

Secret Instructions of the Society of Jesus



The secret plans of the Jesuits, AKA the Society of Jesus who have created a covert government behind the world's overt governments.

Abused Roman Catholic Nuns Reveal Stories of Rape and Forced Abortions



This is from the PBS NewsHour:

“Another scandal is engulfing the Catholic Church. At a time when the Vatican has taken its most concrete steps to address a long ordeal with sex abuse and coverups, a growing chorus of nuns is speaking out about the suffering they have endured at the hands of the priesthood, including rape, forced abortion, emotional abuse and labor exploitation. Special correspondent Christopher Livesay reports.”

Transcript

JUDY WOODRUFF: This week, Catholic bishops are meeting in Baltimore to discuss the priest sex abuse crisis in the American church and will vote on measures to hold themselves accountable.

Throughout the church, the Vatican has put in place new rules on reporting abuse, the most concrete steps the Vatican has taken to counter the crisis.

Most of the attention has focused on child victims, but as special correspondent Christopher Livesay reports from the Vatican, now, in the MeToo era, there's a growing chorus of nuns speaking out as survivors of abuse as well.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: They're known as brides of Christ, revered for their quiet service, not for speaking out. But that's beginning to change.

DORIS WAGNER, Former Nun: Well, I joined the convent in 2003, and I was raped in 2008.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Raped, she says, by a priest. A devout Catholic from Germany, Doris Wagner was 24 years old, living and working at this religious community just outside the Vatican.

DORIS WAGNER: And he came into the room, closed the door behind him, was sitting on my right hand on the sofa. And he just started to undress me.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: When she told her superiors, she says the priest went unpunished, allowing him to rape her again and again. But this whole time, the perpetrator was still living in the same...

DORIS WAGNER: Yes.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: So you had to actually see your rapist.

DORIS WAGNER: Every day.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Every day.

DORIS WAGNER: He was preaching at the chapel. He was giving me holy communion. He was sitting at breakfast, at lunch, at dinner on the same – at the same table. I was ironing his shirts.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Story after story like Wagner's is reaching a crescendo. In India, a bishop currently faces charges for repeatedly raping a former mother superior. And a recent investigation by the Associated Press found cases of abuse across four continents.

Now the Vatican can no longer ignore the scandal. This year, Pope Francis made a shocking admission and acknowledged what had been a longstanding dirty secret of the Roman Catholic Church, that some priests had been sexually abusing nuns.

It was a stain they could keep under wraps, that is, until the MeToo era. Now religious women are beginning to speak out, and a NunsToo era has been born. Helping break down that wall of silence was, of all things, a Vatican magazine, "Donne Chiesa Mondo," or "Women Church World."

Its all-women staff included former editor Lucetta Scaraffia. She listened to

hundreds of stories from nuns, and, in February, published an article accusing the all-powerful priesthood of not only exploiting them for sex, but, first and foremost, for their labor.

LUCETTA SCARAFFIA, Former Editor, "Donne Chiesa Mondo" (through translator): It happens as high as the Vatican ministries, where women carry out secretarial work and translations, but they can never be promoted, and the men get all the credit. They also exploit nuns as Housekeepers. They do all of the cleaning, prepare all the food, without fixed hours, all day, every day. Priests see this almost as their right to take advantage of women.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: They're not paid for their work. There's no chance of advancement. Some people have likened this mistreatment to slavery. Is that accurate?

LUCETTA SCARAFFIA (through translator): That's accurate. Given this habit of servitude, it's easy to understand how it can morph into sexual exploitation.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Doris Wagner says that's what happened to her in Rome.

DORIS WAGNER: I was only working in the kitchen, chopping vegetables, cleaning. Anybody who wants to become a nun wants to serve and wants to give herself to God. And that's why it's so easy to abuse nuns, because they are so ready to listen to others who tell them how they are supposed to be.

Again and again, I was reproached for not walking right, not looking right, not sitting right, not talking right, because some men in the house had a problem with me.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: When you say they had a problem with you?

DORIS WAGNER: They were, in a way, attracted to us.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: And this was your fault?

DORIS WAGNER: It was our fault.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: She says it was also her fault when she reported the priest's advances to her female superior.

DORIS WAGNER: She became furious. She literally jumped on her feet and was shouting at me, and she was very angry with me. And she said: "You are dangerous for him. Leave him alone."

LUCETTA SCARAFFIA (through translator): They tell them, keep quiet, or our congregation will be persecuted. These women can't even contemplate leaving, because they don't have any alternatives. They have no trade, no support group. They have severed ties with their families. So they are forced to endure this abuse. That often leads to pregnancy, and the priests or bishops force them to have abortions.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: So, nuns are forced by the fathers of these children, by priests, to have abortions?

LUCETTA SCARAFFIA (through translator): Yes. And these poor women now have to live with the anguish of having committed a mortal sin. We have many testimonies from nuns who had more than one abortion in this way.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Testimonies that became too much for the Vatican to handle, she says. Soon after they were published, the director of the Vatican newspaper, Andrea Monda, told her that he would now be sitting in on the editorial meetings of her women's magazine. Monda denies any interference in the editorial process.

LUCETTA SCARAFFIA (through translator): There was an effort to suffocate our voice. So we decided, before we have suffocated, it would be better for us to resign.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: And almost all of the women did indeed resign. Change, she says, is happening, thanks to nuns speaking out. This year, the Vatican held an extraordinary summit on sex abuse by priests. Some of the most powerful testimonies there came from nuns, such as Sister Veronica Adeshola Openibo from Nigeria, who read the riot act to a room full of the most powerful men in the Catholic Church.

SISTER VERONICA ADESHOLA OPENIBO, International Union of Superiors General: I think of all the atrocities we have committed as members of the church. I'm saying we, not they, we.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Openibo sits on the executive board of the International Union of Superiors General, which counts some 450,000 women religious leaders. It's recently called on nuns across the world to report abuse, and held a rare meeting in Rome, where Pope Francis, surrounded by nearly 1,000 sisters, once again confessed that priests are abusing nuns.

POPE FRANCIS, Leader of Catholic Church (through translator): I'm aware of the problems. It's not just the sexual abuse of nuns. You didn't sign up to become some cleric's housekeeper, no.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: On the sidelines of the meeting, the executive board agreed to an impromptu discussion with me.

SISTER VERONICA ADESHOLA OPENIBO: The church, as a church, has had so many cases and has been defending itself, like on a football field.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Can you provide any insight into what the pope could do to address and try fix this problem?

WOMAN: I think I know what we could do. The future is to create a culture of care, care at every level, an open space. It's not shameful.

SISTER CARMEN SAMMUT, International Union of Superiors General: And also to be able to say wherever we need to say it who the perpetrator was, because we would not want that person to continue to hurting other sisters.

SISTER SALLY HODGDON, International Union of Superiors: We can be a dangerous memory. We can call the church to what they are professing that they want to

see changes made, but they don't happen.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Right after the meeting, Pope Francis made a surprise announcement, and issued a new rule, calling on local dioceses to create public and easily accessible offices to receive abuse claims. The rule also lays out a way to proceed when prelates are accused of a cover-up or carrying out abuse themselves. It's perhaps the pope's most concrete attempt to battle abuse. But critics say the law has a major weakness: It still keeps the handling of cases within the church, as opposed to involving outside authorities, and doesn't detail any specific punishments for prelates, like the one who raped Doris Wagner.

DORIS WAGNER: And they should make sure that everybody who is either a perpetrator or has protected perpetrators is legally persecuted.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Something that never happened to her rapist. Instead, she says he's still a priest in the same community today. The trauma was so unbearable, she says she almost committed suicide one day when she was high up on a balcony inside the Papal Palace, right in front of the pope.

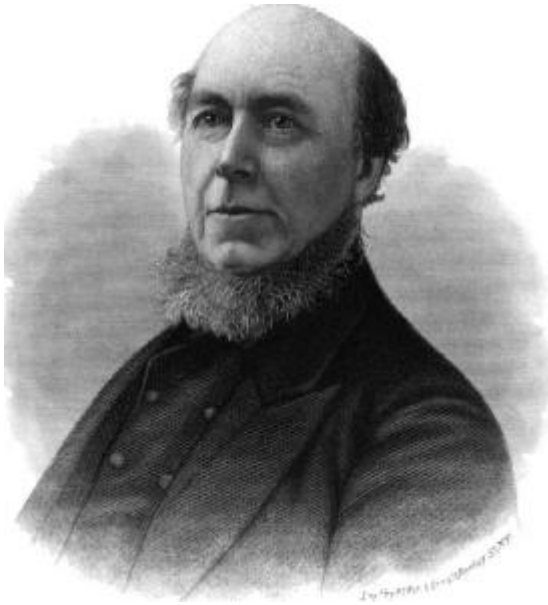
DORIS WAGNER: And I could jump on the square. It would have been so easy. And my – you know, I had my leg already halfway up the wall.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: Instead, she decided to speak out. It was a long process that eventually led to her leaving religious life. Today, she works as a headhunter (a person who provides employment recruiting services on behalf of the employer) back in her native Germany, and hopes that young women entering the convent today do so with open eyes.

DORIS WAGNER: She should be aware that sexual abuse of nuns exists, and that when – as long as victims don't speak out, perpetrators will just go on. So, I actually have the responsibility to speak.

CHRISTOPHER LIVESAY: For the "PBS NewsHour," I'm Christopher Livesay in Rome.

[The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional – Charles Chiniquy](#)



by Charles Chiniquy, former Roman Catholic priest

PREFACE

Ezekiel Chapter VIII

1. And it came to pass in the sixth year, in the sixth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I sat in mine house, and the elders of Judah sat before me, that the hand of the LORD GOD fell there upon me.

2. Then I beheld, and lo, a likeness as the appearance of fire; from the appearance of his loins even downward, fire; and from his loins even upward, as the appearance of brightness, as the color of amber.

3. And he put forth the form of an hand, and took me by a lock of mine head; and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the visions of God to Jerusalem, to the door of the inner gate that looketh toward the north; where was the seat of the image of jealousy, which provoketh to jealousy.

4. And behold, the glory of the God of Israel was there, according to the vision that I saw in the plain.

5. Then said he unto me, Son of man, lift up thine eyes now the way toward the north. So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north; and behold, northward, at the gate of the altar, this image of jealousy in the entry.

6. He said furthermore unto me; Son of man, seest thou what they do?—even the great abominations that the house of Israel committeth here, that I should go far off from my sanctuary? but turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations.

7. And he brought me to the door of the court; and when I looked, behold, a hole in the wall.

8. Then said he unto me, Son of man, dig now in the wall: and when I had digged in the wall, behold, a door.

9. And he said unto me, Go in, and behold the wicked abominations that they do here.

10 So I went in and saw; and, behold, every, form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the of Israel, portrayed upon the wall round about.

11. And there stood before them seventy men of the ancients of the house of Israel, and in the midst of them stood Jaazaniah the son of Shaphan, with every man his censer in his hand; and a thick cloud of incense went up.

12. Then said he unto me, Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in the chambers of his imagery? for they say, The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth.

13. He said also unto me, Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations that they do.

14. Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the LORD'S house which was toward the north; and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz.

15. Then said he unto me, Hast thou seen this, O Son of man? turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these.

16. And he brought me into the inner court of the LORD'S house, and, behold, at the door of the temple of the LORD, between the porch and the altar, were about five and twenty men, with their backs towards the temple of the LORD, and their faces toward the east; and they worshipped the sun toward the east.

17. Then he said unto me, Hast thou seen this, O Son of man? Is it a light thing to the house of Judah that they commit the abominations which they commit here? for they have filled the land with violence, and have returned to provoke me to anger; and, lo, they put the branch to their nose.

18. Therefore will I also deal in fury: mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity; and though they cry in mine ears with a loud voice, yet will I not hear them.

The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional

CHAPTER I. The Struggle before the Surrender of Womanly Self-Respect in the Confessional

THERE are two women who ought to be constant objects of the compassion of the disciples of Christ, and for whom daily prayers ought to be offered at the mercy-seat—the Brahmin woman, who, deceived by her priests, burns herself on the corpse of her husband to appease the wrath of her wooden gods; and the Roman Catholic woman, who, not less deceived by her priests, suffers a torture far more cruel and ignominious in the confessional-box, to appease the wrath of her wafer-god.

For I do not exaggerate when I say, that for many noble-hearted, well-educated, high-minded women, to be forced to unveil their hearts before the eyes of a man, to open to him all the most secret recesses of their souls, all the most sacred mysteries of their single or married life, to allow him to put to them questions which the most depraved woman would never consent to hear from her vilest seducer, is often more horrible and intolerable than to be tied on burning coals.

More than once, I have seen women fainting in the confessional-box, who told me afterwards, that the necessity of speaking to an unmarried man on certain things, on which the most common laws of decency ought to have for ever sealed their lips, had almost killed them! Not hundreds, but thousands of

times, I have heard from the lips of dying girls, as well as of married women, the awful words; "I am forever lost! All my past confessions and communions have been so many sacrileges! I have never dared to answer correctly the questions of my confessors! Shame has sealed my lips and damned my soul!"

How many times I remained as one petrified, by the side of a corpse, when these last words having hardly escaped the lips of one of my female penitents, who had been snatched out of my reach by the merciless hand of death, before I could give her pardon through the deceitful sacramental absolution? I then believed, as the dead sinner herself had believed, that she could not be forgiven except by that absolution.

For there are not only thousands but millions of Roman Catholic girls and women whose keen sense of modesty and womanly dignity are above all the sophisms and diabolical machinations of their priests. They never can be persuaded to answer "Yes " to certain questions of their confessors. They would prefer to be thrown into the flames, and burnt to ashes with the Brahmin widows, rather than allow the eyes of a man to pry into the sacred sanctuary of their souls. Though sometimes guilty before God, and under the impression that their sins will never be forgiven if not confessed, the laws of decency are stronger in their hearts than the laws of their cruel and perfidious Church. No consideration, not even the fear of eternal damnation, can persuade them to declare to a sinful man, sins which God alone has the right to know, for He alone can blot them out with the blood of His Son, shed on the cross.

But what a wretched life must that be of those exceptional noble souls, which Rome keeps in the dark dungeons of her superstition? They read in all their books, and hear from all their pulpits, that if they conceal a single sin from their confessors they are forever lost! But, being absolutely unable to trample under their feet the laws of self-respect and decency, which God Himself has impressed in their souls, they live in constant dread of eternal damnation. No human words can tell their desolation and distress, when at the feet of their confessors, they find themselves under the horrible necessity of speaking of things, on which they would prefer to suffer the most cruel death rather than to open their lips, or to be forever damned if they do not degrade themselves forever in their own eyes, by speaking on matters which a respectable woman will never reveal to her own mother, much less to a man!

I have known only too many of these noble-hearted women, who, when alone with God, in a real agony of desolation and with burning tears, had asked Him to grant them what they considered the greatest favor, which was, to lose so much of their self-respect as to be enabled to speak of those unmentionable things, just as their confessors wanted them to speak; and, hoping that their petition had been granted, they went again to the confessional-box, determined to unveil their shame before the eyes of that inexorable man. But when the moment had come for the self-immolation, their courage failed, their knees trembled, their lips became pale as death, cold sweat poured from all their pores! The voice of modesty and womanly self-respect was speaking louder than the voice of their false religion. They had to go out of the confessional-box unpardoned—nay, with the burden of a new sacrilege on their

conscience.

Oh! how heavy is the yoke of Rome—how bitter is human life—how cheerless is the mystery of the cross to those deluded and perishing souls! How gladly they would rush into the blazing piles with the Brahmin women, if they could hope to see the end of their unspeakable miseries through the momentary tortures which would open to them the gates of a better life!

I do here publicly challenge the whole Roman Catholic priesthood to deny that the greater part of their female penitents remain a certain period of time—some longer, some shorter—under that most distressing state of mind.

Yes, by far the greater majority of women, at first, find it impossible to pull down the sacred barriers of self-respect which God Himself has built around their hearts, intelligences, and souls, as the best safeguard against the snares of this polluted world. Those laws of self-respect, by which they cannot consent to speak an impure word into the ears of a man, and which shut all the avenues of the heart against his unchaste questions, even when speaking in the name of God—those laws of self-respect are so clearly written in their conscience, and they are so well understood by them, to be a most Divine gift, that, as I have already said, many prefer to run the risk of being forever lost by remaining silent.

It takes many years of the most ingenious (I do not hesitate to call it diabolical) efforts on the part of the priests to persuade the majority of their female penitents to speak on questions, which even pagan savages would blush to mention among themselves. Some persist in remaining silent on those matters during the greater part of their lives, and many prefer to throw themselves into the hands of their merciful God, and die without submitting to the defiling ordeal, even after they have felt the poisonous stings of the enemy, rather than receive their pardon from a man, who, as they feel, would have surely been scandalized by the recital of their human frailties. All the priests of Rome are aware of this natural disposition of their female penitents. There is not a single one—no, not a single one of their moral theologians, who does not warn the confessors against that stern and general determination of the girls and married women never to speak in the confessional on matters which may, more or less, deal with sins against the seventh commandment. Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, Bailly, &c.,—in a word, all the theologians of Rome own that this is one of the greatest difficulties which the confessors have to contend with in the confessional-box.

Not a single Roman Catholic priest will dare to deny what I say on this matter; for they know that it would be easy for me to overwhelm them with such a crowd of testimonies that their grand imposture would forever be unmasked.

I intend, at some future day, if God spares me and gives me time for it, to make known some of the innumerable things which the Roman Catholic theologians and moralists have written on this question. It will form one of the most curious books ever written; and it will give unanswerable evidence of the fact that, instinctively, without consulting each other, and with an unanimity which is almost marvellous, the Roman Catholic women, guided by the

honest instincts which God has given them, shrink from the snares put before them in the confessional-box; and that everywhere they struggle to nerve themselves with a superhuman courage, against the torturer who is sent by the Pope, to finish their ruin and to make shipwreck of their souls. Everywhere woman feels that there are things which ought never to be told, as there are things which ought never to be done, in the presence of the God of holiness. She understands that, to recite the history of certain sins, even of thought, is not less shameful and criminal than to do them; she hears the voice of God whispering into her ears, "Is it not enough that thou hast been guilty once, when alone in My presence, without adding to thine iniquity by allowing that man to know what should never have been revealed to him? Do you not feel that you make that man your accomplice, the very moment that you throw into his heart and soul the mire of your iniquities? He is as weak as you are, he is not less a sinner than yourself; what has tempted you will tempt him; what has made you weak will make him weak; what has polluted you will pollute him; what has thrown you down into the dust, will throw him into the dust. Is it not enough that My eyes had to look upon your iniquities? must My ears, to-day, listen to your impure conversation with that man? Were that man as holy as My prophet David, may he not fall before the unchaste unveiling of the new Bathsheba? Were he as strong as Samson, may he not find in you his tempting Delilah? Were he as generous as Peter, may he not become a traitor at the maid-servant's voice?"

Perhaps the world has never seen a more terrible, desperate, solemn struggle than the one which is going on in the soul of a poor trembling young woman, who, at the feet of that man, has to decide whether or not she will open her lips on those things which the infallible voice of God, united to the no less infallible voice of her womanly honor and self-respect, tell her never to reveal to any man!

The history of that secret, fierce, desperate, and deadly struggle has never yet, so far as I know, been fully given. It would draw the tears of admiration and compassion of the whole world, if it could be written with its simple, sublime, and terrible realities.

How many times have I wept as a child when some noble-hearted and intelligent young girl, or some respectable married woman, yielding to the sophisms with which I, or some other confessor, had persuaded them to give up their self-respect, and their womanly dignity, to speak with me on matters on which a decent woman should never say a word with a man. They have told me of their invincible repugnance, their horror of such questions and answers, and they have asked me to have pity on them. Yes! I have often wept bitterly on my degradation, when a priest of Rome! I have realized all the strength, the grandeur, and the holiness of their motives for being silent on these defiling matters, and I could not but admire them. It seemed at times that they were speaking the language of angels of light; that I ought to fall at their feet, and ask their pardon for having spoken to them of questions, on which a man of honor ought never to converse with a woman whom he respects.

But alas! I had soon to reproach myself, and regret those short instances of my wavering faith in the infallible voice of my Church; I had soon to silence the voice of my conscience, which was telling me, "Is it not a shame that

you, an unmarried man, dare to speak on these matters with a woman? Do you not blush to put such questions to a young girl? Where is your self-respect? where is your fear of God? Do you not promote the ruin of that girl by forcing her to speak with a man on such matters?

I was compelled by all the Popes, the moral theologians, and the Councils, of Rome, to believe that this warning voice of my merciful God was the voice of Satan; I had to believe in spite of my own conscience and intelligence, that it was good, nay, necessary, to put those polluting, damning questions. My infallible Church was mercilessly forcing me to oblige those poor, trembling, weeping, desolate girls and women, to swim with me and all her priests in those waters of Sodom and Gomorrah, under the pretext that their self-will would be broken down, their fear of sin and humility increased, and that they would be purified by our absolutions.

With what supreme distress, disgust, and surprise, we see, to-day, a great part of the noble Episcopal Church of England struck by a plague which seems incurable, under the name of Puseyism, or Ritualism, and bringing again—more or less openly—in many places the diabolical and filthy auricular confession among the Protestants of England, Australia and America. The Episcopal Church is doomed to perish in that dark and stinking pool of Popery—auricular confession, if she does not find a prompt remedy to stop the plague brought by the disguised Jesuits, who are at work everywhere, to poison and enslave her too unsuspecting daughters and sons.

In the beginning of my priesthood, I was not a little surprised and embarrassed to see a very accomplished and beautiful young lady, whom I used to meet almost every week at her father's house, entering the box of my confessional. She had been used to confess to another young priest of my acquaintance, and she was always looked upon as one of the most pious girls of the city. Though she had disguised herself as much as possible, in order that I might not know her, I felt sure that I was not mistaken—she was the amiable Mary * *

Not being absolutely certain of the correctness of my impressions, I left her entirely under the hope that she was a perfect stranger to me. At the beginning she could hardly speak; her voice was suffocated by her sobs; and through the little apertures of the thin partition between her and me, I saw two streams of big tears trickling down her cheeks.

After much effort, she said: "Dear Father, I hope you do not know me, and that you will never try to know me. I am a desperately great sinner. Oh! I fear that I am lost! But if there is still a hope for me to be saved, for God's sake, do not rebuke me! Before I begin my confession, allow me to ask you not to pollute my ears by questions which our confessors are in the habit of putting to their female penitents; I have already been destroyed by those questions. Before I was seventeen years old, God knows that His angels are not more pure than I was; but the chaplain of the Nunnery where my parents had sent me for my education, though approaching old age, put to me, in the confessional, a question which at first I did not understand, but, unfortunately, he had put the same questions to one of my young class-mates, who made fun of them in my presence, and explained them to me; for she

understood them too well. This first unchaste conversation of my life plunged my thoughts into a sea of iniquity, till then absolutely unknown to me; temptations of the most humiliating character assailed me for a week, day and night; after which, sins which I would blot out with my blood, if it were possible, overwhelmed my soul as with a deluge. But the joys of the sinner are short. Struck with terror at the thought of the judgments of God, after a few weeks of the most deplorable life, I determined to give up my sins and reconcile myself to God. Covered with shame, and trembling from head to foot, I went to confess to my old confessor, whom I respected as a saint and cherished as a father. It seems to me that, with sincere tears of repentance, I confessed to him the greatest part of my sins, though I concealed one of them, through shame, and respect for my spiritual guide. But I did not conceal from him that the strange questions he had put to me at my last confession, were, with the natural corruption of my heart, the principal cause of my destruction.

He spoke to me very kindly, encouraged me to fight against my bad inclinations, and, at first, gave me very kind and good advice. But when I thought he had finished speaking, and as I was preparing to leave the confessional-box, he put to me two new questions of such a polluting character that, I fear neither the blood of Christ, nor all the fires of hell will ever be able to blot them out from my memory. Those questions have achieved my ruin; they have stuck to my mind like two deadly arrows; they are day and night before my imagination; they fill my very arteries and veins with a deadly poison.

"It is true that, at first, they filled me with horror and disgust; but alas! I soon got so accustomed to them that they seemed to be incorporated with me, and as if becoming a second nature. Those thoughts have become a new source of innumerable criminal thoughts, desires and actions.

"A month later, we were obliged by the rules of our convent to go and confess; but by this time, I was so completely lost, that I no longer blushed at the idea of confessing my shameful sins to a man; it was the very contrary. I had a real, diabolical pleasure in the thought that I should have a long conversation with my confessor on those matters, and that he would ask me more of his strange questions.

"In fact, when I had told him everything without a blush, he began to interrogate me, and God knows what corrupting things fell from his lips into my poor criminal heart! Every one of his questions was thrilling my nerves, and filling me with the most shameful sensations. After an hour of this criminal tete-a-tete with my old confessor (for it was nothing else but a criminal tete-a-tete), I perceived that he was as depraved as I was myself. With some half-covered words, he made a criminal proposition, which I accepted with covered words also; and during more than a year, we have lived together on the most sinful intimacy. Though he was much older than I, I loved him in the most foolish way. When the course of my convent instruction was finished, my parents called me back to their home. I was really glad of that change of residence, for I was beginning to be tired of my criminal life. My hope was that, under the direction of a better confessor, I should reconcile myself to God and begin a Christian life.

"Unfortunately for me, my new confessor, who was very young, began also his interrogations. He soon fell in love with me, and I loved him in a most criminal way. I have done with him things which I hope you will never request me to reveal to you, for they are too monstrous to be repeated, even in the confessional, by a woman to a man.

"I do not say these things to take away the responsibility of my iniquities with this young confessor, from my shoulders, for I think I have been more criminal than he was. It is my firm conviction that he was a good and holy priest before he knew me; but the questions he put to me, and the answers I had to give him, melted his heart—I know it—just as boiling lead would melt the ice on which it flows.

"I know this is not such a detailed confession as our holy Church requires me to make, but I have thought it necessary for me to give you this short history of the life of the greatest and most miserable sinner who ever asked you to help her to come out from the tomb of her iniquities. This is the way I have lived these last few years. But last Sabbath, God, in His infinite mercy, looked down upon me. He inspired you to give us the Prodigal Son as a model of true conversion, and as the most marvellous proof of the infinite compassion of the dear Saviour for the sinner. I have wept day and night since that happy day, when I threw myself into the arms of my loving merciful Father. Even now, I can hardly speak, because my regret for my past iniquities, and my joy that I am allowed to bathe the feet of the Saviour with tears, are so great that my voice is as choked.

"You understand that I have forever given up my last confessor. I come to ask you to do me the favor to receive me among your penitents. Oh! do not reject nor rebuke me, for the dear Saviour's sake! Be not afraid to have at your side such a monster of iniquity! But before going further, I have two favors to ask from you. The first is, that you will never do anything to ascertain my name; the second is, that you will never put to me any of those questions by which so many penitents are lost and so many priests forever destroyed. Twice I have been lost by those questions. We come to our confessors that they may throw upon our guilty souls the pure waters which flow from heaven to purify us; but instead of that, with their unmentionable questions, they pour oil on the burning fires which are already raging in our poor sinful hearts. Oh! dear father, let me become your penitent, that you may help me to go and weep with Magdalene at the Saviour's feet! Do respect me, as He respected that true model of all the sinful, but repenting women! Did our Saviour put to her any question? did He extort from her the history of things which a sinful woman cannot say without forgetting the respect she owes to herself and to God! No! you told us not long ago, that the only thing our Saviour did, was to look at her tears and her love. Well, please do that, and you will save me!"

I was then a very young priest, and never had any words so sublime come to my ears in the confessional-box. Her tears and her sobs, mingled with the frank declaration of the most humiliating actions, had made such a profound impression upon me that I was, for some time, unable to speak. It had come to my mind also that I might be mistaken about her identify, and that perhaps she was not the young lady that I had imagined. I could, then, easily grant

her first request, which was to do nothing by which I could know her. The second part of her prayer was more embarrassing; for the theologians are very positive in ordering the confessors to question their penitents, particularly those of the female sex, in many circumstances.

I encouraged her in the best way I could, to persevere in her good resolutions, by invoking the blessed Virgin Mary and St. Philomene, who was, then, the Sainte a la mode, just as Marie Alacoque is to-day, among the blind slaves of Rome. I told her that I would pray and think over the subject of her second request; and I asked her to come back in a week for my answer.

The very same day, I went to my own confessor, the Rev. Mr. Baillargeon, then curate of Quebec, and afterwards Archbishop of Canada. I told him the singular and unusual request she had made, that I should never put to her any of those questions suggested by the theologians, to insure the integrity of the confession. I did not conceal from him that I was much inclined to grant her that favor; for I repeated what I had already several times told him, that I was supremely disgusted with the infamous and polluting questions which the theologians forced us to put to our female penitents. I told him frankly that several old and young priests had already come to confess to me; and that, with the exception of two, they had told me that they could not put those questions and hear the answers they elicited, without falling into the most damnable sins.

My confessor seemed to be much perplexed about what he should answer. "He asked me to come the next day, that he might review some of his theological books, in the interval. The next day, I took down in writing his answer, which I find in my old manuscripts, and I give it here in all its sad crudity:— "Such cases of the destruction of female virtue by the questions of the confessors is an unavoidable evil. It cannot be helped; for such questions are absolutely necessary in the greater part of the cases with which we have to deal. Men generally confess their sins with so much sincerity that there is seldom any need for questioning them, except when they are very ignorant. But St. Liguori, as well as our personal observation, tells us that the greatest part of girls and women, through a false and criminal shame, very seldom confess the sins they commit against purity. It requires the utmost charity in the confessors to prevent those unfortunate slaves of their secret passions from making sacrilegious confessions and communions. With the greatest prudence and zeal he must question them on those matters, beginning with the smallest sins, and going, little by little, as much as possible by imperceptible degrees, to the most criminal actions. As it seems evident that the penitent referred to in your questions of yesterday, is unwilling to make a full and detailed confession of all her iniquities, you cannot promise to absolve her without assuring yourself by wise and prudent questions, that she has confessed everything.

"You must not be discouraged when, through the confessional or any other way, you learn the fall of priests into the common frailties of human nature with their penitents. Our Saviour knew very well that the occasions and the temptations we have to encounter, in the confessions of girls and women, are so numerous, and sometimes so irresistible, that many would fall. But He has given them the Holy Virgin Mary, who constantly asks and obtains their

pardon; He has given them the sacrament of penance, where they can receive their pardon as often as they ask for it. The vow of perfect chastity is a great honor and privilege; but we cannot conceal from ourselves that it puts on our shoulders a burden which many cannot carry forever. St. Liguori says that we must not rebuke the penitent priest who falls only once a month; and some other trustworthy theologians are still more charitable."

This answer was far from satisfying me. It seemed to me composed of soft soap principles. I went back with a heavy heart and an anxious mind; and God knows that I made many fervent prayers that this girl should never come again to give me her sad history. I was hardly twenty- six years old, full of youth and life. It seemed to me that the stings of a thousand wasps to my ears would not do me so much harm as the words of that dear, beautiful, accomplished, but lost girl.

I do not mean to say that the revelations which she made, had, in any way, diminished my esteem and my respect for her. It was just the contrary. Her tears and her sobs, at my feet her agonizing expressions of shame and regret her noble words of protest against the disgusting and polluting interrogations of the confessors, had raised her very high in my mind. My sincere hope was that she would have a place in the kingdom of Christ with the Samaritan women, Mary Magdalene, and all the sinners who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

At the appointed day, I was in my confessional, listening to the confession of a young man, when I saw Miss Mary entering the vestry, and coming directly to my confessional-box, where she knelt by me. Though she had, still more than at the first time, disguised herself behind a long, thick, black veil, I could not be mistaken; she was the very same amiable young lady in whose father's house I used to pass such pleasant and happy hours. I had often listened, with breathless attention, to her melodious voice, when she was giving us, accompanied by her piano, some of our beautiful Church hymns. Who could then see and hear her without almost worshipping her? The dignity of her steps, and her whole mien, when she advanced towards my confessional, entirely betrayed her and destroyed her incognito.

Oh! I would have given every drop of my blood in that solemn hour, that I might have been free to deal with her just as she had so eloquently requested me to do—to let her weep and cry at the feet of Jesus to her heart's content; Oh! if I had been free to take her by the hand, and silently show her the dying Saviour, that she might have bathed His feet with her tears, and spread the oil of her love on His head, without my saying anything else but "Go in peace: thy sins are forgiven."

But, there, in that confessional-box, I was not the servant of Christ, to follow His divine, saving words, and obey the dictates of my honest conscience. I was the slave of the Pope! I had to stifle the cry of my conscience, to ignore the inspirations of my God! There, my conscience had no right to speak; my intelligence was a dead thing! The theologians of the Pope, alone, had a right to be heard and obeyed! I was not there to save, but to destroy; for, under the pretext of purifying, the real mission of the confessor, often, if not always, in spite of himself, is to scandalise and

damn the souls.

As soon as the young man who was making his confession at my left hand, had finished, I, without noise, turned myself towards her, and said, through the little aperture, "Are you ready to begin your confession?"

But she did not answer me. All that I could hear was: "Oh, my Jesus, have mercy upon me! I come to wash my soul in Thy blood; wilt thou rebuke me?"

During several minutes she raised her hands and her eyes to heaven, and wept and prayed. It was evident that she had not the least idea that I was observing her; she thought the door of the little partition between her and me was shut. But my eyes were fixed upon her; my tears were flowing with her tears, and my ardent prayers were going to the feet of Jesus with her prayers. I would not have interrupted her for any consideration, in this, her sublime communion with her merciful Saviour.

But after a pretty long time, I made a little noise with my hand, and putting my lips near the opening of the partition which was between us, I said in a low voice, "Dear sister, are you ready to begin your confession?"

She turned her face a little towards me, and said with trembling voice, "Yes, dear father, I am ready."

But she then stopped again to weep and pray, though I could not hear what she said.

After some time of silent prayer, I said, "My dear sister, if you are ready, please begin your confession." She then said, "My dear father, do you remember the prayers which I made to you, the other day? Can you allow me to confess my sins without forcing me to forget the respect that I owe to myself, to you, and to God, who hears us? And can you promise that you will not put to me any of those questions which have already done me such irreparable injury? I frankly declare to you that there are sins in me that I cannot reveal to anyone, except to Christ, because He is my God, and that He already knows them all. Let me weep and cry at His feet: can you not forgive me without adding to my iniquities by forcing me to say things that the tongue of a Christian woman cannot reveal to a man?"

"My dear sister," I answered, were I free to follow the voice of my own feelings I would be only too happy to grant your request; but I am here only as the minister of our holy Church, and bound to obey her laws. Through her most holy Popes and theologians she tells me that I cannot forgive your sins if you do not confess them all, just as you have committed them. The Church tells me also that you must give the details which may add to the malice or change the nature of your sins. I am also sorry to tell you that our most holy theologians make it a duty of the confessor to question the penitent on the sins which he has good reason to suspect have been voluntarily or involuntarily omitted."

With a piercing cry, she exclaimed, Then, O my God, I am lost – forever lost!"

This cry fell upon me like a thunderbolt; but I was still more terror-

stricken when, looking through the aperture, I saw she was fainting; I heard the noise of her body falling upon the floor, and of her head striking against the sides of the confessional-box.

Quick as lightning I ran to help her, took her in my arms, and called a couple of men who were at a little distance, to assist me in laying her on a bench. I washed her face with some cold water and vinegar. She was, as pale as death, but her lips were moving, and she was saying something which nobody but I could understand—

“I am lost—lost forever!”

We took her home to her disconsolate family, where, during a month, she lingered between life and death. Her two first confessors came to visit her; but having asked every one to go out of the room, she politely, but absolutely, requested them to go away, and never come again. She asked me to visit her every day., “for,” she said, “I have only a few more days to live. Help me to prepare myself for the solemn hour which will open to me the gates of eternity!”

Every day I visited her, and I prayed and I wept with her.

Many times, when alone, with tears I requested her to finish her confession; but, with a firmness which, then, seemed to be mysterious and inexplicable, she politely rebuked me.

One day, when alone with her, I was kneeling by the side of her bed to pray, I was unable to articulate a single word, because of the inexpressible anguish of my soul on her account, she asked me, “Dear father, why do you weep?”

I answered, “How can you put such a question to your murderer! I weep because I have killed you, dear friend.”

This answer seemed to trouble her exceedingly. She was very weak that day. After she had wept and prayed in silence, she said, “do not weep for me, but weep for so many priests who destroy their penitents in the confessional. I believe in the holiness of the sacrament of penance, since our holy Church has established it. But there is, somewhere, something exceedingly wrong in the confessional. Twice I have been destroyed, and I know many girls who have also been destroyed by the confessional. This is a secret, but will that secret be kept forever? I pity the poor priests the day that our fathers will know what becomes of the purity of their daughters in the hands of their confessors. Father would surely kill my two last confessors, if he could know how they have destroyed his poor child.”

I could not answer except by weeping.

We remained silent for a long time; then she said, “It is true that I was not prepared for the rebuke you have given me, the other day, in the confessional; but you acted conscientiously as a good and honest priest. I know you must be bound by certain laws.”

She then pressed my hand with her cold hand and said, "Weep not, dear father, because that sudden storm has wrecked my too fragile bark. This storm was to take me out from the bottomless sea of my iniquities to the shore where Jesus was waiting to receive and pardon me. The night after you brought me, half dead, here, to father's house, I had a dream. Oh, no! it was not a dream, it was a reality. My Jesus came to me; He was bleeding; His crown of thorns was on His head, the heavy cross was bruising his shoulders. He said to me, with a voice so sweet that no human tongue can imitate it, "I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy cries, and I know thy love for Me: thy sins are forgiven; take courage; in a few days thou shalt be with me!"

She had hardly finished her last word, when she fainted; and I feared lest she should die just then, when I was alone with her.

I called the family, who rushed into the room. The doctor was sent for. He found her so weak that he thought proper to allow only one or two persons to remain in the room with me. He requested us not to speak at all: "For," said he, the least emotion may kill her instantly; her disease is, in all probability, an aneurism of the aorta, the big vein which brings the blood to the heart: when it breaks, she will go as quick as lightning."

It was nearly ten at night when I left the house, to go and take some rest. But it is not necessary to say that I passed a sleepless night. My dear Mary was there, pale, dying from the deadly blow which I had given her in the confessional. She was there, on her bed of death, her heart pierced with the dagger which my Church had put into my hands! and instead of rebuking, and cursing me for my savage, merciless fanaticism, she was blessing me! She was dying from a broken heart, and I was not allowed by my Church to give her a single word of consolation and hope, for she had not made her confession! I had mercilessly bruised that tender plant, and there was nothing in my hands to heal the wounds I had made!

It was very probable that she would die the next day, and I was forbidden to show her the crown of glory which Jesus has prepared in His kingdom for the repenting sinner!

My desolation was really unspeakable, and I think I would have been suffocated and have died that night, if the stream of tears which constantly flowed from my eyes had not been as a balm to my distressed heart.

How dark and long the hours of that night seemed to me!

Before the dawn of day, I arose to read my theologians again, and see if I could not find some one who would allow me to forgive the sins of that dear child, without forcing her to tell me everything she had done. But they seemed to me, more than ever, unanimously inexorable, and I put them back on the shelves of my library with a broken heart.

At nine A.M. the next day, I was by the bed of our dear sick Mary. I cannot sufficiently tell the joy I felt, when the doctor and the whole family said to me, "She is much better; the rest of last night has wrought a marvellous change indeed."

With a really angelic smile she extended her hand towards me, that I might press it in mine; and she said, "I thought, last evening, that the dear Saviour would take me to Him, but He wants me, dear father, to give you a little more trouble; however, be patient, it cannot be long before the solemn hour of the appeal will ring. Will you please read me the history of the suffering and death of the beloved Saviour, which you read me the other day? It does me so much good to see how He has loved me, such a miserable sinner."

There was a calm and a solemnity in her words which struck me singularly, as well as all those who were there.

After I had finished reading, she exclaimed, "He has loved me so much that He died for my sins!" And she shut her eyes as if to meditate in silence, but there was a stream of big tears rolling down her cheeks.

I knelt down by her bed, with her family, to pray; but I could not utter a single word. The idea that this dear child was there, dying from the cruel fanaticism of my theologians and my own cowardice in obeying them, was as a mill-stone to my neck. It was killing me.

Oh! if by dying a thousand times, I could have added a single day to her life, with what pleasure I would have accepted those thousand deaths!

After we had silently prayed and wept by her bedside, she requested her mother to leave her alone with me.

When I saw myself alone, under the irresistible impression that this was her last day, I fell on my knees again, and with tears of the most sincere compassion for her soul, I requested her to shake off her shame and to obey our holy Church, which requires every one to confess their sins if they want to be forgiven.

She calmly, but with an air of dignity which no human words can express, said, "Is it true that, after the sin of Adam and Eve, God Himself made coats and skins; and clothed them, that they might not see each other's nakedness?"

"Yes," I said, this is what the Holy Scriptures tell us."

"Well, then, how is it possible that our confessors dare to take away from us that holy, divine coat of modesty and self respect? Has not Almighty God Himself made, with His own hands, that coat of womanly modesty and self-respect, that we might not be to you and to ourselves, a cause of shame and sin?"

I was really stunned by the beauty, simplicity, and sublimity of that comparison. I remained absolutely mute and confounded. Though it was demolishing all the traditions and doctrines of my Church, and pulverizing all my holy doctors and theologians, that noble answer found such an echo in my soul, that it seemed to me a sacrilege to try to touch it with my finger.

After a short time of silence, she continued, "Twice I have been destroyed by priests in the confessional. They took away from me that divine coat of modesty and self-respect which God gives to every human being who comes into

this world, and twice, I have become for those very priests a deep pit of perdition, into which they have fallen, and where, I fear, they are forever lost! My merciful heavenly Father has given me back that coat of skins, that nuptial robe of modesty, self-respect, and holiness, which had been taken away from me. He cannot allow you or any other man, to tear again and spoil that vestment which is the work of His hands."

These words had exhausted her; it was evident to me that she wanted some rest. I left her alone, but I was absolutely beside myself. Filled with admiration for the sublime lessons which I had received from the lips of that regenerated daughter of Eve, who, it was evident, was soon to fly away from us, I felt a supreme disgust for myself, my theologians, and—shall I say it? yes, I felt in that solemn hour a supreme disgust for my Church, which was so cruelly defiling me, and all her priests in the confessional-box. I felt, in that hour, a supreme horror for that auricular confession, which is so often a pit of perdition and supreme misery for the confessor and penitent. I went out and walked two hours on the Plains of Abraham, to breathe the pure and refreshing air of the mountain. There, alone, I sat on a stone, on the very spot where Wolfe and Montcalm had fought and died; and I wept to my heart's content, on my irreparable degradation, and the degradation of so many priests through the confessional.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I went back again to the house of my dear dying Mary. The mother took me apart, and very politely said, "My dear Mr. Chiniquy, do you not think it is time that our dear child should receive the last sacraments? She seemed to be much better this morning, and we were full of hope; but she is now rapidly sinking. Please lose no time in giving her the holy viaticum and the extreme unction."

I said, "Yes, madam: let me pass a few minutes alone with our poor dear child, that I may prepare her for the last sacraments."

When alone with her, I again fell on my knees, and, amidst torrents of tears, I said, ' Dear sister, it is my desire to give you the holy viaticum and the extreme unction; but tell me, how can I dare to do a thing so solemn against all the prohibitions of our Holy Church? How can I give you the holy communion without first giving you absolution? and how can I give you absolution when you earnestly persist in telling me that you have many sins which you will never declare either to me or any other confessor?

"You know that I cherish and respect you as if you were an angel sent to me from heaven. You told me the other day, that you blessed the day that you first saw and knew me. I say the same thing. I bless the day that I have known you; I bless every hour that I have spent by your bed of suffering; I bless every tear which I have shed with you on your sins and on my own; I bless every hour we have passed together in looking to the wounds of our beloved, dying Saviour; I bless you for having forgiven me your death! for I know it, and I confess it in the presence of God, I have killed you, dear sister. But now I prefer a thousand times to die than to say to you a word which would pain you in any way, or trouble the peace of your soul. Please, my dear sister, tell me what I can and must do for you in this solemn hour."

Calmly, and with a smile of joy such as I had never seen before, nor seen since, she said, "I thank and bless you, dear father, for the parable of the Prodigal Son, on which you preached a month ago. You have brought me to the feet of the dear Saviour; there I have found a peace and a joy surpassing anything the human heart can feel; I have thrown myself into the arms of my Heavenly Father, and I know He has mercifully accepted and forgiven His poor prodigal child! Oh, I see the angels with their golden harps around the throne of the Lamb! Do you not hear the celestial harmony of their songs? I go—I go to join them in my Father's house. I SHALL NOT BE LOST!"

While she was thus speaking to me, my eyes were really turned into two fountains of tears; I was unable, as well as unwilling, to see anything, so entirely overcome was I by the sublime words which were flowing from the dying lips of that dear child, who was no more a sinner, but a real angel of Heaven to me. I was listening to her words; there was a celestial music in every one of them. But she had raised her voice in such a strange way, when she had begun to say, "I go to my Father's house," and she had made such a cry of joy when she had let the last words, "not be lost," escape her lips, that I raised my head and opened my eyes to look at her. I suspected that something strange had occurred.

I got upon my feet, passed my handkerchief over my face to wipe away the tears which were preventing me from seeing with accuracy, and looked at her.

Her hands were crossed on her breast, and there was on her face the expression of a really superhuman joy; her beautiful eyes were fixed as if they were looking on some grand and sublime spectacle; it seemed to me, at first, that she was praying.

In that very instant the mother rushed into the room, crying, My God! my God! what does that cry 'lost' mean?"—For her last words, "not to be lost," particularly the last one, had been pronounced with such a powerful voice, that they had been heard almost everywhere in the house.

I made a sign with my hand to prevent the distressed mother from making any noise and troubling her dying child in her prayer, for I really thought that she had stopped speaking, as she used so often to do, when alone with me, in order to pray. But I was mistaken. That redeemed soul had gone, on the golden wings of love, to join the multitude of those who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, to sing the eternal Alleluia.

CHAPTER II. Auricular Confession – A Deep Pit of Perdition for the Priest

IT was some time after our dear Mary had been buried. The terrible and mysterious cause of her death was known only to God and to myself. Though her loving mother was still weeping over her grave, as usual, she had soon been forgotten by the greatest part of those who had known her; but she was constantly present to my mind. I never entered the confessional-box without hearing her solemn, though so mild voice, telling me, "There must be, somewhere, something wrong in the auricular confession. Twice I have been destroyed by my confessors; and I have known several others who have been

destroyed in the same way.”

More than once, when her voice was ringing in my ears from her tomb, I had shed bitter tears on the profound and unfathomable degradation into which I, with the other priests, had to fall in the confessional-box. For many, many times, stories as deplorable as that of this unfortunate girl were confessed to me by city, as well as country females.

One night I was awakened by the rumbling noise of thunder, when I heard some one knocking at the door. I hastened out of bed to ask who was there. The answer was that the Rev. Mr.-- was dying, and that he wanted to see me before his death. I dressed myself, and was soon on the highway. The darkness was fearful; and often, had it not been for the lightning which was almost constantly tearing the clouds, we should not have known where we were. After a long and hard journey through the darkness and the storm, we arrived at the house of the dying priest. I went directly to his room, and really found him very low: he could hardly speak. With a sign of his hand he bade his servant girl, and a young man who were there, to go out, and leave him alone with me.

Then he said, in a low voice, “Was it you who prepared poor Mary to die?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered.

“Please tell me the truth. Is it a fact that she died the death of a reprobate, and that her last words were, ‘Oh my God! I am lost!’”

I answered him, “As I was the confessor of that girl, and we were talking together on matters which pertained to her confession at the very moment that she was unexpectedly summoned to appear before God, I cannot answer your question in any way; please, then, excuse me if I cannot say any more on that subject: but tell me who can have assured you that she died the death of a reprobate!”

“It was her own mother,” answered the dying man. “Last week she came to visit me, and when she was alone with me, with many tears and cries, she said how her poor child had refused to receive the last sacraments, and how her last cry was, ‘I am lost!’” She added that that cry, ‘Lost!’ was pronounced with such a frightful power that it was heard through all the house.”

“If her mother told you that, I replied, you may believe what you please about the way that poor child died. I cannot say a word—you know it—about the matter.”

“But if she is lost,” rejoined the old, dying priest, “I am the miserable one who has destroyed her. She was an angel of purity when she came to the convent. Oh! dear Mary, if you are lost, I am a thousandfold more lost! Oh, my God, my God! what will become of me? I am dying; and I am lost!”

It was indeed an awful thing to see that old sinner wringing his hands, and rolling on his bed, as if he had been on burning coals, with all the marks of the most frightful despair on his face, crying, “I am lost! Oh, my God, I am lost!”

I was glad that the claps of thunder which were shaking the house, and roaring without ceasing, prevented the people outside the room from hearing the cries of desolation from the priest, whom every one considered a great saint.

When it seemed to me his terror had somewhat subsided, and that his mind was calmed a little, I said to him, " My dear friend, you must not give yourself up to such despair. Our merciful God has promised to forgive the repenting sinner who comes to Him, even at the last hour of the day. Address yourself to the Virgin Mary, she will ask and obtain your pardon."

"Do you not think that it is too late to ask pardon? The doctor has honestly warned me that death is very near, and I feel that I am just now dying. Is it not too late to ask and obtain pardon?" asked the dying priest.

"No! my dear sir, it is not too late, if you sincerely regret your sins. Throw yourself into the arms of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; make your confession without any more delay; I will absolve you, and you will be saved."

But I have never made a good confession. Will you help me to make a general one?"

It was my duty to grant him his request, and the rest of the night was spent by me in hearing the confession of his whole life.

I do not want to give many particulars of the life of that priest. First: It was then that I understood why poor Mary was absolutely unwilling to mention the iniquities which she had committed with him. They were simply surpassingly horrible—unmentionable. No human tongue can express them—few human ears would consent to hear them.

The second thing that I am bound in conscience to reveal is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless true. The number of married and unmarried females he had heard in the confessional was about 1,500, of whom he said he had destroyed or scandalised at least 1,000 by his questioning them on most depraved things, for the simple pleasure of gratifying his own corrupted heart, without letting them know anything of his sinful thoughts and criminal desires towards them. But he confessed that he had destroyed the purity of ninety-five of those penitents, who had consented to sin with him.

And would to God that this priest had been the only one whom I have known to be lost through the auricular confession. But, alas! how few are those who have escaped the snares of the tempter compared with those who have perished? I have heard the confessions of more than 200 priests, and to say the truth, as God knows it, I must declare, that only twenty-one had not to weep over the secret or public sins committed through the irresistibly corrupting influences of auricular confession!

I am now more than seventy-one years old, and in a short time I shall be in my grave. I shall have to give an account of what I now say. Well, it is in the presence of my great Judge, with my tomb before my eyes, that I declare to the world that very few—yes, very few—priests escape from falling into the

pit of the most horrible moral depravity the world has ever known, through the confession of females.

I do not say this because I have any had feelings against those priests; God knows that I have none. The only feelings I have are of supreme compassion and pity. I do not reveal these awful things to make the world believe that the priests of Rome are a worse set of men than the rest of the innumerable fallen children of Adam; no; I do not entertain any such views; for everything considered, and weighed in the balance of religion, charity and common sense—I think that the priests of Rome are far from being worse than any other set of men who would be thrown into the same temptations, dangers, and unavoidable occasions of sin.

For instance, let us take lawyers, merchants, or farmers, and, preventing them from living with their lawful wives, let us surround each of them from morning to night, by ten, twenty, and sometimes more, beautiful women and tempting girls, who would speak to them of things which would pulverize a rock of Scotch granite, and you will see how many of those lawyers, merchants, or farmers would come out of that terrible moral battlefield without being mortally wounded.

The cause of the supreme—I dare say incredible, though unsuspected—immorality of the priests of Rome is a very evident and logical one. By the diabolical power of the Pope, the priest is put out of the ways which God has offered to the generality of men to be honest, upright and holy.* And after the Pope has deprived them of the grand, holy, and Divine (in this sense that it comes directly from God) remedy which God has given to man against his own concupiscence—holy marriage, they are placed unprotected and unguarded

* “To avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband.” (I Cor., vii. 2.) in the most perilous, difficult, and irresistible moral dangers which human ingenuity or depravity can conceive. Those unmarried men are forced, from morning to night, to be in the midst of beautiful girls, and tempting, charming women, who have to tell them things which would melt the hardest steel. How can you expect that they will cease to be men, and become stronger than angels?

Not only are the priests of Rome deprived by the devil of the only remedy which God has given to help them to withstand, but in the confessional they have the greatest facility which can possibly be imagined for satisfying all the bad propensities of fallen human nature. In the confessional they know those who are strong, and they also know those who are weak among the females by whom they are surrounded; they know who would resist any attempt from the enemy; and they know who are ready—nay, who are longing after the deceitful charms of sin. If they still retain the fallen nature of man, what a terrible hour for them? what frightful battles inside the poor heart? what superhuman effort and strength would be required to come out a conqueror from that battlefield, where a David and a Samson have fallen mortally wounded’?

It is simply an act of supreme stupidity on the part of the Protestant, as well as Catholic public, to suppose or suspect, or hope that the generality of the priests can stand such a trial. The pages of the history of Rome

herself are filled with unanswerable proofs that the great generality of the confessors fall. If it were not so, the miracle of Joshua, stopping the march of the sun and the moon, would be childish play compared with the miracle which would stop and reverse all the laws of our common fallen nature in the hearts of the 100,000 Roman Catholic confessors of the Church of Rome. Were I attempting to prove, by public facts, what I know of the horrible depravity caused by the confessional-box among the priests of France, Canada, Spain, Italy, and England, I should have to write many big volumes in folio. For brevity's sake, I will speak only of Italy. I take that country, because, being under the very eyes of their infallible and most holy (?) pontiff, being in the land of daily miracles of painted Madonnas, who weep and turn their eyes left and right, up and down, in a most marvellous way, being in the land of miraculous medals and heavenly spiritual favors, constantly flowing from the chair of St. Peter, the confessors in Italy, seeing every year the miraculous melting of the blood of St. January having in their midst the hair of the Virgin Mary, and a part of her shirt, are in the best possible circumstances to be strong, faithful and holy. Well, let us hear the testimony of an eye-witness, a contemporary, and an unimpeachable witness about the way the confessors deal with the penitent females in the holy, apostolical, infallible (?) Church of Rome.

The witness we will hear is of the purest blood of the princes of Italy. Her name is Henrietta Carracciolo, daughter of the Marshal Carracciolo, Governor of the Province of Pari, in Italy. Let us hear what she says of the Father Confessors, after twenty years of personal experience in different nunneries of Italy, in her remarkable book, "Mysteries of the Neapolitan Convents," pp. 150, 151, 152: "My confessor came the following day, and I disclosed to him the nature of the troubles which beset me. Later in the day, seeing that I had gone down to the place where we used to receive the holy communion, called Communichino, the conversa of my aunt rang the bell for the priest to come with the pyx.* He was a man of about fifty years of age, very corpulent, with a rubicund face, and a type of physiognomy as vulgar as it was repulsive.

"I approached the little window to receive the sacred wafer on my tongue, with my eyes closed,

* A silver box containing consecrated bread, which is believed to be the real body, blood and divinity of Jesus Christ as is customary. I placed it on my tongue, and, as I drew back, I felt my cheeks caressed. I opened my eyes, but the priest had withdrawn his hand, and, thinking I had been deceived, I gave it no more attention. "On the next occasion, forgetful of what had occurred before, I received the sacrament with closed eyes again, according to precept. This time I distinctly felt my chin caressed again, and on opening my eyes suddenly, I found the priest gazing rudely upon me with a sensual smile on his face.

"There could be no longer any doubt; these overtures were not the result of accident.

"The daughter of Eve is endowed with a greater degree of curiosity than man. It occurred to me to place myself in a contiguous apartment, where I could

observe whether this libertine priest was accustomed to take similar liberties with the nuns. I did so, and was fully convinced that only the old left him without being caressed.

"All the others allowed him to do with them as he pleased, and even, in taking leave of him, did so with the utmost reverence.

" 'Is this the respect,' said I to myself, 'that the priests and the spouses of Christ have for their sacrament of the Eucharist? Shall the poor novice be enticed to leave the world in order to learn, in this school, such lessons of self-respect and chastity?' "

Page 163, we read: "The fanatical passion of the nuns for their confessors, priests, and monks, exceeds belief. That which especially renders their incarceration endurable is the illimitable opportunity they enjoy of seeing and corresponding with those persons with whom they are in love. This freedom localizes and identifies them with the convent so closely that they are unhappy, when, on account of any serious sickness, or while preparing to take the veil, they are obliged to pass some months in the bosom of their own families, in company with their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters. It is not to be presumed that these relatives would permit a young girl to pass many hours, each day, in a mysterious colloquy with a priest, or a monk, and maintain with him this correspondence. This is a liberty which they can enjoy in the convent only.

"Many are the hours which the Heloise spends in the confessional, in agreeable pastime with her Abelard in cassock.

"Others, whose confessors happen to be old, have in addition a spiritual director, with whom they amuse themselves a long time every day tete-a-tete, in the parlatoria. When this is not enough, they simulate an illness, in order to have him alone in their own rooms."

Page 166, we read: "Another nun, being somewhat infirm, her priest confessed her in her own room. After a time, the invalid penitent found herself in what is called an interesting situation, on which account, the physician declaring that her complaint was dropsy, she was sent away from the convent.

Page 167: "A young educanda was in the habit of going down, every night, to the convent burying-place, where, by a corridor which communicated with the vestry, she entered into a colloquy with a young priest attached to the church. Consumed by an amorous passion, she was not deterred by bad weather or the fear of being discovered.

"She heard a great noise, one night, near her. In the thick darkness which surrounded her, she imagined that she saw a viper winding itself round her feet.. She was so much overcome by fright, that she died from the effects of it a few months later."

Page 168: "One of the confessors had a young penitent in the convent. Every time he was called to visit a dying sister, and on that account passed the night in the convent, this nun would climb over the partition which separated

her room from his, and betake herself to the master and director of her soul.

Another, during the delirium of a typhoid fever from which she was suffering, was constantly imitating the action of sending kisses to her confessor, who stood by the side of her bed. He, covered with blushes on account of the presence of strangers, held a crucifix before the eyes of the penitent, and exclaimed in a commiserating tone:—"Poor thing! kiss thy own spouse!"

Page 168: "Under the bonds of secrecy, an educanda of fine form and pleasing manners, and of a noble family, confided to me the fact of her having received, from the hands of her confessor, a very interesting book (as she described it) which related to the monastic life. I expressed the wish to know the title, and she, before showing it to me, took the precaution to lock the door.

It proved to be the *Monaca*, by Dalember, a book as all know, filled with the most disgusting obscenity.

Page 169: "I received once, from a monk, a letter in which he signified to me that he had hardly seen me when 'he conceived the sweet hope of becoming my confessor.' An exquisite of the first water, a fop of scents and euphuism, could not have employed phrases more melodramatic, to demand whether he might hope or despair."

Page 169: "A priest who enjoyed the reputation of being an incorruptible sacerdote, when he saw me pass through the parlatoria, used to address me as follows: -

"'Ps, dear, come here; Ps, Ps, come here!'

"These words, addressed to me by a priest, were nauseous in the extreme.

"Finally, another priest, the most annoying of all for his obstinate assiduity, sought to secure my affections at all cost. There was not an image profane poetry could afford him, nor a sophism he could borrow from rhetoric, nor wily interpretation he could give to the Word of God, which he did not employ to convert me to his wishes. Here is an example of his logic:-

" 'Fair daughter,' said he to me one day, 'knowest thou who God truly is?'

"'He is the Creator of the Universe,' I answered drily.

"'No,-no,-no,-no! that it is not enough,' he replied, laughing at my ignorance. 'God is love, but love in the abstract, which receives its incarnation in the mutual affection of two hearts which idolise each other. You, then, must not only love God in His abstract existence, but must also love Him in His incarnation, that is, in the exclusive love of a man who adores you. Quod Deum est amor, nec colitur nisi amando.'

"'Then,' I replied, 'a woman who adores her own lover would adore Divinity itself?'

"'Assuredly,' reiterated the priest, over and over again, taking courage from

my remark, and chuckling at what seemed to him to be the effect of his catechism.

" 'In that case,' said I, hastily, "I should select for my lover rather a man of the world than a priest.'

"God preserve you, my daughter! God preserve you from that sin!' added my interlocutor, apparently frightened, 'To love a man of the world, a sinner, a wretch, an unbeliever, an infidel! Why, you would go immediately to hell. The love of a priest is a sacred love, while that of a profane man is infamy; the faith of a priest emanates from that granted to the holy Church, while that of the profane is false—false as the vanity of the world. The priest purifies his affections daily in communion with the Holy Spirit; the man of the world (if he ever knows love at all) sweeps the muddy crossings of the street with it day and night.'

"But it is the heart, as well as the conscience, which prompts me to fly from the priests,' I replied.

" 'Well, if you cannot love me because I am your confessor, I will find means to assist you to get rid of your scruples. We will place the name of Jesus Christ before all our affectionate demonstrations, and thus our love will be a grateful offering to the Lord, and will ascend fragrant with perfume to Heaven, like the smoke of the incense of the sanctuary. Say to me, for example, "I love you in Jesus Christ; last night I dreamed of you in Jesus Christ;" and you will have a tranquil conscience, because in doing this you will sanctify every transport of your love."

Several circumstances not indicated here, by the way, compelled me to come in frequent contact with this priest afterwards, and I do not, therefore, give his name."

"Of a very respectable monk, respectable alike for his age and his moral character, I enquired what signified the prefixing the name of Jesus Christ to amorous apostrophes."

"It is,' he said, 'an expression used by a horrible sect, and one unfortunately only too numerous, which, thus abusing the name of our Lord, permits to its members the most unbridled licentiousness."

And it is my sad duty to say, before the whole world, that I know that by far the greater part of the confessors in America, Spain, France, and England, reason and act just like that licentious Italian priest.

Christian nations! If you could know what will become of the virtue of your fair daughters if you allow secret or public slaves of Rome under the name of Ritualists to restore the auricular confession, with what a storm of holy indignation you would defeat their plans!

CHAPTER III The Confessional is the Modern Sodom

IF anyone wants to hear an eloquent oration, let him go where the Roman Catholic priest is preaching on the divine institution of auricular

confession. There is no subject, perhaps, on which the priests display so much zeal and earnestness, and of which they speak so often. For this institution is really the corner-stone of their stupendous power; it is the secret of their almost irresistible influence. Let the people open their eyes, to-day, to the truth, and understand that auricular confession is one of the most stupendous impostures which Satan has invented, to corrupt and enslave the world; let the people desert the confessional-box today, and to-morrow Romanism will fall into the dust. The priests understand this very well; hence their constant efforts to deceive the people on that question. To attain their object, they have recourse to the most egregious falsehoods; the Scriptures are misrepresented; the holy Fathers are brought to say the very contrary of what they have ever thought or written; and the most extraordinary miracles and stories are invented. But two of the arguments to which they have more often recourse, are the great and perpetual miracles which God makes to keep the purity of the confessional undefiled, and its secrets marvellously sealed. They make the people believe that the vow of perpetual chastity changes their nature, turns them into angels, and puts them above the common frailties of the fallen children of Adam.

Bravely, and with a brazen face, when they are interrogated on that subject, they say that they have special graces to remain pure and undefiled in the midst of the greatest dangers; that the Virgin Mary, to whom they are consecrated, is their powerful advocate to obtain from her Son that superhuman virtue of chastity; that what would be a cause of sure perdition to common men, is without peril and danger for a true Son of Mary; and, with amazing stupidity, the people consent to be duped, blinded, and deceived by those fooleries.

