

The Theological Instructor.

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WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY RITUALISM?

The Church Association of Toronto and sectarians generally, while directing their shafts against the Anglican branch of the Catholic church under the name of "Ritualism," seem to have forgotten that in doing so, they unintentionally wound very many of their brethren of the school of Calvin. Democratic and sectarian, as we must consider many of their opinions, we do not find them relinquishing their claims to a full share of ecclesiastical authority, and, perhaps, what is more to the purpose, when occasion served, they did not fail to act on the power, which they supposed they possessed.

In the confession of faith drawn up by the Westminster Divines during the period of the great Rebellion, and which is still the standard doctrine of the Scottish Kirk, we have the power of the Church thus laid down, in terms which are by no means ambiguous: "The Lord Jesus Christ, as king and head of his Church, hath therein appointed a government in the hand of Church officers, distinct from the Civil Magistrate. To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed, by virtue whereof they have power

respectively to retain and remit sins, to shut that kingdom against the impenitent, both by the word and censures, and to open it unto penitent sinners, by the ministry of the gospel, and by absolution from censures as occasion shall require." *Confession*, Chap. xxx.

Again, as it repeats the power of Synods, we have these positions assumed by this Calvinistic Assembly: "It belongeth to Synods and Councils ministerially to determine controversies of faith, and cases of conscience; to set down rules and directions for the better ordering of the public worship of God, and government of his Church; to receive complaints in cases of maladministration, and authoritatively to determine the same; which decrees and determinations, if consonant to the word of God, are to be received with reverence and submission, not only for their agreement with the word, but also for the power whereby they are made, as being an ordinance of God, appointed thereto in his word, (*Confession*, Chap. xxxi. 3.)

Were a clergyman of the Church of England in the present day to advance the sentiments entertained in these arti-

cles, we all know what a clamor the Associationists and their sectarian friends would raise against him, and the whole of his tenets would be set to the account of the wicked ritualists and "Oxford heretics;" the smell of Popery would be immediately perceived by a far scented and discerning public, paper No 9 or 10 would at once be issued, and Protestants would be called upon to be on the "look out" as their civil and religious liberties were in the most imminent danger. But how harmless these dogmas appear when found to be uttered by those who have no authority to utter them. To the present day, they are subscribed by the whole Scottish establishment, and other friends of the Church Association.

Nor was it in theory alone that these sectarian disciples of Geneva Theology asserted the power which was communicated to the Officers of the Church, by the donation of "the keys," but in a melancholy case, well known in Scottish history, and still the subject of much glorying among the covenantors, we have an instance of its practical working, which, for the information of our readers, we shall now take the liberty of laying before them.

It is nothing to our purpose whether the Scottish Bishops of the seventeenth century governed the Church arbitrarily or otherwise, we think they did not, our only business is with the views of the Seciarrians with regard to ecclesiastical authority,

When the celebrated assembly

at Glasgow was convened in 1638, by which episcopacy was abolished, Mr. Alexander Henderson was chosen Moderator, in which capacity on the 13th day of December, in that year, having first preached a sermon, which was afterwards published under the title "The Bishop's Doom," he publicly pronounced the sentence of excommunication against them, which had been previously passed by the Assembly. It is to be observed that the Bishops had been cited to take their trial at the Assembly, but had of course, very properly declined, not acknowledging the jurisdiction of the court. Their declinature, however, had little effect upon the minds of the Anti-Church party: they were judged, condemned, and sentenced to be excommunicated by those who were at the same time both their accusers and judges. Mr. Henderson, in an address, summed up the charges against them; and subjoined, that, instead of their repentance they added to all these evils *extreme contempt of this Church*, declining and protesting against this honorable, reverend, and duly constituted Assembly, they have incurred, and justly deserve, this fearful sentence of excommunication. After a lengthy harangue addressed to the Divine Being in prayer upon the subject, he then pronounced the sentence in the following words:—"Since the eight persons before mentioned have declared themselves strangers to the Communion of Saints, to be without the hope

of eternal life, and to be the slaves of sin, therefore we, the people of God, assembled together for his cause, and I, as their mouth, in the name of the eternal God and his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, according to the direction of the Assembly do excommunicate the said eight persons from a participation in the sacraments, from the communion of the visible Church, and from the prayers of the Church; and so long as they continue obstinate; and I discharge you all, as you would not be partakers of their vengeance, from keeping any religious fellowship with them, and thus giving them over into the hands of the Devil, assuring you in the name of the Lord Jesus, that, except their repentance be evident, the fearful vengeance of the God of Heaven shall overtake them, even in this life, and, after this world, everlasting vengeance."

