

# First American President George Washington may have died a Roman Catholic!



George Washington

When watching the Youtube video on my other page, [The Founding Fathers of America: All opposed to the Gospel of Jesus Christ!](#)

I came across a stunning revelation: (Quoted from <http://catholicism.org/george-washington-died-a-catholic.html> )

“Our first President, George Washington, died a Catholic. While he lay on his deathbed he sent his slaves across the Potomac to bring back his close friend, Father Leonard Neal, S.J. Neal (a *Jesuit* priest!) spent some time alone in the President’s sick room. When he returned to the Jesuit house, his fellow religious asked him the outcome of his visit and he simply answered, “Everything has been taken care of.” The entire story is related in the Jesuit annals. The Negro slaves, who had been imbued with Baptist anti-Catholic bigotry, passed on the story that **“Master George had been seduced by the scarlet woman of Rome”**. Our first President had always kept a beautiful picture of Our Lady in His living room; he adopted the Catholic practice of blessing himself before meals; he was largest contributor, giving more than even Bishop Carroll, to the building of St. Augustine’s church in Philadelphia; he very often attended Mass; and he often told his troops that if they did not refrain from abusing the Holy Name of Jesus they would surely lose the war.”

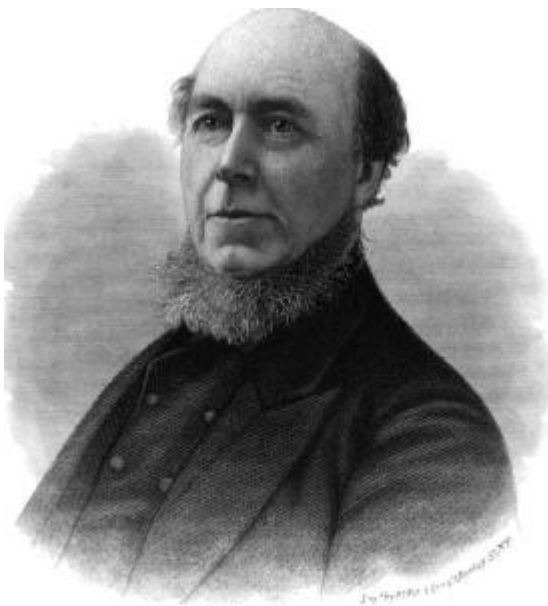
We know for sure that George Washington was a Freemason, and Freemasons reject the Gospel of simple faith in Jesus Christ for salvation, and they base their salvation on works and good deeds. Therefore it would be no problem for Episcopalian in name only George Washington to switch his religious allegiance to that of Roman Catholicism which says that faith is

not enough to be saved, you need works and good deeds also.

You won't find this story in official documents, but it was reported in the Denver Register in 1957. Source <http://catholicism.org/washington-slaves.html>

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## [A Sincere Roman Catholic Priest Finds Contradictions in the Teachings of the Holy Fathers](#)



This is from chapter 46 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome". If you are a Roman Catholic or was raised a Roman Catholic like I was, I dare say you will find this interesting.



Saint Augustine

The most desolate work of a sincere Catholic priest is the study of the Holy Fathers. He does not make a step in the labyrinth of their discussions and controversies without seeing the dreams of his theological studies and religious views disappear as the thick morning mist, when the sun rises above the horizon. Bound as he is, by a solemn oath, to interpret the Holy Scriptures only according to the unanimous consent of the Holy Fathers, the first thing which puzzles and distresses him is their absolute want of unanimity on the greater part of the subjects which they discuss. The fact

is, that **more than two-thirds of what one Father has written is to prove that what some other Holy Father has written is wrong and heretical.**

The student of the Fathers not only detects that they do not agree with one another, but finds that **many of them do not even agree with themselves.** Very often they confess that they were mistaken when they said this or that; that they have lately changed their minds; that they now hold for saving truth what they formerly condemned as a damning error!

What becomes of the solemn oath of every priest in presence of this undeniable fact? How can he make an act of faith when he feels that its foundation is nothing but falsehood?

No words can give an idea of the mental tortures I felt when I saw positively that I could not, any longer, **preach on the eternity of the suffering of the damned,** nor believe in the real presence of the body, soul, and divinity of Christ in the sacrament of communion; nor in the supremacy of the sovereign Pontiff of Rome, nor in any of the other dogmas of my church, without perjuring myself! For **there was not one of those dogmas which had not been flatly and directly denied by some Holy Fathers.**

It is true, that in my Roman Catholic theological books I had long extracts of Holy Fathers, very clearly supporting and confirming my faith in those dogmas. For instance, I had the apostolic liturgies of St. Peter, St. Mark, and St. James, to prove that the sacrifice of the mass, purgatory, prayers for the dead, transubstantiation, were believed and taught from the very days of the apostles. But what was my dismay when I discovered that those liturgies were nothing else than **vile and audacious forgeries presented to the world, by my Popes and my church, as gospel truths.** I could not find words to express my sense of shame and consternation, when I became sure that the same church which had invented those apostolical liturgies, had accepted and circulated the false decretals of Isidore, and forged innumerable additions and interpolations to the writings of the Holy Fathers, in order to make them say the very contrary of what they intended.

How many times, when alone, studying the history of the shameless fabrications, I said to myself: **"Does the man whose treasury is filled with pure gold, forge false coins, or spurious pieces of money?** No! How, then, is it possible that my church possess the pure truth, when she has been at work during so many centuries, to forge such egregious lies, under the names of liturgies and decretals, about the holy mass, purgatory, the supremacy of the Pope, ect. **If those dogmas could have been proved by the gospel and the true writings of the Fathers, where was the necessity of forging lying documents?** Would the Popes and councils have treasuries with spurious bank bills, if they had had exhaustless mines of pure gold in hand? What right has my church to be called holy and infallible, when she is publicly guilty of such impostures."

From my infancy I had been taught, with all the Roman Catholics, that Mary is the mother of God, and many times, every day, when praying to her, **I used to say, "Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for me."** But what was my distress when I read in the **"Treatise on Faith and Creed," by Augustine,** Chapter iv. 9, these

very words: “When the Lord said, ‘Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come’ (John ii. 4), He rather admonishes us to understand that, **in respect of His being God, there was no mother for Him.**”

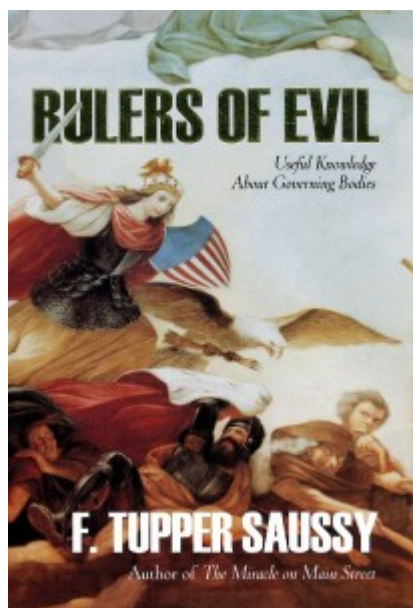
This was so completely demolishing the teachings of my church, and **telling me that it was blasphemy to call Mary mother of God**, that I felt as if struck with a thunderbolt.

Read read of the chapter

[http://www.biblebelievers.com/chiniquy/cc50\\_ch46.html](http://www.biblebelievers.com/chiniquy/cc50_ch46.html)

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## [Book Report: Rulers of Evil – Useful Knowledge about Governing Bodies, By F. Tupper Saussy](#)



This book has key pieces to the puzzle of how the Vatican has taken over the world through the Knight Templars, Illuminati, Jesuits, Freemasons, Knights of Malta, Rosicrucians and other secret groups. Yes folks, these groups are all connected with the center being Rome, the Vatican. “All roads lead to Rome” is true today as it ever was.

I deem the author Frederick Tupper Saussy to be a good honest researcher because he is a Christian who has pointed consistently throughout his book that the “Rulers of Evil” have sought to negate doctrines from the Old and New Testaments of the Holy Scriptures in favor of doctrines of paganism, with humanism being the number one doctrine they want to instill in the minds and hearts of the public.

Here’s a quote from page 20.

I felt an overwhelming obligation to love my enemies by studying them in intricate detail. I wanted to know the extent of **Jesuit involvement in United States government**, presently and historically. What I discovered was a **vast Roman Catholic substratum to American history**, especially the Revolution that produced the constitutional republic. I found that Jesuits played eminent and under-appreciated roles in moving the complacent New Englanders to rebel against their mother country. I discovered facts and motives strongly suggesting that events that made Great Britain divide in 1776 were **the outworkings of an ingenious Jesuit strategy**. This strategy appears to have been single-handedly designed and supervised by a true founding father few Americans have ever heard of – **Lorenzo Ricci** (known to British Jesuits as Laurence Richey). In fact, investigating Jesuit involvement in the formation of the United States turned up a whole host of hitherto littleknown names, such as Robert Bellarmine, Joseph Amiot, the Dukes of Norfolk, Daniel Coxe, Sun-Tzu, Lord Bute, Francis Thorpe, Nikolaus von Hontheim, and the Carrolls, Daniel, Charles, and John. In their way, these men were as essential to our constitutional origins as Jefferson, Paine, Adams, Washington, Locke, and George III.

## **New information I have learned so far**

- The founder of the Jesuit Order, Ignatius Loyola, was initiated into the Illuminati. The Illuminati existed long before Adam Weishaupt founded the *Bavarian branch* on May 1st. 1776.
- It was in Spain and Portugal that the Knights Templars began to call themselves "Illuminati."
- The basic doctrines of the Illuminati are based on Gnosticism.
- The Illuminati, Rosicrucians, Freemasons, Jesuits and Knights of Malta are groups that evolved from the Knights Templars
- The Knights Templars invented modern banking because of the invention of paper money by the Chinese. The banking financial systems of today would not be possible without paper money which has now advanced further into digital money.
- Though the Gunpowder Plot of 1605 was blamed on the Jesuits, and 8 Jesuit priests were executed, King James who "discovered" the plot was in reality a collaborator! The Plot gave James his best opportunity to separate loyal and moderate Catholics from the extremists of the Plot which secured England for loyal and moderate Roman Catholicism. The sacrifice of 8 Jesuits was a small price for the Vatican to pay to achieve what they have achieved in England!
- Shakespearean plays teach pagan Gnosticism much more than Biblical truth.
- The United States of America and its constitution was founded by Freemasons with a hidden agenda. This is exactly what author Ralph Epperson teaches in his video, "America's Secret Destiny".
- Some Jesuit priests wear plain clothes or the garb of something other than a Catholic priest. They do this for the purpose of infiltration. Some may even become ministers of Protestant churches! [Alberto Rivero](#) was one such Jesuit priest who wore plain clothes and was trained to be an infiltrator.

Journalist Greg Anthony highlights the work of Tupper Saussy and his book *Rulers of Evil*, going back to a lost but now found June 20 2006 radio interview he did with Tupper two years prior to his passing.

Some of the conclusions and statements in “*Rulers of Evil*” are in direct contradiction the what Eric Jon Phelps says in his book, “*Vatican Assassins*”. Phelps says the writer of Shakesperian plays was Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Masonic author Manly P. Hall says Freemason Francis Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare. After reading *Hamlet* last year, I am inclined to agree that de Vere did not write the plays attributed to William Shakespeare but more likely Francis Bacon and perhaps some of his associates did.

I do not recommend anyone to listen to Eric Jon Phelps or read his book *Vatican Assassins* anymore. Though he calls Charles Chiniquy one of his heroes, he contradicts him when he says that the civil war was caused by the North, and not the South. [Chiniquy quotes Abraham Lincoln](#) when he points the finger at the Jesuits and the Roman Catholic church for inciting the **South** to rebel against the North. Phelps also called George Washington a good Baptist when he was really an Episcopalian. He called him a godly man though Washington was a Freemason who did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ! Either Phelps gets his facts mixed up or he has a secret agenda.

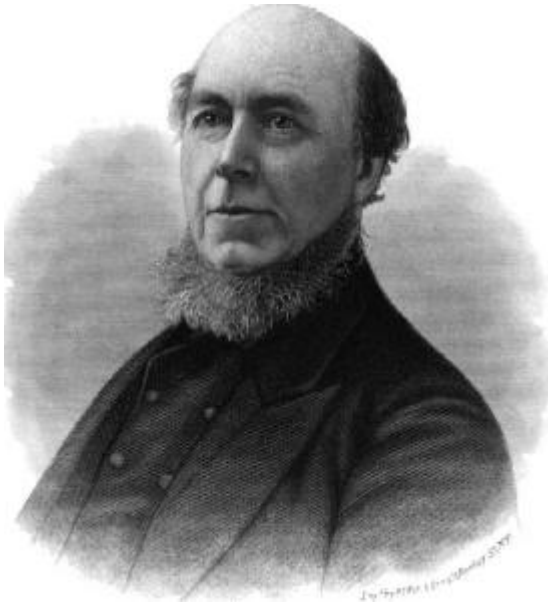
Read [chapter one of Rulers of Evil](#) on this website.

Read the [entire book](#) on this website.