But here, let the world learn the truth as it is, from one who knows perfectly everything inside and outside the walls of that Modern Babylon. Though many, I know, will disbelieve me and say, "We hope you are mistaken; it is impossible that the priests of Rome should turn out to be such impostors; they may be mistaken; they may believe and repeat things which are not true, but they are honest; they cannot be such impudent deceivers."

Yes; though I know that many will hardly believe me, I must tell the truth.

Those very men, who, when speaking to the people in such glowing terms of the marvellous way they are kept pure, in the midst of the dangers which surround them, honestly blush—and often weep—when they speak to each other (when they are sure that nobody, except priests, hear them). They deplore their own moral degradation with the utmost sincerity and honesty; they ask from God and men, pardon for their unspeakable depravity.

I have here—in my hands, and under my eyes—one of their most remarkable secret books, written (or at least approved) by one of their greatest and best bishops and cardinals, the Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons.

The book is written for the use of priests alone. Its title is, in French, "Examen de Conscience des Pretres." At page 34, we read:—

"Have I left certain persons to make the declarations of their sins in such a

way that the imagination, once taken and impressed by pictures and representations, could be dragged into a long course of temptations and grievous sins? The priests do not pay sufficient attention to the continual temptations caused by the hearing of confessions. The soul is gradually enfeebled in such a way that, at the end, the virtue of chastity is forever lost."

Here is the address of a priest to other priests, when he suspects that nobody but his co-sinner brethren hear him. Here is the honest language of truth.

In the presence of God those priests acknowledge that they have not a sufficient fear of those constant (what a word—what an acknowledgment—constant!) temptations, and they honestly confess that these temptations come from the hearing of the confessions of so many scandalous sins. Here the priests honestly acknowledge that those constant temptations, at the end, destroy forever in them the holy virtue of purity.*

"Ah! would to God that all the honest girls and women whom the devil entraps into the snares of auricular confession, could bear the cries of distress of those poor priests whom they have tempted—forever destroyed! Would to God that they could.

* And remark, that all their religious authors who have written on that subject hold the same language. They all speak of those continual degrading temptations; they all lament the damning sins which follow those temptations; they all entreat the priests to fight those temptations and repent of those sins. See the torrents of tears shed by so many priests, because, from the hearing of confessions, they had forever lost the virtue of purity! They would understand that the confessional is a snare, a pit of perdition, a Sodom for the priest; and they would be struck with horror and shame at the idea of the continual, shameful, dishonest, degrading temptations by which their confessor is tormented day and night—they would blush on account of the shameful sins which their confessors have committed—they would weep over the irreparable loss of their purity—they would promise before God and men that the confessional-box should never see them any more—they would prefer to be burned alive, if any sentiment of honesty and charity remained in them, rather than consent to be a cause of constant temptations and damnable sins to that man.

Would that respectable lady go any more to confess to that man, if, after her confession, she could hear him lamenting the continual, shameful temptations which assail him day and night, and the damning sins which he had committed, on account of what she has confessed to him? No! —a thousand times, no!

Would that honest father allow his beloved daughter to go any more to that man to confess, if he could hear his cries of distress, and see his tears flowing, because the hearing of those confessions is the source of constant, shameful temptations and degrading iniquities?

Oh! would to God that the honest Romanists all over the world—for there are millions, who, though, deluded, are honest—could see what is going on in the

heart, and the imagination of the poor confessor when he is, there, surrounded by attractive women and tempting girls, speaking to him from morning to night on things which a man cannot hear without falling. Then, that modern but grand imposture, called the Sacrament of Penance, would soon be ended.

But here, again, who will not lament the consequences of the total perversity of our human nature? Those very same priests who, when alone, in the presence of God, speak so plainly of the constant temptations by which they are assailed, and who so sincerely weep over the irreparable loss of their virtue of purity, when they think that nobody hears them, will yet, in public, with a brazen face, deny those temptations. They will indignantly rebuke you as a slanderer if you say anything to lead them to suppose that you fear for their purity, when they hear the confessions of girls or married women!

There is not a single one of the Roman Catholic authors, who have written on that subject for the priests, who has not deplored their innumerable and degrading sins against purity, on account of the auricular confession; but those very men will be the first to try to prove the very contrary when they write books for the people. I have no words to tell what was my surprise when, for the first time, I saw that this strange duplicity seemed to be one of the fundamental stones of my Church.

It was not very long after my ordination, when a priest came to me to confess the most deplorable things. He honestly told me that there was not a single one of the girls or married women whom he had confessed, who had not been a secret cause of the most shameful sins, in thought, desires, or actions; but he wept so bitterly over his degradation, his heart seemed so sincerely broken on account of his own iniquities, that I could not refrain from mixing my tears with his; I wept with him, and I gave him pardon for all his sins, as I then thought I had the power and right to give it.

Two hours afterwards, that same priest, who was a good speaker, was in the pulpit. His sermon was on "The Divinity of Auricular Confession;" and, to prove that it was an institution coming directly from Christ, he said that the Son of God was performing a constant miracle to strengthen His priests, and prevent them from falling into sins, on account of what they might have heard in the confessional!!!

The daily abominations, which are the result of auricular confession, are so horrible and so well known by the popes, the bishops, and the priests, that several times, public attempts have been made to diminish them by punishing the guilty priests; but all these commendable efforts have failed.

One of the most remarkable of those efforts was made by Pius IV. about the year 1560. A Bull was published by him, by which all the girls and married women who had been seduced into sins by their confessors, were ordered to denounce them; and a certain number of high church officers of the Holy Inquisition were authorized to take the depositions of the fallen penitents. The thing was, at first, tried at Seville, one of the principal cities of Spain. When the edict was first published, the number of women who felt bound in conscience to go and depose against their father confessors, was so great,

that though there were thirty notaries, and as many inquisitors, to take the depositions, they were unable to do the work in the appointed time. Thirty days more were given, but the inquisitors were so overwhelmed with the numberless depositions, that another period of time of the same length was given. But this, again, was found insufficient. At the end, it was found that the number of priests who had destroyed the purity of their penitents was so great that it was impossible to punish them all. The inquest was given up, and the guilty confessors remained unpunished. Several attempts of the same nature have been tried by other popes, but with about the same success.

But if those honest attempts on the part of some well-meaning popes, to punish the confessors who destroy the purity of the penitents, have failed to touch the guilty parties, they are, in the good providence of God, infallible witnesses to tell to the world that auricular confession is nothing else than a snare to the confessor and his dupes. Yes, those Bulls of the popes are an irrefragable testimony that auricular confession is the most powerful invention of the devil to corrupt the heart, pollute the body, and damn the soul of the priest and his female penitent!

CHAPTER IV How the Vow of Celibacy of the Priests is Made Easy by Auricular Confession

ARE not facts the best arguments? Well, here is an undeniable, a public fact, which is connected with a thousand collateral ones, to prove that auricular confession is the most powerful machine of demoralization which the world has ever seen.

About the year 1830, there was in Quebec a fine-looking young priest; he had a magnificent voice, and was a pretty good speaker. Through regard for his family, which is still numerous and respectable, I will not give his name: I will call him Rev. Mr. D—. Having been invited to preach in a parish of Canada, about 100 miles distant from Quebec, called Vercheres, he was also requested to hear the confessions, during a few days of a kind of Novena (nine days of revival), which was going on in that place. Among his penitents was a beautiful young girl, about nineteen years old. She wanted to make a general confession of all her sins from the first age of reason, and the confessor granted her request. Twice, every day, she was there, at the feet of her handsome young spiritual physician, telling all her thoughts, her deeds, and her desires. Sometimes she was remarked to have remained a whole hour in the confessional-box, accusing herself of all her human frailties. What did she say? God only knows; but what became hereafter known by a great part of the entire part of the population of Canada is, that the confessor fell in love with his fair penitent, and that she burned with the same irresistible fires for her confessor—as it so often happens.

It was not an easy matter for the priest and the young girl to meet each other in as complete a tete-a-tete as they both wished; for there were too many eyes upon them. But the confessor was a man of resources. On the last day of the Novena, he said to his beloved penitent, "I am going now to Montreal; but in three days, I will take the steamer back to Quebec. That steamer is accustomed to stop here. At about twelve, at night, be on the

wharf dressed as a young man; but let no one know your secret. You will embark in the steamboat, where you will not be known, if you have any prudence. You will come to Quebec, where you will be engaged as a servant boy by the curate, of whom I am the vicar. Nobody will know your sex except myself, and, there, we will be happy together."

The fourth day after this, there was a great desolation in the family of the girl; for she had suddenly disappeared, and her robes had been found on the shores of the St Lawrence River. There was not the least doubt in the minds of all relations and friends, that the general confession she had made, had entirely upset her mind; and in an excess of craziness, she had thrown herself into the deep and rapid waters of the St. Lawrence. Many searches were made to find her body; but, of course, all in vain. Many public and private prayers were offered to God to help her escape from the flames of Purgatory, where she might be condemned to suffer for many years, and much money was given to the priest to sing high masses, in order to extinguish the fires of that burning prison, where every Roman Catholic believes he must go to be purified before entering the regions of eternal happiness

I will not give the name of the girl, though I have it, through compassion for her family; I will call her Geneva.

Well, when father and mother, brothers, sisters, and friends were shedding tears at the sad end of Geneva, she was in the parsonage of the rich Curate of Quebec, well paid, well fed, and dressed-happy and cheerful with her beloved confessor. She was exceedingly neat in her person, always obliging, and ready to run and do what you wanted at the very twinkling of your eye. Her new name was Joseph, by which I will now call her.

Many times I have seen the smart Joseph at the parsonage of Quebec, and admired his politeness and good manners; though it seemed to me, sometimes, that he looked too much like a girl, and that he was a little too much at ease with the Rev. Mr. D--, and also with the Right Rev. Bishop M--. But every time the idea came to me that Joseph was a girl, I felt indignant with myself.

The high respect I had for the Coadjutor Bishop, who was also the Curate of Quebec, made it almost impossible to imagine that he would ever allow a beautiful girl to sleep in the adjoining room to his own, and to serve him day and night; for Joseph's sleeping-room was just by that of the Coadjutor, who, for several bodily infirmities (which were not a secret to every one), wanted the help of his servant several times at night, as well as during the day.

Things went on very smoothly with Joseph during two or three years, in the Coadjutor Bishop's house; but at the end, it seemed to many people outside, that Joseph was taking too great airs of familiarity with the young vicars, and even with the venerable Coadjutor. Several of the citizens of Quebec, who were going more often than others to the parsonage, were surprised and shocked at the familiarity of that servant boy with his masters; he really seemed sometimes to be on equal terms with, if not somewhat above them.

An intimate friend of the Bishop—a most devoted Roman Catholic—who was my near relative, took upon himself one day to respectfully say to the Right Rev. Bishop that it would be prudent to turn out that impudent young man from his palace—that he was the object of strong and most deplorable suspicions.

The position of the Right Rev. Bishop and his vicars, was, then, not a very agreeable one. Their barque had evidently drifted among dangerous rocks. To keep Joseph among them was impossible, after the friendly advice which had come from such a high quarter; and to dismiss him was not less dangerous; he knew too much of the interior and secret lives of all these holy (?) celibates, to deal with him as with another common servant-man. With a single word of his lips he could destroy them: they were as if tied to his feet by ropes, which, at first, seemed made with sweet cakes and ice-cream, but had suddenly turned into burning steel chains. Several days of anxiety passed away, and many sleepless nights succeeded the too happy ones of better times. But what was to be done? There were breakers ahead; breakers on the right, on the left, and on every side. However, when everyone, particularly the venerable (?) Coadjutor, felt as criminals who expect their sentence, and that their horizon seemed surrounded absolutely by only dark and stormy clouds, a happy opening suddenly presented itself to the anxious sailors.

The curate of "Les Eboulements," the Rev. Mr. Clement, had just come to Quebec on some private business, and had taken up his quarters in the hospitable house of his old friend, the Right Rev.—, Bishop Coadjutor. Both had been on very intimate terms for many years, and in many instances they had been of great service to each other. The Pontiff of the Church of Canada, hoping that his tried friend would perhaps help him out of the terrible difficulty of the moment, frankly told him all about Joseph, and asked him what he ought to do under such difficult circumstances.

"My Lord," said the curate of the Eboulements, "Joseph is just the servant I want. Pay him well, that he may remain your friend, and that his lips may be sealed, and allow me to take him with me. My housekeeper left me a few weeks ago; I am alone in my parsonage with my old servant-man. Joseph is just the person I want.

It would be difficult to tell the joy of the poor Bishop and his vicars, when they saw that heavy stone they had on their neck thus removed.

Joseph, once installed into the parsonage of the pious (?) parish priest of the Eboulements, soon gained the favor of the whole people by his good and winning manners, and every parishioner complimented the curate on the smartness of his new servant. The priest, of course, knew a little more of that smartness than the rest of the people. Three years passed on very smoothly. The priest and his servant seemed to be on the most perfect terms. The only thing which marred the happiness of that lucky couple was that, now and then, some of the farmers whose eyes were sharper than those of their neighbors, seemed to think that the intimacy between the two was going a little too far, and that Joseph was really keeping in his hands the sceptre of the little priestly kingdom. Nothing could be done without his advice; he was meddling in all the small and big affairs of the parish, and the curate seemed sometimes to be rather the servant than the master in his own house

and parish. Those who had, at first, made these remarks privately, began, little by little, to convey their views to their next neighbor, and this one to the next: in that way, at the end of the third year, grave and serious suspicions began to spread from one to the other in such a way that the Marguilliers (a kind of Elders), thought proper to say to the priest that it would be better for him to turn Joseph out than to keep him any longer. But the old curate had passed so many happy hours with his faithful Joseph that it was as hard as death to give him up.

He knew, by confession, that a girl in the vicinity was given to an unmentionable abomination,

to which Joseph was also addicted. He went to her and proposed that she should marry Joseph, and that he (the priest) would help them to live comfortably. Joseph, in order to live near his good master, consented also to marry the girl. Both knew very well what the other was. The banns were published during three Sabbaths, after which the old curate blessed the marriage of Joseph with the girl of his parishioner.

They lived together as husband and wife, in such harmony that nobody could suspect the horrible depravity which was concealed behind that union. Joseph continued, with his wife, to work often for his priest, till after some time that priest was removed, and another curate, called Tetreau, was sent in his place.

This new curate, knowing absolutely nothing of that mystery of iniquity, employed also Joseph and his wife, several times. One day, when Joseph was working at the door of the parsonage, in the presence of several people, a stranger arrived, and enquired of him if the Rev. Mr. Tetreau, the curate, was there.

Joseph answered, "Yes, sir. But as you seem to be a stranger, would you allow me to ask you whence you come?"

"It is very easy, sir, to satisfy you. I come from Vercheres," replied the stranger.

At the word "Vercheres " Joseph turned so pale that the stranger could not but be struck with his sudden change of color.

Then, fixing his eyes on Joseph, he cried-out, "Oh my God! what do I see here! Geneva! Geneva! I recognize you, and here you are in the disguise of a man!"

"Dear Uncle" (for it was her uncle), "for God's sake," she cried, do not say a word more!"

But it was too late. The people, who were there, had heard the uncle and niece. Their long secret suspicions were well-founded—one of their former priests had kept a girl under the disguise of a man in his house! and, to blind his people more thoroughly, he had married that girl to another one, in order to have them both in his house when he pleased, without awakening any suspicion!

The news went almost as quick as lightning from one end to the other of the parish, and spread all over the northern country watered by the St. Lawrence River.

It is more easy to imagine than express the sentiments of surprise and horror which filled everyone. The justices of the peace took up the matter; Joseph was brought before the civil tribunal, which decided that a physician should be charged to make, not a post-mortem, but an ante-mortem inquest. The Honorable Lateriere, who was called, and made the proper inquiry, declared that Joseph was a girl; and the bonds of marriage were legally dissolved.

During that time the honest Rev. Mr. Tetreau, struck with horror, had sent an express to the Right Reverend Bishop Coadjutor, of Quebec, informing him that the young man whom he had kept in his house several years, under the name of Joseph, was a girl.

Now, what were they to do with the girl, after all was discovered? Her presence in Canada would forever compromise the holy (?) Church of Rome. She knew too well how the priests, through the confessional, select their victims, and help themselves in their company, in keeping their solemn vows of celibacy! What would have become of the respect paid to the priest, if she had been taken by the hand and invited to speak bravely and boldly before the people of Canada?

The holy (?) Bishop and his vicars understood these things very well.

They immediately sent a trustworthy man with £500, to say to the girl that if she remained at Canada, she could be prosecuted and severely punished; that it was her interest to leave the country, and emigrate to the United States. They offered her the £500 if she would promise to go and never return.

She accepted the offer, crossed the lines, and has never gone back to Canada, where her sad history is well known by thousands and thousands.

In the providence of God I was invited to preach in that parish soon after, and I learned these facts accurately.

The Rev. Mr. Tetreau, under whose pastorate this great iniquity was detected, began from that time to have his eyes opened to the awful depravity of the priests of Rome through the confessional.

He wept and cried over his own degradation in the midst of that modern Sodom. Our merciful God looked down with compassion upon him, and sent him His saving grace. Not long after, he sent to the Bishop his renunciation of the errors and abominations of Romanism.

To-day he is working in the vineyard of the Lord with the Methodists in the city of Montreal, where he is ready to prove the correctness of what I say.*

Let those who have ears to hear, and eyes to see, understand, by this, fact, that Pagan nations have not known any institution more depraving than Auricular Confession.

* This was written in 1874. Now, in 1880, I have to say that Rev. Mr. Tetreau died in 1877, in the peace of God, in Montreal. Twice before his death he ordered out the priests of Rome, who had come to try to persuade him to make his peace with the Pope, calling them "Suppots de Satan"—"Devil's Messengers."

CHAPTER V. The Highly Educated and Refined Woman in the Confessional.—What Becomes of Her Unconditional Surrender.—Her Irreparable Ruin

THE most skinful warrior has never had to display so much skill and so many ruses de guerre— he has never had to use more tremendous efforts to reduce and storm an impregnable citadel, than the confessor, who wants to reduce and storm the citadel of self-respect and honesty which God Himself has built around the soul and the heart of every daughter of Eve.

But, as it is through woman that the Pope wants to conquer the world, it is supremely important that he should enslave and degrade her by keeping her at his feet as his footstool, that she may become a passive instrument for the accomplishment of his vast and profound scheme.

In order perfectly to master women in the higher circles of society, every confessor is ordered by the Pope to learn the most complicated and perfect strategy. He has to study a great number of treatises on the art of persuading the fair sex to confess to him plainly, clearly, and in detail, every thought, every secret desire, word, and deed, just as they occurred.

And that art is considered so important and so difficult that all the theologians of Rome call it the art of arts."

Dens, St. Liguori Chevassu, the author of the "Mirror of the Clergy," Debreyne, and a multitude of authors too numerous to mention, have given the curious and scientific rules of that secret art.

They all agree in declaring that it is a most difficult and dangerous art; they all confess that the least error of judgment, the least imprudence or temerity, when storming the impregnable citadel, is certain death (spiritual, of course) to the confessor and the penitent.

The confessor is taught to make the first steps towards the citadel with the utmost caution, in order that his female penitent may not suspect at first, what he wants her to reveal; for that would generally induce her to shut for ever the door of the fortress against him. After the first steps of advance, he is advised to make several steps back, and to put himself in a kind of spiritual ambushade, to see the effect of his first advance. If there is any prospect of success, then the word "March on!" is given, and a more advanced post of the citadel must be tried and stormed, if possible. In that way, little by little, the whole place is so well surrounded, so well crippled, denuded and dismantled, that any more resistance seems impossible on the part of the rebellious soul.

Then, the last charge is ordered, the final assault is made; and if God does

not perform a real miracle to save that soul, the last walls crumble, the doors are beaten down; then the confessor makes a triumphant entry into the place; the very heart, soul, conscience, and intelligence are conquered.

When once master of the place, the priest visits all its most secret recesses and corners; he pries into its most sacred chambers. The conquered place is entirely and absolutely in his hands; he is the supreme master; for the surrender has been unconditional. The confessor has become the only infallible ruler in the conquered place—nay, he has become its only God—for it is in the name of God he has besieged, stormed and conquered it; it is in the name of God that, hereafter, he will speak and be obeyed.

No human words can adequately convey an idea of the irreparable ruin which follows the successful storming and unconditional surrender of that, once, noble fortress. The longer and stronger the resistance has been, the more terrible and complete is the destruction of its beauty and strength; the nobler the struggle has been, the more irretrievable are the ruin and loss. Just as the higher and stronger the dam is built to stem the current of the rapid and deep waters of the river, the more awful will be the disasters which follows its destruction; so it is with that noble soul. A mighty dam has been built by the very hand of God, called self-respect and womanly-modesty, to guard her against the pollutions of this sinful world; but the day that the priest of Rome succeeds, after long efforts, in destroying it, the soul is carried by an irresistible power into unfathomable abysses of iniquity. Then it is that the once respected lady will consent to hear, without a blush, things against which the most degraded woman would indignantly shut her ears. Then it is that she freely speaks with her confessor on matters, for reprinting which a printer in England has lately been sent to jail.

At first, in spite of herself, but soon with a real sensual pleasure, that fallen angel, when alone, will think on what she has heard, and what she has said in the confessional-box. Then, in spite of herself, the vilest thoughts will, at first irresistibly fill her mind; and soon the thoughts will engender temptations and sins. But those vile temptations and sins, which would have filled her with horror and regret before her entire surrender into the hands of the foe, beget very different sentiments, now that she is no more her own self-possessor and guide. The conviction of her sins is no more connected with the thought of a God, infinitely holy and just, whom she must serve and fear. The convictions of her sins is now immediately connected with the thought of a man with whom she will have to speak, and who will easily make everything right and pure in her soul by his absolution.

When the day for going to confession comes, instead of being sad, uneasy and bashful, as she used to be formerly, she feels pleased and delighted to have a new opportunity of conversing on those matters without impropriety and sin to herself; for she is now fully persuaded that there is no impropriety, no shame, no sin; nay, she believes, or tries to believe, that it is a good, honest, Christian, and godly thing to converse with her priest on those matters.

Her most happy hours are when she is at the feet of that spiritual physician,

showing him all the newly-made wounds of her soul, and explaining all her constant temptations, her bad thoughts, her most intimate secret desires and sins.

Then it is that the most sacred mysteries of the married life are revealed; then it is that the mysterious and precious pearls which God has given as a crown of mercy to those whom He has made one body, one heart and soul, by the blessed ties of a Christian union, are lavishly thrown before swine. Whole hours are passed by the fair penitent in thus speaking to her Father Confessor with the utmost freedom, on matters which would rank her amongst the most profligate and lost women, if it were only suspected by her friends and relatives. A single word of those intimate conversations would be followed by an act of divorce on the part of her husband, if it were known by him.

But the betrayed husband knows nothing of the dark mysteries of auricular confession; the duped father suspects nothing; a cloud from hell has obscured the intelligence of them both, and made them blind. On the contrary,—husbands and fathers, friends and relations, feel edified and pleased with the touching spectacle of the piety of Madam and Miss —. In the village, as well as in the city, every one has a word to speak in their praise. Mrs.—is so often seen humbly prostrated at the feet, or by the side, of her confessor; Miss—remains so long in the confessional-box; they receive the holy communion so frequently; they both speak so eloquently and so often of the admirable piety, modesty, holiness, patience, charity, of their incomparable spiritual Father!

Every one congratulates them on their new and exemplary life, and they accept the compliment with the utmost humility, attributing their rapid progress in Christian virtues to the holiness of their confessor. He is such a spiritual man; who could not make rapid strides under such a holy guide?

The more constant the temptations, the more the secret sins overwhelm the soul, and the more airs of peace and holiness are put on. The more foul the secret emanations of the heart, the more the fair and refined penitent surrounds herself by an atmosphere of the sweetest perfumes of a sham piety. The more polluted the inside of the sepulchre is, the more shining and white the outside will be kept.

Then it is that, unless God performs a miracle to prevent it, the ruin of that soul is sealed. She has drunk in the poisonous cup filled by the “mother of harlots,” she has found the wine of her prostitution sweet! She will henceforth delight in her spiritual and secret orgies. Her holy (?) confessor has told her that there is no impropriety, no shame, no sin, in that cup. The Pope has sacrilegiously written the word “Life” on that cup of “Death.” She has believed the Pope; the terrible mystery of iniquity is accomplished!

“The mystery of iniquity doth already work, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they

all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 7-12.) Yes; the day that the rich, well-educated lady gives up her self-respect, and unconditionally surrenders the citadel of womanly modesty into the hands of a man, whatever be his name or titles, that he may freely put to her questions of the vilest character, which she must answer, she is lost and degraded, just as if she were the humblest and poorest servant-girl.

I purposely say "the rich and well-educated woman," for I know that there is a prevalent opinion that the social position of her class places her above the corrupting influences of the confessional, as if she were out of the reach of the common miseries of our poor fallen and sinful nature.

So long as the well-educated lady makes use of her accomplishments to defend the citadel of her womanly self-respect against the foe—so long as she sternly keeps the door of her heart shut against her deadly enemy—she is safe.

But let no one forget this: she is safe only so long as she does not surrender. When the enemy is once master of the place, I emphatically repeat, the ruinous consequences are as great, if not greater, and more irreparable than in the lowest classes of society. Throw a piece of precious gold into the mud, and tell me if it will not plunge deeper than the piece of rotten wood.

What woman could be nobler, purer, and stronger than Eve when she came from the hands of her Divine Creator? But how quickly she fell when she gave ear to the seducing voice of the tempter! How irreparable was her ruin when she complacently looked on the forbidden fruit, and believed the lying voice which told her there was no sin in eating of it!

I solemnly, in the presence of the great God, who ere long, will judge me, give my testimony on this grave subject. After 25 years' experience in the confessional, I declare that the confessor himself encounters more terrible dangers when hearing the confessions of refined and highly educated ladies, than when listening to those of the humbler classes of his female penitents.

I solemnly testify that the well-educated lady, when she has once surrendered herself to the power of her confessor, becomes at least as vulnerable to the arrows of the enemy as the poorer and less educated. Nay, I must say that, once on the downhill road of perdition, the highbred lady runs headlong into the pit with a more deplorable rapidity than her humbler sister.

All Canada is witness that a few years ago, it was among the highest ranks of society that the Grand Vicar Superior of the college of Montreal, was choosing his victims, when the public cry of indignation and shame forced the Bishop to send him back to Europe, where he, soon after, died. Was it not also among the higher classes of society that a superior of the Seminary of Quebec was destroying souls, when he was detected, and forced, during a dark night, to fly and conceal himself behind the walls of the Trappist Monastery of Iowa?

Many would be the folio volumes which I should have to write, were I to publish all that my twenty five years' experience in the confessional has taught me of the unspeakable secret corruption of the greatest part of the so-called respectable ladies, who have unconditionally surrendered themselves into the hands of their holy (?) confessors. But the following fact will suffice for those who have eyes to see, ears to hear, and an intelligence to understand:

In one of the most beautiful and thriving towns along the St. Lawrence River, lived a rich merchant. He was young, and his marriage with a most lovely, rich and accomplished young lady had made him one of the happiest men in the land.

A few years after his marriage, the Bishop appointed to that town a young priest, really remarkable for his eloquence, zeal, and amiable qualities; and the merchant and the priest soon became connected by links of the most sincere friendship.

The young, accomplished wife of the merchant soon became the model woman of the place under the direction of her new confessor.

Many and long were the hours she used to pass by the side of her spiritual father to be purified and enlightened by his godly advices. She soon was seen at the head of the few who had the privilege of receiving the holy communion once a week. The husband, who was a good Roman Catholic himself, blessed God and the Virgin Mary, that he had the privilege of living with such an angel of piety.

Nobody had the least suspicion of what was going on under that holy and white mantle of the most exalted piety. Nobody, except God and His angels, could hear the questions put by the priest to his fair penitent, and the answers made during the long hours of their tete-a-tete in the confessional-box. Nobody but God could see the hellish fires which were devouring the hearts of the confessor and his victim! For nearly one year, both the young priest and his spiritual patient enjoyed, in those intimate and secret conversations, all the pleasure which lovers feel when they can speak freely to each other of their secret thoughts and love.

But this was not enough for them. They both wanted something more real; though the difficulties were great, and seemed insurmountable. The priest had his mother and sister with him, whose eyes were too sharp to allow him to invite the lady to his own house for any criminal object, and the young husband had no business, at a distance, which could keep him long enough out of his happy home to allow the Pope's confessor to accomplish his diabolical designs.

But when a poor fallen daughter of Eve has a mind to do a thing, she very soon finds the means, particularly if high education has added to her natural shrewdness.

And in this case, as in many others of a similar nature which have been revealed to me, she soon found out how to attain her object without

compromising herself or her holy (?) confessor. A plan was soon found and cordially agreed to; and both patiently awaited their opportunity.

"Why have you not gone to mass to-day and received the holy communion, my dear?" said the husband. "I had ordered the servant-man to put the horse in the buggy for you, as usual."

"I am not very well, my beloved; I have passed a sleepless night from headache."

"I will send for the physician," replied the husband.

"Yes, my dear; do send for the physician—perhaps he will do me good."

One hour after the physician called, and he found his fair patient a little feverish, pronounced that there was nothing serious, and that she would soon be well. He gave her a little powder, to be taken three times a day, and left; but at 9 P. M., she complained of a great pain in the chest, and soon fainted and fell on the floor.

The doctor was again immediately sent for, but he was from home; it took nearly half an hour before he could come. When he arrived the alarming crisis was over—she was sitting in an arm-chair, with some neighboring women, who were applying cold water and vinegar to her forehead.

The physician was really at a loss what to say of the cause of such a sudden illness. At last, he said that it might be an attack of "ver solitaire." (tapeworm). He declared that it was not dangerous; that he knew how to cure her. He ordered some new powder to be taken, and left, after having promised to return the next day. Half an hour after, she began to complain of a most terrible pain in her chest, and fainted again; but before doing so, she said to her husband:

"My dear, you see that the physician understands absolutely nothing of the nature of my disease. I have not the least confidence in him, for I feel that his powders make me worse. I do not want to see him any more. I suffer more than you suspect, my beloved; and if there is not soon a change, I may be dead to-morrow. The only physician I want is our holy confessor; please make haste to go and get him. I want to make a general confession, and to receive the holy viaticum (communion) and extreme unction before I grow worse."

Beside himself with anxiety, the distracted husband ordered the horse to be put in the buggy, and made his servant accompany him on horseback, to ring the bell, while his pastor carried "the good god" (Le Bon Dieu) to his dear sick wife.

He found the priest piously reading his breviarium (his book of daily prayers), and admired the charity and promptitude with which his good pastor, in that dark and chilly night, was ready to leave his warm and comfortable parsonage at the first appeal of the sick. In less than an hour, the husband had taken the priest with "the good god" from the church to the bedroom of his wife.

All along the way, the servant-man had rung a big hand-bell, to awaken the sleeping farmers, who, at the noise, had to jump, half naked, out of their beds, and worship, on their knees, with their faces prostrate in the dust, "the good god" which was being carried to the sick by the holy (?) priest.

On his arrival, the confessor, with every appearance of sincere piety, deposited "the good god" (Le Bon Dieu) on a table richly prepared for such a solemn occasion, and, approaching the bed, leaned his head towards his penitent, and inquired how she felt.

She answered him, "I am very sick, and I want to make a general confession before I die."

Speaking to her husband, she said, with a fainting voice, "Please, my dear, tell my friends to withdraw from the room, that I may not be distracted when making what may be my last confession."

The husband respectfully requested the friends to leave the room with him, and shut the door, that the holy confessor might be alone with his penitent during her general confession.

One of the most diabolical schemes, under the cover of auricular confession, had perfectly succeeded. The mother of harlots, the great enchantress of souls, whose seat is on the city of the "seven hills," had, there, her priest to bring shame, disgrace, and damnation, under the mask of Christianity.

The destroyer of souls, whose masterpiece is auricular confession, had, there, for the millionth time, a fresh opportunity of insulting the God of purity through one of the most criminal actions which the dark shades of night can conceal.

But let us draw the veil over the abominations of that hour of iniquity, and let us leave to hell its dark secrets.

After he had accomplished the ruin of his victim and most cruelly and sacrilegiously abused the confidence of his friend, the young priest opened the door of the room and said, with a sanctimonious air, "You may now enter to pray with me, while I give the last sacrament to our dear sick sister."

They came in: "the good god" (Le Bon Dieu) was given to the woman; and the husband, full of gratitude for the considerate attention of his priest, took him back to his parsonage, and thanked him most sincerely for having so kindly come to visit his wife in so chilly a night.

Ten years later I was called to preach a retreat (a kind of revival) in that same parish. That lady, then an absolute stranger to me, came to my confessional-box and confessed to me those details as I now give them. She seemed to be really penitent, and I gave her absolution and the entire pardon of her sins, as my Church told me to do. On the last day of the revival, the merchant invited me to a grand dinner. Then it was that I came to know who my penitent had been. I must not forget to mention that she had confessed to me that, of her four children, the last three belonged to her confessor! He had lost his mother, and, his sister having married, his parsonage had become

more accessible to his fair penitents, many of whom had availed themselves of that opportunity to practice the lessons they had learned in the confessional. The priest had been removed to a higher position, where he, more than ever, enjoyed the confidence of his superiors, the respect of the people, and the love of his female penitents.

I never felt so embarrassed in my life as when at the table of that so cruelly victimised man. We had hardly begun to take our dinner when he asked me if I had known their late pastor, the amiable Rev. Mr. —.

I answered, "Yes, sir, I know him."

"Is he not a most accomplished priest?"

"Yes, sir, he is a most accomplished man," I answered.

"Why is it," rejoined the good merchant, "that the Bishop has taken him away from us? He was doing so well here; he had so deservedly earned the confidence of all by his piety and gentlemanly manners that we made every effort to keep him with us. I drew up a petition myself, which all the people signed, to induce the Bishop to allow him to remain in our midst; but in vain. His lordship answered us that he wanted him for a more important place, on account of his rare ability, and we had to submit. His zeal and devotedness knew no bounds; in the darkest and most stormy nights he was always ready to come to the first call of the sick; I shall never forget how quickly and cheerfully he responded to my appeal when, a few years ago, I went, on one of our most chilly nights, to request him to visit my wife, who was very sick."

At this stage of the conversation, I must confess that I nearly laughed outright. The gratitude of that poor dupe of the confessional to the priest who had come to bring shame and destruction to his house, and the idea of that very man going himself to convey to his home the corruptor of his own wife, seemed to me so ludicrous that for a moment, I had to make a superhuman effort to control myself.

But I was soon brought to my better senses by the shame which I felt at the idea of the unspeakable degradation and secret infamy of the clergy of which I was a member. At that instant, hundreds of instances of similar, if not greater, depravity, which had been revealed to me through the confessional, came to my mind, and distressed and disgusted me so that my tongue was almost paralysed.

After dinner, the merchant asked his lady to call the children that I might see them, and I could not but admire their beauty. But I do not need to say that the pleasure of seeing these dear and lovely little ones was much marred by the secret, though sure, knowledge I had, that the three youngest were the fruits of the unspeakable depravity of auricular confession in the higher ranks of society.

CHAPTER VI. Auricular Confession Destroys all the Sacred Ties of Marriage and Human Society

WOULD the banker allow his priest to open, when alone, the safe of his bank, manipulate and examine his papers, and pry into the most secret details of his banking business?

No! surely not.

How is it then, that the same banker allows that priest to open the heart of his wife, manipulate her soul, and pry into the sacred chambers of her most intimate and secret thoughts?

Are not the heart, the soul, the purity, and the self-respect of his wife as great and precious treasures as the safe of his bank! Are not the risks and dangers of temptations, imprudences, indiscretions, much greater and more irreparable in the second, than in the first case?

Would the jeweler or goldsmith allow his priest to come, when he pleases, and handle the rich articles of his stores, ransack the desk where the money is deposited, and play with it as he pleases?

No! surely not.

But are not the heart, the soul, and the purity of his dear wife and daughter a thousandfold more valuable than his precious stones, or silver and gold wares? Are not the dangers of temptation and indiscretions, on the part of the priest, more formidable and irresistible in the second, than in the first of these cases?

Would the livery man allow his priest to take his most valuable and unmanageable horses, when he wishes, and drive alone, without any other consideration and security than the discretion of his priest?

No! surely not.

That livery man knows that he would soon be ruined if he were to do so. Whatever may be his confidence in the discretion, honesty, and prudence of his priest, he will never push his confidence so far as to give him the unreserved control of the noble and fiery animals which are the glory of his stables and the support of his family.

How then, can the same man trust the entire, absolute management of his wife and dear daughters to the control of that one, to whom he would not entrust his horses? Are not his wife and daughters as precious to him as those horses? Is there not greater danger of indiscretions, mismanagement, irreparable and fatal errors on the part of the priest, dealing alone with his wife and daughters, than when driving horses? No human act of folly, moral depravity, and want of common sense can equal the permission given by a man to his wife to go and confess to the priest.

That day, he abdicates the loyal—I had almost said divine—dignity of husband;

for it is from God that he holds it; his crown is forever lost, his sceptre broken!

What would you do to any one mean enough to peep or listen through the key-hole of your door in order to hear or see anything that was said or done within? Would you show so little self-respect as to tolerate such indiscretion? Would you not rather take a whip or a cane, and drive away the villain? Would you not even expose your life to free yourself from his impudent curiosity?

But what is the confessional if not the key-hole of your house and of your very chamber, through which the priest can hear and see your most secret words and actions; nay, more, know your most intimate thoughts and aspirations.

Are you worthy of the Name of men when you submit yourselves to such sly and insulting inquisition? Do you deserve the name of men, who consent to put up with such ignoble affront and humiliation?

“The husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the Head of the Church.” “Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything “– (Eph. v). If these solemn words are the true oracles of divine wisdom, is not the husband divinely appointed the only adviser, counsellor, help of his wife, just as Christ is the only adviser, counsellor, and help of His Church?

If the Apostle was not an impostor when he said that the wife is to her husband what the body is to the head, and that the husband is to his wife what the head is to the body—is not the husband appointed by God to be the light, the guide of his wife? Is it not his duty, as well as his privilege and glory, to console her in her afflictions, strengthen her in her hours of weakness, keep her up when she is in danger of fainting, and encourage her when she is on the rough and uphill ways of life?

If Christ has not come to deceive the world through his Apostle, must not the wife go to her husband for advice? Ought she not to expect from him, and him alone, after God, the light she wants and the consolation she is in need of? Is it not to her husband, and to him alone, after God, she ought to look to in her days of trial for help? Is it not under his leadership alone she must fight the battle of life and conquer? Is not this mutual and daily sharing of the anxieties of life, this constant shouldering on the battle-field, and this reciprocal and mutual protection and help renewed at every hour of the day, which form, under the eyes and by the mercy of God, the holiest and the purest charms of the married life? Is it not that unreserved confidence in each other which binds together those golden links of Christian love that make them happy in the very midst of the trials of life? Is it not through this mutual confidence alone that they are one as God wants them to be one? Is it not in this unity of thoughts, fears and hopes, joys and love, which come from God, that they can cheerfully cross the thorny valley, and safely reach the Promised land?

The Gospel says that the husband is to his wife what Christ is to His Church!

Is it not, then, a most sacrilegious iniquity for a wife to look to another rather than to her own husband for such advice, wisdom, strength, and life, as he is entitled, qualified, and ready to afford? As no other man has the right to her love, so no other man has any right to her absolute confidence. As she becomes an adulteress the day that she gives her body to another man, is she any the less an adulteress the day that she gives her confidence and trusts her soul to a stranger? The adultery of the heart and soul is not less criminal than the adultery of the body; and every time the wife goes to the feet of the priest to confess, does she not become guilty of that iniquity?

In the Church of Rome, through the confessional, the priest is much more the husband of the wife than the man to whom she was wedded at the foot of the altar. The priest has the best part of the wife. He has the marrow, when the husband has the bones. He has the juice of the orange, the husband has the rind. He has the soul and the heart, the husband has the skeleton. He has the honey, the husband has the wax cell. He has the succulent oyster, the husband has the dry shell. As much as the soul is higher than the body, so much are the power and privileges of the priest higher than the power and privileges of the husband in the mind of the penitent wife. As the husband is the lord of the body which he feeds, so the priest is the lord of the soul and the heart, which he also feeds. The wife, then, has two lords and masters, whom she must love, respect and obey. Will she not give the best part of her love, respect, and submission to the one who, in her mind, is as much above the other as the heavens are above the earth? But as she cannot serve two masters together, will not the master who prepares and fits her for an eternal life of glory, certainly be the object of her constant, real, and most ardent love, gratitude, and respect, when the worldly and sinful man to whom she is married, will have only the appearance and the crumbs of those sentiments? Will she not naturally, instinctively serve, love, respect, and obey, as lord and master, the godly man, whose yoke is so light, so holy, so divine, rather than the carnal man, whose human imperfections are to her a source of daily trial and suffering?

In the Church of Rome, the thoughts and desires, the secret joys and fears of the soul, the very life of the wife, are sealed things to the husband. He has no right to look into the sanctuary of her heart; he has no remedy to apply to the soul; he has no mission from God to advise her in the dark hours of her anxieties; he has no balm to apply to the bleeding wounds, so often received in the daily battles of life; he must remain a perfect stranger in his own house.

The wife, expecting nothing from her husband, has no revelation to make to him, no favor to ask, no debt of gratitude to pay. Nay, she shuts all the avenues of her soul, all the doors and windows of her heart, against her husband. The priest, and the priest alone, has a right to her entire confidence; to him, and him alone, she will go and reveal all her secrets, show all her wounds; to him, and him alone, she will turn her mind, her heart and soul, in the hour of trouble and anxiety; from him, and him, alone, she will ask and expect the light and consolation she wants. Every day, more and more, her husband will become a stranger to her, if he does not become a real nuisance, and an obstacle to her happiness and peace.

Yes, through the confessional, an unfathomable abyss has been dug by the Church of Rome, between the heart of the wife and the heart of the husband. Their bodies may be very near each other, but their souls, their real affections and their confidence are at greater distance than the north is from the south pole of the earth. The confessor is the master, the ruler, the king of the soul; the husband, as the graveyard-keeper, must be satisfied with the carcass!

The husband has the permission to look on the outside of the palace; he is allowed to rest his head on the cold marble of the outdoor steps; but the confessor triumphantly walks into the mysterious starry rooms, examines at leisure their numberless and unspeakable wonders; and, alone, he is allowed to rest his head on the soft pillows of the unbounded confidence, respect, and love of the wife.

In the Church of Rome, if the husband ask a favor from his wife, nine times in ten she will inquire from her father confessor whether or not she can grant him his request; and the poor husband will have to wait patiently for the permission of the master, or the rebuke of the lord, according to the answer of the oracle which had to be consulted! If he gets impatient under the yoke, and murmurs, the wife will, soon, go to the feet of her confessor, to tell him how she has the misfortune to be united to a most unreasonable man, and how she has to suffer from him! She reveals to her "dear father" how she is unhappy under such a yoke, and how her life would be an insupportable burden, had she not the privilege and happiness of coming often to his feet, to lay down her sorrows, hear his sympathetic words, and get his so affectionate and paternal advice! She tells him, with tears of gratitude, that it is only when by his side, and at his feet, she finds rest to her weary soul, balm to her bleeding heart, and peace to her troubled conscience.

When she comes from the confessional, her ears are long filled as with a heavenly music: the honored words of her confessor ring for many days in her heart: she feels it lonesome to be separated from him: his image is constantly before her mind, and the souvenir of his amiabilities is one of her most pleasant thoughts. There is nothing which she likes so much as to speak of his good qualities, his patience, his piety, his charity; she longs for the day when she will again go to confess and pass a few hours by the side of that angelic man, in opening to him all the secrets of her heart, and in revealing all her ennui. She tells him how she regrets that she cannot come oftener to see him, and receive the benefits of his charitable counsels; she does not even conceal from him how often, in her dreams, she feels too happy to be with him! More and more every day the gap between her and her husband widens. More and more each day she regrets that she has not the happiness to be the wife of such a holy man as her confessor! Oh! if it were possible! But then, she blushes or smiles, and sings a song.

Then again, I ask, Who is the true lord, ruler, and master in that house? For whom does that heart beat and live?

Thus it is that that stupendous imposture, the dogma of auricular confession, does completely destroy all the links, the joys the responsibilities, and divine privileges of the married life, and transforms it into a life of

perpetual, though disguised, adultery. It becomes utterly impossible, in the Church of Rome, that the husband should be one with his wife, and that the wife should be one with her husband: a "monstrous being" has been put between them both, called the confessor. Born in the darkest ages of the world, that being has received from hell his mission to destroy and contaminate the purest joys of the married life, to enslave the wife, to outrage the husband, and to damn the world!

The more auricular confession is practiced, the more the laws of public and private morality are trampled under foot. The husband wants his wife to be his—he does not, and could not, consent to share his authority over her with anybody: he wants to be the only man who will have her confidence and her heart, as well as her respect and love. And so, the very moment that he anticipates the dark shadow of the confessor coming between him and the woman of his choice, he prefers to shrink from entering into the sacred bond; the holy joys of home and family lose their divine attraction; he prefers the cold life of an ignominious celibacy to the humiliation and opprobrium of the questionable privileges of an uncertain paternity.

France, Spain, and many other Roman Catholic countries, thus witness the multitude of those bachelors increasing every year. The number of families and births, in consequence, is fast decreasing in their midst; and, if God does not perform a miracle to stop these nations in their downward course, it is easy to calculate the day when they will owe their existence to the tolerance and pity of the mighty Protestant nations which surround them.

Why is it that the Irish Roman Catholic people are so irreparably degraded and clothed in rags? Why is it that that people, whom God has endowed with so many noble qualities, seem to be so deprived of intelligence and self respect that they glory in their own shame? Why is it that their land has been for centuries the land of bloody riots and cowardly murders? The principal cause is the enslaving of the Irish women, by means of the confessional. Every one knows that the spiritual slavery and degradation of the Irish woman has no bounds. After she, in turn, has enslaved and degraded her husband and her sons. Ireland will be an object of pity; she will be poor, miserable, riotous, bloodthirsty, degraded, so long as she rejects Christ, to be ruled by the father confessor, planted in every parish by the Pope.

Who has not been amazed and saddened by the downfall of France? How is it that her once so mighty armies have melted away, that her brave sons have so easily been conquered and disarmed? How is it that France, fallen powerless at the feet of her enemies, has frightened the world by the spectacle of the incredible, bloody, and savage follies of the Commune? Do not look for the causes of the downfall, humiliation, and untold miseries of France anywhere else than the confessional. For centuries has not that great country obstinately rejected Christ? Has she not slaughtered or sent into exile her noblest children, who wanted to follow the Gospel? Has she not given her fair daughters into the bands of the confessors, who have defiled and degraded them? How could woman, in France, teach her husband and sons to love liberty, and die for it, when she was herself a miserable, an abject slave? How could she form her husband and sons to the manly virtues of heroes, when her own mind was defiled and her heart corrupted by the Priest?

The French woman had unconditionally surrendered the noble and fair citadel of her heart, intelligence, and womanly self-respect into the hands of her confessor long before her sons surrendered their swords to the Germans at Sedan and Paris. The first unconditional surrender had brought the second.

The complete moral destruction of woman by the confessor in France has been a long work. It has required centuries to bow down, break, and enslave the noble daughters of France. Yes; but those who know France, know that that destruction is now as complete as it is deplorable. The downfall of woman in France, and her supreme degradation through the confessional, is now un fait accompli, which nobody can deny; the highest intellects have seen and confessed it. One of the most profound thinkers of that unfortunate country, Michelet, has depicted that supreme and irretrievable degradation in a most eloquent book, "The Priest, The Woman, The Family;" and not a voice has been raised to deny or refute what he has said. Those who have any knowledge of history and philosophy know very well that the moral degradation of the woman is soon followed everywhere by the moral degradation of the nation, and the moral degradation of the nation is very soon followed by ruin and overthrow.

The French nation had been formed by God to be a race of giants. They were chivalrous and brave; they had bright intelligences, stout hearts, strong arms and a mighty sword. But as the hardest granite rock yields and breaks under the drop of water which incessantly falls upon it, so that great nation had to break and to fall into pieces under, not the drop, but the rivers of impure waters which, for centuries, have incessantly flowed in upon it from the pestilential fountain of the confessional. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." (Proverbs xiv.)

In the sudden changes and revolutions of these latter days, France is also sharing; and the Church of Rome has received a blow there, which, though perhaps only temporary in its character, will help to awaken the people to the corruption and fraud of the priesthood.

Why is it that Spain is so miserable, so weak, so poor, so foolishly and cruelly tearing her own bosom, and reddening her fair valleys with the blood of her own children? The principal, if not the only, cause of the downfall of that great nation is the confessional. There, also, the confessor has defiled, degraded, enslaved women, and women in turn have defiled and degraded their husbands and sons. Women have sown broadcast over their country the seeds of that slavery, of that want of Christian honesty, justice, and self-respect with which they had themselves been first imbued in the confessional. But when you see, without a single exception, the nations whose women drink the impure and poisonous waters, which flow from the confessional, sinking down so rapidly, do you not wonder how fast the neighboring nations, who have destroyed those dens of impurity, prostitution, and abject slavery, are rising up? What a marvellous contrast is before our eyes? On one side, the nations who allow the women to be degraded and enslaved at the feet of her confessor—France, Spain, Romish Ireland, Mexico, &c., &c.—are, there, fallen into the dust, bleeding, struggling, powerless, like the sparrow whose entrails are devoured by the vulture.

On the other side, see how the nations whose women go to wash their robes in

the blood of the Lamb, are soaring up, as on eagle wings, in the highest regions of progress, peace, and liberty!

If legislators could once understand the respect and protection they owe to women, they would soon, by stringent laws, prohibit auricular confession as contrary to good morals and the welfare of society; for, though the advocates of auricular confession have succeeded, to a certain extent, in blinding the public, and in concealing the abominations of the system under a lying mantle of holiness and religion, it is nothing else than a school of impurity. I say more than that. After twenty-five years of hearing the confessions of the common people and of the highest classes of society, of the laymen and the priests, of the grand vicars and bishops and the nuns; I conscientiously say before the world, that the immorality of the confessional is of a more dangerous and degrading nature than that which we attribute to the social evil of our great cities. The injury caused to the intelligence and to the soul in the confessional, as a general rule, is of a more dangerous nature and more irremediable, because it is neither suspected nor understood by its victims,

The unfortunate woman who lives an immoral life knows her profound misery; she often blushes and weeps over her degradation; she hears, from every side, voices which call her out of those ways of perdition. Almost at every hour of day and night, the cry of her conscience warns her against the desolation and suffering of an eternity passed far away from the regions of holiness, light, and life. All those things are often so many means of grace, in the hands of our merciful God, to awaken the mind, and to save the guilty soul. But in the confessional the poison is administered under the name of a pure and refreshing water; the deadly blow is inflicted by a sword so well oiled that the wound is not felt; the vilest and most impure notions and thoughts, in the form of questions and answers, are presented and accepted as the bread of life! All the notions of modesty, purity, and womanly self-respect and delicacy, are set aside and forgotten to propitiate the god of Rome. In the confessional the woman is told, and she believes, that there is no sin for her in hearing things which would make the vilest blush—no sin to say things which would make the most desperate villain on the streets of London to stagger—no sin to converse with her confessor on matters so filthy that, if attempted in civil life, would forever exclude the perpetrator from the society of the virtuous.

Yes, the soul and the intelligence defiled and destroyed in the confessional are often hopelessly defiled and destroyed. They are sinking into a complete, an irretrievable perdition; for, not knowing the guilt, they will not cry for mercy—not suspecting the fatal disease that is being fostered, they will not call for the true Physician. It was, evidently, when thinking of the unspeakable ruin of the souls of men through the wickedness culminating in the Pope's confessors, that the Son of God said:—"If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." To every woman, with very few exceptions, coming out from the feet of her confessor, the children of light may say:—"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, but thou art dead—(Revelations iii.).

Nobody has yet been, nor ever will be able to answer the few following lines,

which I addressed some years ago to the Rev. Mr. Bruyere, Roman Catholic Vicar-General of London, Canada:

"With a blush on my face, and regret in my heart, I confess, before God and man, that I have been like you, and with you, through the confessional, plunged for twenty-five years in that bottomless sea of iniquity, in which the blind priests of Rome have to swim day and night.

"I had to learn by heart, like you, the infamous questions which the Church of Rome forces every priest to learn. I had to put those impure, immoral questions to old and young females, who were confessing their sins to me. These questions—you know it—are of such a nature that no prostitute would dare to put them to another. Those questions, and the answers they elicit, are so debasing that no man in London—you know it—except a priest of Rome, is sufficiently lost to every sense of shame, as to put them to any woman.

"Yes, I was bound, in conscience, as you are bound to-day, to put into the ears, the mind, the imagination, the memory, the heart and soul of females, questions of such a nature, the direct and immediate tendency of which—you know it well—is to fill the minds and the hearts of both priests and female penitents with thoughts, phantoms, and temptations of such a degrading nature, that I do not know any words adequate to express them. Pagan antiquity has never seen any institution more polluting than the confessional. I know nothing more corrupting than the law which forces a female to tell her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions to an unmarried priest. The confessional is a school of perdition. You may deny that before the Protestants; but you cannot deny it before me. My dear Mr. Bruyere, if you call me a degraded man, because I have lived twenty-five years in the atmosphere of the confessional, you are right. I was a degraded man, just as yourself and all the priests are to-day, in spite of your denegations. If you call me a degraded man because my soul, my mind, and my heart were, as your own are to-day, plunged into the deep waters of iniquity which flow from the confessional, I confess, 'Guilty!' I was degraded and polluted by the confessional, just as you and all the priests of Rome are.

"It has required the whole blood of the great Victim, who died on Calvary for sinners, to purify me; and I pray that, through the same blood, you may be purified also."

If the legislators knew the respect and protection they owe to women—I repeat it—they would, by the most stringent laws, prohibit auricular confession as a crime against society.

Not long ago, a printer in England was sent to jail and severely punished for having published in English the questions put by the priest to the women in the confessional; and the sentence was equitable, for all who will read those questions will conclude that no girl or woman who brings her mind into contact with the contents of that book can escape from moral death. But what are the priests of Rome doing in the confessional? Do they not pass the greatest part of their time in questioning females, old and young, and hearing their answers, on those very matters? If it were a crime, punishable by law, to present those questions in a book, is it not a crime far more

punishable by law to present those very things to married and unmarried women through the auricular confession!

I ask it from every man of common sense. What is the difference between a woman or a girl learning those things in a book, or learning them from the lips of a man? Will not those impure, demoralizing suggestions sink more deeply into their minds, and impress themselves more forcibly in their memory, when told to them by a man of authority speaking in the name of Almighty God, than when read in a book which has no authority?

I say to the legislators of Europe and America, "Read for yourselves those horrible, unmentionable things;" and remember that the Pope has more than 100,000 priests whose principal work is, to put those very things into the intelligence and memory of the women whom they entrap into their snares. Let us suppose that each priest hears the confessions of only five female penitents every day (though we know that the daily average is ten): it gives the awful number of 500,000 women whom the priests of Rome have the legal right to pollute and destroy each day of the year!

Legislators of the so-called Christian and civilized nations! I ask it again from you, Where is your consistency, your justice, your love of public morality, when you punish so severely the man who has printed the questions put to the woman in the confessional, while you honor and let free, and often pay the men whose public and private life is spent in spreading the very same moral poison in a much more efficacious, scandalous, and shameful way, under the mask of religion!

The confessional is in the hands of the devil, what West Point is to the United States, and Woolwich is to great Britain, a training of the army to fight and conquer the enemy. It is in the confessional that 500,000 women every day, and 182,000,000 every year, are trained by the Pope in the art of fighting against God, by destroying themselves and the whole world, through every imaginable kind of impurity and filthiness.

Once more, I request the legislators, the husbands, and the fathers in Europe, as well as in America and Australia, to read in Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, in every theological book of Rome, what their wives and their daughters have to learn in the confessional.

In order to screen themselves, the priests of Rome have recourse to the following miserable subterfuge:—"Is not the physician forced," they say, "to perform certain delicate operations on women? Do you complain of this? No! you let the physician alone; you do not abuse them in their arduous and conscientious duties. Why, then, should you insult the physician of the soul, the confessor, in the accomplishment of his holy, though delicate duties?"

I answer, first, The art and science of the physician are approved and praised in many parts of the Scriptures. But the art and science of the confessor are nowhere to be found in the holy records. Auricular confession is nothing else than a most stupendous imposture. The filthy and impure questions of the confessor, with the polluting answers they elicit, were put among the most diabolical and forbidden actions by God Himself, the day that

the Spirit of Truth, Holiness, and Life wrote the imperishable words—"Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." (Eph. iv. 29.)

Secondly, The physician is not bound by a solemn oath to remain ignorant of the things which it will be his duty to examine and cure. But the priest of Rome is bound, by the most ridiculous and impious oath of celibacy, to remain ignorant of the very things which are the daily objects of his inquiries, observation, and thoughts! The priest of Rome has sworn never to taste of the fruits with which he feeds his imagination, his memory, his heart, and his soul day and night! The physician is honest in the performance of his duties; but the priest of Rome becomes, in fact, a perjured man, every time he enters the confessional-box.

Thirdly, If a lady has a little sore on her small finger, and is obliged to go to the physician for a remedy, she has only to show her little finger, allow the plaster or ointment to be applied, and all is finished. The physician never—no never—says to that lady, "It is my duty to suspect that you have many other parts of your body which are sick; I am bound in conscience, under pain of death, to examine you from head to foot, in order to save your precious life from those secret diseases, which may kill you if they are not cured just now. Several of those diseases are of such a nature that you never dared perhaps to examine them with the attention they deserve, and you are hardly conscious of them. I know, madam, that this is a very painful and delicate thing for both you and me, that I should be forced to make that thorough examination of your person; however, there is no help; I am in duty bound to do it. But you have nothing to fear. I am a holy man, who have made a vow of celibacy. We are alone; neither your husband nor your father will ever know the secret infirmities I may find in you: they will never even suspect the perfect investigation I will make, and they will, forever, be ignorant of the remedy I will apply."

Has any physician ever been authorized to speak or act in this way with any of his female patients?

No,—never! never!

But this is just the way the spiritual physician, by whom the devil enslaves and corrupts women acts. When the fair, honest, and timid spiritual patient has come to her confessor, to show him the little sore she has on the small finger of her soul, the confessor is bound in conscience to suspect that she has other sores—secret, shameful sores! Yes, he is bound, nine times out of ten; and he is always allowed to suppose that she does not dare to reveal them! Then he is advised by the Church to induce her to let him search every corner of the heart, and of the soul, and to inquire about all kinds of contaminations, impurities, secret, shameful, and unspeakable matters! The young priest is drilled in the diabolical art of going into the most sacred recesses of the soul and the heart, almost in spite of his penitents. I could bring hundreds of theologians as witnesses to the truth of what I here say: but it is enough just now to cite three:—

"Lest the confessor should indolently hesitate in tracing out the circumstances of any sin, let him have the following versicle of

circumstances in readiness:

"Quis, quid, ubi, quibus auxiliis, cur, quomodo, quando. Who, which, where, with whom, why, how, when." (Dens, Vol. 6, p. 123. Liguori, vol. 2, p. 464.)

The celebrated book of the Priests, "The Mirror of the Clergy," page 357, says:

" Oportet ut Confessor solet cognoscere quid quid debet judicare. Deligens igitur inquisitor et subtilis investigator sapienter, quasi astute, interrogat a peccatore quod ignorat, vel verecundia volit occultare."

"It is necessary that the confessor should know everything on which he has to exercise his judgment. Let him then, with wisdom and subtlety, interrogate the sinners on the sins which they may ignore, or conceal through shame."

The poor unprotected girl is, thus, thrown into the power of the priest, soul and body, to be examined on all the sins she may ignore, or which, through shame, she may conceal! On what a boundless sea of depravity the poor fragile bark is launched by the priest! On what bottomless abysses of impurities she will have to pass and travel, in company with the priest alone, before he will have interrogated her on all the sins she may ignore, or which she may have concealed through shame!! Who can tell the sentiments of surprise, shame, and distress, of a timid, honest, young girl, when, for the first time, she is initiated, through those questions, to infamies which are ignored even in houses of prostitution!!!

But such is the practice, the sacred duty of the spiritual physician. "Let him (the priest confessor), with wisdom and subtlety, interrogate the sinners on the sins they may ignore or conceal through shame."

And there are more than 100,000 men, not only allowed, but petted, and often paid by so-called Protestant, Christian, and civilised governments to do that under the name of the God of the Gospel!

Fourthly, I answer to the sophism of the priest: When the physician has any delicate and dangerous operation to perform on a female patient, he is never alone; the husband, or the father, the mother, the sister, or some friends of the patient are there, whose scrutinising eyes and attentive ears make it impossible for the physician to say or do any improper thing.

But when the poor, deluded spiritual patient comes to be treated by her so-called spiritual physician, and shows him her disease, is she not alone—shamefully alone—with him? Where are the protecting ears of the husband, the father, the mother, the sisters, or the friends? Where is the barrier interposed between this sinful, weak, tempted, and often depraved man and his victim?

Would the priest so freely ask this and that from a married woman, if he knew that her husband could hear him? No, surely not! for he is well aware that the enraged husband would blow out the brains of the villain who, under the sacrilegious pretext of purifying the soul of his wife, is filling her breast with every kind of pollution and infamy.

Fifthly, When the physician performs a delicate operation on one of his female patients, the operation is usually accompanied with pain, cries, and often with bloodshed. The sympathetic and honest physician suffers almost as much pain as his patient; those cries, acute pains, tortures, and bleeding wounds make it morally impossible that the physician should be tempted to any improper thing.

But the sight of the spiritual wounds of that fair penitent! Is the poor depraved human heart really sorry to see and examine them? Oh, no! it is just the contrary.

The dear Saviour weeps over those wounds; the angels are distressed at the sight. Yes! But the deceitful and corrupt heart of man! is it not rather apt to be pleased at the sight of wounds which are so much like the ones he has himself so often been pleased to receive from the hand of the enemy?

Was the heart of David pained and horror-struck at the sight of the fair Bath-sheba, when, imprudently, and too freely, exposed in her bath? Was not that holy prophet smitten, and brought down to the dust, by that guilty look? Was not the mighty giant, Samson, undone by the charms of Delilah? Was not the wise Solomon ensnared and befooled in the midst of the women by whom he was surrounded?

Who will believe that the bachelors of the Pope are made of stronger metal than the Davids, the Samsons, and the Solomons? Where is the man who has so completely lost his common sense as to believe that the priests of Rome are stronger than Samson, holier than David, wiser than Solomon? Who will believe that confessors will stand up on their feet amidst the storms which prostrate in the dust those giants of the armies of the Lord? To suppose that, in the generality of cases, the confessor can resist the temptations by which he is daily surrounded in the confessional, that he will constantly refuse the golden opportunities, which offer themselves to him, to satisfy the almost irresistible propensities of his fallen human nature, is neither wisdom nor charity; it is simply folly.

I do not say that all the confessors and their female penitents fall into the same degree of abject degradation; thanks be to God, I have known several, who nobly fought their battles, and conquered on that field of so many shameful defeats. But these are the exceptions. It is just as when the fire has ravaged one of our grand forests of America—how sad it is to see the numberless noble trees fallen under the devouring element! But, here and there, the traveler is not a little amazed and pleased, to find some which have proudly stood the fiery trial, without being consumed.