Now, without enquiring into the power of the Assembly, we would ask was there no assumption here of Ecclesiastical authority beyond what the Associationists intimate the simple existence of the word of God in the Church? And these were no Ritualists, but men who thought it a heresy to represent to a congregation that Christ died for the sins of the whole world.

The fanaticism which accompanied this excommunication of the Bishops taught the populace to look for the infliction of the judgment denounced by Henderson against those prelates, as a

matter of indubitable certainty; and all the sufferings which they subsequently underwent for their principles, were interpreted as the effect of that awful sentence.

Thus when these holy Bishops were suffering for their adherence to the truth of God's word, and Christ's institutions, having been spoiled of their goods, robbed of their inheritance, and driven from their native land, rather than be disloyal to Christ, the very persons who were their persecutors, and who brought all these sufferings upon them, had the effrontery to tell the world, and perhaps the presumption to persuade themselves that it was the doing of the Lord in favor of the sectarians. Had they lived in the times of which the Apostle speaks in his epistle to the Hebrews, they would have judged very differently from him of the sufferings of the people of God; when he says: "Some were tortured, none accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth." These men it appears suffered as much as the Scottish Bishops, and that without any sentence of excom-

munication pronounced against them by a President or Moderator of any Assembly of Sectarians! The authority, then, which the Anglican Church claims in faith, ceremony, and practice, cannot surely be regarded as Ritualism, for although possessing none, Sectarians have claimed greater authority than that, at any time claimed by the Church of England.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

We live in a fearful age of blasphemy and impiety. The evil and the good are at constant warfare, and both are abounding in the land. We rejoice to know that God reigns supreme; and whenever the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord raises up a standard against him. Recently the enemy has come to us in the form of low churchism; but the cloven foot cannot be concealed, it is worse than materialism: it is positive Atheism. No wonder that the standard has been raised up on the other side, and perhaps, in some cases, carried to extremes.

Have we no Christian eyes to perceive? What means the opposition to early communion? to daily prayers? to increased solemnity in worship? to reverence for God's name? for God's ministers? and God's house?

Who are the men who have the most to say in disturbing the peace of our Zion? Alas, they are known (in Toronto, for example), as frequenters of the bar-room, and as profane swearers. One of them who insulted the clergy and Christian gentlemen of the late Synod, we are informed, said, in the hearing of a

certain person, (words so profane that we dare not reiterate them.) Another has driven his family to dissent, to Rome, and to worse, while nominally, remaining in the church, really, to our knowledge, a believer in nothing but his own vanity; and yet he is always free, when over his cups, to denounce the servants of Christ, because they believe in the Bible, and are labouring night and day to carry on the principles of the glorious reformation.

A time was in the history of the church when children and youths were brought up in the fear of God; but now, even boys and girls are taught to contradict the Clergy on theological questions, and silly women feel competent to decide any given point of divine learning.

On the St. George's Church controversy we take no sides. We want to hear no such absurdity that the doctrine of justification by faith was preached by a stranger in Holy Trinity. There is not a child in the Sunday School, eight years of age, who does not understand the blessed doctrine, far better than ninety out of one hundred of low churchmen and sectarians.

Justification by faith! Apology indeed! Miserable subterfuge!! Why deny to any one that the Rev. Mr. Cayley is an honest straightforward churchman? We believe it to be done in order to pacify unbelievers.

The enmity is put between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent—Gen. iii. 15; and let it stay there. Christians must put on the armour, and fight boldly under the banner of the cross; let our enemies fight under the banner of the weatherboard if they please! The cross will be triumphant.

We have this much to say, that the gentlemen who retains the services of an impudent and ignorant youth, who cannot spell three lines of good English, according to the specimen we have had before us, must have poor faith in the Christian decency of their own cause. Thank God, the time has not yet come when any party, high or low, in the Church of England can claim the right of appointing their own teachers, which is given by St. Paul as a mark of the latter-day apostacy, "Heaping up to

themselves teachers having itching ears," 2 Tim. iv. 3. Away, then, with the *heapers up* of St. George's, and we heartily rejoice to know that only twopew owners are with them. The command to Christians to "Obey them that have the rule over them," Heb. xiii. 7, is as positive and solemn, and just as binding as the one, "Honour thy father and thy mother." And God's everlasting curse will follow the despisers of both commandments.

