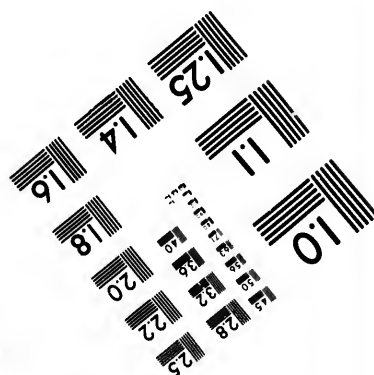
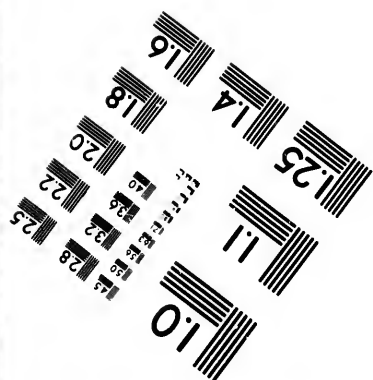
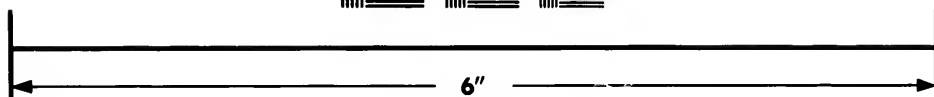
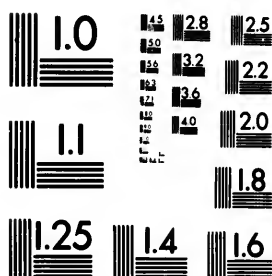


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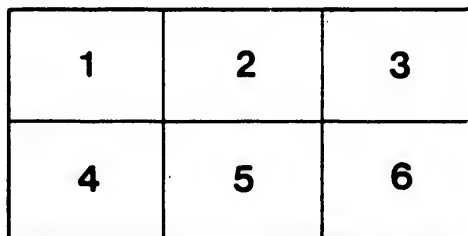
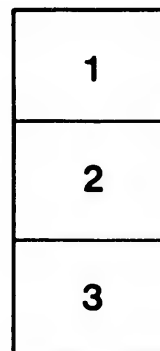
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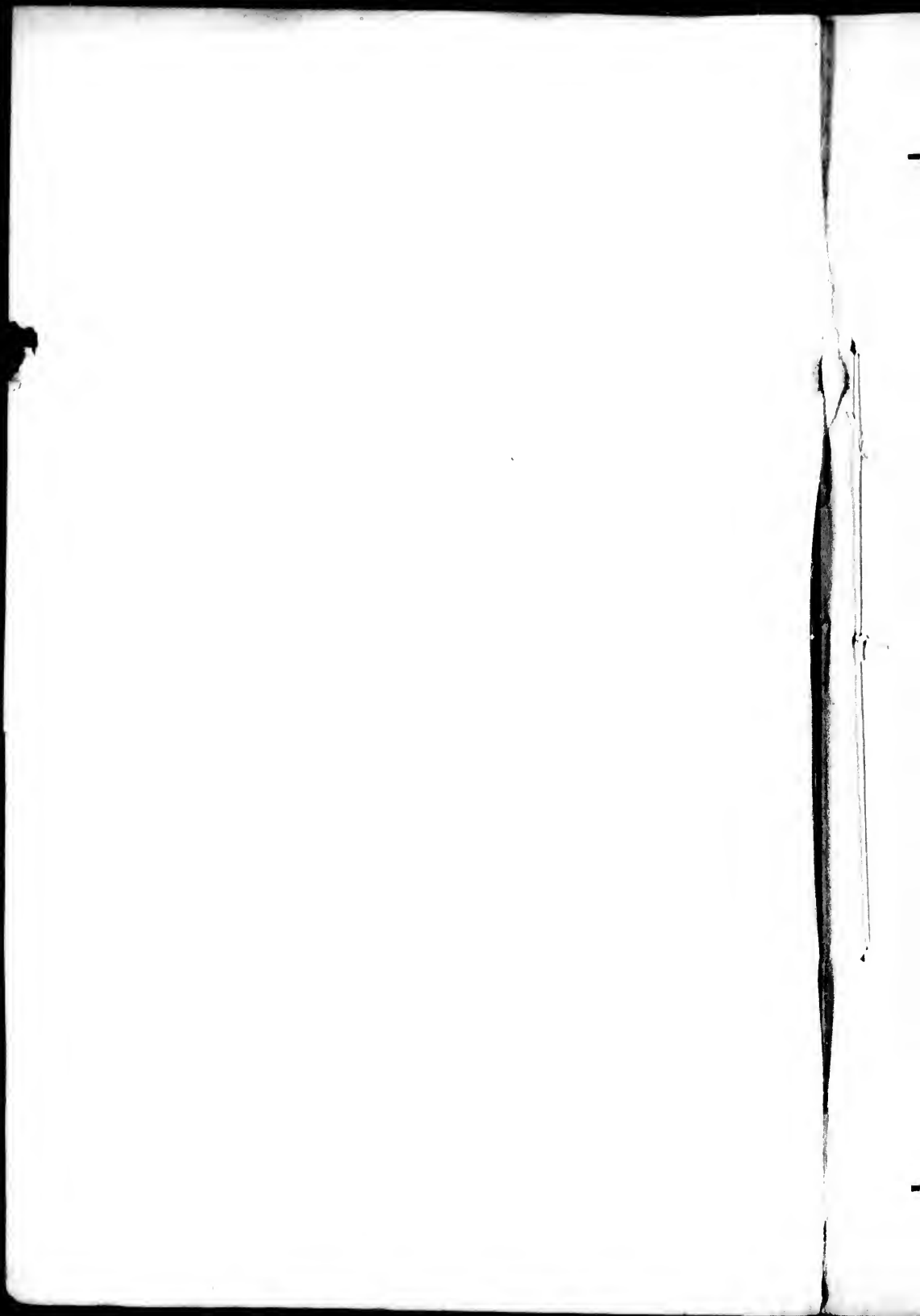
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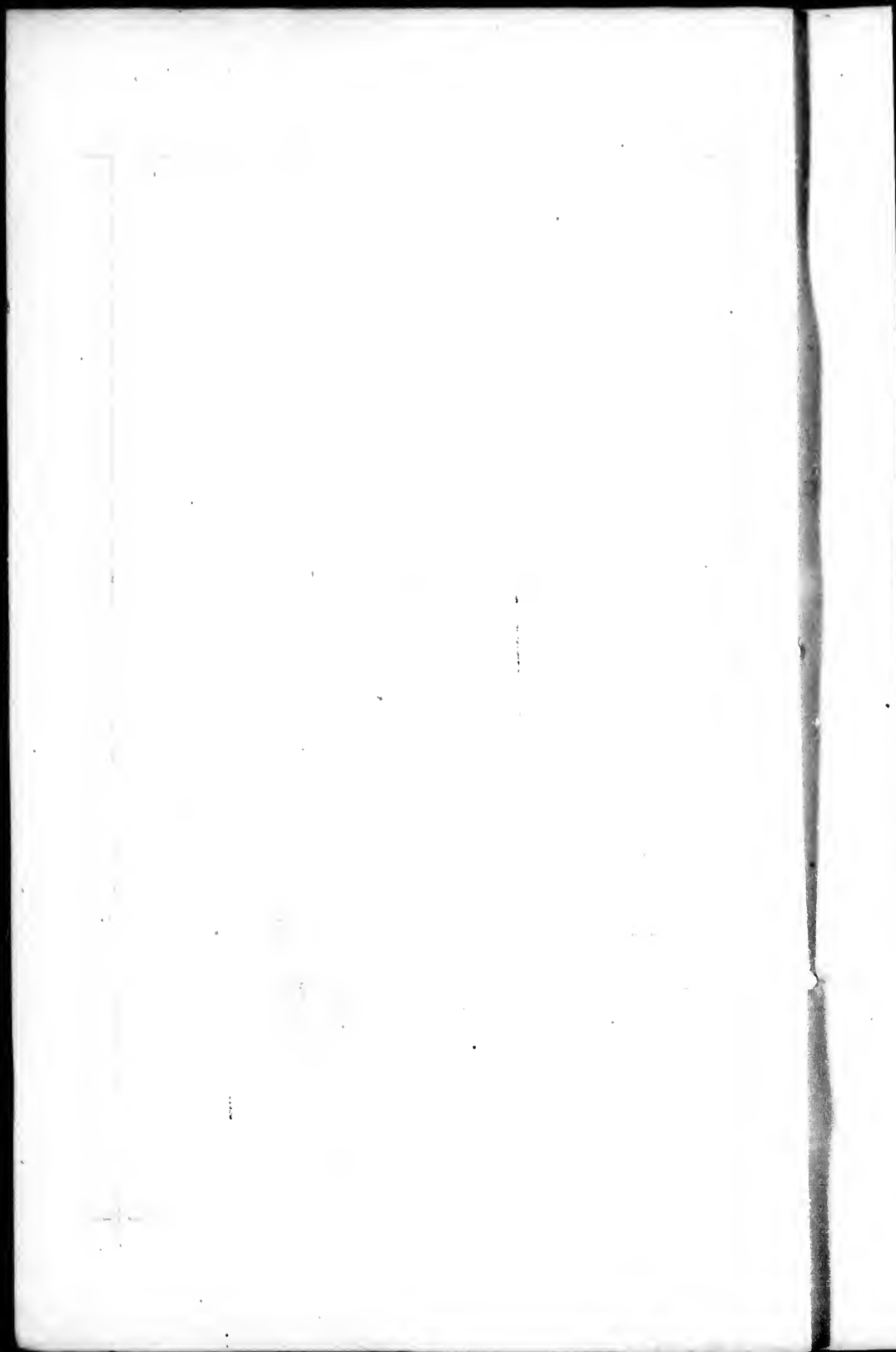