Was not the world at large struck with terror, when they heard of the fire which, a few years ago, reduced the great city of Chicago to ashes! But those who have visited that doomed city, and seen the desolating ruins of her 16,000 houses, had to stand in silent admiration before a few, which, in the very midst of an ocean of fire, had escaped untouched by the destructive element.

It is a fact, that owing to a most marvellous protection of God, some

privileged souls, here and there, do escape the fatal destruction which overtakes so many others in the confessional.

The confessional is like the spider's web. How many too unsuspecting flies find death, when seeking rest on the beautiful framework of their deceitful enemy! How few escape! and this only after a most desperate struggle. See how the perfidious spider looks harmless in his retired, dark corner; how motionless he is; how patiently he waits for his opportunity! But look how quickly he surrounds his victim with his silky, delicate, and imperceptible links! how mercilessly he sucks its blood and destroys its life!

What remains of the imprudent fly, after she has been entrapped into the nets of her foe? Nothing but a skeleton. So it is with your fair wife, your precious daughter; nine times out of ten, nothing but a moral skeleton returns to you, after the Pope's black spider has been allowed to suck the very blood of her heart and soul. Let those who would be tempted to think that I exaggerate, read the following extracts from the memoirs of the Venerable Scipio de Ricci, Roman Catholic Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, in Italy. They were published by the Roman Catholic Italian Government, to show to the world that some measures had to be taken, by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, to prevent the nation from being entirely swept away by the deluge of corruption flowing from the confessional, even among the most perfect of Rome's followers, the monks and the nuns. The priests have never dared to deny a single iota of these terrible revelations. On page 115 we read the following letter from sister Flavia Peraccini, Prioress of St. Catharine, to Dr. Thomas Camparina, Rector of the Episcopal Seminary of Pistoia:

"In compliance with the request which you made me this day, I hasten to say something, but I know not how.

"Of those who are gone out of the world, I shall say nothing. Of those who are still alive and have very little decency of conduct, there are many, among whom there is an ex-provincial named Father Dr. Ballendi, Calvi, Zoratti, Bigliaci, Guidi, Miglietti, Verde, Bianchi, Ducci, Seraphini, Bolla, Nera di Luca, Quaretti, &c. But wherefore any more? With the exception of three or four, all those whom I have ever known, alive or dead, are of the same character; they have all the same maxims and the same conduct.

"They are on more intimate terms with the nuns than if they were married to them! I repeat it, it would require a great deal of time to tell half of what I know. It is the custom now, when they come to visit and hear the confession of a sick sister, to sup with the nuns, sing, dance, play, and sleep in the convent. It is a maxim of theirs that God has forbidden hatred, but not love; and that man is made for woman and woman for man.

"I say that they can deceive the innocent and the most prudent and circumspect, and that it would be a miracle to converse with them and not fall!"

Page 117.—"The priests are the husbands of the nuns, and the lay brothers of the lay sisters. In the chamber of one of the nuns I have mentioned, a man

was one day found; he fled away, but, soon after, they gave him to us as our confessor extraordinary.

“How many bishops are there in the Papal States who have come to the knowledge of those disorders, have held examinations and visitations, and yet never could remedy it, because the monks, our confessors, tell us that those are excommunicated who reveal what passes in the Order!

“Poor creatures! they think they are leaving the world to escape dangers, and they only meet with greater ones. Our fathers and mothers have given us a good education, and here we have to unlearn and forget what they have taught us.”

Page 188.—“Do not suppose that this is the case in our convent alone. It is just the same at St. Lucia, Prato, Pisa, Perugia, &c. I have known things that would astonish you. Everywhere it is the same. Yes, everywhere the same disorders, the same abuses prevail. I say, and I repeat it, let the superiors suspect as they may, they do not know the smallest part of the enormous wickedness that goes on between the monks and the nuns whom they confess. Every monk who passed by on his way to the chapter, entreated a sick sister to confess to him, and—!”

Page 119.—“With respect to Father Buzachini, I say that he acted just as the others, sitting up late in the nunnery, diverting himself, and letting the usual disorders go on. There were several nuns who had love affairs on his account. His own principal mistress was Odaldi, of St. Lucia, who used to send him continual treats. He was also in love with the daughter of our factor, of whom they were very jealous here. He ruined also poor Cancellieri, who was sextoness. The monks are all alike with their penitents.

“Some years ago, the nuns of St. Vincent, in consequence of the extraordinary passion they had for their father confessors Lupi and Borghiani, were divided into two parties, one calling themselves Le Lupe, the other Le Borghiani.

“He who made the greatest noise was Donati. I believe he is now at Rome. Father Brandi, too, was also in great vogue. I think he is now Prior of St. Gemignani. At St. Vincent, which passes for a very holy retreat, they have also their lovers--.”

My pen refuses to reproduce several things which the nuns of Italy have published against their father confessors. But this is enough to show to the most incredulous that the confession is nothing else but a school of perdition, even among those who make a profession to live in the highest regions of Roman Catholic holiness—the monks and the nuns.

Now, from Italy let us go to America and see again the working of auricular confession, not between the holy (?) nuns and monks of Rome, but among the humblest classes of country women and priests. Great is the number of parishes where women have been destroyed by their confessors, but I will speak only of one.

When curate of Beauport, I was called by the Rev. Mr. Proulx, curate of St.

Antoine, to preach a retreat (a revival) with the Rev. Mr. Aubry, to his parishioners, and eight or ten other priests were also invited to come and help us to hear the confessions.

The very first day, after preaching and passing five or six hours in the confessional, the hospitable curate gave us a supper before going to bed. But it was evident that a kind of uneasiness pervaded the whole company of the father confessors. For my own part I could hardly raise my eyes to look at my neighbor; and, when I wanted to speak a word, it seemed that my tongue was not free as usual; even my throat was as if it were choked: the articulation of the sounds was imperfect. It was evidently the same with the rest of the priests. Instead, then, of the noisy and cheerful conversations of the other meals, there were only a few insignificant words exchanged with a half-suppressed tone.

The Rev. Mr. Proulx (the curate) at first looked as if he were partaking also of that singular, though general, despondent feeling. During the first part of the lunch he hardly said a word ; but, at last, raising his head, and turning his honest face towards us, in his usual gentlemanly, and cheerful manner, he said:—

“Dear friends, I see that you are all under the influence of the most painful feelings. There is a burden on you that you can neither shake off nor bear as you wish. I know the cause of your trouble, and I hope you will not find fault with me, if I help you to recover from that disagreeable mental condition. You have heard, in the confessional, the history of many great sins; but I know that this is not what troubles you. You are all old enough in the confessional to know the miseries of poor human nature. Without any more preliminaries, I will come to the subject. It is no more a secret in this place, that one of the priests who has preceded me, has been very unfortunate, weak, and guilty with the greatest part of the married women whom he has confessed. Not more than one in ten has escaped him. I would not mention this fact had I got it only from the confessional, but I know it well from other sources, and I can speak of it freely, without breaking the secret seal of the confessional. Now, what troubles you is that, probably, when a great number of those women have confessed to you what they had done with their confessor, you have not asked them how long it was since they had sinned with him; and in spite of yourselves, you think that I am the guilty man. This does, naturally, embarrass you, when you are in my presence, and at my table. But please ask them, when they come again to confess, how many months or years have passed away since their last love affair with a confessor; and you will see that you may suppose that you are in the house of an honest man. You may look me in the face, and have no fear to address me as if I were still worthy of your esteem; for, thanks be to God, I am not the guilty priest who has ruined and destroyed so many souls here.”

The curate had hardly pronounced the last word, when a general “We thank you, for you have taken away a mountain from our shoulders,” fell from almost every lip.

“It is a fact that, notwithstanding the good opinion we had of you,” said several, “we were in fear that you had missed the right track, and fallen

down with your fair penitents, into the ditch.”

I felt much relieved; for I was one of those who, in spite of myself, had my secret fears about the honesty of our host. When, very early the next morning, I had begun to hear the confessions, one of those unfortunate victims of the confessor’s depravity came to me, and in the midst of many tears and sobs, she told me, with great details, what I repeat here in a few lines:

“I was only nine years old when my first confessor began to do very criminal things with me, every time I was at his feet confessing my sins. At first, I was ashamed and much disgusted; but soon after, I became so depraved that I was looking eagerly for every opportunity of meeting him, either in his own house, or in the church, in the vestry, and many times, in his own garden, when it was dark at night. That priest did not remain very long; he was removed, to my great regret, to another place, where he died. He was succeeded by another one, who seemed at first to be a very holy man. I made to him a general confession with, it seems to me, a sincere desire to give up forever, that sinful life; but I fear that my confessions became a cause of sin to that good priest; for, not long after my confession was finished, he declared to me, in the confessional, his love, with such passionate words, that he soon brought me down again into my former criminal habits with him. This lasted six years, when my parents removed to this place. I was very glad for it, for I hoped that, being away from him, I should not be any more a cause of sin to him, and that I might begin a better life. But the fourth time that I went to confess to my new confessor, he invited me to go to his room, where we did things so disgusting together, that I do not know how to confess them. It was two days before my marriage, and the only child I have had is the fruit of that sinful hour. After my marriage, I continued the same criminal life with my confessor. He was the friend of my husband; we had many opportunities of meeting each other, not only when I was going to confess, but when my husband was absent and my child was at school. It was evident to me that several other women were as miserable and criminal as I was myself. This sinful intercourse with my confessor went on, till God Almighty stopped it with a real thunderbolt. My dear only daughter had gone to confess, and received the holy communion. As she came back from church much later than I expected, I inquired the reason which had kept her so long. She then threw herself into my arms, and, with convulsive cries said,—‘Dear mother, do not ask me to go to confess any more—Oh! if you could know what my confessor asked me when I was at his feet! and if you could know what he has done with me, and he has forced me to do with him, when he had me alone in his parlor!’

“My poor child could not speak any longer; she fainted in my arms.

“As soon as she recovered, without losing a minute, I dressed myself, and, full of an inexpressible rage, I directed my steps towards the parsonage. But before leaving my house, I had concealed under my shawl a sharp butcher’s knife, to stab and kill the villain who had destroyed my dearly beloved child. Fortunately for that priest, God changed my mind before I entered his room: my words to him were few and sharp.

“‘You are a monster!’ I said to him. ‘Not satisfied to have destroyed me, you

want to destroy my own dear child, which is yours also! Shame upon you! I had come with this knife, to put an end to your infamies; but so short a punishment would be too mild a one for such a monster. I want you to live, that you may bear upon your head the curse of the too unsuspecting and unguarded friends whom you have so cruelly deceived and betrayed. I want you to live with the consciousness that you are known by me and many others, as one of the most infamous monsters who has ever defiled this world. But know that if you are not away from this place before the end of this week, I will reveal everything to my husband; and you may be sure that he will not let you live twenty-four hours longer; for he sincerely thinks your daughter is his; he will be the avenger of her honor! I go to denounce you, this very day, to the bishop, that he may take you away from this parish, which you have so shamelessly polluted.'

"The priest threw himself at my feet, and, with tears, asked my pardon, imploring me not to denounce him to the bishop, and promising that he would change his life and begin to live as a good priest. But I remained inexorable. I went to the bishop, and warned his lordship of the sad consequences which would follow, if he kept that curate any longer in this place, as he seemed inclined to do. But before the eight days had expired, he was put at the head of another parish, not very far away from here."

The reader will, perhaps, like to know what has become of this priest.

He remained at the head of that most beautiful parish of Beaumont, as curate, where, I know it for a fact, he continued to destroy his penitents, till a few years before he died, with the reputation of a good priest, an amiable man, and a holy confessor! For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: . . .

And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming:

Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders.

And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness. (2 Thess. ii. 7-12.)

CHAPTER VII Should Auricular Confession be Tolerated Among Civilized Nations

LET my readers who understand Latin, peruse the extracts I give from Bishop Kenrick, Debreyne, Burchard, Dens, or Liguori, and the most incredulous will learn for themselves that the world, even in the darkest ages of old paganism, has never seen anything more infamous and degrading as auricular

confession.

To say that auricular confession purifies the soul, is not less ridiculous and silly than to say that the white robe of the virgin, or the lily of the valley, will become whiter by being dipped into a bottle of black ink.

Has not the Pope's celibate, by studying his books before he goes to the confessional-box, corrupted his own heart, and plunged his mind, memory, and soul into an atmosphere of impurity which would have been intolerable even to the people of Sodom?

We ask it not only in the name of religion, but of common sense. How can that man, whose heart and memory are just made the reservoir of all the grossest impurities the world has ever known, help others to be chaste and pure?

The idolaters of India believe that they will be purified from their sins by drinking the water with which they have just washed the feet of their priests.

What monstrous doctrine! The souls of men purified by the water which has washed the feet of a miserable, sinful man! Is there any religion more monstrous and diabolical than the Brahmin religion?

Yes, there is one more monstrous, deceitful, and contaminating than that. It is the religion which teaches that the soul of man is purified by a few magical words (called absolution) which come from the lips of a miserable sinner, whose heart and intelligence have just been filled by the unmentionable impurities of Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, Kenrick, &c. , &c. For if the poor Indian's soul is not purified by the drinking of the holy (?) water which has touched the feet of his priest, at least that soul cannot be contaminated by it. But who does not clearly see that the drinking of the vile questions of the confessor contaminate, defile and damn the soul?

Who has not been filled with deep compassion and pity for those poor idolaters of Hindoostan, who believe that they will secure to themselves a happy passage to the next life, if they have the good luck to die when holding in their hands the tail of a cow? But there are people among us who are not less worthy of our supreme compassion and pity; for they hope that they will be purified from their sins and be forever happy, if a few magical words (called absolution) fall upon their souls from the polluted lips of a miserable sinner, sent by the Pope of Rome. The dirty tail of a cow, and the magical words of a confessor, to purify the souls and wash away the sins of the world, are equally inventions of the devil. Both religions come from Satan, for they equally substitute the magical power of vile creatures for the blood of Christ, to save the guilty children of Adam. They both ignore that the blood of the Lamb alone cleanseth us from all sin.

Yes! auricular confession is a public act of idolatry. It is asking from a man what God alone, through His Son Jesus, can grant: forgiveness of sins. Has the Saviour of the world ever said to sinners, "Go to this or that man for repentance, pardon and peace?" No: but he has said to all sinners, "Come unto me." And from that day to the end of the world, all the echoes of heaven

and earth will repeat these words of the merciful Saviour to all the lost children of Adam—"Come unto me."

When Christ gave to His disciples the power of the keys in these words, "whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matt. xviii. 18), He had just explained His mind by saying, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee" (v. 15). The Son of God Himself, in that solemn hour, protested against the stupendous imposture of Rome, by telling us positively that that power of binding and loosing, forgiving and retaining sins, was only in reference to sins committed against each other. Peter had correctly understood his Master's words, when he asked, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?"

And in order that His true disciples might not be shaken by the sophisms of Rome, or by the glittering nonsense of that band of silly half-Popish Episcopalians, called Tractarians, Ritualists, or Puseyites, the merciful Saviour gave the admirable parable of the poor servant, which He closed by what He has so often repeated, "So likewise shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye, from your hearts, forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." (Matt. xviii. 35.)

Not long before, He had again mercifully given us His whole mind about the obligation and power which every one of His disciples had of forgiving:—"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive men not their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matt. vi. 14, 15.)

"Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful; forgive and ye shall be forgiven." (Luke vi. 36, 37.)

Auricular Confession, as the Rev. Dr. Wainwright has so eloquently put it in his "Confession not Auricular," is a diabolical caricature of the forgiveness of sin through the blood of Christ, just as the impious dogma of Transubstantiation is a monstrous caricature of the salvation of the world through His death.

The Romanists, and their ugly tail, the Ritualistic party in the Episcopal Church, make a great noise about the words of our Saviour, in St. John: "Whatsoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whatsoever sins ye retain, they are retained." (John xx. 23.)

But. again, our Saviour had Himself, once for all, explained what He meant by forgiving and retaining sins—Matt. xviii. 35; Matt. vi. 14, 15; Luke vi. 36, 37.

Nobody but wilfully-blind men could misunderstand Him. Besides that, the Holy Ghost Himself has mercifully taken care that we should not be deceived by the lying traditions of men, on that important subject, when in St. Luke He gave us the explanation of the meaning of John xx. 23, by telling us, "Thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all

nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke xxiv. 46, 47.)

In order that we may better understand the words of our Saviour in St. John xx. 23, let us put them face to face with His own explanations (Luke xxiv. 46, 47).

LUKE XXIV.

33. And they rose up the same hour and returned to Jerusalem and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them. 34. Saying, the Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon 36. And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. JOHN XX.

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her. 19. Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. 37. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. 38. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? 39. Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.

40. And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet. 41. And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat? 42. And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honeycomb. 43. And he took it, and did eat before them. 44. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spoke unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms concerning me. 45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures, 46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day: 20. And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord. 21. Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. 22. And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost: 47. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. 23. Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained. Three things are evident from comparing the report of St. John and St. Luke:

1. They speak of the same event, though one of them gives certain details omitted by the other, as we find in the rest of the gospels. 2. The words of St. John, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained," are explained by the Holy Ghost Himself, in St. Luke, as meaning that the apostles shall preach repentance and forgiveness of sins through Christ. It is just what our Saviour has Himself said in St. Matthew ix. 13: "But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

It is just the same doctrine taught by Peter (Acts ii. 38): "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Just the same doctrine of the forgiveness of sins, not through auricular confession or absolution, but through the preaching of the Word: "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins " (Acts xiii. 38).

3. The third thing which is evident is that the apostles were not alone when Christ appeared and spoke, but that several of His other disciples, even some women, were there. If the Romanists, then, could prove that Christ established auricular confession, and gave the power of absolution, by what He said in that solemn hour, women as well as men—in fact, every believer in Christ—would be authorized to hear confessions and give absolution. The Holy Ghost was not promised or given only to the Apostles, but to every believer, as we see in Acts i. 15, and ii. 1, 2, 3.

But the Gospel of Christ, as well as the history of the first ten centuries of Christianity, is the witness that auricular confession and absolution are nothing else but a sacrilegious as well as a most stupendous imposture.

What tremendous efforts the priests of Rome have made, these last five centuries, and are still making, to persuade their dupes that the Son of God was making of them a privileged caste, a caste endowed with the Divine and exclusive power of opening and shutting the gates of Heaven, when He said, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven. "

But our adorable Saviour, who perfectly foresaw those diabolical efforts on the part of the priests of Rome, entirely upset every vestige of their foundation by saying immediately, "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them (Matt. xviii. 19, 20.)

Would the priests of Rome attempt to make us believe that these words of the 19th and 20th verses are addressed to them exclusively? They have not yet dared to say it. They confess that these words are addressed to all His disciples. But our Saviour positively says that the other words, implicating the so-called power of the priests to hear the confession and give the absolution, are addressed to the very same persons—" I say unto you," &c., &c. The you of the 19th and 20th verses is the same you of the 18th. The power of loosing and unloosing is, then, given to all-those who would be offended and would forgive. Then, our Saviour had not in His mind to form a caste of men with any marvellous power over the rest of His disciples. The priests of Rome, then, are impostors, and nothing else, when they say that the power of loosing and unloosing sins was exclusively granted to them.

Instead of going to the confessor, let the Christian go to his merciful God,

through Christ, and say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." This is the Truth, not as it comes from the Vatican, but as it comes from Calvary, where our debts were paid, with the only condition that we should believe, repent and love.

Have not the Popes publicly and repeatedly anathematized the sacred principle of Liberty of Conscience? Have they not boldly said, in the teeth of the nations of Europe, that Liberty of Conscience must be destroyed—killed at any cost? Has not the whole world heard the sentence of death to liberty coming from the lips of the old man of the Vatican? But where is the scaffold on which the doomed Liberty must perish? That scaffold is the confessional-box. Yes, in the confessional, the Pope has his 100,000 high executioners! There they are, day and night, with sharp daggers in hand, stabbing Liberty to the heart.

In vain will noble France expel her old tyrants in order to be free; in vain will she shed the purest blood of her heart to protect and save liberty! True liberty cannot live a day there so long as the executioners of the Pope are free to stab her on their 100,000 scaffolds.

In vain chivalrous Spain will call Liberty to give a new life to her people. Liberty cannot set her feet there, except to die, so long as the Pope is allowed to strike her in his 50,000 confessionals.

And free America, too, will see all her so dearly-bought liberties destroyed, the day that the confessional-box is universally reared in her midst.

Auricular Confession and Liberty cannot stand together on the same ground; either one or the other must fall.

Liberty must sweep away the confessional, as she has swept away the demon of slavery, or she is doomed to perish.

Can a man be free in his own house, so long as there is another who has the legal right to spy all his actions, and direct not only every step, but every thought of his wife and children? Can that man boast of a home whose wife and children are under the control of another? Is not that unfortunate man really the slave of the ruler and master of his household? And when a whole nation is composed of such husbands and fathers, is it not a nation of abject, degraded slaves?

To a thinking man, one of the most strange phenomena is that our modern nations allow their most sacred rights to be trampled under foot, and destroyed by the Papacy, the sworn enemy of Liberty, through a mistaken respect and love for that same Liberty!

No people have more respect for Liberty of Conscience than the Americans; but has the noble State of Illinois allowed Joe Smith and Brigham Young to degrade and enslave the American women under the pretext of Liberty of Conscience, appealed to by the so-called "Latter-day Saints?" No! The ground was soon made too hot for the tender conscience of the modern prophets. Joe Smith perished when attempting to keep his captive wives in his chains, and

Brigham Young had to fly to the solitudes of the Far West, to enjoy what he called his liberty of conscience with the thirty women whom he had degraded, and enchained under his yoke. But even in that remote solitude the false prophet has heard the distant peals of the roaring thunder. The threatened voice of the great Republic has troubled his rest, and before his death he wisely spoke of going as much as possible out of the reach of Christian civilisation, before the dark and threatening clouds which he saw on the horizon would hurl upon him their irresistible storms.

Will any one blame the American people for so going to the rescue of women? No, surely not.

But what is this confessional box? Nothing but a citadel and stronghold of Mormonism.

What is this Father Confessor, with few exceptions, but a lucky Brigham Young?

I do not want to be believed on my ipse dixit. What I ask from serious thinkers is, that they should read the encyclicals of the Piuses, the Gregorys, the Benoits, and many other Popes, "De Sollicitantibus." There they will see, with their own eyes, that, as a general thing, the confessor has more women to serve him than the Mormon prophets ever had. Let him read the memoirs of one of the most venerable men of the Church of Rome, Bishop Scipio de Ricci, and they will see, with their own eyes, that the confessors are more free with their penitents, even nuns, than husbands are with their wives. Let them hear the testimony of one of the noblest princesses of Italy, Henrietta Carraceiolo, who still lives, and they will know that the Mormons have more respect for women than the greater part of the confessors have. Let them read the personal experience of Miss O'Gorman, five years a nun in the United States, and they will understand that the priests and their female penitents, even nuns, are outraging all the laws of God and man, through the dark mysteries of auricular confession. That Miss O'Gorman, as well as Miss Henrietta Carraceiolo, are still living. Why are they not consulted by those who like to know the truth, and who fear that we exaggerate the infamies which come from "auricular confession" as from their infallible source? Let them hear the lamentations of Cardinal Baronius, St. Bernard, Savanarola, Pius, Gregory, St. Therese, St. Liguori, on the unspeakable and irreparable ruin spread all along the ways and all over the countries haunted by the Pope's confessors, and they will know that the confessional-box is the daily witness of abominations which would hardly have been tolerated in the lands of Sodom and Gomorrah. Let the legislators, the fathers and husbands of every nation and tongue, interrogate Father Gavazzi, Grassi, and thousands of living priests who, like myself, have miraculously been taken out from that Egyptian servitude to the promised land, and they will tell you the same old, old story—that the confessional-box is for the greatest part of the confessors and female penitents, a real pit of perdition, into which they promiscuously fall and perish. Yes; they will tell you that the soul and heart of your wife and daughter are purified by the magical words of the confessional, just as the souls of the poor idolaters of Hindoostan are purified by the tail of the cow which they hold in their hands, when they die. Study the pages of the past history of England, France, Italy, Spain,

&c., &c., and you will see that the gravest and most reliable historians have, everywhere, found mysteries of iniquity in the confessional-box which their pen refused to trace.

In the presence of such public, undeniable, and lamentable facts, have not the civilised nations a duty to perform? Is it not time that the children of light, the true disciples of the Gospel, all over the world, should rally round the banners of Christ, and go, shoulder to shoulder, to the rescue of women?

Woman is to society what the roots are to the most precious trees of your orchard. If you knew that a thousand worms are biting the roots of those noble trees, that their leaves are already fading away, their rich fruits, though yet unripe, are falling on the ground, would you not unearth the roots and sweep away the worms?

The confessor is the worm which is biting, polluting, and destroying the very roots of civil and religious society, by contaminating, debasing, and enslaving woman.

Before the nations can see the reign of peace, happiness, and liberty, which Christ has promised, they must, like the Israelites, pull down the walls of Jericho. The confessional is the modern Jericho, which defiantly dares the children of God!

Let, then, the people of the Lord, the true soldiers of Christ, rise up and rally around His banners; and let them fearlessly march, shoulder to shoulder, on the doomed city: let all the trumpets of Israel be sounded around its walls: let fervent prayers go to the throne of Mercy, from the heart of every one for whom the Lamb has been slain: let such a unanimous cry of indignation be heard, through the length and breadth of the land, against that greatest and most monstrous imposture of modern times, that the earth will tremble under the feet of the confessor, so that his very knees will shake, and soon the walls of Jericho, will fall, the confessional will disappear, and its unspeakable pollutions will no more imperil the very existence of society.

Then the multitudes who were kept captive will come to the Lamb, who will make them pure with His blood and free with His word.

Then the redeemed nations will sing a song of joy: "Babylon, the great, the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, is fallen! is fallen!"

CHAPTER VIII. Does Auricular Confession bring Peace to the Soul?

THE connecting of Peace with Auricular Confession is surely the most cruel sarcasm ever uttered in human language.

It would be less ridiculous and false to admire the calmness of the sea, and the stillness of the atmosphere, when a furious storm raises the foaming waves to the sky, than to speak of the Peace of the soul either during or after the confession.

I know it; the confessors and their dupes chorus every tune by crying "Peace, peace!" But the God of truth and holiness answers, "There is no peace for the wicked!"

The fact is, that no human words can adequately express the anxieties of the soul before confession, its unspeakable confusion in the act of confessing, or its deadly terrors after confession.

Let those who have never drunk of the bitter waters which flow from the confessional box, read the following plain and correct recital of my own first experiences in auricular confession. They are nothing else than the history of what nine-tenths of the penitents* of Rome, old and young, are subject to; and they will know what to think of that marvellous Peace about which the Romanists, and their silly copyists, the Ritualists, have written so many eloquent lies.

In the year 1819, my parents had sent me from Murray Bay (La Mal Baie), where they lived, to an excellent school at St. Thomas. I was then about nine years old. I boarded with an uncle, who, though a nominal Roman Catholic, did not believe a word of what his priest preached. But my aunt had the reputation of being a very devoted woman. Our schoolmaster, Mr. John Jones, was a well-educated Englishman, and a staunch PROTESTANT. This last circumstance had excited the wrath of the Roman Catholic priest against the teacher and his numerous pupils to such an extent, that they were often denounced from the pulpit with very hard words. But if he did not like us, I must admit that we were paying him with his own coin.

But let us come to my first lesson in Auricular.

* By the word penitents, Rome means not those who repent, but those who confess to the priest. Confession. No! No words can express to those who have never had any experience in the matter, the consternation, anxiety and shame of a poor Romish child, when he hears his priest saying from the pulpit, in a grave and solemn tone: "This week you will send your children to confession. Make them understand that this action is one of the most important of their lives, that for every one of them it will decide their eternal happiness or ruin. Fathers, mothers and guardians of those children, if, through your fault or theirs, your children are guilty of a false confession: if they do not confess everything to the priest who holds the place of God Himself, this sin is often irreparable: the devil will take possession of their hearts, they will lie to their father confessor, or rather to Jesus Christ, of whom he is the representative: their lives will be a series of sacrileges, their death and eternity those of reprobates. Teach them, therefore, to examine thoroughly all their actions, words, thoughts and desires, in order to confess everything just as it occurred, without any disguise."

I was in the Church of St. Thomas, when these words fell upon me like a thunderbolt. I had often heard my mother say, when at home, and my aunt, since I had come to St. Thomas, that upon the first confession depended my eternal happiness or misery. That week was, therefore, to decide the vital question of my eternity!

Pale and dismayed, I left the Church after the service, and returned to the house of my relations. I took, my place at the table, but could not eat, so much was I troubled. I went to my room for the purpose of commencing my examination of conscience, and to try to recall every one of my sinful actions, thoughts and words!

Although scarcely over nine years of age, this task was really overwhelming to me. I knelt down to pray to the Virgin Mary for help, but I was so much taken up with the fear of forgetting something or making a bad confession, that I muttered my prayers without the least attention to what I said. It became still worse, when I commenced counting my sins; my memory, though very good, became confused; my head grew dizzy; my heart beat with a rapidity which exhausted me, my brow was covered with perspiration. After a considerable length of time spent in these painful efforts, I felt bordering on despair from the fear that it was impossible for me to remember exactly everything, and to confess each sin as it occurred. The night following was almost a sleepless one; and when sleep did come, it could hardly be called sleep, but a suffocating delirium. In a frightful dream, I felt as if I had been cast into hell, for not having confessed all my sins to the priest. In the morning I awoke fatigued and prostrate by the phantoms and emotions of that terrible night. In similar troubles of mind were passed the three days which preceded my first confession.

I had constantly before me the countenance of that stern priest who had never smiled on me. He was present to my thoughts during the days, and in my dreams during the nights, as the minister of an angry God, justly irritated against me on account of my sins. Forgiveness had indeed been promised to me, on condition of a good confession; but my place had also been shown to me in hell, if my confession was not as near perfection as possible.

Now, my troubled conscience told me that there were ninety chances against one that my confession would be bad, either if by my own fault, I forgot some sins, or if I was without that contrition of which I had heard so much, but the nature and effects of which were a perfect chaos in my mind.

At length came the day of my confession, or rather of judgment and condemnation. I presented myself to the priest, the Rev. Mr. Beaubien.

He had, then, the defects of lisping or stammering, which we often turned into ridicule. And, as nature had unfortunately endowed me with admirable powers as a mimic, the infirmities of this poor priest afforded only too good an opportunity for the exercise of my talent. Not only was it one of my favorite amusements to imitate him before the pupils amidst roars of laughter, but also, I preached portions of his sermons before his parishioners with similar results. Indeed, many of them came from considerable distances to enjoy the opportunity of listening to me, and they, more than once, rewarded me with cakes of maple sugar, for my performances.

These acts of mimicry were, of course, among my sins; and it became necessary for me to examine myself upon the number of times I had mocked the priests. This circumstance was not calculated to make my confession easier or more agreeable.

At last, the dread moment arrived, I knelt for the first time at the side of my confessor, but my whole frame trembled: I repeated the prayer preparatory to confession, scarcely knowing what I said, so much was I troubled by fears.

By the instructions which had been given us before confession, we had been made to believe that the priest was the true representative, yea, almost the personification of Jesus Christ. The consequence was that I believed my greatest sin was that of mocking the priest, and I, as I had been told that it was proper first to confess the greatest sins, I commenced thus: "Father, I accuse myself of having mocked a priest!"

Hardly had I uttered these words, "mocked a priest," when this pretended representative of the humble Jesus, turning towards me, and looking in my face, in order to know me better, asked abruptly: "What priest did you mock, my boy?"

I would have rather chosen to cut out my tongue than to tell him, to his face, who it was. I, therefore, kept silent for a while; but my silence made him very nervous, and almost angry. With a haughty tone of voice, he said: "What priest did you take the liberty of thus mocking, my boy?" I saw that I had to answer. Happily, his haughtiness had made me bolder and firmer; I said: "Sir, you are the priest whom I mocked!"

"But how many times did you take upon yourself to mock me, my boy?" asked he, angrily.

I tried to find out the number of times, but I never could.

"You must tell me how many times; for to mock one's own priest, is a great sin."

"It is impossible for me to give you the number of times," I answered.

"Well, my child, I will help your memory by asking you questions. Tell me the truth. Do you think you mocked me ten times?" "A great many times more," I answered. "Have you mocked me fifty times? Oh! many more still." "A hundred times?" "Say five hundred, and perhaps more," I answered. "Well, my boy, do you spend all your time, in mocking me?"

"Not all my time; but, unfortunately, I have done it very often." "Yes, you may well say 'unfortunately!' for to mock your priest, who holds the place of our Lord Jesus Christ, is a great sin and a great misfortune for you. But tell me, my little boy, what reason have you for mocking me thus?"

In my examination of conscience, I had not foreseen that I should be obliged to give the reasons for mocking the priest, and I was thunderstruck by his questions. I dared not answer, and I remained for a long time dumb, from the shame that overpowered me. But, with a harrassing perseverance, the priest insisted upon my telling why I had mocked him; assuring me that I would be damned if I did not speak the whole truth. So I decided to speak, and said: "I mocked you for several things."

"What made you first mock me?" asked the priest.

I laughed at you because you lisp: among the pupils of the school, and other people, it often happens that we imitate your preaching to laugh at you," I answered. "For what other reason did you laugh at me, my little boy? " For a long time I was silent. Every time I opened my mouth to speak, my courage failed me.

But the priest continued to urge me; I said at last: "It is rumored in town that you love the girls: that you visit the Misses Richards almost every night; and this made us laugh often." The poor priest was evidently overwhelmed by my answer, and ceased questioning me on that subject. Changing the conversation, he said: What are your other sins? "

I began to confess them according to the order in which they came to my memory. But the feeling of shame which overpowered me, in repeating all my sins to that man, was a thousand times greater than that of having offended God. In reality, this feeling of human shame, which absorbed my thoughts, nay, my whole being, left no room for any religious feeling at all, and I am certain that this is the case with more than the greater part of those who confess their sins to the priest.

When I had confessed all the sins I could remember, the priest began to put to me the strangest questions about matters upon which my pen must be silent. . . . I replied, "Father, I do not understand what you ask me."

"I question you," he answered, on the sins of the sixth commandment of God (seventh in the Bible). Do confess all, my little boy, for you will go to hell, if, through your fault, you omit anything."

And thereupon he dragged my thoughts into regions of iniquity which, thanks be to God, had hitherto been quite unknown to me.

I answered him again, "I do not understand you," or "I have never done those wicked things."

Then, skilfully shifting to some secondary matters, he would soon slyly and cunningly come back to his favorite subject, namely, sins of licentiousness.

His questions were so unclean that I blushed and felt nauseated with disgust and shame. More than once, I had been, to my great regret, in the company of bad boys, but not one of them had offended my moral nature so much as this priest had done. Not one of them had ever approached the shadow of the things from which that man tore the veil, and which he placed before the eyes of my soul. In vain I told him that I was not guilty of those things; that I did not even understand what he asked me; but he would not let me off.

Like a vulture bent upon tearing the poor defenceless bird that falls into its claws, that cruel priest seemed determined to ruin and defile my heart.

At last he asked me a question in a form of expression so bad, that I was really pained and put beside myself. I felt as if I had received the shock from an electric battery: a feeling of horror made me shudder. I was filled with such indignation that, speaking loud enough to be heard by many, I told him: "Sir, I am very wicked, but I was never guilty of what you mention to

me: please don't ask me any more of those questions, which will teach me more wickedness than I ever knew."

The remainder of my confession was short. The stern rebuke I had given him had evidently made that priest blush, if it had not frightened him. He stopped short, and gave me some very good advice, which might have done me good, if the deep wounds which his questions had inflicted upon my soul, had not so absorbed my thoughts as to prevent me giving attention to what he said. He gave me a short penance and dismissed me.

I left the confessional irritated and confused. From the shame of what I had just heard, I dared not raise my eyes from the ground. I went into a corner of the church to do my penance, that is to recite the prayers which he had indicated to me. I remained for a long time in the church. I had need of a calm, after the terrible trial through which I had just passed. But vainly I sought for rest. The shameful questions which had just been asked me; the new world of iniquity into which I had been introduced; the impure phantoms by which my childish head had been defiled, confused and troubled my mind so much, that I began to weep bitterly.

I left the church only when forced to do so by the shades of night, and came back to my uncle's house with a feeling of shame and uneasiness, as if I had done a bad action and feared lest I should be detected. My trouble was much increased when my uncle jestingly said: "Now that you have been to confess, you will be a good boy. But if you are not a better boy, you will be a more learned one, if your confessor has taught you what mine did when I confessed for the first time."

I blushed and remained silent. My aunt said: "You must feel happy, now that you have made your confession: do you not?"

I gave an evasive answer, but could not entirely conceal the confusion which overwhelmed me. I went to bed early; but I could hardly sleep.

I thought I was the only boy whom the priest had asked these polluting questions; but great was my confusion, when, on going to school the next day, I learned that my companions had not been happier than I had been. The only difference was that, instead of being grieved as I was, they laughed at it.

"Did the priest ask you this and that," they would demand, laughing boisterously; I refused to reply, and said: "Are you not ashamed to speak of these things?"

"Ah! ah! how scrupulous you are," continued they, "if it is not a sin for the priest to us on these matters, how can it be a sin for us to laugh at it." I felt confounded, not knowing what to answer. But my confusion increased not a little when, soon after, I perceived that the young girls of the school had not been less polluted or scandalized than the boys. Although keeping at a sufficient distance from us to prevent us from understanding everything they had to say on their confessional experience, those girls were sufficiently near to let us hear many things which it would have been better for us not to know. Some of them seemed thoughtful, sad, and shameful; but some of them

laughed heartily at what they had learned in the confessional-box.

I was very indignant against the priest; and thought in myself that he was a very wicked man for having put to us such repelling questions. But I was wrong. That priest was honest; he was only doing his duty, as I have known since, when studying the theologians of Rome. The Rev. Mr. Beaubien was a real gentleman; and if he had been free to follow the dictates of his honest conscience, it is my strong conviction, he would never have sullied our young hearts with such impure ideas. But what has the honest conscience of a priest to do in the confessional, except to be silent and dumb; the priest of Rome is an automaton, tied to the feet of the Pope by an iron chain. He can move, go right or left, up or down; he can think and act, but only at the bidding of the infallible god of Rome. The priest knows the will of his modern divinity only through his approved emissaries, ambassadors, and theologians. With shame on my brow, and bitter tears of regret flowing just now, on my cheeks, I confess that I have had myself to learn by heart those damning questions, and put them to the young and the old, who like me, were fed with the diabolical doctrines of the Church of Rome, in reference to auricular confession.

Some time after, some people waylaid and whipped that very same priest, when, during a very dark night he was coming back from visiting his fair young penitents, the Misses Richards. And the next day, the conspirators having met at the house of Dr. Stephen Tache, to give a report of what they had done to the half secret society to which they belonged, I was invited by my young friend Louis Casault* to conceal myself with him, in an adjoining room, where we could hear everything without being seen. I find in the old manuscripts of "my young years' recollections" the following address of Mr. Dubord, one of the principal merchants of St. Thomas.

"Mr. President,—I was not among those who gave to the priest the expression of the public feelings with the eloquent voice of the whip; but I wish I had been; I would heartily have cooperated to give that so well-deserved lesson to the father confessors of Canada; and let me give you my reasons for that.

"My child, who is hardly twelve years old, went to confess, as did the other girls of the village,

* He died many years after when at the head of the Laval University some time ago. It was against my will. I know by my own experience, that of all actions, confession is the most degrading of a person's life. I can imagine nothing so well calculated to destroy forever one's self-respect, as the modern invention of the confessional. Now, what is a person without self-respect? Especially a woman? Is not all forever lost without this? "In the confessional, everything is corruption of the lowest grade. There, the girls' thoughts, lips, hearts and souls are forever polluted. Do I need to prove you this! No! for though you have long since given up auricular confession, as below the dignity of man, you have not forgotten the lessons of corruption which you have received from it. Those lessons have remained on your souls as the scars left by the red-hot iron upon the brow of the slave, to be a perpetual witness of his slave, to be a perpetual witness of his shame and servitude.

"The confessional-box is the place where our wives and daughters learn things which would make the most degraded woman of our cities blush!

"Why are all Roman Catholic nations inferior to nations belonging to Protestantism? Only in the confessional can the solution of that problem be found. And why are Roman Catholic nations degraded in proportion to their submission to their priests? It is because the more often the individuals composing those nations go to confess, the more rapidly they sink in the sphere of intelligence and morality. A terrible example of the auricular confession depravity has just occurred in my own family.

"As I have said a moment ago, I was against my own daughter going to confession, but her poor mother, who is under the control of the priest, earnestly wanted her to go. Not to have a disagreeable scene in my house, I had to yield to the tears of my wife.

"On the following day of the confession, they believed I was absent, but I was in my office, with the door sufficiently opened to hear everything which could be said by my wife and the child. And the following conversation took place:

"'What makes you so thoughtful and sad, my dear Lucy, since you went to confess? It seems to me you should feel happier since you had the privilege of confessing your sins.'

"My child answered not a word; she remained absolutely silent.

"After two or three minutes of silence, I heard the mother saying: "Why do you weep, my dear Lucy? are you sick?"

But no answer yet from the child!"

You may well suppose that I was all attention: I had my secret suspicions about the dreadful mystery which had taken place. My heart throbbed with uneasiness and anger.

"After a short silence, my wife spoke again to her child, but with sufficient firmness to decide her to answer at last. In a trembling voice, she said:

"Oh! dear mamma, if you knew what the priest has asked me, and what he said to me when I confessed, you would perhaps be as sad as I am.'

"'But what can he have said to you? He is a holy man, you must have misunderstood him, if you think that he has said anything wrong.'

"My child threw herself in her mother's arms, and answered with a voice, half suffocated with her sobs: ' Do not ask me to tell you what the priest has said—it is so shameful that I cannot repeat it—his words have stuck to my heart as the leech put to the arm of my little friend, the other day.'

"'What does the priest think of me, for having put me such questions?"

"My wife answered: 'I will go to the priest and will teach him a lesson. I

have noticed myself that he goes too far when questioning old people, but I had the hope he was more prudent with children. I ask of you, however, never to speak of this to anybody, especially let not your poor father know anything about it, for he has little enough of religion already, and this would leave him without any at all.'

"I could not refrain myself any longer: I abruptly entered the parlor. My daughter threw herself into my arms; my wife screamed with terror, and almost fell into a swoon. I said to my child: 'If you love me, put your hand on my heart, and promise never to go again to confess. Fear God, my child, love Him, and walk in His presence. For His eyes see you everywhere. Remember that He is always ready to forgive and bless you every time you turn your heart to Him. Never place yourself again at the feet of a priest, to be defiled and degraded.'

This my daughter promised to me.

When my wife had recovered from her surprise, I said to her:

"Madame, it is long since the priest became everything, and your husband nothing to you! There is a hidden and terrible power which governs you; it is the power of the priest; this you have often denied, but it can not be denied any longer; the Providence of God has decided today that this power should be destroyed forever in my house; I want to be the only ruler of my family; from this moment, the power of the priest over you is forever abolished. Whenever you go and take your heart and your secrets to the feet of the priest, be so kind as not to come back any more into my house as my wife.'"

This is one of the thousands of specimens of the peace of conscience brought to the soul through auricular confession. If it were my intention to publish a treatise on this subject, I could give many similar instances, but as I only desire to write a short chapter, I will adduce but one other fact to show the awful deception practised by the Church of Rome, when she invites persons to come to confession, under the pretext that peace to the soul will be the reward of their obedience. Let us hear the testimony of another living and unimpeachable witness, about this peace of the soul, before, during, and after auricular confession. In her remarkable book, "Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism," Miss Eliza Richardson writes (pages 34 and 35): —*

"Thus I silenced my foolish quibbling, and went on to test of a convert's fervor and sincerity in

* This Miss Richardson is a well-known Protestant lady, in England, who turned Romanists became a nun, and returned to her Protestant church, after five years' personal, experience of Popery. She is still living as an unimpeachable witness of the depravity of auricular confession. And, here, was assuredly a fresh source of pain and disquiet, and one not so easily vanquished. The theory had appeared, as a whole, fair and rational; but the reality, in some of its details, was terrible!

"Divested, for the public gaze, of its darkest ingredients, and dressed up, in their theological works, in false and meretricious pretensions to truth

and purity, it exhibited a dogma only calculated to exact a beneficial influence on mankind, and to prove a source of morality and usefulness. But oh, as with all ideals, how unlike was the actual?

“Here, however, I may remark, in passing, the effect produced upon my mind by the first sight of the older editions of ‘the Garden of the Soul.’ I remember the stumbling-block it was to me; my sense of womanly delicacy was shocked. It was a dark page in my experience when I first knelt at the feet of a mortal man to confess what should have been poured into the ear of God alone. I cannot dwell upon this Though I believe my confessor was, on the whole, as guarded as his manners were kind, at some things I was strangely startled, utterly confounded.

“The purity of mind and delicacy in which I had been nurtured, had not prepared me for such an ordeal; and my own sincerity, and dread of committing a sacrilege, tended to augment the painfulness of the occasion. One circumstance, especially, I will recall, which my fettered conscience persuaded me I was obliged to name. My distress and terror, doubtless, made me less explicit than I otherwise might have been. The questioning, however, it elicited, and the ideas supplied by it, outraged my feelings to such an extent, that, forgetting all respect for my confessor, and careless, even, at the moment, whether I received absolution or not, I hastily exclaimed, ‘I cannot say a word more,’ while the thought rushed into my mind, ‘all is true that their enemies say of them.’ Here, however, prudence dictated to my questioner to put the matter no further; and the kind and almost respectful tone he immediately assumed, went far towards effacing an impression so injurious. On rising from my knees, when I should have gladly fled to any distance rather than have encountered his gaze, he addressed me in the most familiar manner on different subjects, and detained me some time in talking. What share I took in the conversation I never knew, and all that I remember, was by burning cheeks, and inability to raise my eyes from the ground.

“Here I would not be supposed to be intentionally casting a stigma upon an individual. Nor am I throwing unqualified blame upon the priesthood. It is the system which is at fault, a system which teaches that things, even at the remembrance of which degraded humanity must blush in the presence of heaven and its angels, should be laid open, dwelt upon, and exposed in detail, to the sullied ears of a corrupt and fallen fellow-mortal, who, of like passions with the penitent at his feet, is thereby exposed to temptations the most dark and dangerous. But what shall we say of woman? Draw a veil! Oh purity, modesty! and every womanly feeling! a veil as oblivion, over the fearfully dangerous experience thou art called to pass through!” (Pages 37 and 38.)

“Ah! there are things which cannot be recorded! facts too startling, and at the same time too delicately intricate, to admit a public portrayal, to meet the public gaze; but the cheek can blush in secret at the true images which memory evokes, and the oppressed mind shrinks back in horror from the dark shadows which have saddened and overwhelmed it. I appeal to converts, to converts of the gentler sex, and ask them, fearlessly ask them, what was the first impression made on your minds and feelings by the confessional? I do not ask how subsequent familiarization has weakened the effects; but when acquaintance was first made with it, how were you affected by it? I was not

the impure, the already defiled, for to such it is sadly susceptible of being made a darker source of guilt and shame I appeal to the pure minded and delicate, the pure in heart and sentiment. Was not your first impression one of inexpressible dread and bewilderment, followed by a sense of humiliation and degradation not easily to be defined or supported?" (Page 39.) "The memory of that time [first auricular confession] will ever be painful and abhorrent to me; though subsequent experience has thrown even that far into the background. It was my initiatory lesson upon subjects which ought never to enter the imagination of girlhood: my introduction into a region which ought never to be approached by the guileless and the pure." (Page 61.) "One or two individuals (Roman Catholics) soon formed a close intimacy with me, and discoursed with a freedom and plainness I had never before encountered. My acquaintances, however, had been brought up in convents, or familiar with them for years, and I could not gainsay their statement.

I was reluctant to believe more than I had experienced. The proof, however, was destined to come in no dubious shape at no distant day..... A dark and sullied page of experience was fast opening upon me; but so unaccustomed was the eye which scanned it, that I could scarcely at all, at once, believe in its truth! And it was of hypocrisy so hateful, of sacrilege so terrible, and abuse so gross of all things pure and holy, and in the person of one bound by his vows, his position, and, every law of his Church, as well as of God, to set a high example, that, for a time, all confidence in the very existence of sincerity and goodness was in danger of being shaken; sacraments, deemed the most sacred, were profaned; vows disregarded, vaunted secrecy of the confessional covertly infringed, and its sanctity abused to an unhallowed purpose; while even private visitation was converted into a channel for temptation, and made the occasion of unholy freedom of words and manner. So ran the account of evil, and a dire account it was. By it all serious thoughts of religion were well-nigh extinguished. The influence was fearful and polluting, the whirl of excitement inexpressible; I cannot enter into minute particulars here, every sense of feminine delicacy and womanly feeling shrink from such a task. This much, however, I can say, that I, in conjunction with two other young friends, took a journey to a confessor, an inmate of a religious house, who lived at some distance, to lay the affair before him, thinking that he would take some remedial measures adequate to the urgency of the case. He heard our united statements, expressed great indignation, and at once commended us each to write and detail the circumstances of the case to the Bishop of the district. This we did, but of course never heard the result. The reminiscences of these dreary and wretched months seem now like some hideous and guilty dream. It was actual familiarization with unholy things!" (Page 63.)

"The Romish religion teaches that if you omit to name anything in confession, however repugnant or revolting to purity, which you even doubt having committed, your subsequent confessions are thus rendered null and sacrilegious; Whilst it also inculcates that sins of thought should be confessed in order that the confessor may judge of their mortal or venial character. What sort of a chain this links around the strictly conscientious, I would attempt to portray if I could. But it must have been worn to understand its torturing character! Suffice it to say that, for months past,

according to this standard, I had not made a good confession at all! And now, filled with remorse for my past sacrilegious sinfulness, I resolved on making a new general confession to the religieux alluded to. But this confessor's scrupulosity exceeded everything I had hitherto encountered. He told me some things were mortal sins which I had never before imagined could be such, and thus threw so many fetters around my conscience, that a host of anxieties for my first general confession was awakened within me. I had no resource, then, but to re-make that, and thus I afresh entered on the bitter path I had deemed I should never have occasion again to tread. But if my first confession had lacerated my feelings, what was it to this one? Words have no power, language has no expression to characterise, the emotion that marked it!

"The difficulty I felt in making a full and explicit avowal of all that distressed me, furnished my confessor with a plea for his assistance in the questioning department, and fain would I conceal much of what passed then as a foul blot on my memory. I soon found that he made mortal sins of what my first confessor had professed to treat but lightly, and he did not scruple to say that I had never yet made a good confession at all. My ideas, therefore, became more complicated and confused as I proceeded, until, at length, I began to feel doubtful of ever accomplishing my task in any degree satisfactorily; and my mind and memory were positively racked to recall every iota of every kind, real or imaginary, that might if omitted, hereafter be occasion of uneasiness. Things, heretofore held comparatively trifling, were recounted, and pronounced damnable sins; and as, day after day, I knelt at the feet of that man, answering questions and listening to admonitions calculated to bow my very soul to the dust, I felt as though I should hardly be able to raise my head again!

This is the peace which flows from auricular confession! I solemnly declare that, except in a few cases, in which the confidence of the penitents is bordering on idiocy, or in which they have been transformed into immoral brutes, nine tenths of the multitudes who go to confess are obliged to recount some such desolate narrative as that of Miss Richardson, when they are sufficiently honest to say the truth.

The most fanatical apostles of auricular confession cannot deny that the examination of conscience, which must precede confession, is a most difficult task, a task which, instead of filling the mind with peace, fills it with anxiety and serious fears. Is it then only after confession that they promise such peace? But they know very well that this promise is also a cruel deception. . . . for to make a good confession the penitent has to relate not only all his bad actions, but all his bad thoughts and desires, their number and various aggravating circumstances. But have they found a single one of their penitents who was certain to have remembered all the thoughts, the desires, all the criminal aspirations of the poor sinful heart? They are well aware that to count the thoughts of the mind for days and weeks gone by, and to narrate those thoughts accurately at a subsequent period, are just as easy as to weigh and count the clouds which have passed over the sun in a three days' storm, a month after that storm is over. It is simply impossible—absurd! This has never been, this will never be done. But there is

no possible peace so long as the penitent is not sure that he has remembered, counted, and confessed every past sinful thought, word and deed. It is, then, impossible, yes! it is morally and physically impossible for a soul to find peace through auricular confession. If the law which says to every sinner: "You are bound, under pain of eternal damnation, to remember all your bad thoughts and confess them to the best of your memory," were not so evidently a satanic invention, it ought to be put among the most infamous ideas which have ever come out of the brain of fallen man. For who can remember and count the thoughts of a week, of a day, nay, of an hour of this sinful life?

Where is the traveler who has crossed the swampy forests of America, in the three months of warm weather, who could tell the number of mosquitoes which have bitten him and drawn the blood from the veins? What should that traveler think of the man who, seriously, would tell him "You must prepare yourself to die, if you do not tell me, to the best of your memory, how many times you have been bitten by the mosquitoes the last three summer months, when you crossed the swampy lands along the shores of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers?" Would he not suspect that his merciless inquirer had escaped from a lunatic asylum?

But it would be much more easy for that traveler to say how many times he has suffered from the bitings of the mosquitoes, than for the poor sinner to count the bad thoughts which have passed through his sinful heart, through any period of his life.

Though the penitent is told that he must confess his thoughts only according to his best recollection, he will never, never know if he has done his best efforts to remember everything: he will constantly fear lest he has not done his best to count and confess them correctly.

Every honest priest, if he speak the truth, will at once, admit that his most intelligent and pious penitents, particularly among women, are constantly tortured by the fear of having omitted to confess some sinful deeds or thoughts. Many of them, after having already made several general confessions, are constantly urged by the pricking of their conscience, to begin afresh, in the fear that their first confessions had some serious defects. Those past confessions, instead of being a source of spiritual joy and peace, are, on the contrary, like so many Damocle's swords, day and night suspended over their heads, filling their souls with the terrors of an eternal death. Sometimes, the terror-stricken consciences of those honest and pious women tell them that they were not sufficiently contrite; at another time, they reproach them for not having spoken sufficiently plain, on some things fitter to make them blush.

On many occasions, too, it has happened that sins which one confessor had declared to be venial, and which had long ceased to be confessed, another more scrupulous than the first, would declare to be damnable. Every confessor, thus knows well that he proffers what is flagrantly false, every time he dismisses his penitents after confession, with the salutation: "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee."

But it is a mistake to say that the soul does not find peace in auricular

confession; in many cases, peace is found. And if the reader desires to learn something of that peace, let him go to the graveyard, open the tombs, and peep into the sepulchres. What awful silence! What profound quiet! What terrible and frightful peace! You hear not even the motion of the worms that creep in, and the worms that creep out, as they feast upon the dead carcass. Such is the peace of the confessional! The soul, the intelligence, the honor, the self-respect, the conscience, are, there, sacrificed. There, they must die! Yes, the confessional is the very tomb of human conscience, a sepulchre of human honesty, dignity, and liberty; the graveyard of the human soul! By its means, man, whom God hath made in his own image, is converted into the likeness of the beast that perishes; women, created by God to be the glory and helpmate of man, is transformed into the vile and trembling slave of the priest. In the confessional, man and woman attain to the highest degree of Popish perfection; they become as dry sticks, as dead branches, as silent corpses in the hands of their confessors. Their spirits are destroyed, their consciences are stiff, their souls are ruined.

This is the supreme and perfect result achieved, in its highest victories, by the Church of Rome.

There is, verily, peace to be found in auricular confession—yes, but it is the peace of the grave!

CHAPTER IX. The Dogma of Auricular Confession —a Sacrilegious Imposture

BOTH Roman Catholics and Protestants have fallen into very strange errors in reference to the words of Christ: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." (St. John xx. 23.)

The first have seen in this text the inalienable attributes of God of forgiving and retaining sins transferred to sinful men; the second have most unwisely granted their position, even while attempting to refute their errors.

A little more attention to the translation of the 3d and 6th verses of chapter xiii. of Leviticus by the Septuagint would have prevented the former from falling into their sacrilegious errors, and would have saved the latter from wasting so much time in refuting errors which refute themselves.

Many believe that the Septuagint Bible was the Bible that was generally read and used by Jesus Christ and the Hebrew people in our Saviour's days. Its language was possibly the one spoken at times by Christ and understood by his hearers. When addressing his apostles and disciples on their duties towards the spiritual lepers to whom they were to preach the ways of salvation, Christ constantly followed the very expression of the Septuagint. It was the foundation of his doctrine and the testimonial of his divine mission to which he constantly appealed: the book which was the greatest treasure of the nation.

From the beginning to the end of the Old and the New Testaments, the bodily

leprosy, with which the Jewish priest had to deal, is presented as the figure of the spiritual leprosy, sin, the penalty of which our Saviour had taken upon himself, that we might be saved by his death. That spiritual leprosy was the very thing for the cleansing of which he had come to this world— for which he lived, suffered, and died. Yes, the bodily leprosy with which the priests of the Jews had to deal, was the figure of the sins which Christ was to take away by shedding his blood, and with which his disciples were to deal till the end of the world.

When speaking of the duties of the Hebrew priests towards the leper, our modern translations say: (Lev. xiii. v. 6,) "They will pronounce him clean." or (v. 3) "They will pronounce him unclean."

But this action of the priests was expressed in a very different way by the Septuagint Bible, used by Christ and the people of his time. Instead of saying, "The priest shall pronounce the leper clean," as we read in our Bible, the Septuagint version says, "The priest shall clean (katharei), or shall unclean (mianei) the leper."

No one had ever been so foolish, among the Jews, as to believe that because their Bible said clean (katharei), their priests had the miraculous and supernatural power of taking away and curing the leprosy: and we nowhere see that the Jewish priests ever had the audacity to try to persuade the people that they had ever received any supernatural and divine power to "cleanse" the leprosy, because their God, through the Bible, had said of them: "They will cleanse the leper." Both priest and people were sufficiently intelligent and honest to understand and acknowledge that, by that expression, it was only meant that the priest had the legal right to see if the leprosy was gone or not, they had only to look at certain marks indicated by God himself, through Moses, to know whether or not God had cured the leper before he presented himself to his priest. The leper, cured by the mercy and power of God alone, before presenting himself to the priest, was only declared to be clean by that priest. Thus the priest was said, by the Bible, to "clean" the leper, or the leprosy;—and in the opposite case to "unclean." (Septuagint, Leviticus xiii. v. 3, 6.)

Now, let us put what God has said, through Moses, to the priests of the old law, in reference to the bodily leprosy, face to face with what God has said, through his Son Jesus, to his apostles and his whole church, in reference to the spiritual leprosy from which Christ has delivered us on the cross.

Septuagint Bible, Levit. xiii.

"And the Priest shall look on the plague, in the skin of the flesh, and when the hair in the plague is turned white, and the plague in sight be deeper than the skin of his flesh, it is a plague of leprosy; and the priest shall look on him and UNCLEAN HIM (mianei)

"And the Priest shall look on him again the seventh day, and if the plague is somewhat dark and does not spread on the skin, the Priest shall CLEAN HIM (katharei): and he shall wash his clothes and BE CLEAN" (katharos).

New Testament, John xx. 23.

“Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto. them; and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained.”

The analogy of the diseases with which the Hebrew priests and the disciples of Christ had to deal, is striking: so the analogy of the expressions prescribing their respective duties is also striking.

When God said to the priests of the Old Law, “You shall clean the leper,” and he shall be “cleaned,” or “you shall unclean the leper,” and he shall be “uncleaned,” he only gave the legal power to see if there were any signs or indications by which they could say that God had cured the leper before he presented himself to the priest. So, when Christ said to his apostles and his whole church, “Whosoever sins ye shall forgive, shall be forgiven unto them,” he only gave them the authority to say when the spiritual lepers, the sinners, had reconciled themselves to God, and received their pardon from him and him alone, previous to the coming to the apostles.

It is true that the priests of the Old Law had regulations from God, through Moses, which they had to follow, by which they could see and say whether or not the leprosy was gone.

If the plague spread not on the skin. . . . the priest shall clean him. . . . but if the priest see that the scab spread on the skin, it is leprosy: he shall “unclean” him. (Septuagint, Levit. xiii. 3, 6.)

Should any be convinced that Christ spoke the Hebrew of that day and not the Greek, and used the Old Testament in Hebrew, we have only to say that the Hebrew is precisely the same as the Greek—the priest is said to clean or unclean as the case may be, precisely as in the Septuagint.

So Christ had given to his apostles and his whole church equally, infallible rules and marks to determine whether or not the spiritual leprosy was gone, that they might clean the leper and tell him,

I clean thee, I forgive thy sins,

or

I unclean thee I retain thy sins.

I would have, indeed, many passages of the Old and New Testaments to copy, were it my intention to reproduce all the marks given by God himself, through his prophets, or by Christ and apostles, that his ambassadors might know when they should say to the sinner that he was delivered from his iniquities. I will give only a few.

First: “And he said unto them, go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature:

“He that believeth and is baptised, shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned. (Mark xvi. 15, 16.)

What a strange want of memory in the Saviour of the World! He has entirely forgotten that "auricular confession," besides faith and baptism are necessary to be saved! To those who believe and are baptised, the apostles and the church are authorized by Christ to say:

"You are saved! your sins are forgiven: I clean you!"

Second: "And when ye come into a house, salute it.

"And if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it: but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.

"And whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of Judgment, than for that city." (Matt. X. 12-15.)

Here, again, the Great Physician tells his disciples when the leprosy will be gone, the sins forgiven, the sinner purified. It is when the lepers, the sinners, will have welcomed his messengers, heard and received their message. Not a word about auricular confession: this great panacea of the Pope was evidently ignored by Christ.

Third: "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly father will also forgive you,—but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." (Matt. vi. 14,15.)

Was it possible to give a more striking and simple rule to the apostles and the disciples that they might know when they could say to a sinner: "Thy sins are forgiven!" or, "thy sins are retained?" Here the double keys of heaven are most solemnly and publicly given to every child of Adam! As sure as there is a God in heaven and that Jesus died to save sinners, so it is sure that if one forgives the trespasses of his neighbor for the dear Saviour's sake, believing in him, his own sins have been forgiven! To the end of the world, then, let the disciples of Christ say to the sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven," not because you have confessed your sins to me, but for Christ's sake; the evidence of which is that you have forgiven those who had offended you.

Fourth: "And behold, a certain one stood up and tempted him, saying: Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

"He said unto him: What is written in the law? how readest thou?"

"And he, answering, said: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

"And he said unto him: Thou hast answered right; this do and thou shalt live." (Luke x. 25-28.)

What a fine opportunity for the Saviour to speak of "auricular confession" as

a means given by him to be saved! But here again Christ forgets that marvellous medicine of the Popes. Jesus, speaking absolutely like the Protestants, bids his messengers to proclaim pardon, forgiveness of sins, not to those who confess their sins to a man, but to those who love God and their neighbor. And so will his true disciples and messengers do to the end of the world!

Fifth: "And when he (the prodigal son) came to himself, he said: I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee: and I am not worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

"And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and he fell on his neck and kissed him.

"And the son said, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am not worthy to be called thy son.

"But the father said to his servants: Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him: put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet, and bring hither the fatted calf. For this my son was dead, and he is alive again, he was lost and he is found." (Luke xv. 17-24.)

Apostles and disciples of Christ, wherever you will hear, on this land of sin and misery, the cry of the Prodigal Son: "I will arise and go to my Father," every time you see him, not at your feet, but at the feet of his true Father, crying, "Father, I have sinned against thee," unite your hymns of joy to the joyful songs of the angels of God; repeat into the ears of that redeemed sinner the sentence just fallen from the lips of the Lamb, whose blood cleanses us from all our sins; say to him, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Sixth: "Come unto me all ye who labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." (Matt. xi. 28-30.)