THE REV. MR. COLE.

We learn with much pleasure that this able and zealous minister of Christ is about to be appointed by the Bishop to the parish of Whitby. Mr. Cole was much beloved in Toronto, by all those who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with him. He is a good preacher, and a faithful parish priest—a moderate man in all his church views; and we heartily congratulate our Whitby friends, in case Mr. Cole should receive the appointment.

NON-FASTING

My dear Sir,—If the enclosed letter, written to a dear friend of mine in England, be worthy of a place in your valuable columns—the subject is important enough—it is at your service.

Yours truly, A. T.

My dear D—, you seemed greatly shocked that I should be

COMMUNIONS.

"proud," as you say, of my "Non-fasting Communion." I was not aware exactly of that feeling, but I was thankful that in my little church, in a far-away Canadian town, the large majority of whose inhabitants are Scotch and American Presbyterians or Cornish Methodists,

we had, on a week day, after the Confirmation of nineteen individuals, over sixty Communicants, even though it was evening. I always feel safe when treading in my Master's footsteps; and I have never seen that "apology" for evening Communions answered yet!

Our dear, earnest R, I suppose it was—no doubt equally with yourself grieving over my heterodoxy—sent me a pamphlet on "Fasting *versus* Evening Communions," by F. H. D. The writer says perhaps all that can be said in favour of his argument, and in a meeker spirit than, I am sorry to say, is common with that school. But, alas! as you will say, he has failed to convince me of the error of the latter usage, at least occasionally.

I will, however, try to win back your good opinion by stating my views and practice, and by vindicating them as best I may, which will involve somewhat of a reply to the pamphlet in question.

My practice is to have the usual monthly and festival mid-day Communions, with, in addition, an early celebration at 7.30, a.m., on the middle Sunday of the month. My reason for this last is the wish to offer an act of special loving reverence to the Blessed Jesus, and also as an evidence of my filial respect to so general a usage of the Catholic Church.

But now as respects Non-Fasting Communions. My first reason for thinking them cer-

tainly lawful, is, as I have just intimated, that the Lord Himself established the Sacrament of the Holy Communion in the evening, after a full meal; and He did so without the most remote intimation that the circumstances under which He acted were exceptional as to the time or manner of its reception; nor does even good Bishop Taylor succeed in proving them so; and, so far as New Testament information goes, Evening Communions were certainly the rule and not the exception.

Now, I am deeply convinced that nothing can make void the liberty of following the example of our Lord and the Church of Apostolic days in non-fasting communions, but something to the contrary from His own lips, or the absolute declaration of the Apostles that the practice had been changed by themselves under Divine sanction, or at least, the forbidding of such non-fasting communions by an undoubted General Catholic Council.

I know it is asserted that this question of non-fasting communions was among the things which St. Paul "set in order," by prohibiting them, when he visited the Church in Corinth. Now, I venture to say, that seldom has an assertion been made more directly opposed to the evidence; and it is only another of the painful instances which prove how easily the judgment is warped by a strong desire to support a favourite theory. Let us look at the simple facts as they existed. After the terrible and

voluptuous irreverence of the Corinthian disciples towards the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord, it is impossible not to suppose, that, had fasting communions been the true remedy the indignant and earnest apostle would have insisted upon such a rule being at once adopted; instead of which, he positively instructs them to "eat at home," *before* they come to partake of that most Holy Sacrament! Nor, in his second Epistle to them, written in the following autumn, and intended for all the Provincial Churches, is there the least hint of his having made any change in his former instructions on this momentous subject. And though he wintered at Corinth the same year, and wrote from thence his Epistle to the Galatians, neither in that Epistle nor in the Acts of the Apostles is there the slightest hint of any counsel having been given as to the desirability even of receiving the Holy Communion while fasting. And yet in all these Epistles St. Paul treats of various irregularities, and gives several admonitions respecting meats and drinks; so that had he ordered any changes in the time or manner of receiving the Holy Eucharist he must needs have alluded to them; being a matter, too, in which all the Churches of Asia were interested. Hence it is impossible, I think, for the candid mind not to see that the testimony and practice of the great Apostles of the Gentiles are positively in favour of non-fasting Communions.

But further, had this question been of the importance which many people deem it, it is surely impossible not to suppose that an Apostolic Council would have settled it at once, as they did the question of circumcision and of the use of various kinds of meats.

