

# Popery, Puseyism and Jesuitism – Luigi Desanctis



Luigi Desanctis

## **Definitions:**

### **pop·er·y**

n.  
The doctrines, practices, and rituals of the Roman Catholic Church. This term is used by Protestants to show opposition for Roman Catholic practices and tenets. That's why they are called "*Protest-ants*". A true Protestant protests the Pope, his cardinals, bishops, priests, and all their pagan practices. If you do *not*, don't call yourself a Protestant even though you may call yourself a Christian and are not a Roman Catholic or a member of the Orthodox, Coptic or other non-protestant group.

### **Puseyism**

n.  
The principles of Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800–1882), English churchman and one of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. The meaning will become clearer in this book.

### **Jesuitism**

n.  
The system, principles, or practices of the Jesuits.

**Described in a series of letters by Luigi Desanctis, 1905.**



Luigi  
Desanctis

As an Italian Roman Catholic priest, an Official Censor of the Inquisition and thoroughly acquainted with a French Provincial who was the Secretary for the Order, Desanctis was converted to the Christ of the Bible. In a series of letters written in 1849, he describes personal experiences including his imprisonment in the cells of the Inquisition in Rome. His description of the murdered within the underground dungeons of the Inquisition discovered by the

Italians in 1849 are right out of Edgar Allen Poe's The Pit and the Pendulum. The sufferers were buried up to their necks in dry lime while others were enchained, walled up with bricks and left to die. The absolute and universal power of the Company and his discourses with the godly Waldensian are overpowering.



## **SUNNY ITALY.**

O Italy, thou sunny land,  
So queenly and so fair,  
When wilt thou burst the iron bands  
Of error's subtle snare?

Thy children, bowed beneath the weight  
Of priestly rule and thrall,  
For liberty, sweet liberty,  
With pleading voices call.

Historic ruins, stately piles,  
Madonnas, relics, thine;  
But for God's own most precious gift  
Of freedom, still they pine.

No hallowed Sabbath brings release  
From sordid toil and care,  
Hushing earth's weary din and noise,  
And breathing thoughts of prayer.

No open Bible meets the clasp  
Of hands so faint and worn  
With struggling for the right to live;  
They would they'd ne'er been born.

Yes I poverty and sickness wan  
Swift follow in the rear,  
When superstition leads the way  
Throughout the circling year.

Upon a land where Satan reigns  
God's smile can never rest;  
Where He is honored in His Son,  
There are the people blest.

Rise up, then, Italy! and take  
The Gospel offered thee\_  
Deliverance, too, from Romish chains;  
Then, then, thou shalt be free!

– Letitia Jennings, Rome, 1890.

From *The Christian*.

## **TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.**

These letters were published by Luigi Desanctis under the title of *Roma Papale* in 1865, at Florence, with copious notes. They had previously appeared in the *Record* newspaper, in English, under the title of *Popery, Puseyism, and Jesuitism*, and then were published as a book in English, French, and German, running through many editions as *Popery and Jesuitism*, which works seem almost to have disappeared, for only one copy have I traced.

*Roma Papale* was given to my husband when we were in Rome (1872). He was greatly struck with its contents, but being deeply engaged on the works of the early Spanish Reformers, left it untranslated.

Now, in my eighty-first year, at the instance at my friend, Mrs. Henry Jennings, an Honorary Deputation of the "Women's Protestant Union," I have, in a simple manner, but I believe faithfully, rendered it into English, with the help of my niece, Ada Meyer, and republish it under the original title, omitting a long Conclusion and the Notes which were written for Italy. .

I trust the work may lead to the enlightenment of some of my countrymen.

Maria Betts. Pembury, 1903.

## **TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.**

I am gratified to know that the First Edition. of these valuable Letters of Desanctis has been so warmly received, that a Second Edition of this cheap issue is required. I hope that this Edition, to which several Illustrations have been added, may have a still wider circulation. Desanctis' original Italian M.S. is preserved in the Protestant Theological Library at Rome, and it is encouraging to hear that there is a strong desire for a cheap Edition in Italian.

MARIA BETTS. Pembury, 1905.

## **PREFACE**

to the Italian Edition published as "ROMA PAPALE"

The letters which we now publish for the first time in Italian are not new. They were published in English in 1852, and had three editions in that language. They were then translated into French and German, and in these languages also they have passed through various editions.

They were at first composed for England, and were published in *The Record*, a journal of the English Church. They bore for title: "Popery, Puseyism, and Jesuitism," and their scope was to show the union of these three sects in making war on true Evangelical Christianity. But the English editor, perhaps not wishing to irritate the great Puseyite party in England, suppressed in

the title the word "Puseyism," and published the book under the title of "Popery and Jesuitism"; which title is preserved in the French and German editions.

But the publication of these letters would be of little profit or interest to Italy, as they were written for England, therefore the author, leaving the original plan of the work, has so re-cast these letters as to render them interesting to Italian readers.

Unfortunately, Papal Rome under the religious aspect is not known even in Italy; the organisation of the Court of Rome, the manner in which it manages its affairs, the hidden springs which move all the machinery of Roman Catholicism, are mysteries to many Italians. We do not flatter ourselves to have laid bare all these mysteries, but we hope in hope in our book to have given an idea of them.

As to the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, we have not exposed them all – our aim not being to make a controversial book – but we have sought to expose some practical points of Roman Catholicism as seen in action in Rome. He who wishes to know Roman Catholicism as it is, must study it; in Rome, and study it, not in books, but see it in action in the Pope, in the Cardinals, and in the .Is, md in the Roman congregation. Books often only give a false, and always an incomplete, idea of Roman Catholicism. One finds in books either the barbarous and superstitious Papacy of the Middle Ages, or the poetical Papacy of Chateaubriand.

If you observe the Papacy in different countries, you will find it most varied. In the south of Italy you will still find all the superstitions of the medieval age; in England, and in Germany, where Roman Catholics are mixed with Protestants, you will find a Papacy less superstitious and more tolerant, to be transformed into superstition and intolerance in the day when it shall have become dominant.

It is a certain fact, that after the Council of Trent, Roman Catholicism was entirely fused into Jesuitism. Jesuitism is not very scrupulous; it knows, according to the circumstances of the times and places, how to invest itself with new forms, and to appear even liberal, whilst officially it condemns liberalism.

We have a speaking example of this under our eyes. Pius IX., in his Encyclical and in his Syllabus, solemnly condemns all the principles of liberty and progress, and at the same time we see Theologians, Catholics, Priests, and Bishops pretending to be Liberals and Progressives, remaining attached to Catholicism and the Pope. Thus the people do not know whom to believe, and Catholicism presents itself to tyrants and to retrogrades armed with the tyrannical and retrograde Encyclical; it presents itself to the Liberals armed with the reasons of the Neocatholic Theologians, who affect Liberalism; it presents itself to the people, to deceive them, under the aspect of religion.

These tactics are precisely the fundamental tactics of Jesuitism, which is based upon this principle, amply explained in our book, that *all means are*

*good when they conduce to the end.*

The originator of this impious maxim was Ignatius Loyola. The Roman Court accepted it, and thus it is obliged to submit to Jesuitism, and leave to it the care of managing its interests, so that Jesuitism acts with great zeal every time that the interests of the Roman Court are united to its own. But if the interests of the one are separated and opposed to the interests of the other, then Jesuitism is the first to rebel against the Roman Court, and then that must yield to the immense influence of Jesuitism. The day that Catholicism is separated from Jesuitism will be the day of its death.

To have a just idea of the immorality of the Roman clergy it is necessary to have been educated and to have lived, as the author of this book has done for many years, amongst the priests and friars. It is only there that you can know the life of those pretended servants of God. There you know how those ecclesiastics pass days and hours in idleness, in the most futile, and very often the most immoral, conversations. There you know the cabals and subterfuges of these servants of God, to reach after and lay hold of a bishopric or the charge of a convent.

But we do not wish to say by this that all priests and all friars are bad or dishonourable men; there are some good ones, but they are rare exceptions. We are persuaded that there are also honourable Jesuits, but such as these are an almost imperceptible minority. They are men who have not known, or could shake off, the prejudices of youth, and whilst becoming old have remained childish. These have not had either knowledge or power to unfetter reason and religious prejudice from the shackles of their early education; they retain as infallible truth the legends with which their youthful minds were filled, and retain as the representative of God the man, who in the name of God, treads under foot the most holy rights of man. Such as these act, if you will, in good faith, but their good faith is the effect of culpable ignorance, created and fomented by Jesuitism.

If you seek to learn the disorders in the nuns' convents, the author of this book has known them well. In the course of twelve years he has been sent by the Cardinal Vicar to almost all the convents of Rome, either as Preacher or extraordinary Confessor, or as spiritual Director, and thus has known all the horrors which are hidden between those walls. When he last year read Signora Caracciolo's book on "The Mysteries of the Neapolitan Cloister," he was obliged to confess that the Neapolitan nuns were much better than the Rome, with some exceptions.

The author of this book not only knows the disorders which he has witnessed, but he knows many others, having had occasion, through these same relations he had in Rome, to read the registers of the Vicariat, and to know much dissoluteness, both of friars and nuns, brought before the Congregations of Bishops and regulars, and of Discipline. Had he wished to speak in his book of such disorders he would have made a scandalous book; but he has written not to scandalize, but to instruct and to edify; and he hopes that Christian readers will appreciate his reserve.

To know that Roman Catholicism is the religion of money, you need to go to

Rome, to enter the Chancery, and the Roman Court of equity, and to see in what way bishoprics, canonries, benefices, matrimonial dispensations, and all spiritual favors are bought, to see how the price is haggled over, and to see a class of persons authorised to be the agents of such sales, under the specious title of *Apostolic Commissioners*.

With regard to the doctrine of Popery you need not seek for it in the books of those theologians who, like Bossuet and Wiseman, have described a Catholicism quite different to that which it really is, and thus ensnare sincere Protestants to enter the Roman Church. You must go to Rome, and observing all things with a searching eye, you will see that real Roman Catholicism has three different doctrines – the *official* doctrine, which is very elastic, and as such, may be understood in not a bad sense. That doctrine serves as a weapon to the Jesuits and their adherents; and with the double meaning to that doctrine they show faithful Catholics that the Protestants calumniate Catholicism. They have a second doctrine, which they call the *theological* doctrine, which goes much further than the *official* doctrine, but still is restrained within certain limits. Finally, there is the *real* doctrine, that which is taught to the people, and which they practise; which is full of superstitions and often full of impiety. We have given some examples of these three different doctrines in our books which we have published on purgatory, on the mass, and on the Pope. We will cite here, also, two examples. Bossuet and other theologians, who have written against Protestants, maintain that it is not true that the Roman Church prohibits the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, because there is no decree of the General Council which prohibits such reading. The Roman theologians maintain instead, that the Church prohibits the reading of the Bible translated by Protestants, because it is falsified. But these two assertions are false, and are contradicted by the real doctrine of the Romish Church, which, in the 4th rule of the Index, prohibits the reading of versions of the Bible made by Catholic authors. Bossuet, uniting with the official doctrine, which says that images should be venerated, denies that the Roman Church adores them; but the theologians, reasonably interpreting the decree of the Council of Trent, which orders the veneration of images according to the decree of the second Nicene Council, which says that they ought to be adored, explain that adoration, which they call the worship of "*dulia*," as *inferior* adoration; whilst the *real* doctrine admits a true and proper adoration, kneeling before the images and crosses, praying to them, and offering incense to them.

Popery Jesuitised can only be known in its reality in Rome. Only in the Secretariat of State, in the Secretariat of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs, in the Congregation of the Propaganda, and in the Congregation of the Inquisition, can you learn the elucidation of all that mystery of iniquity; there alone can you learn the subterfuges and the evil arts that they adopt to draw all the kingdoms of the earth under the yoke of the Pope. It is an incredible thing to say, but it is, nevertheless true; Rome is glad of the progress of infidelity and rationalism, because it hopes, and not without reason, that a country which becomes infidel is more easily made subject to Popery.

Rome Jesuitised knows how to draw for itself an admirable profit from love of

the fine arts. It knows that the world is carnal, and the worldly cannot comprehend the things of the Spirit, because they are spiritually discerned; thus, in place of the worship in spirit and in truth taught by Christ, it has substituted a worship carnal and material, to retain in its bosom carnal men under pretext of religion.

The policy of Jesuitised Rome is contradictory and deceitful; it proclaims and condemns at the same time liberty of conscience; it proclaims it in the countries where it does not rule, to be able thus gradually to sow confusion, and one day to get dominion. It condemns it in the countries where it rules, for fear of losing this dominion. Such conduct shows evidently that it does not act on any higher principle than that of its own interest.

I should never be able to finish were I to enumerate all the monstrosities which are included in the fusion of Popery with Jesuitism. I could have desired to explain more at length this theme, but then I should have had to write many volumes, and this generation does not love voluminous works – hence I must content myself with giving a simple allusion to papal Rome in this present work.

Nevertheless, in presence of the facts cited, and the express judgments of the author, the public has a right to know from what sources he has derived his information, and what credit they may merit. We think it our duty to forestall the request of our readers on this point, so that they may know that he is not writing a romance, but that he reports public and incontestable facts. The author is a Roman by birth, and was educated from his early youth in ecclesiastical life – he has lived for almost twenty-two years in a Congregation of priests, who are in some measure affiliated to the Jesuits; he himself was one of the warmest friends of the Jesuits, because he believed them to be the main support of Catholicism; and he believed Roman Catholicism to be the only true religion. The author of this book has for fifteen years exercised the office of Confessor in Rome, and has exercised that office, not only in the public churches, but in the convents, in almost all the cloisters of nuns, in the colleges, in the prisons, in the galleys, and amongst the military. How much he has been able to learn during fifteen years of office no one can imagine. He has been for eight years parish priest in one of the principal churches of Rome – the Church of the Magdalene; he was esteemed by his ecclesiastical superiors, who have many times confided to him the most delicate commissions, and he ever preserves a hundred autograph documents of his superiors, which show that his conduct all the time he was in Rome was always such as to merit their eulogy. Let this be said in answer to the calumniator-Father Perrone-and others of the same class, who have copied from Perrone the calumnies they have poured out against the author. He challenges all his calumniators to set up an honourable jury to examine the documents he has, and pronounce sentence. All this should assure readers that the author has known the facts he narrates.