Though these words were pronounced more than 1800 years ago, they were pronounced this very morning: they come at every hour of day and night from the lips and the heart of Christ to everyone of us sinners. It is just now that Jesus says to every sinner, "Come to me and I will give ye rest." Christ has never said and he will never say to any sinner, "Go to my priests and they will give you rest." But he has said, "Come to me, and I will give you rest."

Let the apostles and disciples of the Saviour, then, proclaim peace, pardon, and rest, not to the sinners who come to confess to them all their sins, but to those who go to Christ, and him alone, for peace, pardon and rest. For "Come to me," from Jesus' lips, has never meant—it will never mean—"Go and confess to the priests."

Christ would never have said: "My yoke is easy and my burden light " if he

had instituted auricular confession. For the world has never seen a yoke so heavy, humiliating, and degrading, as auricular confession.

Seventh: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii. 14.)

Did Almighty God require any auricular confession in the wilderness, from the sinners, when he ordered Moses to lift up the serpent? No! Neither did Christ speak of auricular confession as a condition of salvation to those who look to Him when He dies on the Cross to pay their debts. A free pardon was offered to the Israelites who looked to the uplifted serpent. A free pardon is offered by Christ crucified to all those who look to Him with faith, repentance, and love. To such sinners the ministers of Christ, to the end of the world, are authorized to say: "Your sins are forgiven "we clean your leprosy."

Eighth: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

"For God sent not his Son to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved.

"He that believeth in him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

"And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd.

"But he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be manifest, that they are wrought in God." (John iii. 16-21.)

In the religion of Rome, it is only through auricular confession that the sinner can be reconciled to God; it is only after he has beard a most detailed confession of all the thoughts, desires, and actions of the guilty one that he can tell him: "Thy sins are forgiven." But in the religion of the Gospel, the reconciliation of the sinner with his God is absolutely and entirely the work of Christ. That marvellous forgiveness is a free gift offered not for any outward act of the sinner: nothing is required from him but faith, repentance, and love. These are marks by which the leprosy is known to be cured and the sins forgiven. To all those who have these marks, the ambassadors of Christ are authorized to say, "Your sins are forgiven," "we clean" you.

Ninth: The publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: " God! be merciful to me a sinner!

"I tell you, this man went down to his house justified." (Lake xviii. 13-14.) Yes! justified! and without auricular confession!

Ministers and disciples of Christ, when you see the repenting sinner smiting his breast and crying: "Oh, God, have mercy upon me, a sinner!" shut your ears to the deceptive words of Rome, or its ugly tail the Ritualists, who tell you to force that redeemed sinner to make to you a special confession of all his sins to get his pardon. But go to him and deliver the message of love, peace, and mercy, which you received from Christ: "Thy sins are forgiven! I 'clean' thee!"

Tenth: "And one of the malefactors which were hanged, railed on him, saying: If thou be Christ save thyself and us.

"But the other, answering, rebuked him, saying: Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

"And we indeed justly, for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

"And he said unto Jesus: Remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom. And Jesus said unto him: Verily I say unto thee, to-day, shalt thou be with me in Paradise. (Luke xxiii. 39-43.)

Yes, in the Paradise or Kingdom of Christ, without auricular confession! From Calvary, when his hands are nailed to the cross, and his blood is poured out, Christ protests against the great imposture of auricular confession. Jesus will be, to the end of the world, what he was, there, on the cross: the sinner's friend; always ready to hear and pardon those who invoke his name and trust in him.

Disciples of the gospel, wherever you hear the cry of the repenting sinner to the crucified Saviour:

"Remember me when thou comest to thy Kingdom," go and give the assurance to that penitent and redeemed child of Adam, that "his sins are forgiven:"—"clean the leper."

Eleventh: "Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return to the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." (Isa. lv. 7, 8.)

"Wash you and make you clean, put away the evils of your doings from before mine eyes: cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they will be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson; they shall be as wool." (Isa. i, 16-18.)

Here are the landmarks of the mercy of God, put by his own Almighty hands! Who will dare to remove them in order to put others in their place? Has ever Christ touched these landmarks? Has he ever intimated that anything but faith, repentance, and love, with their blessed fruits, were required from the sinner to secure his pardon? No-never.

Have the prophets of the Old Testament or the apostles of the New, ever said a word about "auricular confession," as a condition for pardon? No—never.

What does David say? "I confess my sins unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." (Psalm xxxiii. 5.) What does the apostle John say? "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth.

"But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth us from sin;

"If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 6-9.)

This is the language of the prophets and apostles. This is the language of the Old and the New Testament. It is to God and him alone that the sinner is requested to confess his sins. It is from God and him alone that he can expect his pardon.

The apostle Paul writes fifteen epistles, in which he speaks of all the duties imposed upon human conscience by the laws of God and the prescriptions of the Gospel of Christ. A thousand times he speaks to sinners, and tells them how they may be reconciled to God. But does he say a word about auricular confession? No—not one!

The apostles Peter, John, Jude, address six letters to the different churches, in which they state, with the greatest detail, what the different classes of sinners have to do to be saved. But again, not a single word comes from them about auricular confession.

St. James says: "Confess your faults one to another." But this is so evidently the repetition of what the Saviour had said about the way of reconciliation between those who had offended one another, and it is so far from the dogma of a secret confession to the priest that the most zealous supporters of auricular confession have not dared to mention that text in favor of their modern invention.

But if we look in vain in the Old and New Testaments for a word in favor of auricular confession as a dogma, will it be possible to find that dogma in the records of the first thousand years of Christianity? No! for the more one studies the records of the Christian Church during those first ten centuries, the more he will be convinced that auricular confession is a miserable imposture of the darkest days of the world and the church this century, by one of the early fathers of the church. But not a word is said in it of his confessing his sins to anyone, though a thousand things are said of him which are of a far less interesting character.*

* [This version lacks some words.—Ed. Another version adds the following: And so is it with the lives of several of the early fathers of the church. Not a word is said of their confessing their sins to anyone, though a thousand

things are said of him which are of a far less interesting character.—Ed.] So it is with the life of St. Mary, the Egyptian. The minute history of her life, her public scandals, her conversion, long prayers and fastings in solitude, the detailed history of her last days and of her death, all these we have; but not a single word is said of her confessing to anyone. It is evident that she lived and died without ever having thought of going to confess.

The deacon Pontius wrote also the life of St. Cyprian, who lived in the third century; but he does not say a word of his ever having gone to confession, or having heard the confession of anyone. More than that, we learn from this reliable historian that Cyprian was excommunicated by the Pope of Rome, called Stephen, and that he died without having ever asked from anyone absolution from that excommunication; a thing which has not seemingly prevented him from going to Heaven, since the infallible Popes of Rome, who succeeded Stephen, have assured us that he is a saint.

Gregory of Nyssa has given us the life of St. Gregory, of Neo-Caesarea, of the third century, and of St. Basil, of the fourth century. But neither speak of their having gone to confess, or having heard the secret and auricular confession of anyone. It is thus evident that those two great and good men, with all the Christians of their times, lived and died without ever knowing anything about the dogma of auricular confession.

We have the interesting life of St. Ambrose, of the fourth century, by Paulinus; and from that book it is evident, as two and two make four, that St. Ambrose never went to confess.

The history of St. Martin, of Tours, of the fourth century, by Severus Sulpicius, of the fifth century, is another monument left by antiquity to prove that there was no dogma of auricular confession in those days; for St. Martin has evidently lived and died without ever going to confess.

Pallas and Theoderet have left us the history of the life, sufferings, and death of St. Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, who died at the beginning of the fifth century, and both are absolutely mute about that dogma. No fact is more evident, by what they say, than that holy and eloquent bishop lived and died also without ever thinking of going to confess.

No man has ever more perfectly entered into the details of a Christian life, when writing on that subject, than the learned and eloquent St. Jerome, of the fifth century. Many of his admirable letters are written to the priests of his day, and to several Christian ladies and virgins, who had requested him to give them some good advice about the best way to lead a Christian life. His letters, which form five volumes, are most interesting monuments of the manners, habits, views, morality, practical and dogmatical faith of the first centuries of the church; they are a most unanswerable evidence that auricular confession, as a dogma, had then no existence, and is quite a modern invention. Would it be possible that Jerome had forgotten to give some advices or rules about auricular confession, to the priests of his time who asked his council about the best way to fulfil their ministerial duties, if it had been one of their duties to hear the confessions of the people? But we

challenge the most devoted modern priest of Rome to find a single line in all the letters of St. Jerome in favor of auricular confession. In his admirable letter to the Priest Nepotianus, on the life of priests, vol. II., p. 203, when speaking of the relations, of priests with women, he says: "Solus cum sola, secreto et absque arbitrio, vel teste, non sedeas. Si familiaris est aliquid loquendum, habet nutricem. majorem domus, virginem, viduam, vel mari tatam; non est tam inhumana ut nullum praeter te habeat cui se audeat credere."

"Never sit in secret, alone, in a retired place, with a female who is alone with you. If she has any particular thing to tell you, let her take the female attendant of the house, a young girl, a widow, or a married woman. She cannot be so ignorant of the rules of human life as to expect to have you as the only one to whom she can trust those things."

It would be easy to cite a great number of other remarkable passages where Jerome showed himself the most determined and implacable opponent of those secret tete-a-tete between a priest and a female, which, under the plausible pretext of mutual advice and spiritual consolation, are generally nothing but bottomless pits of infamy and perdition for both. But this is enough.

We have also the admirable life of St. Paulina, written by St. Jerome. And, though in it, he gives us every imaginable detail of her life when young, married, and widow; though he tells us even how her bed was composed of the simplest and rudest materials; he has not a word about her ever having gone to confess. Jerome speaks of the acquaintances of St. Paulina, and gives their names; he enters into the minutest details of her long voyages, her charities, her foundations of monasteries for men and women, her temptations, human frailties, heroic virtues, her macerations, and her holy death; but he has not a word to say about the frequent or oracular confessions of St. Paulina; not a word about her wisdom in the choice of a prudent and holy (?) confessor.

He tells us that after her death, her body was carried to her grave on the shoulders of bishops and priests, as a token of their profound respect for the saint. But he never says that any of those priests sat there, in a dark corner with her, and forced her to reveal to their ears the secret history of all the thoughts, desires, and human frailties of her long and eventful life. Jerome is an unimpeachable witness that his saintly and noble friend, St. Paulina, lived and died without having ever thought of going to confess.

Possidius has left us the interesting life of St. Augustine, of the fifth century; and, again, it is in vain that we look for the place and time when that celebrated Bishop of Hippo went to confess, or heard the secret confessions of his people.

More than that, St. Augustine has written a most admirable book called: "Confessions," in which he gives us the history of his life. With that marvellous book in hand we follow him step by step, wherever he goes; we attend with him those celebrated schools, where his faith and morality were so sadly wrecked; he takes us with him into the garden where, wavering between heaven and hell, bathed in tears, he goes under the fig-tree and

cries "Oh Lord! how long will I remain in my iniquities!" Our soul thrills with emotions, with his soul, when we hear with him, the sweet and mysterious voice: "Tolle! lege!" take and read. We run with him to the place where he has left his gospel book; with a trembling hand, we open it and we read: "Let us walk honestly as in the day... put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. (Rom. xiii. 13, 14.)

That incomparable book of St. Augustine makes us weep and shout with joy with him; it initiates us into all his most secret actions, to all his sorrows, anxieties, and joys; it reveals and unveils his whole life. It tells us where he goes, with whom he sins, and with whom he praises God; it makes us pray, sing, and bless the Lord with him. Is it possible that Augustine could have been to confess without telling us when, where, and to whom he made that auricular confession? Could he have received the absolution and pardon of his sins from his confessor, without making us partakers of his joys, and requesting us to bless that confessor with him?

But it is in vain that you look in that book for a single word about auricular confession. That book is an unimpeachable witness that both Augustine and his saintly mother, Monica, whom it mentions so often, lived and died without ever having been to confess. That book may be called the most crushing evidence to prove that "the dogma of auricular confession" is a modern imposture.

From the beginning to the end of that book, we see that Augustine believed and said that God alone could forgive the sins of men, and that it was to him alone that men had to confess in order to be pardoned. If he writes his confession, it is only that the world might know how God had been merciful to him, and that they might help him to praise and bless his merciful heavenly father. In the tenth book of his Confessions, Chapter III., Augustine protests against the idea that men could do anything to cure the spiritual leper, or forgive the sins of their fellowmen; here is his eloquent protest: "Quid mihi ergo est cum hominibus ut audiant confessiones, meas, quasi ipsi sanaturi Sint languores meas? Curiosum genus ad cognoscendam vitam alienam; desidiosum ad corrigendam."

"What have I to do with men that they should hear my confessions, as if they were able to heal my infirmities? The human race is very curious to know another person's life, but very lazy to correct it."

Before Augustine had built up that sublime and imperishable monument against auricular confession, St. John Chrysostom had raised his eloquent voice against it in his homily on the 50th Psalm, where, speaking in the name of the church, he said: "We do not request you to go to confess your sins to any of your fellow-men, but only to God!

Nestorius, of the fourth century, the predecessor of John Chrysostom, had, by a public defence, which the best Roman Catholic historians have had to acknowledge, solemnly forbidden the practice of auricular confession. For, just as there has always been thieves, drunkards, and malefactors in the world, so there has always been men and women who, under the pretext of opening their minds to each other for mutual comfort and edification, were

giving themselves to every kind of iniquity and lust. The celebrated Chrysostom was only giving the sanction of his authority to what his predecessor had done, when, thundering against the newly-born monster, he said to the Christians of his time, "We do not ask you to go and confess your iniquities to a sinful man for pardon—but only to God." (Homily on 50th Psalm.)

Auricular confession originated with the early heretics, especially with Marcion. Bellarmin speaks of it as something to be practiced. But let us hear what the contemporary writers have to say on the question.

"Certain women were in the habit of going to the heretic Marcion to confess their sins to him. But, as he was smitten with their beauty, and they loved him also, they abandoned themselves to sin with him."

Listen now to what St. Basil in his commentary on Ps. xxxvii, says of confession:

"I have not come before the world to make a confession with my lips. But I close my eyes, and confess my sins in the secret of my heart. Before thee, O God, I pour out my sighs, and thou alone art the witness. My groans are within my soul. There is no need of many words to confess: sorrow and regret are the best confession. Yes, the lamentations of the soul, which thou art pleased to hear, are the best confession."

Chrysostom, in his homily, De Paenitentia, vol. IV., col. 901, has the following: "You need no witnesses of your confession. Secretly acknowledge your sins, and let God alone bear you."

In his homily V., De incomprehensibili Dei natura, vol. I., he says: "Therefore, I beseech you, always confess your sins to God! I, in no way, ask you to confess them to me. To God alone should you expose the wounds of your soul, and from him alone expect the cure. Go to him, then, and you shall not be cast off, but healed. For, before you utter a single word, God knows your prayer."

In his commentary on Heb. XII., hom. XXXI., vol. XII., p. 289, he further says: "Let us not be content with calling ourselves sinners. But let us examine and number our sins. And then I do not tell you to go and confess them, according to the caprice of some; but I will say to you, with the prophet: 'Confess your sins before God, acknowledge your iniquities at the feet of your Judge; pray in your heart and your mind, if not with your tongue, and you shall be pardoned.'"

In his homily on Ps. I., vol. V., p. 589, the same Chrysostom says: "Confess your sins every day in prayer. Why should you hesitate to do so? I do not tell you to go and confess to a man, sinner as you are, and who might despise you if he knew your faults. But confess them to God, who can forgive them to you."

In his admirable homily IV., De Lazaro, vol. I., p. 757, he exclaims: "Why, tell me, should you be ashamed to confess your sins? Do we compel you to

reveal them to a man, who might, one day, throw them into your face? Are you commanded to confess them to one of your equals, who could publish them and ruin you? What we ask of you is simply to show the sores of your soul to your Lord and Master, who is also your friend, your guardian, and physician."

In a small work of Chrysostom's, entitled, "Catechesis ad illuminandos," vol. II., p. 210, we read these remarkable words: "What we should most admire is not that God forgives our sins, but that he does not disclose them to anyone, nor wishes us to do so. What he demands of us is to confess our transgressions to him alone to obtain pardon."

St. Augustine, in his beautiful homily on the 31st Ps., says: "I shall confess my sins to God, and He will pardon all my iniquities. And such confession is not made with the lips, but with the heart only. I had hardly opened my mouth to confess my sins when they were pardoned, for God had already heard the voice of my heart."

In the edition of the Fathers by Migne, vol. 67, pp. 614, 615, we read: "About the year 390, the office of penitentiary was abolished in the church in consequence of a great scandal given by a woman who publicly accused herself of having committed a crime against chastity with a deacon."

I know that the advocates of auricular confession present to their silly dupes several passages of the Holy Fathers, where it is said that sinners were going to that priest or that bishop to confess their sins: but this is a most dishonest way of presenting that fact—for it is evident to all those who are a little acquainted with the church history of those times, that these referred only to the public confessions for public transgressions through the office of the penitentiary.

The office of the penitentiary was this:—In every large city, a priest or minister was specially appointed to preside over the church meetings where the members who had committed public sins were obliged to confess them publicly before the assembly, in order to be reinstated in the privileges of their membership: and that minister had the charge of reading or pronouncing the sentence of pardon granted by the church to the guilty ones before they could be admitted again to communion. This was perfectly in accordance with what St. Paul had done with regard to the incestuous one of Corinth; that scandalous sinner who had cast obloquy on the Christian name, but who, after confessing and weeping over his sins before the church, obtained his pardon—not from a priest in whose ears he had whispered all the details of his incestuous intercourse, but from the whole church assembled. St. Paul gladly approves the Church of Corinth in thus absolving, and receiving again in their midst, a wandering but repenting brother.

When the Holy Fathers of the first centuries speak of "confession" they invariably understand "public confessions" and not auricular confession.

There is as much difference between such public confessions and auricular confessions, as there is between heaven and hell, between God and his great enemy, Satan.

Public confession, then, dates from the time of the apostles, and is still practiced in Protestant churches of our day. But auricular confession was unknown by the first disciples of Christ; as it is rejected to-day, with horror, by all the true followers of the Son of God.

Erasmus, one of the most learned Roman Catholics who opposed the Reformation in the sixteenth century, so admirably begun by Luther and Calvin, fearlessly and honestly makes the following declaration in his treatise, *De Paenitentia*, Dis. 5: "This institution of penance [auricular confession] began rather of some tradition of the Old or New Testament But our divines, not advisedly considering what the old doctors do say, are deceived, that which they say of general and open confession, they wrest, by and by, to this secret and privy kind of confession."

It is a public fact, which no learned Roman Catholic has ever denied, that auricular confession became a dogma and obligatory practice of the church only at the Council of Lateran in the year 1215, under the Pope Innocent III. Not a single trace of auricular confession, as a dogma, can be found before that year.

Thus, it has taken more than twelve hundred years of efforts for Satan to bring out this masterpiece of his inventions to conquer the world and destroy the souls of men.

Little by little, that imposture had crept into the world, just as the shadows of a stormy night creep without anyone being able to note the moment when the first rays of light gave way before the dark clouds. We know very well when the sun was shining, we know when it was very dark all over the world; but no one can tell positively when the first rays of light faded away. So saith the Lord:

"The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.

"But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way.

"But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, there appeared the tares also.

"So the servants of the householder came and said unto him: Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? From whence then hath it tares?

"He said unto them: An enemy hath done this." (Matt. xiii. 24-28.)

Yes, the Good Master tells us that the enemy sowed those tares in his field during the night when men were sleeping.

But he does not tell us precisely the hour of the night when the enemy cast the tares among the wheat.

However, if anyone likes to know how fearfully dark was the night which covered the "Kingdom," and how cruel, implacable, and savage was the enemy

who sowed the tares, let him read the testimony of the most devoted and learned cardinals whom Rome has ever had, Baronius, Annals, Anno 900:

“It is evident that one can scarcely believe what unworthy, base, execrable, and abominable things the holy Apostolic See, which is the pivot upon which the whole Catholic Church revolves, was forced to endure, when princes of the age, though Christians, arrogated to themselves the election of the Roman Pontiffs. Alas, the shame! alas, the grief! What monsters, horrible to behold, were then intruded on the Holy See! What evils ensued! What tragedies they perpetrated! With what pollutions was this See, though itself without spot, then stained! With what corruptions infected! With what filthiness defiled! And by these things blackened with perpetual infamy (Baronius, Annals, Anno, 900.)

“Est plane, ut vix aliquis credat, imino, nee vix quidem sit crediturus, nisi suis inspiciat ipse oculis, manibusque contractat, quam indigna, quainque turpia atque deformia, execranda insuper et abominanda sit coacta pati sacrosancta apostolica sedes, in cujus cardine universa Ecclesia catholica vertitur, cum principes saeculi hujus, quantumlibet christiani, hac tamen ex parte dicendi tyrrani saevissini, arrogaverunt sibi, tirannice, electionem Romanorum pontificum. Quot tunc ab eis, proh pudor! pro dolor! in eadem sedem, angelis reverendam, visu horrenda intrusa sunt monstra? Quot ex eis oborta sunt mala, consummatae tragediae! Quibus tunc ipsam sine macula et sine ruga contigit aspergi sordibus, purtoribus infici, in quinati spurcitiis, ex hisque perpetua infamia denigrari!”

CHAPTER X. God Compels the Church of Rome to Confess the Abominations of Auricular Confession

THE Priests of Rome resort to various means in order to deceive the people on the immorality resulting from auricular confession. One of their favorite stratagems is to quote some disconnected passages from theologians, recommending caution on the part of the priest, in questioning his penitents on delicate subjects, should he see or apprehend any danger for the latter of being shocked by his questions. True, there are such prudent theologians, who seem to realize more than others the real danger of the priest in confession. But those wise counselors resemble very much a father who would allow his child to put his fingers in the fire, while advising him to be cautious lest he should burn those fingers. There is just as much wisdom in the one case as there would be in the other. What would you say of a brutal parent casting a young, weak and inexperienced boy among wild beasts, with the foolish and cruel expectation that his prudence might save him from injury?

Such theologians may be perfectly honest in giving such advice, although it is anything but wise or reasonable. But those are far from being honest or true who contend that the Church of Rome, in commanding everyone to confess all his sins to the priests, has made an exception in favor of sins against chastity. This is only so much dust thrown in the eyes of Protestants and ignorant people, to prevent them from seeing through the frightful mysteries of confession.

When the Council of Lateran decided that every adult, of either sex, should

confess all their sins to a priest, at least once a year, there was no exceptions made for any special class of sins, not even for those committed against modesty or purity. And when the Council of Trent ratified or renewed the previous decision, no exception was made, either, of the sins in question. They were expected and ordered to be confessed, as all other sins.

The law of both Councils is still unrepealed and binding for all sins, without any exception. It is imperative, absolute; and every good Catholic, man or woman, must submit to it by confessing all his or her sins, at least once a year.

I have in my hand Butler's Catechism, approved by several bishops of Quebec. On page 62, it reads, "that all penitents should examine themselves on the capital sins, and confess them all, without exception, under penalty of eternal damnation."

The celebrated controversial catechism of Rd. Stephen Keenan, approved by all the bishops of Ireland, positively says (page 186): "The penitent must confess all his sins."

Therefore, the young and timid girl, the chaste and modest woman, must think of shameful deeds and fill their minds with impure ideas, in order to confess to an unmarried man whatever they may be guilty of, however repugnant may be to them such confession, or dangerous to the priest who is bound to hear and even demand it. No one is exempt from the loathsome, and often polluting task. Both priest and penitent are required and compelled to go through the fiery ordeal of contamination and shame. They are bound, on every particular, the one to ask, and the other to answer, under penalty of eternal damnation.

Such is the rigorous, inflexible law of the Church of Rome with regard to confession. It is taught not only in works of theology or from the pulpit, but in prayer-books and various other religious publications. It is so deeply impressed in the minds of Romanists as to have become a part of their religion. Such is the law which the priest himself has to obey, and which puts his penitents at his own discretion.

But there are husbands with a jealous disposition, who would little fancy the idea of bachelors confessing their wives, if they knew exactly what questions they have to answer in confession. There are fathers and mothers who don't like much to see their daughters alone with a man, behind a curtain, and who would certainly tremble for their honor and virtue if they knew all the abominable mysteries of confession. It is necessary, therefore, to keep these people, as much as possible, in ignorance, and prevent light from reaching that empire of darkness, the confessional. In that view, confessors are advised to be cautious "on those matters;" to "broach these questions in a sort of covert way, and with the greatest reserve." For it is very desirable "not to shock modesty, neither frighten the penitent nor grieve her. Sins, however, must be confessed."

Such is the prudent advice given to the confessor on certain occasions. In the hands or under the command of Liguori, Father Gury, Scavani, or other casuists, the priest is a sort of general, sent during the night, to storm a

citadel or a strong position, having for order to operate cautiously, and before daylight. His mission is one of darkness and violence, and cruelty; above all, it is a mission of supreme cunning, for when the Pope commands, the priest, as his loyal soldier, must be ready to obey; but always with a mask or blind before him, to conceal his object. However, many a time, after the place has been captured by dint of strategy and secrecy, the poor soldier is left, badly wounded and completely disabled, on the battle-field. He has paid dearly for his victory; but the conquered citadel has also received an injury from which it may never recover. The crafty priest has gained his point: he has succeeded in persuading his lady penitent that there was no impropriety, that it was even necessary for them to have a parley on things that made her blush a few moments before. She is soon so well convinced, that she would swear that there is nothing wrong in confession. Truly this is a fulfillment of the words: "Abyssus abyssum invocat," an abyss calls for another abyss.

Have the Romish theologians—Gury, Scavani, Liguori, etc—ever been honest enough, in their works on confession, to say that the Most Holy God could never command or require woman to degrade and pollute herself and the priest in pouring into the ear of a frail and sinful mortal, words unfit even for an angel? No; they were very careful not to say so; for, from that very moment, their shameless lies would have been exposed; the stupendous, but weak structure of auricular confession, would fall to the ground, with sad havoc and ruin to its unholders. Men and women would open their eyes, and see its weakness and fallacy. "If God," they might say, "can forgive our most grievous sins against modesty, without confessing them, He can and will certainly do the same with those of less gravity; therefore there is no necessity or occasion for us to confess to a priest."

But those shrewd casuists knew too well that, by such frank declaration, they would soon lose their bold on Catholic populations, especially on women, by whom, through confession, they rule the world. They much prefer to keep their grip on benighted minds frightened consciences, and trembling souls. No wonder, then, that they fully endorse and confirm the decisions of the councils of Lateran and Trent, ordering "that all sins must be confessed such as God knows them." No wonder that they try their best or worst to overcome the natural repugnance of women for making such confessions, and to conceal the terrible dangers for the priests in hearing the same.

However, God, in his infinite mercy, and for the sake of truth, has compelled the Church of Rome to acknowledge the moral dangers and corrupting tendencies of auricular confession. In His eternal wisdom, He knew that Roman Catholics would close their ears to whatever might be said by the disciples of gospel truth, of the demoralising influence of that institution; that they would even reply with insult and fallacy to the words of truth kindly addressed to them, just as the Jews of old returned hatred and insult to the good Saviour who was bringing them the glad tidings of a free salvation. He knew that Romish devotees, led astray by their priests, would call the apostles of truth, liars, seducers, possessed of the devil, as Christ was constantly called a demoniac, an impostor, and finally put to death by His false accusers.

That great God, as compassionate now as He was then, for the poor benighted and deluded souls, has wrought a real miracle to open the eyes of the Roman Catholics, and compel them, as it were, to believe us, when we say, on His authority, that auricular confession was invented by Satan to ruin both the priest and his female penitents, for time and eternity. For, what we would never have dared to say of ourself to the Roman Catholics with regard to what frequently happens between their priests and their wives and daughters, either during or after confession, God has constrained the Church of Rome to acknowledge herself, in revealing things that would have seemed incredible, had they come simply from our mouth or our pen. In this, as in other instances, that apostate Church has unwittingly been the mouth-piece of God for the accomplishment of His great and merciful ends.

Listen to the questions that the Church of Rome, through her theologians, puts to every priest after he has heard the confession of your wives or daughters:

1. "Nonne inter audiendas confessiones quasdam proposui questiones circa sextum decalogi preoeceptum cum intentione libidinosa? (Miroir du Clerge, p. 582.)

"While hearing confessions, have I not asked questions on sins against the sixth (seventh in the Decalogue) commandment, with the intention of satisfying my evil passions?"

Such is the man, O mothers and daughters, to whom you dare to unbosom the most secret, as well as the most shameful actions. You kneel down at his feet and whisper in his ear your most intimate thoughts and desires, and your most polluting deeds; because your church, by dint of cunning and sophistry, has succeeded in persuading you that there was no impropriety or danger in doing so; that the man whom you choose for your spiritual guide and confident, could never be tempted or tainted by such foul recitals. But that same Church, through some mysterious providence, is made to acknowledge, in her own books, her own lies. In spite of herself, she admits that there is real danger in confession, both for the woman and for the priest; that willingly or otherwise, and sometimes both unawares, they lay for each other dangerous snares. The Church of Rome, as if she had an evil conscience for allowing her priest to hold such close and secret converse with a woman, on such delicate subjects, keeps, as it were, a watchful eye on him, while the poor misguided woman is pouring in his ear the filthy burden of her soul; and as soon as she is off, questions the priest as to the purity of his motives, the honesty of his intentions in putting the requisite questions. "Have you not," she asks him immediately, "under the pretence of helping that woman in her confession, put to her certain questions simply in order to gratify your lust, and with the object of satisfying your evil propensities?"

2. "Nonne munus audiendi confessiones suscepi, aut veregi ex prava incontinentioe appetentia (Idem, p. 582.) "Have I not repaired to the confessional and heard confessions with the intention of gratifying my evil passions? (Miroir du Clerge, p. 582.) O ye women! who tremble like slaves at the feet of the priests, you admire the patience and charity of those good (?) priests, who are willing to spend so many long and tedious hours in

hearing the confession of your secret sins; and you hardly know how to express your gratitude for so much kindness and charity. But, hush, listen to the voice of God speaking to the conscience of the priest, through the Church of Rome!

“Have you not,” she asks him, “heard the confession of women simply to foster or gratify the grovelling passions of your fallen nature and corrupt heart?”

Please notice, it is not I, or the enemies of your religion, who put to your priests the above questions; it is God Himself, who, in His pity and compassion for you, compels your own Church to ask such questions; that your eyes may be opened, and that you may be rescued from all the dangerous obscenities and the humiliating and degrading slavery of auricular confession. It is God’s will to deliver you from such bondage and degradation. In His tender mercies He has provided means to drag you out of that cesspool, called confession; to break the chains which bind you to the feet of a miserable and blasphemous sinner called confessor, who, under the pretence of being able to pardon your sins, usurps the place of your Saviour and your God! For while you are whispering your sins in his ear, God says to him through his Church, in tones loud enough to be heard: “In hearing the confession of these women, are you not actuated by lust, spurred by evil passions?”

Is this not sufficient to warn you of the danger of auricular confession? Can you now, with any sense of safety or propriety, come to that priest, for whom your very confession may be a snare, a cause of fall or fearful temptation? Can you, with a particle of honor or modesty, willingly expose yourself to the impure desires of your confessors? Can you, with any sort of womanly dignity, consent to entrust that man with your inmost thoughts and desires, your most humiliating and secret actions, when you know from your own Church’s lips, that that man may not have any higher object in listening to your confession than a lustful curiosity, or a sinful desire of exciting his evil passions?

3. “Nonne ex auditis in confessione occasionem sumpsi poenitentes utriusque sexus ad peccandum sollicitandi?” (Idem, p. 582.) “Have I not availed myself of what I heard in confession to induce my penitents of both sexes to commit sin?”

I would run a great risk of being treated with the utmost contempt, should I dare to put to your priests such a question. You would very likely call me a scoundrel, for daring to question the honesty and purity of such holy men. You would, perhaps, go as far as to contend that it is utterly impossible for them to be guilty of such sins as are alluded to in the above question; that never such shameful deeds have been perpetrated through confession. And you would, maybe, emphatically deny that your confessor has ever said or done anything that might lead you to sin or even commit any breach of propriety or modesty. You feel perfectly safe on that score, and see no danger to apprehend.

Let me tell you, good ladies, that you are altogether too confident, and thus you are kept in the most fatal delusion. Your own Church, through the

merciful and warning voice of God speaking to the conscience of your own theologians, tells you that there is a real and imminent danger, where you fancy yourself in perfect security. You may never have suspected the danger, but it is there, within the walls of the confessional; nay, more, it is lurking in your very hearts, and that of your confessor. He may hitherto have refrained from tempting you; he may, at least, have kept within the proper limits of outward morality or decency. But nothing warrants you that he may not be tempted; and nothing could shield you from his attempts on your virtue, should he give way to temptation, as cases are not wanting to prove the truth of my assertion. You are sadly mistaken in a false and dangerous security. You are, although unawares, on the very brink of a precipice, where so many have fallen through their blind confidence in their own strength, or their confessor's prudence and sanctity. Your own Church is very anxious about your own safety; she trembles for your innocence and purity. In her fear, she cautions the priest to be watchful over his wicked passions and human frailty. How dare you pretend to be stronger and more holy than your confessor is in the mind of your own Church? Why should you so wilfully imperil your chastity or modesty? Why expose yourself to danger, when it could be so easily avoided? How can you be so rash, so devoid of common prudence and modesty as to shamelessly put yourselves in a position to tempt and be tempted, and thereby incur your temporal and eternal perdition?

4. "Nonne extra tribunal, vel, in ipso confessionis actu, aliquid dixi aut egi cum Intentione diabolica has personas seducendi?" (Idem, idem).

"Have I not, either during or after confession, done or said certain things with a diabolical intention of seducing my female patients?"

"What arch enemy of our holy religion is so bold and impious as to put to our saintly priests such an impudent and insulting question?" may ask some of our Roman Catholic readers. It is easy to answer. This great enemy of your religion is no less than a justly offended God, admonishing and reproofing your priests for exposing both you and themselves to dangerous allurements and seductions. It is His voice speaking to their consciences, and warning them of the danger and corruption of auricular confession. It says to them: Beware! for ye might be tempted, as surely you will be, to do or say something against honor and purity.

Husbands and fathers! who rightly value the honor of your wives and daughters more than all treasures, who consider it too precious a boon to be exposed to the dangers of pollution, and who would prefer to lose your life a thousand times, than to see those you love most on earth fall in the snares of the seducer, read once more and ponder what your Church asks the priest, after he has heard your wife and daughter in confession: "Have you not, either during or after confession, done or said something with a diabolical intention of seducing your female patients?"

If your priest remains deaf to these words addressed to his conscience, you cannot help giving heed to them and understanding their full significance. You cannot be easy and fear nothing from that priest in those close interviews with your wives and daughters, when his superiors and your own Church tremble for him, and question his purity and honesty. They see a great

danger for both the confessor and his penitent; for they know that confession has, many a time, been the pretence of the cause of the most shameful seductions.

If there were no real danger for the chastity of women, in confessing to a man their most secret sins, do you believe that your popes and theologians would be so stupid as to acknowledge it, and put to confessors questions that would be most insulting and out of place, should there be no occasion for them?

Is it not presumption and folly, on your part, to think that there is no danger, when the Church of Rome tells you, positively, that there is danger, and uses the strongest terms in expressing her uneasiness and apprehension?

Why! your Church sees the most pressing reasons to fear for the honor of your wives and daughters, as well as for the chastity of her priests; and still you remain unconcerned, indifferent to the fearful peril to which they are exposed! Are you like the Jewish people of old, to whom it was said: "Hear ye indeed, but understand not; and see ye indeed, but perceive not?" (Isa. vi. 9).

But if you see or suspect the danger you are warned of; if the eye of your intelligence can fathom the dreadful abyss where the dearest objects of your heart are in danger of falling, then it behooves you to keep them from the paths that lead to the fearful chasm. Do not wait till it is too late, when they are too near the precipice to be rescued. You may think the danger to be far off, while it is near at hand. Profit by the sad experience of so many victims of confession who have been irretrievably lost, irrecoverably ruined for time and eternity. The voice of your conscience, of honor, of God Himself, tells you that it may soon become too late to save them from destruction, through your neglect and procrastination. While thanking God for having preserved them from temptations that have proved fatal to so many married or unmarried women, do not lose a single moment in taking the necessary means to keep them from temptation and falls.

Instead of allowing them to go and kneel at the feet of a man to obtain the remission of their sins, lead them to the dying Saviour's feet, the only place where they can secure pardon and peace everlasting. And why, after so many unfruitful attempts, should they try any longer to wash themselves in a puddle, when the pure waters of eternal life are offered them so freely through Christ Jesus, their only Saviour and Mediator?

Instead of seeking their pardon from a poor and miserable sinner, weak and tempted as they are, let them go to Christ, the only strong and perfect man, the only hope and salvation of the world.

O poor deluded Catholic women! listen no longer to the deceiving words of the Church of Rome, who has no pardon, no peace for you, but only snares; who offers you thralldom and shame in return for the confession of your sins! But listen rather to the invitations of your Saviour, who has died on the cross, that you might be saved; and who, alone, can give rest to your weary souls.

Hearken to His words, when He says to you: "Come unto Me, O ye heavily laden, crushed, as it were, under the burden of your sins, and I shall give you rest. . . I am the Physician of your souls. . . Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick. . . Come, then, to Me, and ye shall be healed. . . I have not sent back nor lost any who have come to Me. . . invoke My name. . . believe in Me. . . repent. . . love God, and your neighbor as yourself, and you shall be saved. . . For all who believe in Me and call upon My name, shall be saved. . . When I am raised up between heaven and earth, I shall draw every one to Me. . . ."

Oh, mothers and daughters, instead of going to the priest for pardon and salvation, go to Jesus, who is so pressingly inviting you! and the more so as you have more need of divine help and grace. Even, if you are as great a sinner as Mary Magdalene, you can, like her, wash the feet of the Saviour with the flowing tears of your repentance and your love, and like her, receive the pardon of your sins.

To Jesus, then, and to Him alone, go for the confession and pardon of your sins; for there, only, you can find peace, light, and life for time and eternity!

CHAPTER XI. Auricular Confession in Australia, America, and France

WE hope this chapter will be read with interest and benefit everywhere; it will be particularly interesting to the people of Australia, America, and France. Let every one consider with attention its solemn teachings; they will see how auricular confession is spreading, broadcast, the seeds of an unspeakable corruption on every side, all over the world. Let every one see how the enemy is successfully at work, to destroy every vestige of honesty and purity in the hearts and the minds of the fair daughters of their countries.

Though I have been in Australia only a few months, I have a collection of authentic and undeniable facts about the destruction of female virtue, through the confessional, which would fill several large volumes, and would strike the country with horror, were it possible to publish them all. But to keep myself within the limits of a short chapter, I will give only a few of the most public ones.

Not long ago, a young Irish lady, belonging to one of the most respectable families of Ireland, went to confess to a priest of Parramatta. But the questions put to her in the confessional, were of such a bestial character; the efforts made by this priest to persuade his God-fearing and honest young penitent, to consent to satisfy the infamous desires of his corrupted heart, caused the young lady to give up, immediately, the Church of Rome, and break the fetters, by which she had been too long bound to the feet of her would-be seducers. Let the reader peruse her letter, which I have copied from the Sydney (Australia) Gazette, of the 28th July, 1839, and they will see how bravely, and over her own signature, she not only accuses her confessors of having most infamously scandalized her by their questions, and tried to destroy in her the last vestige of female modesty, but she declares that many

of her female friends had acknowledged in her presence, that they had been dealt with in the very same way, by their father confessors.

As that young lady was the niece of a well-known Roman Catholic Bishop, and the near relation of two priests, her public declaration made a profound sensation in the public mind, and the Roman Catholic hierarchy keenly felt the blow. The facts were too plainly and bravely given by that unimpeachable witness to be denied. The only thing to which those haughty and implacable enemies of all that is true, holy and pure, in the world, had recourse to, to defend their tottering power, and keep their mask of honesty, what they have done in all ages—"murder the honest young girl they had not been able to silence." A few days after, she was found bathed in her blood, and cruelly bruised, at a short distance from Parramatta; but by the good providence of God, the would-be murderers, sent by these priests, had failed to kill their victim. She recovered from her wounds, and lived many years more to proclaim before the public, how the priests of Australia, as well as the priests of the rest of the world, make use of auricular confession to pollute the hearts, and damn the souls of their penitents.

Here is the letter of that young, honest, and brave lady:

THE CONFESSIONAL.

(To the Editors of the Sydney Gazette.)

While reading over, the other day, in the Sydney Gazette, an account of the trial, which took place at the Supreme Court, Tuesday, the 9th instant, I was struck with inexpressible amazement at the evidence of Dr. Polding, Roman Catholic Bishop in this colony, and beg to enquire, through the medium of your paper, whether any difference exists between the English and the Irish Roman Catholic priests? If there does not, and if what Dr. Polding says is really the case, I must have been very unfairly dealt with indeed, by most of the priests, to whom I have confessed.

I know very well a Roman Catholic priest will never say—"Pay me so much, and I will give you absolution," because that would be exposing the craft; but practice speaks louder than precept, and I can say for myself (and I know hundred of others, who could say the same, if they dared), that I have, times without number, paid the priest, before I rose from my knees at confession, under the pretence, as I will show, of getting masses and prayers said for the release of the souls of my deceased relatives from purgatory.

I was taught to believe that masses were not valid, unless I was from under a state of sin, or in other words, in a state of grace. Consequently I must be absolved, to make the masses effectual, and all Roman Catholics know full well, that all masses must be paid for, before they will be said. I have been told by a priest, a man of good education, that the more I gave, the better for my own soul, and the souls of friends detained in purgatory. I was taught to believe that the Church of Rome being infallible, and incapable of erring, its doctrine and practices were the same throughout the world; of course I was the more staggered on reading Dr. Polding's evidence. I think that he must be laboring under a great mistake, when he says, that it is strictly

forbidden for a priest to receive money in any way, or even if anything should be given for charitable purposes, it is usual to give it at another time, "but not customary," or else the priests in Ireland are outrageously simoniacal. Perhaps Dr. Polding will inform me, why I should, for so many years, and not only I, but very many members of my poor deluded family, pay the priest for relics—such as "the word of the cross," "holy bones," "holy wax," "holy fire," "pieces of saints' garments," from Rome and other places: "holy clay," from the saints' tombs; "the Agnus Dei," "gospels," "scapularies," "blessed candle," "blessed salt," "St. Francis' lard, &c.

But the time would fail me to repeat the abominable delusions I've paid for, and none of them could, in any way, be reckoned among the priests' traveling expenses, as the priests were resident in the place; but, perhaps, these are not some of the acts which would bring a priest into degradation with his own community, as Dr. Polding acknowledges; "there are certain acts to which, inherently and incessantly, there are degradations and detestation attached," but I humbly and heartily thank God I have not, like Dr. Polding, to wait until I have "been a Protestant," to know how such acts must affect all who come within reach of their contagion, as I do most solemnly protest, before God and man, against refuges of lies and idolatrous worship of the Popish Church, out of which it is my earnest and constant prayer, that not only my own relations, but all within her pale, may, through the riches of God's grace, "come out from her and be separate," as I have, so that after the way which they call heresy—"that they may yet be brought to worship the God of their fathers."

But there is one thing asserted by Dr. Polding, in his evidence, that needs particular explanations, as it either casts a most blasphemous reflection on the Holy Scriptures, or Dr. Polding must, if he directs the attention of Protestants, for the rule of confession, in the Roman Catholic Church, to the Holy Scriptures, be totally ignorant of that, which the everyday student in Maynooth College is master of; and were it not that I esteem the glory of God far beyond my own personal feelings of female delicacy, I would shrink from acknowledging that which I do now publicly, and with shame, that I have carefully perused the translations of the extracts from "Dens' Theology," where alone the true practice of the Roman Catholic confessional is to be found, and publicly authorized by Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and in the presence of my Maker, I solemnly declare, that horrible and unspeakably vile as that book is, I have had a hundred times more disgusting questions put to me in the confessional, which I was obliged to answer, having been told by my confessor, "that being ashamed of answering him, I was in a state of mortal sin." I have been often obliged to perform severe penance, for repeating to my companions, a portion of these horrible things, out of confession, and comparing the questions put to them (as far as decency would allow) with those put to myself. What then will the Protestant public think, when I again declare, and in the same solemn manner, that their experience, and especially the experience of one of them, was worse than mine, acts following questions, which I readily believe, from the specimens offered to myself, one day, in the confessional.

If then, Dr. Polding will only prove to me, from simply the Holy Scriptures,"

any authority for what I have stated, on the part of Roman Catholic Confession, and which may be read by any one who please, in Dens' Theology,—I promise to return to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. But I must leave this subject for the present, on which I could relate what would fill a moderate sized volume, and just speak a few words about the sale of indulgences, of which Dr. Polding has only read "in Protestant books." This also astonished me, that a bishop in the Roman Catholic Church, should know nothing of these things, and I to have purchased one, which I did during the cholera of 1832. At that time I heard the priest of the parish publish from the altar, that the Pope had granted an indulgence; and, as the cholera was raging in Dublin, every one was in dread of its spreading over the whole country, and every Roman Catholic that could crawl to the chapel, in the parish where I lived, lost no time in coming. Amongst them I well remember the priest showing me an old woman, who, he said, had not been to confession for fifty years, and who was in the act of laying her money on the tray, when he pointed her out.

Indulgence was to be had, as the priest had published, and I saw the old woman put her money on the tray, where I put mine—she got her seal of indulgence, and I got mine. Will Dr. Polding have the kindness to tell me what the money was for? In complying with the indulgence, it was necessary also, to say so many prayers, such as the "Jesus Psalter," &c., but those who could not were to bring their beads to their priests, who selected a proper number of prayers to be said on them. Persons were to give at their own option, what money they pleased, but nothing less than silver was taken. I have seen trays on the vestry-room table of the chapel, at that time, full of silver, bank-notes and gold, and I have also seen trays for the same purpose, in Marlborough Street Chapel, Dublin, upon the holy-water trough.

How many poor creatures have I known, who were little short of starving, beg or borrow a sixpence, to be at the chapel at that time; but it would be impossible almost for me, unless I was as insensible as the images I was taught to worship, especially my own guardian angel, St. Agnes, to whom, with the Virgin Mary, I was taught to pay more adoration than to God Himself, were I to have remained unacquainted with the depth of these, and many more wicked and abominable devices, under the garb of the most self-denying religion, having such a number of priests related to me, a bishop for my uncle, and brought up amongst priests, friars, and nuns of almost every order, from my birth, besides being a most zealous devoted Roman Catholic myself, during my ignorance of "the truth, as it is in Jesus." But I am content to leave all temporal good as I have already done, in leaving wealthy relations and former friends, only desiring from my heart, that, as I have suffered the loss of all things, I may "be more enabled to count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness (which I was taught to value in the Roman Catholic Church, and which is of the law), but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness, which is of God, by faith." I know, sir, I have taken up too much of your paper, but, should it please God, that the truths, the solemn truths, which I have stated, be so blessed as to rouse even one of my Roman Catholic fellow-sinners to reflect, and break through that slavish bondage, in which I know too well, they are kept, and begin to think for him or herself, I am sure you

will feel doubly recompensed for the space you have given this letter.

I am, sir, &c., &c.,
AGNES CATHERINE BYRNE.
25th July, 1839.

As some people, from a mistaken sense of charity, may be tempted to believe that the priests of Rome, in Australia, have reformed, and are not so corrupted to-day as they were in 1839, let them read the following document, which I take from the Sydney Evening News, 19th November, 1878

“One of the largest assemblages that were ever seen inside the Protestant Hall in Castlereaghstreet, attended last night in response to an advertisement announcing that a lady would deliver a lecture on the subject—‘Mrs. Constable wrong, and the ex-priest Chiniquy right, relative to auricular confession; proved by the lady’s personal experience in Sydney.’ The building was densely packed in every part, and there was no standing room. On the platform, around it, and in the galleries were large numbers of ladies. Pastor Allen then opened the proceedings by giving out the hymn ‘Rock of ages cleft for me.’ Mr. W. Neill (the banker) was voted to the chair. The lady lecturer, Mrs. Margaret Ann Dillon, a middle-aged lady, neatly dressed, was then introduced to the audience. At first she appeared somewhat tremulous and confused, which she explained was mainly owing to the cruel and heartless letter she had, that night, received, announcing the death of her husband. She stated that she had not been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, but after much consideration she had joined that Church, because she had been led to believe it was the only true Church. She had, for years after joining the Church, faithfully attended to its duties, even to auricular confession. It was not her intention to insult the Roman Catholics that she had thus publicly come forward, but to refute the allegations of Mrs. Constable, and show that the ex-priest Chiniquy’s statements were true. Nothing but her duty to God would have caused her to come before them in this public manner. It was her first appearance in public; therefore, they must allow for her shortcomings; but she would speak truthfully and fearlessly. Her address would have reference entirely to her own personal experience of auricular confession. After some further remarks, Mr. Neill was requested to read the following letter, sent by the lady lecturer to Archbishop Vaughan: ‘No. 259 Kent Street, Sydney. 12th of April, 1878. To his Grace Archbishop Vaughan. May it please your Grace:—I have for a considerable time past been very desirous of bringing a most painful subject under your notice, and which has caused me considerable pain. Various reasons have prevented my doing so until now, and it is only when I perceive the object of my complaint apparently unpunished for his conduct, which I heard has been the case, I determined upon appealing to you, feeling sure of obtaining redress. About the year 1876, I resided in Clarence street, in this city, and while suffering from severe illness was visited by Father Sheridan, of St. Mary’s, as also by Father Maher. From the former I received the last rites of the Church, as I was supposed to be on my dying-bed. Half an hour after Father Sheridan had left me, Father Maher called upon me, and insisted upon performing the service upon me, which I declined. There was a bottle containing brandy on the table, and by its side a tumbler containing a small quantity of castor

oil for my use. Father Maher wished for some of the spirits, and my husband, who was in the room, requested him to help himself. He did so, using the tumbler that contained the medicine, and finding the mistake, he had emptied some more of the spirits into a clean tumbler, and drank it. He then desired my husband to leave the room. He then came to my bedside professedly to administer the rites of the Church to me, and I remonstrated with him, when he laid violent hands upon me, and made most improper overtures to me. In my struggles to resist, my night dress was much torn. He assured me that no harm would be done to me if I did comply with his terrible device (Cries of Oh! Oh!) saying what he did was under the holy orders, and would not be held as a sin by the Church, or words to that effect. (Sensation.) I, at length, found strength to call my husband; and, on his appearing, Father Maher was forced to leave the room. I was fearful in telling my husband all that happened, as I felt sure he would use violence to Father Maher. Since the occurrence, I was apprised that he had been suspended for some other cause, and that it was useless my taking steps in the matter. But as, within the present month, I have seen him passing my door dressed in a priest's usual garb, and it being evident to me that he is still under some control, I have determined upon making the complaint he so richly deserves. I write to add that when my husband drove him off the premises, he (Father Maher) had become quite intoxicated with the spirits he had taken.—I am, with much respect, your Grace's humble servant, MARGARET ANN DILLON.' Mrs. Dillon then proceeded, at great length, to relate minutely the facts of the affair stated in the letter, and how the Vicar-General (Dean Sheridan) came to her place to hush up the matter. In a long dialogue with the reverend Dean, she asserted that he maintained that Archbishop Vaughan had shed tears over her letter, and that he (the Dean) had always known her to be a good woman. In reply to a question, the Dean told her that 'once a priest always a priest;' but she rejoined, 'once in infamy, always in infamy.' Subsequently, a priest called on her, and asked her why she did not go to church. She explained that, having three children to take care of, she could not go. Once, a priest saw the Protestant Bible with some other books on her table, and he said to her, 'I see you have got some heretical books here; you must take them and burn them.' She said she would not do so; and he said, 'If you do not give me those books, I will not give you absolution.' She said she did not care, and he left the place. The lady then read from Dens' Theology, Vol. VI., page 305, as to the doctrines of the confessional. She maintained that the priest likened themselves to God in the confessional-box, but outside of it they were only men. She would not give utterance to the filthy language that she had been subject to hear and reply to by the priest in the confessional-box. Not only herself, but her daughter could bear witness to the abominations of the confessional. She had been married twice, and shortly after her first husband's death she sent her daughter to confession. The priest told her daughter that her dead father, who had been a Protestant, was a heretic, and was in hell. She urged that Catholic women ought not to send their children to be insulted and degraded by the confessional. She hoped they would keep their children away from it, for the priests put questions to them suggesting wickedness of the grossest description, and filling their minds with carnal thoughts for the first time in their lives. (Cheers.) She would strongly advise all Roman Catholic men not to allow priests to remain alone with their wives. Napoleon adopted a scheme by which he would himself frame the

questions to be put to his son in the confessional. If Napoleon was so careful of his son, how much more so must those be in a humbler sphere of life. Mrs. Dillon, then, read extracts from Dens' Theology and other text-books, which she claimed to be the standard works of the Roman Catholic Church, to refute Mrs. Constable's allegations. Her experience, as well as that of many others, clearly proved that the cause of the majority of the large numbers of girls on the streets arose from the abominable questions they have to reply to in the confessional-box. (Cheers.) Not only were the majority of these girls Catholics, but our hospitals and charitable institutions are filled with those whose early life had been degraded in the confessional. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion, Mrs. Dillon touched on the sacrament question, asserting that the priests take good care to drink the wine—the blood of Christ,—and the people had the lozenge,—the body of Christ. (Laughter.) Mrs. Dillon resumed her seat amid tumultuous cheering. Frequently her remarks created great sensation and rounds of applause. The Rev. Pastor Allen read a letter sent that night to the lady lecturer, containing an extract from the S. M. Herald, published four years ago, about the punishment of an Abbe for unpriestly conduct to four young ladies in the confessional. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the lady lecturer, and a similar honor was accorded to Mr. Neill, for presiding. The benediction and the singing of the National Anthem closed the proceedings about half-past nine o'clock.

Has the world ever seen any act more disgustingly corrupt than that priest's? Who will not be struck with horror at the sight of that confessor, who struggles with his dying penitent, and tears her night-dress, when she is on her sick bed, to satisfy his vile propensities?

What an awful spectacle is here presented, by the hands of Providence, before the eyes of a Christian people! A dying woman obliged to fight and struggle against her confessor, to keep her purity and honor intact! Her night-ropes torn by the beastly priest of Rome!

Let the Americans who like to know more precisely what is going on between the father confessors and their female penitents in the United States, go to the beautiful town of Malone, in the State of New York. There, they will see, by the public records of the court, how Father McNully seduced his fair penitent, Miss McFarlane, who was boarding with him, and of whom he was the teacher. They will see that the enraged parents of the young lady prosecuted him and got a verdict of \$2,129 for damage, which he refused to pay. He was incarcerated—broke his gaol, went to Canada, where he was welcomed by the bishops and employed among the confessors of the Irish girls of the Dominion!

Do not the echoes of the whole world still repeat the horrors of the Cracow Nunnery in Austria? In spite of the superhuman efforts of the Roman Catholic press to suppress or deny the truth, has it not been proved by the evidence that the unfortunate Nun Barbary Ubryk was found absolutely naked in a most horrible, dark, damp, and filthy dungeon, where she had been kept by the nuns because she had refused to live their life of infamy with their Father Confessor Pankiewiez. And has not that miserable priest corroborated all that was brought to his charge, by putting an end himself, like Judas, to his own infamous life?

I have met, in Montreal, a nephew of the Nun Barbara Ubryk, who was in Cracow when his aunt was found in her horrible danger. He not only corroborated all what the press had said about the tortures of his near relation and their cause, but he publicly gave up the Church of Rome, whose confessional he knew personally, are schools of perdition.

I visited Chicago for the first time in 1851, at the pressing request of Bishop Vandeveld. It was to cover Illinois, as much as we could, with Roman Catholics from Canada, France, and Belgium, that we might put that splendid State, which was then a kind of wilderness, under the control of the Church of Rome. I then inquired from a priest about the particulars of the death of the late Bishop. That priest had no reasons whatever to deceive me and concede the truth, and it was with an evidently distressed mind that he gave the following details, which he assured me, were the exact, though very sad, truth:

"The Grand Vicar, M. . . , had fallen in love with his beautiful penitent, the accomplished Nun, . . . , Superioress of the Convent of Lorette. The consequence was that to conceal her fall, she went, under the pretext of recruiting her health, to a western city, where she soon died when giving birth to a dead-born child."

Though these mysteries of iniquity had been, as much as possible, kept secret, enough of them had come to the ears of the Bishop to induce him to tell the confessor that he was obliged to make inquiry about his conduct, and that, if found guilty, he would be interdicted. That priest boldly and indignantly denied his guilt; and said that he was glad of that inquiry. For he boasted that he was sure to prove his innocence. But after more mature deliberation, he changed his mind. In order to save his bishop the troubles of that inquiry, he administered to him a dose of poison which relieved him from the miseries of life, after five or six days of suffering, which the doctors took for a common disease!!!

Auricular confession! These are some of thy mysteries!

The people of Detroit, Michigan, have not yet forgotten that amiable priest who was the confessor, "a la mode," of the young and old Roman Catholic ladies. They all remember still, the dark night during which he left for Belgium, with one of his most beautiful penitents, and \$4,000 which he had taken from the purse of his Bishop Lefebvre, to pay his traveling expenses. And, who, in that same city of Detroit does not still sympathize with that young doctor whose beautiful wife eloped with her father confessor, in order, we must charitably suppose, to be more benefited when in the constant company of her spiritual and holy (?) physician.

Let my readers come with me to Bourbonnais Grove, and there, every one will show them the son whom the Priest Courjeault had from one of his fair penitents.

Week-kneed Protestants! who are constantly speaking of peace, peace, with Rome, and who keep yourselves humbly prostrated at their feet, in order to sell them your wares, or get their suffrages, do you not understand your

supreme degradation?

Do not answer to us that these are exceptional cases, for I am ready to prove that this unspeakable degradation and immorality are the normal state of the greater part of the priests of Rome. Father Hyacinthe has publicly declared, that ninety-nine out of one hundred of them, live in sin with the females they have destroyed. And not only the common priests are, for the greater part, sunk in that bottomless pit of secret or public infamy, but the bishops and popes, with the cardinals, are no better.

Who does not know the history of that interesting young girl of Armidale, Australia, who, lately, confessed to her distracted parents, that her seducer had been no less than a bishop! And when the enraged father prosecuted the bishop for damages, is it not a public fact that he got £350 from the Pope's bishop, with the condition that he would emigrate with his family, to San Francisco, where this great iniquity might be concealed! But, unfortunately for the criminal confessor, the girl gave birth to a little bishop, before she left, and I can give the name of the priest who baptized the child of his own holy (?) and venerable (?) bishop.

Will the people of Australia ever forget the history of Father Nihills, who was condemned to three years in the penitentiary, for an unmentionable crime with one of his penitents?

This brings to my mind the deplorable end of Father Cahill, who cut his own throat not long ago, in New England, to escape the prosecution of the beautiful girl whom he had seduced. Who has not heard of that grand Vicar of Boston, who, about three ago, poisoned himself to escape the sentence which was to be hurled against him the very next day, by the Supreme Court, for having seduced one of his fair penitents?

Has not all France been struck with horror and confusion at the declarations made by the noble Catherine Cadriere and her numerous young female friends, against their father confessor, the Jesuit, John B. Girard? The details of the villainies practiced by that holy (?) father confessor and his coadjutors, with their fair penitents, are such, that no Christian pen can retrace them, and no Christian reader would consent to have them put before his eyes.

If this chapter was not already long enough, I would say how Father Achazius, superior of a nunnery in Duren, France, used to sanctify the young and old ladies who confessed to him. The number of his victims was so great, and their ranks in society so exalted, that Napoleon thought it was his duty to take that scandalous affair before him.

The way this holy (?) father confessor used to lead the noble girls, married women, and nuns, of the territory of Aix-la-Chapelle, was revealed by a young nun who had escaped from the snares of the priest, and married a superior officer in the army of the Emperor of France. Her husband thought it his duty to direct the attention of Napoleon to the performances of that priest, through the confessional. But the investigations which were directed by the State Counsellor, Le Clerq, and the Professor Gall, were compromising so many

other priests, and so many ladies in the highest ranks of society, that the Emperor was absolutely disheartened, and feared that their exposure before the whole of France, would cause the people to renew the awful slaughters of 1792 and 1793, when thirty thousand priests, monks and nuns, had been mercilessly hung, or shot dead, as the most implacable enemies of public morality and liberty. In those days, that ambitious man was in need of the priests to forge the fetters by which the people of France would be securely tied to the wheels of his chariot.

He abruptly ordered the court of investigation to stop the inquiry, under the pretext of saving the honor of so many families, whose single and married females had been seduced by their confessors. He thought that prudence and shame were urging him not to lift up more of the dark and thick veil, behind which the confessors conceal their hellish practices with their fair penitents. He found it was enough to confine Father Achazius and his co-priests in a dungeon for their lives.

But if we turn our eyes from the humble confessor priests to the monsters whom the Church of Rome adores as the vicars of Jesus Christ—the supreme Pontiffs—the Popes, do we not find horrors and abominations, scandals and infamies, which surpass everything which is done by the common priests behind the impure curtains of the confessional-box?

Does not Cardinal Baronius himself, tell us that the world has never seen anything comparable to the impurities and unmentionable vices of a great number of popes?

Do not the annals of the Church of Rome give us the history of that celebrated prostitute of Rome, Marozia, who lived in public concubinage with the Pope Sergius III., whom she raised to the so-called chair of St. Peter? Had she not also, by that Pope a son, of whom. she also made a pope after the death of his holy (?) father, Pope Sergius?

Did not the same Marozia and her sister, Theodora, put on the pontifical throne another one of their lovers, under the name of Anastasius III., who was soon followed by John X.? And is it not a public fact, that that pope having lost the confidence of his concubine Marozia, was strangled by her order? Is it not also a fact of public notoriety, that his follower, Leo VI., was assassinated by her, for having given his heart to another woman, still more degraded?

The son whom Marozia had by Pope Sergius, was elected pope, by the influence of his mother, under the name of John XI., when not sixteen years old! But having quarrelled with some of the enemies of his mother, he was beaten and sent to gaol, where he was poisoned and died.

In the year 936, the grandson of the prostitute Marozia, after several bloody encounters with his opponents, succeeded in taking possession of the pontifical throne under the name of John XII. But his vices and scandals became so intolerable, that the learned and celebrated Roman Catholic Bishop of Cremorne, Luitprand, says of him:—"No honest lady dared to show herself in public, for the Pope John had no respect either for single girls, married

women, or widows— they were sure to be defiled by him, even on the tombs of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul. That same John XII. was instantly killed by a gentleman, who found him committing the act of adultery with his wife.

It is a well-known fact that Pope Boniface VIII. had caused John XXIV. to be imprisoned and poisoned, and when he soon after died, the people of Rome dragged his naked body through the streets, and left it, when horribly mutilated, to be eaten by dogs, if a few priests had not secretly buried him.

Let the readers study the history of the celebrated Council of Constance, called to put an end to the great schism, during which three popes, and sometimes four, were every morning cursing each other and calling their opponents Antichrists, demons, adulterers, sodomists, murderers, enemies of God and man.

As every one of them was an infallible pope, according to the last Council of the Vatican, we are bound to believe that they were correct in the compliments they paid to each other.

One of these holy (?) popes, John XXIII., having appeared before the Council to give an account of his conduct, he was proved by thirty-seven witnesses, the greater part of whom were bishops and priests, of having been guilty of fornication, adultery, incest, sodomy, simony, theft, and murder. It was proved also by a legion of witnesses, that he had seduced and violated 300 nuns. His own secretary, Niem, said that he had at Boulogne, kept a harem, where not less than 200 girls had been the victims of his lubricity.