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THE  
SERPENT  
SATAN  
AND  
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OR  
THE TRINITY OF EVIL.







### THE EVIL SPIRIT.

The Evil Spirit is the theme  
I now before you set in verse ;  
I wish to draw aside the screen,  
And all his ways and works rehearse.

A Trinity of Evil see.  
Now surrounding land and sea ;  
St. John three unclean spirits saw  
Coming from the dragon's jaw.

Like frogs, he says, they leapt about,  
Croaking all their evil out ;  
Working miracles, man to cleave,  
Just as he did first with Eve.

What a deceiver he has been,  
This Prince of the pow'r of the air ;  
His only object, aim and scheme,  
That man should all his ruin share.

Like light'ning he from Heaven fell,  
Knowing he never could return ;  
But would be closely shut in Hell,  
For endless ages to sojourn.

While man, if he obey'd God's laws,  
He saw would fill his vacant place.  
And revel in all those great joys,  
He lost when he did Heav'n disgrace.

This must have fill'd his wicked heart  
 With envy, jealousy and hate,  
 And led him on to play the part  
 Which lur'd our parents to their fate.

Then, as a serpent, he appears  
 To a gentle trusting woman,  
 Filling her mind with doubts and fears,  
 As he leads her through the garden.

"If that fine beauteous fruit you eat,  
 "God will not surely make you die ;  
 "As gods you will then take your seat,  
 "And good from evil with your eye

"Well opened, you will discern."  
 Instead of which, how many sin  
 On, day by day, with no concern,  
 For he has made all dark within ;

And death, the dreadful curse of man  
 And beast, for near six thousand years  
 The whole of this our earth doth span ;  
 While Satan walks around and leers,

Tempting each creature with his fruit,  
 Which all too eagerly do taste ;  
 His poison made each one to suit,  
 And all his energies to waste.

Job tells us of a certain day,  
 When many of our God's own sons,  
 Mov'd by a holy, heavenly ray,  
 Together to the Lord did come.

Among them Satan finds his way,  
 And to the Lord himself did talk.  
 "My servant Job, the Lord did say,  
 "In true and upright paths doth walk."

But Satan cunningly replies :  
 " An hedge about him thou hast made ;  
 " The reason why he me defies,  
 Thy blessings have him firmly staid."