With regard to the opinions which the author permits himself to give in this book, readers may be assured that he was in a position to give them. After having received academical degrees he was for some years Professor of Theology in Rome itself, he had acquired the degree of *Censore Emerito* (*Emeritus Censor*) in the Theological Academy of the Roman University, and was

a member of various academies. The famous Cardinal Micara, Dean of the Sacred College, had chosen him to be one of the *prosinodali* examiners of the clergy of his diocese. He has been for ten years Qualificator, or Divinity Confessor, of the Sacred Roman and Universal Inquisition; in consequence of which he was in a position not only to be well-informed, but also to give his judgment on the facts.

Perhaps it will be asked on what account I have left a position so good, a career which could open up the way for me to the first ecclesiastical dignities, in order to throw myself into the arms of a troublesome and uncertain future. I have never been pleased with stories which have been written about conversions, because they are mainly a panegyric which the converted one writes of himself; and strong in this opinion I shall not write the story of my conversion, only I shall say to him who will believe it, that the motives that have moved me abandon Rome, and take refuge in a strange land, under the care of Providence, spring from preferring the glory that comes from God to that which comes from men; heavenly benefits to earthly blessings; true peace of conscience, which is only found in Christ, to the false peace the world gives.

This is the secret of my conversion, and as for those who will not believe it, I await them before the tribunal of Christ, when all the secrets of hearts shall be manifested, and there they will see if I have lied. I should feel degraded if I answered those who think that I embraced Evangelical religion in order to give vent to my passions. All who know me can conscientiously say that such an accusation is a calumny; and then I had had such wishes, so contrary to Christianity, I need not have abandoned Rome; I might have remained at my post, and have acted as do so many cardinals, prelates, and priests.

I ought also to add that I have never had any serious unpleasantness with my ecclesiastical superiors; nay, rather, Cardinal Patrizi, my immediate Superior, loved me and showed me the greatest esteem; he is still living, and could witness for me. Cardinal Ferretti, then Secretary of State, loved me, and I preserve some autograph letters written to me some time after my departure from Rome, which show that Pius IX., Cardinal Patrizi, Cardinal Ferretti, and all Rome, wished me well; and when Cardinal Ferretti, in 1848, came to Malta, where I was, he publicly gave me the greatest proofs of his esteem. You have only then the impudent effrontery of Father Perrone to calumniate me. If an apparently just reproof could be given me for leaving Rome, it might be a reproof of ingratitude for having abandoned Superiors who so loved me, and who were so disposed to benefit me. But the voice of my conscience justifies me from this reproof, and also the voice of the Divine Word which tells me that we ought to obey God rather than man, and that it would be no profit to me to gain the whole world at the price of my eternal salvation.

Readers will easily understand that the plan of this book is fictitious; the four principal personages, who are in the letters, represent the four different doctrines with which one is more or less confronted. Enrico represents the fervent and intelligent Catholicism of a young man full of zeal. He is the ideal of that class of theological students who go to Rome to



receive their religious education, then go into Protestant countries to carry on the Catholic-Jesuit propaganda. Signor Pasquali is the ideal of an evangelical Christian, without sectarian spirit, who follows the religion of the Gospel as it is written, and as the apostle of the Gentiles preached it to our Italian fathers. The author wished to make Pasquali belong to the Waldensian Church, in order to render just homage to that Church, which honours our Italy, and which will always be, whether it wishes or not, the mother or eldest sister of all the evangelical churches which have come out of, or will come out of, Italy. Mr. Manson has been brought on the scene to give a specimen of honest and sincere Puseyism. Lastly, Mr. Sweeteman is an honest defender of Evangelical Anglicanism.

These four principal personages are imaginary; the other personages, however, are real, known by the author; the character which he gives to them is a true one, and the author could state all their names. One difficulty yet remains for readers. They may ask how I have learnt to know Jesuitism, so as to describe it this manner. To that I reply that Abbot P\_\_\_\_\_, a most learned ex-Jesuit, well known in all Rome, was my friend, and from him I learned many things. I was also most friendly with the Jesuits. Father Perrone, who now calls me ignorant, twenty years ago invited me many times to examine and try his theological students; Father Rootan, a famous General of the Jesuits, loved me much, and gave me his book on the exercises of St. Ignatius, which is only given to great friends of the Jesuits, because it contains the unfolding of the *fundamental maxim of the Jesuits, that all means are good, if only they lead to the end*. I have been three times to perform the exercises of St. Ignatius in the Jesuit Convent of St. Eusebius; the first time when I was an enthusiast for the Jesuits, the second time when the study of the Word of God had begun to open my mind, and then I began to see the wickedness of the Jesuit doctrines. I went there the third time, but only to well study those doctrines and to learn the true explanation of them from the two famous Jesuit Fathers—Zuliani and Rossini.

The letters bear the date of 1847-1849. Some insignificant changes have taken place in Rome since that time. For instance, there has been some (amelioration) in the condition of the Jews; but this came to pass, not so much from the exigency of the times, as at the instance of Signor Rothschild, who refused to give money to the Pope if their condition was not ameliorated; but the apparent amelioration has only increased the cruel persecution of those unfortunates.

We wish that this book may have, in its original language, the same reception which it has had in the foreign into which it has been' translated.

Florence, February, 1865

[ENRICO TO Eugenio.]  
Rome, November, 1846.

My DEAR EUGENIO, -

Yon have good reason to complain of my negligence in having allowed so long a time to pass without writing to you-but, what would you? In the schooldays I

have not a moment or time; the autumnal vacation I passed partly in going through all the lessons of the year – and partly in the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. But now I will no longer be so negligent towards the dear friend of my childhood. I will write to you every week by stealing some hours of sleep.

I am sorry not to be able adequately to answer your request. You wish to know from me what I think about Pius IX. and his reforms. You know well, dear Eugenio, that I understand little or nothing of public affairs, that I lead a very retired life, and attend with all my might to theological studies; consequently, I am the person the least capable of informing you about such things; I converse with none but the good Fathers of the Company of Jesus, who are my masters, my directors, my friends. These good Fathers, however, tell me that the concessions which Pius IX made to the Liberals will be followed by the bringing about of great injury to our most holy religion. This is all I know upon this point—nor do I care to know more.

Perhaps you, who are a Protestant, and educated in the pernicious doctrine of independent examination, will laugh at such fears; but if you had had the fortune to be born within the pale of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, as I have been, you would understand that the religion of Jesus Christ is a yoke, truly a light yoke, as we read in Matthew xi. 30; but, nevertheless, is always a yoke that one should not lighten; it must weigh and press on the neck lovingly but absolutely. Now, to leave the people so much liberty, the good Fathers say, is as if they took off the bridle from the colt. They add, what is true, that Jesus Christ ordained His disciples, and through them all bishops, and especially the Pope, who is the bishop of bishops and His vicar, to constrain and to force all to enter into His Church—*compelle entrars*, Luke xiv. 23: and it seems that Pius IX. instead, will open the door that all may go out, by causing to return to his States all the Liberals exiled by the most holy Gregory XVI., who are so many rapacious wolves, and who will devour the flock. So say the good Fathers. Besides, I think only of one thing – that is, the salvation of my soul. My masters appear to be satisfied with me, and I hope next year to have finished my theological studies and return to my dear Geneva. Oh, how I could wish to embrace you again as a brother in Jesus Christ! You are good, you are upright in heart, and I hope for your conversion. In the meantime, I will relate to you what has happened to me lately, in order that you may know how much the good Jesuit Fathers are calumniated by those who do not know them.

At the time of the autumn vacation I had the privilege of being admitted to perform the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius in the religious house of St. Eusebius. In the last ten days of October the exercises are performed in that religious house only by ecclesiastics – there were fifty in all; there were a cardinal, four prelates, some parish priests, different brothers, the remainder all priests; I was the only clerk.

The church and house annexed to St. Eusebius, given to the Jesuit Fathers by Leo XII., is situated on the Esquiline Hill, and covers a great part of the remains of the hot Baths of Gordian. The convent, or house, has been destined by the good Fathers as a retreat for those pious persons who desire to perform the exercises of St. Ignatius; and many times in the year those good

Fathers fill that house with persons, who for the small cost of thirty-five paoli are admitted there for ten days to perform these pious exercises under the direction of the Fathers. In your religion there are no such things, and I will, therefore, describe to you with some precision these exercises, that you may have an idea of the infinite advantages which we Catholics have over Protestants.

At least a week before the day appointed for entrance, it is necessary to present yourself to the Fathers and provide yourself with a ticket. The good Fathers wish to know some days previously who those are who desire to perform the holy exercises, that they may inform themselves about such persons, with the sacred aim of being able better to direct their consciences. Besides, they wish to be secure and know for certain that those who go to these exercises are proper persons, who do not go for evil purposes.

Scarcely do you set foot in the religious house than two Fathers, with pious courtesy, receive you and conduct you to the little cell which is appointed for you; already your name is printed in large letters and put on an elegant card over the door of your cell, which is neat and very simply furnished. A tolerably comfortable bed, a little table, with necessaries for writing, two straw chairs, a prayer chair, a receptacle for holy water, a crucifix, and a card on which are fixed the rules to be observed—that is all the furniture of the cell. About half-an-hour after your entrance one of the Fathers comes to the cell, and with the most affectionate words informs himself of your health, and in the kindest and most loving manner inquires the motives which urged you to make use of the holy exercises; and that with the sacred aim of being better able to direct your conscience. This first visit over, which is made to all, the bell rings, which calls all to the chapel.

The chapel is situated in the centre of the house; four long corridors, where the rooms are, end at the chapel as a centre. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and the picture over the altar represents her seated on a cloud, with the infant Jesus on her left arm, whilst with the right she presents to St. Ignatius the book or the Spiritual Exercises. In the centre of the chapel, upon a green carpet stretched on the pavement, is a large crucifix of brass, and every one coming into the chapel, before going to his place, prostrates himself before that cross and kisses it. When all are in their places a Father comes, seats himself in the arm-chair placed on the altar step, and begins the introductory discourse. The subject of that introductory sermon was taken from St. Mark vi:31: —“Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest awhile.” From that text the good Father showed the absolute necessity for every Christian, and especially for every ecclesiastic, to retire for holy exercises, because Jesus Christ did so in the forty days that He was in the desert, and because He ordered the apostles to do so, as clearly appears from the text. Then he said that all the excesses into which the clergy of the mediaeval age fell were occasioned because they abandoned the practice of the holy exercises; and, therefore, God raised up St. Ignatius to suggest them afresh, but with better method, and the Holy Church has greatly recommended them. He then passed on to give the rules, how to perform them with profit, and spoke until some strokes of the bell warned him that he should cease.

Through an unforeseen circumstance I then came to know the signification of

those strokes of the bell. It is because during the time of the sermon those good Fathers, zealous for the greater glory of God and the good of souls, go the round of all the rooms and examine the luggage of all, not to take anything, but only to know what letters, what books, what objects the exerciser has with him, what he writes, and this in order to be enlightened how to regulate his conscience. You see that this is a pious work, carried out for the good of those who perform these holy exercises. The strokes of the bell are to warn the Father that the examination is ended. After the sermon each one goes to his room, and finds upon his kneeling chair a bronze lamp-stand, with one single burner, and a little book printed in large characters, in which is the compendium of the sermon which has been preached, which compendium of every sermon is found each time you go from the preaching to your room. In this you see the wisdom of the Fathers, who do not give liberty to the preacher to say what he wishes, but oblige him to say the things approved by the Elders. After half-an-hour, which ought to be occupied in meditation, you go to the common supper.

During the dinner and the supper one of the Fathers reads the admirable origin of the exercises of "St. Ignatius, the marvelous conversions which accrue from them, and the miracles with which God has willed to manifest His pleasure in and approval of those exercises; all which things were collected and published by Father Carlo Gregorio Rosignoli. After supper each one returns in silence to his room, and then the good Fathers go about visiting all and holding holy conversation with all on matters of conscience. The evening finishes with the examination of conscience, which is made in common, in the chapel. under the direction of the Fathers.

The next day, which is, properly speaking, the first day of the exercises, is entirely devoted to meditation and explanation of the great maxim, called by St. Ignatius the *foundation* of the Christian life, because it is really the basis of the whole religious edifice; a maxim which has given so many saints to the church, and which is the principal foundation of all the actions of the good Fathers. The maxim is this:\_"Man is created in order that he may praise and reverence his Lord and his God, and that serving Him he may save his soul." The old translation said:\_"And that serving Him he may be finally saved." But the most pious Father Rookan. the General of the Jesuits, has corrected the old translation upon the Spanish autograph, that which the Virgin gave to St. Ignatius in Manresa, which says: "may save his soul." St. Ignatius proceeds to say that "all the things that are on earth were created on man's account, in order that these should help him to fulfill the end of his creation." See how man is ennobled!

From this principle St. Ignatius draws two conclusions ~the first, that "we ought to make use of, or abstain from, created things as far as they are profitable or injurious to the carrying out of our end"; the second, that "we ought to be indifferent in the choice of created things, which are only means to attain the end; hence, in the choice of means, we must not allow our fancy to judge as to their intrinsic value, but we should only see if the means that we select will conduct us to the end or not." The Christian ought not to consider such things as worldlings, who understand little or nothing of spiritual things, consider them, but ought only to take care to select those

means which best. conduce to the attainment of the end. Upon this fundamental maxim they make three long sermons, and I assure you that these are not too much in order to root out that prejudice which our pride has implanted in our heart, viz., wishing to judge the means in themselves, and not rather to judge them in relation to the end.