Or [download the PDF format version](#) of the book.

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**[Catholic priest takes away widow's last resource of food to pay for Mass for her dead husband](#)**



Charles Chiniquy

This is from chapter 5 of Charles Chiniquy's book "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." I enjoy sharing my favorite stories from that book with my wife to help her learn English and for the pure inspiration of learning lessons from one of the most godly Christian authors I have ever read.

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## **The Priest, Purgatory, and the Poor Widow's Cow**

I arrived at home on the 17th of July, 1821, and spent the afternoon and evening till late by my father's side. With what pleasure did he see me working difficult problems in algebra, and even in geometry! for under my teacher, Mr. Jones, I had really made rapid progress in those branches. More than once I noticed tears of joy in my father's eyes when, taking my slate, he saw that my calculations were correct. He also examined me in grammar. "What an admirable teacher this Mr. Jones must be," he would say, "to have advanced a child so much in the short space of fourteen months!"

How sweet to me, but how short, were those hours of happiness passed between my good mother and my father! We had family worship. I read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the return of the prodigal son. My mother then sang a hymn of joy and gratitude, and I went to bed with my heart full of happiness to take the sweetest sleep of my life. But, O God! what an awful awakening Thou hadst prepared for me!

About four o'clock in the morning heartrending screams fell upon my ear. I recognized my mother's voice.

"What is the matter, dear mother?"

"Oh, my dear child, you have no more a father! He is dead!"

In saying these words she lost consciousness and fell on the floor!

While a friend who had passed the night with us gave her proper care, I hastened to my father's bed. I pressed him to my heart, I kissed him, I covered him with my tears, I moved his head, I pressed his hands, I tried to lift him up on his pillow: I could not believe that he was dead! It seemed to me that even if dead he would come back to life that God could not thus take my father away from me at the very moment when I had come back to him after so long an absence! I knelt to pray to God for the life of my father. But my tears and cries were useless. He was dead! He was already cold as ice!

Two days after he was buried. My mother was so overwhelmed with grief that she could not follow the funeral procession. I remained with her as her only earthly support. Poor mother! How many tears thou hast shed! What sobs came from thine afflicted heart in those days of supreme grief!

Though I was very young, I could understand the greatness of our loss, and I mingled my tears with those of my mother.

What pen can portray what takes place in the heart of a woman when God takes suddenly her husband away in the prime of his life, and leaves her alone, plunged in misery, with three small children, two of whom are even too young to know their loss! How long are the hours of the day for the poor widow who is left alone, and without means, among strangers! How painful the sleepless night to the heart which has lost everything! How empty a house is left by the eternal absence of him who was its master, support, and father! Every object in the house and every step she takes remind her of her loss and sinks the sword deeper which pierces her heart. Oh, how bitter are the tears which flow from her eyes when her youngest child, who as yet does not understand the mystery of death, throws himself into her arms and says: "Mamma, where is papa? Why does he not come back? I am lonely!"

My poor mother passed through those heartrending trials. I heard her sobs during the long hours of the day, and also during the longer hours of the night. Many times I have seen her fall upon her knees to implore God to be merciful to her and to her three unhappy orphans. I could do nothing then to comfort her, but love her, pray and weep with her!

Only a few days had elapsed after the burial of my father when I saw Mr. Courtois, the parish priest, coming to our house (he who had tried to take away our Bible from us). He had the reputation of being rich, and as we were poor and unhappy since my father's death, my first thought was that he had come to comfort and to help us. I could see that my mother had the same hopes. She welcomed him as an angel from heaven. The least gleam of hope is so sweet to one who is unhappy!

From his very first words, however, I could see that our hopes were not to be realized. He tried to be sympathetic, and even said something about the confidence that we should have in God, especially in times of trial; but his words were cold and dry.

Turning to me, he said:

"Do you continue to read the Bible, my little boy?"



"Yes, sir," answered I, with a voice trembling with anxiety, for I feared that he would make another effort to take away that treasure, and I had no longer a father to defend it.

Then, addressing my mother, he said:

"Madam, I told you that it was not right for you or your child to read that book."

My mother cast down her eyes, and answered only by the tears which ran down her cheeks.

That question was followed by a long silence, and the priest then continued:

"Madam, there is something due for the prayers which have been sung, and the services which you requested to be offered for the repose of your husband's soul. I will be very much obliged to you if you pay me that little debt."

"Mr. Courtis," answered my mother, "my husband left me nothing but debts. I have only the work of my own hands to procure a living for my three children, the eldest of whom is before you. For these little orphans' sake, if not for mine, do not take from us the little that is left."

"But, madam, you do not reflect. Your husband died suddenly and without any preparation; he is therefore in the flames of purgatory. If you want him to be delivered, you must necessarily unite your personal sacrifices to the prayers of the Church and the masses which we offer."

"As I said, my husband has left me absolutely without means, and it is impossible for me to give you any money," replied my mother.

"But, madam, your husband was for a long time the only notary of Mal Bay. He surely must have made much money. I can scarcely think that he has left you without any means to help him now that his desolation and sufferings are far greater than yours."

"My husband did indeed coin much money, but he spent still more. Thanks to God, we have not been in want while he lived. But lately he got this house built, and what is still due on it makes me fear that I will lose it. He also bought a piece of land not long ago, only half of which is paid and I will, therefore, probably not be able to keep it. Hence I may soon, with my poor orphans, be deprived of everything that is left us. In the meantime I hope, sir, that you are not a man to take away from us our last piece of bread."

"But, madam, the masses offered for the rest of your husband's soul must be paid for," answered the priest.

My mother covered her face with her handkerchief and wept.

As for me, I did not mingle my tears with hers this time. My feelings were not those of grief, but of anger and unspeakable horror. My eyes were fixed on the face of that man who tortured my mother's heart. I looked with tearless eyes upon the man who added to my mother's anguish, and made her

weep more bitterly than ever. My hands were clenched, as if ready to strike. All my muscles trembled; my teeth chattered as if from intense cold. My greatest sorrow was my weakness in the presence of that big man, and my not being able to send him away from our house, and driving him far away from my mother.

I felt inclined to say to him: "Are you not ashamed, you who are so rich, to come to take away the last piece of bread from our mouths?" But my physical and moral strength were not sufficient to accomplish the task before me, and I was filled with regret and disappointment.

After a long silence, my mother raised her eyes, reddened with tears, towards the priest and said:

"Sir, you see that cow in the meadow, not far from our house? Her milk and the butter made from it form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory, take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames."

The priest instantly arose, saying, "Very well, madam," and went out.

Our eyes anxiously followed him; but instead of walking towards the little gate which was in front of the house, he directed his steps towards the meadow, and drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

At that sight I screamed with despair: "Oh, my mother! he is taking our cow away! What will become of us?"

Lord Nairn had given us that splendid cow when it was three months old. Her mother had been brought from Scotland, and belonged to one of the best breeds of that country. I fed her with my own hands, and had often shared my bread with her. I loved her as a child always loves an animal which he has brought up himself. She seemed to understand and love me also. From whatever distance she could see me, she would run to me to receive my caresses, and whatever else I might have to give her. My mother herself milked her; and her rich milk was such delicious and substantial food for us.

My mother also cried out with grief as she saw the priest taking away the only means heaven had left her to feed her children.

Throwing myself into her arms, I asked her: "Why have you given away our cow? What will become of us? We shall surely die of hunger?"

"Dear child," she answered. "I did not think the priest would be so cruel as to take away the last resource which God had left us. Ah! if I had believed him to be so unmerciful I would never have spoken to him as I did. As you say, my dear child, what will become of us? But have you not often read to me in your Bible that God is the Father of the widow and the orphan? We shall pray to that God who is willing to be your father and mine: He will listen to us, and see our tears. Let us kneel down and ask Him to be merciful to us, and to give us back the support which the priest deprived us."

We both knelt down. She took my right hand with her left, and, lifting the other hand towards heaven, she offered a prayer to the God of mercies for her poor children such as I have never since heard. Her words were often choked by her sobs. But when she could not speak with her voice, she spoke with her burning eyes raised to heaven, and with her hand uplifted. I also prayed to God with her, and repeated her words, which were broken by my sobs.

When her prayer was ended she remained for a long time pale and trembling. Cold sweat was flowing on her face, and she fell on the floor. I thought she was going to die. I ran for cold water, which I gave her, saying: "Dear mother! Oh, do not leave me alone upon earth!" After drinking a few drops she felt better, and taking my hand, she put it to her trembling lips; then drawing me near her, and pressing me to her bosom, she said: "Dear child, if ever you become a priest, I ask of you never to be so hard-hearted towards poor widows as are the priests of today." When she said these words, I felt her burning tears falling upon my cheek.

The memory of these tears has never left me. I felt them constantly during the twenty-five years I spent in preaching the inconceivable superstitions of Rome.

I was not better, naturally, than many of the other priests. I believed, as they did, the impious fables of purgatory; and as well as they (I confess it to my shame), if I refused to take, or if I gave back the money of the poor, I accepted the money which the rich gave me for the masses I said to extinguish the flames of that fabulous place. But the remembrance of my mother's words and tears has kept me from being so cruel and unmerciful towards the poor widows as Romish priests are, for the most part, obliged to be.

When my heart, depraved by the false and impious doctrines of Rome, was tempted to take money from widows and orphans, under pretense of my long prayers, I then heard the voice of my mother, from the depth of her sepulchre, saying, "My dear child, do not be cruel towards poor widows and orphans, as are the priests of today." If, during the days of my priesthood at Quebec, at Beauport, and Kamarouska, I have given almost all that I had to feed and clothe the poor, especially the widows and orphans, it was not owing to my being better than others, but it was because my mother had spoken to me with words never to be forgotten. The Lord, I believe, had put into my mother's mouth those words, so simple but so full of eloquence and beauty, as one of His great mercies towards me. Those tears the hand of Rome has never been able to wipe off: those words of my mother the sophisms of Popery could not make me forget.

How long, O Lord, shall that insolent enemy of the gospel, the Church of Rome, be permitted to fatten herself upon the tears of the widow and of the orphan by means of that cruel and impious invention of paganism purgatory? Wilt Thou not be merciful unto so many nations which are still the victims of that great imposture? Oh, do remove the veil which covers the eyes of the priests and people of Rome, as Thou hast removed it from mine! Make them to understand that their hopes of purification must not rest on these fabulous fires, but only on the blood of the Lamb shed on Calvary to save the world.

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## The 31 Jesuit Generals



Ignatius of Loyola, the first Superior General.

I took from Wikipedia a list of Superior Generals of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) and made a chart showing which Popes reigned during that particular Jesuit General's rule. A Jesuit General is also known as the "Black Pope" and the existing Pope is called the "White Pope." As you see there have been more Popes, 50 totaled, compared to only 30 Jesuit Generals! What does that imply? Does it mean the Jesuit General gets rid of any Pope he doesn't like? Their favorite method of assassination is poisoning. Pope John Paul I lived only 33 days!

1. Ignatius of Loyola April 19, 1541 – July 31, 1556	Paul III Julius III Marcellus II Paul IV
2. Diego Laynez July 2, 1558 – January 19, 1565	Pius IV
3. Francis Borgia July 2, 1565 – October 1, 1572	Pius V
4. Everard Mercurian April 23, 1573 – August 1, 1580	Gregory XIII Sixtus V Urban VII Gregory XIV
5. Claudio Acquaviva February 19, 1581 – January 31, 1615	Innocent IX Clement VIII Leo XI Paul V
6. Mutio Vitelleschi November 15, 1615 – February 9, 1645	Gregory XV Urban VIII
7. Vincenzo Carafa January 7, 1646 – June 8, 1649	Innocent X
8. Francesco Piccolomini December 21, 1649 – June 17, 1651	Innocent X

9. Aloysius Gottifredi	January 21, 1652 – March 12, 1652	Innocent X
10. Goschwin Nickel	March 17, 1652 – July 31, 1664	Alexander VII Clement IX
11. Giovanni Paolo Oliva	July 31, 1664 – November 26, 1681	Clement X Innocent XI
12. Charles de Noyelle	July 5, 1682 – December 12, 1686	Alexander VIII
13. Thyrsus González de Santalla	July 6, 1687 – October 27, 1705	Innocent XII Clement XI
14. Michelangelo Tamburini	January 31, 1706 – February 28, 1730	Innocent XIII Benedict XIII
15. Franz Retz	March 7, 1730 – November 19, 1750	Clement XII
16. Ignacio Visconti	July 4, 1751 – May 4, 1755	Benedict XIV
17. Aloysius Centurione	November 30, 1755 – October 2, 1757	Benedict XIV Clement XIII
18. Lorenzo Ricci	October 17, 1782 – October 21, 1785	Clement XIV Pius VI
19. Tadeusz Brzozowski	August 7, 1814 – February 5, 1820	Pius VII
20. Luigi Fortis	October 18, 1820 – January 27, 1829	Leo XII Pius VIII
21. Jan Roothaan	July 9, 1829 – May 8, 1853	Gregory XVI Pius IX
22. Peter Jan Beckx	August 2, 1853 – March 4, 1887	Leo XIII
23. Anton Anderledy	March 4, 1887 – January 18, 1892	Leo XIII
24. Luis Martín	October 2, 1892 – April 18, 1906	Pius X
25. Franz Xavier Wernz	September 8, 1906 – August 20, 1914	Pius X
26. Włodimir Ledóchowski	February 11, 1915 – December 13, 1942	Benedict XV
27. Jean-Baptiste Janssens	September 15, 1946 – October 5, 1964	Pius XII John XXIII
28. Pedro Arrupe	May 22, 1965 – September 3, 1983	Paul VI John Paul I
29. Peter Hans Kolvenbach	September 13, 1983 – January 14, 2008	John Paul II Benedict XVI
30. Adolfo Nicolás	January 19, 2008 – October 3, 2016	Benedict XVI Francis
31. Arturo Sosa	October 14, 2016 –	Francis