And what could we not say of Alexander VI.? That monster who lived in public incest with his two sisters and his own daughter Lucretia, from whom he got a child.

But I stop—I blush to be forced to repeat such things. I would never have mentioned them were it not necessary not only to put an end to the insolence and the pretensions of the priests of Rome, but also to make the Protestants remember why their heroic fathers have made such great sacrifices and fought so many battles, shed their purest blood and even died, in order to break the fetters by which they were bound to the feet of the priests and the popes of Rome.

Let not my readers be deceived by the idea that the popes of Rome in our days, are much better than those of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries. They are absolutely the same—the only difference is that, to-day, they take a little more care to conceal their secret orgies. For they know well, that the modern nations, enlightened as they are, by the light of the Bible, would not tolerate the infamies of their predecessors; they would hurl them very soon into the Tiber, if they dared to repeat in the open day, the scenes of which the Alexanders, Stephens, Johns, &c. &c., were the heroes.

Go to Italy, and there the Roman Catholics themselves will show you the two beautiful daughters whom the last pope, Pius IX., had from two of his mistresses. They will tell you, too, the names of five other mistresses—three of them nuns—he had when a priest and a bishop; some of them are still

living.

Inquire from those who have personally known Pope Gregory XVI., the predecessor of Pius IX., and after they will have given you the history of his mistresses, one of whom was the wife of his barber, they will tell you that he was one of the greatest drunkards in Italy!

Who has not heard of the bastard, whom Cardinal Antonelli had from Countess Lambertini? Has not the suit of that illegitimate child of the great cardinal secretary filled Italy and the whole world with shame and disgust?

However, nobody can be surprised that the priests, the bishops, and the popes of Rome are sunk into such a bottomless abyss of infamy, when we remember that they are nothing else than the successors of the priests of Bacchus and Jupiter. For not only have they inherited their powers, but they have even kept their very robes and mantles on their shoulders, and their caps on their heads. Like the priests of Bacchus, the priests of the Pope are bound never to marry, by the impious and godless laws of celibacy. For every one knows that the priests of Bacchus were, as the priests of Rome, celibates. But, like the priests of the Pope, the priests of Bacchus, to console themselves for the restraints of celibacy, had invented auricular confession. Through the secret confidences of the confessional, the priests of the old idols, as well as those of the newly-invented wafer gods, knew who were strong and weak among their fair penitents, and under the veil "of the sacred mysteries," during the night celebration of their diabolical mysteries, they knew to whom they should address themselves, and make their vows of celibacy an easy yoke.

Let those who want more information on that subject read the poems of Juvenal, Propertius, and Tibellus. Let them peruse all the historians of old Rome, and they will see the perfect resemblance which exists between the priests of the Pope and those of Bacchus, in reference to the vows of celibacy, the secrets of auricular confession, celebration of the so-called "sacred mysteries," and the unmentionable moral corruption of the two systems of religion. In fact, when one reads the poems of Juvenal, he thinks he has before him the books of Dens, Liguori, Lebrejne, Kenrick.

Let us hope and pray that the day may soon come when God will look in His mercy upon this perishing world; and then, the priests of the wafer-gods, with their mock celibacy, their soul-destroying, auricular confession and their idols will be swept away.

In that day Babylon—the great Babylon will fall, and heaven and earth shall rejoice.

For the nations will no more go and quench their thirst at the impure cisterns dug for them by the man of sin. But they will go and wash their robes in the blood of the Lamb; and the Lamb will make them pure by His blood, and free by His word. Amen.

CHAPTER XII. A Chapter for the Consideration of Legislators,

Husbands, and Fathers.— Some of the Matters on which the Priest of Rome must Question His Penitents

DENS wants the confessors to interrogate on the following matters:

1 "Peccant uxores, quae susceptum viri semen ejiciunt, vel ejicere conantur." (Dens, tom. vii.,

p. 147.) 2. "Peccant conjuges mortaliter, Si, copula ancesta, cohibeant seminationem." 3. "Si vir jam seminaverit, dubium. fit an femina lethaliter peccat, Si se retrahat a seminando ; aut peccat lethaliter vir non expectando seminationem. uxoris." (P. 153.) 4. "Peccant conjuges inter se circa actum conjugalein. Debet servari modus, sive situs ; imo ut non servetur debitum vas, sed copula habeatur in vase praepostero, aliquoque non naturali. Si fiat accedendo a postero, a latere, stando, sedendo, vel Si vir sit succumbus." (P. 166.) 5. "Impotentia est incapacitas perficiendi, copulum carnalem perfectam cum. seminatione viri in vase debito seu, de se, aptam generationi. Vel, ut Si mulier sit nimis arcta respectu unius viri, non respectu alterius." (Vol. vii., p. 273.) 6. " Notatur quod pollutio in mulieribus possit perfici, ita ut semen earum non effluat extra membrum. genitale. "Indicium. istius allegat Billuart, Si scilicet mulier sensiat serninis resolutionem. cum magno voluptatis sensu, qua completa, passio satiatur." (Vol. iv., p. 168.)

7. "Uxor se accusans, in confessione, quod negaverit debitum, interrogetur an ex pleno rigore juris sui id petiverit." (Vol. vii., p. 168.) 8. "Confessor poenitentem, qui confitetur se pecasse cum Sacerdote, vel sollicitatam. ab eo ad turpia, potest interrogare utrum ille sacerdos sit ejus confessarius, an in confessione sollitaverit." (Vol. vi., p. 294.) There are a great many other unmentionable things on which Dens, in his fourth, fifth and seventh volumes, requires the confessor to ask his penitent, which I omit.

Now let us come to Liguori. That so-called Saint, Liguori, is not less diabolically impure than Dens, in his questions to the women. But I will cite only two of the things on which the spiritual physician of the Pope must not fail to examine his spiritual patient:—

1. "Quaerat an sit semper mortale, Si vir immitat pudenda in os uxoris? "Verius affirmo quia, in hoc actu ob calorem Cris, adest proximum periculum pollutionis, et videtur nova species luxuria contra naturam, dicta irruminatio. "

2. "Eodem modo, Sanchez damnat virum de mortali, qui, in actu copulae, immiteret dignitum in vas praeposterum nxoris; quia, ut ait, in hoc actu adest affectus ad Sodomiam. " (Liguori, tom. vi.) p. 935.) The celebrated Burchard, Bishop of Worms, has made a book of the questions which had to be put by the confessors to their penitents of both sexes. During several centuries it was the standard book of the priests of Rome. Though that work to-day is very scarce, Dens, Liguori, Debreyne, &-c., &c., have ransacked its polluting pages, and given them to study to the modern confessors, in order to question their penitents. I will select only a few questions of the Roman Catholic Bishop to the young men.

1. "Fecisti solus tecum fornicationem ut quidam facere solent; ita dico ut ipse tuum membrum virile in manum tuam acciperes, et sic duceres praeputium tuum, et manu propria commoveres, ut sic, per illam delectationem semen projiceres?" 2. "Fornicationem fecisti cum masculo intra coxas; ita dicto ut tuum virile membrum intra coxas alterius mitteres, et sic agitando semen funderes?" 3. "Fecisti fornicationem, ut quidem facere solent, ut tuum virile membrum in lignum perforatum, aut in aliquod hujus modi mitteres, et, sic, per illam commotionem et delectationem semen projiceres?" 4. "Fecisti fornicationem contra naturam, id est, cum masculis vel animalibus coire, id est cum equo, cum vacca, vel asina, vel aliquo animali? (Vol. i., p. 136.) Among the questions we find in the compendium of the Right Rev. Burchard, Bishop of Worms, which must be put to women, are the following (p. 115):—

1. "Fecisti quod quaedam mulieres solent, quoddam molimem, aut machinamentum in modum virilis membri ad mensbram Woe voluptatis, et illud lodo verendorum tuorum aut alterius cum aliquibus ligaturis, ut fornicationem facereres cum aliis mulieribus, vel alia eodem instrumento, sive alio tecum?"

2. "Fecisti quod quaedam mulieres facere solent ut jam supra dicto molimine, vel alio aliquo machinamento, tu ipsa in te solam faceres fornicationem?" 3. "Fecisti quod quaedam mulieres facere solent, quando libidinem se vexantem extinguere volunt, quae se conjungunt quasi coire debeant ut possint, et conjungunt invicem puerperia sua, et sic, fricando pruritus illarum extinguere, desiderant?" 4. "Fecisti quod quaedam mulieres facere solent, ut succumberes aliquo jumento et illud jumentum ad coitum quolicumque, posses ingenio, ut sic coiret tecum?" The celebrated Debreyne has written a whole book, composed of the most incredible details of impurities, to instruct the young confessors in the art of questioning their penitents. The name of the book is "Moechialogy," or "Treaty on all the sins against the sixth (seventh) and the ninth commandments, as well as on all the questions of the married life which refer to them."

That work is much approved and studied in the Church of Rome. I do not know that the world has ever seen anything comparable to the filthy and infamous details of that book. I will cite only two of the questions which Debreyne wants the confessor to put to his penitent:—

Of the young men (page 95) the confessor will ask:—

"Ad cognoscendum an usque ad pollutionem se tetigerent, quando tempore et quo fine se tetigerint an tunc quosdam motus in corpore experti fuerint, et per quantum temporis spatium; an cessantibus tactibus, nihil insolitum et turpe accideret; an non longe majorem in corpore voluptatem perceperint in fine tactuum quam in eorum principio; an tunc in fine quando magnam delectationem carnalem senserunt, omnes motus corporis cessaverint; an non madefacti fuerint?" &c., &c.

Of the girl the confessor will ask:—

"Quae sese tetegisse fatentur, an non aliquem pruritus extinguere entaverint, et utrum pruritus ille cessaverit cum magnum senserint voluptatem; an tunc, ipsimet tactus cessaverint?" &c., &c.

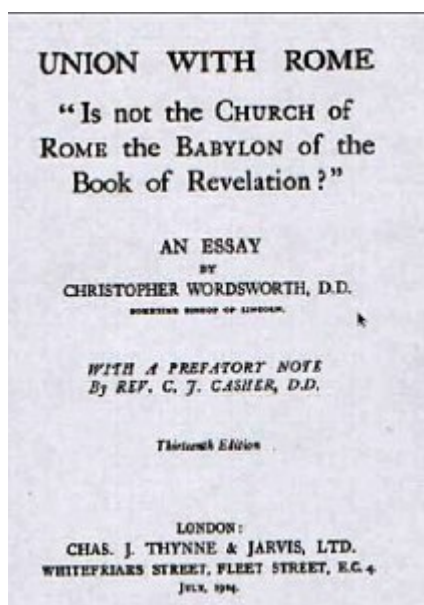
The Right Rev. Kenrick, late Bishop of Boston, United States, in his book for the teaching of confessors on what matters they must question their penitents, has the following, which I select among thousands as impure and damnable to the soul and body:

“Uxor quae, in usu matrimonii, se vertit, ut lion recipiat Semen, vel statim post illud acceptum surgit ‘it expellatur, lethalitur peccat; sed opus non est ut din. resupina jaceat, quum matrix, brevi, semen attrahat, et mox, arctissime claudatur. (Vol. iii., p. 317.)

“Pollae patienti licet se vertere, et conari ut nou recipiat semen, quod injuria ei iminittitur; sed, exceptum, non licet expellere, quia jam possessionein pacificam habet et baud absque injuria natura, ejiceretur.” (Tom. iii., p. 317.)

” Conjuges senes plerumque coeunt absque culpa, licet contingat semen extra vas effundi; id enim per accidens fit ex infirmitate naturae. Quod Si veres adeo sint fractae ‘Lit nullo sit seminandi intra vas spes, jam nequeunt jure conjugii uti.” (Tom. iii., p. 317.)

[Union with Rome – Christopher Wordsworth](#)



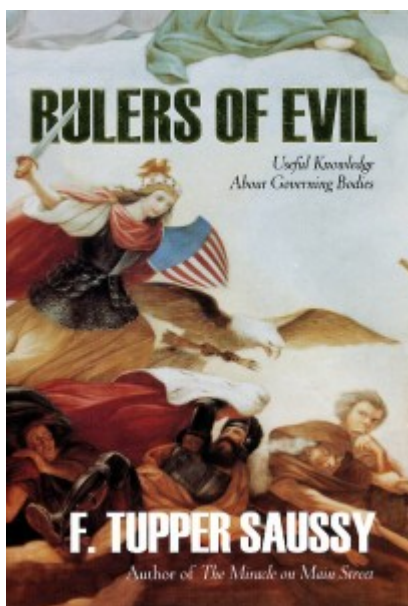
Is not the Church of Rome the Babylon of the Book of Revelation? 19th-century Bible scholar Christopher Wordsworth offers infallible proof from Holy Scripture and secular history.

Enemies of America Unmasked – By J. Wayne Laurens



Exposing the true enemies of the United States of America: Forces based in Europe, the Jesuit Order and the Vatican.

The Power Behind American Politics



Rulers of Evil – Useful Knowledge About Governing Bodies by F. Tupper Saussy is one of the most enlightening books about the political world that I have ever read. I guarantee that if you read it, you will see the world in a totally different light. To borrow a metaphor from the film “Matrix”, you

will choose to take the “red pill” by reading this book, even reading just the first chapter which I am posting here! You can order the book from [Amazon](#). No, I won't get any money if you buy it.

“You take the blue pill, the story ends. You wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.”



For at least 30 years I used to hold the view that the “Jews” or at least the Zionists and International Bankers, are covertly undermining the governments of nations to weaken them in order to create a super-state, a one world government that some refer to as “The New World Order.” It might surprise you to know that most Protestant Christians of the 19th century and earlier had a totally different idea. American Protestants used to consider America's number one enemy as Rome and the **Roman Catholic Church** in general, NOT Jews or Zionists! Were they wrong? The facts in chapter one of *Rulers of Evil* prove, as least to me, they were absolutely correct!

Rulers of Evil was first published in 1999 when the Pope was John Paul II. In this article I added some photos not found in the book, and all of the **emphasis in bold** is my own.

Chapter 1 SUBLIMINAL ROME

“The Roman Catholic Church is a State.”
– BISHOP MANDELL CREIGHTON, LETTERS

WHEN A PULITZER PRIZE-winning reporter announced in his 1992 Time Magazine cover story that a “conspiracy” binding President Ronald Reagan and Pope John Paul II into a “secret, holy alliance” had brought about the demise of communism, at least one reader saw through the hype.

Professor Carol A. Brown of the University of Massachusetts fired off a letter to Time's editors saying,

Last week I taught my students about the separation of church and state. This week I learned that the Pope is running U.S. foreign policy. No wonder our young people are cynical about American ideals.

What Brown had learned from Carl Bernstein I had discovered for myself over several years of private investigation: the **papacy really does run United States foreign policy**, and always has. Yes, Bernstein noted that the leading American players behind the Reagan/Vatican conspiracy, to a man, were “devout Roman Catholics” – namely,

William Casey: Director, CIA
Richard Allen: National Security Advisor
Judge William Clark: National Security Advisor
Alexander Haig: Secretary of State
Vernon Walters: Ambassador-at-Large

William Wilson: Ambassador to the Vatican State

But the reporter neglected to mention that the entire Senate Foreign Relations committee was governed by Roman Catholics, as well. Specifically, Senators

Joseph Biden: Subcommittee on European Affairs

Paul Sarbanes: International Economic Policy, Trade, Oceans, and Environment

Daniel P. Moynihan: Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs

John Kerry: Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Communications

and... Christopher Dodd Western Hemisphere and Peace Corps Affairs

Bernstein would have been wandering off-point to list the Roman Catholic leaders of American domestic policy, such as Senate majority leader George Mitchell and Speaker of the House Tom Foley.

In fact, when the holy alliance story hit the stands, there was virtually no arena of federal legislative activity, according to The 1992 World Almanac of US Politics, that was not directly controlled by a Roman Catholic senator or representative. The committees and subcommittees of the United States Senate and House of Representatives governing commerce, communications and telecommunications, energy, medicine, health, education and welfare, human services, consumer protection, finance and financial institutions, transportation, labor and unemployment, hazardous materials, taxation, bank regulation, currency and monetary policy, oversight of the Federal Reserve System, commodity prices, rents services, small business administration, urban affairs, European affairs, Near Eastern & South Asian affairs, terrorism/narcotics/ international communications, international economic/trade/ oceans/environmental policy, insurance, housing, community development, federal loan guarantees, economic stabilization measures (including wage and price controls), gold and precious metals transactions, agriculture, animal and forestry industries, rural issues, nutrition, price supports, Food for Peace, agricultural exports, soil conservation, irrigation, stream channelization, flood control, minority enterprise, environment and pollution, appropriations, defense, foreign operations, vaccines, drug labeling and packaging, drug and alcohol abuse, inspection and certification of fish and processed food, use of vitamins and saccharin, national health insurance proposals, human services, legal services, family relations, the arts and humanities, the handicapped, and aging – in other words, virtually every aspect of secular life in America – came under the chairmanship of one of these Roman Catholic laypersons:

Frank Annunzio

Joseph Biden

Silvio Conte

Kika De la Garza

John Dingell

Christopher Dodd

Vic Fazio

James Florio

Henry Gonzalez

Thomas Harkin

Edward Kennedy
John Kerry
John LaFalce
Patrick Leahy
Charles Luken
Edward Madigan
Edward Markey
Joseph McDade
Barbara Mikulski
George Miller
Daniel Moynihan
John Murtha
Mary Rose O'Carroll
David Obey
Claiborne Pell
Charles Rangel
Dan Rostenkowski
or Edward Roybal

Vatican Council II (Information Policy??) *Constitution on the Church* (1964) instructs politicians to use their secular offices to advance the cause of Roman Catholicism. Catholic laypersons, "whoever they are, are called upon to expend all their energy for the growth of the Church and its continuous sanctification," and "to make the Church present and operative in those places and circumstances where only through them can it become the salt of the earth" (IV, 33) . Vatican II further instructs all Catholics "by their competence in secular disciplines and by their activity [to] vigorously contribute their effort so that ... the goods of this world may be more equitably distributed among all men, and may in their own way be conducive to universal progress in human and Christian freedom ... and [to] remedy the customs and conditions of the world, if they are an inducement to sin, so that they all may be conformed to the norms of justice and may favor the practice of virtue rather than hinder it" (IV, 36) .

Vatican II affirms Catholic doctrine dating back to 1302, when Pope Boniface VIII asserted that

"it is absolutely necessary for the salvation of every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff."

This was the inspiration for the papacy to create the United States of America that materialized in 1776, by a process just as secret as the Reagan-Vatican production of Eastern Europe in 1989. What? American government Roman Catholic from the beginning?

Consider: the land known today as the District of Columbia bore the name "Rome" in 1663 property records; and the branch of the Potomac River that bordered "Rome" on the south was called "Tiber." This information was reported in the 1902 edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia's article on Daniel Carroll. The article, specifically declaring itself "of interest to Catholics" in the 1902 edition, was deleted from the New Catholic Encyclopedia (1967) . Other facts were reported in 1902 and deleted from 1967

. For example, when Congress met in Washington for the first time, in November, 1800, "the only two really comfortable and imposing houses within the bounds of the city" belonged to Roman Catholics. One was Washington's first mayor, Robert Brent. The other was Brent's brother-in-law, Notley Young, a **Jesuit** priest.

Daniel Carroll was a Roman Catholic congressman from Maryland who signed two of America's fundamental documents, the Articles of Confederation and the United States Constitution. Carroll was a direct descendant of the Calverts, a Catholic family to whom King Charles I of England had granted Maryland as a feudal barony. Carroll had received his education at St. Omer's Jesuit College in Flanders, where young English-speaking Catholics were trained in a variety of guerrilla techniques for advancing the cause of Roman Catholicism among hostile Protestants.

In 1790, President George Washington, a Protestant, appointed Congressman Carroll to head a commission of three men to select land for the "federal city" called for in the Constitution. Of all places, the commission chose "Rome," which at the time consisted of four farms, one of which belonged to ... Daniel Carroll. It was upon Carroll's farm that the new government chose to erect its most important building, the Capitol.

The American Capitol abounds with clues of its Roman origins. "Freedom," the Roman goddess whose statue crowns the dome, was created in Rome at the studio of American sculptor Thomas Crawford. We find a whole pantheon of Roman deities in the great fresco covering the dome's interior rotunda: Persephone, Ceres, Freedom, Vulcan, Mercury, even a deified George Washington. These figures were the creation of Vatican artist Constantino Brumidi.



Statue of Freedom on the Capitol Dome

The fact that the national Statehouse evolved as a "capitol" bespeaks Roman influence. No building can rightly be called a capitol unless it's a temple of Jupiter, the great father-god of Rome who ruled heaven with his thunderbolts and nourished the earth with his fertilizing rains. If it was a capitolium, it belonged to Jupiter and his priests.



Fresco covering the Capitol dome's interior rotunda.



Jupiter's mascot was the eagle, which the founding fathers made their mascot as well. A Roman eagle tops the governing idol of the House of Representatives, a forty-six-inch sterling silver and- ebony wand called a "mace." The mace is "the symbol of authority in the House." When the Sergeant-at-arms displays it before an unruly member of Congress, the mace

restores order. Its position at the rostrum tells whether the House is in "committee" or in "session."

America's national motto "*Annuit Coeptis*" came from a prayer to Jupiter. It appears in Book IX of Virgil's epic propaganda, the *Aeneid*, a poem commissioned just before the birth of Christ by Caius Maecenas, the multi-billionaire power behind Augustus Caesar. The poem's objective was to fashion Rome into an imperial monarchy for which its citizens would gladly sacrifice their lives.

Fascism may be an ugly word to many, but its stately emblem is apparently offensive to no one. The emblem of fascism, a pair of them, commands the wall above and behind the speaker's rostrum in the Chamber of the House of Representatives. They're called fasces, and I can think of no reason for them to be there other than **to declare the fascistic nature of American republican democracy.**

✖✖ A fasces is a Roman device. Actually, it originated with the ancient Etruscans, from whom the earliest Romans derived their religious jurisprudence nearly three thousand years ago. It's an axe-head whose handle is a bundle of rods tightly strapped together by a red sinew. It symbolizes the ordering of priestly functions into a single infallible sovereign, an autocrat who could require life and limb of his subjects. If the fasces is entwined with laurel, like the pair on the House wall, it signifies Caesarean military power. The Romans called this infallible sovereign Pontifex Maximus, "Supreme Bridgebuilder." No Roman was called Pontifex Maximus until the title was given to Julius Caesar in 48 BC. Today's Pontifex Maximus is Pope John Paul II.



As we shall discover in a forthcoming chapter, John Paul does not hold that title alone. He shares it with a mysterious partner, a military man, a man holding an office that has been known for more than four centuries as "Papa Nero," the Black Pope. I shall present evidence that the House fasces represent **the Black Pope, who indeed rules the world.**

For more information about Rulers of Evil by F. Tupper Saussy, please see the [book report about it on this site.](#)

Are you convinced now it's not Jews or Zionists running the world? Some say the Vatican and Jesuits have been taken over by "crypto Jews". If you think so ask yourself, who did Hitler kill in World War II? Jews, Gypsies, Serbs, mainly all NON-Roman Catholics! Roman Catholic Croatia murdered 1.7 million Serbs during World War II. You can read about it on this website, [Ravening Wolves](#).

Ex-Jesuit Alberto Rivera exposes Jesuit infiltration into Protestant Denominations



Alberto Rivera was a former Roman Catholic Jesuit priest who converted to the true Gospel of Jesus Christ and exposed many Jesuit and Vatican secrets. For this reason he was murdered on June 20, 1997 by the Jesuits.

Is Seventh Day Adventism Part of an Unholy Triad?



Seventh-Day Adventism, Mormonism, and modern-day Spiritualism were founded in the 19th century all within a few miles of each other in New York State!

[The Gospel According to Ellen G. White](#)



Ellen G. White not only gave a number of false prophecies, but she also preached a false Gospel that will NOT SAVE YOU!

[The Secret Behind Secret Societies – Transcription of Walter Veith’s Talk](#)



Walter Veith’s highly insightful talk on how secret societies run the world.

[The Masonic Christ and the British](#)

Royal Family



Was the late Queen Elizabeth II a true Christian? Or was she promoting a Masonic christ and only pretending to be a Christian?

Thirty Years In Hell, Or, From Darkness to Light by Bernard Fresenborg



Bernard Fresenborg

Who for thirty long years tread the slippery and deceitful path of abhorrent Catholicism, but who today stands at the Vatican's door, with the torch of Protestant wisdom, and denounces Popery with a tongue livid with the power of a living God.

Like a Meteor From God's Throne,

This great book has stirred America from center to circumference.

About 400 Large Pages,

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Author's Announcement.

A structure of enlightenment is to be built in this land, which to finish, every man of intellectual power must contribute.

The structure which I refer to, is the structure of "SPIRITUAL LIBERTY," as the spiritual part of man must have room to expand and grow the same as any other God-given privilege that man is blessed with.

Unless we grow in faith we become dwarfs in the worship of God.

Those who go forth into the world and profess to be the teachers of men should be giants of intellect and fully prepared to contribute to this monument of "SPIRITUAL LIBERTY."

These giants are the "KNIGHTS OF THE SPIRIT," who stand upon the summit of righteousness and proclaim an intelligent God to a sinful world.

Many say they do not feel that they possess the ability to contribute to this structure of "SPIRITUAL LIBERTY," but I say, none who possess the power to reason are exempt, for if they cannot place in the arch of this structure the golden "key-stone" that shall securely bind this structure together, they can carry mortar or stones, which is as imperative in this structure, as the polished "Cap stone" which shall complete this great pyramid of emancipation.

I do not crave to have my name engraven in bold letters upon the "Cap stone" of this structure, but I do desire to contribute my mite towards the completion of this grand structure of free thought, which, when completed, will stand out upon the horizon of time as a towering monument to Christ and his cause.

Roman Catholicism, as taught by our modern priests and inspired by the papal power at Rome is naught but the distant rumblings of an antiquated chariot of darkness, as the teachings of this MONARCHICAL creed has naught in view but the enslavement of reason for the financial gain and benefit of the "Robed" few who claim the right to think for the masses.

For thirty long years I was bound to this bewitching spirit of darkness by the chords of superstition and never dared to look above my blind superiors for wisdom, until a "something" which I will call "fate" broke the windows of my mental dungeon and permitted the light of "SPIRITUAL LIBERTY" to filter

through my being which awoke "reason and common sense" from her long sleep of lethargy.

Now, what I once thought "Holy" I detest as abominable; What I once worshipped, I now hate.

It is not the glitter of gold nor the applaudits of the protestant world that I crave, but it is the Master's approval that I desire. Therefore I deem it my duty to both God and mankind to proclaim to the world what I know of the awfulness of Roman Catholicism, and I know enough to make my poor soul often wonder if I shall ever be permitted to sing with the blest around that GREAT WHITE THRONE in the New Jerusalem.

As you peruse these pages, I pray that you may whisper a prayer to God in my behalf, as I am now fifty-six years old and only a child in wisdom.

With pity for the blind hosts of Catholicism and a prayer upon my lips for their deliverance from the trenches of paganism, I dedicate this book to the world as coming from a heart which poured out its youth's vitality upon the barren fields of superstition, and wasted its vigor in serving only the god of myths. With a feeling of brotherly love for the entire world, I am,

Yours in His name,

BERNARD FRESENBORG.



"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED"

"The dawn of Protestantism upon
Ex-Priest Fresenborg after thirty
years in the Roman Catholic
Church."

My parents were Catholics, and for this reason I suppose, is why I became a Catholic Priest.

I was born in Germany, in 1847, thus you see I am now almost what the world would call an old man—56 years old.

A few years ago, I was of the opinion that my life had been well spent, but to-day I firmly believe that the major part of my life has been spent in erroneous doctrines and nonsensical teachings, as the broad light of wisdom and independent thought has penetrated the dark resources of my bewildered conception of right, and has caused me to look upon things in general in an intelligent manner. Therefore, I feel that my youth and the vigorous years of my manhood have been spent in what one might term idolatry.

From this time forward I am going to endeavor to undo, as near as possible, what I have helped to accomplish in the past.

In the first place, I desire to give the reader an idea of who I am, as the reader is entitled to this knowledge, and in the second place I want the reader to understand what I am, and in the third place to understand why I am what I am, as there must be a reason for all things.

My ancestors came from Sweden, but becoming tired of religions warfare under Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, they settled in a Catholic colony in Germany, in the southern part of the Dukedom of Oldenburg, near the River Haase.

The reader, if he be a Protestant, is familiar with Protestant affiliations, and I am led to believe belongs to one of the many Protestant denominations, known under the head of Methodist, Baptist, Christian, United Brethren, Presbyterian, Free Baptist, or some one of the many other Protestant Churches. Therefore you can easily see why it was that I became a Catholic, as I was taught it from my infancy.

My father, like his ancestors, lived in Essen, Oldenburg. Essen is a town of considerable trade in grain, in fine Oldenburg horses and Holstein cows, in fact, it is a town noted for its fine stock.

The beautiful town of Essen has a considerable population. Two fine rivers, which unite their rapid waters in its very midst, make it an ideal spot to live.

My relatives were among the first and best families of the Dukedom. These families were by name Dickmann, Meyer, Junker and Mohlenkamp, who are at the head of the intellectual and material movements of that place. They are all related by marriage and intermarriage to the Fresenborgs. My parents had ten children. This, however, may not interest the reader, so I will confine myself to my own biography.

The school to which I was sent was one of the leading schools and had a world-wide reputation, especially of sending many scholars and students to the gymnasium and afterwards to universities for different branches of sciences.

It seems as though all of those who attended this school became successful in their individual careers, as lawyers, doctors or some other of the chosen avocations of life.

I was raised, I might say, under the walls of the free City of Bremen, and was inspired with the idea of freedom, and this, perhaps, may be the reason why, when I have come to be an old man, that I have shaken off this eternal bondage of Catholicism and launched my boat so late in life upon the broad waters of Protestant freedom.

As the son of a wealthy family, I was sent to the Gymnasium of Vechta for higher studies, where I received the best education which Germany could give to her sons, and from there I was dismissed with the diploma of "Maturity" in 1870, which was a passport to any man holding such a diploma in any scholarly community, for a diploma from this institution meant all that it implied.

After I had gone through a perfect study of Gymnasium, and after having obtained my diploma, I could then decide for any career that I might choose.

About this time came the disturbance of all of Germany caused by "The German-French War." Like every patriot, I volunteered as a soldier, but the officers in the German army were practical men and they had little use for unseasoned "student soldiers" in the field of action, and I was left in garrisons where universities were situated, where I had military practice for a few hours each day, and then could follow my studies at the same time.

Peace followed quickly after the Waterloo of Napoleon III at Sedan, and this peace was restored quickly in the "fatherland," as not one victorious Frenchman had crossed the "Rhine."

I followed my favorite study, forestry and agriculture, for some time, but as my parents and my forefathers, both on my father's and mother's side, had been devout Catholics, I had an earnest longing to become a Catholic Priest, as I desired to go forth in the world and proclaim the cause of Christ, believing that Catholicism was the only church which had a right to establish her doctrines, and, of course, cast my lot with this church, and to-day finds me an old man with every vestige of childhood's faith shaken from center to circumference, as I have lived in America so long and seen so much of the intelligence of Protestantism, and so much of the deception of Catholicism, I could not remain in the Catholic Church and be true to my conception of what was right and wrong, therefore I laid aside, with a degree of regret, the relics of Catholic barbarism.

I discarded the Scapular and everything that has no more intelligent meaning to it than the cungering devices of the heathen has towards the uplifting of humanity and the civilization of the world.

Many, many years ago my faith was shaken by what I had seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears, but I nursed my religious belief from my mother's bosom; my religion was born and bred in my bones; every drop of blood in my person was electrified in childhood by the cungerings of Catholic legerdemain, and I was taught at my mother's knee to believe that there was no other church that had a ghost of a chance of eternal salvation but the Catholic Church, and I was taught that all Protestants were heretics and abominable in the sight of God and sure of eternal damnation, unless they turned from their sins and joined the Catholic Church.

Ofttimes I would have my faith shaken by the actions of some lustful priest, but I clung tenaciously to the religion of my mother and refused to look beyond the horizon of Catholic superstition.

About the time that I had fully made up my mind to become a priest, I had my faith shaken in the priesthood to a great extent by a scandalous happening near the College of Vechta, which concerned and strictly involved one of the great dignitaries of Catholicism in my college town, but I fought this feeling of dislike down and forced myself to believe that what a priest or bishop did was all right in the sight of God, but at the same time I had a feeling of distrust, as I could not reconcile myself to believe that God

would look with compassion upon the acts of a dignitary more readily than he would upon the transgressions of his blind and duped followers, but nevertheless I went ahead and prepared myself for the priesthood, which I followed for thirty years.

Right directly opposite the college which I was attending resided the Very Rev. Harold. This reverend gentleman was a high dignitary in the Catholic Church.

We young priests had often heard it whispered about that Priest Harold had in his house at different times a number of concubines, which are nothing more nor less than lude women. We often saw ladies around the mansion, dressed in the very height of fashion, and their actions led us to believe that they were there at the solicitation of Rev. Harold, as they were seen there at all times of the day and night, and this certainly made a very strange impression upon us young students, as there were so many different faces; one day we would see two or three young girls, and the next day the same number would be about the mansion, but different faces. All of we young students endeavored not to believe the rumor, as we were Catholics in every sense of the word, and we did not want to believe that anything so degrading would be tolerated in the very mansion of one of the officials who were teaching us.

The acts of this dignitary became so flagrant that even the students who were trying not to believe the scandal were forced to believe there was something wrong about the mansion of this Catholic dignitary.

About this time there was a young priest by the name of Wulf, from Rome, who was sent to Vechta and made secretary of this dignitary's mansion, who, during the day, worked in the office of the mansion, where court was held in cases of the Catholic Church and schools.

He was soon familiar in and about the mansion and the surrounding grounds and was given many privileges, and the dignitary seemed to like him because he did not meddle with his vile conduct, and the ladies who frequented this place also seemed to admire him. There was a large lawn surrounding the mansion and at night-time a number of vicious dogs were unchained to guard it.

The priest that was sent from Rome was soon on familiar terms with the dogs and they would mind him and became as obedient as children, and he was soon on such good terms with these dogs that he could approach the house at any time, day or night, and one word from him would cause them to sneak off to their kennels and not molest any who desired to approach the mansion.

The young priests of this college were determined to learn, if possible, if this Catholic dignitary was guilty of the immoral conduct that he was accused of, so they went to Wulf and explained to him that they desired to make a personal investigation, and got this young priest to promise that he would let them into the grounds one night and also see that the dogs did not molest them.

We selected a dark night and a few of us young priests slipped into the lawn

surrounding the mansion and placed a ladder up to the second story window, as there was a bright light inside, and we determined to learn, if possible, what was going on in this room.

Dr. Wulf, the secretary, was the first to ascend, and there in this room was the dignitary of the Catholic Church in a half drunken condition, with two licentious and lude women, playing cards and drinking wine, and the trio were in a half nude condition, and frequently this dignitary of the Catholic Church would kiss these harlots.

After Dr. Wulf came down the ladder and told what he had seen, of course the rest of us wished to become eye witnesses to the perfidy of this vagabond of the Catholic Church.

We would take time about going up the ladder to look at this sight, and sometimes one would remain so long at the top of the ladder the others would become restless and urge him to come down and give the rest of us a chance.

It seemed as though this Catholic dignitary and the women up stairs within had implicit confidence in the dogs, and had no fear of detection in their drunken orgy of immorality. This dignitary seemed very drunk, and the ladies began to undress him preparatory to putting him to bed. When they had him undressed, one of them pulled off her clothes and went to bed with him.

The next morning the report in the form of affidavits was presented to the parents of the girls, which caused a very great sensation, and this bundle of infamy and abomination was forced to leave the city by the parents of these daughters whom he had desecrated by his filthy touch.

It was afterwards learned that this state of affairs had existed in this Catholic mansion for years past, and all that had transpired in this mansion would blush the inhabitants of Sodom if it could be told, but it is so filthy that it could not be repeated by any one who had much respect for himself.

After this dignitary had left the mansion there were a number of children's skeletons unearthed in the park belonging to the mansion, and one child's skeleton was found in the waters surrounding the palace.

No one was ever arrested for this awful, awful crime, as this Catholic dignitary fled to some monastery and there was concealed from the law's clutch, as there is no law whereby these monasteries can be forced open and their criminals brought to justice.

A monastery is a Catholic institution that may be used for divers purposes, but for one great purpose, and a very heinous purpose, is to hide and conceal Catholic officials who break the laws of their country, as they can flee to these monasteries and there hide themselves from the wrath of the civil government.

It makes no difference how vile the culprits may be, these Catholic institutions are always a refuge for them, and especially if the culprit who has money or friends supply them with same, as the Catholic Church is and always has been a great money machine, as money, in the eyes of the Catholic

dignitaries, covers up a multitude of sins.

You may not know it, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the monasteries never allow the officers of the civil laws to enter, and suppose the officers did enter, the culprit would never be found, as Catholic institutions are built with the purpose of sheltering her abominable faithless in case these criminals' desire to hide themselves therein, as the convents, monasteries and cloisters have a labyrinth which would mystify any one who was not used to these underground passages.

No one ever learned where the dignitary of this Catholic institution at Vechta went, but we were thoroughly convinced that he was hiding somewhere in a monastery.

At this point in my religious training I perceived the nonsense of celibacy, and the Apostle's injunction: "Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." (I Cor. 7:2.) But the teachings of my childhood caused me to believe that it would be sacrilegious upon my part to even allow myself to believe that the Pope of Rome could possibly make a mistake, therefore I did as all true Catholics are expected to do, and forced myself to believe that all of the abominations practiced by this church were godly.

At this time I would conceal myself in privacy, and endeavor to reason why a minister of the gospel should be expected to do things which were unnatural and against the direct teachings of God, as we find in Gen. 21:18 that our Creator said: "It is not good that man should be alone, I will make a helpmate for him," but whenever I would undertake to study and try to convince myself of the erroneousness of the Catholic doctrines, her teachings would loom up and blind my intelligent conception of things, as I had been taught that I should not question a single mandate that the Pope of Rome should see fit to promulgate, therefore I made up my mind that it was a sin for me to use the intelligence that God had given me, and I resolved to follow the Catholic doctrine, regardless of what it might lead me to, consequently I closed my eyes to reason and common sense and became a blind and superstitious follower of Rome.

When I came to America I beheld her great civilization and at once my conception of intelligent action presented itself again, but I fought hard to drive these feelings from my bosom, but the more I fought the stronger I became convinced that I was wrong and that my early training was wrong, and that the entire machinery and mechanism of the Catholic Church was founded upon abominations and superstitions, but the teachings of my mother would prevail and I would slink back into the trenches of Catholicism, and there I remained until less than a year ago, when I resolved to burst the bands of iniquity and walk out upon the plains of Protestantism, regardless of the deep feelings of respect that I had for my early training.

If God is an intelligent God, then we are expected to worship Him in an intelligent manner, and if he is not an intelligent God, it is impossible for Him to be a God, and if the Lord of Hosts is an intelligent Creator and expects us, as His children, to worship Him in an intelligent manner, the

Catholic Church and all of her followers are sinning against God every day, as her mode of worship is steeped in the drugs of heathenish superstitions.

In this volume I propose to set forth nothing but absolute truths, and I call upon an intelligent God for my witness, and I am qualified to make oath before any official that is qualified to bind me under oath that every word that appears in this volume shall be the truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God.

I will give \$5,000.00 to any charitable institution named by any state of the United States if any Catholic priest, bishop or cardinal will prove by any of their church doctrines that I have misstated or misrepresented the teachings of Catholicism in any letter, word or sentence.

I want to thoroughly impress the reader with the truthfulness of this volume, so when he or she has perused these pages they may know that it has been written by one who has served in the capacity of a Catholic priest for the past thirty years, but who, to-day, stands out upon the broad plains of spiritual emancipation, and from this time forward will always be found upon the side of spiritual liberty and following the doctrines of an intelligent God, and when my earthly race is run I hope and pray to be ushered into the presence of an intelligent God.



“THE TWO INSPIRATIONS.”

PROTESTANTISM looks to the Holy Bible for Wisdom—CATHOLICISM to the Pope!

What I will now relate is not hear-say nor something that I have read about, but it is something that I know about, and which I witnessed.

It is a well-known fact that Catholicism endeavors to impress her subjects with the miraculousness of latter day miracles, as she will hold up the bones of some supposed Catholic Saint, and declare to her benighted followers that if they worship these relics, they will work wonders and cure the ailment of any affliction they may be possessed of.

For instance, they will take the bone of some Catholic Saint (?) and admonish the followers of Catholicism to touch this bone, or to kiss it, and declare to them that by so doing they will become entirely cured of any malady that may rack their person with misery.

In fact, Catholicism will resort to all kinds of nonsensical practices in order to completely keep their subjects in darkest ignorance, which will enable the officials to “hoodwink” their followers and make them believe anything the officials see fit to teach them.

I will now relate what I saw in Munster, Germany. The news spread all through

Germany that the "Mother Superior" of the house of Saint Clement was living upon "Holy Communion" only.

Now that the reader may understand what "Holy Communion" is, I will here state that it is a thin wafer, used for sacramental purposes, which would not weigh more than the one-hundredth part of an ounce, and this is what they claimed the Mother Superior of the house of Saint Clement was existing upon, she only taking one of these wafers every twenty-four hours.

Of course, this was given out by the dignitaries of the Catholic Church in order to blind their followers, and I desire to state right here that I also believed that this was the fact until it was demonstrated thoroughly that it was an infamous lie and that the instigators were infamous impostors. However, pilgrimages started from all directions to see this "Mother Superior," and when they could not see her, they fought for the opportunity of praying in her chapel. Some stayed for weeks and weeks to see her. Applications for intercessions of all kinds of misery were sent to her, as these simple "dupes" of Catholicism actually believed that this impostor had the power to heal any ailment that might afflict them.

There were thousands of fanatics who visited Munster and hung their crutches on the chapel walls and declared they were cured of their ailment. The blind claimed to see by her intercessions. It was claimed that all, possessed of every kind and description of ailments, could be cured if the one who was afflicted only had faith in this Mother Superior's wonderful power?

"The finger of God is in the land!" was the cry, and tens of thousands of Catholics from all over the country gathered in Munster.

There was a certain man by the name of Friedhoff who doubted the proclaimed powers of this Mother Superior and boldly declared his doubt, and the Catholic world was indignant over the audacity of such a doubt. It was learned that the Mother Superior would allow but one sister of the institution to come to her room, and also her Father Confessor. By the way, it might be pertinent to say that the Mother Superior was an extremely handsome young lady; in fact, very young for the position she occupied.

The guard that was placed over the Mother Superior was given instructions by the Mayor of Munster to watch her closely and see that she lived entirely upon "Holy Communion." The Protestant world took an active part in this matter and gave close attention to the guard that was over this "Mother Superior," as they were determined to learn from whence originated this bold deception, as they were thoroughly convinced that it was nothing more nor less than a deception.

The confessor of the "Mother Superior" was changed and the sister who waited upon her was changed, and in a very short time the "Mother Superior" asked for food; thus it began to dawn upon the public at large that they had been grossly deceived, and they began to learn that all of these miraculous cures (?) were brought about and promulgated by the leaders of Catholicism. Numerous physicians were taken into confidence and an examination was made of the "Mother Superior," and it was learned that she was pregnant, and it was

proven that the child belonged to the priest in charge of the convent, who, by the way, was the one this "Mother Superior" confessed her sins to.

This "Mother Superior" sat in her room and gave her orders to at least two hundred sisters who were inmates of this institution.

The Catholic world advertised this "fake" so thoroughly that every house in and about Munster was filled to overflowing with pilgrims who came there on the strength of this well-advertised "fake."

Munster was the Mecca. Every train arriving brought in hundreds and added great multitudes to the already great crowd. Some claimed that the sight of the chapel, or even the sight of the hospital, healed them.

Even the newspapers began to report the wonderful miracles (?) that were performed by this "Mother Superior."

By this time the Protestants in Munster were getting very active and denounced this worship in round terms, and set about to have an investigation made, which was bitterly opposed by the Catholics. The hotel keepers and shop keepers of Munster were bitterly opposed to the Protestants' denunciation, as they were anxious for this "fake" to be advertised as thoroughly as possible, as it was bringing them in large revenues, as the thousands who were visiting Munster were compelled to have raiment, food and lodging; but the denunciation of this "fake" by the Protestants became so great that the bishop was compelled, greatly against the wishes of the citizens of Munster, to investigate, and this investigation brought forth enough to startle the civilized world. However, it is only one of the many, many colossal "fakes" that are promulgated by Catholicism. However, the clamor of the Protestant world brought things to a crisis, as the "Mother Superior" was ordered to stay in strict confinement and a watch was placed over her.

This brought matters to a climax and the "Mother Superior" confessed that one of the inmates of the convent had secretly carried her food during all of this time that she was claiming to exist on "Holy Communion." Of course, this is only one of the tens of thousands of such schemes that are practiced by Catholicism all over the world, and the Protestants were not surprised and stated boldly and above board that they knew there was some "scull-duggery" attached to all of this "fake" miracle business.

This "Mother Superior" fled from Munster, and it was learned that she went to the City Rheine, on the river Ems, and gave birth to a child, and the father of this child was the Catholic priest in charge of this convent, who helped and was the prime instigator in giving out to the world that the "Mother Superior" was performing miracles, which was a malicious lie made of whole cloth and promulgated in order to securely bind the followers of Catholicism to their idolatrous belief.

This is not the end of the "Mother Superior," as she afterwards practiced in the open what she had practiced in this Catholic convent at Munster, as she entered a house of ill fame in the City of Rheine in Germany, and there led a life of shame as a harlot of the world; however, she was only living the same

life she had been living when she was sailing under the name of "Mother Superior" in this convent at Munster.

Now, reader, if Catholicism would practice such abominations upon the ignorant dupes of her followers in Munster, Germany, is it not reasonable to suppose that she would practice them to-day wherever she can fasten her hellish belief upon the minds of the people?

Hardly a day passes over our heads but what we see in some newspaper where Catholicism is brazenly declaring to the intelligent public that miraculous cures are being performed by some "hoodoo saint" of their idolatrous creed.

One would believe that in enlightened America the Roman Church could not wield such an idolatrous influence over her followers, but when you stop to think that the children of Catholic parents are brought up from infancy to believe all of this "hoodooism," it is not strange that they fall into these idolatrous practices.

When America learns that the majority of the convents and monasteries of this country are used for the purpose of shielding and protecting Catholic criminals, and for the purpose of Catholic dignitaries to glut their lust upon the female inmates of these institutions, and will exact and demand laws that will force a rigid examination every thirty or sixty days of these institutions, then the world at large will know and thoroughly understand that these institutions are practically the homes of depravity and licentiousness.

To give the reader more information in regard to what Catholicism resorts to to impress their "dupes" with their idolatry, we want to take up their great magician, "St. Anthony." The Catholic priesthood teaches their followers that St. Anthony's spirit possesses the power to answer all prayers, in fact, to perform any favor the supplicant may ask.

Now, to illustrate what I mean, is this: Suppose you had lost your pocketbook containing \$50.00; the Catholic Church teaches that all you have to do is to pay a few dimes into the priest's pocket and then get down and pray to St. Anthony and you will at once learn where your pocketbook is.

Now, bear in mind that this praying to St. Anthony don't cut any ice unless you pay something, as every prayer must be backed up by money, and the more money paid the quicker action you can get on St. Anthony.

The Catholic Church calls it "St. Anthony's Bread Box," and right by the side of this box they have a large number of small candles, and you are supposed to drop the money into this box to pay for the candles that St. Anthony uses when looking for what is lost, or to light his path on his road to answer your prayer.

These candles cost the priest from one-half cent to one cent each, and the "dupe" will drop in from ten cents to ten dollars to have his prayer answered, so you can see that the Catholic Church is a good thing for the candle makers.

We will now give you a few idiotic prayers that are offered to St. Anthony by the followers of blind Catholicism.

“O, Glorious St. Anthony, noble Sunflower of divine conformity, I salute thee in the name of the Queen of Angels and of all the angelic choirs; and I thank Almighty God for the grace bestowed on thee, that like to this Great Queen and the angelic choirs thou wert ever conformed to His holy will. I beseech thee that with this glorious Lady and all the angelic choirs, thou wouldst approach the throne of God, lovingly offer Him this my petition and strengthen it by thine intercession.

“OUR FATHER. HAIL, MARY. GLORY.”

“I salute thee, Blessed Anthony, noble Narcissus-flower of knowledge, in the name of all the patriarchs and prophets; and I thank the good God for bestowing on thee, like to the patriarchs and prophets, the gift of divine knowledge and of foreseeing future events. I beseech thee that with the patriarchs and prophets thou wouldst approach the throne of God and by your united prayers and merits obtain for me this my petition.

“OUR FATHER. HAIL, MARY. GLORY.”

“I salute thee, Blessed Anthony, noble Carnation-flower of fervent love, in the name of all the holy apostles and disciples of Christ; and I thank the most merciful Lord for the great grace bestowed on thee, like unto that of the apostles and disciples, when He chose thee to proclaim the holy Gospel and to spread the Christian faith. I beseech thee that with the apostles and disciples thou wouldst approach the throne of God and by your united prayers and merits obtain for me this my petition.

“Our Father. Hail, Mary. Glory.”

We will give you an instance of this “St. Anthony’s” witchcraft business that came under my personal observation. A lady was standing upon a bridge that spans one of the many streams that rushes down from the Adirondack Mountains, gazing at this crystal stream and watching the fishes below, and while standing there she was toying with a beautiful diamond ring that had been given her by her lover. In a careless manner she allowed this ring to slip from her finger, and it fell into the waters below.

With a sudden cry those who were near her were attracted to the spot and she explained to them her misfortune, and it was not long until there was quite a crowd about her, offering their sympathy and also their assistance.

Some volunteered to wade into this stream and search for the ring, which was done, and a number of buckets of mud were carried up out of the stream from the point the lady had stated she had dropped her ring, but the ring could not be found.

At this point one of our Catholic “dupes” appeared and explained to the lady that if she would put her trust in St. Anthony and would pay \$500, that St. Anthony would restore to her her ring.

This lady being a Catholic also, of course, was easily persuaded to do this, so they knelt down and prayed to St. Anthony and beseeched him to restore the lost treasure, and it was not long until all of those in the crowd that belonged to the Catholic Church were in sympathy with this distressed lady, and they were also kneeling and supplicating St. Anthony to restore the lost treasure. They prayed for an hour, but still the lost treasure would not appear; then the ringleader of this barbarous belief informed this lady that the ring had been swallowed by a fish. He pretended to be inspired and claimed that he could catch this identical fish with the bait of St. Anthony's bread. Everything was soon prepared and the line was let down into the water, and sure enough a good sized fish was caught upon this St. Anthony's bait, and the crowd went into rapturous delight, as they were quite sure they had the identical fish that had swallowed the ring.

As soon as the fish was caught a collection was raised by a priest who was in the crowd for the benefit of "St. Anthony's Bread Box." All of the Catholics in the crowd contributed, of course, as they were afraid not to, for Catholics believe that if they do not do what a priest tells them to they are sure to have something awful befall them, and, of course, all of these Catholics believed in the witchcraft of St. Anthony and believed that he was the actual restorer of all lost things.

The Protestants in the congregation were determined to see what was inside of the fish, so they followed the one that carried it to a butcher shop and the fish was cut open, but naught was found in it but what is usually found in any old fish that never saw or heard tell of a diamond ring.

Now, this is one of the thousands—yea, tens of thousands of such instances that are forced down the throats of the ignorant, superstitions followers of Catholicism.

Now, what I relate above is true in every conceivable manner, and not one sentence or statement is misrepresented.

This belief in the power of St. Anthony is simply abominable and belongs to the dark ages of heathendom.

I have often wondered when I was acting as priest in the Catholic Church why it was that Protestants, when they attended my church, would look on in wonderment and surprise, and I attributed this wonderment to a desire upon the part of Protestantism to make fun and villify the teachings of the Catholic Church, but I now realize that this bewilderment came from minds which had been elevated far above the cungerings of the Catholic Church, and I am now surprised that the Protestants who visit Catholic churches are not more bewildered and mystified, as the teachings of Protestantism are based upon the inspirations derived from the Word of God and the teachings of Catholicism are naught but the rumblings of the dark ages.

All Children of Protestant Parents Are Declared Bastards by

Catholicism



"A LICENTIOUS PRIEST." "A PROTESTANT PREACHER'S HOME"
"The unmarried life of the Priestcraft compared to the
married life of a Protestant minister."

The Catholic Church declares that all of those who contract marriage otherwise than in the presence of a Catholic Priest, that such marriages are null and void.

Catholicism further declares that your darling child, which is the fruit of your marriage, is nothing more nor less than a common bastard.

How do you Protestants like to hear this? How do you feel when you know that this is the belief and opinion of all Catholic dignitaries, and this belief is taught to all the Catholic world by those who presume to dictate?

Your darling baby boy or girl is branded as an illegitimate offspring by Catholicism, simply because their parents were not united in wedlock by a Catholic Priest, who perhaps is as immoral as hell itself.

The reason why Catholicism so sternly demands that all should be married by the priestcraft is from a monetary standpoint, as the Catholic priest gets his fee, as he will not under any circumstances unite any one in wedlock without a fee, and I have known in many instances where the contracting parties were unable to pay a money fee, and the grasping priestcraft would refuse to unite them in marriage until they had given him some article of intrinsic value, and I have often seen jewelry, silver-mounted pipes, watches and many other things confiscated by the priestcraft before they would perform the ceremony.

It is strange to me, indeed, that America, which is and should be by every law of justice and right, a Protestant nation, is so unconcerned and so listless over the insults that Catholicism daily offers Protestantism, for if it is not a most damnable insult to stigmatize your offspring as bastards, then we are unable to discern and distinguish between a brazen insult and a flattering compliment.

Whenever America learns the actual and true meaning of Catholicism and her teachings, there will be an awakening among the Protestant world that will make the four corners of the government of the United States tremble with a righteous indignation.

Now, if the offspring of that dear old mother is a bastard, then she is nothing more nor less than a common whore, and you cannot arrive at any other rational conclusion. This is only reasoning from intelligent deductions; therefore, whenever Catholicism calls the children of Protestant parents bastards simply because these parents were not united in wedlock by a Catholic priest, they villify the sacred name of father and mother, and trail

in the slime of disgrace the sweet memories of that sturdy old father and that angelic old Protestant mother.

I am at a loss to know and to understand how Protestantism can sit so unconcernedly by with folded hands and allow this vulturous foe of human rights and human privileges to brazenly rear its institutions in Protestant America, and teach such damnable doctrines about those who have made America all she ever was, and is, or ever will be.

A creed or doctrine that exists upon the dwarfed ambitions of its followers is undoubtedly an institution which exists upon the carrion of human miseries, and is a menace to a nation, which possesses the godly ambitions that permeate the minds of Protestantism.

We have in this country scores—yea, hundreds of Protestant fathers and mothers who allow their children to attend Catholic schools, when those who are teaching them in these Catholic institutions brazenly, flagrantly and openly declare that those children are the offspring of immorality, as they do not hesitate to say that all children are bastards whose parents were not married by the priestcraft; but still these Protestant parents allow their children to be taught by those who villify and defame their parents' names.

This is one of the strangest things that has ever come under my observation in the United States, as the Protestant world in general knows that Catholicism teaches these things, and the Protestant world also knows that under no circumstances nor conditions would Catholicism allow their children to attend a Protestant college, but Protestant parents go right ahead and allow their children to be taught by a class of men and women who will boldly declare to these children that their own parents are immoral, and that the teachings of their youth were erroneous and would lead to everlasting damnation.

Is it not about time that the Protestant world was arousing themselves from this lethargetic sleep of unconcern, or do you propose to allow Catholicism to convince you, by her doctrines of degeneracy, that she is right, and that you acknowledge her as right by you sending your children to her institutions of learning?

Catholicism has always made her boast that if she can control the children until they are 7 to 10 years old, that they will control the government in the future, and it seems as though Protestant America is perfectly willing to risk the consequences, but let me sound a warning in your ears in this chapter, which may not arouse you from your national stupidity, but which, in after years, will rumble down the avenues of the future the truthfulness of this assertion that will make the Protestant world shudder. It is this: "Unless you guard the goddess of your American liberty with the patriotism of you Protestant manhood, it will not be long until you will find this government face to face with a problem more perplexing than the government of France is wrestling with to-day, on account of this Romish beast, whose jaws are dripping with the blood of doomed ambition."

Catholicism is like a thief in the night, as she goes about her devastation

of human rights with the tread of a thief and with the cunning of a bold deceiver, which she is, and this country must station trustworthy men upon the ramparts of this government to watch her progress and batter down her foundation of superstition and ignorance, or within the next fifty years America will find herself bound hand and foot by this Romish creed of abominations, which has caused every nation on the face of the earth that she has ever controlled to wither and decay under her touch, like the tender plant under the broiling rays of a tropical sun.

I have a right to sound this warning, as I know whereof I speak, as I have traveled this Romish road of despair for thirty years, and I know her cunning and dastardly deception so well that her history and her teachings are to me like the primer is to the school boy or girl.

The warnings that I now sound in the ears of Protestant America are not sounded by an alarmist, nor one who does not know whereof he speaks, but these warnings come from one whose back has been lashed for thirty long years with the whip of a Catholic tyrant, and I know the history of Catholicism from beginning to end, for if one cannot learn the history of an institution in thirty years' devout study, then pray tell me of what use it is for man to apply himself to the study of anything?

I was once as devout a Catholic as I am to-day a Protestant, and I am only a Protestant to-day because I was forced to become such, after having the scales of Catholicism brushed from my eyes, which had been blinded by the superstition and fearful doctrines of this abominable creed.

Arouse, ye men and women of America, or else the time will come when you will not be permitted to make a protest; when your wives and mothers are declared whores by Catholicism, and your fathers and brothers are declared whore-mongers and your children bastards!

I have been a careful observer of events through my entire life, and I never was more thoroughly convinced than to-day that we stand near the threshold of Popish power in America, and I ask of the reader, and of the Protestant world at large, Are we about to realize the prediction made by the father of our country? Are we nearing the time when liberty shall be bound to the stake by Catholicism? Are we nearing the great Romish chasm that has swallowed up the hopes of many nations? Are we nearing the crater of a Roman volcano that pours out its desolation and devastation upon free men? Are we nearing the inky night of servitude, where no light is possible, but the dim and treacherous lamp of idolatrous Catholicism? Are we nearing the stretch of waste lands that contains no friendly oasis for him who seeks liberty? Are we building our own sepulchers to bury all the hopes of liberty cherished by our forefathers? Are we willingly carrying fuel for our own funeral pyres, there to be consumed by the greedy and relentless ghouls of Catholicism?

These are questions that demand an answer and demand an answer at once, as we are far along the road to the end of human rights in Protestant America, unless we call a halt and kindle anew the fires of patriotism that have so long been unnoticed by those who have been left in charge to guard our interests.

Catholicism is a vile deceiver and a rank hypocrite, therefore we must diligently watch her serpentine movements, for she will appear where you least expect her, as she wraps about her the American flag and other symbols of patriotism and goes about as a lamb in wolf's clothing.

I have no reason for writing this book only a desire to help undo what I have already done in my fifty-six years of the past, and by writing this book I have cut every tie that binds me to those whom I have associated with since my childhood, therefore the reader must know that what I am doing is being done in the name of right, justice and the love I bear my fellowman and my adopted country, which is the "Garden of Eden" of all the universe.

"The fool doubts what a wise man tells him because the information is new." You may doubt what I am telling you, but your doubt will cost you your liberty.

I have your cause at heart and I have no ambition to gratify, as I am an old man and have no other desire than to help those who need help, and I have come as a friend to talk to you around your firesides, with no mission but that of truth.

Many of us have never been told to our face that we were fools, but because no man has been frank enough to tell us the truth is no reason why we should not investigate what is told us, and which you have no right nor reason to doubt.

The mission of this book is to get you to think and to examine and pry into the past history of Catholicism, and when you have examined the pages of Catholic history and then scrutinize her present, you must know that her future promises no more than her past and present would indicate her future to hold.

This book is written from a Protestant standpoint, but by a man who was a Catholic fifty-six years before he ever became a Protestant, and we feel absolutely certain that the Catholic world will endeavor to throttle its circulation, but we have laid aside every vestige of fear from that standpoint and have made up our mind that we are no better than Martin Luther, and thousands of Protestants who were burned at the stake by Catholicism for proclaiming to the world the awful deeds of that awful creed.

We want you to consider this book as a friend, who has called at your fireside to tell you truths that you should know, and which, if you do not learn, will lower you and your posterity to the level of the commonest slave and place over the most brutal despots the world has ever known, and these despots are nothing more nor less than the Catholic Church.

This book comes from a man who does not court the friendship of any sect or class of men; therefore, it comes to you with intentions as pure as it is possible for a book to come from the hands of a poor mortal, who fears nothing but the wrath of a living God.

Catholicism is taught her cunning from her childhood, as she is taught to

watch the ranks of Protestantism and whenever she finds a weak spot, she turns her forces upon this weakened line, and is further instructed never to weaken in her continual march of devastation.

Could the tears that have been shed on account of heartless Catholicism be gathered in one body, the mighty oceans of the earth would appear as silvery mountain brooks. Could the innocent blood of Protestants shed by the heartless hand of Catholicism be congealed, it would build a purple mountain that would cast a shadow the length and breadth of this land.

The nations of the earth have had wars from the creation of the world, but the myriads of those who have fallen in all the battles of the world would only be a small portion compared to the millions who have laid down their lives that greedy, abhorrent Catholicism might be appeased.

It is time for us as American freemen to become free men in every sense the word implies, and exercise both our franchise and our brains in relegating this "Scarlet-Robed Hag of Rome" to her original haunts.

Will you perform your American duty and band together and become a Protestant army and march out under the blood-stained banner of King Emanuel and help to make America the greatest Protestant nation the sun has ever shone upon?

Be men, and by your manhood you can, if you make the start now, lull into eternal sleep this Romish power which villifies your ambitions and brands your offspring with the stigma of disgrace.

Chapter IV. Tear from the Citadel of Reason the Power to Reason and You Make Slaves of Humanity.



"LOOK TO JESUS." "THE POPE AND ME." "As the Twig is bent the Tree's inclined." THE TWO WAYS.

The men and women of the world, who have caused nations to advance and prosper, have never been, nor never will be Catholics, unless she discards her present mode of procedure, and this she will never do. Whenever you tear the cloak of superstition and idolatry from the form of Catholicism, you have naught left but the skeleton of abominations.

The men of science and of reason, all over the world, boldly accuse the Roman Catholic Church of being the enemy of science, detesting it and desiring to spread the mantle of ignorance over all those whom she controls.

The Church seems not to understand that everything finds its source at the fountain of reason, as all things must originate from God, and most assuredly the Supreme Being is an intelligent, reasonable and rational God. The Catholic Church must resist, as a matter of life or death, the progress of modern civilization, or else go down in disgrace, for civilization and reason is a nightmare and an everlasting enemy to Catholicism, as "scientific

thought" makes her doctrines and dogmas stand out as abominations.

If the world is to depend upon the Romish Church for her intellectuality, and for her philosophy, and for her scientific resources, she will always be groping her way in darkness, as the Popish church has never advanced one-hundredth part of an inch from the trenches of ancient ignorance and superstitions, nor has she in any material way been instrumental in advancing a single interest of the masses which elevates, as her every cry and her combined efforts have been to paralyze progress and scientific research, as she well knows that to have the searchlight of reason turned upon her mystified labyrinths of hoodooism, the world will behold the marks of ignorance, superstition and barbarism upon her degraded form.

