next to the devil they were the enemies of God; and I had to believe it then, as Mr. "Kentucky Ben," with all his priests, has to believe it now. Had I had any self-respect or a spark of religion I would have rejected with horror a message coming from such degraded men, particularly when it was brought to me by such a vile Protestant as Lord Shaftesbury. But alas! Mr. Editor, I was then as degraded as I am to-day, and I

accepted the invitation. The 5th of February, 1883, I was in the midst of those infamous heretics, who, according to his Holiness, the infallible Pope of Rome, are so blindly the enemies of God and His Son, Jesus Christ, that they circulate His soul-destroying word all over the world. I gave them an address, of which they ordered 100,000 copies to be scattered all over Great Britain. Through that address, finding that I was depraved, as they were themselves, in reference to the Bible, they, by a unanimous vote, elected me one of the governors and rulers of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and now you can see my name in the very midst of those wicked men!

After such a public proof of my degradation, I hope your readers will easily admit that Mr. "Kentucky Ben," his bishops and priests, are true gentlemen and lovers of the truth when they proclaim, since thirty years, throughout the whole world that the apostate Chiniquy is so degraded that no honest Protestant would have anything to do with him.

Mr. "Kentucky Ben" bravely tells you: "Father Chiniquy says the Church of Rome teaches idolatry. Let him give us some of his experiences. Did he ever teach idolatry?" I thank him from the bottom of my heart for putting those questions, not only in his own name, but evidently of the whole Roman Catholic people of Canada. Those questions are very solemn. I have no doubt that he was not only perfectly honest, but he was guided by the Spirit of God when he wrote those lines. The God of truth was looking down in His mercy on him and on all the Roman Catholics, not only of Montreal, but of the whole Province of Quebec, when He inspired him to say: "Let him give us some of his experiences."

I am in my eighty-second year. In a few days, thanks be to God, I will be at the end of the mysterious voyage through this marvellous world, which we call "Human Life!" It is in the presence of the God to whom I will soon give an account of what I say here, that I write the following answer to show Mr. "Kentucky Ben" and to all those who like to know the truth, that, not only the Church of Rome is idolatrous, but that her system of idolatry is more insulting to God, more degrading to man than the idolatry of the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indians—and even more debasing than the idolatry of the savages who were inhabiting the forests of Canada when it was first discovered by Jacques Cartier.

C. CHINIQUY.

Montreal, December 6, 1890.

WORLDLINESS IN THE CHURCH.

The greatest danger to the Church of God to-day springs from the spirit of worldliness which is invading it. No critic can charge that the Bible is not in the Church. It is. The Divine Word is proclaimed in its purity and with earnestness as a general rule. Nor can any enemy deny that there are many noble and spiritually-minded men in the pews. The gifts of these members to missions, to the poor, to Christian colleges and schools are frequent and large. Nor is there a lamentable deficiency of interest in socialistic and benevolent enterprises. But the criticism can be justly made that the Church is used by multitudes as the arena of fashion. They go there to display their splendid apparel and to see what their neighbours or strangers are wearing. Fine feathers, costly laces, sealskins, silks and velvets, done up according to Worth, or some other latest exemplar of dress, are more to such worshippers of Mammon than texts of Scripture, or correct expositions of them. The lust of the eye and the pride of life afford the most subtle and perilous forms of temptations. Thousands are unconsciously subjected to these temptations and become their victims without being fully aware of it themselves. So little do they know their own hearts and secret impulses that probably they would resent with scorn the accusation of being worldly and of entering the sanctuary to show off their fineries or to see the hats and cloaks of other ladies. Yet this is too often and too sadly the exact truth.

The proof of it is that such people stay away from Divine services when they have "nothing to wear," which means when their garments are just a little out of style; or when they cannot hope to see a fine array of new hats and flowers.

Our Methodist brethren used to preach much against devotion to dress. Do they do it yet? Or do other Christians stand on guard against the vanities of life as much as they ought? What will you, O reader, do in this respect during the year 1891?

HELPING HIM UP.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, a Wesleyan minister, tells us this story: "We have lately been doing a blessed work amongst the cabmen of Manchester, many of whom have signed the pledge. I heard the other night that one of them had broken his pledge, and I went to the cab rooms to look after him! I saw him there, but he tried to avoid me. He was ashamed to face me. I followed him up, and at last he presented himself before me, wearing a most dejected look. I said to him: 'When you are driving your cab, and your horse falls down, what do you do?' 'I jumps off the box and tries to help him up again.' 'That is it, my friend,' I replied. 'I heard you had fallen, and so I got off the box to help you up. Will you get up? There is my hand.' He caught hold of it with a grip like a vice, and said: 'I will sir! before God, and, under His own blue heavens, I promise you that I will not touch a drop of strong drink again; and you will never have to regret the trouble you have taken with me.' Oh, Christian friends, there are many poor drunkards who have fallen down. Will you not get off the box and help them up."—*The Freeman*.