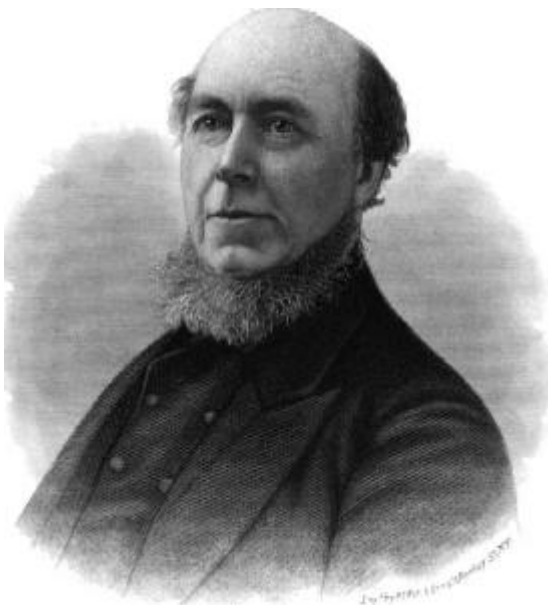
Only one Pope in history, Innocent X, spans the reign of 3 Jesuit Generals. He reigned toward the end of the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) in Europe when millions of people were killed. Pope Innocent X objected to the final peace treaty of that war!

“One of the most devastating wars in European history. The Thirty Years War began as a conflict between **German Protestants and German Catholics**, that slowly expanded to include most of the rest of Europe, with first the Protestant powers joining in to protect their co-religionists in Germany, and then Catholic France supporting the protestant cause as part of the long running Bourbon-Hapsburg rivalry (and before that the Valois-Hapsburg

rivalry). The war caused massive destruction in Germany, and may have reduced the population of the area by half, in part because much of the fighting was carried out by mercenary armies that plundered every area they crossed." From [http://www.historyofwar.org/articles/wars\\_thirtyyears.html](http://www.historyofwar.org/articles/wars_thirtyyears.html)

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## [Young Catholic priest Charles Chiniquy stands up to the Bishop for his convictions against drinking alcohol](#)



Charles Chiniquy

This is one of my favorite stories from [Charles Chiniquy's book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome"](#) taken from chapter 35. I think Chiniquy had an amazing amount of courage and conviction to not compromise his stand against drinking considering the crowd of people he was with which included the Archbishop!

Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899) was a Canadian Catholic priest who was twice suspended from his priestly ministry (because he stood up from his convictions based on the Bible) and finally excommunicated as a schismatic. He then became a Presbyterian pastor and led his entire flock (a thousand families) of St. Anne Illinois away from the darkness of Romanism into the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! He is known for his lurid accusations against the Roman Catholic Church. In the period between 1885 and 1899 he was the focus of a great deal of discussion in the United States of America. During the 1880s his conspiracy theories included his claim to have **exposed the Jesuits as the assassins of President Abraham Lincoln**, and that, **if unchecked, the Jesuits could eventually politically**

**rule the United States!** (Edited from the Wikipedia article about him.)

If you or anybody you know has a problem with alcohol, I recommend reading "The Easy Way to Stop Drinking" by Allen Carr. It gives great insights can save an alcoholic to the point he will stop drinking and won't need further support from anybody.

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Some days later, the Bishop of Nancy was in Quebec, the guest of the Seminary, and a grand dinner was given in his honour, to which more than one hundred priests were invited, with the Archbishop of Quebec, his coadjutor, N. G. Turgeon, and the Bishop of Montreal, M.Q.R. Bourget.

As one of the youngest curates, I had taken the last seat, which was just opposite the four bishops, from whom I was separated only by the breadth of the table. When the rich and rare viands had been well disposed of, and the more delicate fruits had replaced them, bottles of the choicest wines were brought on the table in incredible numbers. Then the superior of the college, the Rev. Mr. Demars, knocked on the table to command silence, and rising on his feet, he said, at the top of his voice, "Please, my lord bishops, and all of you, reverend gentlemen, let us drink to the health of my Lord Count de Forbin Janson, Primate of Lorraine and Bishop of Nancy.

The bottles passing around were briskly emptied into the large glasses put before everyone of the guests. But when the wine was handed to me I passed it to my neighbour without taking a drop, and filled my glass with water. My hope was that nobody had paid any attention to what I had done; but I was mistaken. The eyes of my bishop, my Lord Signaie, were upon me. With a stern voice, he said: "Mr. Chiniquy, what are you doing there? Put wine in your glass, to drink with us the health of Mgr. de Nancy."

These unexpected words fell upon me as a thunderbolt, and really paralyzed me with terror. I felt the approach of the most terrible tempest I had ever experienced. My blood ran cold in my veins; I could not utter a word. For what could I say there, without compromising myself for ever. To openly resist my bishop, in the presence of such an august assembly, seemed impossible; but to obey him was also impossible; for I had promised God and my country never to drink any wine. I thought, at first, that I could disarm my superior by my modesty and my humble silence. However, I felt that all eyes were upon me. A real chill of terror and unspeakable anxiety was running through my whole frame. My heart began to beat so violently that I could not breathe. I wished then I had followed my first impression, which was not to come to that dinner. I think I would have suffocated had not a few tears rolled down from my eyes, and help the circulation of my blood. The Rev. Mr. Lafrance, who was by me, nudged me, and said, "Do you not hear the order of my Lord Signaie? Why do you not answer by doing what you are requested to do?" I still remained mute, just as if nobody had spoken to me. My eyes were cast down; I wished then I were dead. The silence of death reigning around the tables told me that everyone was waiting for my answer; but my lips were sealed. After a minute of that silence, which seemed as long as a whole year, the bishop, with a loud and angry voice, which filled the large room,

repeated: "Why do you not put wine in your glass, and drink to the health of my Lord Forbin Janson, as the rest of us are doing?"

I felt I could not be silent any longer. "My lord," I said, with a subdued and trembling voice, "I have put in my glass what I want to drink. I have promised God and my country that I would never drink any more wine."

The bishop, forgetting the respect he owed to himself and to those around him, answered me in the most insulting manner: "You are nothing but a fanatic, and you want to reform us."

These words struck me as the shock of a galvanic battery, and transformed me into a new man. It seemed as if they had added ten feet to my stature and a thousand pounds to my weight. I forgot that I was the subject of that bishop, and remembered that I was a man, in the presence of another man. I raised my head and opened my eyes, and as quick as lightning I rose to my feet, and addressing the Grand Vicar Demars, superior of the seminary, I said, with calmness, "Sir, was it that I might be insulted at your table that you have invited me here? Is it not your duty to defend my honour when I am here, your guest? But, as you seem to forget what you owe to your guests, I will make my own defense against my unjust aggressor." Then, turning towards the Bishop de Nancy, I said: "My Lord de Nancy, I appeal to your lordship from the unjust sentence of my own bishop. In the name of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, I request you tell us here if a priest cannot, for His Saviour's sake, and for the good of his fellow-men, as well as for his own self-denial, give up for ever the use of wine and other intoxicating drinks, without being abused, slandered, and insulted, as I am here, in your presence?"

It was evident that my words had made a deep impression on the whole company. A solemn silence followed for a few seconds, which was interrupted by my bishop, who said to the Bishop de Nancy, "Yes, yes, my lord; give us your sentence."

No words can give an idea of the excitement of everyone in that multitude of priests, who, accustomed from their infancy abjectly to submit to their bishop, were, for the first time, in the presence of such a hand-to-hand conflict between a powerless, humble, unprotected, young curate, and his all-powerful, proud, and haughty archbishop.

The Bishop of Nancy at first refused to grant my request. He felt the difficulty of his position; but after Bishop Signaie had united his voice to mine, to press him to give his verdict, he rose and said:

"My Lord Archbishop of Quebec, and you, Mr. Chiniquy, please withdraw your request. Do not press me to give my views on such a new, but important subject. It is only a few days since I came in your midst. It will not do that I should so soon become your judge. The responsibility of a judgment in such a momentous matter is too great. I cannot accept it."

But when the same pressing request was repeated by nine-tenths of that vast assembly of priests, and that the archbishop pressed him more and more to pronounce his sentence, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and made a



silent but ardent prayer to God. His countenance took an air of dignity, which I might call majesty, which gave him more the appearance of an old prophet than of a man of our day. Then casting his eyes upon his audience, he remained a considerable time meditating. All eyes were upon him, anxiously waiting for the sentence. There was an air of grandeur in him at that moment, which seemed to tell us that the priest blood of the great kings of France was flowing in his veins. At last, he opened his lips, but it was again pressingly to request me to settle the difficulty with the archbishop among ourselves, and to discharge him of that responsibility. But we both refused again to grant him his request, and pressed him to give his judgment. All this time I was standing, having publicly said that I would never sit again at that table unless that insult was wiped away.

Then he said with unspeakable dignity: "My Lord of Quebec! Here, before us, is our young priest, Mr. Chiniquy, who, once on his knees, in the presence of God and his angels, for the love of Jesus Christ, the good of his own soul and the good of his country, has promised never to drink! We are the witnesses that he is faithful to his promise, though he has been pressed to break it by your lordship. And because he keeps his pledge with such heroism, your lordship has called him a fanatic! Now, I am requested by everyone here to pronounce my verdict on that painful occurrence. Here it is. Mr. Chiniquy drinks no wine! But, if I look through the past ages, when God Himself was ruling His own people, through His prophets, I see Samson, who, by the special order of God, never drank wine or any other intoxicating drink. If from the Old Testament I pass to the New, I see John the Baptist, the precursor of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who, to obey the command of God, never drank any wine! When I look at Mr. Chiniquy, and see Samson at his right hand to protect him, and John the Baptist at his left to bless him, I find his position so strong and impregnable, that I would not dare attack or condemn him!" These words were pronounced in the most eloquent and dignified manner, and were listened to with a most respectful and breathless attention.

Bishop de Nancy, keeping his gravity, sat down, emptied his wine glass into a tumbler, filled it with water and drank to my health.

The poor archbishop was so completely confounded and humiliated that everyone felt for him. The few minutes spent at the table, after this extraordinary act of justice, seemed oppressive to everyone. Scarcely anyone dared look at his neighbour, or speak, except in a low and subdued tone, as when a great calamity has just occurred. Nobody thought of drinking his wine; and the health of the Bishop de Nancy was left undrunk. But a good number of priests filled their glasses with water, and giving me a silent sign of approbation, drank to my health. The society of temperance had been dragged by her enemies to the battle-field, to be destroyed; but she bravely fought, and gained the victory. Now, she was called to begin her triumphant march through Canada.

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# History of the Papacy By Rev. J.A. Wylie, LL.D



Rev. J.A. Wylie, LL.D.

I got this from <http://www.biblebelievers.com/wylie/papacy/index.html> which is already in HTML text. I'm posting only the preface and first chapter on my blog so I can find it easier.

**The following quote on J.A. Wylie is taken from a Publisher's Preface by Mourn Missionary Press:** "The Rev. James Aitken Wylie was for many years a leading Protestant spokesman. Born in Scotland in 1808, he was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen and at St. Andrews; he entered the Original Seccession Divinity Hall, Edinburgh in 1827, and was ordained in 1831. Dr. Wylie became sub-editor of the Edinburgh Witness in 1846, and, after joining the Free Church of Scotland in 1852, edited the Free Church Record from 1852 until 1860. In 1860 he was appointed Lecturer on Popery at the Protestant Institute, a position he held until the year of his death. Aberdeen University awarded him the LL.D. in 1856.

"Dr. Wylie was a prolific writer on Protestant themes. In 1851 the Evangelical Alliance awarded him first prize for his writing **The Papacy**, which he submitted as his entry for a competition for the best essay on Popery. "The writing for which Wylie is best known is his History of Protestantism which extends to nearly 2,000 pages and was first published in 1878."

## **Preface to People's Edition**

The compilation of a *Synopsis* and classified *Index*, has made it necessary for the author to re-read his work after an interval of thirty years. The perusal has fully satisfied him that the book is every whit as adapted to the present position of the popish controversy, the whole extent of which it covers, as it was when first published. Since then, it is true, two important dogmas have been promulgated from the papal chair; the Immaculate Conception of Mary (1854), and the Infallibility of the Pope (1870) ; but these decrees are rather the official ratification of what had been for centuries the teaching of Popes and popish doctors, than the importation of new elements into the question calling for a readjustment of the argument.