In fact, I had much difficulty in fully admitting the principle of St. Ignatius; it appeared to me that the salvation of the soul was by the grace of God; that service to the Lord was an effect of that . grace; hence I could not understand how the salvation of the soul was the effect of my service rendered to the Lord. It appeared to me that St. Ignatius should have spoken of grace and of love, but I found nothing of that.

According to the rules, I wrote down my difficulties and consigned them to the Father Director. In the evening there came to me a venerable Father, having in his hand the paper I had written, and he spoke to me in this manner: "One can easily see," he said, smiling, "that you still suffer from the influence of Geneva. Your Calvinists carry everything to extreme, and their rigorous influence makes itself felt also on the Catholic population; but we shall find a remedy for it. In the meantime, my son,, learn that truth, like virtue, does not exist in extremes, the proper medium is the great doctrine which reconciles all. Recall the theological doctrines which . you have learnt from our Father Perrone, and all your difficulty will vanish. You know that justification, which is the principle of our salvation, is by grace, but not grace that is entirely gratuitous; to receive it, it is necessary that the man should be prepared for it, and he merits it if not *de condigno*, but at least *de congruo*. You must remember that the Council of Trent in the 6th Session, at the 9th Canon fulminates anathema against the Protestants who teach that man is justified by faith and not by works. Remember the doctrine of our Cardinal Bellarmino, who, commenting on the chapter cited at the Council of Trent, says in his Book I. on Justification, chapter xiii., that it is necessary that justification should find in the man seven dispositions – that is, faith, fear, hope, love of God, penitence, hatred to sin, and the purpose of receiving the Sacraments. You know that justification can, or ought to, be augmented by us through mortification, and the observance of the commandments of God and the Church, as the Council of Trent teaches at the 6th session, Chapter X. With these considerations all your difficulties will vanish; the salvation of the soul in a certain sense is by grace, although we may and ought to merit it. It is grace because it is a favour of God, but it depends on ourselves, inasmuch as we prepare ourselves to receive justification, and, receiving it, we augment it even to the attainment of life eternal. You see, then, with what reason St. Ignatius teaches us that we save ourselves in serving God. Then, with regard to love, if St. Ignatius does not mention it, he does not exclude it. But here," continued the good Father, "I warn you; the book of the exercises was given to St. Ignatius by the Virgin with her own hands, as you see in the picture in the Chapel; it is, therefore, a divine revelation; hence you must be on your guard against pushing criticism too far; less discussion, my son, and more submission."

You cannot think how much good these words of the Father Director did me.

They imposed silence on Satan, who suggested in my mind all those difficulties; and from that time I set myself, with all docility, to discern in the book of the holy Patriarchs his divine doctrine.

The third day the meditations are -first, on the sin of the angels; secondly, on the sin of Adam; thirdly, on the sins of men, always applying the great foundation maxim, that is, that sin is a deviation from the end, and that this consists specially in choosing the wrong means to attain it. That day and the two that follow are designed to instill into the sinner a salutary fear; hence all is arranged with that view. The shutters of the windows are almost entirely shut, and only sufficient light is allowed to enter the room to prevent you from stumbling. This will seem a trifle; but that solitude, that silence, that darkness, united to the gloomy ideas of the meditations, to terrify, that you feel impelled at once to open all your conscience to the good Fathers. Besides this, the rule prescribes that you should mortify yourself as to food and sleep. All these things together are a blessed combination to produce such fervour as it is difficult to resist.

During the fourth day meditation is continued upon subjects of holy terror-you meditate upon death and judgment. And here I wish to relate a little anecdote which will show you the holy art that the good Fathers adopt to cause the good impression on of those holy maxims to remain on the mind. Returning to my room full of fervour after the first meditation of the morning, which was upon death, I threw myself on my knees on my prayer chair, and bending down my forehead to pray with great fervour, I was thrown back by a blow, occasioned by my forehead having struck against a hard body which was placed upon my prayer chair. I looked in' terror, and imagine what was my fright to find that I had struck my forehead against a skull, placed there in order to be a speaking image of death. After the second sermon on the same subject, I went to my prayer chair with greater caution; but instead of the skull I found a coloured picture pasted upon cardboard; it was the . representation of a dead body in complete dissolution, rats ran over it from all sides to satisfy themselves with this putrifying flesh; : the limbs were falling away, and the worms swarmed upon the dead body. Under the picture there was this motto: -"Such as I am, thou wilt be." I defy the hardest heart to resist such shocks. After the sermon on hell, I found the picture of a lost soul surrounded with flames, demons, and serpents, and with monsters of every kind tormenting it.

The fifth day the sermons were upon individual judgment, universal judgment, and upon the judgment that Jesus Christ will execute in an especial manner upon ecclesiastics; and I assure you that those sermons were not less terrifying, During these day of' terror, the good Fathers came to hear the confessions of the exercisers, and each one prepared to give a general confession of his whole life, beginning from infancy.

The sixth day a new method begins; the shutters of the windows are opened wider to give greater light, the corridors themselves are more illuminated, all mortifications are suspended, and the table is more delicate. The great meditations on the two banners and their followers occupy this day, in which the application of the great fundamental maxim is particularly given; and on this day, for those who can understand it, there is the development of the

great spiritual machinery of the holy exercises. In the meditations on the two banners, St. Ignatius conducts the Christian first to the plains of Damascus, where God created man, and makes him see Jesus, who, raising His Cross, invites men to follow Him in the way of abnegation, humility, and penitence, but few are those who follow Him. Then, with a truly inspired impetus, he transports the man to the vast plains of Babylon, and here he shows Satan, *seated on a chair of fire and smoke*, who calls men to follow him by the path of pleasure, and many follow him. Man must enlist under one of the Captains, enroll himself under one of these two banners. Well, then the exerciser imagines himself there in the midst, on the point of choosing. Oh, dear Eugenio, what a solemn moment in my life was that day! That day was a day of exaltation of spirit, and God was sensibly felt in all.

After the sermon we went to our rooms, and all the good Fathers were in movement to visit all, and thus maintain their fervour. On that day is made the so-called exercise of election., and this is what it consists in. Either you are already in a fixed and immutable state, as for example, are the priests; or you have not yet definitively chosen, as in my case; in both cases you ought to make your exercise of election. It is done thus. You divide a sheet of paper into three columns; in the first you write the reasons which you have, or which you have had, to choose that state in which you are, or desire to be; in the second, the reasons which made you, or will make you, contented in that state; in the third, the contrary reasons. That page ought to be, in a word, the state of your conscience, in order to listen to the counsel of the good Fathers, who, from their experience, will direct you in your election. If you con. sign this writing to the Father Director, as almost all do, it is in order that he may better know the state of your conscience, and, besides, he receives it under the seal of the confessional, and after he has read it, he burns it.

And here I will refute another calumny which is spoken against these good Fathers, viz., that the house of St. Eusebius is, at it were, a snare to entice young men and make them Jesuits. It is false, my dear friend, quite false; and I will give you a proof. I, for example, had chosen to become a Jesuit, as it appeared to me the most secure means of saving myself; however, the Father Director made me observe that I had not chosen well the means that would conduce to the greater glory of God, but had allowed myself to be led away by my egotism. "The greater glory of God exacts," said he to me, "that you return to your own country; there God will open a wide field for you, and were you a Jesuit, you would not be able to return there. Remain then a Jesuit in heart and not in dress; maintain our friendship, allow yourself to be directed, by us, but return to your country as a simple priest, and God will be therein more glorified."

After so solemn a day the exercises that remained were not so interesting. On the seventh day you meditate on the life of Jesus Christ as a whole, because it is the model of the life of a Christian, and specially of a priest. On the eighth day you meditate on His passion and death; on the ninth, on the resurrection, the ascension, and the descent of the Holy Spirit. On the tenth, there is only a sermon on the love of God. The morning of the ninth day the Reverend Father General came to perform Mass and to give a pious

exhortation on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Mary, and on the obligation that all ecclesiastics have to propagate such devotion. After that we were taken leave of by the good Fathers, with tears in their eyes.

Do you not see, my dear Eugenio, with what holy arts those good Fathers seek the salvation of souls and the glory of God? Your Calvinists and Methodists do nothing of the kind. I came out of that holy house quite another man to what I was when I went in. I could wish that all men were Catholics, and as much as in me lies I shall do all that I can for the special conversion of Protestants; indeed, God has already put me on the track of an Anglican minister. I have begun with him the work of conversion, and I have good hopes of it. In the next letter I will tell you how I met with him, and what is the result of the discussion commenced. Adieu, dear Eugenio; love always your Enrico.

Rome, November, 1846

DEAR EUGENIO, -

I am the happiest man in the world. You will remember that in my last letter I told: you of having formed an acquaintance with a minister of the Anglican Church; well, you will not believe it, but I have already almost succeeded in converting him. I should never have believed that the conversion of a Protestant priest could be so easy a matter, nor have imagined that their arguments were so weak, that it needed only a little logic and a little good sense to reduce them to nothing. But I hope the story which I have to relate to you will be of great benefit to you.

Scarcely had I left the religious house of St. Eusebius, where, as I wrote to you, I had gone through the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, than I went to the Church of St. Peter to acquire plenary indulgence. My religious acts to this end being finished, I stayed to observe the superb monuments of Christian art, which render that church the greatest marvel in the world, and I particularly stopped before the superb mausoleum of Pope Rezzonico, the work of the immortal Canova. I am not an artist, but such a monument is capable of inspiring anyone with enthusiasm. That statue of the Pope, in marble as white as snow, kneeling with hands clasped, in the attitude of prayer, has an expression so true, that you feel inclined to hold your breath to avoid disturbing that holy meditation. The artist has drawn his inspiration from the fervent prayer this Pope made, that God would cause him to die rather than that he should be obliged to repress the Jesuits, who are the moat powerful support of our holy Church. Those two lions, the most beautiful that have ever come from the chisel of man, making the finest contrast to the benevolence expressed on the face of the Pope, the principal figure of the monument, fascinate and delight you.

Whilst I was thus, almost in ecstasy, considering this mausoleum, I heard a slight noise near to me; I turned and saw a man of about thirty years of age, with a sympathetic face, dressed entirely in black, having a coat that descended beneath, his knees, fastened in front by a long row of buttons, that only permitted a small portion of a white cravat to be seen. He, like me, was occupied in admiring this marvel of modern art. At first I took him for a priest, but seeing in his hands a top (*a cilindro*) hat, I found I was



mistaken. He approached me, gracefully saluting me, and began to speak to me of the magnificence of that monument; he wished to know the artist, and asked me about the actions of the Pope who was honoured by so magnificent a mausoleum. "It is certain," he said to me, that this Pope must have rendered great services to religion to have merited a monument so immortal." I answered that Clement XIII. had been a really holy Pope; that his life had been one tissue of trials; that all the Catholic Courts had tormented him, because not only did he refuse to suppress the Jesuits, but rather protected them against all. We then came out, of the church together.

I did not know who this was with me. From his physiognomy and pronunciation I judged him to be an Englishman. His dress was rather that of an ecclesiastic, and as I know that in England priests and friars cannot dress in their habits, but wear coats which are only not exactly similar to those of the laity, I thought he might be a priest. I was on the point of questioning him on this subject, when he said to me: "This is, indeed, a grand temple, and worthy of the majesty of God; we in England have no idea of such an one" "Pardon me," I asked, "are you Catholic or Protestant?" "I am a Catholic," he answered me, "but not a Roman Catholic; I am a minister of the Anglican Church, and belong to that class which we call High Church. Our Church is Catholic and Apostolic; it retains the Apolitical: succession in its bishops and in its priests, and all the doctrines and practices of venerable antiquity."

Then I saw that my interlocutor was a Protestant priest, and I thanked God from my heart that He gave me so soon an opportunity for exercising my missionary zeal. Nevertheless, I will not hide from you that I was somewhat embarrassed, and with all my best intentions I did not know how to begin a discourse on his conversion. He, in the meanwhile, asked me many questions upon ecclesiastical matters. Finally, I sought to introduce the subject, asking him what he thought regarding the separation of the Anglican from the Roman Church – that is, whether he judged it to be a good or bad thing.

My question was a direct one, and he, heaving a deep sigh, replied: "That separation has been the greatest misfortune for the poor English Church; the separation was a necessity, but a necessity created by the obstinacy of men who would yield in nothing. The questions were taken up with too much heat, and also they were on each side somewhat exaggerated; there was no compromising, and thus the separation became necessary; but it was very fatal necessity. Both the Anglican Church and the Roman Church have lost much by the separation."

In the meantime, we had arrived at his lodging; he shook my hand, gave me his card, and said to me: "I much love the priests of the Roman Church, I shall be very pleased to see you again and speak with you concerning the Roman religion. Adieu."

You can imagine what my surprise was after such a conversation; that a Protestant, and Protestant minister, could speak with such veneration, I may say love, of the Roman Catholic Church, appeared an inexplicable phenomenon. I had, up to that time, imagined that the Protestants were rabid enemies of Catholics, and particularly of their ecclesiastics; and I found instead, in

this man, not only great courtesy, but also assured benevolence.

The evening of that day I went to the Roman College to consult my theological professor about the plan I should follow, in order to succeed in the conversion of this Protestant. I represented the case to him, and he, after reflecting a little while, said to me: "I think that your Englishman is a Puseyite." I then prayed the good Father to give me an exact notion of Puseyism, because I had heard it spoken of, but had no clear idea of it.

"It would be a very long thing," answered the good Father", "to unravel the story of the religious movement of Oxford, called Puseyism, from Dr. Pusey, who is at the head of it. If you only knew what trouble that movement costs our good Fathers who are in England, either in having excited it or in supporting it! It produces truly good fruit, and will produce greater, lint it coats much. But that is enough; it will little interest yon, at least, at present; that which ought to interest you is to know the conduct you should maintain with such an Anglican minister in your discussions, and it is as to this that I wish to instruct you now.