Pow'r to Satan the Lord then gave,  
 His servant Job to try and tempt ;  
 Strong faith from Satan's wiles did save—  
 His love to God they did cement.

As Joshua the High Priest stands  
 Before the Angel of the Lord,  
 Satan resists at his right hand,  
 But disappears at Angel's word.

The filthy garments he had worn  
 Were then from Joshua taken ;  
 His head a mitre did adorn,  
 When Satan had him forsaken.

David by Satan was provok'd  
 To number up Israel's hosts,  
 By which God's anger he invok'd  
 And sev'nty thousand men he lost.

Thus David, Joshua and Job,  
 Have sin and Satan seen and known;  
 All Adam's children on this globe,  
 Have been by Satan made to groan.

Nothing but the Saviour's prayer  
 Sav'd Simon Peter from his lair ;  
 Three times he made him tell a lie,  
 For which he afterwards did sigh.

Jude says, the Devil did dispute,  
 And the Archangel did refute ;  
 Moses, for whom he did contend,  
 This Angel Michael did defend.

But Christ has bruis'd the Serpent's head,  
 And curb'd his great and wondrous power ;  
 When he returns to wake the dead,  
 His Angel chains him in that hour.

---

LUKE XIII. 32.

When Christ did on this earth appear,  
 The Devil first as man was seen ;  
 To tempt us he is always near—  
 Various is his shape and mien.

He dar'd our Lord himself to tempt ;  
 But foil'd, he plung'd with rage in men ;  
 And women were not then exempt—  
 From Magdalene Christ cast out seven.

See how those devils knew our Lord,  
 And trembled when they saw His face ;  
 They flew when He but spake the word—  
 The swine into the lake did chase.

The Devil still does men possess,  
 When evil passions do enthral ;  
 His idols seem to have a zest  
 And pow'r to make men hear his call.

Slyly he flatters and deceives,  
 Allures each one with some device ;  
 Inflates with pride or love of ease—  
 With golden rays he does entice.

Men blindly nibble at his fruit,  
 Although its poison well they know  
 His snares are laid each one to suit,  
 Causing his evil seed to grow.

To the twelve Christ gave the power  
 To check the growth of sin in man ;  
 From His throne He now does shower  
 Grace on the means of his great plan,

Which fills his sacraments with fire ;  
 Gives strength to bruise the tempter's arts ;  
 Preserves from Satan's rage and ire,  
 Rendering harmless all his darts.

Christ alone can extract the root  
 And take the sting of death away ;  
 When man does heed his Maker's suit,  
 Christ will proclaim eternal day.

---

#### THE TEMPTER'S ARTS.

How grievous is the love of gain,  
 When it does men's souls enchain ;  
 Cheating and grasping all they can,  
 Then the daily hourly plan.

To gain a little bit of land,  
 Many will soul and body strand ;  
 Pass restless days and sleepless nights,  
 Scheming plots for other's rights.

They will cause you both pain and toil,  
 If their arts you try to foil ;  
 Against them you cannot succeed,  
 Unless God does intercede.

One with another will combine,  
 To work out their dark design ;  
 In a great circle they will join  
 What they covet to purloin.

To be thought rich in gold and land,  
 They will rob you underhand ;  
 Thus many a noble life is lost,  
 And with evil passions tost.

Self, the sole object of each thought,  
 When their labour comes to nought :  
 The things of sight their value lose,  
 Too late virtue's paths to choose.

Despair drives on to darker deeds—  
 Fruit of all their evil deeds—  
 Worries the mind, wears flesh away,  
 Clothes with sorrow and decay.

## 2ND PART.

The love of gold absorbs all else,  
 Men seem to live to gather pence ;  
 Never content, their constant aim,  
 Is gold and silver heaps to gain.

Some make it in an honest way,  
 With steady aim from day to day ;  
 They gather coin, build mansions great,  
 That they may live in grand estate.

Some with sharp tricks and cheating ways,  
 Their friends and foes alike betray ;  
 Grow very rich, and very proud,  
 And drive their horses with the crowd.

Some save and scrape, and live by stealth,  
 That men may bow to their great wealth ;  
 These ends attained, they pass away,  
 Are cut down as the new mown hay.

Does it seem wisdom thus to live,  
And all our energies to give ;  
To gather what we cannot keep,  
And sow where we so little reap ?

Gold is a useful thing, 'tis true ;  
All have a right to get their due ;  
But if for it our minds we strain,  
Then slyly Satan twines his chain ;

Making us selfish, mean and vain,  
The glory of this world our aim ;  
The heart grows cold, the eye grows dim,  
All from this great and grievous sin.

Even the monkey has more sense,  
He prefers nuts to any pence ;  
Darwin's theory must be wrong,  
For man's improving is his song.

---

#### SABBATH BREAKING.

Am I robbing God or not,  
If I use the Sabbath day  
To work out my worldly plots,  
Or to mingle with the gay ?

Six days work, one day of rest,  
Is our Maker's own command ;  
Man seems to think it's a jest,  
And heeds not this wise demand.

Those we love, we try to please,  
Gladly we devote to them  
All our thoughts, our time, our ease,  
Giving all to sinful men ;

While we steal our Maker's hours,  
 Just to take a little sail ;  
 To stroll in beauty's bowers,  
 Or write letters for the mail.

Some read novels all the day,  
 Visit all their friends around ;  
 Gather Idols made of clay,  
 With a false and hollow sound.

Softly down these paths men tread,  
 On the way to greater crimes ;  
 Prisoners by Satan led,  
 Willing captives to his wiles.

Always craving something new,  
 Peace of mind they never know ;  
 Seldom any good pursue,  
 And God's blessings from them throw.

---

#### THE SIN OF DRINKING.

Serpents of every kind are seen,  
 Winding through the forest glade ;  
 In search of prey their eyes do gleam,  
 Finding victims in its shade.

The Serpent lures with magic eye—  
 Courage flies beneath his gaze ;  
 The victim tries in vain to fly,  
 Fascinated, there it stays.

Poison and death from him have sprung,  
 And in ev'ry mouth is found ;  
 Saliva to our lips has clung—  
 Death our bodies does surround.