The loss of the temporal sovereignty, which has also befallen the Papacy since the first publication of this volume, is an event of graver consequence. But let it be borne in mind that it is the *temporal sovereignty*, not the *temporal power*, which the Papacy has lost; it is its paltry Italian kingship of which it has been stripped; not the temporal and spiritual supremacy of Christendom. Temporal power is a root-prerogative of the Papacy.

With or without his crown, the Pope, so long as he exists, will be a Great Temporal Power. What signifies it that a small branch of this tree has been lopped off, while the trunk still stands erect, nay, is even stronger than before? Freed as it now is from the scandals, political and moral, which were attendant on its government of the Papal States, the Papacy is now in a better position for prosecuting its cherished aim, which is to be the supreme arbiter in all international disputes. It seeks, in short, to become President of a great European Council, in which kings and nations shall await its decisions, and be pledged to carry out its behests, peaceably if possible, by arms if necessary. From being the moral dictator of Christendom, it is but a little step to being, as the Papacy was once before, its armed ruler and head.

Will the reader pardon a word about the history of the book, and its Continental experiences? When the German translation appeared (Elberfeld, 1853), the Romanists of the Continent welcomed it with a chorus of anathemas. *L'Univers* of Paris cursed it energetically. The journalists of the Rhine were equally wroth. Without naming either the book or its author, they made their readers aware that a crime of fearful atrocity had been committed, which called loudly for punishment by the sword. We give a specimen: –

- "A very shameful book has lately been printed and published in Elberfeld by William Hassell, consisting of thirty-six sheets, and in which Popery and the Catholic religion are exposed as a work of Satan and a restoration of old heathenish idolatry, and a cunning delusive invention of the Pope and the Catholic priesthood as the mother of revolutions and communism. >From beginning to end, with the same cool deliberation, it consists of lies, injuries, and abuses, which have from time to time been brought against the Pope and the Catholic religion, heaped together, and made into one compact whole. The most unheard-of violence offered; and the holiest of the Catholics scorned and derided. The rulers of the country are exhorted throughout to observe how the Catholic religion causes the destruction of every State, and how the Catholic priesthood are even now endeavouring to exercise unbearable tyranny and cruelty over princes and people. . . . The Catholic Church in Prussia is a lawful safeguard against such calumnies, and the abuse of the Catholic religion is provided for in its penal laws." *Rheimsches Kirchenblatt*, Cologne.

In an article on the above in the *Witness* of Nov. 20, 1853, we find Hugh Miller saying: –

- "The editor of this paper gave expression long ago in its columns to his admiration of Mr. Wylie's masterly work on the Papacy –a work which has since been extensively spread over Protestant Europe. . . . Still, however, his decision was that of a personal friend of the author, and the various favourable critiques which bore out his estimate of its merits were at least Protestant critiques. Our present testimony respecting it must be recognised as above suspicion; it comes from Popery itself, and we find that Popery regards it as a dangerous work, suited to do the Catholic religion great injury, and that penal laws furnish the only effectual instruments for dealing with and answering

it."

Dr. Graham, in his volume, *The Jordan and the Rhine*, says: –

- "This work has at last made its appearance in the German language. . . . The Papists are up on all sides, not to reply but to denounce, not to reason and answer, but to invoke the civil power. They never name the book lest an inquiring Papist should be inclined to purchase it. In Cologne no bookseller would take charge of it –Papist or Protestant. The argument is very sharp and severe, but the reason is led captive, and the infinite superstition dissected with a master's hand. It will confirm the wavering and strengthen the weak. May the Lord grant His blessing to it as a means of counteracting the idolatries and idolatrous tendencies of the age."

### **Enormous recent Papal Advances.**

Since the first publication of this work the Papacy has made enormous strides to temporal dominion and spiritual supremacy in our country.

1. The public administration of the empire, which up till 1850 was almost purely Protestant, has since been largely Romanized.
2. The Papal Hierarchy has been established in both England and Scotland, and the ordinary machinery of Rome's government is in full operation over the whole kingdom.
3. The empire has been divided into dioceses, with the ordinary equipment of chapters and provincial synods in each, for bringing canon law to the door of every Romanist, and governing him in his social relations, his political acts, and his religious duties.
4. The staff of the Romish Church has been trebled.
5. In Scotland alone there has been an increase of 216 priests, 250 chapels, 15 monasteries, and 34 convents.
6. The priests of Rome have been introduced into our army and navy, into our prisons and poor-houses, reformatories and hospitals, thus converting these departments of the State into a ministration of Romanism.
7. The annual sum paid as salaries, etc., to the Popish priesthood approaches a million and a half, making Popery one of the endowed faiths of the nation.
8. Considerable progress has been made in the work of breaking down the national system of education, and replacing the board schools with denominational schools in which the teaching shall be Romish.
9. The annual grants to such schools in England and Scotland have now risen to £200,000. Thousands of Protestant children attend them, and are being instructed in the tenets of Popery, and familiarized with Romish rites.
10. Two-thirds of the youth of Ireland are being educated by monks and nuns,

at a cost to the country of £700,000 yearly.

11. Ritualism has grown into a power in England. In many of the national churches the ceremonial of the Mass is openly celebrated, crucifixes and Madonnas are frequent, auricular confession is practised, the dead are supplicated, and new-constructed cathedrals are arranged on the foregone conclusion that Popery is to be the future religion of Great Britain.

12. All the great offices of State (the English wool-sack and the throne excepted), closed against Romanists in the Catholic Emancipation Act, have been opened to them.

13. The oath of the Royal Supremacy has been abolished.

14. The words "*being Protestant*" have been dropped from the oath of allegiance.

15. The most brilliant post under the Crown, the viceroyalty of India, has been held by a Papist, and may be so again.

16. An avowed Romanist sits in the Cabinet, with more, it may be, to follow.

17. Cardinal Manning has had precedence given him next to the Royal family, a step towards the like precedence being given to Popish over Anglican Protestant bishops.

18. A special Envoy has been sent with congratulations to the Pope on occasion of his jubilee, and a nuncio has in return been received at Court from Leo XIII.

19. There is a serious talk of re-establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican;

20. And, *mirabile dictu!* the project has been broached of restoring the Pope's temporal sovereignty: and the idea is being agitated, although it must be plain to all that it cannot be carried out without overthrowing the kingdom of Italy and plunging the nations of Europe into war.

These are great strides towards grasping the government of the British empire. And all this has been done despite the warning testimony of the nations around us which Popery has destroyed, and in disregard of the unanswered demonstration of a modern statesman –

That to become a subject of the Pope is to surrender one's "moral and mental freedom;"

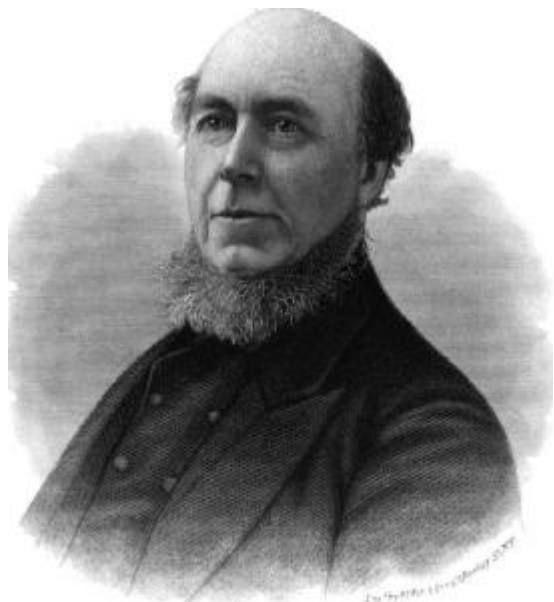
And incapacitate one's self for yielding "loyalty" to the Queen, and "civil duty" to the State.

If the end of this policy shall be good, HISTORY is a senile babbler, and PROPHECY is but the Sibyl, with her books, over again.

Continue to [chapter I Origin of the Papacy](#)

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## Charles Chiniquy Leads an Entire Town Away from Alcohol



Charles Chiniquy

If you have a drinking problem and are seeking aid, this story may just inspire you to stop drinking completely!

It's a slightly condensed version of chapters 33 & 34 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "[Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)". I find it an exciting account of how one man with the Power of God turned an entire town away from alcoholism!!

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The 21st of September, 1833, was a day of desolation to me. On that day I received the letter of my bishop appointing me curate of Beauport. Many times, I had said to the other priests, when talking about our choice of the different parishes, that I would never consent to be curate of Beauport. That parish, which is a kind of suburb of Quebec, was too justly considered **the very nest of the drunkards of Canada**. With a soil of unsurpassed fertility, inexhaustible lime quarries, gardens covered with most precious vegetables and fruits, forests near at hand, to furnish wood to the city of Quebec, at their doors, the people of Beauport, were, nevertheless, **classed among the poorest, most ragged and wretched people of Canada**. For almost every cent they were getting at the market went into the hands of the saloon-keepers. Hundreds of times I had seen the streets which led from St. Roch to the upper town of Quebec almost impassable, when the drunkards of Beauport were leaving the market to go home. How many times I heard them fill the air with their cries and blasphemies; and saw the streets reddened with their blood when fighting with one another, like mad dogs!

After weeping to my heart's content at the reading of the letter from my bishop, which had come to me as a thunderbolt, my first thought was that my misfortune, though very great, was not irretrievable. I knew that there were many priests who were as anxious to become curates of Beauport as I was opposed to it. My hope was that the bishop would be touched by my tears, if not convinced by my arguments, and that he would not persist in putting on my shoulders a burden which they could not carry. I immediately went to the palace, and did all in my power to persuade his lordship to select another priest for Beauport. He listened to my arguments with a great deal of patience and kindness, and answered:

"My dear Mr. Chiniquy, you forget too often, that 'implicit and perfect obedience to his superiors is the virtue of a good priest. You have given me a great deal of trouble and disappointment by refusing to relieve the good bishop Provencher of his too heavy burden. It was at my suggestion, you know very well, that he had selected you to be his coworker along the coasts of the Pacific, by consenting to become the first Bishop of Oregon. Your obstinate resistance to your superiors in that circumstance, and in several other cases, is one of your weak points. If you continue to follow your own mind rather than obey those whom God has chosen to guide you, I really fear for your future. I have already too often yielded to your rebellious character. Through respect to myself, and for your own good, today I must force you to obey me. You have spoken of the drunkenness of the people of Beauport, as one of the reasons why I should not put you at the head of that parish; but this is just one of the reasons why I have chosen you. You are the only priest I know, in my diocese, able to struggle against the long-rotted and detestable evil, with a hope of success.

Though far from being reconciled to my new position, I saw there was no help; I had to obey, as my predecessor, Mr. Begin, was to sell all his house furniture, before taking charge of his far distant parish, La Riviere Ouelle, he kindly invited me to go and buy, on long credit, what I wished for my own use, which I did. The whole parish was on the spot long before me, partly to show their friendly sympathy for their last pastor, and partly to see their new curate. I was not long in the crowd without seeing that my small stature and my leanness were making a very bad impression on the people, who were accustomed to pay their respects to a comparatively tall man, whose large and square shoulders were putting me in the shade. Many jovial remarks, though made in half-suppressed tones, came to my ears, to tell me that I was cutting a poor figure by the side of my jolly predecessor.

"He is hardly bigger than my tobacco box," said one not far from me: "I think I could put him in my vest pocket."

"Has he not the appearance of a salted sardine!" whispered a woman to her neighbour, with a hearty laugh.

Had I been a little wiser, I could have redeemed myself by some amiable or funny words, which would have sounded pleasantly in the ears of my new parishioners. But, unfortunately for me, that wisdom is not among the gifts I received. After a couple of hours of auction, a large cloth was suddenly removed from a long table, and presented to our sight an incredible number of

wine and beer glasses, of empty decanters and bottles, of all sizes and quality. This brought a burst of laughter and clapping of hands from almost every one. All eyes were turned towards me, and I heard from hundreds of lips: "This is for you, Mr. Chiniquy." Without weighing my words, I instantly answered: "I do not come to Beauport to buy wine glasses and bottles, but to *break them.*"

These words fell upon their ears as a spark of fire on a train of powder. Nine-tenths of that multitude, without being very drunk, had emptied from four to ten glasses of beer or rum, which Rev. Mr. Begin himself was offering them in a corner of the parsonage. A real deluge of insults and cursings overwhelmed me; and I soon saw that the best thing I could do was to leave the place without noise, and by the shortest way.

I immediately went to the bishop's place, to try again to persuade his lordship to put another curate at the head of such a people. "You see, my lord," I said, "that by my indiscreet and rash answer I have for ever lost the respect and confidence of that people. They already hate me; their brutal cursings have fallen upon me like balls of fire. I prefer to be carried to my grave next Sabbath, than have to address such a degraded people. I feel that I have neither the moral nor the physical power to do any good there."

