

The Wesleyan

Published under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of Eastern British America

Volume XII. No. 8.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1860.

Whole No. 554.

Religious Miscellany.

"AND HE WITHDREW HIMSELF INTO THE WILDERNESS AND PRAYED."—*Luke v. 16.*

Not to the lofty hall or princely court
Not to the King of Glory went—
Not to the guarded palace, where
Obsequious flattery bent;

Nor to the crowded gate,
Where throngs might gather round,
To catch the words of prayer that fell,
And loud his praises sound.

Not 'neath the temple's pillar'd arch,
Whose glittering spire on high
Stood, like some giant's sceptre raised
To hold the bending sky;

Nor in the spacious porch,
Appointed house of prayer—
Where the dim interior stood up
And lo! the sainted air.

Not by the quiet hearth,
Where peace and plenty smiled,
Where friends their accents mingling sweet
The heavy hour beguiled;

Oh! these were not for Him,
Despised, rejected One!
With sorrow bowed—in deep distress
He bore his griefs alone.

In bitterness of soul—
In agony of prayer—
He knelt upon the desert's rock,
And breathed his wisest there.

The cold night wind went by,
And swept his pallid cheek,
Whit' drops of anguish stained the brow
Of Him, so mild and meek!

How did the angels gaze,
And wonder at the sight!
So low upon that barren waste
The Lord of life and light!

How shook the "Prince of Darkness" too,
That foul, apostate one!
While the dim interior shadow'd forth
The triumph of the Lord!

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Oh, woe! that he suffered here below,
He sought the mountain bare,
And from the "solitary place"
His voice went up in prayer.

Christian! does sorrow gather round,
And darkness cloud thy view?
Does grim despondency possess
Internally spread its gloom?

The heart which hope once knew?
Does all the desert's bleakness seem
Deeply spread its gloom?

The spirit's death that thou to mourn?
Is consolation fled?

Be this your joy: the path you tread
Your mighty Master trod;
He knew your woes—He'll dry your tears;
He felt as man—He rules as God.

Triumphs of the Gospel in India.

The following from the *American Messenger* is encouraging:

From different parts of India comes the cheering intelligence that the religion of the gospel is making progress. In Travancore, in Southern India, where the native Christians have been subjected to shameful outrages from the heathen of the higher castes, the persecutions have led the low caste people to see that the missionaries were their friends. In a few months, 700 have been added to the mission of the London Missionary Society, nearly 500 of whom are converts from the heathen. It is believed that the majority are only learners, who, however, in a great step for a Hindoo to take. In one village the people of their own accord destroyed the idols and temples, and erected a temporary place of worship. A Brahmin who had long been convinced of the truth of Christianity has publicly confessed Christ in the face of persecution, and with his wife has been baptized.

At Delhi, the centre of the late mutiny in Northern India, an English Baptist missionary has for some time kept up evening preaching, near the busiest thoroughfare in the city, at which the average daily attendance of those who eagerly drink in the word, has been about 250, and sometimes has been 400. A spirit of inquiry among all classes is awakened; hundreds of inquirers have visited him, sometimes fifty coming in a day. Hundreds profess themselves disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, and many have broken caste. Every week, he says, some new localities come to light where the people are anxious for instruction.

An American Methodist Missionary in Northern India writes, that about 200 lower caste Hindoos have openly renounced idolatry, and professed their faith in Jesus Christ. About 150 are receiving instruction in the truths of the gospel, at the head of whom there are three of their spiritual teachers. One of these is a man of great ability, and has been for some time a worshipper by 2,000 disciples. He is now preaching among his old disciples, exhorting them to renounce Hindooism and embrace Christianity. As a result of his labors, 2,000 families are prepared to embrace Christianity in a body.

A London missionary, who has been deeply wedded to the superstitions of their fathers, and remarkably zealous in the performance of their idolatrous rites and ceremonies, has seen a depiction to the Presbyterian mission in Northern India, requesting to be instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion, as they desired to renounce idolatry.