With light'ning dash the creature springs,  
 And at once does it enfold ;  
 Coils round and round ; and to it clings,  
 Till its jaws its body hold.

When Eve did with the Serpent talk,  
 Subtle he was, it is said ;  
 But then he on his feet did walk ;  
 Now, all creatures do him dread.

Our very blessings made a curse  
 That which should have cheered the heart,  
 Causing constant craving thirst—  
 Sowing vice of ev'ry sort.

Drink is the greatest curse of sin,  
 Few the habit can control ;  
 It makes all black and dark within—  
 Ruins body, mind and soul.

It is many a household's foe,  
 Wearing flesh and health away ;  
 Dragging souls down to endless woe ;  
 Hiding from them Christ our stay.

Just like a little pebble thrown  
 In water, quiet and calm,  
 It ruffles and disturbs this stone,  
 All the circle that it can.

One seldom hears of any crime,  
 Where drink has not play'd its part ;  
 It seems to be the evil mine,  
 With veins pointing to the heart.

But Jesus, who was all Divine,  
 New life offers to those veins ;  
 Drink in faith His love in wine,  
 And thus shake off Satan's chains.

## FLIRTING.

Flirting is a fearful thing,  
Leads to much sorrow and shame ;  
Hearts it does with sorrow wring,  
It should some attention claim.

Little children now we see,  
Whose hearts should be pure indeed,  
Looking all around with glee,  
For a little of this weed,

Which, when planted, grows apace,  
Spoils that sweet and lovely bloom,  
Which should shine on each young face,  
Many virtues does entomb.

Then when these young people wed,  
Flirting ways they cannot change ;  
They continue, without dread,  
And each other's hearts estrange.

Then the little daily strife  
Wears till it creates a sore ;  
Tarnishing the joys of life,  
Gnawing out love's very core.

There can be no sadder sight  
Than a home with hearts grown cold ;  
Without love, its beacon light,  
Serpents poison and enfold.

Just as one did Mother Eve,  
With a little gentle sting ;  
Each the other does deceive,  
And to utter ruin bring.

## THE SIN OF LYING.

'The devil's children must tell lies,  
 He always has a liar been  
 To speak the truth, they never try  
 He always from it tries to wean.

First disobey then till a lie,  
 If you my wages wish to gain,  
 God surely will not make you die  
 He must have whisper'd unto Cain.

It does seem strange when Abel died,  
 That fear of man should fill Cain's mind  
 That with a lie he thought to hide  
 A deed of such a dreadful kind.

From the great God whose truth he saw  
 In his dead brother's form of clay,  
 Why was he not o'erwhelm'd with awe  
 Instead of fear that man would slay.

The devil held him in his grasp,  
 And gently from his God withdrew,  
 He slowly fasten'd on the mask  
 That hid from him the wise and true.

This is the way he marches round,  
 Filling the earth with lying seed,  
 And trying to maintain his ground  
 By urging men to wicked deeds.

---

 CHURCH MUSIC.

Is it true that notes of praise  
 In our churches discords raise ;  
 Evil does in there intrude,  
 Even there he tries to brood

Why should we to Satan yield ?  
 Let us drive him from the field ;  
 Sift and see though he defies  
 And poor human nature tries.

Some no organ will allow,—  
 To this prejudice they bow ;  
 Some will not stand up to sing,—  
 Never think of such a thing.

Young boy singers clad in white  
 Are to some a great delight.  
 Ladies some call to their aid,  
 But then they must *now* be paid.

Some make music the one thing,  
 People flock to hear them sing ;  
 Finish up with some new lay,  
 Just to make the people stay.

Organs are of ancient date,  
 For in man's primeval state  
 Harp and organ we are told,  
 Jubal could himself take hold.

And in Chronicles we read  
 When King David saw the need  
 For the Ark to pitch a tent,  
 He for Priests and Levites sent.

That they might prepare to sing,  
 Praises to our God and King ;  
 They did Chenaniah choose,  
 Because he among the Jews

Was most skilful in the song,  
 And could best instruct the throng ;  
 David dress'd in linen white,  
 Singers, Levites, all in sight.

Priests did all their trumpets blow,  
And the Word doth further show  
They play'd cornets, cymbals, harps,  
Shouting forth with all their hearts ;

And in Nehemiah's day  
Priests and Levites met to pray,  
With singers, instruments and all,  
Who upon the Lord did call.

Thus it seems that Jewish times  
Brought forth more united chimes ;  
When to Christ Jews bend the knee,  
Christians will their errors see.

---

#### THE TEMPTER'S FRIENDS.

Come, friends, the Summer is coming on fast,  
The Winter is now very nearly past ;  
Let us pitch our tents, and arrange our ways,  
Where there are no Holy Sabbath days.

Lachine, they say, is a very nice place,  
Then to it we all must most surely haste ;  
The rich and the poor are gathering there,  
So it is plain we have no time to spare.

Our company must be very select,  
Satan, our guide, we'll agree to elect ;  
The seventh day in his amusements spend,  
He will give us fun, and some money lend.

We will moor our boats on Saturday night,  
And start in the morning, just at day-light ;  
It would be just as well to get away  
When people are looking the other way ;

For when all the Church bells begin to ring ;  
 And these good Christians begin to sing,  
 We'll feel our bodies are stealing the rest,  
 Our souls would enjoy with relish and zest.

But now 'tis too late our ways to change,  
 Our habits are form'd, our plans arranged ;  
 Our spiritual eyes are firmly sealed,  
 Our future Satan has well concealed.

---

#### THE LAST BATTLE.

Lucifer, who from Heaven fell,  
 And whose domain is now call'd Hell,  
 Would gladly wander over earth  
 And gather angels for his hearth.

Lucifer knows his time is short,  
 Thus he is luring every sort ;  
 Some with gold, and some with wine,  
 Some he draws with a steady line.

Lucifer, when he makes men sin,  
 Whispers, " it is but a little thing ;  
 " Taste and try it, it is really sweet ;"  
 He soon persuades, and mankind eat.

Lucifer is cunning and sly ;  
 He never works, but he must lie ;  
 His greatest card, a pile of gold,  
 Draws foolish souls into his hold.