Nor was there any authoritative change during the age immediately succeeding the Apostles as to the hour, or method, in which the Holy Communion should be received. But I go further, and fearlessly state that the Catholic Church has never made any such change to the present day, whatever Provincial Synods may have done: consequently, as neither our Lord, nor his Apostles, nor yet the Catholic Church in any age of her existence, have ever *enjoined* early and fasting communions, it necessarily follows—as is exactly the case, by the way, with the cognate question of Confession—that, however reverent and profitable either the one or the other may frequently be, there is no warrant for impressing them upon the consciences of the faithful as a duty. Indeed, it is in exact accordance with the gentle wisdom and loving consideration of Jesus and his genuine Bride to leave all such questions to the godly decision of individuals as to what is most profitable to themselves.

Take, my dear D., an instance of the far-seeing consideration and wisdom which leaves such things as fasting or non-fasting communions to individual free-

dom. I have, in Lower Canada, seen the thermometer at 40° below zero at eight o'clock in the morning. You may imagine, then, the difficulty of requiring the reception of the Holy Communion even at that hour, and fasting, not to speak of earlier, and with the churches themselves as yet unwarmed! And even here, in Western Canada, we often find it severe enough at our 7.30 a.m. monthly Communion. While, as to commonly fasting until long past noon on the Lord's Day, I have always believed it to be absolute desecration; and in this conviction, I am certainly sustained, especially by the earlier Church Catholic.

That very early morning, and therefore fasting, communions soon became "usual, is more than probable;" and that for several reasons, quite distinct from thinking them to be a special duty. Thus, the morning's dawn would be the most desirable time for public worship to the early disciples, seeing that secrecy was necessary to their safety; and also because large numbers of them being slaves to, and others in the employment of, Pagan masters, the only time they could command would be before the secular duties of the day commenced.

Again, another reason, and one, alas, not so creditable to the purity of the Church, especially in its Mediæval days, is implied in the aphorism you quote, "Behold at morn a little speck of sin, at eve the whole world drown-

ed?" As the Church became the Church of the people, and included large numbers of the great ones of the earth—most of whom, high and low, were only just emerging from heathenism, or who, at a later day, were involved in the deepest ignorance—many of its members would, I grant, be very apt to be in a fleshly condition quite unfitting them to "be received as worthy partakers of that holy table;" and many of the Priesthood themselves, having lost the holy nerve to say, "Be ye, one, until ye altogether repent and amend," a middle course was adopted, and early and fasting communions became the rule. Such a step, from such a motive, manifestly tending, however, to undermine genuine godly living; for, surely, he who is "drowned" in sin "at eve" will not be so pure at "morn" that he ought even then to dare to partake of those Holy Mysteries!

The argument in favour of *obligatory* fasting Communion, based on the later Jewish Doctors having enjoined fasting till the evening on the day of the Passover, seems to me to be singularly unhappy, and heavily to recoil upon our own Ultra-Ritualists, inasmuch as not having been commanded by Moses, the natural presumption is, that it was precisely one of those "heavy burdens" and "grievous to be borne" which the Scribes and Pharisees bound upon the people, and for which our Lord so severely censured them.

In fact, the desire to make

either fasting or confession compulsory, in order to the reception of the Holy Communion, arises, I cannot help thinking, from that carnal and most unscriptural view of that Blessed Mystery of fleshly transubstantiation,—an error which has filled the Romish world with a scornful scepticism. Remember, that while the "Mystery of godliness" continually rises even *above* our renewed reason, it can never contradict it, or we have ceased to be "creatures capable of God," having lost the very means of understanding who He is, or how He is to be served.

The rigid enforcement of any such human-devised rules, as that I am now discussing, is little else than an attempt to be purer and wiser than our Maker; and ever tends to diminish the influence of the gentle and loving giver of the Holy Spirit, as witness the harsh unloving character of much of Mediæval religionism; and the self-willed and uncharitable tone of sectarian controversy, putting in the

forefront of this accusation, Romanistic and Ultra Ritualistic organs.

As regards occasional Evening Communion they have a peculiar charm. It is sweet, when the turmoil of the day is over, sometimes thus to rest at the feet of Jesus, and then retire to rest, full of grateful love, "at peace with the world, with our selves, and with God;" feeling that if we "fell on sleep," it would be to awake with the dear Lord in Paradise!

My dear D., I fear that I have been almost tedious in combating what I consider as a dangerous principle, this "being wise above what is written;" and yet I hope that my sufficient apology is, that error, even on virtue's side, is error still, and therefore must tend in its degree, ultimately to undermine reverence and faith.