"I differ from you," replied the bishop. "Evidently the people wanted to try your mettle, by inviting you to buy those glasses, and you would have lost yourself by yielding to their desire. Now they have seen that you are brave and fearless. It is just what the people of Beauport want; I have known them for a long time. It is true that they are drunkards; but, apart from that vice, there is not a nobler people under heaven. They have, literally, no education, but they possess marvelous common sense, and have many noble and redeeming qualities, which you will soon find out.

Next Sunday was a splendid day, and the church of Beauport was filled to its utmost capacity by the people, eager to see and hear, for the first time, their new pastor. I had spent the last three days in prayers and fastings. God knows that never a priest, nor any minister of the Gospel, ascended the pulpit with more exalted views of his sublime functions than I did that day, and never a messenger of the Gospel had been more terrified than I was, when in that pulpit, by the consciousness of his own demerits, inability and incompetency, in the face of the tremendous responsibilities of his position.

After the sermon, I told them: "I have a favour to ask of you. As it is the first, I hope you will not rebuke me. I have just now given you some of the duties of your poor young curate towards you; I want you to come again this afternoon at half-past two o'clock, that I may give you some of your duties towards your pastor." At the appointed hour the church was still more crowded than in the morning, and it seemed to me that my merciful God blessed still more that second address than the first.

The text was: "When he (the shepherd) putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice" (Jno. x. 4).

Those two sermons on the Sabbath were a startling innovation in the Roman



Catholic Church of Canada, which brought upon me, at once, many bitter remarks from the bishop and surrounding curates. Their unanimous verdict was that I wanted to become a little reformer. They had not the least doubt that in my pride I wanted to show the people "that I was the most zealous priest of the country." This was not only whispered from ear to ear among the clergy, but several times it was thrown into my face in the most insulting manner. However, my God knew that my only motives were, first, to keep my people away from the taverns, by having them before their altars during the greatest part of the Sabbath day; second, to impress more on their minds the great saving and regenerating truths I preached, by presenting them twice in the same day under different aspects. I found such benefits from those two sermons, that I continued the practice during the four years I remained in Beauport, though I had to suffer and hear, in silence, many humiliating and cutting remarks from many co-priests.

I had not been more than three months at the head of that parish, when I determined to organize a temperance society on the same principles as Father Mathew, in Ireland. I opened my mind, at first, on that subject to the bishop, with the hope that he would throw the influence of his position in favour of the new association, but, to my great dismay and surprise, not only did he turn my project into ridicule, but absolutely forbade me to think any more of such an innovation. **"These temperance societies are a Protestant scheme,"** he said. "Preach against drunkenness, but let the respectable people who are not drunkards alone. St. Paul advised his disciple Timothy to drink wine. Do not try to be more zealous than they were in those apostolic days."

I left the bishop much disappointed, but did not give up my plan. It seemed to me if I could gain the neighbouring priests to join with me in my crusade I wanted to preach against the usage of intoxicating drinks, we might bring about a glorious reform in Canada, as Father Mathew was doing in Ireland. But the priests, without a single exception, laughed at me, turned my plans into ridicule, and requested me, in the name of common sense, never to speak any more to them of giving up their social glass of wine. I shall never be able to give any idea of my sadness, when I saw that I was to be opposed by my bishop and the whole clergy in the reform which I considered then, more and more every day, the only plank of salvation, not only of my dear people of Beauport, but of all Canada. God only knows the tears I shed, the long sleepless nights I have passed in studying, praying, meditating on that great work of Beauport. I had recourse to all the saints of heaven for more strength and light; for I was determined, at any cost, to try and form a temperance society. But every time I wanted to begin, I was frightened by the idea, not only of the wrath of the whole clergy, which would hunt me down, but still more of the ridicule of the whole country, which would overwhelm me in case of a failure. In these perplexities, I thought I would do well to write to Father Mathew and ask him his advice and the help of his prayers. That noble apostle of temperance of Ireland answered me in an eloquent letter, and pressed me to begin the work in Canada as he had done in Ireland, relying on God, without paying any attention to the opposition of man.

The wise and Christian words of that great and worthy Irish priest, came to me as the voice of God; and I determined to begin the work at once, though

the whole world should be against me. I felt that if God was in my favour, I would succeed in reforming my parish and my country in spite of all the priests and bishops of the world, and I was right. Before putting the plough into the ground, I had not only prayed to God and all His saints, almost day and night, during many months, but I had studied all the best books written in England, France and the United States, on the evils wrought by the use of intoxicating drinks. I had taken a pretty good course of anatomy in the Marine Hospital under the learned Dr. Douglas.

I was then well posted on the great subject I was to bring before my country. I knew the enemy I was to attack. And the weapons which would give him the death blow were in my hands. I only wanted my God to strengthen my hands and direct my blows. I prayed to Him, and in His great mercy He heard me.

This was on a Saturday night, March 20, 1839. The next morning was the first Sabbath of Lent. I said to the people after the sermon:

"I have told you, many times, that I sincerely believe it is my mission from God to put an end to the unspeakable miseries and crimes engendered every day, here in our whole country, by the use of intoxicating drink. Alcohol is the great enemy of your souls and your bodies. It is the most implacable enemy of your wives, your husbands, and your children. It is the most formidable enemy of our dear country and our holy religion. I must destroy that enemy. But I cannot fight alone. I must form an army and raise a banner in your midst, around which all the soldiers of the Gospel will rally. Jesus Christ Himself will be our general. He will bless and sanctify us He will lead us to victory. The next three days will be consecrated by you and by me in preparing to raise that army. Let all those who wish to fill its ranks, come and pass these three days with me in prayer and meditation before our sacred altars. Let even those who do not want to be soldiers of Christ, or to fight the great and glorious battles which are to be fought, come through curiosity, to see a most marvelous spectacle. I invite every one of you, in the name of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom alcohol nails anew to the cross every day. I invite you in the name of the holy Virgin Mary, and of all the saints and angels of God, who are weeping in heaven for the crimes committed every day by the use of intoxicating drinks. I invite you in the names of the wives whom I see here in your midst, weeping because they have drunken husbands. I invite you to come in the names of the fathers whose hearts are broken by drunken children. I invite you to come in the name of so many children who are starving, naked, and made desolate by their drunken parents. I invite you to come in the name of your immortal souls, which are to be eternally damned if the giant destroyer, Alcohol, be not driven from our midst."

The next morning, at eight o'clock, my church was crammed by the people. My first address was at half-past eight o'clock, the second at 10:30 a.m., the third at 2.0 p.m., and the fourth at five. The intervals between the addresses were filled by beautiful hymns selected for the occasion. Many times during my discourse the sobs and the cries of the people were such that I had to stop speaking, to mix my sobs and my tears with those of my people. That first day seventy-five men, from among the most desperate drunkards, enrolled themselves under the banner of temperance. The second day I gave

again four addresses, the effects of which were still more blessed in their result. Two hundred of my dear parishioners were enrolled in the grand army which was to fight against their implacable enemy. But it would require the hand of an angel to write the history of the third day, at the end of which, in the midst of tears, sobs, and cries of joy, three hundred more of that noble people swore, in the presence of their God, never to touch, taste, or handle the cursed drinks with which Satan inundates the earth with desolation, and fills hell with eternal cries of despair. During these three days more than two-thirds of my people had publicly taken the pledge of temperance, and had solemnly said in the presence of God, before their altars, "For the love of Jesus Christ, and by the grace of God, I promise that I will never take any intoxicating drink, except as a medicine. I also pledge myself to do all in my power, by my words and example, to persuade others to make the same sacrifice." The majority of my people, among whom we counted the most degraded drunkards, were changed and reformed, not by me, surely, but by the visible, direct work of the great and merciful God, who alone can change the heart of man.

As a great number of people from the surrounding parishes, and even from Quebec, had come to hear me the third day through curiosity, the news of that marvelous work spread very quickly throughout the whole country. The press, both French and English, were unanimous in their praises and felicitations. But when the Protestants of Quebec were blessing God for that reform, the French Canadians, at the example of their priests denounced me as a fool and heretic.

The second day of our revival I had sent messages to four of the neighbouring curates, respectfully requesting them to come and see what the Lord was doing, and help me to bless Him. But they refused. They answered my note with their contemptuous silence. One only, the Rev. Mr. Roy, curate of Charlesbourg, deigned to write me a few words, which I cope here:

.  
Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, Curate of Beauport.

My dear Confrere: Please forgive me if I cannot forget the respect I owe to myself, enough to go and see your fooleries.

Truly yours,

Pierre Roy.

Charlesbourg, March 5th, 1839.

The indignation of the bishop knew no bounds. A few days after, he ordered me to go to his palace and give an account of what he called my "strange conduct." When alone with me he said: "Is it possible, Mr. Chiniquy, that you have so soon forgotten my prohibition not to establish that ridiculous temperance society in your parish? Had you compromised yourself alone by that Protestant comedy for it is nothing but that I would remain silent, in my pity for you. But you have compromised our holy religion by introducing a society whose origin is clearly heretical. Last evening, the venerable Grand Vicar Demars told me that you would sooner or later become a Protestant, and

that this was your first step. Do you not see that the Protestants only praise you? Do you not blush to be praised only by heretics? Without suspecting it, you are just entering a road which leads to your ruin. You have publicly covered yourself with such ridicule that I fear your usefulness is at an end, not only in Beauport, but in all my diocese. I do not conceal it from you: my first thought, when an eye-witness told me yesterday what you had done, was to interdict you. I have been prevented from taking that step only by the hope that you will undo what you have done. I hope that you will yourself dissolve that anti-Catholic association, and promise to put an end to those novelties, which have too strong a smell of heresy to be tolerated by your bishop."

I answered: "My lord, your lordship has not forgotten that it was absolutely against my own will that I was appointed curate of Beauport; and God knows that you have only to say a word, and, without a murmur, I will give you my resignation, that you may put a better priest at the head of that people, which I consider, and which is really, today the noblest and the most sober people of Canada. But I will put a condition to the resignation of my position. It is, that I will be allowed to publish before the world that the Rev. Mr. Begin, my predecessor, has never been troubled by his bishop for having allowed his people, during twenty-three years, to swim in the mire of drunkenness; and that I have been disgraced by my bishop, and turned out from that same parish, for having been the instrument, by the mercy of God, in making them the most sober people in Canada."

The poor bishop felt, at once, that he could not stand on the ground he had taken with me. He was a few moments without knowing what to say. He saw also that his threats had no influence over me, and that I was not ready to undo what I had done. After a painful silence of a minute or two, he said: "Do you not see that the solemn promises you have extorted from those poor drunkards are rash and unwise; they will break them at the first opportunity? Their future state of degradation, after such an excitement, will be worse than the first."

I answered: "I would partake of your fears if that change were my work; but as it is the Lord's work, we have nothing to fear. The works of men are weak, and of short duration, but the works of God are solid and permanent. About the prophecy of the venerable Mr. Demars, that I have taken my first step towards Protestantism by turning a drunken into a sober people, I have only to say that if that prophecy be true, it would show that Protestantism is more apt than our holy religion to work for the glory of God and the good of the people. I hope that your lordship is not ready to accept that conclusion, and that you will not then trouble yourself with the premises. The venerable grand Vicar, with many other priests, would do better to come and see what the Lord is doing in Beauport, than to slander me and turn false prophets against its curate and people. My only answer to the remarks of your lordship, that the Protestants alone praise me, when the Roman Catholic priests and people condemn me, proves only one thing, viz., that Protestants, on this question, understand the Word of God, and have more respect for it than we Roman Catholics. It would prove also that they understand the interests of humanity better than we do, and that they have more generosity

than we have, to sacrifice their selfish propensities to the good of all. I take the liberty of saying to your lordship, that in this, as in many other things, it is high time that we should open our eyes to our false position.

“Instead of remaining at the lowest step of the ladder of one of the most Christian virtues, temperance, we must raise ourselves to the top, where Protestants are reaping so many precious fruits. Besides, would your lordship be kind enough to tell me why I am denounced and abused here, and by my fellow-priests and my bishop, for forming a temperance society in my parish, when Father Mathew, who wrote me lately to encourage and direct me in that work, is publicly praised by his bishops and blessed by the Pope for covering Ireland with temperance societies? Is your lordship ready to prove to me that Samson was a heretic in the camp of Israel when he fulfilled the promise made by his parents that he would never drink any wine, or beer; and John the Baptist, was not he a heretic and a Protestant as I am, when, to obey the voice of God, he did what I do today, with my dear people of Beauport?”

At that very moment, the sub-secretary entered to tell the bishop that a gentleman wanted to see him immediately on pressing business, and the bishop abruptly dismissed me, to my great comfort; and my impression was that he was as glad to get rid of me as I was to get rid of him.