The application of the rajah of Kapurthala, in the Punjab, for a Christian missionary to be settled in his capital, mentioned in the last Messenger, has been responded to by the London mission of the same Board.

Rev. Mr. Woodcock, whom he desired, has been designated to occupy this new and interesting post. The rajah, who is to support the mission, has given up the distinctive usages of caste, and is considered by his people as a Christian. He has strictly forbidden all labor on the Sabbath, and is erecting a large poor-house for the accommodation of the really destitute in his territory.

Tischendorf's Great Discovery.

We noticed, a few weeks since, most interesting and invaluable Biblical manuscripts discovered by Professor Tischendorf in a convent at Mount Sinai. The London Daily Telegraph's Special Correspondent has seen them on exhibition in the imperial public library of that city, and speaks of them:

"The most interesting feature in the exhibition is the very oldest Greek manuscript of the Bible extant, a document of the utmost moment, and bespeaking the gravest attention of the whole Christian Church. Beside the important and valuable contents of the Old Testament, of the same text as that used by the apostles in their quotations, the manuscript contains the whole of the New Testament. The various European libraries all possess many manuscript copies of the Bible, but not a single one of the few written before the tenth century that contains the New Testament. The two most complete, and held in the highest estimation, are those in the libraries at Rome and London. The former wants four entire Epistles of St. Paul, and nearly the half of another, as also the Book of Revelation; while in the latter the whole of the Gospel of St. Matthew is missing, as well as some parts of St. John and the Pauline Epistles. The manuscript discovered at Mount Sinai, and now brought to St. Petersburg, is not defective, even in the smallest degree; on the contrary, it contains two works even in addition, one complete, the other but partially so. In the second and third centuries these latter were included in the canon of Holy Writ, and always received the deepest reverence as precious heir-looms of the earliest inspiration of the Church of Christ. Of one of them, the Epistle of Barnabas, nearly the whole of the first half has been wanting until now in the original Greek text; while of the other, only one very im-

Religious Intelligence.

perfect copy was known to exist up to three years ago. The date of the manuscript has been fixed by Prof. Tischendorf, who is, perhaps, the greatest authority of the present time in this peculiar province of learning, at the beginning of the fourth century; consequently, in the times of Constantine the Great, and of the first Ecumenical Council.

No other copy of the Bible is of higher authority than this—indeed, the far-famed Codex Vaticanus is the only one that can at all put in any claims of competition. These writings, drawn from the grave of ages as living witnesses to the present generation of the inspired authority of the apostolical Scriptures, have, at the instance of Prof. Tischendorf, been destined by the reverend imperial person who is the acknowledged head and defender of the orthodox Church.

By the recovery and acquisition of these precious heir-looms of the distant times of the Christian faith, St. Petersburg enjoys a bloodless victory over the hitherto monarch of the East, the Vatican. The great capital of the North now offers a resting-place for the earliest records of Holy Writ, sacred treasures which, in secure repose at the feet of the Mount of Moses—the holy mount hallowed by the far-off memories of thousands of years—have survived the vicissitudes of time, and the storms of the tumultuous centuries of the past."

The Church of Rome Antagonistic to the Bible.

A LECTURE DELIVERED FOR THE PROTESTANT ALLIANCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILSON, OF ST. JOHN, N. S.

(Continued.)

[Mr. Wilson read an extract from the printed pamphlet containing Dr. Connolly's views, and then proceeded.]

In this letter Dr. Connolly claims for his Church great credit for having preserved the Bible carefully for so many ages, and then for having given it to the world. His words are:—"But for Popes and Bishops and Catholic monks, the world would have no authentic Bible at all at the present day. And again he says:—"It is priests and monks and catholic scholars in every part of the world, who before the invention of printing, wrote tens of thousands of copies with their own hands, and carefully collected them with more ancient manuscripts, after restoring the text to its original purity, and translating the whole Bible into every living tongue."