Whenever an institution comes to believe that it is infallible and an impossibility to err, then she settles back into the ruts of tyranny, and whenever you find an individual or a body of individuals who believe whatever they do is right, no matter what it may be, you will find those who believe themselves ordained rulers of men, and whenever this happens, the individual who believes this becomes a tyrant, and tyranny belongs to the dark ages of heathendom, whence Roman Catholicism originated.

To demonstrate to the reader and give him or her some idea of the tyrannical rule of Romanism, we will take the history of Galileo, which every child, perhaps, is acquainted with.

Galileo declared that the sun did not move, and this declaration greatly insulted Pope Urban, who grew very angry, as this pope had taught that the sun did move and that the earth stood still.

The teachings of Galileo so angered the pope that he called together an inquisitorial board and had Galileo tried by this Romish tribunal, and Galileo was sentenced to imprisonment for what Catholicism termed a heretical doctrine.

Who was right—Catholicism or Galileo? Not a school boy or girl six years old in this land but what knows that Catholicism was wrong, as she usually is, but she would not have acknowledged her wrong had not the world-at-large been thoroughly convinced of her error, which would have brought her to the very feet of ridicule had she persisted in teaching the doctrine promulgated by Pope Urban that "the sun did move, and that the earth stood still."

The Catholic Church is always desirous of evading questions which are susceptible to debate, and which, by mature thought and deliberation, can be analyzed, as she does not desire to come into contact with the brains of any nation, but is satisfied to prey upon the ignorant and superstitiously inclined, as those are her dupes and the ones from whom she derives her revenue, and "revenue" is one of the main perquisites of the Catholic Church, as this Romish institution is run for the sole purpose of making serfs of men and controlling the destiny of nations, so that the inhabitants may be forced to disgorge their sustenance in her lap of greed, and it matters not how low she brings her followers, nor what may be the hardships they have to endure, just so she accomplishes her diabolical end.

The reader may think it strange that a man who was born and raised a Catholic, and who for thirty years officiated in the capacity of a Catholic priest, could turn his back upon the creed of his forefathers and so vehemently endeavor to destroy every vestige of his childhood's doctrines, but this is no more unreasonable than it was for Paul, in the twinkling of an eye, to turn from his wickedness and become one of the chosen Apostles of Christ.

Many years before I cut loose entirely from the Catholic Church my faith in her abominations was at times almost threadbare, and I have declared time and time again that never would I enter another Catholic Church in the capacity of a priest, but as often as I declared and made these resolves, just so often I broke them, as my early training and my superstitious fears would get the better of my convictions, and I would be whipped back into the trenches of superstition.

I have often tried within the past ten years to "nag" those officials who were above me into a paroxysm of fury and have them excommunicate me, as I tried to make myself believe that it would be better to have them throw me out of the church than to leave it on my own free will, but it appeared as though they discerned by intentions and they would not do as I desired, and at last I made up my mind that I would swing out upon my own account from the dark shadows of this superstitious belief, and every word of this book has been written without a single charge preferred against me by the Catholic Church, therefore the Catholic Church cannot declare that I was not in good standing as a priest at the time this book was compiled.

What I mean by "good standing" is that the robed monarchs who boldly claim the power to damn the soul by excommunication, have not as yet seen fit to eternally obliterate my prospects of ever entering the "New Jerusalem," but as soon as this book is given to the reading public, then those who wield the axe will let it fall with all the diabolical vengeance of Roman hatred upon my head and declare the "pearly gates" have been forever closed upon my depraved soul; but what I most desire is to have the public understand that NOW, while I am writing this book, I am considered AND AM BY ALL THE RIGHTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH A PRIEST AND ENJOY ALL THE PRIVILEGES OF CATHOLICITY AS SUCH.

Why I so earnestly desire to impress this upon the minds of the reader is that I know so well the trickery of those whom I write about and I know full well that the Catholic officials will at once endeavor to make the world believe that I am an outcast and in bad standing with the Catholic Church.

This book is being written in the year 1903, and I will make oath before any court of record on earth to the truthfulness of the statements herein set forth, and I will give ten thousand dollars to any charitable institution in America if any priest, bishop or archbishop on the face of the whole earth will make oath and prove before any lawful tribunal of America if one word of the foregoing is not true.

Furthermore, I will give up all of my earthly possessions, which amounts to several thousand dollars, if any priest, bishop or archbishop living upon the

face of the earth can prove before any court of justice in America that I have not always endeavored to live an exemplary life and rigidly taught the doctrines of the Catholic faith, although at times my whole life rebelled at being compelled to do so, but my whole training and long association would invariably get the master of my reason and better judgment, and I would be forced by my superstitious training back into the mystified labyrinths of my childhood's education.

I stood it until I became tortured day and night by the prod of reason, then I quietly left the church and bade farewell to the heathen Scapular and the ten thousand other trinkets of blind paganism, and resolved to break the chain of this "slave of the soul" and "tyrant of reason."

In this chapter we want to give the reader some idea of the nonsensical and unreasonableness of the claims of Catholicism, so that you may more fully understand how disgusting it is for a man who endeavors to use his God-given abilities to submit to such abominations.

The Catholic Church depends more upon the saving power of the Scapular than it does upon the saving power of Jesus Christ. Now, this is a broad expression, but I know whereof I speak and I am prepared to back up the assertion with facts.

The Scapular is a veil or cape, which covers the shoulders. It was worn as such by Monks and Nuns, over their dress, but which is best known among Catholics as two little pieces of cloth worn out of devotion, under ordinary garments, and connected by a string which goes around the neck and hangs down, allowing this "trinket" to rest upon the breast.

Catholic children, from their infancy, are taught that this trinket is a preventative against accident and disease, and they actually believe it, and should they lose this "nothing" they at once become miserable and will undergo any hardship to possess another.

It was through the Carmelites (Monks) that this devotion began and I believe that the history that I will relate in regard to it is the first history ever repeated in this or any other country by an ex-priest that ever lived or died.

A man by the name of Simon Stock was elected to the generalship of the Carmelite Order, and this same Simon Stock was considered a Saint, and it is taught by Catholicism that the Virgin Mary appeared to Simon Stock in a vision and exhibited this Scapular and gave Stock to understand that it was to be worn by the Catholic world in the future as a preventative against accident, disease and sudden death.

There is another story which is told in regard to this Scapular, as follows: It is said that the Virgin Mary appeared to Simon Stock in a vision in behalf of the Carmelite Order, which at that time was in great trouble, and gave to Stock a Scapular, which she bore in her hand, in order that it could be worn, and which she guaranteed was an order direct from God Almighty that the Carmelite Order should wear this "trinket," which would be a preventative

from any evil overtaking any of those who did wear it, and further stating that all of those who wore this Scapular "shall never suffer eternal burning."

It is further stated that Pope John XXII, in his famous Sabbatine Bull, declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and informed him that all the members of the Carmelite Order who wore this Scapular should be gotten out of purgatory by her on the Saturday after their death, and this Pope winds up his declaration with the following sentence: "I accept, corroborate and confirm, in the name of Jesus Christ, for our Glorious Virgin Mary, who has granted this great privilege to those who wear the Scapular."

This abomination is nothing more nor less than a "tale of fiction," and promulgated by men who know that it is a positive lie, but they do it in order to mystify the ignorant and to compel them to remain in darkest ignorance.

Now, to convince the reader that Catholicism is as densely ignorant to-day as it ever was, we will bring her history up to date.

Pope Leo, in the good year of 1903, on his death bed, ordered this Carmelite veil brought from Mount Carmel, that he might have assistance from it in his dying hour, and declared that by the assistance of this mythical Scapular that when he died he would go straight to Heaven.

You can take the history of the Roman Catholic Church from the earliest days of its cussedness up to the present time, and you will find that the same heathenish superstition that surrounded it centuries ago still follows it to-day.

Is there any proof that the Virgin Mary appeared to Simon Stock and made to him the promise above related? No proof whatever, only the cungered up proof of the officials of Catholicism, and the Sabbatine Bull of Pope John has no more sense nor righteous meaning in it than the ghost dance of the American Indian.

The Scapular that we above refer to is not the only emblem of heathendom that Catholicism resorts to, but we have a number of others which the Protestant world knows but little about, and especially the Protestants in America, as the Catholic officials do not want "this Scapular business" talked about too much in this country, for fear that the Protestant world will give it the deserving ridicule that it should have. However, we have started out to show up the teachings of Catholicism as they actually exist, and the more light we turn upon this subject the more prominent her abominations will become, consequently we want to mention these other Scapulars.

The first that we will mention is, "The Trinity of White Linen with Red Cross;" the second is, "The Survite Scapular of Seven Dolours," which is of black woolen stuff; the third is, "The Immaculate Conception," which is of blue woolen cloth, and the fourth and last Scapular is one that was originated in 1846 by a Sister of Charity in Paris, France, who is said to have received a revelation from God Almighty, and this one is called "The Red

Scapular of the Passion.”

While American Catholics are a class far superior in intellect to the Catholics of other nations, they still tenaciously cling to the inert Scapular and believe in its efficacy and power; however, the Catholic Church is getting to have quite a number of these Scapulars, which is causing the intelligent Catholics to become a little doubtful as to which has the greatest “pulling power,” and many of them, in order to make no mistake, wear all five of them in a bunch; thus they are assured that if one fails to get in its work another will come to the rescue, and should they fall off of a train moving 60 miles an hour, this little bunch of woolen goods will save them from a bruise, or should they drink a quart of the essence of strychnine they would be saved from instant death by one of these five Scapulars.

You ask a Catholic to explain the merits of the Scapular and all they can tell you is that if they die during the week that the Virgin Mary will then take them to heaven on the Saturday following, but if they happen to die on a Saturday, bear in mind that the Virgin Mary gives them a cold shoulder until the next Saturday. Now, this is the only explanation that you can get a Catholic to give you in regard to a Scapular.

Is it any wonder that the power to reason is shattered by these cungering devices of Catholicism, and do you wonder that the dense ignorance of Catholic nations are completely under the power of this angel of darkness?

Let us repeat, in conclusion of this chapter, that Romanism is the everlasting enemy of science and individual intellect, as she knows full well that when the broad, effulgent light of Protestantism dawns on the benighted minds of her followers that she at once loses her grasp upon her “hood-winked” dupes, as it is impossible for the teachings of Catholicism to exist side by side with the teachings of Protestantism, provided that those who believe in these Romish abominations care to look above the horizon of Romanism.



IMMORALITY OF THE PRIESTHOOD— With Romish lust, the blossom of virtue is destroyed.

Blight girlhood and you destroy the usefulness of womankind. Tarnish the sacredness of girlhood and you scar the purity of womanhood. Deface the beautiful countenance of chastity, which is found in the bosom of girlhood, and you not only mar the happiness of girlhood, but you deface and obliterate the families of the future, for without that priceless treasure, virtue, the eternal principles of conjugal love becomes a barren waste without a single oasis.

Oh, if I could but call about me in one vast throng the girls of this land, and all other lands, who have had the first thought of carnality planted in

their bosom by the scheming Priestcraft, I would have a throng of tear-faced mortals that would rend the heart of stone and stigmatize the cunning of Catholicism with a stigma blacker than the lowering clouds of despair.

When you force childhood to believe in the infallibility of the priestcraft you educate the mind of that child to implicitly believe in the officials of the Catholic Church, and when you gain the implicit confidence you have established a belief that cannot be easily eradicated, as this belief has become a part of that child, and as it grows older, this erroneous belief grows in proportion to the body, and by the time this child has arrived at the age of maturity, she is as densely ignorant of the cunning of this doctrine as she was when she first learned to repeat the Catechism with a childish lisp.

We desire to preface this chapter with common-sense arguments, so that the reader may thoroughly understand how completely the female element of the Catholic Church is under the control of the priesthood of this institution.

Priests are, as a rule, men of more than average intellect, and, as they have no other calling nor no other avocation in life than to make good impressions upon their members, they of course become cunning in their art, especially with the female members of their congregations, and more especially with their young and handsome members.

Imagine the power that a Catholic priest has over a young girl in her teens—yea, over any female member of their congregation, when you take into consideration the fact that from infancy these girls and women have been taught that it is almost an absolute impossibility for a priest to commit a sin.

When you dwell upon the doctrines taught these girls and women it will not be a matter of surprise that the priestcraft wields such a powerful influence over them, as any one with this doctrine funneled into them from childhood is open and ready to believe what the priestcraft may tell them, and the individual is not to blame for believing this, as they have been taught it by their parents from infancy, and the officials of the Catholic Church have taught it; then why should we be surprised at the dense ignorance upon the part of these girls and women?

Priests always try to impress their members with the idea that they are infallible and that it is impossible for them to sin. They do this for many reasons. First, in order that they may have their congregations in humble submission to any of the demands of the church, and, secondly, it enables them to accomplish any devilish deed they may wish to accomplish under the guise of priestly sanctity.

It is no pleasant task to dwell upon this most distasteful and most repulsive of all of the fallacies of Rome and the abominable rottenness of the priesthood, but without giving a vivid description of the cunning of the priestcraft in regard to the "Confessional" would be treating the subject in a manner that would not do justice to the abominations of her hideous doctrines; and to fail to touch upon this subject would leave the greatest

and most deadly weapon in the hands of this band of devils.

The Confessional Box is an emblem of paganism, as innumerable trustworthy authorities prove that Roman Catholicism has pre-empted this custom as well as many other of her practices from the dark ages of paganism.

Oricular confession was practiced centuries ago by the ancient Babylonians, Egyptians, Mexicans, Peruvians and the Japanese—in fact, it is not only an ancient custom, but one which belongs to the darkest of the ancient ages, which should have been relegated to the haunts of hell centuries ago.

A priest once said: “Nobody should be surprised when we priests, bishops and popes sink into the bottomless abyss of immorality, for the celibacy of the priestcraft is only a cudgel in the hands of Catholic officials to drive us to the haunts of immorality.”

A priest once said “that the Confessional is one of the most damnable institutions that was ever permitted to exist, as these Confessionals are only traps to lead the piously and morally-inclined priest to the plains of immorality, for a priest is naught but man, and when he is forced to compel women penitents to pour into his ears their every thought, feeling, desire, emotion and act, it kindles the fires of unholy thought upon the altars of his better ambitions and before he knows it he has committed adultery and not only ruined his own soul, but has been the implement in the hands of the devil to destroy the virtue of innocent womanhood.”

He further states “that not only do the thoughts, feelings, emotions, etc., have to be related, in all of their details, to the priest, and perhaps a bad priest, but all circumstances leading to and the results growing out of these thoughts, must be given in detail.”

The immorally inclined and licentious priest is not satisfied with the female penitent enumerating only her mortal sins, but he insists and forces the penitent to give circumstances, minutely describing her thoughts and feelings of every-day life, which leads both the penitent and the confessor to the lowlands of immorality.

The priestcraft is instructed by the Romish Church not to allow the penitent to conceal anything from them, and the priestcraft is given instructions to probe the penitent to the heart's core.

In this chapter we propose to give you a little insight to the character of one or two priests that I have personally known, and if I dared and if it was possible to print the nasty history of a number of priests that I have been acquainted with, I could fill this volume with their depravity; but should I do so this book would not be permitted to circulate through the mails of the United States. But I will endeavor to clothe my recital of a few instances of priestly immorality in language of chastity, but will make my recital plain enough that any one who can read may understand.

Rev. Chas. Kuhlman, who was pastor of a Catholic Church in Edwardsville, Ill., was suspicioned of having become too intimate with a sister of his own

school, and this sister soon left the sisterhood, and it was rumored that she went to St. Louis to evade the birth of a child.

This very same priest was caught in the act of adultery with a married woman in his office in East St. Louis. He was at that time, besides being pastor, the editor and publisher of a very important Catholic paper called "The Catholic Progress." This immorality of Priest Kuhlman became public property and formed such a nasty mess that the Catholic bishop had to take some notice of it and the case was tried before the Bishop of Alton, Ill., and Kuhlman was excommunicated for life.

This married woman gave testimony that was very damaging to the Rev. Kuhlman and gave her evidence before a notary public, which cannot be disputed, and it matters not how hard the Catholic Church may try to villify these statements, they cannot overcome the truthfulness of the same, as there are too many living witnesses at this time who know that what I am relating is absolutely true.

Rev. Kuhlman was not satisfied with the verdict of the bishop of Alton, Ill., and appealed his case to Rome, and the bishop was indeed glad to get rid of this dirty case and did not appear in Rome to prosecute the case, and the Rev. Kuhlman won the case in Rome by default, and this same Rev. Kuhlman became a Catholic priest in good standing again and was permitted to officiate as a minister of the gospel, with all of this abominable slime of immorality clinging to his priestly garments.

Now, bear in mind that Rev. Kuhlman, after having all of this immorality laid at his door, was permitted by the Pope of Rome to go right ahead with his priestly duties, but a short time after he won his case at Rome there was an affidavit sworn out against Kuhlman by a man in East St. Louis, averring that he had been again caught in the act of adultery with another woman. This time the case was reported to Bishop Janssen, of Belleville, Ill., and also to Cardinal Martinelli, of Washington, D.C., but there was no attention paid to it, and this Rev. Kuhlman was permitted to go right ahead in his pastoral duties and is at the present time the pastor of a church in East St. Louis and is also the spiritual director of a convent, which contains many sisters and many pupils.

Now, if what I have related is false, Rev. Chas. Kuhlman has redress at law; and if I have libeled him he can make me suffer for the crime, and he will not have to spend any money to locate my whereabouts, as he is aware of my location at the present time and can find me at any time that he desires to bring suit against me for blackmail or any other crime that he sees fit to instigate against me.

It is no pleasant task to relate these very nauseating things, but it is my aim and intention to so plainly and powerfully set forth the deceit, cunning and dastardly deeds of Catholicism that I may be able to open the eyes of not only the Protestant world but of Catholicism at large, for there are thousands of the followers of the Pope who are very weak in their faith, and if I can by the righteousness of my cause, convince them that they are following the blind leaders of paganism, I am absolutely certain that the

Protestant ranks will have an in-gathering of the hosts of Catholicism that will cause the angels in heaven to shout hallelujahs of thanksgiving.

Do not understand me to say, or to intimate, that there are no sincere priests, as there are; but their sincerity is founded upon superstitious beliefs and erroneous doctrines, consequently their sincerity and devoutness only helps to fasten the abominations of Catholicism more completely upon humanity, as those who are candidly sincere are held up to the Protestant world as models of Catholicism, when, in fact, they are but exceptions to the general herd of Catholic officials.

To more plainly illustrate to the reader how fascinating and powerful the teachings of Catholicism is upon the minds of man, I would illustrate this by the power that parents have over a child. You teach a child some doctrine, it matters not whether it is right or wrong, and you will impress it with the truthfulness of this doctrine in its childhood, and let it understand as it grows into manhood and womanhood that this doctrine is absolutely true, and hedge it about with superstitions confirming this doctrine, and the hosts of hell can hardly convince it that its early teachings were wrong; so you can easily see what a powerful influence Catholicism has over the minds of its followers, as you must bear in mind that Catholicism takes up the child when it is only a few days old and continually hedges it about with emblems of ignorance and superstition and never allows it to gaze above the horizon of this mass of erroneous doctrine; therefore the child is not to blame for its implicit confidence, but the cunning of those who practice this deception upon this child is to blame, and the doctrine of Catholicism is what I am assailing in this volume, for if I can be instrumental in opening the eyes of those who have arrived at the years of accountability, I feel sure that I can be instrumental in having those so reached declare to their offspring that their first lessons have been altogether erroneous, and if the Catholic parents will begin to teach their children before they leave the parental roof that their first lessons were erroneous it will not be so hard for the Protestant world to finish the job and turn these hosts of darkness into the highways of intellectuality.

The reason that we have so many disgraceful happenings and immoral incidents in the lives of the priestcraft is because of the absolute confidence that their followers have in them, as it is a well-known fact that the female world has a greater confidence in humanity than the male population, so it is an easy matter for any sane man or woman to understand why an immoral priest, and one who has no regard for honor, has such an easy task in accomplishing the ruin of those whom he seeks to destroy.

The paradise of the priestcraft is inky darkness, as they prefer darkness to light, and by their actions, their every-day lives take on the hue of midnight. If we can read God Almighty's hand-writing in a legible manner, we believe that any intelligent man or woman can discern in the countenance of a majority of the priestcraft a look which is almost equal to a condemnation of their actions, as a large majority are lacking of that manly frankness of countenance which is found in the countenances of godly men.

In conclusion of this chapter, I beg to state that the Confessional Box of

the Romish Church is one of the darkest pages of the dark history of Catholicism, and if this hideous chapter was removed from Romanism, three-fourths of her diabolical deeds would be eradicated; but when you remove the "Confessional" you remove the charm for that part of the priestcraft which exists upon the carrion of the human family, and whenever you remove the "Confessional," the celibacy of the church will be abandoned and the priestcraft will be allowed to marry, as Protestant ministers are permitted to do, and when this is done, instead of having a Roman Catholic Church, we will have a Protestant denomination in its stead, and my prayer is that a just God will hasten the day when this "virtue trap" will be relegated to the dark recesses of paganism, from whence it came.



"AMERICA'S RUIN." UNCLE SAM—"I am afraid these people will be the ruination of this country unless I stop them from coming over."

In this chapter, we have before us the vision of two countries; one is Protestant America and the other Catholic Ecuador.

Protestant America stands upon a plane of morality and chastity, which is pleasing to contemplate, and for which she can thank only the principles of Protestantism, for Protestantism teaches, by both precept and example, as she looks to the only true standard of morality that ever existed, which is the Holy Bible. But Catholicism looks only to a standard which the Pope of Rome sees fit to establish, and a standard of morals which is set by mortal man, can only be, at its best, a very inferior standard, as the licentiousness and lust of unholy man can never compare with that great and infinitely good being, the Lord of Hosts.

Broad education of the mind means a subduing of the passions, and broad education is something that the Catholic Church fights against, as she knows full well that to educate her masses would be equivalent to losing her grasp upon their actions, for no man or woman of a broad education and an individual intellectuality will permit these hosts of darkness to dictate to them.

Ignorance is the greatest breeder of crime known to the intelligence of man, and it is an established fact that crime breeds immorality, and immorality of course is the equivalent of illegitimacy, and historical facts will bear me out in the assertion that the countries which are absolutely under the power of the Pope are countries which are densely ignorant, and again, as above stated, ignorance leads to crime, and crime to immorality, and now we are back to the first proposition and have proven without going further that "The nations completely dominated by the power of the Pope are nations of illegitimacy," but we propose to use historical records to convince without the shadow of a doubt that our statements are true. However, I do not need these historical facts, as I have traveled extensively through Europe and many other countries, and I know whereof I speak, by personal observation and

by coming into personal contact with both Catholic and Protestant nations. However, we are not going to be satisfied with this alone, as we do not want the reader to rely implicitly upon our individual statements, but we propose to bring facts to bear upon your mind which cannot be over-thrown, as statistics are stubborn and unyielding facts, which none but fools dispute.

We propose to take statistics from the Peabody Reporter, which you can corroborate with the official report of the United States Commissioner of Education. The statistics that we above refer to follow:

“To every ten thousand inhabitants under the Roman Catholic school system, there are 1,400 illiterates, 410 paupers and 160 criminals, while in the public school system we only find to every ten thousand inhabitants 350 illiterates, making a difference of 1,050 to every ten thousand.” Thus you see that what we have said in previous chapters of this book in regard to Romanism being founded upon the mountains of ignorance is true.

Education in its literal meaning, means an infusion of intelligence that lifts up the minds of man, and it is generally so accepted by the world at large, but education, as far as Catholicism goes, means only a rehearsal of abominations, which have been practiced upon the followers of this creed for centuries in the past, and does not in the least bear upon the principles of true education.

The public school system is established on the principle that the intelligence and virtue of the people constitutes the foundation of free government.

Our public schools therefore form one of the chief cornerstones of our American republic; they are the sheet anchor of our hopes. The growth and prosperity which have characterized the first century of our schools fulfill their mission.

Education is the watchword of the hour among Protestants, but never among Catholics. We must educate if we would elevate, and unless we elevate the minds of men we will have humanity running riot with vice and immorality, and this is why the Catholic nations of the earth are found with their morals trailing in the slime of degeneracy.

Our public schools are to-day the great assimilating power in this country. We find in them children of all nationalities, and whether they be English, Irish, Scotch, Danish, Norwegians, French, Italians, or some other nationality, when they enter these institutions they pass out of the school houses, scattered all over this land, Americans, one and all, as it is absolutely impossible to make anything but a true American out of a pupil who has been turned out of the public schools of this country, and one who has been permitted to assimilate the doctrines of broad education taught in these schools.

The influence of the public schools works rapidly upon childhood and is felt through all of their after lives. A child who has been educated in the public schools of this country is always an unrelenting foe of caste, but the child

who is educated in the parochial schools is taught to look up to innumerable superiors, and such an education dwarfs the minds of childhood and teaches them to continually look to others for their individual happiness, but the teachings of the public schools broaden the individual mind and gives courage, which enables the child to swing out from the influence of others and become a mighty power in the mechanism of the universe.

We touch upon the public schools in this chapter, only in connection with the dominating influence of the Pope over nations which he completely rules, in order that the reader may thoroughly understand that ignorance begets crime and crime begets illegitimacy, as we expect to dwell more fully upon the education of nations in the future, but we want the reader to begin at the "Alpha" of reason, so that when he or she is through with this chapter that there will be no doubt in their minds as to why the power of the Pope breeds illegitimacy among his followers.

We have contrasted the difference in morals of the inhabitants, which are completely dominated by Roman Catholicism, to that of the inhabitants of Protestant America, but we have made this comparison in a general way; but we now want to select a country which for its absolutism of Catholic monarchy has no comparison, and that country is Ecuador.

In Ecuador the Catholic Church has such a complete hold upon the inhabitants that they will not allow Protestantism taught, and the consequence of her tyranny is that out of every 100 children born in that country, seventy-five are bastards or illegitimate and have no idea of their father, and the immorality of the priestcraft is so vile that their actions are absolutely passed over without notice, as there is scarcely a single priest to be found in that country but who is the father of from ten to twenty-five and thirty children; but still the Roman Church continues to forbid her priests to wed, when they know full well that celibacy in the Catholic Church is the cause of all of this degeneracy.

This state of affairs is not confined to Ecuador alone, but the same state of affairs exists throughout the length and breadth of all Catholic nations which are completely under the power of the Pope.

Italy, for instance, which is the home of the Pope and which has been the home of the Catholic Church since the existence of her abominations, is one of the most immoral countries that ever besmirched the face of the earth.

The first lesson that a Catholic child is taught is "hate," and that lesson is directed at Protestantism; therefore, is it any wonder that the education of Catholicism only reaches out far enough to hoodwink the student and does not elevate him or her above the festering mess which surrounds it?

We want, to repeat the statement that the Roman Catholic Church does not want to educate anybody, nor will it do so, where it is not under the pressure of Protestant influence. However, the American people demand figures and facts before they will be convinced; so as further evidence of the truthfulness of what we are telling you, we propose to quote from a report of the minister of education in Italy, made some few years ago. This report is true in every

particular, and bear in mind that this minister of education was a Catholic himself. The report follows:

"Of every 1,000 males in the province of Lombardy, 539 only were able to read, and 461 did not even know their letters. Of every 1,000 females, only 426 could read and 574 could not read, neither did they know their letters.

"In Naples and Sicily, out of every 1,000 males, only 165 were able to read and 835 could not, and out of every 1,000 females, only 62 could read and 938 could not read and did not know their alphabet. Taking this report, you will find that out of every 100, only about 10 were able to read.

"In 1864, out of 21,000,000 people, only 3,500,000 could read and write, and the rest did not know their alphabet, and to-day Spain, another country which is completely dominated by the power of Rome, has a population of ignorant dupes, as 80 per cent of the population of Spain cannot read and write.

"In Ireland, where the Romish Church is dominant, this same record is repeated, as in other Catholic nations. In European countries where Protestantism is taught there is but one out of every ten that cannot read and write, but in the same countries, where Catholicism has absolute sway, there is but one out of every 125 that can read and write.

"In six leading Protestant countries of Europe there are 315 inhabitants to every newspaper or magazine, while in six Roman Catholic countries in Europe there is but one newspaper to every 2,715 people.

"It is estimated that at least seven-eighths of the twenty million inhabitants in Spanish-America, which consists of the countries of Mexico, Cuba, Central America and the north and west parts of South America, are unable to read, and in Mexico alone 90 per cent of the inhabitants cannot read nor write, neither do they know their alphabet;" thus you can see what Roman Catholicism does for the countries which she controls.

We are writing this book, believing that an intelligent class of people will read it, and if such is true, we believe that it is useless for us to try to demonstrate further why the countries which are completely controlled by Catholicism are countries of illegitimacy, for an intelligent reader knows full well that ignorance is the greatest brooder of immorality known to man, and, of course, immorality means illegitimacy, and we believe that we have thoroughly demonstrated to the mind of the reader that Catholicism spreads a cloak of ignorance and superstition wherever she is allowed to rule supreme, and if this is the case, then the natural consequences of such a state of affairs is illegitimacy.



"FREE IN NAME ONLY." "Take their chains off, UNCLE SAM, or you will always have trouble with them."

It makes my heart sick when I realize that the Government of the United States has spent hundreds of millions of dollars upon the Islands of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, and, after all, these Islands are still in the grasp and the filthy embrace of the Vatican at Rome.

Not only fabulous amounts of money have been spent by the United States upon these Islands, but hundreds of our noble boys in blue have given up their lives in battle and by the scourge of disease, and still Catholicism has absolute sway in these far-away countries.

These islands have been under the immediate control of Popery for hundreds of years, but when the Government of the United States took charge of them, their inhabitants had advanced no further in intellectuality and the freedom of free men than they were centuries ago.

It may sound strange to the average reader when I declare that all of the lives lost and all of the money expended by the United States upon Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands was brought about by the tyrannical rule of Rome, for it was by her abominations that Cuba rebelled, which was the prime cause of the interference by the government of the United States; therefore you can readily see why it is that I claim that Catholicism is to blame for the part that the government of the United States took in the affairs of these countries, and what puzzles me so much is why the government of the United States still permits Catholicism to control the destinies of these countries, when the officials of this government know full well that had it not been for abhorrent Catholicism that Cuba would never have rebelled and that Porto Rico would have been satisfied, and that the Philippine Islands would not to-day belong to the United States; but, instead of this government trying to remedy the great wrong done to the inhabitants of these countries, it went right ahead and allowed the bone of contention to remain, and to-day finds this government not only permitting Catholicism to continue to practice her abominations in these countries, but this government is instrumental in sending Catholic teachers over to these countries, when, if this country would do its whole duty, it would not permit Catholicism to take any part in the affairs of these countries.

Archbishop Chapelle was shipped to the Philippine Islands with all the pomp of a ruler, and so was Archbishop J.J. Harty, whom I am personally acquainted with, and whom I have been on intimate terms with for a number of years, and this man Harty is to-day in the Philippine Islands ruling with the same tyrannical hand that has characterized Romanism for centuries past, and whose rule is only symbolic to ruin, as the interests of the inhabitants of these countries are never considered, as it is Rome's ambition and only desire to keep them under the heel of perpetual tyranny.

We would like to know why Archbishop Chapelle should be given the best stateroom in a transport ship sailing for Manila, while our pure-blooded, honest, sincere Protestant boys who wear the blue were huddled together like so many cattle.

Ah, this is the reason: Archbishop Chapelle is an emissary of the Pope of Rome and stands ready at all times to serve the wishes and obey the orders of

that Italian pontiff, and our officials were aware of this fact and they did not want to stir up the Catholic officials for fear of losing a few votes, as both of our old parties have sunk so low into the quagmire of filth that they would allow their country to sink to the level of Romish abominations if they thought by so doing they could control the Catholic vote for either party.

Was one of your boys on this transport ship? Was your kith and kin aboard this vessel that showed this ungodly discrimination between the soldier boy who wrung a poor mother's heart by leaving the parental fireside? If such was the case, you can vividly see the injustice done to these brave lads in favor of this Archbishop Chapelle, as these boys were on their way to this terrible land of disease and death to help plant the emblem of liberty upon the ramparts of these far-away Islands, and this same Archbishop Chapelle was on his way to destroy the influence of these boys' mission.

The time is not far distant until the Protestant world will wake up to the realization that they have been humbled before this Italian pontiff for the simple reason that our officials are willing to cater to Catholicism in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands for the sake of votes.

We do not care whether you are a Republican or a Democrat, this chapter should fire your blood to the fullest extent, for I am telling you truths, and if you have got the common decency of the most ignorant liberty-loving American you will right now make a resolve that Protestant America must redeem her pledge to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands to liberate them not only from the hardships placed upon them by a foreign nation, but liberate them from the bonds of Catholicism, which not only binds the body, but chains the soul with the fetters of ignorance and superstition.

When it became known that the government of the United States was to interfere in the affairs of Cuba, the Catholic Church put all of her machinery to work immediately in order to fool Uncle Sam and cajole him into dealing only with the government of Spain, which would permit Catholicism to exist in these Islands, and the pages of history only tell us too well how successfully she laid her plans, as to-day we have the awful spectacle of beholding the government of the United States playing the part of "protector," while she is quietly aiding the identical institution which caused the misery in these far-away countries.

What I tell you in this chapter is true, as I was a Catholic priest and was on the inside of the workings of Catholicism at that time, and what I relate is not guess work nor imagination, but it is plain, unvarnished and unadulterated truths, and the American people will sooner or later wake up to the realization of these awful truths, for just so long as the United States permits Catholicism to control the destinies of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, just that long turmoil and misery will remain in these tropical regions, for Catholicism has sworn by all of her imaginary saints that Protestantism shall never rule these countries, and so far she has carried out her threat truly and well, as Protestantism to-day has no more control over the inhabitants of these islands than she did before the damnable creed of the Pope was molested by the appearance of Dewey's guns at Manila.

Can you expect these countries to grow in greatness, and can you expect the inhabitants of these countries to become giants in intellect when they practice the cungerings of Catholicism?

We want to give the reader an insight in this chapter to what Catholicism practices in this country and in other countries that are not near so densely ignorant as Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, and then you can have an idea of what the inhabitants of these countries may expect in the way of advancement from Catholicism, and what I will repeat is the abominations that I have helped to practice myself for thirty years; therefore I know whereof I speak and no man dare dispute.

We will take a Catholic cemetery, for instance, and in order that the ground may be sanctified and fit to receive the dead bodies of those who believe in the Catholic faith a bishop must sanctify this earth and consecrate it before it is fit to conceal the body of one of the Pope's followers.

Our Savior has declared that "From earth we came, and to earth we shall return," and there was no proviso made that before we should return to earth that it would have to be consecrated by a human being, as any man or woman of intelligence knows full well that what the Lord our God has made cannot be improved upon by the idiotic chant and superstitious rant of a Catholic bishop.

It matters not how godly nor how piously a Protestant may have lived, Catholicism teaches that it is an abomination to bury a Protestant in a Catholic cemetery, and one of her laws is that to bury a heretic (which means Protestant) in a Catholic cemetery is unlawful, and the Catholic Popes instruct that the remains of any Protestant buried in a Catholic cemetery shall, if they can be distinguished, be removed, and if they can not be distinguished, that the cemetery shall be cleansed by sprinkling holy water over the ground, and bear in mind that this holy water is to receive its cleansing power from some priest or bishop, who perhaps is as immoral as hell.

In Canada, some time since, the laws of that country forcibly effected the burial of a Protestant in a Catholic cemetery, and the bishop of that diocese, by the name of Bourget, declared that portion of the cemetery as "desecrated and filthy" and forbade any priest to step his foot upon the ground.

Now, do you expect an institution which teaches such doctrines to elevate a nation above their own doctrine? If you do, you are expecting something unreasonable, and if the inhabitants of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands are not to be elevated above such abominations can the future hold anything for them but misery?

There is but one thing that beats a bishop's consecration of a graveyard, and that is money, and money only; but a few dollars will turn the trick and will open up the ground in a Catholic cemetery for a heretic, and enough money will turn the entire cemetery into a Protestant graveyard.

In the City of St. Louis there is a Catholic cemetery called "Calvary," and lots twelve feet square are sold at from \$50 to \$1,000 each. A lot was bought by a Protestant whose son died and who was baptized in his last hour by a Catholic nurse. While his people were Protestants, they consented, since he had been baptized into the Catholic Church, that they would give him a Catholic burial, and a priest by the name of Ward performed the ceremony. Now, bear in mind that the father of this young man had bought a lot large enough for his whole family to be buried there, when they should die, as he, of course, wanted his entire family to be buried together, but the Catholic Church would not consent to consecrate any part of that lot but the grave in which the young man was buried that was baptized on his death bed, simply because the remainder of the family were Protestants; but for money they consecrated a portion of this lot, four feet wide and six and one-half feet long, but the remainder of this lot was not consecrated, therefore you will see that money in the Catholic Church has as much power to consecrate the earth as doth the bishopric and priestcraft.

Ah, what abominations! but still this Government expects Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands to be elevated to the standard of manhood and womanhood by this class of ghouls.

Now, if we could halt with the recital of only a few abominations, my task, perhaps, would not be so disgusting, but had I the endurance to live on, until I were a thousand years old, and could write what I know and have experienced in the ranks of Catholicism, I would be unable to portray to the reader all of her abominations.

The Catholic Church is a church of show and glamor, and of nonsensical doctrines, and not a church of God and of holy worship.

Many believe that Catholicism has taught all of her cunningings for centuries past, and this is the case, but bear in mind, that Catholicism often has to have new "fakes," in order to make the money slide out of the pockets of their "dupes" more easily, so they get up new intrigues and modern shows for this purpose, and the fake that works the best is the one that they work the hardest, as I solemnly declare that the Catholic Church as a whole is a money proposition upon the part of those who teach her abominations, and I further declare that it is a "graft" conceived by minds that are more cunning and deceptive than any class of men upon the face of the whole earth.

The Catholic Church changes its form of worship like cheap chop houses change their bills of fare, as they are after "suckers," and if one bait will not get them, they throw out another, and the pomp and show of the church is to catch the eye and not to save the soul.

Not long since, the Catholic Church, with singular devotion, turned its attention to the five wounds of Christ, and immediately after giving these five wounds their solicitous attention, they bade their followers to have recourse to the sacred heart of Jesus, and in hundreds of Catholic Churches you will find to-day a statue made in the likeness of Christ, with a heart attached over the breast, and this heart is illuminated by electricity or candle, and the followers of Catholicism absolutely worship this mechanism of

man, and it has proven a great drawing card, and you can rest assured that Catholicism is pushing the scheme along good and hard, and "The St. Anthony Bread Box" hoax is another scheme that is not very old, but which the Catholic Church has found to be another great paying investment, and they are working "St. Anthony" for all that he is worth.

Now, can any man or woman of intelligence believe that the inhabitants of these islands can ever expect to become men and women of affairs—men and women of individuality—and men and women of intellectuality? If you can give a rational reason why these countries should ever expect to be elevated to the standard of greatness under such influences and under the tutelage of such an institution, then the road to greatness must be a very easy one to travel.

The Catholic Church is conducted on about the same principle as Dun's and Bradstreet's mercantile agencies, as they go into the minutest detail to keep record of the affairs of the country, so that they may know the weakest as well as the strongest points of their creed, so that they may at all times be prepared to exercise the greatest influence at the proper time, and what makes this creed so dangerous, is that they impress upon their dupes that the church is "eternal law," and they hold out the crown of glory on high as a reward for following their doctrine, and this is the most dangerous and damnable scheme ever perpetrated by mortal, for when you force a man or woman to believe that you hold in your hands their future destiny, you have them to the point where you can force them to do your bidding, and this is exactly what Catholicism does to her followers, and this is the reason why Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands can never expect to go higher in the scale of morality and intellectuality than they are at the present time, if the Government of the United States permits this troop of ghouls to continue to be their masters.

We believe that we have in this chapter made, it plain to the reader why the influence of Catholicism should be remotely removed from these islands, and if I am right, the Government of the United States is everlastingly wrong in permitting Catholicism to retain her hold upon the throats of the inhabitants of these islands, and I undoubtedly am right, as I know whereof I speak, as I have trod the deceptive road of Catholicism for the past thirty years, and I dare not tell in this book all that I know of her cunning in regard to these far-away countries, as I would have to use language so plain that I could not expect this volume to pass through the mails, as the priestcraft in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands are an immoral set, as a whole, and treat the female population of these islands in a manner that breeds immorality from generation to generation, and the awful part of this immorality is that those who commit it with the priestcraft do not consider that it is a wrong, as they have been taught that it is no sin to do as the priestcraft demands, therefore it is ten thousand times worse than if the sin was committed with the knowledge of the fact that it was a sin, as the mother or father who is aware of the fact that they are sinners will not teach their offspring to commit the sins that they are guilty of, but when they are not aware of the fact that they are committing a sin, of course, they allow their children to believe that their actions are in harmony with the teachings of

God, therefore this damnable practice goes on and on, from generation to generation, and this is why the morals, intelligence and progress of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, are to-day on the same plane of depravity as they were centuries ago, and no one is to blame for this carnality and debauchery of the inhabitants of these islands but the Roman Catholic Church, and until the Government of the United States shall declare and back up her declaration by Protestant manhood, the inhabitants of these islands will never know of the beauties of chastity and morality and the wonderful blessings that are held in store for them by embracing Protestantism.

May the Lord of Hosts hasten the day when the eyes of those who rule in Protestant America may be opened to the awful sins they are committing, by allowing Romanism to hover over these islands with her vulturous and carnivorous appetite of depravity, and may the time soon come when the Government of the United States shall proclaim to the Vatican at Rome that this veil of abomination shall be lifted from the inhabitants of these islands; and when this is done, the goddess of liberty that has made Protestant America what she is to-day, will hover over these far-away islands of the sea, and new life will pulsate in the veins of these Romish-ridden countries.



“SAVE THE GIRLS”! “Batter down the Convent doors of Catholicism and the civilized world will stand amazed.”

When I was living beneath the folds of the black banner of Catholicism, I sincerely and devoutly believed that to shield a Catholic criminal was a righteous and Godly calling, as I believed that to prevent the civil law from taking hold of the criminal career of a Catholic official, for his shortcomings, was but an act of Godly justice.

I also believed that anything that was done between the walls of a Nunnery was sanctified by the approval of those who were higher in authority in the Catholic Church than myself; therefore, the things which I now realize are both criminal and immoral, as well as utterly detestable, I at one time considered righteous, simply because my education had been confined to the narrow channels of bigotry, and the effulgency of Biblical knowledge had never penetrated my Romish-inspired perceptibilities.

I believe that I will make many assertions in this chapter that have never been made before, but there will not be an assertion made but what is true; however, there will be many that will arise from the trenches of Catholicism to denounce the truthfulness of them, but I know whereof I speak, and I defy any mortal man to successfully dispute what I may state.

This chapter will relate to monasteries and nunneries, which in olden times were called “asylums.”

These asylums are used by Catholicism to scuffle criminals of their following into, in defiance of law and justice, as these asylums are notorious among those who are on the inside workings of this creed, as to places where Catholic criminals can be concealed without fear of having the civil law bring them to justice, as these places are a retreat for Catholic criminals who are pursued by the ministers of justice, and where, so long as they remain, they cannot be arrested; but in order to elevate these "asylums" to the plane of religion, they, are called by different names which are misnomers, and are only raised to the level of religious institutions to cover up the infamy of their actual missions, as Catholicism has learned that as long as she can throw around and about herself a religious glamor, that she is permitted to go ahead and violate the laws of man without molestation.

The "asylums" of olden times were intended as retreats for those who were persecuted for their religious belief, but the mission of these institutions became useless, under the splendid and godly progress of Protestantism, as Protestantism planted her banner of enlightenment under the glorious leadership of Martin Luther, and such institutions were done away with, but Catholicism turned these asylums, which were once a protection to the persecuted followers of Christ, and converted them into an abode for Catholic criminals.

There is scarcely a man or woman in America but what has heard of Wm. Morgan, who lived at Batavia, in Western New York, who, it was claimed, wrote an expose of Freemasonry, and who, the Catholic Church claims, was killed by the Masonic fraternity for writing this expose.

The fact of the matter is that this book was prepared by the Catholic Church for electioneering purposes, and it served their scheme well and truly.

It is history that Morgan disappeared very suddenly, and the Catholic Church gave it out that he had been killed by the Masonic fraternity, which is untrue, as Wm. Morgan was spirited away, and the trick was turned by Catholicism.

"Wm. Morgan" became the issue for the campaign, and it was narrated around that Morgan was conveyed in a carriage from Batavia to Niagara by Freemasons, and there drowned in Lake Ontario.

A body was produced near the mouth of the Niagara River, but a friend of Wm. Morgan, who knew him well, by the name of Mrs. Wm. G. Barr, denied that the body that was found at the mouth of the Niagara River, was that of Morgan, and a devout Catholic remarked at the post-mortem examination that "It was a good enough Morgan until after the election."

A rigid investigation was made and no one was ever convicted of murdering Morgan.

The result of the election was that Catholicism carried her point. The Catholic Church had turned by this excitement the eyes of the world towards Freemasonry, and claimed that Morgan's fate was caused by the Masonic fraternity.

When I came to America, I was given instructions in regard to secret societies, and the Morgan case was gone over with me in detail, and I was given "The Bulls" of three popes, which excluded all members of Freemasons from the Catholic Church, and all who belonged to the Masonic fraternity were denied even a Christian burial by the Catholic Church.

I was told by a priest, who was in good standing, that the Masons had in their meetings a literal devil concealed in a box, and that when they would meet, they would stick pins in a picture of some supposed "traitor" and shriek out in their madness: "Die like Morgan!"

Mrs. Wm. G. Barr was called to identify the supposed body of Wm. Morgan, which was found at the mouth of the Niagara River.

Her husband, Wm. G. Barr, was an old dry goods man and once ran for governor of the State of Kansas, but was defeated because his wife had declared "that Wm. Morgan's body had never been discovered at the mouth of the Niagara River, and further declared that it was a 'fake,' pure and simple, and gotten up by Catholicism in order to villify the Masonic fraternity."

I had always been of an investigating turn of mind, and the stories that were told to me in regard to Wm. Morgan did not sound right, so I took the train for Topeka, Kans., where Mrs. Wm. G. Barr lived, and this is the story that she related to me in great emotion:

Mrs. Barr told me that she was a friend of Wm. Morgan, and that she was called to identify his body, but instead of finding the corpse of Wm. Morgan, on the seashore, she found the body of some one else and not that of Morgan, and she further told me that Wm. Morgan, before his disappearance, had written her that he was persuaded by a number of Catholic priests to leave the Masons, and that he, to his sorrow, had followed their advice, and that these priests had written a book, and insisted that he should publish it, but he never did give his consent, and stated that he never would; however, the book appeared, and the fact of the matter is that it was a clumsy forgery by the priestcraft of Catholicism.

This book appeared in print, and Wm. Morgan became frightened, as he realized that should the country at large believe that he was the author of this book, he would be considered as a traitor, and he became frightened and did not know what to do, and about this time two Catholic priests approached him, and persuaded him to leave the country, and they took him to "a Trappist monastery," near Montreal, Canada.

He remained there quite a time, and left Canada and went to Asia, and he was seen and identified in Asia years after Catholicism had declared that he had been murdered by the Masonic fraternity.

I do not remember of ever reading this history before, and I am under the impression that I am the first man—in fact, I know that I am the first man who was for thirty years a Catholic priest that ever gave this information to the public.

Now, if a monastery in Canada would be turned into a lie and a deception in order that the Catholic Church might carry out her diabolical and cunning schemes, what can we expect of other monasteries?

If this history attaches itself to a monastery like that in Canada, what must be the condition of the monasteries and nunneries of nations which have not the enlightenment that Canada has?

I desire to call to the attention of the reader a little history that is not exceedingly old, and which every boy and girl is acquainted with, as it has transpired in the past ten years—yea, later.

It was in the afternoon of a December day, in 1900. A boy, Edward Cudahy, Jr., was walking to his father's mansion and was invited to step into a buggy and was informed that he was under arrest. This boy was then and there abducted, and this abduction became known by the boy remaining away from his home that night.

The police and detectives of Omaha and the detectives from Chicago and other cities were busy on the case day and night. Days and weeks passed and nothing came to light except letters from the ones who had kidnapped this boy, asking for a ransom of \$25,000, and stating that if this sum of money in gold was not forthcoming, that the boy's eyes would be put out and he would forever lose his sight.

This last threat startled the poor, heart-broken mother, and as the time approached for these devils to put into execution their threat, this poor frantic mother insisted that her millionaire husband, Edward Cudahy, Sr., give up the \$25,000 and save her precious boy's eyesight.

Her husband resisted as long as he could, but at last took the \$25,000 in gold and stepped into his buggy, with the signal lantern, and drove to a certain spot, designated by Pat Crow, who is the one who abducted Cudahy, and with this \$25,000 bought his boy's liberty, and this boy was brought from that cottage on Grover street, unhurt, and Pat Crow made away with his \$25,000 in gold.

Cudahy was called up a number of times by telephone and was threatened that if he did not withdraw the reward that he was offering for Pat Crow's arrest that there would be something awful befall him; but he resisted and would not withdraw his offer of reward, consequently this made it necessary for Pat Crow and Eddy McGehee, alias Burns, to leave the country.

These men were known in Omaha, St. Joe, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, not only by a number of their ilk, but also to the police forces, consequently the nets of the law were stretched all over the United States for these abductors.

On December 28 it was reported from La Salle, Ills., that Pat Crow was arrested. Kansas City police promised his arrest before sunset, but he was not arrested.

There were 80,000,000 people looking for Pat Crow, but he took a Pullman

sleeper and traveled to New York, and from there sailed on a first-class ticket for Europe and spent a good time in London, from whence he went to South Africa and played a deceptive role in the English-African war.

Now, I am going to relate something that will make one's blood boil with indignation and the cold sweat stand out with the clamminess of death, but what I tell you is true.

Priest Dempsey, pastor of St. Patrick's Church in St. Louis, was president of the "Emmet" celebration in the year 1902.

After a speech by Judge Ryan of St. Louis, and a most eloquent address by a priest, who had been a young Boer officer, he inspired Irish patriotism by an elegant appeal against "Old England." He was indeed an orator who, by his recitation, held the audience for an hour. I was one who was nearest to him on the platform and congratulated him on his powerful speech.

After the applause from his Irish friends, as he had called them, he decided to leave with me for his hotel, and I was stopping at St. Patrick's parsonage, so we both had to go in the same direction.

I had become interested in the fellow while he was delivering his speech and I became much more interested in him in our car ride, together, to the Lindell Hotel, and he invited me to stop off with him awhile at the Lindell Hotel, and we were soon engaged in all kinds of discussions, both religious and political. He was a "Dutchman" and had asked his government of Holland for a leave of absence to fight in the Boer war, which was granted him, and to prove the truthfulness of this assertion he showed me a wound on his breast which had not yet healed.

He remarked that he came "nearly" telling in his address at the "Emmet" meeting about the miraculous escape of Pat Crow to South Africa, and stated that if it had not been for the bad impression Pat Crow had made in America, he would have told of the trick that had been turned to gain him his freedom and rob some one in America of the reward that had been put on his head by Millionaire Cudahy.

The following is his story he told me as near as I can remember it:

"One night I was in Johannesburg, South Africa, and stayed with Pat Crow in the same room. I knew that it was Pat Crow and did not intend to have much to do with him, but he noticed me and I became interested in him, and he spoke to me about matters, and the millionaire's boy being abducted, and the ransom that he received, and his escape to Africa.

"He remarked that I would realize from his name that he was an Irish Catholic, and stated that he had gone through the Catholic schools and was a 'brother' in the cloisters, and stated that this was his strong point in never being caught in his daring undertakings.

"He stated that when they received their \$25,000 ransom from Cudahy that it was divided at the cottage where the crime was committed. He stated that it cost him quite a sum of money to stay with friends a few days in Omaha, but

that he soon disguised himself as an inmate of the Jesuit College, a school for Catholic boys.

“He stated that he traveled on a ‘permit’ as Father O’Connor to Kansas City, and stated that from there he went to St. Louis, disguised as a Catholic priest, and that the conductors on the train spoke to him as ‘How do you do, Father?’

“When I arrived in St. Louis I went to St. Anthony’s Church, where you can obtain most anything from that saint. I rang the bell for confession. I confessed all kinds of things. I confessed to murder, robbery, kidnapping, and the Father Confessor was impressed with me because I was a ‘big fish’ in my line, and because I had done no harm to the millionaire’s boy. I told the inmates of St. Anthony’s Church that I wanted to make confession and do penance the remainder of my life.

“A brother came with the scissors and I received the ‘tonsure’ for the third time, which left only a circle of hair around my head, and no Pinkerton detective, or even Bertillion himself could have identified me.

“In a short time I left this St. Anthony Church in a ‘Catholic Habit,’ which disguised me as a Catholic official, and I went to Omaha and passed myself off as ‘Brother Clement from St. Louis.’

“When I reached Omaha I had no trouble in passing myself off as ‘Brother Clement.’

“After I had remained there awhile I excused myself and in my priestly robes I walked to the banks of the Missouri River and raised my buried treasure, as I had left a part of the money that I received from Cudahy buried near the river, and I took the train to St. Louis, and from there to New York, and from New York I took a German steamer to Southampton.

“I stayed in London two weeks and read in the papers all about Pat Crow. London was not the place for a man like me, as I had been there before, and they knew me; so I sailed for the diamond fields of South Africa, where I am now free, by the system of ‘asylums’ (which are Catholic monasteries) of the Catholic Church. Pat Crow wound up his story by telling me that if I ever needed to try this plan that I could do it, and stated that the Catholic Church was the refuge of criminals.”

Now, bear in mind, the reason that the Catholic Church is such a refuge for criminals is because no police or detective is ever allowed to cross over the door-sills into these places of Catholic refuge, where the worst chapters of crime never will be told, and where these criminals flee to avoid the punishment of their crimes.

This is the first time in the history of the world that this awful history in regard to Pat Crow and Catholicism was ever given to the reading public.

Catholicism teaches, and acts accordingly, that if a confessor forgives the sins of these criminals that God has taken away all guilt from their heinous crimes and that the civil laws have no right to punish these criminals after

a Catholic priest has forgiven their sins, and on this damnable dogma, Catholicism bases her right for the existence of these "asylums."

I want to give the reader a little history in regard to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Wilkes Booth, a Roman Catholic, was the assassin of President Lincoln. The Roman Catholic Church, under the mask of Democracy, was always believed to be responsible for this diabolical assassination. In fact, it is believed, and the belief is well founded, that through the "inquisition" in the City of Rome that a plot was laid to destroy the republican form of government of the United States, and the assassination of Abraham Lincoln was the first step, and the plotting on this side of the water was done in Catholic houses, adorned with crucifixes, religious saints, religious statues, religious relics, and rosaries, scapulars, holy water pots, and medals of Catholicism innumerable.

It was in the house of Mrs. Surratt, located in the very heart of Washington, D.C., that the officers of this government proceeded after the assassination of President Lincoln, and bear in mind that Mrs. Surratt was a Roman Catholic, and the occupants of this house were arrested. The ones who were arrested were; Mrs. Surratt, a Roman Catholic; her daughter, Anna, a Roman Catholic; Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a Roman Catholic, and Miss Hollahan, a Roman Catholic. Before the officers had left this house a light knock was heard at the door and a young man appeared in disguise, as he was dressed as a common laborer and carried a pick upon his shoulder; his hands were white and soft and he was also arrested, and his name was Powell, another Roman Catholic.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was a Roman Catholic, consequently the belief is undoubtedly well founded that not only the scheme to assassinate Abraham Lincoln was laid in the City of Rome by Roman Catholics, but was carried into execution by the same set in this country.

Booth, after the assassination, fled to Surrattsville to the hotel of Mrs. Surratt, and there a Roman Catholic woman had concealed a carbine. Mr. Surratt, at Washington, had warned the folks at the hotel that the weapon would be called for the night of Abraham Lincoln's assassination, which is prima facie evidence of the plot to assassinate Lincoln. After the assassination Booth fled, but on the eastern shores of the Potomac he was concealed in a Roman Catholic Church for nearly a week. As we relate this history, which is true, the evidence becomes more damaging against Roman Catholicism.

The finale of this national tragedy was that Herald, Powell and Mrs. Surratt were hung, and Dr. Mudd and O'Laughlin were committed to life-long imprisonment, and all of these were Roman Catholics.

The question now arises, How did John H. Surratt escape from the same fate of Herald, Powell and Mrs. Surratt? I will tell you! John H. Surratt escaped by the assistance of Catholic officials and went to Canada, and was concealed in a "Trappist cloister" near Montreal, and remained there until 1865, when, as a Priest, he went to Liverpool.

In the spring of 1866, Mr. Wm. H. Seward was informed by a Mr. King, at Rome,

Italy, that John H. Surratt had enlisted in the Papal Guards, under the name of John Watson. He was arrested at Teroli, in Italy, but escaped by plunging down a ravine twenty-three feet deep.

He was wounded by the fall and crawled off to a monastery and remained there until he was healed and then resumed his flight. After his wounds healed, he went to Egypt, as he was not satisfied with Italy, and was there captured by our minister, Mr. Hale, and sent to America.

I could go on and on, giving you history of lesser importance than this, which occurs week in and week out, month in and month out, and year in and year out, and which is strictly connected with the Catholic Church, but what I have given you are truths, and indisputable truths, which should be evidence enough of the awfulness of monasteries of this and other countries, and a class of men who will commit such dastardly deeds in the monasteries would not hesitate to slaughter innocent virtue in the nunneries of this country.

I could give you history in regard to the nunneries that would make the cheek of virtue blush with shame, but to give you this history I would have to use language that I do not desire to use, as I want to keep the minds and morals of the girls of this country as pure as possible; but from this chapter, Protestant fathers and mothers must know what Roman Catholicism consists of, and Catholic fathers and mothers who are not everlastingly blinded by the false light of this damnable creed should rally from their lethargic walks of debauchery and snatch their children from the Romish mire of degradation and place them upon the Protestant highways, which lead to the beauties of individual and collective greatness.



CHRIST POPE The Christ of Protestantism compared to the God of Catholicism. TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

In the Book of Books, we find that the Lord of Hosts declares that, "It is not good for man to dwell alone," and our Heavenly Father also teaches us that "Every man should have one wife."

Now, the Good Lord was either right or wrong when He made this declaration, and who is there that would declare that the Lord was mistaken in His injunction? Not one! Therefore, we must acknowledge that either the Lord our God made a declaration that was nonsensical and unreasonable, or else the Roman Priestcraft is living a life which is diagonally contrary to the commands and demands of God Almighty, for when the Roman Church declares that her Priests shall not wed, they at once set up a rule for their teachers which is in violation, to not only the laws of God, but laws of man, as the silent whisperings of man's nature demands a helpmate. The heathen nations of the earth who are not acquainted with the sanctity of the marriage vow, have a longing for the companionship of the opposite sex, and this longing cannot be termed anything but "a godly love," as this feeling was placed in the

bosom of humanity by a divine being, and whenever this desire is thwarted, you have disturbed the most blissful inspiration of the human family; but the Roman Catholic Church would have us believe that a few of the human family have been ordained by God to live recluses, or, as we may term it, "unmarried hermits."

Catholicism, with all her damnable dogmas and creeds, cannot change that God-given impulse that was planted in the bosom of man, when Adam was created in the Garden of Eden, and the more Roman Catholicism endeavors to eradicate that feeling, the greater her sins become, for it is a most damnable sin to try to force man to eradicate from his bosom this everlasting and godly craving for the love of the opposite sex, and as long as "man is born of woman," just so long that inspiration will live in the bosom of mankind, and just so long as Roman Catholicism endeavors to force humanity to purge itself of this blessed longing, just so long the mark of deception, depravity and ungodliness will be left upon the brow of this Romish demon.

This chapter is one that must be written in a delicate manner, which prohibits me from becoming emphatic and explicit, for should I allow myself to write exactly what I have seen, and the truths that exist in regard to Romish hellishness, and the deeds of the unmarried cussedness of Catholicism, I would have to resort to language that would be unchaste, but I have in mind a story that was told some time ago, by a young lady, who had spent a number of years in a convent, which I will relate word for word as she gave it, and which will be only the history over and over again of thousands—yea, tens of thousands of girls who have had the same experience as this poor mortal, only perhaps had new agonies added to their lives.

The history of this girl's life in a convent is more than pathetic, from the fact that her father on his deathbed requested that she be placed in a convent by her mother, which was done, and her sufferings, the reader will see, were not a fault of hers, but the fault of her parents, who had been raised to believe in the diabolical teachings of Roman Catholicism, but who did not know that these teachings were only echoes of the dark ages of paganism, therefore you will see that this poor girl's history is laden with a sadness for which she is not to blame, and the fault can only be laid at the fountain head, as her parents were sincere in their belief, and did not, of course, realize that they were helping to ruin their darling girl's future.

I will now relate her history, as near as possible, the way she gave it, which will be symbolic of the history of thousands of other girls, and which is absolutely true. Her story follows:

"When one becomes an inmate of a convent, they become a prisoner, as every act is scrutinized by the mother superior, and you have no privilege any more than if you were a convict and placed behind the bars for some heinous crime. With this exception, however, you are allowed to receive letters from a priest without having the letter opened and read before it reaches you, as there is always some mark to distinguish a letter received from a priest, but all letters that you write and all letters that you receive, unless they bear the mark indicating that they have been sent by a priest, are carefully read,

and if the contents of either the letter you write, or the one that has been written to you does not meet with the arbitrary opinion of the "mother superior," they are destroyed, and you never have the opportunity of sending the one that you have written, or to receive the one that has been written to you, unless they can pass the inspection of the "mother superior," who is nothing more nor less than an agent of the Pope of Rome, as she receives her instructions from the priestcraft, and they receive their instructions from the Pope of Rome."

When an inmate of a convent receives a letter from a priest it is handed her without being opened, as the "mother superior" is instructed not to open such letters, and is told that all such letters, of course, relate to the spiritual welfare of the nun.

In these letters the priest will tell the nun what day he will call to give her a general confession. As soon as such a letter is received the nun informs the "mother superior" that on a certain day Priest So-and-So will visit her, and, of course, this "mother superior" gives the permission, and on the day that the priest is to arrive, this nun is excused from all duties for that day, and when the priest arrives he is shown into what is called the Retreat Parlor; and no matter how long he remains there, no one will disturb him. He is supposed to be talking with his penitent on the welfare of her soul. Ah, could any one look through the door, they would find this priest with his arms about the form of this fair penitent, or perhaps in a far more compromising position!

Right here the reader may ask if these nuns are willing to submit to the embraces of these priests?

I will allow this girl to answer this question in her own language, and her answer is this:

"I answer that in fifteen out of twenty cases—No! But she is there helpless; the priest has seen her somewhere in the garb of a nun and has taken a fancy to her, and whether she be willing or not, he compels her to allow him to satisfy his hellish passion!"

This girl continues by exclaiming: "Oh God! Great God! When I think of this system—this system born of the devil and nurtured by hell—and realize that under the cloak of religion it is stealing away our liberty, entering into our homes, ruining our womanhood and girlhood, and painting childish purity with the brush of immorality, and defiling everything with which it comes in contact, I then become a mad woman, and I become as a venomous serpent, wanting revenge for what has been done to me, and it seems as if I cannot remain quiet, but, closing my eyes and ears to everything, as I have no redress, I am compelled to warn thousands who may come after me, of their fate, should they take up convent life, which is a hell upon earth and a blotch as black as the shadows of hell to any land."