With the exception of the Secretary, Mr. Cazeault, all the priests I met that day and the next month, either gave me the cold shoulder or overwhelmed me with their sarcasms. One of them who had friends in Beauport, was bold enough to try to go through the whole parish to turn me into ridicule by saying that I was half crazy, and the best thing the people could do was to drink moderately to my health when they went to town. But at the third house he met a woman, who, after listening to the bad advice he was giving to her husband, said to him: “I do not know if our pastor is a fool in making people sober, but I know you are a messenger of the devil, when you advise my husband to drink again. You know that he was one of the most desperate drunkards of Beauport. You personally know also what blows I have received from him when he was drunk; how poor and miserable we were; how many children had to run on the streets, half naked, and beg in order not to starve with me! Now that my husband has taken the pledge of temperance, we have every comfort; my dear children are well fed and clothed, and I find myself as in a little paradise. If you do not go out of this house at once, I will turn you out with my broomstick.” And she would have fulfilled her promise, had not the priest had the good sense to disappear at the “double quick.”

The next four months after the foundation of the society in Beauport, my position when with the other priests was very painful and humiliating. I consequently avoided their company as much as possible. And, as for my bishop, I took the resolution never to go and see him, except he should order me into his presence. But my merciful God indemnified me by the unspeakable joy I had in seeing the marvelous change wrought by Him among my dear people. Their fidelity in keeping the pledge was really wonderful, and soon became the object of admiration of the whole city of Quebec, and of the surrounding country. The change was sudden, so complete and so permanent, that the scoffing bishop and priests, with their friends, had, at last, to blush and be silent.

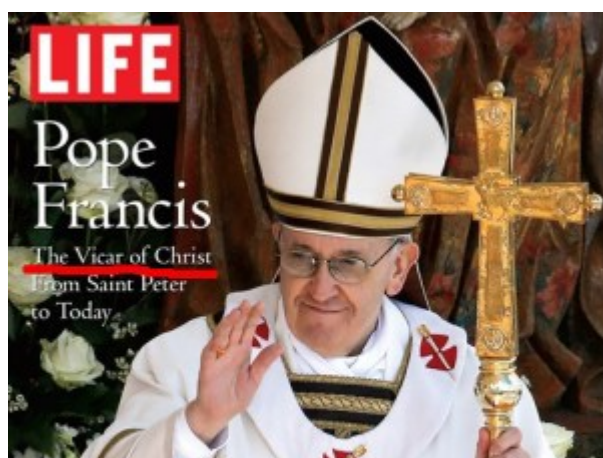
The public aspect of the parish was soon changed, the houses were repaired, the debts paid, the children well clad. But what spoke most eloquently about the marvelous reform was that the seven thriving saloons of Beauport were soon closed, and their owners forced to take other occupations. Peace, happiness, abundance, and industry, everywhere took the place of the riots, fighting, blasphemies and the squalid misery which prevailed before. The gratitude and respect of that noble people for their young curate knew no bounds; as my love and admiration for them cannot be told by human words.

However, though the great majority of that good people had taken the pledge, and kept it honourably, there was a small minority, composed of the few who never had been drunkards, who had not yet enrolled themselves under our blessed banners. Though they were glad of the reform, it was very difficult to persuade them to give up their social glass! I thought it was my duty to show them in a tangible way, what I had so often proved with my words only, that the drinking of the social glass of wine, or of beer, is an act of folly, if not a crime. I asked my kind and learned friend, Dr. Douglas, to analyze, before the people, the very wine and beer used by them, to show that it was nothing else but a disgusting and deadly poison. He granted my favour. During four days that noble philanthropist extracted the alcohol, which is not only in the most common, but in the most costly and renowned wines, beer, brandy and whisky. He gave that alcohol to several cats and dogs, which died in a few minutes in the presence of the whole people.

These learned and most interesting experiments, coupled with his eloquent and scientific remarks, made a most profound impression. It was the corner-stone of the holy edifice which our merciful God built with His own hands in Beauport. The few recalcitrants joined with the rest of their dear friends.

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## [Pope Francis: The Vicar of Christ](#)



Vicar: (From Latin) vicarius, **a substitute**,  
Anti: (From Greek) against, opposite, **instead of**,  
Vicar of Christ = Anti Christ

Greek vs. Latin

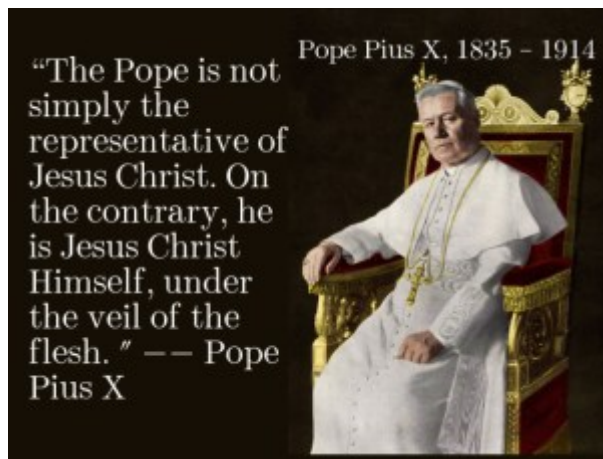
Vicar: (From Latin) vicarius, *a substitute*,  
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Vicar of Christ = Anti Christ

1John 2:18 Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time.

All the Protestants recognized the Antichrist not as one who will come later, but one who was always present with them: The Pope!

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## [The Roman Empire never fell!](#)



## **The Hierarchy of the Roman Empire now called the Roman Catholic Church.**



Rome still rules the world!

The Roman Empire morphed into the Roman Catholic Church Empire.

Quotes taken from

<http://v666.wordpress.com/2007/03/20/vatican-openly-admits-it-embraces-babylon/>

Vatican City is a landlocked state within the city of Rome, Italy. It is governed by the Bishop of Rome (called the Pope) are in fact clergymen.

It is the smallest sovereign state in the world.

**Caesar Constantine** began the "corporate takeover" by renaming all the old Roman offices, this evolution of name changing still occurs. Name changing allows a person to hide their tracks of origin.

**Roman Empire offices & their modern names:**

Roman Empire (Imperium Romanum) renamed: **Roman Catholic Church**

Curia (legal body of Senators) slight name change: **Curia (legal body of Cardinals)**

Roman Emperor renamed: **Roman Pope (head of all church and state affairs)**

Civil government matters of state: **Extra-Ordinary affairs (matters of civil-state governments)**

Religious orders matters: **Church "ecclesiastical" matters**

Roman College of Senators renamed: **College of Cardinals**

Magistrate of College of Senators renamed: **Dean of College of Cardinals**

Departments of the Roman Senatorial Curia renamed: **Congregations**

Political Ambassador renamed: **Pro-Nuncio (highest civil ambassador sent to other governments, ie Washington DC, London etc)**

If a government has not signed a treaty with Rome which makes the Romans the head of the foreign country as certified in the Roman Code of Canon Law. This rebel nation which has no official ties has an ambassador called an Apostolic Delegate. The United States and the United Kingdom never allowed the **Vatican** to serve as their legal head *until* President Reagan quickly signed into law on January 10, 1984. This Treaty for the very first time in U.S. history recognized full diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican State.

In 1534 when the United Kingdom realized that the Treaty with the **Vatican City-State** made them subject to all the Popes rules they voided the treaty. Formal plomatic relations between England and Vatican State were broken. Full diplomatic relations with the Pope's Vatican State were never restored for 448 years until 1982.

Roman Senators renamed: **Cardinals**

Roman Governors renamed: **Archbishops**

Roman Senator with no territory: **Bishop (Code of Canon Law 376)**

(Large) Roman Province renamed: **Archdiocese**

(Small) Roman Territory renamed: **Diocese**

Imperial Chair of Jupiter where Caesar sat renamed: **Throne of St. Peter**

Vestal Virgins renamed: **Nuns**

**Pontifex Maximus** (high priest of College of Senators) renamed: **Supreme Pontiff of College of Cardinals**

Pontiff or "high priest " of a pagan religious order (Zues, Apollo, Diana,



Mars, Jupiter, Baal, Dionysys, Pythia etc) same name: **Pontiff**

A Pontiff (Latin: "pontifex") means bridge-builder or priest between man and the gods of the underworld.

The Roman Calendar and Holy Days of the gods renamed: **Calendar Holidays of the Saints**

Voice of the gods speaking through Caesar: **Ex-Cathedra: Voice of God speaking through Pope**

Meeting of the Pontiffs (high priests) of the pagan religious orders renamed: **Ecumenical Council of the Bishops**

Legal act of creating a god (of a living or dead human, as was done to most of the Caesars) "Apotheosis of the Gods" renamed: **Canonization of the Saints**

A decree of Caesar (dictator for life): **Pope's infallible Dogma**

Praying to a dead human god renamed: **Praying to a saint**

In the US the highest law of the land is the Constitution and the Bill of Rights in the Vatican State the Constitution is called the Code of Canon Law

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## [Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States – By Samuel F. B. Morse](#)



Samuel Morse

Most people still remember Samuel Morse (April 27, 1791 – April 2, 1872) as the inventor of the telegraph – the first long distance electronic means of communication. But how many people have known of his research of a conspiracy by the Roman Catholic Church to usurp the liberties Americans enjoy because of the American Constitution? You may call this conspiracy theory if you want, but know that Samuel Morse convinced Abraham Lincoln of it!

As in my previous post, [Washington in the Lap of Rome](#) by Justin D. Fulton, I hope to make Samuel Morse's research more well known by republishing it in HTML text format. I copied the chapters from [Samuel Morse A FOREIGN CONSPIRACY](#)

The full title of this book is:

**FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES: THE NUMBERS OF BRUTUS, ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER. 1835**

I have no idea what "Numbers of Brutus" means. Can anybody help me?

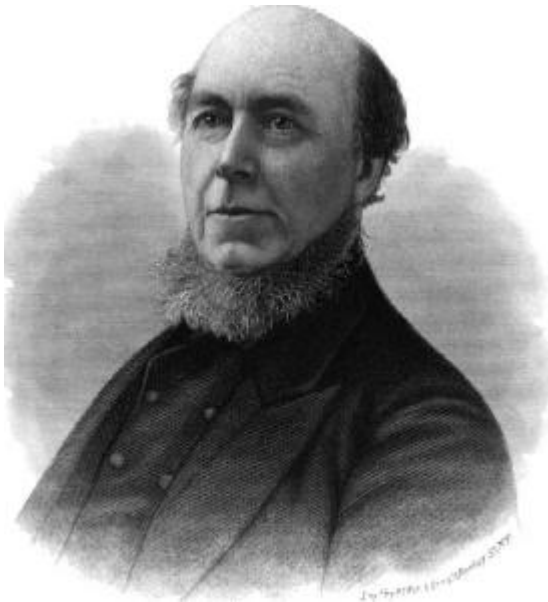
Next Chapter: [PREFATORY REMARKS.](#)

- [Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States – By Samuel F. B. Morse](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER I.](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER II](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER III](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER IV](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER V](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VI](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VII](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER VIII](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER IX](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER X](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER XI](#)
- [FOREIGN CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF THE UNITED STATES. CHAPTER XII](#)

You can [download the PDF file](#), from where I got the text.

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## “Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!”



Charles Chiniquy

I hope you find the title of this post intriguing enough to want to know the story behind it. It was the cry of the French Canadian immigrates of St. Anne Illinois to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago on August 3rd, 1858.

St. Anne is a village in Kankakee County, Illinois, United States, about 50 kilometers south of Chicago. It was founded by a French Canadian Roman Catholic priest (who later converted to Protestantism) by the name of Charles Chiniquy. He was also a friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln

The story below is taken from chapter 66 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "[Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)"

On the 27th of July, a devoted priest, through my friend, Mr. Dunn, of Chicago, sent me the following copy of a letter, written by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Illinois (Duggan) to several of his co-bishops: "The schism of the apostate, Chiniquy, is spreading with an incredible and most irresistible velocity. I am told that he has not less then ten thousand followers from his countrymen. Though I hope that this number is an exaggeration, it shows that the evil is great; and that we must not lose any time in trying to open the eyes of the deluded people he is leading to perdition. I intend (D.V.) to visit the very citadel of that deplorable schism, next Tuesday, the 3rd of August. As I speak French almost as well as English, I will address the deluded people of St. Anne in their own language. My intention is to unmask Chiniquy, and show what kind of a man he is. Then I

will show the people the folly of believing that they can read and interpret the Scriptures, by their own private judgment. After which, I will easily show them that out of the Church of Rome there is no salvation. Pray to the blessed Virgin Mary that she may help me reclaim that poor deceived people."

Having read that letter to the people on the first Sabbath of August, I said: "We know a man only after he has been tried. So we know the faith of a Christian only after it has been through the fire of tribulations. I thank God that next Tuesday will be the day chosen by Him to show the world that you are worthy of being in the front rank of the great army Jesus Christ is gathering to fight His implacable enemy, the Pope, on this continent. Let every one of you come and hear what the bishop has to say. Not only those who are in good health must come, but even the sick must be brought to hear and judge for themselves. If the bishop fulfills his promise to show you that I am a depraved and wicked man, you must turn me out. You must give up or burn your Bibles, at his bidding, if he proves that you have neither the right to read, nor the intelligence to understand them; and if he shows you that, out of the Church of Rome, there is no salvation, you must, without an hour's delay, return to that church and submit yourselves to the Pope's bishops. But if he fails (as he will surely do) you know what you have to do. Next Tuesday will be a most glorious day for us all. A great and decisive battle will be fought here, such as this continent has never witnessed, between the great principles of Christian truth and liberty, and the principles of lies and tyranny of the Pope. I have only one word more to say: From this moment to the solemn hour of the conflict, let us humbly, but fervently ask our great God, through His beloved and eternal Son, to look down upon us in His mercy, enlighten and strengthen us, that we may be true to Him, to ourselves, and to His Gospel, and then, the angels of heaven will unite with all the elect of God on earth to bless you for the great and glorious victory you will win."