Lucifer's door is near at hand ;  
 Goodness will drive him from this land ;  
 Then death, our enemy, will flee,  
 And man will purely happy be.

## THE KINGDOM.

The question is on earth who reigns,  
Who is it holds man's heart in chains,  
Who tempts us with his golden rays,  
And tries to make us passion's slaves.

Look at the young and lovely babe,  
Perfect by his Creator made.  
How soon will anger spoil that face,  
And rob it of its sweetest grace.

Before it speaks it disobeys,  
And seems to crave for evil ways.  
The tongue soon learns to tell a lie,  
For which 'tis hard to make it sigh.

If Christ had not put on a curb,  
Nothing would evil still disturb,  
His good and noble early life  
Has this kingdom fill'd with strife.

He told us that he brought a sword  
That would us through sins' river ford,  
And with the sword, Faith's golden chain  
This dreadful battle to maintain.

As long as man this conflict fights  
Death will put him out of sight,  
The hour of temptations come,  
The voice will soon proclaim 'tis done.

The time of peace is drawing near,  
Then we will nothing have to fear,  
The former things will pass away,  
And we will Christ all homage pay.

## THE VICTORY.

Evil now sits in glory great,  
Spreading round his tempting bait ;  
Luring us with the things of sight,  
To the realms of endless night.

Two spirits now for us contend,  
And our wills' behests attend ;  
One will with holiness array,  
The other leads our steps astray.

The good must trust, and watch and wait ;  
Their reward anticipate ;  
For while this world is rul'd by sin,  
They their glory cannot win.

Christ comes again with a reprieve,  
When the Jews in him believe ;  
Then as the King of David's line,  
He will open out their mine.

Then earth will be Heaven below,  
Time no longer will us mow ;  
Many purified then will be,  
And made white that all shall see.

All hallowed then our Father's name,  
Christ will this his Kingdom claim ;  
His will on earth will then be done  
As in Heaven it is sung.

He will give us our daily Bread,  
And the Blood which he has shed  
Will furnish food for soul and mind  
Of the best and rarest kind.



Our trespasses God will forgive,  
 And will give us strength to live,  
 As Christ did walk so good and kind,  
 To each other's faults quite blind.

Temptations then will not assail ;  
 For our sight will pierce the vail  
 Of that dark desolated land,  
 Where evil dwells on ev'ry hand.

The wicked there will all have fled,  
 Captive then by Satan led ;  
 Banished for ever from the sight  
 Of God's presence pure and bright.

Satan having claimed his own,  
 And withdrawn them to his home ;  
 In glory on the mercy seat,  
 God will his good subjects meet.

With might and power then will shine  
 The wisdom of our God Divine ;  
 Mankind will then his name adore,  
 Pray and praise him evermore.

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#### DEATH.

Death now places his icy hand  
 On ev'ry creature in the land,  
 As people walk along the street,  
 Hearse or mourner they're sure to meet.

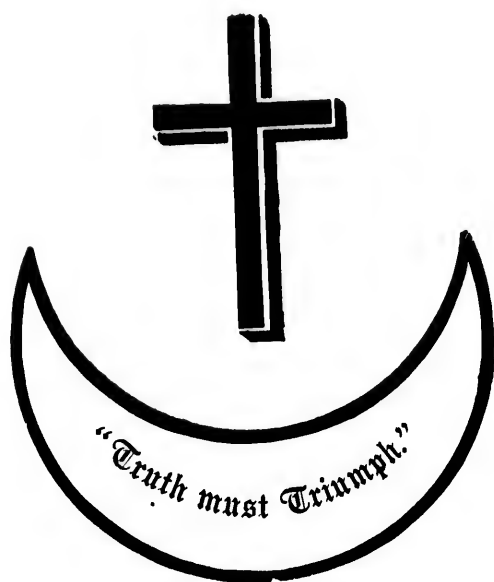
Why is it so? My spirit asks,  
 The young, the old must wear his mark,  
 Must drive along the dusty street,  
 And furnish to the worms his meat.

Nor cloister'd cell nor stately hall,  
But what must answer to his call  
The rich, the poor, the fool, the wise  
Go to the grave yard, there he lies.

What is the reason, angel hear  
Why must I part with all that's dear.  
Why must I leave this lovely earth,  
And make an end of all my mirth.

The angel whisper'd in my ear,  
Man's idols make death tarry here,  
Unite with faith and Christian love,  
And soon will come the Holy Dove.

Who when he comes will clear the way,  
Illumine all things with his ray,  
Restore to us the life we lost,  
And make us like, the Heav'nly Host.



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*To His Most Illustrious Majesty,*

## THE GRAND SEIGNEUR AND SULTAN

### OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE:

In the year 1870, I offered you my congratulations on the successful manner which you accomplished the opening of the Canal, which gives direct communication from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea; and the visit of the Empress of France, at that time in all her glory, seems to have been the commencement of direct intercourse between Turks and Christians, preparing the way for the return of the Jews to Jerusalem—which event appears to me to be very near at hand.

Since then, the Empress has been bereft of her husband and driven from the country where she reigned supreme—teaching us that we live in a time of wonderful changes. Indeed, the signs of the times are such as to make all men prepare for the Second coming of the Lord; and, if He is indeed coming with ten thousand of His Saints, as prophesied by Enoch, the seventh from Adam, all should use their talents to bring the world to one united Faith and Practice. You and I agree in the fact that all the world is descended from Noah, and the first good man who is mentioned after the Flood is Abraham, from whom both you and I descend,—for he had two sons, Isaac and Ishmael, both circumcised after the law, (the Jews are the descendants of Isaac, the Mahomedans of Ishmael). Christ was descended in a direct line from Isaac, and we are baptised and by that means made his children, by adoption.

Now Abraham believed that a Sacrifice of Blood was needed, and for that faith the Lord himself appeared to him twice and promised him that, “*In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed,* (Genesis xii., 3 ) “ All the nations of the earth shall be blessed *in him,*” (Genesis xviii., 18,) “ and in *thy seed shall all the*

nations of the earth be blessed, (Genesis xxii., 18.) If Christ, then, in whom we believe, was the Lord who appeared to our Father Abraham three different times, He must have been the child of promise, of whom Isaac was the Type.