Very affectionately yours,

A. T.

Diocese of Huron,

9th June, 1874.

PROTESTANT ROMANISM.

Sir,—During Holy Week and on Easter Day I was, through circumstances, present at various services in a Jesuit church. I was particularly struck with the intense Protestantism every where and in every way manifested; by Protestantism I mean an intense hatred of whatever was Catholic in former ages—of "Old Catholicism." The altar

at the west end, because the Catholic Church ever placed it in the east; music, secular and operatic in style, displaced at Mass the sublime tones of the Church, even those fragments of Gregorian music printed in every Roman Missal were repudiated. The vestments of the newest modern cut and the chasubles without crosses. In the proces-

sion, girls dressed in thin muslin with low bodies and short skirts as for a ball. Two *Tenebræ* offices were sung, the third gave place to a modern English service. Those used were only sung on account of the great beauty of the Tone for the Lamentations, and therefore only one nocturn was sung, the remaining two were omitted. Everywhere modern compositions were substituted for the grand anthems of the ancient Catholic Church; for instance, the offertory from the Psalms for Easter Day—"The earth trembled, and was still, when God arose to judgment, Alleluia," was rejected, and the *Regina Cæli*, "Queen of Heaven rejoice," substituted. The Vespers of Easter Day were altogether ignored and those of the Blessed Virgin used instead; not only so, but no Alleluia was added anywhere, although by rubric it ought to be added to antiphons, responsories &c., all through Easter Tide when the office of any saint is used.

For much of this, as for the Pagan architecture and style of the building, I was prepared, but not for the following mark of disloyalty. Disloyalty, I had hoped, was a slander in respect to Jesuits, and I should be glad to have any other explanation of the circumstance, or the assurance that it is confined to one single Jesuit chapel and not universal among all those Roman Catholic chapels in this country, in which the Mass of the Pre-sanctified is sung on Good Friday. In that Mass, after the

Gospel, follow Orisons for—1st, the Universal Church; 2nd, the Pope; 3rd, all Orders in the Church, and all the people; 4th for the Sovereign (in the Roman Empire, of course, for the Roman Emperor; in France it was "*pro Christianissimo Rege Nostro N.*" &c.); 5th, for catechumens; 6th, for the whole world; 7th, for schismatics; 8th, for Jews; and 9th, for heathens. But in this Jesuit church, dedicated to the "Sacred Heart," the Sovereign was not prayed for; the 4th orison was altogether omitted, because, as a layman told me, Queen Victoria is a Protestant. This reply, though the reverend Fathers would probably repudiate it, shows, at least, the kind of teaching their congregation get.

AN OLD CATHOLIC.

PROTESTANTISM.

Sir,—The following is an extract from a letter which I received the other day from a relative near Geneva. Is it possible that the writer is correctly informed? A. A. D.

"Do you know what is going on in Geneva? They are actually, under the influence of several free-thinkers, abolishing the "National Church." The clergy as a body will no longer exist; each parish will choose its *pasteur*, of whatever religion he may may be, or of no religion at all. There is to be no more ordination, and the man thus elected by the majority may preach or discuss whatever doctrine he likes, or even give a lecture if it pleases him on scientific subjects from his pulpit."

TOO TRUE.

The oddest, though one of the most fashionable of modern cults is the worship of the spelling book and multiplication table. We have seen all manner of political complications brought about through the fanatical devotion of certain persons to "the three R's." We are told that pauperism and drunkenness and crime would be abolished if only every child could be taught to write copies and do little sums in arithmetic. This idolatry of what is called education is really a ridiculous superstition. Nobody can possibly be made wiser or more virtuous by the acquis-

ition of such accomplishment as constitute the fetish of the Birmingham League. The power of being able to read with fluency may, no doubt be an important step towards useful instruction; but if the reading contemplated is to be in the *Sporting Life* or the "Penny Dismals" it is not easy to see how it can be beneficial; and unfortunately those who believe most in the regeneration of mankind by means of Board Schools, are just those who object most to giving the young a bias towards wholesome literature.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF MR. BOWER, ONE OF THE INQUISITORS AT MACERTA, INTO ENGLAND, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE INQUISITION IN ITALY.

(Continued).

The ensuing morning, when Mr. Bower delivered the key of the prison, and announced the arrest the Inquisitor General said to him, "This is done like one who is desirous, at least, to conquer the weakness of nature."