The same lady who related the above, and a great deal more which I cannot tell in this chapter, gave an account of the sufferings of another nun, who was in the same convent with her, and I now learn that the same story that I

will now relate has been told to others.

Reader, you must bear in mind that convents have many tortures outside of the torturing conscience on account of having the virtue of their inmates destroyed. The teachings of Catholicism lead people to practice self-infliction upon their person in order to appease a living God, as they seem to worship a living God the same as the pagans would worship a God of stone, or a ferocious God in the form of some carnivorous beast, and in order to atone for their sins, these inmates of the nunneries are taught that they must bear self-infliction; in fact, Catholicism teaches her followers that in order that any of them shall receive absolute pardon, that they must resort to heathenish practices.

As stated above, the same lady whom we speak of in the first part of this chapter, relates her experience with a sister nun, who endured self-torture, believing that it was an outward demonstration of godliness. Her story follows:

"I call to mind a case of cruelty under the guise of devotion that happened in our convent. A consecrated penitent, Sister Madeline, had been for some time a victim of consumption. She was a beautiful girl, and her exquisitely sweet voice could be heard in church every Sunday, taking part in the high mass. Poor Sister Madeline! How many humiliations she received! How often she was censured for leaving her work unfinished when she was not able to do it, and how I have pitied her as she tried to eat the bread and dripping we had for supper. Failing in the attempt, I would notice the tears gather in her eyes. Oh, how often I longed to be able to obtain some little delicacy for her! but dared not ask for it. Her gentle, patient, suffering face will never fade from my memory.

"One Sunday evening she and I were walking in the garden after benediction. She felt more than usually weak, and, therefore, I could offer her my arm to lean upon.

"'Dear Sister Magdalene Adelaide,' she said, 'I think our blessed Lord is soon going to come for me.'

"I tried to cheer her by telling her that it might be His will to restore her again to health and strength.

"'No, dear Sister,' she replied; 'and oh, I do not want to stay. I long to see my Master's face. At night, when I lay awake in pain, I long, oh, so much, that I might go!'

"'Sister Madeline,' I said, 'you have been happy here, have you not? You love your present life?'

"We had seated ourselves by this time in a little grotto made up in honor of 'Our Lady of Lourdes.' She buried her face in her hands, and I saw the tears trickling between her fingers.

"My own eyes filled with tears; I know not why.

"At last, raising up her head, she said: 'I have tried my best to be contented; but oh! Sister Adelaide, it has been a bitter struggle. It is wrong in me to give way thus; but I cannot help it. May Our Lady pity me! I want you to promise, dear Sister, that you will say a rosary for me every day for a year after I am dead, and one communion every month.'

"'I will gladly do this for you, Sister Madeline,' I answered. 'Tell me,' I continued, 'is there any particular day you prefer?'

"'Yes,' she replied, 'I would like your Friday communion. Promise me that on the anniversary of the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, my patron saint, you will offer your communion for me.'

"I promised her this and she seemed more satisfied.

"'I know,' she said, 'that I shall have a long purgatory.' She shuddered as she spoke. 'And oh! I do hope the dear sisters will remember me in their prayers and communions.'

"'Dear Sister Madeline,' I said at last, 'purgatory is better than hell and our Blessed Lady will intercede for you.'

"'Yes, dear Sister Magdalene Adelaide,' she said, 'you are right; but oh!' she continued, 'I cannot help the shudder that passes through me as I think of the suffering I shall be in for years, especially after the mortifications I have practiced here, the discipline I have applied to myself, the days I have abstained from food, the prayers I have offered, the tears I have shed; and now, as death approaches, there is no other prospect before me than a long term of purgatorial punishment. Besides, the punishment will be all the greater since I have given away to an unnatural thought.'

"'And what, may I ask, do you call an unnatural thought?'

"'Sister Magdalene Adelaide, come close to me.'

"I rose from my chair and knelt down beside her.

"'Dear sister, I have endeavored to bear my cross,' she commenced, speaking with difficulty; 'But oh! sister, I dread the end; I have so much to expiate; and oh!' she continued, her voice now choked with sobs, 'if only I could have my mother near me; if only I could hear her voice once more; it is so long since I have seen her. I have asked for any letter that may have come, but they tell me none has arrived, and oh! I don't think mother has quite forgotten me.'

"I durst not trust myself to speak; my heart was too full. At last I said, 'Dear sister, do not grieve thus; our Blessed Lady will intercede for you. Remember, in coming here your purpose, even as mine, was to make reparation for sin. You and I have both suffered. Be brave now, dear, and now that the end is near do not take away from God's glory by fearing for the future.'

"'I know it is wrong to grieve so much, Sister Magdalene Adelaide, but oh, I am so weak! Will you read a meditation for me?'

"I took up the book and did as she requested. Soon she fell into a sleep which lasted about one hour, and again I commenced saying my rosary beads. Presently I heard her murmur, and, listening, I heard her whisper, 'My feet! oh, my feet!' I arose from my chair and removed the sheet with the intention of rubbing her limbs; as I did so her feet were disclosed. A thrill of horror passed through my being as I looked at them, for they were all cut, festered and bruised; a fearful suspicion took possession of me, and, stooping down, I picked up her infirmity shoes. On examination I discovered in them pieces of broken glass; a thrill akin to horror ran through my whole frame. I held the shoes in my hands and looked at the pale, suffering face of Adeline as she lay there on her bed, and this evening the whole scene rises before me—the little infirmity with its clean, white floor, a few cheap prints of the stations of the cross hanging on the otherwise bare walls, the two or three small iron bedsteads, then the white wooden altar upon which was spread a white linen cloth embroidered with red; the two statues, one of 'Our Lady of Dolours' and the second of St. Joseph, the patron of happy deaths. In the center of the altar was a vase with a few cheap paper flowers.

"Yes, it comes to me most vividly. There she lay, the sin of her past life being that she, too, had been deceived at the altars of Rome—a victim of priestly solicitation in the confessional. Even as she lay there in the last stages of consumption, traces of what had at one time been a beautiful face were clearly discernible. What had she not suffered for years! Who could tell the many weary hours of heart anguish she had passed through? And yet she was young—hardly twenty-five years old. She had given up all that was near and dear, and, for the years she had lived in the convent, she had tried to appease God's justice for her early sin by mortifying and chastising herself in a way that can only find a parallel in the doctrines of Buddha. Oh, Madeline! poor, wounded, betrayed one! Who can wonder, as you lay there with the fever of consumption running and coursing through your veins, that, in spite of all the teachings and practices of self-denial in the convent life in which you had lived so many years, yet, when the hour of death drew nigh and your soul was hovering on the borders of the unknown eternity, your thoughts once more went back to the old home-scenes, and you longed, as only a child can, for the sight of a mother's face, the sound of a mother's voice, the cool, soothing touch of a mother's hand passing over your brow? They tried to crush down the natural love that God placed in your heart for your mother, but they could not. The use of the discipline caused the blood to flow and gave you physical suffering; fasting and long prayers made you weak, and thus incapable of exercising will-power; and, when no other eye but God's was upon you, when struggling with the desire to leave forever the hateful prison walls of the convent, the bitter tears forced their way. Then, kneeling before the statue of the 'Mother of Sorrows,' you pleaded with her to help and intercede for you. What comfort did you get? What hope? What consolation? None! You might make good confessions and communions, practice all the self-denials required of one in your vocation, and the only thing that the church could give you, the only gleam of hope she could offer, was that, through your works of supererogation, your purgatory would be lessened; and now, wasted through suffering and consumption, dreading the punishment of purgatory, endeavoring in your dying state to do something to lessen its pangs, you have walked with glass in your shoes and your poor feet give

evidence of the agony you endured. And this is Christianity!

"I applied cold cloths to her feet; I sat down in the dimly-lighted infirmary by the side of her bed, and, holding the fevered and trembling hand, I, in my ignorance, tried to give her some comfort. I promised to remember her in my intentions, my communions, and at the sacrifice of the Mass. I spoke to her of the mercy and compassion of Mary, the 'Mother of Sorrows,' and tried to give her hope by pointing to her as mediator between her soul and Christ, but I could see that she received no satisfaction, no assurance. Then her eyes closed and she dozed for a few minutes, only to wake with a moan of pain—'Oh, my feet! oh, my feet!' And then again, 'If only I could see my mother!' would issue from her parched and cracked lips.

"And so I sat through the night, soothing her as well as I knew how, and repeating aspirations for her, until the dawn crept in and the nuns' bell rang out at 4:30 o'clock, arousing the inmates. The quietness and deep stillness still remained throughout the institution, the sisters and penitents walking in the dimly-lighted cloisters with soft tread and down-cast eyes, as if in the land of the silent dead and not the living."

As I write I wonder how it was possible for me to endure the paganism of Catholicism for thirty years, and the only rational reason I can give for this endurance is that I, like thousands of these poor nuns whom I have just written about, was raised to believe that the teachings of Catholicism were right and the only road that lead to eternal glory; therefore I look with pity and compassion upon those black-garbed nuns when I behold them tramping the streets of our large cities, as I realize that they actually believe they are performing God's work, when the truth of the matter is that they are only following the practices of heathen nations.

I could go on and write a thousand pages upon "The Unmarried Cussedness of the Roman Priestcraft," and each page would be as black as the shadows of hell, but I deem it unnecessary, as I have confidence in those who may read this book that they will believe every word of what I have written, therefore it is unnecessary for me to dwell longer upon the hideousness of celibacy.

In conclusion, I desire to say that so long as Roman Catholicism demands that her priestcraft shall not wed, just so long the priestcraft will remain vultures of virtue and just so long convents will be turned into carnivals of vice.

It is only natural that such should be the case, as both the priestcraft and the inhabitants of our convents are brought up from childhood to believe in the absurdities of Roman Catholicism, and to believe that all of their many sins can be pardoned by the cungerings of this Romish doctrine.

My prayer is that the government of the United States may learn in the near future that the broad light of Protestant inspection must penetrate these recesses of darkness before we can ever have them cleansed of their immorality, and this inspection must be made often, and I sincerely believe that the time is not far distant when Protestant America will demand that Catholicism shall do away with her monasteries and nunneries, unless she

submits to a rigid examination of her actions, and whenever she submits it will be because she is forced to submit, and whenever she is forced to do so, these monasteries and convents will be closed up, as Protestant America will not allow nor permit these plague spots to exist to pollute the fair name of America when she learns of their actual mission.



“BEING EXCOMMUNICATED FOR READING THE BIBLE.” “May she be damned in her mouth, in her breast, in her heart and down to her very stomach. Etc. Etc.”

Catholicism teaches that the Pope of Rome is infallible and cannot sin, neither can he make a mistake. This claim, if true, would place the Pope of Rome, who is nothing more nor less than a human being, upon the same footing as Jesus Christ.

The Bible says, “There are none pure; no, not one.” Now, if the claim of Catholicism that the Pope of Rome is infallible, is true, then the Bible is a myth and a mockery.

If Catholicism’s claim that the Pope of Rome is infallible, is true, then God is not an impartial God, for if He is an impartial God He would not bestow upon any of His mortals the gift of purity, without being ready to bestow the same gift upon all of those who are deserving, and who by their righteousness deserve this grand and princely distinction.

We want to use a little common sense and a philosophy that can be assimilated by any man or woman of ordinary intelligence.

The Bible does not relate in any verse or chapter that any one can reach the point of infallibility during life. Now, is not this true? And if it is, then the claim of Catholicism that the Pope of Rome is infallible is a lie, woven in the devil’s loom.

We want to prove to our readers that this claim is one founded upon fallacious grounds, as the Pope of Rome is elected by the cardinals of the Catholic Church, who are human and who are often as immoral as the devil; therefore the infallibility of the Pope rests in human hands, for it is by these cardinals that the Pope is created, therefore you will see that by the ballot of these cardinals the Pope derives his infallibility, and not from any power of God Almighty, consequently this proclaimed infallibility of the Pope rests in the hands of these cardinals.

Now, to illustrate this damnable doctrine and show it up in its rabid ignorance, we will suppose that when Pope Pius X was elected Pope of Rome that if some other priest had received a majority of one of the votes of the cardinals, Pope Pius X would never have had this blessing from God, but he

would only have missed it one vote, therefore you will see that this infallibility which was about to rest on Pope Pius X, but did not, would have been snatched from him by the failure of one cardinal to vote for him.

Now, any man or woman of ordinary "horse sense" can see that God Almighty has nothing whatever to do with filling the office of the Pope, and this infallibility rests altogether with the pulling power that the candidate for Pope exercises over the cardinals, as it is an indisputable fact that there is as much political chicanery in the election of a Pope as there is in the election of a justice of the peace at a township election.

We want to learn just how far this infallibility of the Pope goes. If a man is infallible he can not make a mistake, and I can prove by every man of broadmindedness and intelligence that the Popes of Rome, for centuries past, have made nothing but mistakes, and their mistakes have been not only ruinous to those whom they profess to teach, but their mistakes have had a tendency to paralyze the righteous ambitions of every nation to which their influence has extended. If the claim of Catholicism is true that her Popes are infallible, then we must acknowledge that this great gift was received from God Almighty, and we cannot believe such nonsense when we are aware of the fact that these Popes are elected by the cardinals, and the election of a Pope depends upon the tactics and schemes of these cardinals; then, pray, tell us how any man who has been raised up under the arch-light of Protestantism, or who has had the searchlight of Protestant intelligence penetrate his soul, can for a moment believe in the infallibility of the Pope?

I sincerely believe, in fact, I know that there are millions who believe this damnable doctrine, as I can honestly say that I at one time believed it myself. But those who do believe it are those who have been raised beneath the dark shadows of superstition, and my mission in writing this book is to brush the cobwebs of ignorance from these dwarfed minds and help to point them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," and if I can be instrumental in this mission I will not only open the eyes of the followers of Catholicism, but I will put stiffening into the backbone of Protestantism and help them to brand this idolatrous doctrine of Catholicism wherever she may dare to rear her abominable head.

The great danger in teaching that the Pope is infallible is in making thieves and murderers of our citizens, for if Catholicism is right in teaching her followers that the Pope of Rome is infallible, this doctrine is bound to have an influence that is awful in its effect, for whenever a man or woman believes in the infallibility of the Pope they are bound to believe in the infallibility of all things that he creates; therefore you will see that this doctrine is far-reaching in its effects, for if a Pope is infallible the bishops which he creates are infallible, and if the bishops which he creates are infallible, the priests which they create are infallible, and whenever we teach a nation this abomination we have a nation of people which believes that there is no sin so heinous which they may commit but which may be forgiven by the priesthood, as they have learned to believe that all things created by the Pope are infallible, simply because they have been created by the Pope, and whenever you preach a doctrine that has such effect upon the

inhabitants of any country you will have a set of inhabitants who will commit crime without hesitation, as they are assured that by paying a few dollars into the coffers of the priest they can have their sins pardoned, and whenever you cause a nation to believe this, you at once have a nation of criminals.

It is, in my estimation, absolutely impossible for an individual who believes in such a damnable doctrine to become a pure, patriotic American citizen. Now, this may seem to the reader a very broad assertion and one that may appear too broad to be substantiated, but I propose to demonstrate to you that it is only a natural consequence, and if we fail to make this point clear to the reader's mind we will not ask them to believe it.

In the first place, we desire to say that the Catholic religion—if religion it can be termed—is founded upon the rock of superstition. Every code of their church doctrine teaches that the Pope is infallible and cannot err, which is absurd, and not only absurd, but a festering lie, for no man or woman who believes in the teachings of the Holy Bible can believe in such a doctrine, and whenever a man or woman does believe in the infallibility of the Pope and believes that the Pope cannot err, he or she believes that the Pope is superhuman, and such we know cannot be the case as long as there is life in the body, as we are all liable to the Adamic sin, as the world at large was cursed with the Adamic sin in the Garden of Eden.

Now, we want to deal in simple facts and truths that are so simple that the commonest man of ordinary intelligence can understand.

Now, if the Pope of Rome is infallible, he is immortal, and if every action of this Pope is pure, then everything that is created by him must be pure; and if such is the case, I was at one time as pure as Jesus Christ Himself, as I for thirty years was a Roman Catholic priest and a creature created by a Roman Catholic Pope. Every man and woman of very ordinary intelligence knows that neither I nor any other priest ever was pure; in fact, that man has never lived or died who could claim infallibility and purity so long as life was left in his body.

If the doctrines of Catholicism are correct then we have no use for a God any longer, as we already have a Pope; and should Pope Pius X die to-day the cardinals to-morrow, or some day in the near future, would elect another Pope, who would take the place of Jesus Christ Himself, according to their doctrine; and if such doctrines are true, then the human family in the future and the unborn millions could be saved as easily without God as they could with Him, as the Pope would perform that mission himself.

There are thousands—yea, tens of thousands, who send handkerchiefs and trinkets each year to Rome to be blessed (?) by the Pope, and who believe that by having some article which has been blessed (?) by this presumptuous vagabond will prevent them from being overtaken by bad luck, ill health or any other misfortune that besets the path of man.

Now, if the Pope of Rome has the power to bless and sanctify a piece of cloth, a ring, or any dead and inert object, he undoubtedly is "the real

thing," and if such is the case the Bible is a lie, the gospel a fallacy, and God Almighty becomes a hireling, and we have no further need of a God.

What can we expect of the followers of Catholicism who believe in this hellish doctrine, and what can we expect of a nation which is controlled by those who teach and preach such abominations?

An institution which will teach such damnable ignorance and practice such superstitious paganism is a plague spot and a curse to any country, and the man or set of men who claim that the Pope is infallible offers "a brazen insult to God."



"A MODERN JUDAS." In his wake, misery always follows.

I believe that I am not presuming too much when I consider myself authority on the subject of "Character," as I have had the privilege of studying the characters of the followers of both Catholic and Protestant countries, as I have traveled extensively over both Europe and America and have had occasion to compare the characters of the followers of the Pope to the characters of the followers of Jesus Christ, and the comparison is one that will lead any sane man, or woman, and one who desires to reach a true verdict, to arrive at the conclusion that it is a physical impossibility for any man or woman who depends upon mortal wisdom for their inspiration to ever attain the broadness and purity of character that the man or woman who lives beneath the shadow of the Cross, and who looks to a living God for their wisdom.

Character is not a spontaneous fungus which grows without proper care, as character is an essential that must be cultivated in the fertile soil of morality, as there is no code of morals which will stand the crucial test of godliness unless it springs from the eternal injunctions laid down in the Holy Bible, and without morals an individual as well as a nation loses its identity among the good of the land, and when this happens, society in general is the loser, for whenever we degrade society we degrade ourselves, for there is no man or woman so strong and powerful in their individuality but what they can become besmirched and contaminated, to a degree at least, by the association of those who have been lowered in the scale of morality by the lack of this most precious jewel of the human family.

We are aware of the fact that Protestantism is not exempt from sin, as we are well aware that we will find sinners of all degrees in the Protestant ranks, but we make the assertion, without fear of contradiction, that the characters in general of the followers of Protestantism are many times superior to the characters in general of the followers of Romanism.

We will take the large cities in the United States as an illustration, and we will find that the saloon-keepers, comparatively speaking, are from the ranks of Catholicism, and to engage in the saloon business is no bar to a member of

the Catholic Church, for if this saloon-keeper, no matter if he runs a wine-room in connection with his saloon and is responsible for the downfall of an army of precious girls, he is considered a fit subject for heaven by the Catholic Church provided he liberally donates to the support of this damnable institution.

Statistics show that ninety-four bar-rooms out of every one hundred in America are owned and controlled by the followers of Romanism. As Catholicism establishes and builds character out of money, she makes money her god, and as long as her followers liberally support the great army of Catholic dignitaries they are taught that they have performed the essential part in the establishment of character; thus you can see what the result of this doctrine would lead to, and you have demonstrations of this doctrine in this country, and more especially in other countries where Catholicism is solely responsible for the condition of the inhabitants.

Everything that is not in the Bible is taken by the Catholic Church from the heathens and the Jews, and you will find the doctrines and the practices of Catholicism founded upon heathenish practices and not upon the broad plane of morals taught by Jesus Christ.

Those who may read this book, and who are not acquainted with the characters of the rabble of Catholicism, we would be glad to have them go to any of our large cities and visit some of the districts of these cities which are inhabited by the followers of Romanism, and there you will find a class whose countenances alone would condemn them in any criminal court of the land, as they are men and women who are made up of a foreign element and from the criminal districts of European countries, and who are as ignorant as rams and glory in their ignorance, and who have no idea of patriotism and of loyalty to country, and only have an idea and desire to worship the images and symbols of Catholicism, and any man or body of men, or any nation, who will practice this heathenish worship cannot possess character.

I have traveled extensively over the United States and over European countries which are controlled by the Pope, and if I could vividly portray the characters of Catholicism and Protestantism the comparison would resemble the countenance of the criminal compared to the innocent and loveable features of a girl baby.

Catholicism poisons the very atmosphere that surrounds her followers, and she is not satisfied by confining her contaminating influences to her own followers, but she is everlastingly stretching her filthy grasp to pull Protestantism down to her degraded level. Catholicism lowers the standard of public opinion. She makes war on morality and virtue, which destroys character. Catholicism countenances wrong-doings. Catholicism tolerates evil and rewards vice, and it is a well-known fact that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and if this is the case, then is it any wonder that the characters of the followers of Catholicism cannot, nor never will, favorably compare to the followers of Protestantism?

I am about to make an assertion that will perhaps shock those who are not familiar with the teachings of Catholicism, but I make it without fear of

contradiction, as I know whereof I speak, as I have traveled the Papist road for thirty years, and I declare to you with all sincerity and honesty that Rome would not go far wrong if she counted in her membership 95 per cent of the men and women who are on their road to hell, and if this assertion is true, and if I have not overdrawn my estimation, then, pray, tell me what we can expect in the future in this country should such characters as I have just portrayed be permitted to dominate this government.

Every Roman Catholic that is born in the world comes into the world alienated from God and God's teachings, and is taught from infancy not to depend upon God Almighty for guidance, but to depend upon Romanism for their everlasting future, and with such doctrines everlastingly funnelled into childhood, what can we expect of the child when it has grown to maturity?

Protestant children are born into the world of parents who look above the horizon of earthly things for their inspirations, and these children are taught from infancy that they must look to an all-wise God for succor and support; but Popery ignores all of this and teaches by heathenish symbols and by pagan practices. Thus it is an easy matter for any sane man or woman to understand why character cannot be found in such a class.

The followers of Catholicism are taught that by the payment of a few dimes they can have their sins remitted and pardoned; thus you will see that crime has no terrors for such a class, as they believe that when they have committed a crime all they have to do is to go to the priestcraft and have their sins pardoned, in exchange for perhaps a part of the money which they gained in their criminal transaction.

To rule such men, no religion is required. A Romanist does not look to God Almighty for his salvation, but to the church, and the church gives him her unbounded sanction to commit sin, provided that he returns after he commits the crime and pays a few dollars to have his sins pardoned.

A Roman Catholic can swear, break the Sabbath, dishonor his parents, lie, steal, commit adultery, get drunk and commit any other crime that he chooses, provided that he returns to the confessional box and pays for having his sins pardoned.

Now, what can you expect of a class of men and women who believe in this doctrine, and can you expect to find anything but the character of a criminal or a degenerate? If you do, you are undoubtedly as ignorant as the followers of Romanism, as it is a physical impossibility to reasonably expect a man or woman who has been taught these abominations to ever make men and women of character who will adorn this or any other nation.

One of the rulers of England, Charles II, died with prostitutes about him and died a disgrace to England and to himself, but Rome glorified in him as one of her converts. The more of Rome a man or woman possesses, and the less of God, the more the Roman Catholic Church glorifies in him.

Catholicism is a coward—yea, a cringing coward—when not surrounded by large numbers of her followers, as she has no excuse for her existence and cannot

defend herself by intelligent and godly arguments, and the only way she can defend herself is by numbers; but whenever she can resort to physical and brutal strength, she then makes a fight which crimson the earth with blood, and Protestantism pays the penalty, and the reason why those in the country and in sparsely settled districts do not know more of the hellishness of Catholicism is because this creed cannot intelligently defend itself and will not take issue with Protestantism unless she can take issue by brutal power, but in our cities we have an exhibition of the diabolical deeds of Catholicism, as the majority of our municipal elections are controlled by the followers of Catholicism, as Rome's followers congregate in our large cities, because they love darkness better than light, and they infest the "tough" sections of our cities and control our municipal elections by brute force, which is sanctioned by the priestcraft.

We will take it for granted that the inhabitants of the United States know more of Mexico than any other nation which is priest-ridden, so we desire to dwell for a short time upon the characters of the Mexican peon. You will find Mexico, which lays right across from Texas on the Rio Grande River, a dividing line between ignorance and intelligence, crime and godliness, and morality and immorality; however, that part of Texas which lays near the Mexican border has become contaminated to a great degree by these Mexican "dupes" who follow the black flag of Romanism; but the difference in character, in manhood, in womanhood, in intelligence and everything which distinguishes right from wrong is so marked and so plain that one does not have to look twice to see the difference, and there is no cause nor no reason for this great difference in character, in manhood and womanhood but the teachings of Rome.

If we expect America to retain her place among the nations of intelligence and nations of greatness, and nations of goodness and godliness, we must be character-builders, for without character we can never expect to reach the zenith of godliness, and without godliness individual greatness is an impossibility.

Catholicism paints the countenances of her followers with the brush of ignorance and criminality.



"FOES TO KNOWLEDGE." "Like a poisonous serpent Catholicism is endeavoring to inoculate our public schools, with the virus of ignorance."

The Catholic world does not hesitate in declaring that our public schools in this country are "Sinks of Iniquity," "Schools of Vice," and "Nurseries of Hell;" then why should the followers of Catholicism be permitted to teach in our public schools?

This is a question that ought to vitally interest every Protestant father and mother in this land, and the time is not far distant until they will become

interested, for just as sure as God reigns, the time is not far in the future when Catholicism will endeavor to close up the public schools of this land and establish her nurseries of darkness and superstition in their stead.

If the public schools of this country are not good enough for the children of Catholic parents, it seems to me that the Protestant parents of this country should see to it that their children are too good to be taught by Catholic teachers.

Why is it that the Pope does not promulgate one of his "holy bulls" and excommunicate those of his believers who take the money so freely for their services from the public schools of this country?

Oh, no; the Pope and the priestcraft are perfectly willing, so long as Protestants have the power to maintain those schools, that their "jesuitical dupes" shall receive the money that is set aside for these schools. My blood fairly boils with unbounded indignation when I think of the hard, harsh, and ungodly slurs that Catholicism is ever ready to throw at our public school system, and then see blind Protestants help to place a Catholic teacher in one of our schools.

We propose to give facts and figures in this chapter that we hope will open the eyes of drowsy, unconcerned Protestants, and help them and their children to apply the brakes to their downward course, and spike the guns of the Vatican with American manhood.

We hope by the time you are through with this chapter you will be ready to make inquiries as to who is to teach your children in the public schools. Let me ask you, Mr. Protestant, if you ever heard of a Protestant teaching in a Catholic school? Oh, no! But then you will fold your hands and be content to allow your children to be taught by a man or woman who secretly despises the public school system. Shame! Ten thousand times we exclaim you should be ashamed for not asserting your American and God-given privileges of Protestantism gained for you through the blood of your forefathers!

A general system of education, such as affords all alike an opportunity to cultivate and expand the intellect, the poor as well as the rich, is, beyond all question, one of the greatest blessings that any nation can enjoy. Such a system had its birth in America while it was yet comparatively free from the blighting influence of a religio-political corporation whose whole history is one uninterrupted and relentless war upon every system of education which broadens the intellect and causes people to think. In America was born the public free school system, and from the date of its birth, in 1695, to the present, it has been the means of giving to this nation its most renowned statesmen, jurists, patriots, agriculturists, teachers and divines. It is one of the principal agents by which the United States of America has been enabled to advance to the first rank in all things that make a nation great.

But against this most sacred product of American liberty Rome lifts her unholy hands. Against our schools she hurls her worst anathemas. But it is our purpose in this chapter to let the Roman Catholic Church speak for itself. Its language is plain and needs no interpretation. Listen to Rome's

damnable utterances:

"These public schools are devouring fires and pits of destruction. They ought to go back to the devil, from whence they came."—The Freeman's Journal.

"If your son or daughter is attending a state school you may be sure that you are violating your duty as Catholic parents and conducting to the everlasting anguish and despair of your child. Take it away. Let it rather never know how to write its name than to become the bound and chained slave of satan."—The Shepherd of the Valley.

"The common schools of this country are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell."—Chicago Tablet.

"The public or common school system is a swindle on the people, an outrage on justice, a foul disgrace in matters of morals, and should be abolished forthwith."—New York Tablet.

"The hideous fetish, called the public school, is only an ugly idol after all."—Colorado Catholic.

"It will be a glorious day for Roman Catholics in this country when, under the laws of justice and morality, our school system shall be shivered to pieces."—Catholic Telegraph.

"We hold education to be a function of the church and not of the state, and in our case we do not and will not accept the state as an educator."—New York Tablet.

They love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. Listen to the snarls of Rome's "dupes:"

"Unless you suppress the public school system as at present conducted, it will prove the damnation of this country."—Father Walker.

"I frankly confess that the Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools."—Father Phelan.

"The duty of all loyal, God-fearing Christian men (Roman Catholics) then, I repeat it, is to make common cause against this common foe."—Father Gleason.

"The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards."—Priest Schauer.

"I would as soon administer the sacrament to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to public schools."—Priest Walker.

"The public school system must be destroyed. It must be done by stopping Bible reading, Psalm singing and eliminating objectionable books."—Priest Phelan.

"To rescue these little ones out of the grasp of that monster (the public school), of that popular idol, is our work."—Bishop John Hennessy.

"We can have the United States in ten years. And I want to give you three points for your consideration: The Negroes, the Indians and the public schools."—Bishop Ireland.

"Emphatically a social plague."—Archbishop Perche.

"A ripe knowledge of the catechism, minus Massachusetts education, is preferable to her education, minus the catechism."—Cardinal Antonelli.

"The common school system of the United States is the worst in the world."—Cardinal Manning.

"The catechism alone is essential for the education of the people."—Cardinal Antonelli.

"We must take part in the elections. Move in solid mass in every state pledged to sustain the integrity of the public schools."—Cardinal McCloskey.

"The Roman Church alone is endowed with power to educate the young."—Cardinal McCloskey.

"Education outside of the control of the Roman Catholic Church is a damnable heresy."—Pius IX.

"Public schools open to all children for the education of the young should be under the control of the Romish Church, and should not be subject to civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the ages."—Pope Pius IX.

"When I see them drag from me the children, the poor little children, and give them an infidel education, it breaks my heart."—Pope Pius IX.

"It is desirable, therefore, venerable brethren, that in concert with your colleagues in the Episcopate, your efforts and your zeal guard Catholic children from frequenting schools in which their religious instruction is neglected and open danger incurred of spiritual loss. Therefore we vehemently desire, as has already been intimated to you by the propaganda, that in approaching Episcopal meetings you carefully discuss the measure that may best help to attain this end. We wish you also to use earnest efforts that the civil magistrates, who know full well that nothing is more advantageous to the commonwealth than religion should provide, by the enactment of wise laws, that the office of teachings, which is carried on at the expense of the public, including consequently the contributions of Catholics, should contain nothing that stands in the way of their conscience or runs foul of their religion."—Pope Leo XIII.

We could go on and quote diabolical denunciations of our public schools from hundreds and thousands of Catholic officials, as the followers of Rome make no "bones" of declaring their animosity towards the public schools of this country, and they are only waiting for the time to arrive when they will be able to wipe from the face of the earth every vestige of our public schools, and place in their stead their parochial schools, which are nothing more nor less than "mills of ignorance" and "institutions of superstition."

An institution of learning is something that is not desired by Catholicism, for whenever you educate you destroy the doctrines of Romanism, as the hosts of Catholicism cannot stand the searchlight of wisdom, for whenever you educate the followers of Catholicism they become disgusted with their dogmas of damnation.

Our public schools are the bulwarks of this government, and all that we are to-day, and all that we may expect to be in the future, has come and must come by and through the public schools, which are the dearest institutions that adorn this country.

There must be no sectarianism, whether political or religious, in our public schools, but there must be truth and duty there. The unchanging and undying maxim of moral rectitude should be taught to every child. It is not enough that a boy or girl should be educated mentally. The safety of our nation, as well as his own usefulness and happiness, demand that they should be trained to habits of truthfulness and develop a fine standard of honor. They should be inspired to form exalted ideals of manhood and womanhood, charity, rectitude and godliness, and made strong in the resolution to defend the truth, which is never found in parochial schools, as the Catholic doctrine always tends to humiliate her followers.

The time has come when the pupils of our public schools must be taught the love of country, and Catholicism does not teach this, but the reverse. The children of this nation must learn to love their native land. To whom shall we look for the inculcation of those patriotic sentiments which should inspire the heart of every American citizen? Not to Catholicism, by any means, but to the three hundred thousand teachers of our public schools.

Over every school house in hamlet and city, in country and town, in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, the American flag should kiss the morning breeze. Place it where twenty millions of children will see it every day, and learn to love it as the emblem of all that is great and good. It will represent to us and to all the world, in a new and peculiar manner, the great fundamental truth that the bulwark of our liberties is in the education of our people.

The war of the revolution was fought to establish our nationality. Incalculable blood and treasure have been spent to establish and keep our national life intact, and the national policy with relation to our public schools is part and parcel of that all-absorbing determination to secure the perpetuity of the state. Men make better citizens for being educated. The higher the popular intellect is raised the more intelligent and independent will be its vote. The stronger the source of government, the stronger the government. If the "bayonets that think" are the most potent, the "ballots that think" are the most beneficent.

Every victory which our nation has won has been a victory of the public schools and a death knock to Catholicism. They have been the nursery not only of our statesmen, but of our patriots and soldiers. They are an American institution and are destined to live as long as the republic survives. There is no other American institution that American people would sooner fight for

and die for than that which secures an educated and intelligent nationality. Let us maintain inviolate our public schools to the end that our nation may ever be the home of liberty, "the land of benedictions."

In the unbounded universe of God's domain there are manifold diversities, and yet there is an essential unity that binds the world together; there is a common point where all matter unites.

As there is great freedom and diversity permitted in the unity of nature, so, in our country of religious and political freedom, we must grant the greatest latitude possible to the individual conscience in personal, religious and civil rights consistent with good government. But that there must be a code of morality common to all as the basis of our civilized jurisprudence, in which the rights of all center or unite and are equally protected, every reasonable mind must admit. But where do we get our ideas of what is morally right, and what is morally wrong, as the basis of our common law and jurisprudence? What book or books contain the best code of morals? We answer, the Bible. For the excellency of the morality of the Bible has been admitted by the most distinguished men who have opposed its supernatural revelation, among whom are Gibbon, Byron, Carlyle, Lord Bollingbroke, Napoleon Bonaparte, Goethe and Renan. Thomas Jefferson, speaking of Christ as a teacher, said: "He set forth the sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, aphorisms and precepts of the purest morality."

Catholicism says: "No Bible shall be taught in the public schools," but demands that she be allowed to proclaim her dogmas.

Benjamin Franklin, five weeks before his death, said of Christ: "I think His system of morals, and His religion, as He left them, are the best the world ever saw or is likely to see." The services of the Bible in behalf of human rights and freedom, and in reforming and purifying jurisprudence and politics, have been recognized by many of the most distinguished historians, jurists and statesmen.

As the makers of our laws and the founders of our government have accepted the moral code of the Bible as the basis of our jurisprudence, and have forbidden the union of church and state, and have left every citizen free to "worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience," so long as he does not interfere with the rights of others or violate the moral code common to all citizens, for the law cannot allow a person to murder or steal, or burn human sacrifices, or be a polygamist, or commit any other public crime, even if the dictates of his conscience should lead him into such a form of religion, because the moral code of the Bible is the basis of our jurisprudence, and it forbids such things.

Therefore, we demand that the "book of books" be kept where the rising generation shall come under its moral teaching without party or sectarian comment, so that all may understand the fundamental principles upon which the science of our common law rests, and thus one of the objects of the order is "to maintain the public school system of the United States and to prevent sectarian interference therewith, and upholding the reading of the Holy Bible therein."

The argument that the reading of the Bible in the public school should be abolished because it is objectionable to the conscience of some comes only from the Church of Rome, and applies with equal force against the moral code of jurisprudence, because it is objectionable to the conscience of the anarchist, and the conscience of the anarchist is just as sacred and entitled to as much respect, under the law, in this free country of ours as the conscience of any one else.

We have just as much right to take the moral code out of our common jurisprudence as to take the Bible out of our public schools, because the moral code of the Bible is the moral code of our common law.

We desire the Bible to be kept in the school as the standard of moral truth, as the dictionary is kept there as the standard of words and their definitions. As the unabridged dictionary contains all the words of the English language, so the Bible contains all the truths of Christianity. Every book has a part of the words of the dictionary, so every Christian creed has a part of the truths of the Bible. As there never was a book written that contained all of the words of the dictionary, so there never was a creed written that contained all the truths of the Bible. Therefore, as the dictionary and not the books is the standard for words and their meaning, so the Bible, and not the creeds, is the standard of moral truth. A man can take the words in the dictionary and write a bad book, but that is not the fault of the dictionary, but of the man. A person may take passages of Scripture and misapplied truths and write a bad creed, but that is not the fault of the Bible, but of the creed-maker. But every man who takes the Bible as a whole has a complete standard of moral truths.

It is claimed that the Bible should not be read in the school because there are passages that are not proper to be read before children, or a promiscuous audience, but this is only claimed by Catholicism. Yes, and there are words in the dictionary that it would be just as improper to use and define before children or a promiscuous audience as any passage in the Bible. Therefore, it would be just as reasonable to exclude the dictionary as the Bible from the school room on this hypocritical argument in favor of false modesty.

The man's conscience that will object to the reading of the Bible in the public school will ultimately object to the moral code of our jurisprudence, and such a conscience is dangerous to our form of government, inimical to the best interests of society and good government, as has been clearly demonstrated in the past. The Mormons claimed the right under our constitution to live in polygamy, as that was their religion and the way they served God according to the "dictates of their own conscience." But the supreme court decided they could not worship God according to the dictates of their conscience if their worship was a violation of the moral code common to all. Thus all must submit to the moral code irrespective of their individual conscience. So the Bible should be read in the public schools, irrespective of the conscience of any, until the majority of the government of the people, for the people and by the people shall say: "Away with your Bible, away with your Sabbath, away with your Christian jurisprudence, and give us infidel, revolutionary France, or lawless anarchy, or the inquisition of the dark ages!"

Our public school is the mill that is to grind out this standard of morality, knowledge and patriotism common to all. Hence we must have the Bible in it as the standard of morality, and primary principles of literature, science and art, the standard of knowledge, and the American flag and its essential principles as the standard of patriotism. Our American school system is like a great paper mill, into which are cast rags of all kinds and colors, but which lose their special identity and come out white paper, having a common identity. So we want the children of the state, of whatever nationality, color or religion, to pass through this great moral, intellectual and patriotic mill, or transforming process, and thus lose their foreign peculiarities and come out not as Germans, Irish, English, Huns or Poles, but as Americans, having the common identity of morality, knowledge and patriotism that is essential to true American citizenship and good government stamped upon their minds, and when they pass through this mill of purification they then begin to lose confidence in the heathenish doctrines of Catholicism.

In a government where the people are the rulers, intelligence and education are necessary to maintain the nation's stability. Under this belief, the public school system of the United States was founded.

Following are expressions of prominent Americans on the general subject of popular education:

President Hays: "I am firmly convinced that the subject of popular education deserves the earnest attention of the people of the whole country, with a view to wise and comprehensive action by the government of the United States. The means at the command of the local and state authorities are in many cases wholly inadequate to deal with the question. The magnitude of the evil to be eradicated is not, I apprehend, generally and fully understood."

President Garfield: "Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained. Its interests are intrusted to the state and to the voluntary action of the people. Whatever help the nation can justly afford should be generously given to aid the states in supporting common schools, but it would be unjust to our people and dangerous to our institutions to apply any portion of the revenue of the nation of the states to the support of sectarian schools. The separation of the church and the state in everything relating to taxation should be absolute."

Dr. Strong: "Free schools are one of the cornerstones of our government."

Washington's Farewell Address: "Promote them as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinions should be enlightened."

Calhoun: "In proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for a government to possess in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty, less and

less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government and individual liberty extinct."

The church of Rome wants to rule by tyranny so that she can force her "dupes" to do her bidding.

No subject could be of more interest to American citizens to-day than that of foreign immigration to America. Every section of the country has felt, to some degree, the demoralizing effect of the free admission of aliens, unsuited morally and mentally for participating in a government of the people.

The consensus of opinion among all classes of good citizens is that some restrictive measures should be adopted, and this can be effected only by popular agitation and demand.

Read what some prominent men of the country have said on the subject:

Hon. Wm. E. Chandler: "We should prepare ourselves with wisdom and vigor to enforce completely such laws of exclusion as we have adopted. We should throw our strongest force into a stricter administration of those laws so that no man and no family shall pass through the Ellis Island doors, or into any seaport, or across the Canadian or Mexican borders, who is a pauper or likely to become such. One method of stricter administration should be the requirement that all immigrants before leaving their own countries shall obtain consular certificates abroad, showing their right to enter the United States."

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge: "You ask me for a few words on the subject of immigration. My opinion has been stated at length, both in speeches in Congress and in review articles, but I am very glad to restate it in the briefest possible form. I think that immigration to this country is increasing too fast on one hand and deteriorating on the other. We are ready to welcome every honest immigrant who comes to make a home and become an American citizen, but I believe that the present immigration ought to be sifted and restricted much more than it is, both as a protection to the quality of our citizenship and to the rates of wages to our workingmen."

Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of Census: "The unrestricted admission of the diseased, half-fed swarms of helpless humanity from the purlieus of Southern European cities is the dangerous phase of immigration. If continued, it will prove a curse and blight to American citizenship and American institutions. There was a time in our history when the better class of foreign immigrants and our own population was able to swallow up the less desirable class, but it takes no great discernment now to see the congested spots here and there on our body politic. In this lies the danger. Such a change in the character of immigration as herein shown cannot have taken place without materially affecting the entire immigration problem, and the sooner our statesmen get to the bottom of the present condition of affairs, the better for the republic."

Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.: "It is immigration which has fed fat the liquor power, and there is a liquor vote. Immigration furnishes most of the victims of Mormonism, and there is a Mormon vote. Immigration is the strength of the Catholic Church, and there is a Catholic vote. Immigration is the mother and nurse of American anarchy, and there is to be an anarchist vote. Immigration tends strongly to the cities and gives to them their political complexion, and there is no more serious menace to our civilization than our rabble-ruled cities."

Samuel Gompers, President American Federation of Labor: "It almost grieves me even to recommend the slightest restriction to the full and free immigration of anyone who desires to escape from the iniquitous conditions from which he may suffer, but the progress of our civilization is hanging in the balance, and intelligent and brave men should not be afraid to express themselves to secure us against results which may be appalling. Unrestricted immigration injures the people of our country and does no good to the people of other countries. It injures all."

A.S. Draper: "I would hang the flag in every school room, and I would spend an occasional hour in singing our best patriotic songs, in declaiming the masterpieces of our national oratory, and rehearsing the proud story of our national life."

Francis Marion: "Men will always fight for their government according to their sense of its value. To value it right, they must understand it. This they cannot do without education."

Winship: "The public school is the one force, is the only force, that can unify all classes and conditions of society. Here we have the children of the nation in their entirety, and we can, if we will, teach them in the schools so much of the grandeur of our possession, of the heroic in our history, of the brilliant in our prosperity, of the fascinating in our traditions, that the fathers of the future will be willing to vote for and die, if necessary, for the American idea; that the mothers of the future will teach their sons to develop our resources by industry, to honor the active duties of private and public system, because it lies at the foundation of our national existence."

Where does the vicious element which is found in this country come from, and to what church does it belong? Ah, 98 per cent of those whom we call anarchists can trace their origin from foreign countries, and they are always identified with the Roman Catholic Church.

Wherever you find a national disturbance, and wherever you find the spirit of anarchy in this country, you will find a spot where Roman Catholicism exists, as her teachings are anarchistic, as she teaches her followers a doctrine that is as sure to lead to anarchy as water is to flow down hill.

Catholicism teaches her children that our public schools are "plague spots" and "nurseries of hell," and impresses upon their minds that education, in a broad sense, is not essential, and also teaches them that they must look to the priestcraft for their education, and at the same time the priestcraft is

instructed by the Pope of Rome that a broad-gauge education is not permissible to be given to the followers of Catholicism, and the Pope of Rome teaches her bishopric and her priestcraft that they must fight the public school system, and in its stead erect the parochial schools of Rome, which are nothing more nor less than schools of dogmas, and these dogmas are incubators of anarchy, for without education and without love of country, anarchy is as certain to follow as the day is certain to follow night, but still Protestantism stands idly by and allows Catholicism to villify her institutions, and at the same time permits Catholicism to place her followers in a position to draw salaries from the institutions which they despise and hate with the venom of hell.

It is my object and my aim to arouse Protestantism to a sense of their duty, and if I can do this I will feel that I have accomplished a task that will eventually call forth the plaudits of the American people, for as sure as God reigns, just that sure our public schools will be crushed out of existence by Catholicism unless Protestant America raises her voice and her strong arm in defense of our public school system, and against the encroachment of the damnable and diabolical doctrines of Catholicism.

Our greatest American statesmen, our greatest American patriots, our greatest American thinkers, our wisest and most loyal citizens, and our grandest old mothers are Protestants, and born of Protestant stock; then why should we hesitate to denounce this anarchistic demon of Rome, when we know what she thinks of our American institutions, and when we are absolutely certain that if it was within her power she would crash into dust everything that is near and dear to Protestantism?

Arouse, ye Protestant hosts, and buckle on the armor of your forefathers and march out in a solid body of Protestant warriors and fight to the death the encroachment of Romish rule and force her back into the trenches of her degradation, and compel her to remain within the border of the countries which she has desolated by her hellish dogmas, and purge the shores of the "home of the brave and the land of the free" of this scarlet-robed hag, who would paralyze our American institutions which are near and dear to every pure American, both man and woman, who dwells beneath the folds of the American flag.



"HEATHENISH PRACTICES." "A dupe kissing the supposed bone of "Saint Ann" to cure Rheumatism."

An institution which is allowed to flourish in this country, should be an institution whose teachers are in harmony with the fundamental principles of godliness, morality and liberty, and unless they are, the teachers at once become traitors.

Now, is not this common sense logic and every-day philosophy?

We want to investigate and see if this logic and philosophy is not reasonable and founded upon common sense, and if we find that it is, then any man or woman of intelligence must acknowledge that if the teachings and the fundamental principles of a free country are correct, then the doctrines of Catholicism are altogether wrong, and the sooner the American people can arrive at this conclusion, the better it will be for us, for if the teachings of our Protestant forefathers are right, and the teachings of Rome are wrong, the quicker we can eradicate and stamp out these popish doctrines, the better it will be for our posterity.

If this country is a home for those who love liberty, then the influence of the priesthood of America is detrimental to the fundamental principles of America, as Catholicism does not teach patriotism and loyalty of country, as the burden of her teachings is, "Loyalty to the Pope," and the Pope of Rome, who is at the head of the Catholic Church; is a despot pure and simple—yea, he is worse than a despot, as he rules his followers by a superstitious belief, which teaches that not only the body of Rome's followers is subject to the Pope's every whim, but the soul as well is directly under the control of this despotic sovereign.

A Roman Catholic form of government is more despotic than a monarchy which is ruled by an absolute despot, as these monarchs who have absolute sway in the affairs of the state only are satisfied with this absolutism, but not so with Catholicism, as she haunts her followers to the grave and then demands of their surviving relatives that homage be paid her in order to keep their dead out of the regions of despair.

It matters not how strong we are in our endeavors to do right, the commission of wrong under our nose will corrupt to a certain extent the morals of the young, and I say without fear of contradiction that the priestcraft of this and every other country are, as a whole, a set of men whose morality is below par; however, I sincerely believe that there are some few who are chaste, but I am sorry to say that this class is greatly in the minority; and why should it be otherwise, as the priesthood is composed of men who are mortal, and the vow of celibacy which they must take before they enter the priesthood is an unnatural and an unreasonable vow, and one which is not kept sacred by one out of every fifty; thus you will see at once that the priestcraft is a cancer upon the body of morality, for whenever the young and rising generation learns that those who are supposed to teach them in chastity and morality, are men who will commit the very sins which they have been taught are heinous. Then, what can you expect of future generations, and what must eventually be the morals of a country which is controlled by the priestcraft?

We do not have to confine ourselves to the recital of the immorality of the priestcraft of foreign countries, but we could mention scores of cases that have happened in this country and which will continue to happen as long as the Romish Church demands the vows of celibacy by the priestcraft.

We will give you an instance of the practices of Romanism in this country which happened no later than November of this year (1903), and if I had the space, I could fill this volume full of such actions by the priestcraft.

Priest Geo. D. Sander, of St. Leonard's Catholic Church, Hamburg avenue and Jefferson street, Brooklyn, New York, was known in that city as a devout Catholic priest, and he was also known in Far Hills, New Jersey, as a race horse man, by the name of "Geo. West," who was interested in a stock farm, on which lived a woman known as "Mrs. Geo. West," but her right name is Mrs. Mamie Kipp, who formerly belonged to Priest Sander's church, but disappeared from Brooklyn very mysteriously, and whose whereabouts had been unknown to her family and her friends, until it was learned that she was living on this stock farm at Far Hills, N.J., and bore the fictitious name by which this priest was known.

The double life of Priest Sander began in 1901. Then Jos. C. Peck, racer and raiser of trotting horses, met this priest in Albany, who wore the ordinary garb of a citizen. They met at the race track, which was not a very good recommendation to say the least of it, for the Rev. Father Sander. Peck found that this priest was a keen judge of horses and their love for horses established a bond of friendship between them.

In Baltimore, a short time afterwards, these two men again met at the race track. Peck told Priest Sander that he had just sold a stock farm at Millington, N.J., and contemplated buying another. Sander told Peck that he was the owner of a fine mare named "Ethel Burns," and that he would place her on Peck's farm if he purchased it. He told Peck that his mare had a track record of 2:20-1/4 and a trial record of 2:16.

Peck informed this priest that he was a bachelor. Priest Sander proposed that they should keep house jointly and said that he would provide a housekeeper and share the expense of the establishment. He was the guardian, he said, of a Mrs. Mamie Kipp, who had had some trouble with her husband and who wanted to get away from Brooklyn. He informed Peck that this lady had a young son, and that he would bring both the mother and son to the farm at Far Hills, N.J.

It was obvious that the priest could not indulge in his love for fast horses, and make regular visits to the stock farm in his priestly robes, as he knew it would cause considerable comment; so this priest suggested to Peck that Mrs. Kipp be called "Mrs. Geo. West," and that it be given out to the neighbors that she was the wife of a drummer for a large mercantile house in New York, and further stated that he could visit this woman as "George West," and not create any comment.

The trainmen became acquainted with this priest and considered him a "good fellow," as he was always smoking and played the part of a "drummer" in an elegant manner, and these trainmen came to know "Geo. West" as Peck's partner in the race horse business.

The merchants about Far Hills knew this priest as the husband of "Mrs. West," and when this priest would put in his appearance at Far Hills, the neighbors, of course, thought it was nothing more than natural that "Mrs. West's" husband should come to see her whenever he could get an opportunity to get off of the road.

The accounts for the supplies of the household were billed sometimes to "Geo. West" and sometimes to Jos. C. Peck, thus you will see that Priest Sander acknowledged by these bills that he was "Geo. West."

This story got to be noised about, and the Protestant element of Brooklyn as well as Priest Sander's flock became very much interested in the tale, and sent a reporter out to interview Jos. C. Peck, and the first question this reporter asked him was, "Is that the picture of your sister?" pointing to a portrait of the woman hanging on the wall. "No," he replied. "That is Mrs. West." The reporter asked if it was not the picture of Mrs. Mamie Kipp. Peck hesitated, his lips trembling, and he began to look very nervous, then he gave way completely and said: "Yes, it is Mrs. Mamie Kipp." "How does she come here under the name of 'Mrs. West,' and who is 'Mr. West?'" was then asked, which Peck refused to answer.

With these facts in hand, the reporter returned to Brooklyn and sought Priest Sander in his parlor, in his parish residence, and the first question he asked him was this: "You own a trotting horse out at Far Hills, N.J., don't you?" The answer was, "Yes." "Don't you own a string of trotting horses?" The answer was, "Certainly not! Who told you that?" The reporter replied, "Oh, no; you don't own a string of horses as Priest Sander, but as 'Geo. West,' don't you?" Priest Sander tried to look surprised, and he folded a slip of paper he held in his hand and got very nervous and replied, "Now, that is a pretty story, isn't it; who told you all this?"

The reporter laid before him all the facts he had gathered at Far Hills, and demanded that he affirm or deny the story. Then this priest said, "I may as well confess; it will be the ruin of me; it will take the bread out of my mouth, but you have got it absolutely straight." The reporter asked Priest Sander if he positively didn't know that this woman who sailed under the name of "Mrs. Geo. West" wasn't Mrs. Mamie Kipp.

This priest, not being content with the dastardly part that he had played in his immoral conduct with Mrs. Kipp, absolutely denied that it was Mrs. Mamie Kipp, and further declared that he knew nothing about her, except that she was the "housekeeper" at Peck's farm, and why she was called "Mrs. West" he did not know; thus you will see that while he was guilty of immorality with Mrs. Mamie Kipp, he also was a notorious liar; but bear in mind that this same Priest Sander was still at this time presiding over a Catholic church in Brooklyn.

The reporter was determined to lead him out as far as possible so he repeated again, "Are you absolutely positive that 'Mrs. West' at Peck's farm is not Mrs. Mamie Kipp?"

This priest replied that he was "positive," and stated that this woman at Peck's farm was Peck's housekeeper, and further stated that he did not know anything about her at all, when he knew as well as he knew that he was living that he had been the cause of her forsaking her husband in Brooklyn, and also had been instrumental in her going to Far Hills, N.J., where he could live his life of shame without molestation.

After this vagabond had made this denial, Mr. Peck was again seen at Far Hills, N.J., and emphatically stated that Priest Sander had told him that this woman was Mrs. Mamie Kipp, and that he knew that this priest was living in adultery with her.

What is the consequence? Did the Roman Catholic Church excommunicate this bundle of perfidy for immorality? Ah, no! As the "moguls" and "high up" officials of Catholicism are cognizant of the fact that the priestcraft are, as a whole, the most immoral set of men that ever infested the face of the earth. Now, what can we expect of the morals of a country which has for its leaders and teachers men of this caliber? We might as well expect our daughters to become women of virtue and godliness, who were raised in houses of ill fame, as to expect young men and women to become men and women of morality and chastity, who have for their teachers such men as Priest Sander of Brooklyn, New York.

There is no denying the fact that Catholicism has already a strong hold upon the affairs of this country, as we find the hydra-headed demon in every branch of our government, and since such is the case, it is folly to deny the fact that if Catholicism is what we have shown it to be, that her influence is demoralizing, and the influence of the priesthood of America upon the morals of this country is bound to be detrimental, and who will deny the truthfulness of my assertions, as I have not misstated a single paragraph in this book; and if this is true, what shall we expect of the present generation and the generations that are yet unborn, if we permit Catholicism to make as great headway in the future as she has in the past?

We call to mind another case which belongs to the history of to-day, and in this chapter we desire to refer to the present sins of the priestcraft, as history teems with the abominations of the priestcraft immorality, but in this chapter we want to thoroughly convince the reader that the same immorality that has existed in the ranks of Catholicism in bygone centuries, is to-day as degrading and as rampant as it ever was, and if we can do this, we feel satisfied that we will impress the Protestant world with the importance of overthrowing the power of the Pope, and erecting in its stead the true spirit of Protestantism, whose influence will not blight the characters of our boys and girls, but which will make of them an army of giants, ever ready to battle for the chastity of our American homes.

One of the most fashionable Roman Catholic churches in New York City is "St. Cecilia's," situated on North Henry and Herbert streets.

Only a few years ago the organist of this church went to the room of the priest in charge, in company with a little boy. The priest informed this boy to stay down stairs, and invited the organist to his parlor, near which were his living rooms. This priest locked the door behind him, and without a moment's warning, leaped upon her like a beast and attempted to bear her down upon the sofa and commit an assault, but her cries frightened him away.

With flushed face she rushed from this priest's room and passed the servant, out into the street, with the priest begging her to say nothing about what had happened. We want to know if this attempted crime injured the priest in

the estimation of Catholicism? Not by any means, as he continued to serve the church in the capacity of priest, after both this girl's father and mother had publicly denounced him as a seducer of virtue.

The entire congregation learned of this priest's attempted assault upon virtue, but this degrading notoriety did not injure him in the least, as his services are just as crowded as they were before. This outrage was carried before the bishop of the diocese in which this church was situated, but nothing was done.

The priest which we refer to was a drunkard, and he drank as deeply after this attempted assault as before, and in a short time he assaulted a 12-year-old girl, and not long after that he assaulted his servant, who was a girl 18 years of age, and continued his raid upon her virtue until one day, while in a drunken spree, he struck her and injured her, and she made public the actions of this human viper, who had been parading in the robes of a priest.

Did this exposure disgrace him in the eyes of the Catholic officials who were above him? Not at all, as he continued to serve this New York church without molestation, and it was a notorious fact, and known by the members of his church what he was accused of, but still hundreds of boys and girls, young men and young women, and old men and old women, bowed at the feet of this depraved devil and confessed their sins.

If we cared, we could write from now until our old arm would become palsied with age, and each chapter would be a new story of the perfidy and hellishness of the priestcraft, as every age reeks with the stench of their immorality, and the countries which are completely under the power of the Pope of Rome are only the shadows of what this country will become if this demon of darkness is not halted, for the influence of the priesthood in America upon the morals of this country will spread its blight over the face of our fair land until our nation's morals will be a nauseating sight to behold.

Reader, remember what I tell you to-day: that unless the spirit of Protestantism takes a firm stand in this land against Catholicism, we will find our Protestant hopes and ambitions within the near future paralyzed by the infusion of Rome's immorality.



"A CATHOLIC TOOL." "Begging in the name of the Lord, but in reality to support the Priestcraft in their idleness."

Catholicism begins to teach her children from their infancy that no act of their officials is impure; thus their followers grow up to believe that any advancement made by these officials are made in behalf of the salvation of their souls, consequently it is an easy matter for the Priestcraft to make

the female members of their congregation believe that whatever they may do or say is done and said through a righteous motive, and no stigma of disgrace can possibly attach itself to the act.

With this erroneous doctrine funneled into the minds of the female members of the Catholic Church, is it any wonder that the Priestcraft exerts a wonderful power over these members? And is it any wonder that thousands of trusting and confiding wives and daughters are forced to the level of immorality by this belief?

As an introduction to this chapter, and in order to make the conduct of the priestcraft in general thoroughly understood, so that the reader may know what character of men I refer to, I will give a part of a story told by a nun who had been in a convent for a number of years.

I repeat what this nun related in order that the reader may not be compelled to take my statements alone. Her story follows:

"It was customary with the sisters in our convent to give the bishop and priests of my diocese a grand dinner once every year. Of course, this entailed a great deal of extra work upon our part; however, we were glad to undergo these hardships, as I thought at that time that it was a part of my religion. The finest delicacies of the season and the choicest wines graced the table. The dinner was always served in the dining-room of the priest of the house. The bishop would usually arrive along in the afternoon about two or three o'clock. We would spread scarlet felt upon the floor of the cloister in honor of the occasion, and the drawing room would be banked with the rarest flowers; the dining table would groan beneath its rich silver and cut-glass."

Now, bear in mind that what I am going to tell you is what happened when there were a number of priests together with their bishop in their midst, and it is a well known fact that "numbers" is often a check to the actions and ungodly inclinations of many, but if what this nun related is true, with an assemblage of a score or more of priests, with their bishop in their midst, then what could be expected of one of these priests alone in the presence of a female whom he preferred? I make this statement so that the reader can draw an intelligent conclusion. I will now proceed with the nun's story:

"This annual dinner would be made an occasion for great rejoicing and recreation on the part of the holy ecclesiastics. Everything was all right as long as the meal was in progress, but as soon as the sisters who had waited on them had withdrawn, after placing an abundance of wine, whiskey and cigars on the table, then all restraint would be set aside and these holy fathers (?) would then exchange confidences as to the latest items of news they had gathered in the confessional from Catholic servants employed in Protestant families, and, without mentioning any names, would repeat, amid shouts of drunken laughter, the sins that some of their female penitents had confessed.

"We nuns would often put our ears to the key-hole and listen to the stories that were being told by the priests, and upon my word, I never in all my life heard as many dirty, immoral, filthy stories told as these vagabond priests

would repeat, and it always seemed as though the bishop heartily enjoyed them.

“These carousals would proceed for hours. The whiskey bowl would be placed in the center of the table, then these drunken priests would sing songs which were vileness personified.”

I feel that it is not necessary for me to go further to convince any one of my readers that the lustfulness of the priestcraft is a menace to the chastity of womankind, for if this nun has told the truth, and which I know from past experiences is true, and which I also know is a recital that could be intensified ten thousand times over, if the whole truth could be told, but which cannot be told in this volume, as I have too much respect for my readers to recite what I have seen with my own eyes and what I have had repeated to me by broken-hearted “sisters” who have come to me with tears in their eyes and with sighs in their throats to tell me of their miseries.

“I know of a nun who spent many years in a convent, who declared that on many occasions the priests would come to the convent and demand that a number of the nuns even do worse than expose their entire person; however, I cannot conceive of a demand that would be more degrading than this of forcing those benighted souls to prostitute their persons for the gratification of those who pretend to be the followers of a crucified Christ.”

In relating her experience, I understand that a nun who had been confined in a convent for years made the following declaration: “That the superior of the seminary would often come and inform us nuns that an order had been received from the Pope to request those nuns who possessed the greatest devotion and faith to perform some particular deeds, which he would name in our presence, but which no moral or decent person could ever endure to speak of, and I cannot repeat what these demands often were, as I would have to resort to language so filthy that it would blush the cheek of one who was hardened in sin.”

Now, if those who sail under the garb of righteousness would go so far that the inmates of the convents, who are there believing they are doing the work of God, would rebel against the priests’ immorality, then what can we expect of the priestcraft when they are in the presence of your wife, daughter or sister, whom they may prefer, and who has been taught to believe that every act of the priestcraft is sanctified by God Almighty?

We want to bring the history of Catholicism down as near to the present time as possible, so the reader may understand the confidence the “dupes” of Catholicism have in the priestcraft, for, as stated in a previous chapter of this book, it is a well-known fact that the feminine world in general have more confidence in humanity than the male population, but to demonstrate to the reader what implicit confidence the male members of Catholicism have in the priestcraft, we call attention to Ed Butler, of the State of Missouri, who resides in St. Louis.

Ed Butler is a full-fledged Catholic and believes in Catholicism twenty-four hours each day. By the way, it may be necessary for us to refresh the

readers' mind of the fact that Ed Butler of St. Louis, Mo., is considered one of the most high-handed "boodlers" in America, and who has had a number of his "dupes" placed in the state penitentiary and kept himself out of the same institution by a "technicality." But to go back to the point that we wanted to make, we will just say that a Catholic priest in the City of St. Louis by the name of Coffey had a falling out with Butler over some thing or another, and in order to get even with him he took sides against Butler and said many harsh but true things about him. One day a reporter of one of the St. Louis newspapers met Butler and called his attention to what Priest Coffey had said about him, and the only answer that Butler gave this reporter was: "Father Coffey is a Catholic priest and I have nothing to say, and if he should spit in my face I would not resent the action, as I was born and raised a Catholic, and do not believe that a Catholic priest can commit a sin."