Our natural birth does not make us Christians. We may be born of Christian parents, in a Christian land ; but, unless baptised of water and of the Spirit, we are neither of the nation or family of Christ, nor is the seed of the Holy Spirit sown in our hearts. Christ, then, in whom we believe, and whose children we are made by baptism, was circumcised and fulfilled the law in every particular. Without the Divine nature of God he could not have done this, for human nature, since the fall, has been unable to do anything perfectly. Christ suffered death, in order that every creature that breathed the breath of life might be set free from the bondage of sin, and so fitted to appear before God, the Maker of the world.

Thus, we see that Abraham believed in Christ before He (Christ) came into the world ; we have the testimony of living witnesses who saw Him, and the daily fulfilment of Prophecies which he could not have understood ; for as God divided the Red Sea on former days to allow the Jews to pass through on dry land, so now he has allowed you to make a passage through the Red Sea to the Holy Land, the place in which the Prophet Joel, hundreds of years ago, prophesied the descent of the Holy Spirit, and where Micah says, (chap. iv., 6, 7,) all the nations of the earth will come to a knowledge of the truth.

"The Rabbins say, that when the lot was taken, a scarlet fillet was bound on the Scape Goat's head, and after the High Priest had confessed his and the people's sins over it, the fillet became white ; this miracle ceased, according to them, forty years before the destruction of Jerusalem, that is, exactly when Jesus Christ was crucified "

Now, it may be that our blood was white before the Evil Spirit's poison entered our veins, and this miracle may have been intended to show that God will purify and make white again the blood of those who spiritually partake of those Sacraments that God has provided for the soul's nourishment. We know that Christ

shed his blood drop by drop to make atonement for the sins of the whole world, not for a few Christians or a few Jews,—not for one sect or one church,—but for the sins of the whole world, to satisfy Divine Justice and Mercy ; and when mankind begins to realize this fact, the sole object of their lives will be to become pure, Holy and Christ-like, and to make this earth a Heaven below.

But the Soul, like the body, must use the Blood to make it pure, in the same way as the body requires to use water to make it clean. Nothing but the *use* of water can keep the body in health ; nothing but the *use* of Christ's Blood can cleanse and purify the soul.

There are at present in the world numberless sects, but only four religions : Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians, who worship the one holy and true God, and Heathens who worship Idols of wood or stone or false Gods ; all four of which seem represented by Jewish offerings, which were first the offering of the herds of the flock, a shadow of the Jewish Faith which, until Christ came, always slew a lamb for their Passover. The offering of the first fruits, which was Cain's offering, rejected of God, typifying the Mahomedan. The Peace offering, which was a type of Christ himself ; for St. Paul, in Ephesians ii., 14, says : "Christ is our Peace, he has broken down the wall of sin that hid us from God. And the offering of the sin of ignorance, which represents the Heathen, who surely worship, in ignorance, Idols of wood and stone. If this is the case, how truly did St. Paul say in Hebrews x., 1 : "The Law having a shadow of good things to come and not the very image of those things, can never, with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect."

Before addressing you, I have devoted myself to the study of the Prophet Mahomet and the English version of the Koran. The Prophet appears before me with a tall and commanding figure, strong in mind, earnest in purpose, and sincere in what he professed and wrote, with great reverence for the Almighty God, but wanting in the knowledge of God's threefold Essence as manifested in the person of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit. Although I find in the Koran many proofs which have helped to

strengthen my faith in Christianity, a few of which I will quote : Take page 13 of 2nd Book, "The Angel Gabriel is said to have caused the Koran to descend on his heart;" now it is the Holy Spirit of God alone that puts every good thought in our hearts; the page 36 of 3rd Book says : "O Lord, thou shalt gather mankind together unto a day of resurrection : there is no doubt of it, for God will not be contrary to his promise." Now, in Revelations chap. i., 7, it says : "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him, and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."