The nobleman underwent the queen of tortures, but was released by death three days after the infliction. His estate, as usual, was confiscated to the Inquisition, reserving a small provision only for his widowed lady, and for the child if she should prove to be pregnant. It may be supposed that Mr. Bower was now fully determined on an adventure, the most desperate that man ever undertook, and of which history can scarcely produce an equal.

The manner of it was all that remained for consideration. It occurred to him to solicit permission to make a pilgrimage to Loretto, and for that purpose he waited on the Inquisitor General several times; but conscious of his secret intentions, whenever he attempted to speak, he dreaded lest the words should falter on his tongue, and his very confusion betray him; so that still he returned as he went. One day, however, while in familiar conversation, he had the courage to say, "My lord! 'tis long since I was at Loretto; will your Lordship give me leave to go thither for a week?" to which the Inquisitor General gave an immediate assent.

The anxiety of a mind filled with a project of such importance, and that Mr. Bower added the following to the many sleepless nights he had already passed, may be readily imagined.

Having made all his preparations, and his valuable papers, including the directory, being concealed in the lining of his clothes, so soon as the horse which he had hired and ordered to be brought to him early in the morning was come to the door, he carried down his port-manteau and fastened it on himself. As he was mounting, he told the owner of the horse he did not know whether he should like him or not, as he was a very bad horseman, and asked him what he valued him at, in case he should not suit. The man named the price and he gave him the money, and then set forward armed with two loaded pistols, being determined, in case of any exigence, not to be taken alive.

Mr. Bower's plan was to take the bye-roads through the Adriatic states into Switzerland; being a distance of 400 miles, before he could get out of the Pope's jurisdiction, and with the roads through which beyond 150 miles from Macerata, he was perfectly unacquainted.

After travelling ten miles without meeting anybody, he found himself at a place where two ways met, the one leading to Loretto, the other being the road which he proposed going. Here he stood some minutes in the most profound perplexity. The dreadful alternative appeared now in the strongest view, and he was even yet tempted to quit his darling project, and turn towards Loretto. But finally, collecting all the force of his stagger-

ing resolution, he pushed his horse into the contrary road, and that instant left all his fears behind.

It was in the month of April when Mr. Bower began his journey. During the first seventeen days the nature of the roads he was obliged to pursue, amongst mountains, woods, rocks and precipices, in paths generally no better than a sheep track, and often not so good, prevented his travelling more than a hundred miles. When he met any person, which was very seldom, he pretended to have lost his way, and inquired for the high road to avoid suspicion; for he well knew that so soon as the papers he conveyed were missing, or that there was any reason to suspect his escape, expresses would be dispatched in every direction, and every possible method adopted to secure him. In fact expresses were sent off, and in a short time outstripped him above a hundred miles.

During these seventeen days he supported himself on goat's milk, obtained from the shepherds, with such coarse victuals as he could purchase of the peasants who came to cut faggots, choosing his place of repose for himself where there was most shelter and grass for his horse; at the expiration of this period, having fasted nearly three days, he was compelled to strike into the high road and enter the first house he came to, which happened to be a post-house with only one small room, where gentlemen staid till their horses were changed. He requested the landlady to give him some victuals; but, looking about, he saw a paper posted up over the door which contained the most exact and minute description of his own person,

offering a reward of the value of 800*l.* to any one who should carry him alive to the Inquisition, and of 600*l.* for his head. This was sufficiently terrifying, as there were two countrymen in the house. He endeavored to hide his face by rubbing it with his handkerchief and blowing his nose, and, when he got into the room, by looking out of the window; but, one of the fellows presently observing,—“This gentleman don’t care to be known,” Mr. Bower thought there was nothing for it but to brave it out; so, turning to him, he put his handkerchief in his pocket and said boldly, “You rascal! what do you mean? What have I done that I need fear to be known? look at me you villain!” The man made no reply, but got up, nodded his head, and, winking significantly to his companion, they walked out together. Mr. Bower watched them from the window, but a corner obstructed his view for a few minutes; in a short time he espied them with three or four others in close conference. This foreboded no good. Not a moment was to be lost; he drew out his pistols, put one in his sleeve, and, with the other cocked in his hand, marched into the stable, and, without saying a word, mounted his horse and rode off.

Fortunately the men wanted either presence of mind or courage to attack him, for they certainly recognized him by the description given in the advertisement. He was now again obliged to seek refuge in the woods, where he must soon have been famished but for the superintendence of a divine providence. At night, when he was almost fainting, he met with some woodcutters, who supplied him with excellent pro-

vision. He wandered for some time through paths in which he rendered his horse more assistance than he could derive from him, being obliged to clear the roads and lead him.