Now, if a man of Ed Butler's intellect can be brought up in this land of intelligence to believe such abominations in regard to a Catholic priest, is it not reasonable to suppose that the female members of the Catholic Church would have a severe task in defending their virtue should a priest desire to destroy it, by telling them "that no act of his could defile them, as it was impossible for him to sin?"

Now, reader, you may not know just what kind of treatment from the Catholic Church I will receive for writing this book, but as soon as it is placed upon the market the Catholic Church will "excommunicate" me; however, it may be possible that the reader does not understand what a horrible curse this excommunication is, but in order that you may thoroughly understand what I mean I will repeat, word for word, what some Catholic official will declare against me for writing this book, which will further go to show the reader the vileness of this damnable creed, and which will also go to convince the reader what fear the followers of Catholicism have of the priestcraft, which will more fully convince you that timid, unsuspecting woman, who has been brought up to believe in the paganism of Catholicism, can be easily led to yield to the lustful desires of the priestcraft, for fear that by refusing his request that he would pronounce this terrible curse upon her, which she has been taught would forever damn her eternal soul.

The curse of excommunication which I am certain to receive at the hands of Catholicism for writing this book follows:

"By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Savior, and all of the Celestial Virtues, Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Cherubim and Seraphim, and of all the Holy Patriarchs, Prophets, and of all the Apostles and Evangelists, of the Holy Innocents, who in the sight of the Holy Lamb are found worthy to sing the new songs of the Holy Martyrs and Holy Confessors, and of all the Holy Virgins, and of all the Saints, together with the Holy Elect of God, may he, Bernard Fresenborg, be damned!

"We excommunicate and anathematize him from the threshold of the Holy Church of God Almighty. We sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed, and be delivered over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say unto the Lord, 'Depart from us, we desire none of thy ways;' as a fire is quenched with

water, so let the light of him be put out for ever more, unless it shall repent him and make satisfaction!

“May the Father, who creates man, curse him!

“May the Son, who suffered for us, curse him!

“May the Holy Ghost, who is poured out in baptism, curse him!

“May the Holy Cross, which Christ for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him!

“May the Holy Mary, ever Virgin and the Mother of God, curse him!

“May St. Michael, the Advocate of the Holy Souls, curse him!

“May all the Angels, Principalities and Powers, and all Heavenly Armies curse him!

“May the glorious band of the Patriarchs and Prophets curse him!

“May St. John the Precursor, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other of Christ’s Apostles together, curse him!

“And may the rest of the Disciples and Evangelists, who by their preaching converted the universe, and the holy and wonderful company of Martyrs and Confessors, who by their works are found pleasing to God Almighty; may the holy choir of the Holy Virgins, who, for the honor of Christ, have despised the things of the world, damn him!

“May all the Saints from the beginning of the world to everlasting ages who are found to be beloved of God, damn him!

“May he be damned wherever he be, whether in the house or in the alley, in the woods or in the water, or in the church!

“May he be cursed in living and dying!

“May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting and sleeping, in slumbering, and in sitting, in living, in working, in resting, and ... and in blood-letting!

“May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body!

“May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly!

“May he be cursed in his hair; cursed be he in his brains and his vertex, in his temples, in his eyebrows, in his cheeks, in his jaw bones, in his nostrils, in his teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his shoulders, in his arms, in his fingers!

“May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and appurtenances, down to the very stomach!

"May he be cursed in his ... and his ... in his thighs, in his ... and his ... and in his knees, and his legs, and his feet, and toe-nails!

"May he be cursed in all his joints and articulations of the members; from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet may there be no soundness!

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His majesty, curse him!

"And may Heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him, and curse and damn him, unless he repent and make satisfaction! Amen! So be it! Be it so! Amen! Amen! Amen!"

I have given you the diabolical "curse" of excommunication, word for word; thus you can see how un-Christlike the Catholic Church is.

As I have before said in this chapter, the foregoing is the curse that will fall to my lot as soon as this book is placed upon the market, thus the reader can see that my motives for writing this book must come from a pure incentive, or else I would not willingly cut myself asunder from all of those whom I have associated with during my life. This task is not one that I enjoy, as it breaks my heart to realize that I have all through my life been burdened down with this load of superstitious filth, but I could not in justice to myself and in justice to a living God refrain from the task, after I had had my eyes opened to the beauties of Protestantism.

With tears in my eyes and with a heart full of sadness, I remember the angelic face of my old mother, as she conscientiously taught me my first Catechism and directed my feet in the paths of what she sincerely believed righteousness, and believing in a just God, I knew that He has taken her to His bosom in His home beyond the skies, for what she taught me she sincerely believed, as she never had her eyes opened to the abominations of the creed of which I write, and I do not believe that a just God would damn the soul of a pure mother who honestly taught what she conscientiously believed, but the priestcraft in general are men who are above the average in intellect, and are men whom I believe have often had had the same thoughts relative to the doctrines of Catholicism that I had long, long years before I cut loose from the teachings of Rome; however, the priestcraft is not to be excused from their raid upon virtue by ignorance, as they are taught the lessons of chastity in their childhood, but the bond of celibacy which binds them in an unnatural way, and the hellish doctrines taught by the Catholic Church that the priestcraft cannot sin, turns them into pirates upon virtue.

When we take into consideration the fact that all of the teachings of Catholicism lead to not only implicit confidence in the purity of the priestcraft, but carry with them the cudgel of destruction of the soul of her followers, if they do not submit to her teachings and demands, we can then realize why it is that the chastity of the home becomes a rendezvous for those of the priestcraft who deliberately ravish virtue to gratify their inhuman lust.

“SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY.” “The road to Glory along a Catholic highway is an expensive trip.”

There is no nation on the face of God’s green earth to-day which has been enslaved by the power of Popery, and which has been burdened by an idle and worthless army of Priests, Monks and Nuns, but what would have become, not only tired, but disgusted with their burden, if they had ever been permitted to mingle and commingle with Protestant countries, and learn that Protestantism leads to individual intellectuality and collective greatness.

It is true, however, that there are many countries in South America that have been Priest-ridden for centuries, and who are as heavily burdened to-day with this ancient parasite as ever, who offer not a single protest, but the only reason for this is that Catholicism has always forbidden these priest-ridden nations to make any advancement towards Protestantism, which has been instrumental in keeping these nations under the complete control of the Vatican; thus you will see they have never been permitted to taste of the grandeur of Protestantism.

We will take France for instance, which was at one time one of the most priest-ridden countries on earth, but which is to-day endeavoring to extract herself from the meshes of this damnable creed, as the intelligent statesmen of France have learned that Catholicism is only another name for ignorance and superstition, and they have also learned that so long as the affairs of France remain under the control of papal power, just that long advancement and greatness stand aloof from the portals of their country, so in the past two years the government officials have removed tens of thousands of the Pope’s hirelings from authority and have closed up hundreds of parochial schools.

Now, if Catholicism is such a glorious creed, why is it that France is so anxious to get rid of her influence? Ah! France has learned by coming in contact with Protestant countries that she need not expect to ever become a great nation if she permits popery to control her affairs.

Italy, the home of the Pope, has begun to wince under the Vatican’s rule, as her national back is getting raw by the saddle of this diabolical creed. The inhabitants of Italy have been for the past few years protesting against the high-handedness of Catholicism, and the officials have begun to take notice of this vulture of humanity, and my predictions are that within a very short time Italy will do as France has done and close up the monasteries and convents, for just as long as these institutions are allowed to keep open house, and dictate to the inhabitants of Italy, just that long we may expect the immigrants who come over from Italy to bear the Vatican’s mark of vice, immorality and criminality.

Go to Ellis Island and watch the immigrant ships from Catholic nations as they vomit forth their load of human carrion upon the fair shores of this country, and your heart will become sick with fear, as this class that hails from the nations of popery are a class, as a whole, that will disgrace and

ruin any nation on earth, as these immigrants are men and women who have no conception of a free country, as they are men and women who have never been taught to look above the horizon of Catholicism; therefore they land upon the shores of America as criminals and not as citizens, and you cannot make pure American citizens out of them until you boil this hellish creed from their system by the fire of patriotism, and this cannot be done as long as this country permits Catholicism to run her mills of degeneracy unmolested upon our shores.

All of our large cities are infested more or less with this "scarlet-robed hag of hell," and more especially our eastern cities, as this foreign herd of the Pope's followers land in eastern ports and spread themselves out like a blanket, reeking with a moral stench over the eastern borders of this country, and they make a specialty of settling in our eastern cities.

We will take Boston, Mass., for instance, as there is but very little difference in the "rabble" of that city and the immoral degenerate class that infests the densely populated centers of Catholic countries.

Several notorious cases of open defiance of civil law and violation of civil rights by the tools of popery have recently occurred in Boston. One of these is the escape of two girls from the so-called "House of the Good Shepherd," in Roxbury, and the re-capture of these girls by a policeman.

Now, bear in mind that this "House of the Good Shepherd" is a Catholic institution, pure and simple, but these girls who escaped from this "plague house," were arrested by the police and returned to this Catholic dungeon without the semblance of law.

On questioning "The Mother Superior," she said that the girls were not committed to the institution by the courts, but by "the church." The question then arose: Has the Roman Catholic Church the right to give sentence of imprisonment with hard labor as a penalty? For this is exactly what imprisonment in this "House of the Good Shepherd" means; therefore, if these girls so sentenced escape, what right has acity policeman to arrest and carry them back to this Catholic institution, which exists without the semblance of a State law and without an iota of moral law? Are the policemen of the cities of Massachusetts servants of the Roman Catholic Church? Have the courts the right to sentence prisoners to Catholic prisons, and after sentence, have the prisoners no right? Many of them are kept for life, or until too old to work, and then they are set adrift to become public charges upon a Protestant country, after the Roman Catholic Church has made hundreds of dollars from the labor of these unfortunates.

We want to call attention to another flagrant case, which happened in the north end of Boston not long since.

A few months since, a Protestant Italian family in the north end of Boston was about to move to New York. There were two children and the wife soon expected to become mother again. She expressed the wish that some one would care for one of her children for a few weeks, until she got well and was settled in her new home. A neighbor sent a woman to her who offered to care

for the children, and when this little one was turned over to her, she took it straightway to the home for destitute Catholic children, on Harrison avenue, in Boston. In a month the mother called for her baby and was told that it was "up in the country," and was requested to leave it there for a month, and was told that it would be good for the child. She consented to this, believing that the fresh air would be good for her baby, but she was an uneducated woman and was inclined to believe what others said, as she was an honest lady herself, but she did not know the trickery of the Catholic Church, so when she was asked to sign a paper, she readily agreed to it, not thinking that she was giving her own blood and flesh away.

In a month she came on from New York to get her baby and was told that she could not have it, and was further told that she had signed a paper giving it away. Then the husband came on from New York and demanded the child, but was refused. He then appealed to the pastor of the Italian Methodist Church, on Hanover street, Boston. The two went to a very prominent Romanist office-holder, who was chairman of the trustees of this so-called "Catholic Home." This man draws seven thousand dollars per year from the city, and is elected largely through Protestant influence, simply because Protestantism believes that she can reform Catholicism by being liberal with her; but oh! Liberty! what crimes are perpetrated in thy name! This Boston official, after much talk with this Italian father, told him to bring a letter from a priest, and that he would see what he could do. The Italian said, "I am a Protestant," at which the official became very indignant, but after a little more talk said: "Bring a letter of recommendation from a minister." This Italian father got a good, strong letter commending his character from a Protestant minister in New York, and one who already knew him, and went this time alone to this Boston official.

In about an hour this heart-broken father appeared before a Methodist minister in tears, saying: "He will not give me my child. He said I am a bad man for becoming a Protestant, and that by doing so I have proven that I am unfit to care for my children, and when I gave him my letter from the Protestant minister, he said: 'I will not take the word of a Protestant minister!'"

Now, if what we have related is true, which I know to be absolutely true in every particular, would happen in the United States of America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," you might know what would happen in a Catholic country which is completely under the tyrannical and damnable rule of the Pope.

A minister informs us that on three occasions lately, children have come to him and told him that an Irish public school teacher in Boston had forbidden them to attend Protestant services, as their parents were at one time Roman Catholics, and that this talk from this Romish school teacher was had during school hours.

What we need in this country is a "vigilance committee," and we need it badly, and we need it right away, and this committee should be instructed to impeach every public official who endeavors to usurp the law in favor of Roman Catholicism.

The brightest minds of the past, and the brightest minds of the present have pointed out to Protestant America the dangers of Romanism, but it seems as though we will not heed their warning, when we see upon every side evidences of moral decay and national degeneracy by permitting this "Romish hag" to supervise and superintend the affairs of this nation.

Protestant European nations have for many years beheld the despotic march of Catholicism in America, and this country for a number of years has been the laughing stock of Protestant European countries for permitting this brazen demon to tread up and down the avenues of our liberties without molestation.

A few years before Bismarck of Germany died, he, in a public speech delivered in the German parliament, pointed out that the Roman Catholic Church was only free in America, and for the benefit of the reader we will quote a part of this great statesman's speech:

"The Pope being purely a religious chief, there is no occasion to keep a permanent political representative at his port. Things, indeed, might have been left in status quo had not the present Pope thought it fit to revive the ancient struggle of the papacy with the temporal power, and more especially with the German empire. The spirit emanating from the papacy in this campaign is too well known to require comment; still we would tell the house a story, which has long been kept a secret, but which had better be made public. In 1869, when the Wurtemberg government had occasion to complain of the action of the papacy, the Wurtemberg envoy at Munich was instructed to make representations, and in a conversation which passed between the envoy and the nuncio; the latter said, 'The Roman Church is free only in America.'"

This nuncio further stated that the Roman Catholic Church in all other countries had to look to revolution as the sole means to retain her position. This, then, was the view of the priestly diplomatist stationed at Munich in 1869, and formerly representing the Vatican at Paris.

Bismarck further stated: "I know from the very best sources that the Emperor Napoleon was dragged into the war very much against his will by the influence of Jesuit priests."

Who can deny these statements, as Bismarck was a man who made the study of Catholicism a part of his life, and he was a man who was of rugged character and undaunted courage, and a man whom the world at large believed.

There has not been a war for centuries past but what the cunning hand of popery has been mixed up with the blood shed in these wars, as popery never misses an opportunity to take sides with the nation which represents Catholicism, as this creed of abominations will resort to bloodshed if by so doing she believes she can carry her point and establish her rule of despotism.

If America will take a lesson from France she will be taught a lesson that will save this country from passing through the same ordeal that France is passing through to-day, and unless the government of the United States begins in the near future to suppress this giant of darkness, Roman Catholicism, we

will within the next fifty years have to resort to the same means that Combes of France is resorting to, to annihilate the serpent of Catholicism from our shores, or else meekly submit to being dragged down to the level of Roman Catholicism, which is equivalent to losing our identity as a government, and taking our places among the nations noted only for either ignorance, vice or criminality.

Catholicism does not believe in a free country. Catholicism does not believe in a country of the people, by the people and for the people, as such a country is not the natural abode for this detestable creed.

Catholicism believes in a country which is ruled by a monarch, as she then only has to control the monarch himself, and this is why the Catholic clergy and the Catholic officials, from the smallest to the greatest, are in sympathy with Russia, as the Russian government is a most complete monarchy, and the emperor is an absolute monarch, and this is why Catholicism is always ready to toss up her hat in glee for the success of the Russian army.

Catholic prelates all along the line, up to the Pope himself, have been trying to make Americans believe that Russia is deserving of our sympathy, but her solicitude in behalf of Russia is only a sympathetic shriek for her own polluted carcass.

Catholicism never sympathizes with any nation nor any individual who have for their motto "Emancipation," as emancipation means to Catholicism a vital blow to her teachings, as slavery of both body and soul is Rome's uppermost desire.

Can we expect Catholicism to change her abominations without force? Most assuredly not, as her every inspiration comes from a set of men who know no more about loyalty to country than her dupes know about a living God, as the Pope is a native born Italian, and her cardinals are recruited from the ranks of Italy's king-ruled inhabitants, consequently it is impossible to expect the Pope of Rome or those cardinals to recommend anything in harmony with the teachings of Protestant America, as they are strangers to Protestantism and American manhood; therefore it would be as reasonable to expect sunlight in the caverns of the earth as to expect Rome to recommend a doctrine which would be beneficial to humanity.

When I declare to the American people that unless this country in the near future makes a combined effort to stamp out the political intrigue of Catholicism, or it will not be long until America will find her every interest tied tight and fast to the carcass of Romanism; I do so because I feel that it is my duty to warn this country of her awful fate, for just as sure as God reigns, just that sure Catholicism has America "spotted" as her victim, as this spirit of darkness has for many years in the past made her boast that "America is Rome's future possession."

There is not a nation on the face of the earth which has permitted Rome to plant her banner of infamy unmolested but what has been disgraced by the toleration of her creed, and America cannot expect to meet with a better fate.

The dangers that beset the path of America's future are in the form of a political serpent, as Rome has learned to know that by holding out the "vote bait" to our politicians, that she can retain the balance of power, as she has long since learned that as long as she can be instrumental in keeping two political parties, both largely made up of Protestants, and fighting each other, that she can associate herself with one or the other by offering this party the undivided suffrage of Catholicism, and by this act she can gradually get control of the offices of this land, and this is her main object, for if she can control the officials, she will see that such laws are passed as will enable her to coil her slimy self about the vitals of Protestant America, and just as long as the Protestant denominations allow themselves to be made Protestant simpletons of, just that long Catholicism will fool Protestant hosts by offering the "vote bait" to the politician.

Whenever Protestantism learns that she has a common cause to champion, and a common enemy to fight, then we will have an "American party" on one side, and a "Catholic party" on the other, and when this time comes, Catholicism will be deprived of her cudgel of deception, and will have to fight her battles without the assistance of "Protestant partisan fools," and will cease to believe that she belongs to either this or that political party. Protestantism is a band of American patriots, and should only have the welfare of Protestantism at heart.

Catholicism, if left alone without the assistance of Protestant votes, could not turn a wheel in the affairs of this country, but by permitting Romanism to make Protestantism believe in one of two political parties thus dividing the Protestant votes, Catholicism is allowed to hold the balance of power and dictate terms to a Protestant country.

Shame, eternal shame upon the hosts of Protestantism for permitting themselves to be made fools of by the Romish Church, as this is exactly what the hosts of Protestantism are allowing Catholicism to do with her!

Now, I know whereof I speak, as I have been on the inside of politics in our large cities, and especially in the City of St. Louis, and Catholicism's scheme is always to allow the cities to elect a Protestant mayor, but they always endeavor to elect the other officials.

Oh, could I but whisper into the ears of every Protestant in America and make them understand what I know of the cunning and deception of Catholicism I would march an army of Protestants to the polls at our elections that would represent a mighty army of patriotism; but just so long as Protestantism permits Catholicism to make her believe that it is necessary to have two or more political parties, just that long we will have partisan block-heads, and as long as this state of affairs exists, just that long the cunning schemes of Catholicism will be able to control the balance of power, which will disgrace the fair name of Protestant America.

I solemnly declare that there never has been a nation completely under the control of Romanism but what has been disgraced by that toleration, and America will live to realize the truthfulness of this assertion unless she becomes "Protestant patriots" instead of "prattling partisans."

To give the reader a better idea of what happens in countries absolutely controlled by Catholicism, and to more thoroughly convince the reader that what I have said is true in regard to nations which have been disgraced by the toleration of popish rule, I desire to repeat a little history that is not many months old, which happened in the United States, where it is supposed that man and woman can worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and if what we are going to relate happens in this free land, what do you suppose is the condition in Catholic countries that are completely under the control of the Pope?

In Worcester, Mass., not long since, a 19-year-old girl by the name of Maggie Barry received a public whipping from her mother for attending services of the Salvation Army.

Miss Maggie Barry, who is 19 years of age, had been for some time occasionally attending the meetings of the Salvation Army, and was desirous of becoming a member of the corps, having been converted a short time since.

Her parents were Irish Roman Catholics and insisted that Maggie should remain a Romanist. They regarded the Salvation Army, which is purely non-sectarian, as a Protestant organization, and they were determined that their daughter should have nothing to do with it, and forbade her attending any of the meetings.

On a Sunday evening not long since she attended the services of the Salvation Army at No. 5 Commercial street, where there were at least 250 people present. While the commander of the corps was reading from the Bible, Miss Barry's mother came through the doorway and down to the front row of seats near the corner of the platform, where Maggie was sitting, and grabbed her daughter by the arm and began to pound her over the head, and at once proceeded to pull the girl from the hall and down the stairs into the street, all the time unmercifully beating the poor girl over the head and shoulders.

The incident happened so quickly that for a moment the audience could not realize what was taking place, but as soon as the audience could gather their wits, there was a rush made for the street.

After the meeting had adjourned many of the attendants found Miss Barry in the street weeping like her heart would break and afraid to return to her home.

She told the audience that as soon as she reached the street where a number of relatives were waiting for her that she broke away from her mother and fled.

A policeman was called into consultation relative to the case and stated that as Maggie was under twenty-one years of age, that she had better be taken to her parents at 125 Salem street, and two policemen accompanied her to her home.

It is stated that Miss Barry has received many unmerciful beatings because she attended these religious meetings, and her old Romish mother, while

dragging her down the stairs that Sunday night, threatened to do her bodily harm if she ever attended these meetings again.

A few days after this disgraceful and un-American spectacle happened in the streets of Worcester, a notice in the Central District Court appeared that "Miss Margaret Barry was charged with being a stubborn child and was sentenced to the Woman's Prison at Shearborn. She appealed and furnished a bail. The girl was arrested on the complaint of her mother because she would not stay away from the meetings of the Salvation Army."

Now, reader, you have a case right in the United States of America where a poor girl was sentenced to prison for attending a Protestant meeting. What do you think of a judge of a court who will sentence a child to a State prison for attending a Protestant meeting?

We know what you think if you are a pure Protestant, and we know that your blood boils with pure indignation; but you cannot expect any relief from this state of affairs and you can only expect to see things grow worse if you continue to be "partisans" instead of "patriots."

If such things are now happening in the State of Massachusetts, how long will it be before the Protestant churches in this country will be closed up by the order of the Pope, and how long will it be before those who attend Protestant meetings will be liable to arrest and thrown into prison, as it was during the dark ages when the Roman Catholic Church had full control?

Authentic history, and history that cannot be denied nor disputed, nor even questioned, gives the appalling record of 70,500,000 Protestants who were slain by the greatest curse the world has ever known—Roman Catholicism.

We, in America, cannot expect anything better until we have a set of Protestant preachers who will practice what they pretend to believe.

Our Protestant ministers of to-day are weak-kneed, weak-spined, "nothings," who have not enough religion nor backbone to take a firm stand against Catholicism, and until we have such men we will continue to see "Maggie Barrys" dragged from Protestant meetings and publicly whipped by parents, and then sentenced to imprisonment by judges elected by Roman Catholics.

Again we want to repeat the head lines of this chapter for the benefit of those who are weak-kneed and who are entirely "spineless:" "Nations who have been disgraced by the toleration of popish rule," and we leave it to the reader to decide whether this headline is a misnomer or not, as we have offered you evidence in this chapter that should convince any right-thinking man or woman that if the Roman Catholic Church has grown so bold in America, with the ink upon the Declaration of Independence scarcely dry, what shall we expect for our posterity if there is not a stand made by Protestantism to halt this "emperor of darkness" in his march of devastation?

This black-winged vulture of human rights is growing bolder day by day by being permitted by Protestantism to separate and divide the Protestant vote among different parties, and combining the hosts of Catholicism for an

onslaught against everything American in order to control the affairs of this country. If you will listen you can almost hear the death rattle of Protestantism as the serpent of Rome has so gently entwined her slimy self about the throat of our American goddess of liberty that the death rattle is almost perceptible.

Strike while you have the power, and do not delay, or else the time is not far distant when the once powerful arm of Protestantism will be paralyzed by the infusion of Roman virus.



UNCLE SAM—"Here is your next fight boys."

We can only judge the future of nations and institutions by the past and present, and if we are to judge Catholicism by her past, and if we are honest with ourselves, we cannot paint a future without producing a panoramic view that is dreadful to behold, as Catholicism in the past has been an institution which always endeavored to rule by the tyranny of oppression, and her decisions and mandates to-day are the same as they were during the inquisitorial days when our Protestant forefathers were burned at the stake for disobeying the commands of Catholic officials.

Catholicism makes her boast that she never changes; then what are we to expect the future to bring forth, if her dogmas of damnation are allowed to fasten her intolerable hold upon this country: for if she "never changes," and we are compelled to judge her future by her past, which is the only rational conclusion that can be arrived at, then we can expect nothing more than to behold her future trail stained with the blood of Protestants, as such has been her history of the past.

It is our purpose in this chapter to give the reader an authentic epitome of a few of the doctrines and facts which we defy Roman Catholicism to successfully deny, as what we propose to give you is Roman Catholic law, and if such is Roman Catholic law, then we will have no trouble in establishing the fact that no loyal Catholics can possibly be loyal American citizens; therefore should not be placed in a position where they can carry out the mandates and dictates of the Church of Rome, for whenever they are placed in power and thoroughly believe in the laws of Catholicism they can not possibly be naught but traitors to our American form of government.

We propose to give the reader "Canon Law" to establish our statements, as we are as well acquainted with the laws that govern Roman Catholicism—yea, better than we are with the laws that govern this country, as we for fifty-six years have been directly influenced by this "Canon Law," and for the past thirty years, or since we became a Roman Catholic priest, have been a servant and an executioner of this law; therefore, I know whereof I speak, and no man dare deny my statements.

The first declaration of this "Canon Law" is: "All human power is from evil and must therefore be standing under the Pope."

You will thus see that the first declaration of the "Canon Law" is to place the human family as a whole, under the tyrannical control of Catholicism.

Another declaration of this law is: "The state has not the right to leave every man free to profess and embrace whatever religion he shall deem true."

In this declaration, you will further see that Roman Catholicism would, if it was within her power, take from the American citizen the right to worship a true and living God.

The next law that we will refer to is as follows: "The state has not the right to establish a church separate from the Pope."

Again you will see that Rome's idea is to force all of humanity to bow at the feet of her creed.

Again she declares in her "Canonistic Laws:" "That the state has not the right to assist the inmates of monasteries and convents to abandon them."

Again you will see that Catholicism desires to usurp the rights of the courts and establish prisons of their own without a semblance of law.

Once more this "Canonistic Law" thunders forth her monarchical law as follows: "The Roman Catholic church has the right to require the state not to leave every man free to profess his own religion."

Again the reader will see that Roman Catholicism with her iron hand demands this nation to force and compel every man, woman and child that lives under that old red, white and blue flag, which was bought by the blood of our forefathers, to humbly bow to this heathenish creed.

The next, and one of the most damnable laws found among the "Canonistic Laws" of Catholicism, is as follows: "Roman Catholicism has the right to exercise her power without permission or consent of the state."

Within this Romish law any one can easily discern her monarchical designs, as she boldly and flagrantly declares that she has the right to do as she sees fit, without even being molested or questioned by the laws of this country.

Further on in the "Canon Laws" of Catholicism we find the following: "Roman Catholicism has the right to prevent the foundation of any national church not subject to the direct authority of the Roman pontiff."

Thus the reader will see that the Protestant churches of America exist only by and through the numerical power of Protestantism, but should Romanism ever become powerful enough in this country she would, within the twinkling of an eye, destroy or confiscate every Protestant church now in existence.

Further along in this Romish "Canon Law" we find that she strikes at the dearest institutions of our land, as follows: "The Roman Catholic church has

the right to deprive the civil authorities of the entire government of the public schools.”

The reader will see by this declaration that should Catholicism ever come in control of the affairs of this government that our public schools, which are the bulwarks of our American government, would have their very foundations rooted up and scattered to the four winds of the earth.

The most devilish and damnable law, in my estimation, that is to be found upon the statute books of Catholicism is the following: “Roman Catholicism has the right to require that the Roman Catholic religion shall be THE ONLY RELIGION of the nation, to the exclusion of all others.”

We have the entire principles of Catholicism embodied in this last “Canonistic Law,” as Roman Catholicism’s aim and intention is to put this declaration into effect as soon as she can become powerful enough to execute her plans.

In my estimation, the next “Canon Law” that I will quote, is the one most detrimental to our American form of government, as it is a law, when put into execution, that will throttle every ambition and strangle every hope that now permeates the bosom of Protestantism, and it is one that should freeze the very flesh and blood of Protestantism to the bone’s marrow. It is as follows: “Roman Catholicism has the power to require the nation not to permit free expression of opinions.”

In this last law, which is found upon the statute books of Roman Catholicism, we have a declaration from her rulers that would deprive you and your posterity from expressing an opinion in regard to Roman Catholicism; that is, if that opinion did not coincide with her abominations, and an institution which would place such a law upon her statute books is an institution which would burn and flay alive those who would disregard this law; thus the reader may have some idea of what he or she may expect should their posterity ever live to see America pass into the ungodly clutches of this unholy demon.

The history of Roman Catholicism in the past plainly demonstrates what she has done and how well and awful she has carried out her laws herein quoted, and Catholicism makes her brags that she “never changes,” consequently the only reason why these laws are not put into execution in the United States is the lack of physical power, and whenever Roman Catholicism reaches the point in the history of this country where she possesses this physical power, Protestantism will feel her tyrannical heel upon their necks.

That the reader may thoroughly understand and realize that Roman Catholicism of to-day is the same as Roman Catholicism was hundreds of years ago, we desire to quote a letter written by Pope Leo XIII during his reign, which will thoroughly demonstrate to the reader that Roman Catholicism of the present retains all of her harshness and cussedness that she possessed when our forefathers were burned at the stake and our mothers were punished for worshipping a true and living God, Pope Leo’s letter follows:

“The teachings given by the Apostolic See, whether contained in the syllabus

and other acts of our illustrious predecessors, or in our encyclical letters, has given clear guidance to the faith as to what should be their thoughts and their conduct in the midst of the difficulties of time and events. There they will find a rule for the direction of their minds and their work.”

The reader will see from this letter from Pope Leo XIII that he reiterates to his followers the “Canonistic Law” laid down by his predecessors, making it obligatory upon the followers of Catholicism to put in practice to-day the hellish doctrines of Roman Catholicism of the past.

If Catholicism depends upon numbers and physical strength to accomplish her ends, then what must this country expect when such a time arrives, as Catholicism can govern by the power of physical strength?

Will we have any one to blame for what Catholicism does to this country when such time arrives? Ah, No! No one but Protestantism, for if America, which is a Protestant country, sits idly by and permits Romanism to reach a point where she can control the affairs of this government, it will be on the account of the lethargy and imbecility of Protestantism, as we have it within our power to-day to halt this Emperor of Darkness before that time arrives, but the question is, will we do it?

The history of other nations which have been controlled by Catholicism should be enough, not only to frighten the Protestant hosts, but to paralyze them with fear, as the pages of history teem with the awfulness of Rome’s rule, wherever she has been permitted to become master.

France, which has been priest-ridden for centuries, is now at this time in the throes of a national convulsion, brought about by the tyranny of Romanism.

Now, if Rome is such an abominable master and such a tyrant that France has to deport the priestcraft and close up her institutions, is it not time that the United States was taking some step to protect her offspring from this vulture of human rights!

This country is undoubtedly a Protestant country, and if it is a great country, which no man dares to deny, she surely owes her greatness to Protestantism.

Our soul is poured into this chapter, as we never were more in earnest than we are at this time, as we can shade our eyes and look down the avenues of the past and behold naught but skeletons of protestant despair on every byway which has been traveled by Romanism, and when we behold this mighty waste of despair we can not conceive how the United States of America can expect to fare better than have the nations of the past, unless she exerts her American and Protestant manhood and gives Roman Catholicism to understand that it is time to halt, and, in the name of an intelligent God, forbid her to transgress further upon the rights of this country.

In this chapter we will endeavor to be explicit and above all truthful, and we ask God to give us courage to present facts in a way that will fan to life

again the patriotism that has been lulled to sleep by the bat-like wings of Roman Catholicism.

We hope that this little volume may arouse unconcerned Protestantism to a realization of the fact that our public officials are year by year forcing her nearer and nearer the great chasm of Roman despair, and if we can be instrumental in this great undertaking we will feel that when our race is done, that we have fought a good fight, and will be remembered by the Protestant world as a man who taught a doctrine which was the salvation of Protestant America.

Roman Catholicism has no politics, as she is ever ready and willing to join hands with any party that will guarantee her more complete control of national affairs, as she teaches her followers that whenever they find that the Republican party will grant her requests that they should be Republicans, and she also teaches them that whenever the Democratic party or any other party will enter into a contract with her and grant her the right of way of devastation, that they should be Democrats, or be adherents to whatever party grants them the most power.

Roman Catholicism wraps herself about the smaller officials and wheedles herself into the good graces of the small officials by promising them the Catholic vote, and by so doing she is able to control the officials higher up in power, and in this manner she reaches the highest officials of the land, as we find to-day the boa-constrictor of Catholicism wrapped about every official at Washington city, from the President of the United States on down.

Suppose that the Pope and his tribe of liberty-destroyers realized that the officials of America were Protestants, and implicitly believed and lived up to the teachings of Protestantism; do you think that she would presume to approach our Protestant officials and demand their support in behalf of her damnable creed, or do you suppose that she would dare to send her emissaries into the halls of our national congress and brazenly approach those Protestant officials? Ah, never! as Catholicism is a base coward and never makes her appearance only where she is assured that her overtures will be gracefully received.

Protestant America! do you not believe that you have granted Romanism her requests long enough, and do you not realize that unless you throttle this carnivorous beast of human rights within the near future that your protests will only be received with ridicule and jeers?

Protestantism from this day forward should resolve that her ballot in the future should be a Protestant ballot, and whenever she has reasons to believe that there is one place upon their ticket that is tainted with the abominations of Romanism they should be dropped as though they were a poisonous reptile.

It matters not what the office may be that is to be filled and what power it carries with it, Protestantism should find out whether or not the applicant believes in Protestantism, and learn, if possible, whether they or their family are tainted with the virus of Roman Catholicism, and if you should

find that the taint extends to any part of their family then scratch them off your ballot, and by so doing you will help to woo back the spirit of both Protestantism and patriotism, as one is symbolic of the other.

It may seem strange and also untrue for me to make the statement that there are cities in the United States which are as completely under the control of the Pope of Rome as Rome herself, but such is the case, and the city of St. Louis, Mo., is one of them, as Romanism rules the inhabitants of that city with a despotism that is only equaled in a nation where the pontiff of Rome is an acknowledged ruler.

During the last election in the city of St. Louis I was a Catholic priest, and was in the Catholic confidence, and I declare to you as a man of truth and before a living God that it was understood between the Catholic church and those who controlled the Democratic party that the Protestants should elect the present mayor, Rolla Wells, but that Catholicism was to be permitted to name the other officials, or at least enough to control the city government.

Now, is there any politics in such an agreement? Ah, no; but the only object in this secret agreement was a desire upon the part of Roman Catholicism to control the revenues of the city of St. Louis, as Catholicism is a money machine and endeavors to keep her exchequer full by preying upon the ignorance of her followers.

I have mentioned St. Louis only for the simple reason that it is a recent happening, but there are a score of other cities in the United States of America which are controlled by Catholicism on the same principle, as Romanism joins hands with either the Republican or Democratic party if she sees a chance to put her hellish schemes and dogmas into practice.

That the reader may know what element controls the municipal governments of our cities we desire to call attention to the fact that over one-half of the officials of our large American cities are direct representatives of Roman Catholicism, and over two-thirds of all the policemen of these cities are the Pope's followers.

Why does this state of affairs exist? Ah, it is because the Protestant voter has "politics" instead of "principles"; therefore you yourself are to blame for this awful state of affairs.

Yes, I say that you are to blame, for you are a voter and you pretend to represent Protestantism but still will permit yourself to be made tools of in behalf of Roman Catholicism; then am I not right in declaring that you are to blame for this state of affairs that exists in our large cities?

In our municipal elections you will find Roman Catholicism courting the political power which has the greatest chance of electing their candidates; it matters not what party it may be, as Roman Catholicism has no politics, as her only desire is power, and it does not matter from what source she receives it, so long as it is granted her, as Romanism is like a chameleon, as she will change her political color to suit her surroundings if she is

assured that she will be permitted to inject her deadly virus into the veins of Protestantism.

If Roman Catholicism can extract a promise from a Republican candidate they are Republicans; but, on the other hand, if they can make a Democrat do their bidding, they are Democrats; and if they can "wiggle" into the Populists' favor, they are Populists; in fact, they are any and everything that will serve their purpose and help to bind and throttle Protestant principles.

The nation of France is making history to-day, and each line and page of this history is a warning to Protestant America, as every page of this history is covered with the slime of Roman Catholicism, for had it not been for her tyrannical despotism, France would not have had to close up the monasteries and convents of that nation, but on account of her teachings, and in order to protect the rising generations from her influence, not only have the convents and monasteries had to be closed, but the schools which teach her damnable dogmas have been closed.

We do not have to cross the ocean and visit European countries to learn of Roman Catholicism's depravity, but we can stand upon the southern shore of the United States, almost in hailing distance of Cuba, and there behold the shores of a country which had to rebel against the hellishness of Roman Catholicism, as Cuba would to-day belong to Spain had it not been for Roman Catholicism, as it was her abominations that continually kept Cuba in a feverish ferment.

It was Spain's ungodliness that brought about the Spanish-American war, and Spain's ungodliness was taught her by Romanism.

The West India islands were the progenies of Spain, and the Spanish government permitted the Papists to control these islands with her dogmas of instructions, which were directly instrumental in continually keeping the spirit of anarchy alive.

The only reason that Roman Catholicism does not control this country with her tyrannical hand is on account of numerical numbers, for did Rome believe that she could rule this country to-day, before the sun would set to-morrow night this would be a nation of serfs instead of a nation of independent men and women.

I perhaps have made my declarations broader and stronger than any man of the present day, but I am fresh from the ranks of Catholicism and I know her cunning, and since I have forsaken her blind leadership and drank deep from the well of Protestantism, I have resolved that no stone shall go unturned that will help me to convince America of her great danger which shadows her future by permitting this Romish despot to flood this country with not only her blind followers, but by being permitted to brazenly denounce everything that is near and dear to this country, as her brazen denunciations of our American institutions is nothing more nor less than treason, and which should be treated as such.

To give the reader some idea of what Roman Catholicism will do if she ever

has the power, we quote an article which appeared in a Catholic journal known as "The Catholic Citizen," of Milwaukee, Wis.

Now, if Catholicism has at this time become so brazen that she dares offer the Protestant world the insults that is contained in this article, what shall we expect if this damnable creed ever becomes powerful enough to control by physical strength? The article follows:

"Protestantism in Cuba? What good will it do there? If only the good it has wrought elsewhere, Heaven help the Cubans! Protestantism is nothing but a disorganizer and a pathway to infidelity and atheism. This is the only reason of its existence. As a positive moral force, it is a farce. It has never converted a single nation, but it has unconverted Protestants themselves with a holy vengeance. Berlin has 75,000 church goers out of 2,000,000 people; London 400,000 out of 6,000,000 and so on. 'Without baptism you can not enter Heaven,' says the Scripture, and lo! thanks to Protestantism, nearly 60,000,000 people in the United States are not baptized. A nice system (for the devil), that produces such results—results as fatal to the heathen as to the Christian. Protestantism found the Sandwich islands with 400,000 people. Where are they now? Gone. A million Macris in New Zealand. Where are they? Gone. Seven million Indians in the United States. Where are they? Gone.

"On the other hand, the friars found 300,000 natives in the Philippines 400 years ago, and there are 9,000,000 now; 12,000,000 Indians south of the Rio Grande, and there are 50,000,000 now. 'By their fruits you shall know them.' In view of such facts, we think Protestants should leave 'Boonioboola Gha' alone and confine their proselytizing to unfortunates nearer home. An American is just as well worth saving as a Cuban or a Chinaman any day."

"The American Citizen," a journal published in Boston, Mass., made the following comment on this article, which appeared in this Roman Catholic journal:

"The above is as good a specimen of papal logic as we have ever seen—and it is the real thing.

"'It has never converted a single nation!' Christianity is not supposed to convert nations—it converts individuals. Mohammedanism converted (?) many nations by the sword, and popery attempted to do it by the inquisition, but failed—except in the case of the Jews and Moors in Spain, which it 'converted' into beggars and refugees.

"Rome 'converted' the Albigenses from being peaceful and industrious citizens into the best mountain warriors in Europe—and the handful defied and defeated the best papal armies of Europe.

"But how about England, and Scotland, and Scandinavia, and the Netherlands, and many other nations—were they not all papal at one time, but converted through reformation? How about the Huguenots—the very flower of France; the Protestant Irish, the very salvation of the Emerald Isle—were not these all at one time Romanists—converted to Protestantism?

"Read the record of Rome's 'conversions' in Mexico, in Central America, in South America, as told by Prescott and other historians—the introduction of slavery by the papal church, and the unspeakable cruelties perpetrated upon the Indians, or aborigines, of the countries mentioned. Read, in United States senate document 190, the record of Rome's 'conversions' in the Philippines—a work which has made every Filipino a bitter hater of the priests.

"'The Indians of the United States!' Have they ever been Protestants? Have not the priests had control of them since this land was discovered? Are not the vices which have killed them—apart from war—the peculiar vices of popery, especially drunkenness? What good have the priests wrought among them? Take California as an example, where these priests enslaved tens of thousands of the Indians for the sole purpose of enriching their church!

"This is a matter of history—of undeniable history. If the American Indians were slain in battle, in nine cases out of ten the Jesuits instigated them to the deeds which brought on the war. While Prescott's 'Mexico' and 'Peru' are accessible in our libraries, popery had better be dumb.

"That the Filipinos have increased from 300,000 to 9,000,000 and the South Americans from 12,000,000 to 50,000,000, may be true, for all travelers tell us that it is no uncommon thing to find a priest with a halfscore of concubines and fifty children. Certainly these priests have an advantage over Protestant missionaries in this respect. The pagans would naturally follow the example of their 'spiritual' advisers. Oh, yes, the population certainly increases where the priestcraft live."

The Roman Catholic church says that the priests shall not wed, but at the same time the priestcraft fathers an army of children.

The Philippine islands is a nation of heathens, and Catholicism has been in charge of these islands for centuries, and to-day they are worse off than they were before Catholicism planted her black banner in their midst.

Wherever you find intellectuality, morality and civilization in its fullest meaning, you will find a country where Protestantism is the predominating doctrine, as Catholicism can not exist only in the "underbrush" of ignorance and vice.

The greatest menace this country has to contend with is the influx of Rome's followers from other nations, and unless our immigration laws are remedied it will not be long until Rome will be able, by physical strength, to enumerate the United States as one of her countries, as each succeeding year tens of thousands of the followers of Rome from Italy and other priest-ridden countries flock to our shores to practice in this country the abominations taught them in their childhood.

France's woes and miseries have been expected for years by men of intelligence and men who could read the signs of the times, as Rome's influence was year by year growing more intolerable, and it was only a matter of time when France would be forced to either permit herself to be dragged

down to the level of the debased teachings of Catholicism or else by a heroic effort boldly stamp out this Romish creed of damnation, and the latter course is the one she has chosen to pursue, and to-day finds the Roman Catholic church despised and detested by every intelligent and patriotic Frenchman of the land.

In July 1874, Eugene Lawrence, in the columns of "Harper's Weekly," made a prediction that ought to convince every sane man and woman in this land that the woes of France are directly traceable to the Roman Catholic church, as Mr. Lawrence was a historian of national repute, and a man who was a patriot whom the American eagle was proud of, and for the benefit of the readers of my little book I desire to quote in full this prediction made thirty years ago, as to-day finds Mr. Lawrence's prediction being fulfilled in every particular, and Roman Catholicism is the incarnate fiend that has forced this prediction to come true. Mr. Lawrence's article follows:

"The Papal church is chiefly responsible for the decadence of the French mind. The priests have long controlled the education of the nation and have striven to shut it out from all contact with the culture of America, Germany and England. Under the rule of Napoleon III, the Jesuits obtained the guidance of nearly all the secondary colleges; Protestant schools were sedulously discouraged, and nothing was taught that could offend the mediaeval tastes of Rome. When, two years ago, the French republicans had resolved to found a free and compulsory system of instruction for all France as the chief want of the nation, the papal bishops and priests suppressed the measure by all their arts. They were resolved to have no education which they could not control. The republican movement failed; Bishop Dupanloup and his associates succeeded once more in shutting out the light of knowledge from the people, and have sown the fires of warfare in the place of mental progress and moral culture.

"France, which has often made the most rapid progress toward reform, has also been the most successful leader of modern reaction. Its revolutions have set in motion all other nations, but have failed to purify itself. It is enslaved by a single church and ruled by Roman superstition. At the recent assembly at Paris, of all the hierarchy of France, of Jesuits, Dominicans, Monks and prelates, it was resolved that all the strength of the papal party should be given to an effort to grasp the control of the higher education of the people, and make every college and seminary the teacher of the worship of the Sacred Heart; to confine instruction within the limits of Roman theology, and shut out more strictly than ever before the light of modern progress. At a great and powerful meeting of all the Roman Catholic editors of France, a similar policy was resolved upon. By a strange revulsion of sentiment the press was made to advocate its own restriction or repression. The papal editors apparently sigh for a return of the mediaeval practices when Francis I. burned ardent printers in Paris, and the Sorbonne would have banished the printing press from France forever. The Roman Catholic papers invoke the restoration of the Bourbons and of the temporal power of the Pope, and in the ardor of a new spirit of martyrdom offered themselves up to a spiritual bondage that must end in their own slow destruction and the death of the national intellect. They would enforce anew that policy of isolation which has

filled France with impurity, and left it the prey of emperors and marshals, princes and priests.

“France has thus displayed, since its first revolution, a most remarkable contest. The spirit of freedom has more than once placed its people in front of human progress, and ever again the spirit of reaction has dragged them back into the abyss of mental and moral decay. Its priests have invariably triumphed over its reformers. The Roman church has always held a supremacy above the law. Of all the national institutions, it has alone preserved its freedom of action unimpaired. It receives an enormous subsidy from the state. While all other associations are held under a strict subjection, while political meetings are scarcely allowed, while the press is silenced, while Protestant churches can hold no assemblies or synods except by the connivance of the government, while Protestant churches are forbidden to have either bell or steeple, the Roman priesthood hold their councils and assemblies unrestrained, and cover the land with their sodalities, their societies, their processions, and their pilgrimages. The church is the only well-organized political party. Its agents are active in every commune. Its severe discipline produces order through all its hosts of Jesuits, monks and priests. Its confessors rule in the palaces of the wealthy and the hovels of the peasants. It forbids education, it stifles thought, it inculcates a pitiless severity against Protestants and reformers; and with natural indignation the leading Republicans point to the dominant church as the chief source of all the woes of France, as sacrificing the morals, integrity and mental elevation of the nation to the single purpose of maintaining the ascendancy of a foreign Pope. The French Republicans have been forced to see that the Papal church is the necessary foe of freedom. It would be well if our own people could learn from their experience, and guard with strict vigilance their institutions from the secret and open assaults of a foreign priesthood.

“There is no doubt, at least in the minds of the French Republicans, that to the intrigues of the Papal faction is due the disordered and hopeless condition of the nation. Gambetta’s paper, *La Republique*, assures its readers that the assembly is ruled by a party devoted wholly to the ecclesiastical interests; that they labor only to reduce the whole country to an abject submission to Rome, and are ready to accomplish their aims by measures fatal to the peace of France. It asserts that the priesthood forms a league as rigorous as that over which the Guises ruled and against which the Huguenots struggled; that the church has its myriads of societies, committees, agents, an overflowing treasury, the favor of the government, a single aim—an infallible ruler. It calls upon the people, if they would be free, to strike down the hydra that preys upon the state. The policy of Bismarck, indeed, finds its best defense in the condition of France. If the interference of the papal faction proves so disastrous to the welfare of the French people, it is plainly the interest of Germany to crush it forever by all the resources of statesmanship. If the rule of papal Rome be so intolerable to its friends, what might it not accomplish in the dominions of its opponents? France may yet learn from its neighbors over the Rhine the only path to freedom. What it seems most to need is a Bismarck.”

If in 1874, Mr. Lawrence, after making a thorough study of the conditions of France, could so accurately prophecy what would happen thirty years hence, the conditions at that time must have been indeed very palpable, but no more so than they are in America to-day, as Roman Catholicism within the past ten years has made greater strides in strangling American liberties than she ever has in any twenty-five years, before, as this creed of abominations has been losing its hold upon not only the throats of France, but of Italy as well. As she has made the effort of her life to plant the seeds of anarchy and revolution in the bosom of her followers in the United States, in order that she may at the proper time, and as soon as she believes she is numerically strong enough to overcome by physical force, to strike a blow that will paralyze every ambition of Protestantism in this country.

Hundreds of the best and wisest men this country has ever known have been for years warning the United States of her dangers from Romanism, but it seems as though we will not heed the warning, but bear in mind that unless this country does heed this warning and halt the Czar of Darkness, we will live to see the time when we will have to resort to arms to protect our Protestant interests.

The nation of France has swung out from the power of the Vatican, and is to-day defying the Pope of Rome and daring him to do his worst, and France is a nation that has always been a Catholic nation and controlled by her abominations, but she has woke up to the fact that unless this hellish doctrine is stamped out from her shores that she will become a nation of mental pygmies and nonentities, as she has long since learned that Catholicism is nothing more nor less than a poisonous breath that withers intellect and causes nations to decay and sink to the level of Romish degeneracy.

It seems as though the Vatican will not learn that the world moves, as the Vatican is determined that Italy shall not appear above the horizon of papal abhorrence.

It is hard for the Vatican to learn that the world moves and that Italy moves with it. In its final resolution, the quarrel between the Pope and the French government is based on the recognition of the king of Italy as the sole sovereign in Rome, but the Pope is as determined that him and his reign of darkness shall be the only acknowledged ruler of Italy.

President Loubet of France, the executive of this Catholic nation, gave great offense to the Vatican, by visiting the king of Italy, who is in the eyes of the church a usurper.

According to the Vatican's standards, the kingdom of Italy is not an accomplished fact, as the Vatican refuses to recognize any government in Italy save that which he chooses to establish and build up out of the filth and abominations of Roman Catholicism.

The Pope declares himself to be the only legitimate sovereign in Rome, but the Italian government has for a number of years been learning that the power of the Vatican is a power of darkness, emanating from the putridness of

paganism, and which is detrimental to any nation that aspires to individual intellectuality, morality and greatness.

The reader must bear in mind that Italy is the home of the Pope, and the home of Popes, and that Rome is the city of Popes, archbishops and cardinals.

This statement can not be denied by any living man, and since it is true, we want to learn something of the inhabitants of Rome, so that we may be prepared to judge whether Roman Catholicism is beneficial or detrimental to those whom she rules.

We make the statement without fear of successful denial, that Roman Catholicism is a power which withers the hopes and ambitions of any nation, which is so unlucky as to fall under her tyrannical tread, as Romanism is a power for evil, unequaled by any creed of deviltry and diabolical cunning ever conceived by mortal man.

We have made the statement that the city of Rome was one of the most immoral and ungodly cities under the shining canopy of Heaven, and we have also made the statement that Rome is the home of popes, archbishops and cardinals, and we propose to prove to the reader that, while Rome is the home of Roman Catholic officials, that she is also the home of the libertine and immoral.

We also propose to prove that the immorality of the inhabitants of Rome is taught them by the Catholic officials of Rome, as we are not writing of what we have learned from the mouth of others, but we are writing of what we know by the power of sight, as we have visited Rome more than once in the official capacity of Roman Catholicism, and we make this statement with a living God as our witness, that Roman Catholicism is responsible for the immorality found in the city of Rome, and this immorality is not confined alone to the city outside the walls of the Vatican, as this atmosphere of immorality and degradation permeates the very atmosphere of the Vatican, as illegitimacy is found within the walls of the Vatican, as well as without.

Rome is a city of popes, cardinals, archbishops, priests, monks, friars and ecclesiastical students.

In the city of Rome, which is the home of popes, there are 39 cardinals, 35 archbishops, 1,469 priests, 2,832 monks and friars, 2,000 nuns and 1,000 ecclesiastical students, making in all 7,576 teachers of this abomination; and for every 4,375 children born in the city of Rome, 3,160 are bastards, and for every 750 people in the city of Rome, there is a murder committed during the year; thus you will see that this herd of Catholic teachers are not only teachers of immorality and degradation, but are also responsible for murder, as such a pestilence of immorality will lead to murder.

Is it any wonder that France and Italy are to-day struggling with this polluted beast in order to free themselves from her filthy grasp? Is it any wonder that France has closed up the monasteries, convents and schools of this abomination!

With such nations as France and Italy declaring to their inhabitants that

Catholicism is not only a nuisance but a menace to intelligence and morality, what can this government expect in the future if she permits Romanism to continue to flourish in the future as she has in the past?

This book is not written by a man who seeks notoriety, or a man who is writing from a prejudiced standpoint, but we are writing from what we know of the awfulness of Catholicism, as fifty-six long years have rolled into eternity since I began to worship at the feet of this immoral hag; therefore, the reader must know that it is not a pleasant task to acknowledge before the world that we have been not only fifty-six years a follower of this creed of abominations, but for thirty long years we helped to fasten this creed upon the human family.

I wish that it was within my power to become a spirit, which would enable me to navigate the air and whisper my warnings into the ears of Protestant America, for no nation on the face of the earth needs the warning as badly as the United States, as day by day, week by week, month by month and year by year the Vatican's shadow grows longer and longer upon our shores, and wherever this shadow of paganish darkness stretches itself you will find the withered hopes of man, as Roman Catholicism's only ambition is to place humanity at her feet, which will enable her to bind her followers with the cords of superstition and ignorance, as she exists upon the blasted hopes of those whom she rules.

If what I have told you in the pages of this book is true, then is it not time for Protestant America to arouse herself from her lethargy and buckle on the armor of righteousness and patriotism and go forth to battle this "Strumpet of Sin" with the valor of our American forefathers?

I have prayerfully endeavored to lay bare the sins of Roman Catholicism, and the only hindrance I have encountered in my efforts is on the account of not being more familiar with the English language, as I am a German born, and my power of expressing myself in the English language is materially hindered by being educated in Germany, but thank God that education does not stand in the way of a living God helping the foreign tongue to express itself in a manner which can be understood.

I have endeavored to inform the reader who I am, what I am, and why I am what I am, and have taken up the abominations of Catholicism and treated these abominations in a manner that I hope will carry conviction to the hearts of the reader, as I am qualified to go before not only any official who has the power to administer an oath and to make oath to the truthfulness of every assertion made herein, but I am willing to meet my God around the great white throne in Heaven and stand upon the declarations herein contained.

I have endeavored to give the Protestant reader to understand that his offspring are considered bastards, and their parents persons who live in immorality, by not belonging to the Roman Catholic Church and being married by the priestcraft.

I have endeavored to tear the mask of ignorance from the bleared and polluted features of Romanism and show her up in all of her detestible ugliness.

I have in my weak manner endeavored to try to warn our American fathers and mothers of the great danger of the "confession," as the confessional is the stepping stone that leads to Romish abominations, as it is there that the seed of immoral thought is planted and it is there that the purity of girlhood is first tarnished, and if I can arouse Protestant mothers and fathers of this land to these awful sinks of iniquity I will consider that I have been instrumental in helping to obliterate one of the greatest evils known to the human family.

I have endeavored to point out to Protestant America the awful mistake made by the United States in permitting Roman Catholicism to continue her debauchery in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands, as I declare to the reader with eyes wet with grief that not only the flower of our army is being sacrificed in these far away islands, but that millions of dollars are being spent upon these islands and that Roman Catholicism is being benefited by this great expenditure of Protestant money, as the Pope of Rome is as powerful in these islands to-day as he ever was, and every intelligent Protestant in this land who has made this subject a study knows full well that had it not been for Roman Catholicism and her outrages, that the Spanish-American war would never have been fought.

I have earnestly tried to make the reader understand that the monasteries in this country are often the abodes of criminals, and the nunneries of this land are the slaughter pens of virtue, and I trust that my readers will read it in the spirit that I have written it, and if such is the case I know that this little book will be instrumental in not only opening the eyes of drowsy Protestantism, but it will be instrumental in turning thousands of Roman Catholics from the error of their ways and pointing them to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

I have endeavored to demonstrate to the reader that celibacy upon the part of the priestcraft is one of the most damnable crimes known to civilization, as it is the unmarried cussedness of the Roman Catholic priests that is instrumental in the slaughter of virtue.

I have endeavored to prove to the reader that the Roman Catholic Church is a living infamous insult to an all-wise God, by claiming that the Pope of Rome is an infallible being, and I believe that if the reader has read my book with a determination of discarding that which is bad and holding to that which is good, that he or she will close this book with an enlightened conception of this devilish creed which would have its followers believe that the Pope of Rome is on an equality with Jesus Christ.

I have endeavored to lead the reader from clime to clime, so that he or she might behold the characters of the followers of Rome, and by comparison I have endeavored to convince the reader that the characters of the followers of Roman Catholicism are not nor never can be on a par with the character of Protestantism, as Roman Catholicism follows the teachings of paganism, born in the kennel of filthiness and surrounded and led by a class of men who glut their lust upon the virtue of their "dupes," while Protestantism is led by the lowly Nazarine, whose teachings have made Protestant America all that she is to-day or ever will be.

I have endeavored to point out to the readers of this little volume the sin of Protestantism, permitting Catholicism to control our public schools and teach our children doctrines that will be instrumental in strangling their ambitions and paralyzing their aspirations, which is near and dear to Protestant America.

I have from the bottom of an honest heart endeavored to impress upon the reader the awful influence that the priestcraft of America has upon the morals of this country, and I trust that this task has not been a useless one, for America has no plague that is so deadly to patriotism as this black-garbed army of priests, who tramp up and down the length and breadth of this land, seeking whom they may devour.

With every drop of blood in my old veins electrified with a desire to serve a living God, I have endeavored to warn Protestant America of the lustfulness of the priestcraft, who without a blush of shame invade the chastity of our American homes, and by the hellishness of this Romish doctrine pollute the wives and daughters of this fair land.

I have pointed out the dangers which beset this nation by the toleration of Popish rule, and have compared Protestant nations with the nations which have been morally damned and disgraced by Romanism, and I trust that my comparisons will lead an intelligent public to see the dangers that beset this country unless Romanism is relegated to the everlasting haunts of oblivion.

In conclusion I desire to say to the reader that he or she will never know of the diabolical cunning of this Romish doctrine, for it is impossible for mortal man who has traveled this road of debauchery to ever portray in print to the public what he has seen along this journey of ignorance, superstition and immorality, as no man who has the welfare of the young and rising generation at heart would sink so low as to write all of the awfulness that I have seen upon my journey for thirty years upon this Romish highway of carnality, as every turn in the path that leads through this desert of desolation is strewn with the bleached bones of ambition.

There is not an oasis in this vast stretch of Romish desolation, as her every ambition is to rule by superstition, ignorance and tyranny.

Again I would warn Protestant America that we are nearing the trenches of physical strength, and unless we infuse into our Protestant manhood the liquid fires of Protestantism, the time is not far distant when the Bunker Hill that was made famous by the blood of our forefathers will have her base dripping wet with the blood of Protestantism, in defense of the principles that have made America all that she ever has been, all that she is, and all that she may hope to be.

Can we expect anything else should Roman Catholicism ever become numerically strong enough to rule by physical strength? The answer to this question must come from the pages of Romish history, and this history has every page wet with Protestant blood shed by this Monarch of Darkness, as 75,000,000 Protestants to-day sleep beneath the sod of the universe, bearing the scars

of Romish torture.

My task is done; my warning has been sounded; my prayers have been offered, and now in the evening of old age, when life's sun is slipping down behind the horizon of earthly things, I find myself surrounded with the faces of new friends, but in the dim far away I behold the countenance of my Lord beckoning me to that rest beyond the skies, where I hope to receive a full pardon from a God I so recently learned to serve.

For the sake of right, I bade farewell to the associations of my childhood, but in doing so I have been permitted to taste of realities that were bought for the human race "By the blood of the Lamb," and I feel assured that when this earthly race is over that I will be taken home to glory, where I will be permitted to sing the songs of the new Jerusalem, and my prayer is that this little volume may march on down the ages after I am gone, to warn the generations that are yet unborn of the damnable teachings of Romanism, and be instrumental in wooing away from this human viper those who have been taught to worship at the feet of this hydra-headed monster, Roman Catholicism.

THE LIE NAILED.

Catholicism is circulating a lie that BERNARD FRESENBORG never was a Catholic Priest. Here is a copy of a Check given Mr. Fresenborg by ARCHBISHOP J.J. HARTY, for saying "Mass" in 1903. J.J. Harty is now an Archbishop in the Philippine Islands and one of Rome's big guns.

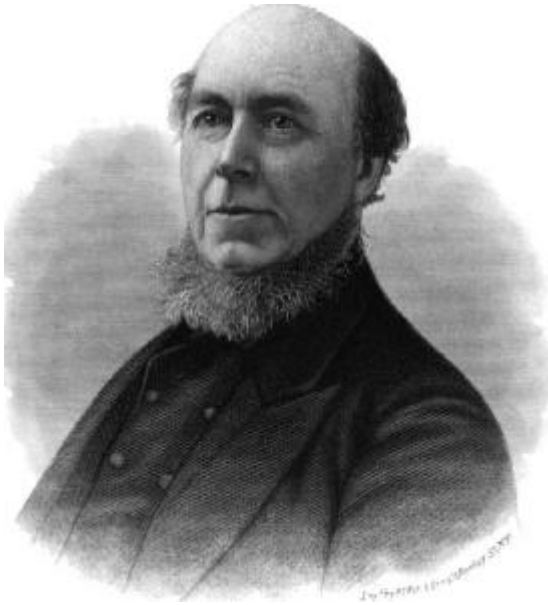
Archbishop Harty at the time this Check was given was Priest in charge of ST. LEO'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, St. Louis, Mo.



[I will give \$1,000 to any man, woman or child who will prove that this statement untrue.]

THE END.

[The Plan To Take Over America](#)



Plans that were given to a Catholic priest on how the Roman Catholic Church will slowly take over the USA.

[The Reason for Eroded Civil Liberties: The Edicts of the Council of Trent](#)

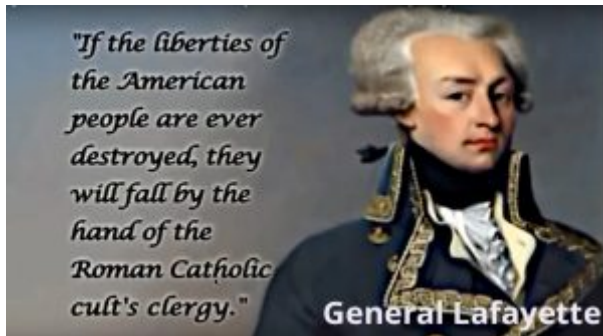
1545 Council of Trent

- Determined what was heresy (against church teachings)
- Reaffirmed most church doctrine & practices
- Launched the Inquisition, and the Jesuits

The slide features a circular logo with the letters 'IHS' and a cross, and a small image of a cross with a figure on it.

The Council of Trent was the response of Rome to the Protestant Reformation. Remember—the Protestant Reformation brought us all of the political liberty that we know of today.

The Roman Catholic Church – the Snow White Hiding Behind Governments



The Roman Catholic Church is Roman pagan religion with a Christian face. It's the iron mixed with clay in the image of Daniel chapter two.

Vatican Control through Civil Law



Former Roman Catholic Priest Richard Bennett shares his knowledge of Vatican control of the world through legal agreements in text and audio.