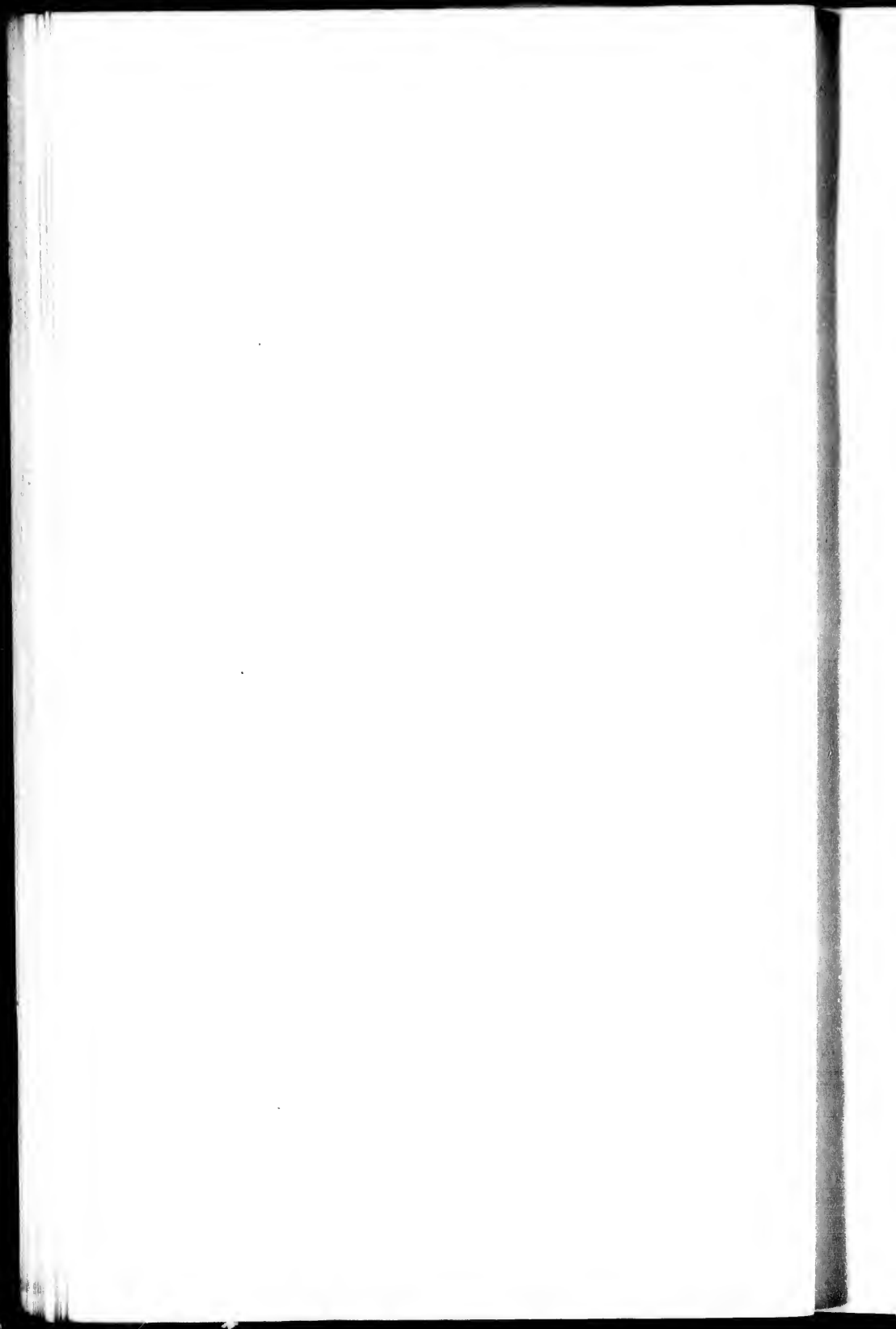
Then page 40, 41 speaks of "God," "the Angel," and the "Word," the three distinct offices of Father, Son and Spirit. Then chapter 19, page 251, calls Jesus the Son of Mary, "the Word of Truth," proving plainly Christ's divine and human nature. It is a great mystery and hard to understand ; but the Devil is a mystery, and his temptations quite beyond our comprehension, and often so veiled that we scarcely see them till we have felt their sting ; one thing is certain, it is his chief object to keep all mankind from knowing God as a God of infinite Love, so great that He condescended to live on earth, with man, and to die for man, so that God's justice might be satisfied. If God, who made the world and all mankind, breathed into man a spirit which shall *never die*, could He not breathe into Christ's human body a Spirit which should never sin. Then that body, not having been polluted by sin, would be an Atonement for all the world, provided they had faith strong enough to believe that Divine wrath was satisfied ; but we must have a living Faith, not a trust in Fate or Islem.

The beautiful plates, which appeared in the London papers, of the splendid ceremony which attended the opening of the Canal, on that memorable 17th November, 1870, afforded their readers much pleasure ; but the sublime idea of having the work blessed by all religions was the dawn of a new period — and all those vessels, with their various flags, sailing in one direction, under one guide, a foreshadowing of the time when all will sail under the Banner of the Cross, with one King, even CHRIST.



Then those canopies and gorgeous arrangements will again draw together the Jew with the Crescent, beneath the Cross — around which will twine that living vine, whose fruit will strengthen and renew all that eat and drink, in faith, of that spiritual food, which, though now lost to our natural sight, through sin, is still within the reach of the faithful.

The writer hopes that these remarks will induce the Turks to search the Scriptures, and see who was the true Prophet, Christ or Mahomet. The latter, in his life, had many more followers than Christ; but after the lapse of so many years, which has been the greatest benefit to mankind — Mahommedism, which was established at the point of the sword, or the Christian one, which will only shine forth in all its beauty when our swords are firmly fastened in their sheaths? That you, when Christ returns to reign for a thousand years, may have your name written in the Book of Life, is the sincere wish of the writer, who is a Christian Lady, of the first city of the first Dominion in the world.—(Micah, iv., 8.)



## THE CHRISTIAN'S FAITH.

O ! Turkish maidens fair and bright,  
 Bring all your Crescents to the light ;  
 Try Mahomet's laws by Christ's commands,  
 And see with whom the glory stands.

The Koran's page in this our day,  
 Transmits a secondary ray ;  
 Its gems all borrow'd seem to be,  
 From God's word sent to you and me.

Whom Mahomet wrote that wondrous work,  
 Which chang'd the Heathen to a Turk,  
 The word of God was then fulfill'd,  
 And Abram's seed with truth instill'd.

But now God's spirit comes with pow'r ;  
 Make ready friends for that great hour,  
 When pain and sorrow, sickness, woe,  
 And all man's troubles here below

Will from this earth be swept away—  
 God will restore eternal day—  
 And diamonds, crowns and precious stones,  
 Will shine on those who fill the thrones.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S LOVE.

Jewish maidens, far and near,  
 Come to God's messenger and hear  
 The wondrous tale the word reveals,  
 Of He who all our sorrow heals.

'Tis true, He died by Jewish bands ;  
 But Christians too have pierc'd his hands ;  
 Drawn blood and water from his side ;  
 Inflicted pangs of human pride.

The sacrifice that He has made ;  
 The thorns that on his brow were laid ;  
 Will draw sin's poison from our veins,  
 And cleanse our souls from all sin's stains.

O ! let me lift the veil that hides  
 The Saviour's virtues from your eyes.  
 O ! let me teach you that you must,  
 Like Him, be perfect, pure and just.

At once begin your lamps to trim,  
 With holy fire and grace within ;  
 Come quickly to the marriage feast  
 Of Jewish, Turkish, Christian Priest.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.

For nearly nineteen hundred years  
 Christians have been shedding tears ;  
 Struggling, striving, meekly bearing  
 Scorns and slights ; yes, ever wearing

Satan's grievous heavy crosses,  
 And trying to maintain the loss  
 Of the One who came to teach them  
 How to live like Christian men.

For forty long and weary days,  
 The Saviour, with evil ways  
 The Tempter tried to overcome,  
 But there he found himself undone.

He calmly yielded up his life,  
 Pierc'd to the heart with all the strife ;  
 He hasten'd to the spirit land—  
 Such love is hard to understand.

Again He trod this sinful ground,  
 And shed His glory all around,  
 For forty days, obedient, kind,  
 All virtue's graces left behind.