"Ascertain accurately in the first place if you have to do with a' Puseyite. Certainly the conversation he held with you leaves scarcely any room to doubt; but you never can be too cautious. You must better assure yourself of it. With such an aim you should begin to speak of the Church and of its ministers, but limit yourself to speaking of the bishops, priests, and deacons, without alluding to the other orders. You will say pleasantly and in no tone of discussion, that where you find Apostolical succession, there is the true Church. If he is a Puseyite he ought to agree entirely with that doctrine. Then you, to be better assured, will speak of the episcopate as a thing of Divine institution in the Church, and touch gracefully upon the doctrine of the superiority of bishops over priests by Divine right. Speak of the power of the keys, and of the power to absolve sins left by Jesus Christ to the ministers of His Church; the power that is preserved in the Church of Apostolical succession, transmitted by regular ordination; then begin to speak of auricular confession, but on this point do not quote passages from the Bible, limit yourself to saying that the practice of it dates back to the first ages of the Church, and say that our Father Marchi has discovered confessionals in the Catacombs, and you will see that this discovery will interest him very much.

"Yon need not take the Puseyites to the Bible, my son; they admit the authority of the Bible, but they admit, as we do, its supreme, but not sole, authority; they admit, likewise, the authority of tradition, the authority of the Church, the interpretation of the Fathers, and, above all, they occupy themselves with ecclesiastical antiquity; they repudiate the Protestant principle of free examination, from which you see clearly that they approach us very nearly. Nevertheless, be cautious, I repeat to you, not to take up with him the tone of discussion, nor show too much zeal. Ascertain if he agrees with these doctrines; if he agrees, he is a Puseyite, and then I counsel you not to advance further in your conversation without first consulting me."

"Pardon me, my Father," I then interposed; "do the Puseyites really admit

such doctrines?"

"They admit these," he replied, "and many others besides. They admit, for example, the adoration of the Eucharist, although they will not admit transubstantiation; they admit, although with some restriction, the worship of the cross and images; they admit prayers for the dead; of justification they speak almost in the same terms as the Council of Trent; they praise monastic vows and the celibacy of priests; they desire the re-establishment of convents and have founded some; they make use of crowns; of crucifixes, of medals; they light candles on their altars, and adorn them with flowers; they praise generally all the customs of our church, which can be justified by antiquity; and they desire to unite themselves by , some arrangement to the Roman Church, from which their fathers so imprudently separated themselves; and note well that the Puseyites are not like those obstinate Methodists, who attach themselves to the Bible, and so strongly, that they will not agree with anything that is not in the Bible. It is a terrible thing to have to fight with those people; but the Puseyites are much more reasonable, they admit the authority of the Church and all that can be proved consonant with ecclesiastical antiquity."

"And why, my dear Father, do you not seek to make them Catholics? It appears to me that if they admit such principles, it would be very easy to convert them to our holy religion."

"There is nothing easier, my son, than the conversion of a Puseyite; if he wishes to be logical he must become a Catholic. Admitting, for example, that the only true Church is that which has the Apostolical succession in its ministry, succession that is transmitted by the hands of the bishops, what is the consequence? It can only be this. The Roman Church is the true Church, because this has such a succession; and, admitting that the rule of faith is not only in the Bible, but is found also in tradition, and in the authority of the Church, it follows, consequently, that all the Protestant churches, who admit no other rule of faith than the Bible, are in error, and that the Roman Church alone has the truth. Thus you see clearly that a little logic is sufficient to make Catholics of all the Puseyites who will reason sincerely. But do you think that it would be for the greater glory of God to seek to convert the Puseyites to Catholicism? No, my son, the Puseyite movement must not be destroyed, but preserved and nourished; it has already been well received among the English aristocracy, by the Anglican clergy, in Parliament, and, perhaps, also in a still higher circle. Let us skilfully foster it, rather than destroy it, and it will infallibly bring forth its fruits; this is seeking the greater glory of God. But suppose that all the Puseyites became Catholics, that would do little good, but great evil; the Protestants would be alarmed, and our hopes and our endeavors by this means to bring back the English nation to the bosom of Holy Mother Church would be dissipated, and all our gain would be reduced to causing some thousand individuals to declare themselves Catholics, who are already so in heart, without having made explicit declaration. From time to time it is well that some Puseyite doctor should declare himself Catholic in order that under our instructions he may better conduct the movement; but it is not well that many should do so. Puseyism is a living testimony, in the midst of our enemies, of

the necessity of Catholicism; it is a worm that, carefully preserved, as we strive to preserve it, will eat up the old Protestantism until it has destroyed it. England must expiate the great sin of its separation from Rome, and it will expiate it, most certainly. I know what I say, but I cannot tell you any more."

"But in the meantime, my Father, all our good Puseyite friends are lost, dying outside the pale of our Holy Mother Church, and this appears to me a great evil."

"Do not sorrow on that account, my son; our good Fathers, who are in England, provide for this untoward event, if we may call it so; they are furnished with all the power of our Holy Father to receive the recantation of the dying, when this can be done with prudence and quietly; when they cannot do this, patience; their damnation cannot be imputed to us. You well know the end justifies the means; our aim is most holy, which is, the conversion of England; and the most fitting means to attain this end is Puseyism. You who have just come from the holy exercises know that our Holy Father Ignatius teaches that *all means are good when they conduce to the end*. Prudence, which is the first of the cardinal virtues, teaches us always to permit a small evil in order to attain a greater good; thus the sick man allows the amputation of his leg to save the remainder of his body; in the same way we must resign ourselves to seeing the loss of some hundred Puseyites, in order that one day England may be converted. Therefore, follow my counsel; do not give yourself so much trouble to convert this man; lead him here to us. Father Marchi will take him to the Catacombs, and will show him those monuments of Christian antiquity which will further confirm him in his opinions; and he can do much more for our Holy Church in England as a Puseyite than as a Catholic."

I confess to you, dear Eugenio, that I was not quite persuaded by the reasonings of my master; nevertheless, I saw in them profound prudence quite above my inexperience; still I felt in my heart I know not what, which prevented my following these counsels to the letter as I ought to have done. I thought over them a good part of the night, and decided to make use of these counsels only as far as they would help me to the conversion of my Englishman, which I did not feel disposed to give up. Having made this decision, the following morning I went to find my Englishman, who received me with extreme kindness, as if I had been an old friend of his. We began our conversation about religion. I will not stop to detail this conversation, which circulated round those points indicated to me by my master, and with which my Englishman almost entirely agreed. Then I wished him to go further. He admitted that the only real Church of Jesus Christ is that visible company (*societa visibile*) established on the day of Pentecost, which has for its founders the Apostles, for its heads their successors, and for members all those who profess Christianity. From this principle, admitted by my interlocutor, I drew consequences against him, that is, if the true Church is a *visible* company, a *visible* body, it must have a *visible* head. If, as he admitted, the heads of the Church, viz., the bishops, are the successors of the Apostles, there must likewise be amongst them an order; hence, a head of the bishops, and consequently of the church; and he only could be such from

among the bishops who is the successor of St. Peter.

Mr. Manson, for such was the name of my Englishman, was somewhat embarrassed, and I was transported with joy and delighted that I had not obeyed by master. Mr. Manson saw that he could not do away with the consequences which I had drawn from his principles, that he could not logically remain a Puseyite without admitting the primacy of the Pope, and all his prerogatives as Head of the Church. He sought to defend himself as he best could, saying that the Roman Church had degenerated in many points from the beautiful and pure Catholic doctrine of antiquity. I made him observe that even if it were so (which I did not admit), my conclusion would not on that account be less true or less just; for admitting that that alone is the true Church of Jesus Christ in which is preserved the Apostolic succession, there could be no doubt of the Apostolic succession of the Roman Church; it follows therefore, that the Roman Church is the only true one, and as outside the true Church of Jesus Christ there is no salvation, so one must either belong to the Roman Catholic Church or be lost for ever.

I would not and could not admit that the Roman Church had degenerated from the doctrines of antiquity, and repeated with pleasure that expression of "antiquity"; because, to say the truth, controversies with Protestants are a little tiresome for us, when one must only discuss with the Bible; you Protestants not admitting either the authority of tradition or the interpretation of the infallible Church, we find ourselves on difficult ground with you. But if, besides the Bible, you admit tradition, and the authority of the Church, and refer to ecclesiastical antiquity, to prove doctrines and justify customs, then the advantage is all for us, and our victory is certain. I, therefore, asked Mr. Manson what those doctrines were in which the Roman Church had, according to his opinion, degenerated from venerable antiquity?

Then he seemed to me somewhat embarrassed; he said many things rather unconnected, but from his discourse I gathered that he spoke of worship in the Latin tongue, and of Communion in one kind only; customs, he said, that the Roman Church had adopted, but which it could not sustain by antiquity.

I prepared to show him from these same principles that such customs, although they may be called modern; did not show that the Roman Church, having adopted them, was in error, because such things do not pertain to dogma but to discipline; and as he himself admitted, the Church, that is, the bishops assembled together, having supreme authority in affairs of discipline in the Church, had had the right to change that discipline. To say that the changes were errors, you must prove either that the Church has no authority in affairs of discipline, or that these things pertain to dogma, or that they have been changed without good, reason.

It was at this point of my reasoning, when already I felt certain of victory, that the servant entered to announce two visitors. We rose to receive them, and two gentlemen entered, one of them a young Englishman; the other, his tutor, an Italian, a man of about fifty years of age. I then took leave with great vexation. Mr. Manson asked me my address, and promised that he would come and see me to continue our conversation, which had much interested him,

and thus we parted.

I do not see the moment, dear Eugenio, to bring this affair to an end; the conversion of this man is certain. When he shall come, and we shall have continued the discussion, I will write to you at once. – Love your most affectionate  
Enrico.

Rome, December 1st, 1846

My DEAR EUGENIO, -

There is a proverb here in Rome which says "Man proposes, and God disposes," and this proverb is today verified in me. I proposed to myself the conversion of a Puseyite to Catholicism, and God has disposed to make me, perhaps, the instrument of the conversion of two other Protestants. But will you believe it, my good friend, the opposition to such "conversions I found rather on the side of my masters than on the side of the Protestants; but the good Fathers acted thus from prudence, and from no other motive; nevertheless, such prudence I cannot comprehend. That which God will, shall suffice; I leave all in His hands, and to you, as the friend of my childhood, I will confide all, being sure of your discretion.

I related to you how I was parted from Mr. Manson by the arrival of those two foreigners. It was noon when I left him; two hours after I received a note from Father P\_\_\_\_, who is one of my masters, in which I was invited to present myself the same evening to him at the Roman College, as he wished to speak with me on interesting matters. I went at the hour indicated. Father P\_\_\_\_ received me at first rather gravely, but after a little while, resuming his accustomed paternal tone, he said to me: "My son, the exercises of St. Ignatius have profited you but little, it appears to me."

I was mortified at the reproof, which appeared to me unmerited, and I asked the Father to explain himself.

"What have you done this morning?"

Then I began frankly to relate to him the conversation I had with Mr. Manson, but he interrupted me: "I know all. and that is why, my son, I have called you to come to me. You have not been willing to follow my counsel; you have set yourself to dispute, and have ruined all."

It was impossible to understand the words of the good Father. I almost held the victory over my Englishman in my hand, and my theological master reproved me and told me that I had ruined all! I begged him to explain himself better.

"My son," answered the good Father, "if you had acted according to my counsel, your visit would not have been so long. Those gentlemen who arrived would not have found you there, and if they had found you, they would not have found you in the heat of discussion; their visit would have passed as a complimentary one, and all would have ended well. But do you know what happened after your departure? Those two gentlemen wished to know of what the Abbe was talking, that he seemed so excited. Mr. Manson told them, and thus

it has come to pass, that they also wish to have some discussion with you."

"Oh, my Father," I interrupted, "so much the better; truth is on my side, and I fear nothing!"

"Presumption! my son, presumption! You do not know with whom you would have to do; those two are not yet Puseyites, like Mr. Manson, but are two obstinate Protestants who will attack you with the Bible, and you will not know how to answer them. The Bible interpreted in its true sense, that in which our Holy Mother Church gives it, destroys all heresy; but when you dispute with those who do not admit that sense, they make it appear that the Bible is against us. Holy Mother Church does not permit even inquisitors to dispute with heretics upon the Bible alone. No, my son, if you have committed the first error, do not commit the second. Withdraw from this discussion; excuse yourself for want of time; you have now the schools, and may occupy yourself with anything else. Only manage to bring your Englishman to me, and do not think of anything further."

The discourse of my master had not convinced me; but thinking that my duty was to obey him, I parted from him determined not to visit my Englishman again, and if he should urge me to continue the discussion, to excuse myself in the best manner possible. But I repeat it: "Man proposes, and God disposes." Circumstances prevented me from remaining firm in my first resolution.

The next morning, when I returned home after school, I found Mr. Manson awaiting me. After the customary courtesies, he related to me that those two gentlemen who had interrupted our conversation had wished to know upon what subject we were discussing and having been told, they had shown great interest in it, and desired to continue it. He told me that Mr. Sweeteman, the younger of them, was the son of a very rich English gentleman; that he had known this young man in Oxford, where he was prosecuting his studies; but as he had become enamored with the doctrines of Dr. Pusey, his father, who was an assiduous reader of *The Record*, had taken it into his head that his son might become a Catholic, and had sent him to Rome in the persuasion that, seeing the Court of Rome closely, he would become horrified at it. With that aim he had given him as a tutor Signor Pasquali, the elder gentleman, who accompanied him. He told me that Signor Pasquali was a Piedmontese, who belonged to the Waldensian sect, and who, as he well knew Rome and the Roman Church, was engaged to show Mr. Sweeteman all the corruption of Catholicism. "I," continued he, "am not a Roman Catholic, but those fanatics do not please me who find everything bad in the Roman Church. The Roman Church, certainly, has its errors, but it merits respect, being the most ancient of all the Christian churches. Therefore, let us unite to show Signor Pasquali his fanaticism."