That the whole Bible has been translated by the Church of Rome into every living language, is, with all respect to the Catholic Bishop of Nova Scotia, [now the Archbishop of Halifax], a gross error. Nor will the Roman Catholic Church allow their own version of the Bible to be circulated except with the notes and explanations that the church itself gives of the text.

The priests monks and catholic scholars in every part of the world, who before the invention of printing, wrote tens of thousands of copies with their own hands, and carefully collected them with more ancient manuscripts, after restoring the text to its original purity, and translating the whole Bible into every living tongue."

With all respect for the Archbishop, and at the risk of his high displeasure, I would say that history gives no account of a "Catholic version in the Icelandic" in the XIII. century; but informs us that the first translation of the Bible was made by a Protestant, and was made by Olfidor, son of the Bishop of Holm, in the year 1539.

Older lived in the time of Luther, and received his education in Norway, where the principles of the Reformation engaged his early attention, so that we are informed that "nightly" on his knees he besought "the Father of Lights" to open his understanding and shew him whether the principles of Rome or of Luther were from heaven. He afterwards attended the lectures of Luther and Melancthon. When he returned to his native country he commenced the work of translation. But Rome hates the Bible; and Olfidor, to escape her wrath, began his work in a cow house. The New Testament was completed in 1539, and published in Copenhagen, under the patronage of the Pope himself, but under the protection of the King of Denmark. The whole Bible was not published until 1584.

So far from Rome in the XIII. century giving the Holy Book to the world, she was at that very time diligently performing her duty in a most different manner. Many monks and other ecclesiastics employed their lives in representing the facts and miracles of the Bible in the form of theatrical exhibitions, in which profanity and buffoonery frequently predominated.

W. Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, who wrote a description of London in 1190, says:—"London for theatrical spectacles hath religious plays, which are representations of the miracles which holy confessors had wrought, and of the sufferings by which martyrs had displayed their constancy."

In the north of Europe these dramatic exhibitions were encouraged by Albrecht, Bishop of Lagonia. At Baga in 1203, was acted a *whit play* of the history of Gideon, David, and Herod. In Italy, also, religious plays were performed. The *Play of Christ*, that is, His passion, resurrection, ascension, judgment, and the descent of the Holy Ghost, by the clergy of *Civita Vecchia*.

In 1804, on the river Arno, a machine representing Hell was fixed upon boats, and a piece was acted in which the rich man was seen begging relief of Lazarus in Abraham's bosom.

Let us now turn to the XIV. century, and see how Rome treated the Bible in that age. At this time lived Richard Fitzlath, Archbishop of Armagh. He is said to have possessed a copy of the New Testament in Irish, supposed to have been translated by himself; but he feared his own church; he is therefore reported to have hidden his treasure in a wall in his church in 1358, and left with it a note which read as follows:—"When this book is found, or truth will be revealed to the world, or Christ shortly appear. And it was even so, for the Book was found at the re-opening of the Church in 1530, which was several years after the Reformation had commenced.

In this century lived John Wickliffe, that noble man, and bright Morning Star of the glorious Reformation.

England, Scotland, and Ireland were then covered with monasteries, and the priests were constantly gathering up wealth and binding the people with fresh chains of superstition.

Wickliffe was renowned for his piety, his wisdom, and his extensive learning; but his decided opposition to the idolatry and superstitions of his church drew upon him the vengeance of her prelates and clergy. Still he was spared to translate the Bible into the English language; and, protected by his manly, and taking no notice of the command, replied, You will certainly not die,

Religious Intelligence.

grave in peace on the 28th of December, 1384.

But such was the hatred of Rome to the Bible, that by the decree of the Council of Constantine, forty-four years after his death his bones were spitefully dug up and publicly burnt.

I must again call attention to the error of Archbishop Connolly in his published letter. It has reference to the

BIBLE IN POLAND.