As night advanced he laid himself down in a very disconsolate condition, having no idea where he was or which way he should turn. When the day began to break he found he was on a small eminence, where he discovered a town at a distance, which he concluded to be one of considerable extent, from the number of its steeples, spires, &c. Though this gave him some satisfaction, yet it was not unaccompanied with terror, as he knew not what place it was and might incur much risk by going into the high road to inquire. Nevertheless, he advanced as fast as he could, and, asking the first person he met, was informed it was Lucern—the residence of the Pope’s Nuncio, to and from whom all the expresses concerning Mr. Bower must have been dispatched. The road not suiting his views, he left the moment his informer was out of sight, and once more betook him to the woods, where he wandered for some time longer, oppressed by hunger and cold, and perplexed with uncertainty whither he should go.

One dismal, dark, and wet night, he could neither find shelter nor ascertain where he was, or what course he should pursue, but, after some time, he perceived a light at a very great distance, towards which he attempted to proceed, and with much difficulty discovered a track, but so narrow and uneven that he was forced to extend one foot before the other in the most cautious manner.

With much labor he reached the place from which he had seen the

light, which was a miserable hut. He knocked and called until some one looked out and demanded who he was and what brought him there. Mr. Bower replied that he was a stranger, and had lost his way. "Way!" cried the man, "there is no way here to lose!" "Why, where am I?" said Mr. B. "In the Canton of Berne!" "In the Canton of Berne!" said Mr. B., "Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. B. in raptures, "that I am in the Canton of Berne!" "Thank God you are!" replied the man, "but for God's sake how came you here?" Mr. B. begged that he would come down and open the door, and he would then satisfy him; he did so, and Mr. B. inquired if he had heard any thing of a person who had lately escaped from the Inquisition. "Aye! heard of him, we have all heard of him, after sending off so many expresses and so much noise about him! God grant that he may be safe, and keep out of their hands!" Mr. B. said, "I am the very person!" The peasant, in a transport of joy, clasped him in his arms, kissed him, and ran to call his wife, who came with every expression of pleasure in her countenance, and, making one of her best courtesies, kissed his hand. Her husband spoke Italian, as most of the borderers do, but she could not, and Mr. Bower not understanding Swiss, she was obliged to make her compliments in pantomime, or by her husband as her interpreter. Both expressed much concern that they had no better accommodation for him—if they had a bed for themselves he should have it, but he should have some clean straw and what covering they possessed.

The good man hastened to get off

Mr. B's, wet clothes and wrap something about him till they were dry, and the wife to get ready what victuals they had, which, probably for the first time, they regretted were no better than a little sour grout* and new laid eggs. "A fresh egg," Mr. B. said, "was a novelty," and no doubt he so esteemed at the time and in such company. Three eggs were served up with the grout and he made a comfortable meal, after which he enjoyed what may be properly termed repose, for it was quiet and secure.

As soon as he arose in the morning the honest Swiss and his wife, who had been long awake, but would not stir lest they should disturb him, came to know how he had rested. The good dame was dressed in her holiday clothes. After breakfast the husband set out with him to direct him the road to Berne, which was at no great distance, but previously insisted on returning with him a little way to shew him the road he had taken the preceding night. Mr. Bower did not much like this. The man, perceiving his doubt, reproved him for distrusting that Providence which had so wonderfully preserved him, and soon convinced him that he only wanted to increase his dependence on it for the future by shewing him the danger which he had escaped; for he saw that he and his horse had passed a dreadful precipice, where the breadth of the path would scarcely admit a horse, and the very sight of which made him shudder. The peasant accompanied him for several miles on the road to Berne, until there was no probability of losing

* Grout is cabbage and curds salted and put down together in a skin, and is used by the Swiss peasant as their ordinary food.

his way, and then left him with a thousand good wishes.

So truly does religion exalt and refine the principles and sentiments, that when Mr. Bower offered to remunerate him, though in such extreme poverty, he obstinately refused to accept anything, saying, "God forbid! he had his reward in being in any manner instrumental to his safety." In general those who profess the Protestant religion on the confines of the ecclesiastical state are remarkably zealous.

Mr. Bower proceeded towards Berne, at which place he inquired for the minister, to whom he discovered himself, and received from him as hearty a welcome as he had experienced from the honest Swiss, with the addition of more elegant entertainment, but was advised to go forward the next morning to Basle; for, though protected from open violence, he was not secure from secret treachery.