This discourse was a strong temptation to me no longer to obey my master; but I had the strength to resist and to excuse myself, saying that I was very sorry not to be able to enter into the discussion; that, my time was fully occupied; that I ought to prosecute my studies, which left no time at my disposal. It seemed that Mr. Manson was satisfied with my excuse, and did not insist. He waited a moment, then he said to me: "At least, you will not deny

me a moment this evening to take a cup of tea with me; you have no lessons in the evening." It seemed to me too difficult to refuse, and I accepted the invitation.

I went at the appointed hour, but Mr. Manson was not alone, as I had expected; Mr. Sweeteman and Signor Pasquali were already with him. I had not foreseen this meeting, if I had I should not have gone; but as I was there it did not seem fitting to retire, only I renewed in my heart the purpose of not entering into any discussions. Mr. Manson introduced me to both, according to English etiquette. We talked of many things; then Mr. Manson began to speak of the beautiful churches that are seen in Rome, and of the stupendous monuments of antiquity, especially the ecclesiastical, and concluded with saying that if those Dissenters who cry out so much against the Roman Church could see Rome, and conscientiously consider its monuments, observing its magnificent temples, the majesty of its rites and of its hierarchy, it is certain they would not exclaim so much against it.

"My opinion is quite opposed to your," said the Waldensian; and I maintain that a sincere Protestant who sees Rome as it is, finds precisely in its monuments, in its temples, in its hierarchy, in its rites, the strongest arguments to condemn it and to judge it as fallen from the pristine faith preached by St. Paul to the inhabitants of that city. I also say that if a sincere and enlightened Roman Catholic, not brought up in prejudice, would seriously examine these things, he would have to abandon his Church if he wished to be a logical Christian." They said many things upon this question. Mr. Manson warmly maintained his position; the Waldensian, cold as ice, did not concede an inch of ground. Mr. Sweeteman sought to maintain the intermediate position, and I trembled at heart, but was silent, because I would not disobey my master. But I thought within myself that without disobedience I might enter into the conversation, because they did not speak on the subject of the Bible, but of monuments and rites.

Whilst I was in this uncertainty, Mr. Sweeteman addressed himself to me, saying: "Signor Abbe, you ought not to be silent on a question which so closely concerns you." "Signor Abbe is silent," said the Waldensian, "because he knows well that reason is on my side, but it does not suit him to confess it."

At these words I felt my face become burning and a feeling of holy zeal excited me to fling myself on that obstinate heretic to teach him to speak better of our holy religion. I no longer remembered the prudent counsels of my master, and with a voice suffocated with indignation, I replied that my silence was quite the reverse of a tacit approval; it was rather compassion for his obstinacy in error, which made him reason wrongly; and I was, silent because such sophisms did not appear to me worthy of answer. "How," I added, "seeing such monuments which attest the venerable antiquity of Catholicism, can you conclude that it is false? Must a religion, to be true, be modern?"

The Waldensian, instead of being offended, took my hand in sign of friendship, and pressing mine in his, said: "This confirms me still more in the good opinion that I had conceived of you; you are a sincere Roman Catholic; you are such because you believe the truth; should you come to know



yourself in error I am certain that you will abandon Roman Catholicism to embrace the Gospel."

You cannot imagine, my dear Eugenio, how such a proposition offended me. I abandon the holy Catholic religion! I would rather die before having a single doubt as to its truth. Then I remembered the exhortation of my master, and appreciated his prudence. I repented not having followed his wise counsels, and proposed no longer to embarrass myself with heretics of this kind. I considered how best quickly to leave the house, so as not to set foot in it again, and contented myself with replying that Signor Pasquali was a thousand miles wide of the truth with regard to me.

"Well," replied the Waldensian, "to prove it I give you a challenge, not of words, but of deeds. You will have the kindness to conduct us to those monuments which, according to you, prove the truth of Roman Catholicism; we will examine them together, and I give you my word of honour, that if with them you succeed in convincing me of the truth of Catholicism, I will immediately become a Catholic; on the other hand, if I succeed in convincing you of the contrary, you will do what your conscience shall dictate to you. But if you do not accept a challenge so reasonable, and all to your advantage, you will permit me to believe that you are already persuaded of being in the wrong."

Though such a proposal attracted me, yet I resolved to obey my master, and excused myself with want of time; but the Waldensian showed me that as it was the question of leading to the truth three men whom I believed to be in error, I ought to sacrifice to such a great work every other occupation; he made me observe besides, that, having already begun the discussion with Mr. Manson, the excuse of want of time seemed a pretext, and, in reality, I could no longer withdraw conscientiously. "However," he said to me. "we are not in a hurry; should it please God, we shall pass the winter in Rome; you have no lessons on Thursday; you will have fifteen days vacation at Christmas, ten at the Carnival; you can give us them Thursday and the vacations, and thus you will not occupy with us the time destined for your studies."

I had no longer any honest excuse to offer, therefore I accepted, and it was arranged that the next Thursday we should go together -this evening was Wednesday.

On the Wednesday I went to the school, and noticed that the Professor looked at me with a stern eye, and introduced into the lesson sentences which hurt me, and as he pronounced them, he fixed a significant look upon me.

"Possibly," I said within myself, "he has become acquainted with the fact of yesterday evening; whosoever could have related it to him?" After the lesson I begged the Professor to listen to me for a moment. When we were alone he strongly reproved me for my disobedience, and said, "Take care, I cannot guarantee you from the terrible consequences that this may have for you." I was afraid of the good Father's reproofs; he turned his back to leave me, but I threw myself at his feet, clasped his knees, and besought him so earnestly, that at last he was moved and resumed his amicable tone.

"Well," he said to me, "we will see if it is possible to present a remedy for

your imprudence. "I promised to obey him punctiliously; and then the good Father conducted me to his room to give me all the suitable instruction..

I tell you all, dear Eugenio, because you are the friend of my heart, and you know the prudence of these good Fathers, who, recognising my small experience, and fearing for my youth, gave me good counsel, in order that I might come out with honour from this discussion.

When we had reached his room he said to me: "My son, as you have entered into this terrible engagement, you must come out of it with honour; tomorrow go to your appointment, but take care to go only tomorrow. You must choose a leading subject which will confirm the Puseyite, will not attack Mr. Sweeteman, will send the Waldensian to the dogs, and which it will not be difficult honorably to maintain. The success of a discussion depends very much upon the selection of the theme, and according to the compact, it is for you to select it. You have to conduct your Protestants to visit the monuments; whither do you think of conducting them?"

"To the Catacombs," I replied.

"You could not select worse. The Waldensian will tell you that the Catacombs were public cemeteries, where they buried promiscuously Gentiles and Christians; that these could not be places of sacred meetings; that the Gentiles guarded with great care their cemeteries, and would never have allowed the Christians to celebrate there the mysteries which by them were judged profane; and if you show them the stone pulpits, the altars, and other monuments, he will tell you that they were placed there afterward, because the Gentiles would not have permitted in their cemeteries those assemblies which they would not permit elsewhere. He will tell you many other things, to which you will not be able to reply. No, my son, act according to my advice, do not conduct them to the Catacombs. The subject of your researches tomorrow must be St. Peter's, and here is your itinerary. Conduct them to St. Peter *in vinculis*; and there the Father Abbe, who will be instructed by me, will show them the documents which prove that; this church was built by the Senator Pudens, and consecrated to St. Peter; he will show them also the chains with which the Apostle was bound by order of Herod and Nero. Thence descend to the Roman Forum, called the Campo Vaccino, wet conduct them to the Mamertine Prison, where he was confined; then go up to the Gianicolo, and in the church of St. Peter in Montorio, show them the place where St. Peter was crucified; conduct them to Santa Maria in Traspontia, and in the fourth chapel to the left as you enter, show them those twp columns to which the holy Apostles Peter and Paul were bound, and then scourged. Lastly, conduct them to the Vatican to see the bodies of these Holy Apostles, and the Chair of St. Peter. From all these monuments you will easily deduce that it is evident that St. Peter had his seat in Rome as Bishop, and that he died in this city; and that therefore the Bishops of Rome are his successors; and as St. Peter was the first of the Apostles, and had special promises, that is, the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, the primacy, the right of confirming all other bishops, and infallibility; so these things have passed from him by direct succession to the succeeding Popes, who in continual sequence have gone on to our days. Here the Waldensian will dissent from you and will argue from the Bible; but you will call him to order; the challenge which was proposed and accepted was

simply to discuss the monuments; the good Puseyite will be on your side, do not doubt."

But do you believe, my Father, that Signor Pasquali will thus quickly yield?"

"Do not try, my son, to make him yield; it would require more to conquer the obstinacy of a rather learned Waldensian. Try only to come out with honour from the embarrassment in which you are placed. He will certainly not yield; you will also see that he will begin to cavil over these monuments; you will then appear offended at some irreverent word, which will certainly come from him; you will reprove him for not keeping to the compact; you will exaggerate, if need be, your indignation; and you will leave them, and thus extricate yourself from difficulty.

I know that all which these good Fathers say is for the greater glory of God, but I tell you sincerely, I was not satisfied with these counsels; they appeared to me not straightforward, and it seemed ignominious thus to abandon the field at the most important moment. The Father saw that I hesitated, and lightly touching me on my shoulder, said to me kindly: "Poor Enrico, you are very unfortunate! The first time that you try to act the missionary you get; hold of a Puseyite, whom you ought not to convert, and of an obstinate and learned Waldensian, with whom you ought not to venture. But do not lose courage, another time you will have' better success."

"But could I not—"

"No," brusquely interrupted the Father, "you cannot and must not do differently to what I have told you. Do you know what will happen if you disobey me? If you enter into questions from which you could not come out with honour, from the monuments you will pass on to the Bible, and with that cursed art with which they handle the Bible, the end will be that the Puseyite will abandon us and turn Protestant, the other will be all the more confirmed in his errors, the Waldensian will triumph, and you will have given him the victory. And what will then happen to you? Remember that the Inquisition exists in Rome, not only for heretics. but also for any one who causes the least injury to the Holy Church." Thus saying he opened the door and took leave of me. . The last words of my master terrified me. I went home much preoccupied with what I had done; but at home I found a letter from the Secretary of the Vicariat which ordered me to present myself immediately at the Vicariat to hear some directions from his Eminence relating to myself.

When an ecclesiastic is called in that way to the office of the Secretary of the Vicariat, it is a sign that he is accused of some fault. Without waiting a moment, I went to the Secretariat, and the priests that were occupied there exchanged between themselves glances of intelligence, and looked at me with a scornful smile. I asked for the Signor Canon Secretary, and was introduced.

The Canon Secretary, of whom I speak, is a priest of between seventy and eighty years of age, a venerable old man, the example and model of all the priests of Rome; loved by the Pope, and revered by almost all the Cardinals; and I might almost say, venerated by all the clergy; a zealous preacher, an indefatigable confessor, he is always found equal to himself from early

morning, when he rises to perform mass, up to the evening, when he plays card, which he never fails to do.

The good Canon made me sit at his side, and told me he was very grieved to be obliged to reprove me, but by his office he was forced to do so; and after many words upon the caution and prudence which ecclesiastics ought to me, in order not to compromise the Holy Church, he told me that the Cardinal Vicar was not quite satisfied with my conduct, on account of the frequent conversations I had held with Protestants; and in the name of the Cardinal Vicar he ordered me absolutely to cease from such conversations. "You know," he added, "what the canons of the most holy Lateran Councils III. and IV. teach in regard to heretics, nevertheless, you, yesterday evening, took tea with them. How does this appear to you, my son?"

I no longer knew in what world I was, accused, reprov'd, menaced, and why? For a work, which seemed to me the best I had ever done in all my life. I could no longer contain myself; my heart was full, and I burst straight out into convulsive weeping which suffocated me. The Canon called for help, and the priests of the Secretariat hastened in. After I was relieved and somewhat calmed I prayed the good Canon to listen to me. All retired, and I narrated to the Canon Secretary the whole circumstances.

When I had related all, he said to me: "Be assured, the Cardinal Vicar has been differently informed; but I believe in you; your narration is most natural, and everything tells me that the thing is precisely as you have related it; and although it is not in my power to change the order of the Cardinal, nevertheless, I take the responsibility upon myself; the Cardinal is very reasonable, and will be easily persuaded. Carry out then, my son, the engagement which you have undertaken, but with prudence, for mercy's sake. You can in no case compromise the cause of the Holy Church because you have no official character; only I pray you to be careful for your own sake, my son; such heretics are dangerous. Before you begin any discussion, say three Ave Marias to the Madonna, who, as the Holy Church teaches, '*alone has slain all heresies,*' and then you need fear nothing."

Thus spoke this excellent priest. Then I felt tranquilized, and decided to follow his counsels rather than those of my master. Returning home contented, I have occupied the rest of the day and this evening in writing you this letter. Tomorrow will be our first visit to the Roman antiquities, and I intend to use the programme given me by my master. After tomorrow I will write to you the result.-Love your most affectionate,

Enrico

Rome, January, 1841.  
My dear Eugenio,-

I grieve to find in your last letter suspicion with regard to my conduct. You doubt whether the reason for which I have waited a month to write to you may have been that of not wishing to confess my defeat. No, dear friend; as yet I have never come out with loss from the dispute, rather I hope to come out

victorious. I did not write to you at once because I did not wish to weary you by writing discussions; I wished to wait for the decisive victory which could not be far off, and then I should have written all to you. But since you desire to know all the details, I am willing to satisfy you. I reveal myself to you as to a friend of my heart, which you are; I hide nothing from you, not even the thoughts of my soul, certain that you will not compromise me. This, then, is what happened in our visit to the monuments. I went the appointed day to Mr. Manson and found the other two gentlemen. We took a carriage, and according to the programme of my master, I conducted my friends to the Church of St. Peter in *in vinculis*. It is situated on the south side of the Esquiline Hill. A most beautiful portico, with five arches, enclosed in elegant iron railings, forms the entrance to the magnificent basilica; which is of a light, and at the same time, majestic architecture. I shall say nothing of the most beautiful picture of St. Augustine, the work of Guercino; nor of the other, representing the liberation of St. Peter from prison, the work of Domenichino. The *chef d'oeuvre* of Michael Angelo, viz., the statue of Moses, destined for the mausoleum of Julius II., eclipses all else in this church.