Never had the sun shone more brightly on our beautiful hill than on the 3rd of August, 1858. The hearts had never felt so happy, and the faces had never been so perfectly the mirrors of joyful minds, as on that day, among the multitudes which began to gather from every corner of the colony, a little after twelve o'clock, noon.

Seeing that our chapel, though very large, would not be able to contain half the audience, we had raised a large and solid platform, ten feet high, in the middle of the public square, in front of the chapel. We covered it with carpets, and put a sofa, with a good number of chairs, for the bishop, his long suite of priests, and one for myself, and a large table for the different books of references I wanted to have at hand, to answer the bishop.

At about two o'clock p.m., we perceived his carriage, followed by several others filled with priests. He was dressed in his white surplice, and his official "bonnet carre" on his head, evidently to more surely command the respect and awe of the multitude.

I had requested the people to keep silence and show him all the respect and courtesy due a gentleman who was visiting them, for the first time.

As soon as his carriage was near the chapel, I gave a signal, and up went the

American flag to the top of a mast put on the sacred edifice. It was to warn the ambassador of the Pope that he was not treading the land of the holy inquisition and slavery, but **the land of Freedom and Liberty**. The bishop understood it. For, raising his head to see that splendid flag of stripes and stars, waving to the breeze, **he became pale to death**. And his uneasiness did not abate, when the thousands round him rent the air with the cry: "Hurrah for the flag of the free and the brave!" The bishop and his priests thought this was the signal I had given to slaughter them; for they had been told several times, that I and my people were so depraved and wicked that their lives were in great danger among us. Several priests who had not much relish for the crown of martyrdom, jumped from their carriages and ran away, to the great amusement of the crowd. Perceiving the marks of the most extreme terror on the face of the bishop, I ran to tell him that there was not the least danger, and assured him of the pleasure we had to see him in our midst.

I offered my hand to help him down from his carriage, but he refused it. After some minutes of trembling and hesitation, he whispered a few words in the ear of his Grand Vicar Mailloux, who was well known by my people, and of whom I have already spoken. I knew that it was by his advice that the bishop was among us, and it was by his instigation that Bishop Smith had refused the submission we had given him.

Rising slowly, he said with a loud voice: "My dear French Canadian countrymen, here is your holy bishop. Kneel down, and he will give you his benediction."

But, to the great disgust of the poor grand vicar, this so well laid plan for beginning the battle failed entirely. Not a single one of that immense multitude cared for the benediction. Nobody knelt.

Thinking that he had not spoken loud enough, he raised his voice to the highest pitch and cried:

"My dear fellow countrymen: This is your holy bishop. He comes to visit you. Kneel down, and he will give you his benediction."

But nobody knelt, and, what was worse, a voice from the crowd answered:

"Do you not know, sir, that there we no longer bend the knee before any man? It is only before God we kneel."

The whole people cried "Amen!" to that noble answer. I could not refrain a tear of joy from falling down my cheeks, when I saw how this first effort of the ambassador of the Pope to entrap my people had signally failed. But though I thanked God from the bottom of my heart for this first success He had given to His soldiers, I knew the battle was far from being over.

I implored Him to bide with us, to be our wisdom and our strength to the end. I looked at the bishop, and seeing his countenance as distressed as before, I offered him my hand again, but he refused it the second time with supreme disdain, but accepted the invitation I gave him to come to the platform.

When half way up the stairs he turned, and seeing me following him, he put

forth his hand to prevent me from ascending any further, and said: "I do not want you on this platform; go down, and let my priests alone accompany me."

I answered him: "It may be that you do not want me there, but I want to be at your side to answer you. Remember that you are not on your own ground here, but on mine!"

He then, silently and slowly, walked up. When on the platform, I offered him a good arm-chair, which he refused, and sat on one of his own choice, with his priests around him. I then addressed him as follows:

"My lord, the people and pastor of St. Anne are exceedingly pleased to see you in their midst. We promise to listen attentively to what you have to say, on condition that we have the privilege of answering you."

He answered angrily: "I do not want you to say a word here."

Then stepping to the front, he began his address in French, with a trembling voice. But it was a miserable failure from beginning to end. In vain did he try to prove that out of the Church of Rome, there is no salvation. He failed still more miserably to prove that the people have neither the right to read the Scriptures, nor the intelligence to understand them. He said such ridiculous things on that point, that the people went into fits of laughter, and some said: "This is not true. You do not know what you are talking about. The Bible says the very contrary."

But I stopped them by reminding them of the promise they had made of not interrupting him.

A little before the closing of his address, he turned to me and said: "You are a wicked, rebel priest against your holy church. Go from here into a monastery to do penance for your sins. You say that you have never been excommunicated in a legal way! Well, you will not say that any longer, for I excommunicate you now before this whole people."

I interrupted him and said: "You forget that you have no right to excommunicate a man who has publicly left your church long ago."

He seemed to realize that he had made a fool of himself in uttering such a sentence, and stopped speaking for a moment. Then, recalling his lost courage, he took a new and impressive manner of speaking. He told the people how their friends, their relatives, their very dear mothers and fathers in Canada were weeping over their apostasy. He spoke for a time with great earnestness of the desolation of all those who loved them, at the news of their defection from their holy mother church. Then, resuming, he said: "My dear friends: Please tell me what will be your guide in the ways of God after you have left the holy church of your fathers, the church of your country; who will lead you in the ways of God?"

Those words, which have been uttered with great emphasis and earnestness, were followed by a most complete and solemn silence. Was that silence the result of a profound impression made on the crowd, or was it the silence which always precedes the storm? I could not say. But I must confess that,

though I had not lost confidence in God, I was not without anxiety. Though silent and ardent prayers were going to the mercy-seat from my heart, I felt that that poor heart was troubled and anxious, as it had never been before. I could have easily answered the bishop and confounded him in a few words; but I thought that it was much better to let the answer and rebuke come from the people.

The bishop, hoping that the long and strange silence was a proof that he had successfully touched the sensitive cords of the hearts, and that he was to win the day, exclaimed a second time with still more power and earnestness: "My dear French Canadian friends: I ask you, in the name of Jesus Christ, your Saviour and mine, in the name of your desolated mothers, fathers, and friends who are weeping along the banks of your beautiful St. Lawrence River I ask it in the name of your beloved Canada! Answer me! now that you refuse to obey the holy Church of Rome, who will guide you in the ways of salvation?"

Another solemn silence followed that impassionate and earnest appeal. But this silence was not to be long. When I had invited the people to come and hear the bishop, I requested them to bring their Bibles. Suddenly we heard the voice of an old farmer, who, raising his Bible over his head with his two hands, said: "This Bible is all we want to guide us in the ways of God. We do not want anything but the pure Word of God to teach us what we must do to be saved. As for you, sir, you had better go away and never come here any more."

And more than five thousand voices said "Amen!" to that simple and yet sublime answer. The whole crowd filled the air with cries: "The Bible! the Holy Bible, the holy Word of God is our only guide in the ways of eternal life! Go away, sir, and never come again!"

These words, again and again repeated by the thousands of people who surrounded the platform, fell upon the poor bishop's ears as formidable claps of thunder. They were ringing as his death-knell in his ears. The battle was over, and he had lost it.

Bathed in his tears, suffocated by his sobs, he sat or, to speak more correctly, he fell into the arm-chair, and I feared at first lest he should faint. When I saw that he was recovering and strong enough to hear what I had to say, I stepped to the front of the platform. But I had scarcely said two words when I felt as if the claws of a tiger were on my shoulders. I turned and found that it was the clenched fingers of the bishop, who was shaking me while he was saying with a furious voice: "No! no! not a word from you."

As I was about to show him that I had a right to refute what he had said, my eyes fell on a scene which baffles all description. Those only who have seen the raging waves of the sea suddenly raised by the hurricane can have an idea of it. The people had seen the violent hand of the bishop raised against me; they had heard his insolent and furious words forbidding me to say a single word in answer: and a universal cry of indignation was heard: "The infamous wretch! Down with him! He wants to enslave us again! he denies us the right of free speech! he refuses to hear what our pastor has to reply! Down with him!" At the same time a rush was made by many toward the platform to scale

it, and others were at work to tear it down. That whole multitude, absolutely blinded by their uncontrollable rage, were as a drunken man who does not know what he does. I had read that such things had occurred before, but I hope I shall never see it again. I rushed to the head of the stairs, and with great difficulty repulsed those who were trying to lay their hands on the bishop. In vain I raised my voice to calm them, and make them realize the crime they wanted to commit. No voice could be heard in the midst of such terrible confusion. It was very providential that we had built the scaffold with strong materials, so that it could resist the first attempt to break it.

Happily, we had in our midst a very intelligent young man called Bechard, who was held in great esteem and respect. His influence, I venture to say, was irresistible over the people. I called him to the platform, and requested him, in the name of God, to appease the blind fury of that multitude. Strange to say, his presence and a sign from his hand acted like magic.

"Let us hear what Bechard has to say," whispered every one to his neighbour, and suddenly the most profound calm succeeded the most awful noise and confusion I had ever witnessed. In a few appropriate and eloquent words, that young gentleman showed the people that, far from being angry, they ought to be glad at the exhibition of the tyranny and cowardice of the bishop. Had he not confessed the weakness of his address when he refused to hear the answer? Had he not confessed that he was the vilest and the most impudent of tyrants when he had come into their very midst to deny them the sacred right of speech and reply? Had he not proved, before God and man, that they had done well to reject, for ever, the authority of the Bishop of Rome, when he was giving them such an unanswerable proof that that authority meant the most unbounded tyranny on his part, and he most degraded and ignominious moral degradation on the part of his blind slaves?

Seeing that they were anxious to hear me, I then told them:

"Instead of being angry, you ought to bless God for what you have heard and seen from the Bishop of Chicago. You have heard, and you are witnesses that he has not given us a single argument to show that we were wrong when he gave up the words of the Pope to follow the words of Christ. Was he not right when he told you that there was no need, on my part, to answer him? Do you not all agree that there was nothing to answer, nothing to refute in his long address? Has not our merciful God brought that bishop into your midst today to show you the truthfulness of what I have so often told you, that there was nothing manly, nothing honest, or true in him? Have you heard from his lips a single word which could have come from the lips of Christ? A word which could have come from that great God who so loved His people that He sent His eternal Son to save them? Was there a single sentence in all you heard which would remind you that salvation through Christ was a gift? that eternal life was a free gift? Have you heard anything from him to make you regret that you are no longer his obedient and abject slaves?"

"No! no!" they replied.

"Then, instead of being angry with that man, you ought to thank him and let him go in peace," I added.



“Yes! yes!” replied the people, “but on condition that he shall never come again.”

Then Mons. Bechard stepped to the front, raised his hat, and cried with his powerful voice; “People of St. Anne! you have just gained the most glorious victory which has ever been won by a people against their tyrants. Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!”

That whole multitude, filled with joy, rent the air with the cry: “Hurrah for St. Anne, the grave of the tyranny of the Bishops of Rome in America!”

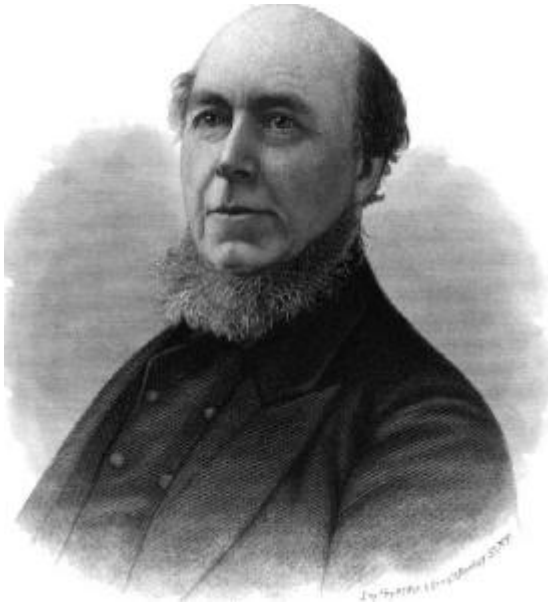
I then turned towards the poor bishop and his priests, whose distress and fear were beyond description, and told them: “You see that the people forgive you the iniquity of your conduct, by not allowing them to answer you; but I advise you not to repeat that insult here. Please take the advice they gave you; go away as quickly as possible. I will go with you to your carriage, through the crowd, and I pledge myself that you will be safe, provided you do not insult them again.”

Opening their ranks, the crowd made a passage, through which I led the bishop and his long suite of priests to their carriages. This was done in the most profound silence, only a few women whispering to the prelate as he was hurrying by: “Away with you, and never come here again. Henceforward we follow nothing but Christ.”