Basle being situate in the Rhine, a boat sailed at stated times from thence to Holland, which was usually crowded with people of desperate character from all parts of the continent, flying from the laws of their respective countries for theft, murder, and crimes of every description. This conveyance seemed to be the most expeditious mode of getting to England, and the minister gave Mr. Bower a letter to his friend the minister at Basle, who received him kindly and approved of the plan suggested.

During the two days following his arrival, before the sailing of the passage boat, Mr. Bower kept close quarters, and equipped himself in a manner suitable to the company with which he was about to associate,

putting his own clothes into his portmanteau, of which as he was instructed to be particularly careful, he made his seat by day and his pillow by night. Being obliged to leave his horse, which which was endeared to him by the hardships it had shared with him, he was determined to place it in the hands of a good master, and presented it to the friendly minister, who promised it should be rode by no one but himself, and that when it became old or infirm it should be comfortably maintained. So inseparable are tenderness and humanity from true greatness of soul that Mr. Bower shed some tears at parting with his companion and assistant in his difficulties.

Disgusting as he found the company in the boat, he was compelled to regret the necessity of leaving it, in consequence of having sprung a leak, which obliged the master to put in at Strassburgh for repairs, which might detain him a fortnight. To stay there was impossible. Mr. Bower therefore took off the shabby dress, in which he was disguised, at the first inn he saw, and concealing it beneath the bed, stole out with his portmanteau to a tavern, from whence he sent to engage a seat in the stage to Calais. For the first two or three days of his journey he heard nothing concerning himself; which induced him to hope that the news of his escape had not yet reached France: but in this he was disappointed, for as he approached Calais he found it was the subject of general conversation.

On his arrival at Calais, he was introduced into an apartment in which were two Jesuits, who wore the red cross of the Inquisition, and several officers of the police, he instantly hastened to the quay, and inquiring when

the packet sailed for England, was informed not till the Monday following, that day being Friday. Upon this he turned to a fisherman, and asked if he would carry him over in an open boat; but he, as well as others, astonished at the rashness of his design, refused. He was soon convinced this was a wrong step, for the eyes of every body were fixed upon him, as a person of extraordinary consequence; concluding that either, he had dispatches of the last importance, or was some enormous offender escaping from justice. Every thing seemed to conspire to distress him, and he began to doubt the possibility of reaching his inn, apprehending that every one he met was about to lay hold of him. When he got there, finding the room where the Jesuits had been, unoccupied, he inquired of the woman who belonged to the house, what had become of the good company he had left there.—“O sir,” said she—“I am sorry to tell you—but they are upstairs searching your portmanteau!” What course to pursue he could not determine. By water he knew he could not escape; and in order to get through the gates he must pass the guards, who, most probably were prepared to intercept him. If it were practicable to secret himself till it was dark, and attempt to scale the walls, he was unacquainted with their height, and if detected he was ruined.

The dangers he had surmounted now aggravated the terror of his situation. After weathering so long a storm to perish within sight of the desired haven was a most distracting thought. It seemed that a most singular interposition of providence alone could prevent it. Whilst engaged in these sad reflections, he heard some company laugh-

ing, and talking very loud; and listening at the door, he found the conversation was in a language he did not understand. Concluding therefore that the party was English, he rushed into the room, and recollecting the face of Lord Baltimore, whom he had been at Rome, he requested the favor of a word in private with his lordship. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance, with one pistol cocked in his hand, and another in his sleeve, was increased with Mr. Bower's request, accompanied by his determined air. Lord Baltimore desired he would lay down his pistol, which he did, begging pardon, for not having done so before; some of the gentlemen then told him of the other, which he likewise laid down. Lord Baltimore then asked him if he had any other arms about him; and being assured he had not, he directly retired with him into another apartment. On being informed who he was; Lord Baltimore exclaimed “Mr. Bower! you are undone, and I cannot protect you; they are above searching your apartment.” But a lucky thought fortunately occurring, he instantly returned to his company, and proposed that they should rise up, and taking him in the midst of them try to cover him till they could get to his lordship's boat, to which the gentlemen immediately assented, and the scheme succeeded; for the boat being very near, they got to it unobserved, and all jumping in, they rowed with four pair of oars, to a yacht that lay off the shore about two miles, in which the party had come for an excursion, and to drink a bottle of French wine. The wind being fair they soon reached Dover, where he was safely landed.—*From Dellon's Inquisition at Goa.*