Mr. Manson, Mr. Sweetman, and I stood enchanted before that statue, which shows how high the genius of Christian art can attain. The Waldensian smiled at our admiration; then, striking me lightly on the shoulder, said: "Signor Abbe, explain to me a little one thing I do not understand. Your Church says that temples are holy places. places consecrated to the Lord, houses of prayer; and adopts in its temples all that the Bible tells of the Temple at Jerusalem. How, then, can it transform its temples into studios of fine arts or museums, and thus expose itself to the profanation of us Protestants, who enter them not to pray, but to look at the objects of art?"

I answered that these statues were in the churches to excite the devotion of the people, and the more beautiful they were the more they answered their purpose.

"Keep to common ground," he interrupted; "we must not anticipate the question of statues, that will come in its time. But, even granting what you saw, this monument is certainly not placed here to excite devotion; but to honour the dead body of a Pope." "To the Lord's House," I added, "belongeth magnificence." "It is written, however," he resumed, "*Holiness becometh Thy house*" (Psalm xciii. 5).

We passed into the sacristy, where the Father Abbot awaited us, and received us with many compliments. In the sacristy is a beautiful marble altar, and upon it a little cupboard made of precious marble, and of most beautiful work. The Father Abbot lighted four candles, put on his surplice and stole, opened the little cupboard, and drew from it a beautiful urn of rock crystal, in which the chains of St. Peter are preserved. The Father Abbot and I knelt together before these holy chains, and prayed in silence; then we kissed these relics, and! the Father Abbot shut the cupboard.

Then, having taken off the sacred vestments, he related that in the fifth century Giovenale, the Patriarch of Jerusalem., gave to the Empress Eudocia the chain with which St. Peter was manacled in Jerusalem by order of the

Emperor Herod; Eudocia presented them to Pope Leo I., who brought together this and the other chain with which St. Peter was bound in Rome by order of Nero. The two holy chains coming in contact united and became one single chain, which is here preserved. Then the Empress caused this church to be rebuilt; I say rebuilt, because it was already a church, built by Pudens, and consecrated by St. Peter. Hence the title of St. Peter *in vinculis*.

"And is this story well certified?" asked the Waldensian.

"To doubt the truth of it," replied the Father Abbot, gravely, "it would be necessary to doubt the evidence itself. If you will take the trouble to come up to my room, I can show you the documents which prove the truth of it."

Then went up to the apartment of the Father Abbot, where he drew from his bookshelves the first volume of the works of Father Tillemont, and at page 172 he read these words:-

"Tradition says that St. Peter converted the Senator Pudens in Rome, that he lived in his house, and consecrated in it the first church in Rome, which became afterwards *San Pietro in vinculis*."

I was consoled beyond measure, and admired the prudence of my master in having so wisely directed my visit to the monuments. Mr. Manson exclaimed, "Ah! one must come to Rome to be instructed in ecclesiastical antiquity."

The Waldensian, with his accustomed coldness, said, "But do you believe, Father Abbot, that Tillemont really lent credence to this fact?"

"I cannot think how you can doubt it," replied the Father Abbot; "Tillemont depended upon tradition."

"Well," said the Waldensian, "favour me with the second volume of Tillemont." Having it, he sought for page 616, and showed that Tillemont based such tradition upon the Apocryphal book of *The Shepherd*, attributed to Hermas. And then he showed that all the events related in that book belonged to the time of Antoninus that is, towards the middle of the second century; from which one must deduce that if you have faith in such tradition, St. Peter would have been the guest of Pudens in the middle of the second century, that; is, about a century alter his death.

The Father Abbot and I were confounded by this observation; still, the Father Abbot did not lose courage, and taking from his cupboard an old martyrology in parchment, with the initials in miniature, opened it, and read, at August 1, these words in Latin: "The consecration of the first church at Rome, built and consecrated by St. Peter the Apostle." "Here is a document much more ancient than Tillemont."

The Waldensian looked at the martyrology, and from its characters and its miniatures he showed that it was of the XIVth century.

A document," said he, "of at least three centuries after the fact which you wish to prove by it, proves nothing."

"Well," replied the Father Abbot, "here is the testimony of Cardinal Bona," and he showed the book of that Cardinal upon the liturgy. "Here is the history of this church written by one of our Canons." The Waldensian interrupted: "All these testimonies are more recent than those of the martyrology. But let us not go from Tillemont; see what is said at page 604 in this second volume. Read, Father Abbot:—"It cannot be believed that the Christians had churches or buildings built expressly in which to assemble for their religious exercises until after the persecution of Severus towards the year 230 A.D' And you could," he added, "quote all the Fathers of the first centuries to show by their testimonies that the Christians had no churches until the third century."

The Father Abbot became as red as a hot coal. I felt as if I could not contain myself, and excited by anger, I said to the Waldensian, "And perhaps you have something to contradict about this chain?"

"Not at all; I should be out of my mind: if I did not see it was a chain; but to be reasonably convinced that this was the chain of St. Peter I must reason with you a little about it. I must know, for example, why of the two chains (Acts xii. 6) with which St. Peter was fettered at Jerusalem, only one was preserved; and where is the other gone? I must know who preserved that chain. Whether Herod? Whether the Jews? Whether the Christians? But St. Peter left the chains on the ground in the prison. It would be well to know how, in the ruin of Jerusalem, when all was destroyed, that chain was preserved. With relation to the one at Rome you must show that St. Peter was there, which, however, is a little difficult. If he had not been to Rome, he could not have been imprisoned there. But suppose he was there, I will ask, who preserved that chain? Nero? But he, we know, was not so devout. The Christians? But who would have dared to go and ask for it? And if they had dared, would they have got it? And then you know well that in those times the worship of relics was esteemed idolatry; it is sufficient to read Tertullian, Origen, Justin Martyr, and the other ancient Fathers, to be persuaded of this. Therefore, dear sir, let us look at other monuments in which you may be more fortunate; but these do not in the least convince me."

This first experience taught me that I had to do with a man who knew much more than I did; and then I felt that my\_ was right, and sought how to extricate myself from trouble, and wished that I had got out by means of Biblical arguments, in order to accuse him of not having kept to the contract, and thus break off the discussion with some honour. To that end, rather than conduct him to the Mamertine Prison, I took him to the church called, *Domine quo vadis*.

A short distance from the city, upon the Appian Way. there is a little church built on the spot. where our Lord appeared to St. Peter. In order that you may well know the fact, I transcribe the inscription upon the marble which is found in that church: — This Church is called *Santa Maria delle piante*, and, commonly speaking, *Domine quo vadis*. It is called "of the footprints," on account of the appearance of our Lord made in it to St. Peter, when that glorious Apostle, persuaded or even compelled by the Christians to come out of prison and depart from Rome, walked by this Appian Way, and just at this place met with our Lord walking towards Rome, to whose miraculous appearance

he said: '*Domine, quo vadis?*' (Lord, whither goest Thou?); and He replied, '*Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*' (I come to Rome to be crucified afresh). St. Peter immediately understood the mystery, and remembered that to him also such a death had been predicted, when Christ gave to him the government of His Church; therefore, turning round, he went back to Rome, and the Lord disappeared, and in disappearing left the impression of His feet in a paving-stone of the street. From this the Church took the name of '*delle piante,*' and from the words of St. Peter the name *Domine quo vadis?* ... 1830.-" ... 1830.-"

We had scarcely arrived in front of the church, than the Waldensian stopped to read the inscription that is over the door:- "Stop; O passer-by, and enter into this holy temple, where you will find the footprint and figure of Our Lord Jesus Christ, when He met with St. Peter, who fled from prison. Alms are requested for wax and oil, to liberate some soul from purgatory." After he had read this inscription, he said, "I do not think that the Signor Abbe is more fortunate in the visit to this second monument."

We entered; upon the wall on the right of those who enter is depicted the Saviour, who with His cross on His shoulders, walks towards Rome. On the wall to the left is depicted St. Peter in the attitude of flying from Rome. In the middle of the Church there is a narrow strip of basalt pavement to represent the ancient street, and in the centre a white square stone, projecting above the pavement, and on this there is the print our Lord's feet, and around is sculptured the verse of the Psalm, "Let us adore in the place where His feet rested."

The Waldensian assumed a very serious expression, and cast a compassionate look upon me, and without anything more, went out of the church; Mr. Sweeteman appeared to me also scandalized Mr. Manson himself was not satisfied, and all went out.

I did not at all understand this. I also went out, and the Waldensian spoke to me, with a seriousness that made me afraid.

"Signor Abbe, I am a Christian, and cannot bear that under the aspect of religion the adorable Person of Our Lord Jesus Christ should be made ridiculous; and that the word of God should be thus abused to inculcate the adoration of a stone."

I wished to justify the thing; but all were against me, and I held my peace. Everything went wrong with me that day. Then I resumed the programme of my master, and ordered the *vetturino* to drive us to St. Peter.

St. Peter *in carcere* is nothing but the ancient Mamertine Prison turned into a chapel. You descend by a modern staircase to the door of the prison, upon which you may still read the ancient Roman inscription. Having entered the first subterranean prison, you descend by little steps into the second, which is perpendicularly under the first. As we descend by the little steps, I made Mr. Manson notice on wall the impression of the profile of a human face, an impression which was taken from the face of St. Peter, when going down into that prison the jailer gave him a box on the ear, and caused him to strike



his head against the stone wall. which, softened by the touch of the holy head, received the impress of his face. In the middle of that second subterranean prison there is a well of water, miraculously made to spring forth by St. Peter, when he converted the jailers Processo add Martiniano, and baptized them with forty-eight other prisoners.

Mr. Manson was filled with veneration for this prison, in which the Apostle St. Peter had lived, and had worked miracles. He wished to taste the miraculous water, and to preserve some of it in a little bottle, which he bought of the custodian to carry with him to England. I thought myself victorious, and in going out I asked the Waldensian if he was convinced that this was the prison of St. Peter.

"I believe," he replied, "that this is the Mamertine Prison, because it is really in the position in which it was situated. History speaks of this prison, and tells that in it only illustrious prisoners were confined; hence it could not have held the poor fisherman of Galilee. History gives the names of prisoners who lived in this prison, but amongst them there is not the name of Peter or of Paul; on the contrary. with regard to the latter. who was really in Rome, the account in the Acts of the Apostles tells that he was not in this prison. History tells that those who entered this prison never came out alive. but were strangled there, and their bodies, to the terror of the people, were thrown from the *Scale Gemonie*, which looked upon the Forum. Thus we know that in this prison Jugurtha was put to death; that by order of Cicero, Lentulus, Cetegus, Statilius, Sabinus, and Ceparius, heads of the Catiline conspiracy. were strangled; in it was killed Sejan, by order of Tiberius, and Gioras, son of Simon, chief of the Jews, who had been made prisoner by Titus; but no historical document speaks either of St. Peter or of St. Paul. History tells that no one came out of this prison alive; therefore, St. Peter was not there, because, according to you, he did not die there. Moreover, you have shown me in *Domine quo vadis* that. St. Peter, persuaded by Christians, came out of prison. But from this prison. he could not have come out, and in it he could not have spoken with any one. There is no other way of entrance but the aperture used from above – the first aperture penetrated the upper prison, which was otherwise inaccessible. But St. Peter would have been in the lower inaccessible prison, and it would have been absolutely impossible to come out of it. It cannot be admitted that he came out by miracle as he came out of the prison at Jerusalem; for then there would have been no room for the reproof which, according to you, he received from Jesus Christ for having come out; so you see well that this prison proves nothing in your favor."

"And the impression of the face of St. Peter on the stone? And the miraculous water? And the baptism of the prisoners? Are these, then, all impostures?"

"My dear Signor Abbe, do not allow yourself to be blinded by prejudice, but let us quietly reason. before admitting the facts as certain. The steps on which half-way down is the pretended face of St. Peter, are of recent construction. When the Mamertine dungeon was a prison the prisoners did not go down into it by those steps, which did not exist, but were let down into it through the upper aperture; so then, if these steps did not exist, St. Peter could not have passed by and left his face on the stone. As to the

well, I see no miracle in that; because, wherever you dig in Rome to that level you find water, which is not at all miraculous. And then it is an absurd thing to pretend that God worked the miracle of causing the waters to rise, in order to baptize those jailers, who could easily bring water needed for the baptism, without the necessity of a miracle. Finally, it is absurd to pretend that there were, together with St. Peter and St. Paul in that prison. forty-eight other prisoners; first, because that was an exceptional prison, as we have mentioned, and then, if you measure the prison you will see it is absolutely impossible that there could have been fifty-two persons in it, unless they were packed like anchovies in a barrel."

On hearing these reasons Mr. Manson threw away the bottle of water he had bought; Mr. Sweeteman smiled, and I bit my lips with rage, not knowing what adequate answer to give to such reasoning. I was convinced that there must be a good answer, but I did not know it, and I was indignant that my master, in giving me the programme, had not warned me of the objections of the Waldensian, and taught me how to answer them.

"Well," said I, "let us go and see the place where St. Peter was crucified."

"Do you mean," said the Waldensian, "Bramante's famous little temple of *San Pietro in Montorio*? Let us spare our poor horses that fatiguing ascent; and this is why. I have good reasons to believe that not only did St. Peter not die in Rome, but that he never came there; but even if I could be persuaded that St. Peter had died at Rome, the sight of the hole where, eighteen centuries ago, the cross of St. Peter was planted, would make me laugh. Who can believe that that hole made in the earth could have been preserved for so many centuries? Besides, although the scientific men who study Christian antiquity at Rome believe that St. Peter died in that city, they do not agree as to the place of his martyrdom. Read Bosio, read Arrighi, and many more who have written upon the martyrdom of St. Peter, and you will see that some of them maintain that St. Peter was put to death on the Vatican Hill, others between the Vatican and the Janicullum, and scarcely one believes that it was on the summit of the Janiculum, where is the little temple of Bramante. Therefore, it is useless for us to go there."