Crushed by waves of humiliation, such as no bishop had ever met with on this continent, the weight of the ignominy which he had reaped in our midst completely overpowered his mind, and ruined him. He left us to wander every day nearer the regions of lunacy. That bishop, whose beginning had been so brilliant, after his shameful defeat at St. Anne, on the 3rd of August, 1858, was soon to end his broken career in the lunatic asylum of St. Louis, where he is still confined to-day.

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**Charles Chiniquy – A Man Every  
American Should Know**



Charles Chiniquy

There are some men who should be more famous than they are. Nikola Tesla (10 July 1856 – 7 January 1943), the father of the electrical power grid, is one of them. If you learn about him and his discoveries, you might consider that he should be as famous as Thomas Edison if not more so! Another is Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899), a former Roman Catholic priest from Quebec Canada who established the settlement of St. Anne Illinois for French immigrants. St. Anne is only 33 miles (53 km) from where I was raised in Chicago, but I never heard about it before. After reading Charles Chiniquy's book, [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#), he has become my role model! This Catholic priest stood up to the power of Rome, and though he was excommunicated, his parishioners loved him so much they didn't mind to get excommunicated with him! I myself am a former Roman Catholic and I can tell you excommunication is a big deal and a sentence of eternal hell fire from a Roman Catholic point of view, unless, that is, you really have faith from your knowledge of the Word of God, the Bible, that you are on the right side of the truth!

Let's read what Wikipedia has to say about him.

Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899) was a Canadian Catholic priest who was twice suspended from his priestly ministry (for moral turpitude) and finally excommunicated as a schismatic. He then became a Presbyterian pastor. He is known for his lurid accusations against the Roman Catholic Church. In the period between 1885 and 1899 he was the focus of a great deal of discussion in the United States of America. During the 1880s his conspiracy theories included his claim to have exposed **the Jesuits as the assassins of President Abraham Lincoln**, and that, if unchecked, **the Jesuits could eventually politically rule the United States**. (Emphasis mine)

Why is Charles Chiniquy in relative obscurity and not talked about in school

textbooks even though he pointed the finger at the Jesuits for assassinating Abraham Lincoln? It was **much discussed** in the late 19th century! I myself didn't even know this until just the other day! It's because the powers that be do not want his story to be known. Charles Chiniquy was too powerful a witness for the truth against them!

Charles Chiniquy had many enemies among fellow Roman Catholic priests. They were jealous of his successful settlement of St. Anne. Most of the priests were drunkards. Some, including the Bishop of Chicago, were stealing property from the French Canadian immigrants. One of them hired an agent to burn down his church. The sinful priests persecuted Rev. Chiniquy who exposed them for their evil deeds that were so blatant all the French Canadian immigrants could see it for themselves! The evil priests accused him to the police of criminal actions leading to his arrest by the authorities. A young lawyer, **Abraham Lincoln**, defended him in court and won his case!

The main reason why former loyal and dedicated Roman Catholic priest Charles Chiniquy stood strong against the false accusations of fellow priests and the Bishop of Chicago was because of his love for the Holy Scriptures, the Bible which he read from a young age at the encouragement of his parents. Once the local priest in Quebec came to the Chiniquy household with the [intention of taking away the Bible that Charles was reading](#)! His father stood his ground and would not let him do it!

Please read the specific stories I was most impressed with from [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome on this site](#).

And you can read the entire book from, [Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)

More stories from Charles Chiniquy on this website:

- [Introduction – The Apostate Church of Rome](#)
- [Revelation 17 – The Prophetic Portrait of the Church of Rome](#)
- [The Character of Antichrist and Papal Persecution of the Saints](#)
- [A Description of the Great Whore of Revelation Chapter 17](#)
- [The Church of Rome Ignores the Challenge to Disprove She is the Great Whore of Revelation Chapter 17](#)
- [The Great Harlot's Daughters](#)
- [Our Position Today in the Divine Program as Revealed in Prophecy](#)
- [The Scholars Behind the Promotion of the False Interpretations of the Books of Daniel and Revelation](#)
- [The Mass an Abomination to God](#)
- [The Meaning of 666 in Revelation Chapter 13](#)
- [False Interpretations of Divine Prophecy](#)
- [British Government Hides Vatican War Treachery From Empire](#)
- [Rome's Attack on the British Empire and the United States](#)
- [The Final Revelation to Men by Jesus Christ: The Apocalypse](#)
- [Who are the Kings of the East Mentioned in Revelation 16:12?](#)
- [The Revelation an Acted Prophecy – Western Europe and Asia the Stage](#)
- [The Purple and Scarlet Robes of the Bishops of the Church of Rome](#)

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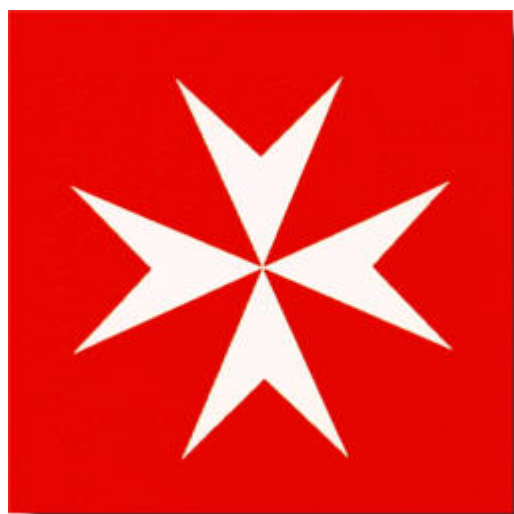
## The Fourth Reich – A Continuation of the Roman Empire



The Reich has always meant the Holy Roman Empires. The Vatican is the Reich. Every major war since the First Council of Nicaea was convened in Nicaea by the Roman Emperor Constantine I and the bishops of Rome in AD 325 to create the anti-Christian Catholic Church were all ordained by the Pope. The objective of these major wars was to establish the Reich – Holy “Roman” Empire.

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## The Knights of Malta and the New World Order



The following are excerpts from “Behold a Pale Horse” by William Cooper taken from chapter two, “Secret Societies and the New World

## Order"

The Knights of Malta is a world organization with its threads weaving through business, banking, politics, the CIA, other intelligence organizations, P2, religion, education, law, military, think tanks, foundations, the United States Information Agency, the United Nations, and numerous other organizations. They are not the oldest but are one of the oldest branches of the Order of the Quest in existence. The world head of the Knights of Malta is elected for a life term, with the approval of the Pope. The Knights of Malta have their own Constitution and are sworn to work toward the establishment of a New World Order with the Pope at its head. Knights of Malta members are also powerful members of the CFR (Council on Foreign Relations) and the Trilateral Commission.

The goal of the Council on Foreign Relations is a New World Order. George (Herbert Walker) Bush is a member of the CFR. Knights of Malta play a powerful role in this scenario. In the 1930s General Smedley Butler was recruited to help take over the White House. He was told that he was needed because of his general popularity with the military. General Butler blew the whistle and named several prominent Americans as part of the plot. At the top of the list was John J. Raskob, who was a founding member of the U.S. branch of the Knights of Malta. He was board chairman of General Motors. He was, at the time, the U.S. Treasurer of the Knights of Malta. Congressional hearings were held to investigate the plot, but none of those named, including Raskob, was ever called to testify and nothing ever came of the hearings. Although you will find this in the Congressional records, you will NEVER find it in ANY history book anywhere.

It is significant that the Iran-Contra episode has many similarities to the 1930s plot. William Casey was a member of the Knights of Malta. William Casey, with the help of Vice President Bush, Anne Armstrong and Donald Regan, caused the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board to be emasculated so that Bush, Casey, North and others could carry out their dirty deeds without oversight. They had also developed a plan to suspend the Constitution of the United States and were preparing to implement the plan when they were caught. These facts emerged from the hearings but were suppressed by the committee chairman, Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii. You must understand that tremendous power was involved in both attempts to overthrow the United States Government.

William Casey was the Director of the CIA. He was a member of the CFR. Casey was a Knight of Malta. He was the head of Ronald Reagan's political campaign. He was head of the Securities and Exchange Commission. During the Nixon administration he was head of the Export-Import Bank.

Casey arranged financing for the Kama River truck factory in the Soviet Union with 90% of the funds guaranteed or furnished by the U.S. taxpayer. This factory built military truck and tank engines for the Soviet Army. It was, and may still be, the largest factory in the world and could produce more heavy trucks than all U.S. factories together. I believe Casey was murdered.

The first U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican was William Wilson, a Knight of Malta. His appointment was probably illegal and, for a fact, was highly unethical. Wilson could not possibly have represented the U.S. when his allegiance was sworn to the Pope.

Knight of Malta Myron Taylor was President Roosevelt's envoy. Knight of Malta John McCone was President Kennedy's envoy and he was also the Director of the CIA during the early '60s. A former mayor of New York City, Robert Wagner, was President Jimmy Carter's envoy. Frank Shakespeare replaced William Wilson. Frank Shakespeare is a Knight of Malta, and so it goes. President Reagan spoke at the annual Knights of Malta dinner.

The Knights of Malta ALL have diplomatic immunity. They can ship goods across borders without paying duty or undergoing customs check. Does that ring any bells? In any case, that is power.

The Knights of Malta is held up by a backbone consisting of nobility. Nearly half of the 10,000 members belong to Europe's oldest and most powerful families. This cements the alliance between the Vatican and the "Black Nobility." The Black Nobility is mostly the rich and powerful of Europe. The head of the Black Nobility is the family that can claim direct descendancy from the last Roman emperor. Maybe now you can see that things are beginning to fall into their proper place. Membership in the Knights of Malta entails obedience to one's superior in THE ORDER and ultimately to the Pope. Therefore, a U.S. ambassador who is also a member of the Knights of Malta faces a conflict of interest. Why is this fact ignored? President Bush appointed Knight of Malta Thomas Melledy to the post of U.S. Ambassador to the Vatican.

The Vatican has founded the Pope John Paul II Center for Prayer and Study for Peace at 1711 Ocean Avenue, Springlake, New Jersey, in a mansion overlooking the ocean. The mansion was given to the New York Archdiocese by the estate of Elmer Bobst, who died in 1978. He was a multimillionaire and chairman of Warner Lambert Company. Richard Nixon was a frequent visitor. Directors of the Center were Kurt Waldheim, former Secretary General of the United Nations and ex-Nazi war criminal; Cyrus Vance, former Secretary of State under Carter and member of both the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission; Clare Booth Luce, a dame of the Knights of Malta; and J. Peter Grace of W.R. Grace Company, who is head of the Knights of Malta in the United States. The Center was set up by the Vatican as a part of the Pope's new peace plan, which will bring the world together (see my paper "The Secret Government"). The Center has two roles: (1) Educate Catholics and their children to accept the New World Order. (2) Provide residence for the world-peace-solution computer and an ongoing study for peaceful solutions to any future problems which may endanger world peace. The computer is hooked to the world capitals via satellite. All nations have agreed to relinquish sovereignty to the Pope and submit future problems to the computer for solution. Of course, this will not go into effect until the New World Order is publicly announced. I believe that the New World Order was born in secrecy on January 19, 1989. Now you know.

Acquaint yourself anew with the teachings of Jesus. Compare his teachings

with the tenets of the Illuminati and then compare it with the following. The Vatican has stated at various times that “the Pope is for total disarmament; the Pope is for elimination of the sovereignty of the nation states; the Pope is also stating that property rights are not to be considered true property rights. **The Pope believes that only the Vatican knows what is right for man.**”

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## Obama surrounded by Roman Catholic Jesuit Trained Intelligence Leaders



President Barack Obama meets with Director of National Intelligence James Clapper, right (Alma Mater St. Mary's University, Texas), in the Oval Office, Sept. 9, 2010. Also attending are, clockwise from left, Robert Cardillo, DIA deputy Director (and now Director of National intelligence for intelligence integration and schooled at Georgetown), Deputy National Security Adviser Tom Donilon (Donillon attended la Salle Academy, earned a B.A. at: The Catholic University of America in 1977 and is connected personally to the Biden family). Rodney Snyder, Senior Director for Intelligence Program, NSS(Can not find any kind of BIO on him). John Brennan, Assistant to the President for Homeland Security and Counterterrorism ( Attended private catholic schools from his youth, is Alma mater at Fordham University and is former CIA), and National Security Advisor Gen. James L. Jones (Alma Mater Georgetown University)

I believe the Vatican and the Jesuits are at the top of the pile of evil in the world today! One man I know called the Vatican, “An old farts club that has lost its power.” I think anybody who thinks so is incredibly naive and woefully (or willfully) ignorant of history and the political influence of the Roman Catholic church! Such a person doesn't even know the “Golden Rule,” namely, **“He who has the gold, rules.”** The Roman Catholic empire had well over 1000 years to fleece Europe and the world of its wealth. Money is power.

Did you know that Washington D.C. used to be called Rome, Maryland, and that Rome was the original community name of Capitol Hill, upon which the United States Capitol Building sits? Ref:  
[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rome,\\_Maryland](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rome,_Maryland)