On the Bible in the Polish language, Dr. Connolly makes the following bold assertion:—"A Polish version of the entire Bible was made by order of the Catholic Queen Hedwige, so early as the year 1390; at a later period there was another version in the Polish language translated by order of Pope Gregory XIII. and published under Clement VIII., A. D. 1599."

To the first part of this paragraph I most heartily subscribe; and beg to add thereto that female influence did much for the christianizing of Poland; and the names of three Polish females will never be forgotten in that land—Dambrowka, Hedwige, and Sophia. Dambrowka was the means of introducing Christianity into Poland. She lived in the tenth century; she first embraced christianity, and then by repeated exhortations she persuaded her husband, Miecslaw, duke of Poland, to abandon Paganism and embrace the gospel, which he did, A. D. 965.

The first Polish version of the Bible was made by Hedwige, wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who embraced Christianity about the year 1390.

A second Polish version is reported to have been made by order of Sophia, wife of Casimir Jagellon, King of Poland, about the year 1410.

The Polish language now possesses three versions of the Scriptures:—

1. That of Hedwige, made in 1390, and printed at Cracow, 1501. This is the Catholic version.

2. Protestant version was published in 1599, from Luther's German version, and dedicated to Uladislaws, the fourth King of Poland.

3. In 1599 a second Protestant version was made in the Polish language.

To the latter part of this paragraph I do most seriously object, because there is no such thing in history as a version of the Polish Bible "translated" by order of Pope Gregory XIII. Will the learned Archbishop please to enlighten us on this matter?

We have read of Pope Gregory XIII. reforming the Calendar; also, that he confirmed the Bull of Pope Pius V. for deposing Queen Elizabeth; and absolving her subjects from their allegiance; but surely no one before the publication of the Bishop's letter, ever heard that this same Pontiff, "ordered a translation of the Bible into the Polish language."

There also must be a mistake on the part of the Bishop when he says of this *Polish Bible*; it was published under Clement VIII., A. D. 1599. Bishop Connolly must have made a slip of the pen, and written the phrase "Polish Bible," instead of "Valgate Bible;" for this synchronism with this date except seven years.

The facts were these: The Council of Trent had pronounced the Latin Vulgate Divine, and Sextus V. published an edition of the Vulgate in 1590. Numerous errors, however, were discovered in it, and Clement VIII. published an edition in 1592. But of the Polish version published by Pope Clement VIII. we have no account.

That any Pope should have published the Bible in the Polish language is rendered highly improbable, from the fact that there is a Bull expressly against the circulation of the Bible in Poland. A copy of this Bull is in my study; and from it I have extracted the following sentence:—"It is evident from experience that the holy Scriptures, when circulated in the vulgar tongue have, through the temerity of men, produced more harm than benefit.—It is therefore necessary to adhere to the salutary decree of the Congregation of the Index, (June 13, 1577) that no version of the Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted, except such as are approved by the Apostolic S. E., or published with annotations directed from the writings of Holy Fathers of the Church."

This Bull is directed "To the Archbishop of Gnesen, Primate of Poland," and subscribed as follows:—"Given at Rome, at St. Mary's, the greater June 26th, 1616, the seventeenth year of our Pontificate, Pius P. VII."

What shall we say when statements are made so inconsistent with historical facts? The XV. century opened with violent persecution against all who possessed, read, or even heard the Bible; and this persecution was directed principally against the followers of John Wickliffe who were called LOLLARDS.

The essential antagonism of Rome to the Bible is most obvious, from the proceedings of men in authority during this century.

In the year 1408 a convocation of clergy was held at Oxford when what was called "a Constitution" was published, which declared:—"That no Book, or treatise, composed by John Wickliffe, or by any other in his time, or since, or hereafter, to be composed, should be read by any one, unless approved by the universities, under pain of being punished as a sower of schism, and a favourer of heresy."