The further we proceeded, the more I found myself confused and discouraged. Nevertheless, as I had no honest reason to retire honorably, I took courage and conducted my companions to the Church of *Santa Maria in Traspontina*, belonging to the Carmelite Fathers.

Entering the Church. I called to the Friar Sacristan, in order that he should show the columns of St. Peter. I hoped that the Friar would be indignant at the observations the Waldensian would make, and thus a contest would arise which would give me a good pretext to retire; but instead of this, the contrary happened.

The Friar conducted us to the fourth chapel on the left, where leaning against the two walls, encased in wood, are preserved two columns of marble. An inscription, in Latin verse tells that the two Apostles, Peter and Paul, being tied to these two columns and scourged, the image of the Saviour, which is above the altar, appeared to them, and spoke to them for some time,

consoling them in their suffering. The Waldensian smiled. The Friar Sacristan, turning towards him, said, "You do not, then, believe this to be true?"

"To believe it," he replied, "I should desire to see some document. History tells nothing of this fact, and it seems to me frivolous to believe it without any proof. Besides, these columns were found in excavating the foundations of this Church in 1563; that is fifteen centuries after the death of St. Peter; who then, after fifteen centuries, is able to attest the fact? As to the image, the imposture is too gross; it is sufficient to look at it to perceive that it is a work relatively modern. Besides, it is beyond doubt that the use of images amongst Christians began long after the time of St. Peter."

"The gentleman is right," said the Sacristan; "during the many years that I have shown these columns to strangers I have found very few who have believed in them. Neither do I believe in them; but what would you? Everyone must attend to his own business."

We came out of the Church, and after taking a few steps the Waldensian prayed us to come for a moment with him into the church close by of *San Giacomo Scossacavalli*. On entering he showed us two great pieces of rough marble, and pointing to them, said, "There is no doubt that this is stone of the country; but read." There was written over these marbles that St. Helena had them brought from Jerusalem; that one of them was the altar on which Abraham tied his son Isaac to sacrifice him; the other was the altar on which the infant Jesus was placed to be circumcised. "See," he added, "what faith can be given to the monuments which are preserved in Rome."

My discouragement increased, and I prayed to the Virgin Mary and to the Holy Apostles that they would help me.

We arrived at last at St. Peter's. Scarcely had we entered the Church than the Waldensian said to me: "Since the Signor Abbe showed us just now two columns, I will also show you one." Thus saying, he conducted us to the first chapel on the right on entering called the chapel *della Pietà*. "Here is a column, with an inscription, which says: - 'This is a pillar from the Temple of Solomon, which Jesus Christ leaned against when He preached in the Temple.' The Bible says that the magnificent temple of Solomon was entirely destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, so much so, that when it was rebuilt by Zerubbabel, they had to begin by excavating the foundations anew. History says that - as Jesus Christ predicted - of the temple which existed at the time of His life on earth, there has not remained one stone upon another. How is it then that this column is preserved? Such is the antiquity of these monuments!"

There remained to me no longer any hope of convincing him, except by making him see the chair of St. Peter; I, therefore, led him in front of its magnificent altar.



The chair of St. Peter??

This imposing monument is situated in the apsis of the basilica, opposite its principal door. Four colossal statues in copper gilt, each one twenty-four palms high, lightly sustain, as if in triumph, the chair of St. Peter, which is under a lining of copper gilt, adorned with magnificent work of sculpture and chiseling.

The four colossal statues represent two doctors of the Latin Church, viz., St. Augustine and St. Ambrose; and two doctors of the Greek Church, viz., St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom. A group of angels, sporting among small golden clouds, serves as a crown to a transparent dove, representing the Holy Spirit, which, in the midst of a large elliptical window of painted glass, seems to throw rays of light on the chair, and so to establish a sort of communication between and heaven.

So magnificent and surprising is the work that Mr. Sweeteman, who had never seen it, was struck with admiration, and Mr. Manson said, "I hope that Signor Pasquali will have nothing to object to so magnificent a monument."

"I have nothing to say from the side of its magnificence; nothing more could have been done to gratify the senses; but I have my reasons to believe that that seat, supported by four doctors and honoured with special sumptuousness, instead of being the sea of the humble Apostle of the Lord, is the seat of Soliman, Caliph of Babylon, or of Saladin of Jerusalem."

I could no longer resist such horrible blasphemy; I know not how far my zeal would have led me, but a convulsive tremor seized me; they led me home, and I was obliged to go to bed.

Tomorrow, if it pleases God, I will write you the remainder of this adventure.-Your friend,

Enrico.

Rome, January, 1847.

My DEAR EUGENIO,-

Without preamble I will continue my interrupted narrative. The day after the accident which occurred to me in the Church of St. Peter, I received a letter from the Waldensian, which I transcribe as follows, to show you more than ever my sincerity; and, although our religious convictions divide us, nevertheless. I look upon you as a brother, as well as the friend of my; heart, from whom I hide nothing, even when it is against myself. This, then, is what the Waldensian wrote to me:-

"SIGNOR ABBE.-I am greatly grieved at what took place yesterday. I confess that I was a little too immoderate; that speaking to a sincere Catholic, as you are, I ought to have taken more care and measured my words; therefore, I ask your pardon, if I offended you by my plain speaking. But apart from my tone, which was rather that of a professor, I believe I have good reasons as to the main point of the question.

"I say I have good reasons to believe that that venerated seat or chair, as you call it, above the altar, of which the festival is celebrated every year

on the 18th of January, instead of being the seat of the Apostle St. Peter, is that of Soliman, Caliph of Babylon, or of Saladin, Caliph of Jerusalem. In order that you may believe I have not said this heedlessly, or to insult you, here are the proofs, which, if they are not most convincing to prove that that seat belonged to a Turk, nevertheless are as to show that it could not have belonged to St. Peter.

“In the first place I cannot persuade myself that the most humble Peter would ever have had a special chair for himself. I cannot suppose that for the sake of a seat St. Peter would have transgressed the commandment of Jesus Christ (:Matt. xx. 25-27). I love St. Peter much, and therefore, I cannot believe that he was either a prevaricator or liar; he himself says in his first Epistle, chap, v. 1, that he was only an elder like all the others.

“Think well over it, I pray you; how can one believe after that, that he would wish to have a chair for himself, falsifying by that fact everything that he had said and taught? But tell me, I pray you, where could he have kept such a seat? In his house? But why, of all his furniture, did they only preserve this seat? You will say that it was the seat on which he officiated in the Church. But I have already shown that there were no churches in those times. The Acts of the Apostles, and the Apostolic letters, tell us that they celebrated worship *from house to house*. I do not think you will suppose that St. Peter went from house to house drawing his chair after him.

“But let us suppose that of which there is no proof, that St. Peter was in Rome, and that he had a distinct seat in which to officiate. I ask you, what are the proofs that show that this is really the seat of St. Peter? Do not tell me that the Pope, who is infallible, says so; because I will answer you that, according to your own principles, the Pope is infallible in dogma, but not in fact. And then who would have preserved this seat? Certainly not the Christians; because the veneration of relics only began at the end of the fourth century. And if the Christians had preserved it, how was it that it was not found until the seventeenth century? These are some of the reasons for which I cannot believe that this is the seat of St. Peter. To all this add the principal reason drawn from the Bible and from history, which show that St. Peter never came to Rome, and you will see that my motives for not believing in that seat are, as one may say, as just and reasonable as possible.

“Still, I will obstinately maintain that which is so displeasing for you to hear, which is, that that seat may have belonged to a Mahometan. I said so on the authority of Lady Morgan, who, in her work on Italy, in the fourth volume, says that the sacrilegious curiosity of the French at the time when they occupied Rome, in the beginning of this century, overcame all obstacles, in order to see so famous a seat. They took off its copper covering, and drew out the seat, and, examining it diligently, found there engraved in Arabic characters these words:- ‘*There is one God, and Mahomet is His prophet.*’ I do not know if Lady Morgan tells the truth, but the answers that have been made to her are by no means conclusive. You perhaps know the answer which seems the best; that it is impossible it should be the seat of a Mussulman, because they do not use seats. It is true that usually they do not make use of seats as we do, but of cushions, sofas, stools; but their Muftis use seats, and

even chairs, to preach from, and sometimes even their sovereigns use such for thrones. It might then have been the seat of a Mufti. The convincing argument would be to draw out this seat, and let all who would, examine it; but that will never be done.

“You know, Signor Abbe, that I greatly love the good Benedictine Tillemont. He was a learned man, a monk, and a good Catholic; I hope you will not refuse his testimony. Well, Tillemont was incredulous, as I am, about this chair. In his travels in Italy, he says, ‘It is pretended that in Rome there is the episcopal chair of St. Peter, and Baronio says that it is of wood. Nevertheless, some who have seen that which was destined to be placed solemnly on the altar in 1666, affirm that it was of ivory, and that the ornaments are not more ancient than three or four centuries, and the sculptures represent the twelve labours of Hercules.’ That is what Tillemont says.

“You will tell me that Tillemont is opposed to what Baronio says. I could answer you that both these writers were most zealous Catholics; both learned, both able historians; the contradiction then between them about this seat is a proof of the falsity of it—so much the more, that in the passage cited, Tillemont shows that he does not believe in the authenticity of this chair. But now I remember to have read in my youth (I do not recollect in what book) what explains all, and takes away all contradiction between the two writers. The festival of the chair of St. Peter had existed for about half a century, before the seat was placed for veneration. Amongst the relics that are in Rome existed a seat which is said to have belonged to St. Peter; and Pope Clement VIII. thought of causing it to be venerated, but Cardinal Baronio showed him that the bas-reliefs represented the twelve labours of Hercules, and consequently this could not be the seat on which St. Peter officiated. The Pope was persuaded; nevertheless, it was necessary to have a chair of St. Peter. Then they sought in the depository of relics, and substituted for the first, a second ancient seat of wood, and this is that of which Baronio speaks, while Tillemont speaks of the first. But sixty years after the death of Baronio, when Alexander VII. was constructing the altar of the chair, as you see it today, they did not know which of the two should be placed for veneration; not the first, on account of the mythological sculpture; not the second, because it was of Gothic style, and that was sufficient to show that it could not have belonged to St. Peter. The Pope, then, knowing that amongst the relics there was a seat, brought as a relic from the Crusades, ordered this to be taken and brought for veneration; but no one had perceived the Arabic inscription recorded by Lady Morgan.

“As for the rest, let us not question about a seat; a seat is at the best nothing but a seat, and it is not suitable to base our faith upon a seat. Were it as clear as the daylight that this was the identical seat of St. Peter, it would not prove his presence in Rome, because it might have been carried thither. And if it were true that St. Peter was in Rome, the presence of the Apostle nineteen centuries ago, would prove nothing as to the Roman religion being true.

“I have been tractable and allowed myself to be led by you where you wished; now I pray you to let me lead you tomorrow; but I promise you that from this

time, I will enter into no controversy; and thus you may be sure of not having to dispute with heretics, and may come without fear of disobeying either your confessor or your master.

“With regard to your master, I ought to tell you that Mr. Mason has discharged his servant, because I discovered, by certain proofs, that he was a spy of the Jesuits. You ought to know such a thing. May God open your eyes as to your dear masters.- *Au revoir*, yours, etc., “L. Pasquali.”

The last words of this letter produced a terrible effect upon me; now I understood how my master had known all that I did or said with my friends. Such a procedure appeared to me base and disloyal, and irritated me, so that I determined not to allow myself to be thus blindly led by the Jesuit Fathers. Besides, the letter of Signor Pasquali convinced me that I had been wrongly guided by my master. Why, indeed, prevent me from discussing frankly and loyally, with the Bible in my hand? Why oblige me to discuss the monuments? And why then point out such uncertain monuments? These reflections made me accept the invitation of the Waldensian, and made me determine not to speak again of this discussion with my master. The next day all four of us met, and Signor Pasquali conducted us to see the Arch of Titus. This precious monument of history and of art is situated at the beginning of the road that the Romans call *Sacra*. It is the triumphal monument raised by the Senate and Roman people to Titus for his famous and complete victory over the Jews.

“These are,” said the Waldensian, “the sacred antiquities that I love; not, indeed, those that the followers of Dr. Pusey seek with such avidity; on the veracity of these monuments not the least doubt can fall.”

“Pardon me,” said Mr. Manson, “we ought not to despise ecclesiastical antiquities.”

“And. I do not despise them, but I leave them in their place,” said the Waldensian. “They are precious for ecclesiastical history when they are authentic, and carefully studied are precious also to the Christian. They show the beginning and the date of the corruptions and abuses introduced into religion; but to give them a theological place, as if they were a rule of faith, seems to be the excess of human aberration. If a thing is true because it is ancient, we ought logically to say, then Paganism ought to be truer than Christianity, because it is the more ancient. We shall be judged upon the Gospel, not upon antiquity. The antiquities that ought to be held in great esteem by the Christian are those which testify to the Word of God, as does this monument.”

Then he showed that this monument was, both for the Jews and unbelievers a testimony of the truth of the Divine Word. “Let them read Deuteronomy xxviii, St. Matthew xxiv., St. Mark xiii, St. Luke xxi., and then let them look at this monument raised by the Gentiles, who knew nothing of such prophecies, and deny if they can the veracity and divinity of God’s Word.”

From the Arch of Titus we ascended the neighboring side of the Palatine Hill to see the ruins of the Palace of the Caesars.