He rose above us out of sight,  
 But still he cheers our souls with light ;  
 The spark that lit the Heav'nly flame  
 Will forever our souls sustain.

Soon He will come in regal state,  
 With an array of angels great ;  
 No crosses then for us to bear—  
 Our crowns will meet us in the air.

Prepare then, all the bridegrooms near ;  
 Ten thousand saints will see and hear ;  
 The righteous then will hardly stand—  
 The wicked fall on every hand.

*On hearing a sermon on the 63rd Isaiah, 3rd verse :*

" I HAVE TRODDEN THE WINEPRESS ALONE."

Christ has trodden alone  
 The wine press, to atone ;  
 He bore the burden of sin,  
 And drew from it the sting.

His soul such sorrow knew,  
 That from its lips it drew ;  
 " This cup, Father, pass away,  
 " Thy will to do, I pray."

In drops he sweat his blood  
 To stop the fatal flood ;  
 The agony was great,  
 Our race to reinstate.

Come then to this pure vine,  
And drink his blood in wine ;  
In bread His body take,  
And sin will us forsake.

Our faith will then defeat  
The tempter's arts we meet ;  
The mercy seat will shine  
Again with light divine.

The Jews, in days of yore,  
The Temple purg'd with gore ;  
Then birds and beasts supplied  
The blood that justified.

Two goats the High Priest brought ;  
And as he had been taught,  
He lots for them did cast,  
That one he might make fast,

A sin offering to make,  
That God would not forsake ;  
The other he cast away,  
For Jewish sins to pay.

A scarlet fillet bound  
The scape goat's head around ;  
To white its color chang'd,  
Till virtue Christ maintain'd

Now even Rabbins say,  
This miracle that they  
So long beheld did cease,  
When death did Christ release.

If once the blood was white,  
And men both pure and bright,  
When sin we learn to shun,  
Again, as then, will run

The pure blood in our veins ;  
 Christ then will take the reins,  
 And fill with joy our hearts,  
 For Satan then departs.

When Faith and Works embrace,  
 And all our actions grace ;  
 Then look ! behold the sign  
 Of the Millenium, Time.

All Idols forsaken,  
 New life will awaken ;  
 Both the body and soul  
 Christ will cleanse and make whole ;

For His woes paid the cost,  
 And the joys Adam lost  
 To this earth will return,  
 When God's truth we all learn.

## THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC,

ON MARS ISLAND, 1st April, 1873.

A ship well built as man can boast,  
 Has just foundered on the coast  
 Of a rocky Island,—Mars by name,  
 Sad the nature of its fame.

Ten days had hardly pass'd away  
 Since with hearts both light and gay,  
 Almost a thousand souls embark'd  
 In this ship, this treach'rous ark.

When all on board are wrap't in sleep,  
 But the watch, who vigils keep ;  
 Just three o'clock, "All's well," they shout,  
 "Hark ! breakers ahead ! look out !"

The vessel strikes against a rock,  
 And receives a fatal shock ;  
 The boilers burst, she over keels,  
 To the raging water yields.

Which draws her down beneath the wave,  
 Hundreds find a watery grave ;  
 Both men and women, girls and boys,  
 Hush'd are all their fears and joys.

These left their friends no parting word,  
 One loud shriek alone was heard ;  
 No Priest could make them then confess,  
 No religion them redress.

Alone their spirits all did soar,  
 To that unknown distant shore ;  
 Some to return with glory great,  
 Some to find the truth too late.

Some were sav'd by means of rope,  
 When almost bereft of hope ;  
 One by *Ancients* Priestly hand  
 Was in safety brought to land.

This teaches us not to despair,  
 But to lift our hearts in prayer ;  
 To use the means God has ordain'd,  
 And then all will be regained.

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#### THE ST. LAWRENCE,

*As she appeared on the 19th April, 1873.*

River St. Lawrence in a shroud,  
 Is sleeping peacefully  
 Around her banks behold a crowd,  
 Awaiting anxiously.



To see her burst those icy bands,  
 They very fearfully  
 Cast their eyes on all low lands  
 While praying fervently.

That she will not their ground o'erflow  
 But gently, peacefully,  
 They wish her to awake and show  
 Quiet and gratefully.

That for her blessed time of rest,  
 Which they bore patiently,  
 She will assume her very best,  
 Retiring modestly.

One might suggest a melting mood,  
 So that she carefully  
 Should change her death like attitude,  
 And come out joyously.

With dress of beaut'ous wavy blue,  
 Then all will lovingly  
 Pay her the homage that is due,  
 By sailing joyously.

And then with hearts both light and gay,  
 All will most thankfully  
 Enjoy the summer holiday,  
 Hailing her cheerfully.

All working with labour and skill  
 Quite industriously,  
 Tracing out the Creator's will,  
 Yes, harmoniously.

## A PRAYER.

Thy work is waiting, Father dear,  
For means to send it forth.  
O, send me some kind friend to cheer ;  
One that will see its worth.

Some say, poor thing, how very sad,  
To see such waste of time,  
Such writing soon will make you *mad*.  
Don't write another line.

Do help the work I gently plead  
Its precepts all are true ;  
I have not any time to read,  
So 'tis in vain to sue.

Do be advised another says,  
A cent you'll never make  
For good books no one ever pays,  
So no more trouble take.

Reform the world, another cries,  
All very fine to talk,  
Man now has grown so very wise,  
In sin he likes to walk.

Still hope is lurking in my breast,  
Some saint, I think, I'll find,  
To say, O what a welcome guest,  
I'll store it in my mind.

Its precepts all are good and true,  
Great and grand its aims,  
Reject them not because they're new,  
And teach one self to tame.

Subdue one self, how great the thought,  
Keep each passion down,  
How Christ-like, just what Jesus taught,  
No longer he will frown.

Once more I urge its claims, pray help  
To spread its praise around,  
I always said, and always felt  
God's work in it resounds.

For no one could alone have trac'd  
A book of such a kind,  
Its pages with such beauties grac'd,  
As you in it will find.

And though each person may have read  
Its contents oft before,  
Some soul may in it find the thread,  
One temple to restore.