Another law of the same convocation reads:—"It is a dangerous thing to the blessed Jerome testify, to translate the text of the Holy Scriptures out of one tongue into another; for in the translation of them it is not easy to preserve the sense, as the same Jerome testifies, that although he was himself frequently errored. We therefore enact and ordain that no one hereafter do by his own authority translate any text of the Holy Scripture into English or any tongue, by way of Book *libel* or treatise, now lately set forth in the time of John Wickliffe, or hereafter, to be composed, in public, or in private, in whole or in part, under the greater pain of excommunication, until the said translation be approved by the Diocesan of the place, or if occasion require, by a Provincial Council. Let him that act contrary be punished as a favourer of error and heresy."

The British Parliament afterwards met in the city of Leicester, in the reign of Henry

* By *libel* were meant parts of the New Testament as one of the Gospels or one of the Epistles.

Religious Intelligence.

may, but because that he is unwilling that you should resemble him in knowledge, and knows that when you shall have eaten of the tree you will be as gods, knowing good and evil, he hath, as it were, through envy, forbidden you. And the woman being lifted up, and wishful to become like God, consented."

It is truly lamentable that even a Roman Catholic Bishop, in this enlightened age, would dare to set a book containing such a caricature, of the Bible!

BIBLE IN ICELAND.

Dr. Connolly makes another assertion equally bold in reference to Iceland. He says:—"A Catholic version of the Bible was written in the Icelandic as far back as the year 1270."

The work to which his Reverence here refers, was certainly not a translation of the Bible, but according to the Rev. D. E. Henderson (who resided in Iceland, and has written an Historical view of Iceland) it was a famous work entitled "STORK." The Book "STORK" might and doubtless did pass for "The Bible" in the ignorance of the XIII. century, but we know in the XIX. century what the Bible is.

STORK was written about the year 1255, and published about the time the Bishop says, 1270.

This Book was composed by Brandt Jonson, Abbot of Thyrkvaet Monastery, in the eastern quarter of the Island, by order of the King Magnus Haconson. Johnson afterwards became Bishop of Holm.

The work contains a view of the sacred history from the creation to the captivity of the Jewish Kings. In many places a literal version is given from the Vulgate text; in others the sacred history is paraphrased and interspersed with legendary tales and fanciful interpretations, and in some nothing more is exhibited than a brief compendium of the contents of the Scripture accounts. The interpretations were mostly taken from the "Historia Scholastica." The "STORK" of Jonson was in the Icelandic language what the work of Erasmus was in the French, and was taken from the same source.

Again we express our astonishment that such a book should be called "the Icelandic Bible." To give an idea of what the Icelanders knew of the Bible in those times, we are told by the learned Bishop Jonson:—"In such a manner as which mention is made of the Holy Book (*holy book*) being used in Iceland at the administration of oaths, nothing more is meant than an image or representation of the gospels cut in wood, and painted or cast in a mould; relics of which were found in his time in the Cathedral of *Schalholm*."

With all respect for the Archbishop, and at the risk of his high displeasure, I would say that history gives no account of a "Catholic version in the Icelandic" in the XIII. century; but informs us that the first translation of the Bible was made by a Protestant, and was made by Olfidor, son of the Bishop of Holm, in the year 1539.

Older lived in the time of Luther, and received his education in Norway, where the principles of the Reformation engaged his early attention, so that we are informed that "nightly" on his knees he besought "the Father of Lights" to open his understanding and shew him whether the principles of Rome or of Luther were from heaven. He afterwards attended the lectures of Luther and Melancthon. When he returned to his native country he commenced the work of translation. But Rome hates the Bible; and Olfidor, to escape her wrath, began his work in a cow house. The New Testament was completed in 1539, and published in Copenhagen, under the patronage of the Pope himself, but under the protection of the King of Denmark. The whole Bible was not published until 1584.

So far from Rome in the XIII. century giving the Holy Book to the world, she was at that very time diligently performing her duty in a most different manner. Many monks and other ecclesiastics employed their lives in representing the facts and miracles of the Bible in the form of theatrical exhibitions, in which profanity and buffoonery frequently predominated.

W. Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, who wrote a description of London in