"See," said the Waldensian, "a beautiful monument of ecclesiastical antiquity. These rough materials are the ruins of the two great Palatine libraries, one Greek, and the other Latin, where the precious manuscripts of our ancestors were collected, and which Pope Gregory I., called the Great, caused to be burnt."

Then he showed us the part of the palace built by Augustus, that called after Tiberius, that of Caligula, and that of Nero, and exclaimed: "It is written, 'The house of the wicked shall be overthrown' (Proverbs xiv. II). Here are those who caused themselves to be called gods, who called themselves eternal; but He that dwelleth in the heavens shall laugh at them (Psalm 2:4), and having given to His Son the heathen for an inheritance, He broke these, and will break the proud with a rod of iron, and dashed them, and will dash them, in pieces like a potter's vessel. These foundations which alone remain of the palaces of those who called themselves masters of the whole world, preach the truth of that word, that 'there is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel against the Lord'" (Prov. xxi. 30).

The solemn tone with which he pronounced these words, the profound conviction which could be read on his countenance, had as imposing effect, such as I cannot describe, and which charmed one. Mr. Manson was silent, and followed him fascinated, and I felt myself compelled to respect the man whom the day before I had wished to put to death, had it been lawful so to do. The day before he was an adversary, a heretic, who attacked the Holy Church; the day after he was a man who showed the most profound convictions of Christianity. Nevertheless, a man so profoundly religious must be eternally lost, because he does not belong to our Holy Church. Such a thought revived my pity and compassion for him, and rekindled my zeal to procure with all my power his conversion.

We then went to the Amphitheater of Flavius, called popularly the Colosseum. You have read in history that Flavius Vespasian, after the destruction of Jerusalem, caused to be built this amphitheater, the most spacious and the most magnificent of any which up to this time have existed. It was capable of containing easily 100,000 spectators, served for games of gladiators, and hunting of wild beasts; and then, by a miracle of art, the vast arena was converted into a lake, and immediately served for naval sports. You know, also, that in times of persecution Christians were exposed in that arena to be devoured by wild beasts.

Now this amphitheater has been by the piety of the Popes transformed into a holy place. An immense cross is planted in the midst of the arena, and around are fourteen chapels, where are represented the incidents of the passion of our Lord; and before them is performed the pious exercise called the *Via Crucis*. Thus, in the place where in the times of pagan Rome resounded the roaring of wild beasts, the lamentable cries of the victims, the ferocious applause of a brutal public, echoes instead the pathetic song of devout Christians, who meditate on the death of the immaculate Lamb.

We had scarcely entered this vast edifice when Signor Pasquali seemed absorbed in deep thought, and remained for some moments as if in ecstasy, and we stood still looking at him. Rousing himself he exclaimed: "O, my dear



friends! how can I express the crowd of religious thoughts which are awakened in me by this admirable monument! He who unconsciously executed the Divine judgments against the people who put Christ to death, and made to recoil on their own head the blood of the God-Man Whom they had cursed, caused this monument to be raised as an eternal memorial of the destruction of that people; and that people, reduced to slavery, working in chains, erected this monument, which perpetuates the memory of their punishment. Gaudenzio, a Christian, is the architect of it; and God gave him the inspiration for it; yes, God, because neither before nor since has a conception more beautiful or more majestic proceeded from the human mind." Then he went on to describe the horrors of the gladiatorial games; the ferocity of the Roman people, who applauded this carnage; the imperturbable impassiveness of those monsters, who called themselves Emperors, in receiving the homage of those who killed one another in order to provide amusement for their august lord.

He passed on to describe the combats of the martyrs, but in such vivid colors that he drew tears from our eyes. Then, warmed with a holy enthusiasm, he exclaimed: "O, holy religion of Christ! here, here, thou didst triumph in the blood of thy sons, here thou didst manifest thy divine power to the astonished world. But when the Caesars ceased to persecute thee, and wished thee to sit with them on their throne, thou didst fly to hide thyself, and like a modern Joseph, in flying left thy mantle; thou didst hide thyself in the desert; but that mantle of thine was put on his shoulders by that man who in thy name first sat on the throne of the Caesars; thence he drove them and reigned alone in thy name; under that mantle were concealed pride, despotism, and fanaticism, an infernal trio which reigned covered with the mantle which thou didst leave."

We were frightened with the emphasis, with the tone of voice, but still more with the conceptions of this extraordinary man. He was continuing, when a monotonous singing was heard at the entrance of the amphitheater. Such a sound made him start and stopped him. A procession of persons, dressed in grey sackcloth, with the head and face covered by a hood of the same stuff, with only two holes to allow them to see through, entered the Colosseum, singing in a rough and monotonous voice the praises of the Cross. The procession was preceded by a great wooden cross, painted black, carried by one of the confraternity, and closed by a barefooted friar of St. Francis, with his head uncovered. Behind these came a few old lay-brothers, preceded also by a cross carried by one of them. The object of this procession was to perform the exercise of the *Via Crucis*, praying before the fourteen chapels.

Mr. Manson and Mr. Sweeteman turned to me to know what this procession signified. I replied that it was a pious confraternity of penitents, who, every Friday and every Sunday, go to perform this pious exercise of the *Via Crucis* at the Colosseum. We stayed a little while, the friar mounted a kind of pulpit on the rubble, the confraternity formed a semi-circle, the lay-brothers placed themselves behind them, and the friar began to preach. We remained at a convenient distance, but so as to be able to hear. Unfortunately, that friar was either ignorant or felt constraint from our presence, and did not know what he said, saying such silly things as even to scandalize the brave Mr. Manson. Fortunately the Waldensian was so immersed

in thought that he heard nothing.

We left the amphitheater, and on our way home Signor Pasquali asked us if we had been satisfied with our walk. We answered in the affirmative; but I added that the mode of discussion by means of the monuments was too long, and would never lead us to practical conclusions; however, I wished to convince Mr. Manson of his error, and therefore desired to be allowed to discuss with him.

"I hope," replied the Waldensian, "that the Signor Abbe does not believe that the soul of Mr. Manson is more precious than ours. Let him, however, discuss, but I do not think he will wish to exclude us from the discussion. Let us discuss in good faith, and without any other resolve than that of seeking the truth. Let each one put aside his peculiar doctrines, to seek truth in the Word Of God alone. We four differ upon many points; the Signor Abbe is a Roman Catholic; Mr. Manson belongs to that which calls itself the High Church of England, or, as others call it, the theological school of Oxford; Mr. Sweeteman belongs to the English Church, and I to the Primitive Christian Church; let not one of us then obstinately maintain his Church, but together amicably seek the truth; so much the more as we all know that it is not the Church which saves us, but Jesus Christ. What do you gentlemen say to this?"

All consented, and agreed to begin the discussion.

I confess, dear Eugenio, that this Waldensian has enchanted me. I, who had heard so much evil spoken of them; who had read in so many books the most horrible things as to their ignorance, their disloyalty, and, also, as to their bad habits, found myself dumbfounded in the presence of this man, who was learned, 'but made no ostentation whatever of his knowledge; and was a man of profound piety and of austere virtue, but without any affectation. The only evil which is to be found in him is error; but I hope with the Divine help to undeceive him. In the next letter I will give you an account of the first discussion.-Adieu,  
ENRICO.

My DEAR EUGENIO,-.

It is too true that one should think well before promising anything. I promised you to relate faithfully the whole discussion I should have with my friends, and now I almost repent of my promise, and could desire not to have made it. And do you know why? I fear that hearing the arguments of the Waldensian will but confirm you in your Protestant errors. But I pique myself upon being an honorable man, and so I faithfully keep my promise. Only I pray you not to judge me hastily. You will well understand that I cannot in one letter relate the whole discussion; and it may be that in one you will find the arguments of my opponents, in another my answers. Therefore, wait to have all the letters before giving your judgment.

As the day was not fixed on which we were to begin our discussion, I profited by this forgetfulness, and for many days I did not allow myself to see Mr. Manson, ready to make that circumstance a plausible excuse for not having gone.

To write to you with all sincerity, I had two plausible motives for delay; the first was to prepare myself by study for the discussion; the second, because I hoped that there would arise some opportunity for discussing tete-a-tete with Mr. Manson, without the tiresome presence of the Waldensian, who, to tell you the truth, causes me to feel not a little restraint. If this could take place, I felt certain of victory; Mr. Manson would become a Catholic, and thus I should come out of the affair with honour. Night and day I thought over the way in which to realize such a project.

Whilst I was thus thinking, the landlady of the house where I was a boarder, came into my room, and with much politeness told me that she could no longer keep me, as she positively had need of my room. Do what I could, I was unable to find out why I had deserved to be sent out of her house. I only recognized clearly that she unwillingly obeyed some mysterious order. It came into my mind that her confessor, a Jesuit Father, had given her this order, but I had no proof of it. Then I went to a convent, took a room, and caused my effects to be transported thither. My friends, not seeing me, went to seek for me, but my landlady, who knew where I gone gone to lodge, told them she did not know my address. In the school, also, there occurred a change with regard to me. The professor no longer looked on me, as at first, with a kindly eye. From time to time also he launched sarcasm against the Catholic friends of heretics, and ridiculed those who, before having finished their theological course, and without having any mission, pretended to discuss with them. Then he cast on me a very significant look, which was not lost on my companions.

All these things, whilst, on the one hand, they irritated me, on the other hand gave me sorrow, and made me determine not to embarrass myself by discussion. I thanked God that I had changed my lodging, because thus, perhaps my friends would seek me no longer, and I should get free.

The convent where I went to live did not close its door until late. One evening, whilst I was in my study, I heard a knock at the door; I opened it, and saw my three Protestant friends.

"Poor Signor Abbe," said the Waldensian, shaking my hand with great affection, "you are found out; your good Jesuit Fathers do not wish that you should enter into discussion with me. I will not compromise you against your will. We are come to propose two courses, and you shall choose that which you like best; the first course is to continue, or rather, to begin our discussions, the second is, to release you from your word, if your conscience should permit you to leave in error three souls whom you think lost. If you accept this course, I pray you to reflect that you cannot prevent us from thinking that you fear discussion, and that **your masters, who prevent you; have more fear than you.**" (Webmaster's emphasis.)

I accepted discussion, and then it was arranged that, to avoid espionage as much as possible, it should take place sometime in my room, sometime elsewhere.

Matters thus arranged, the Waldensian began to discuss the doctrine of justification, which he said was the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. To tell the truth, I am not very strong on that doctrine; on the contrary, until

now it has seemed to me the most obscure and most involved doctrine of our theology, and I did not much like our discussion to begin with that. I proposed, therefore, that we should begin with the supremacy of the Pope. "The supremacy admitted," said I, "as a legitimate consequence one must admit all the Catholic doctrine taught by him who is the successor of St. Peter, and the infallible Head of the Church, established by Jesus Christ Himself; and once exclude the supremacy all Catholicism must necessarily fall." They made some difficulties, but at last my proposition was accepted. Then Signor Pasquali rising from his seat, said: "Before we begin to discuss, we ought to invoke the assistance of the Holy Spirit," and he invited me to pray. I excused myself by saying that we were not accustomed to extempore prayer. Then he turned to Mr. Manson who said he had not his prayer-book with him. "The prayer-book of the Christian is a renewed heart," said the Waldensian; and rising his eyes to heaven he uttered so fervent a prayer, as to draw tears from my eyes. This prayer amazed me. "However" said I to myself, "can a heretic pray with so much faith, with so much fervour! How can he, with such confidence, invoke Jesus Christ!" I, who had only known the doctrine of the Protestants by what I had heard my masters of it in lessons and in preaching, and by what I had read of it in our books, found myself in a very different position to that which I had imagined, when face to face with this Waldensian.

Signor Pasquali, having finished his prayer, made us observe that truth being a unity, in treating of a religious question, it can only be found in the Bible; but that as the different religious systems interpret the doctrines of the Bible differently, he thought for the better understanding of, and to hasten the solution of the question on the supremacy of the Pope, it would be well that each one should explain his belief on that point, in order that, confronting there different beliefs with the Bible, we might come to a decisive conclusion.

Such a proposal pleased all, and I began to explain in few words the Catholic doctrine on the supremacy of the Pope, reserving the demonstration of it to the fitting moment. I said then that Jesus Christ had declared St. Peter the head and the prince of the Apostles; that He had constituted him His vicar, and in that quality had left him as visible Head of His Church. I said that the dignity of St. Peter was not a personal thing, but was to be transmitted to his successors, and since the Roman Pontiff is the successor of St. Peter, he has the same prerogatives that Jesus Christ gave to St. Peter, and he has transmitted these to his successors-viz.: supremacy and infallibility. This is the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and I am ready to prove it with the Bible.

"I agree," said Mr. Manson, "as regards the supremacy of St. Peter; I admit Apostolic succession in the Bishop of Rome, and I should recognise him also as Head of the Church, provided his authority should not be arbitrary but regulated by the ecclesiastical canons, established by councils. But I cannot admit his infallibility, because the monuments of ecclesiastical antiquity show that many Popes have erred."

"With regard to myself," said Mr. Sweeteman, "I do not admit so much. In the things of religion, I know no other authority than that of the Bible and that

of the Church, which I do not think can be represented by one single man. The Bishop of Rome is a bishop like all others, he may be considered the Primate of all Italy, but I should never believe him to be the Head or Sovereign of the Church. If you speak of him only as first in honor, I shall not find great difficulty in according this to him, but never as first in authority. I recognise the authority of the Church in the Episcopate, and not in one single man."

The Waldensian then drew from his pocket a Bible, and placing it on the table, said, "Now that each one of you has expressed what he believes concerning the authority of the Pope, I must expound my doctrine; but I myself cannot expound anything – the Bible is my *only* authority in matters of religion. Religions systems are for the most part fallacious; the Bible alone cannot lead astray; let us then justly and simply attend to its instructions; and I think that by this method, if we discuss sincerely, we shall easily find ourselves agreed, because all four confess that all religious doctrine ought to have its foundation in the Bible."

**The rest of "The Discussion" is on hold for now.**