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JOEL B. FORT.

(See His Tribute to the Old Blue-back Speller on Page 197.)

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Cardinal Gibbons On Civil and Religious Liberty

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LONG ago, when boots were the fashion, soft soap was one of the necessaries. I remember when nearly every new pair of boots that came home from the shop of the maker caused the question, "Where is the soap gourd?"

This homely, but variously useful toy having been found and brought forward, the eager hand dipped out some of the softly pliable contents, and the inside of the boot-leg was earnestly soaped.

Then, care was taken to pull off the sock, in order that the bare heel and instep might have a slick, smooth slide into that new boot. Then the naked foot was given its proper place and slant in the upper part of the boot-leg, the fingers of both hands caught hold of the straps—and then, *lean back! PULL! and trust to the soft soap!!*

It was amazing to see what a big foot could be rushed into a small boot, by the judicious use of the family soap gourd.

Many and many a time, however, the foot and the boot had to abandon the effort to stay together. *The soap did not change the size of either.* After all, the number nine foot could not wear the number seven boot.

We may at first have thought differently—for we were just crazy to keep and wear those new boots. *But the facts in the case sternly refused to be soft-soaped out of existence.* The boots

that really needed the soft soap, before the feet could be got into them, were those that could never give good service.

What was a misfit, remained a misfit, in spite of the gentle ministrations of the family soap-gourd.

Cardinal James Gibbons is the American soap and soap-gourd of the Italian church. He is the tabby cat that purrs, roaches his back for a caress, and pussy-foots noiselessly about the sitting-room, until the Mistress leaves it to doze on the rug before the fire, while she goes out to see after the kitchen. Upon her return, she is shocked to find that the cat has made a meal off the canary, and is looking as amiably innocent, as though it were calmly waiting to be fed.

At college, boys usually see one another, just as they are; and at college the other boys had a pet name for young Jamie Gibbons. They sweetly dubbed him "Saponaceous Jim." The boy being father to the man, it was inevitable that such a lad as Saponaceous Jim, should evolve the prelate who is now The Prince of Baltimore!

By this pleasant path of prelude, I reach the Sermon which J. Card. Gibbons preached on the adorable anniversary of the "Edict of Constantine," in the most memorable year of our Lord 1913—the year in which a Presi-

dent of the United States asked the Italian Pope to name missionaries for the Philippines, in order that those benighted heathen might be converted to Roman Catholicism.

The year 1913 is further memorable, in that it beheld the battle-ships of the United States taking our sailors over to Italy, where the alert Romanist chaplains of said ships seized time by the fore-top, and marched our gallant tars into the Vatican, to kiss the Pope's most holy and adorable foot.

The year 1913 added to its just claim to be considered another "Year of Wonders," (as per old John Dryden,) by witnessing the first distinctive flag of the Italian Pope unfurled in our Federal Army; and by seeing *a papist Chaplain, officially commissioned by our War Department, to represent the U. S. Army at a papist religious Convention in Boston, Massachusetts.*

The year 1913 also beheld the official recognition by our President of the pope's church as *the official church of the All-Americas Union*, our Federal Government being one member of that Roman Catholic Pan-American affair!

The year 1913 also witnessed the formal inauguration of a national holiday (Columbus Day) as *a Roman Catholic anniversary*, controlled by the pope's Militia, the Knights of Columbus; and the papal flag and colors are flaunted in the face of the American people, and our streets seized upon for the threatening parade of *Roman Catholic military organizations, which, according to James Edward Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, are ready to obey orders from the pope's hierarchy and to resist with arms any laws which trench upon papal "rights."*

The year 1913 is further memorable in that it saw the Romanists attempt to crush those American publishers who thought it a duty to remind our people of *the reasons why* the founders of our States and our Republic so bitterly

hated the pope's politico-religious system.

The naked truth about popery, is what kills it, wherever that truth can be freely told. *The truth*, is what popery most fears. *The truth*, has blasted the pagan papalism of Rome wherever there has been freedom of Bible-reading, freedom of speech, freedom of press, and liberty of worship.

The various indications of the growing power and intolerance of popery, in this country, so evident during 1913, have stirred the vasty deeps of American thought and feeling.

The clouds are forming, the wind is rising, and the storm will break sooner than our Let-it-alone statesmen and clergymen and editors have any idea it will break.

Cardinal Gibbons is not blind, or deaf: he knows that popery is about to reap the whirlwind. Consequently he, the Saponaceous, brings out his soap-gourd again, and preaches another soothing-syrup sermon, sweetly crooning to our credulous people—

"Do not fear the snake. It will not strike and kill. When in times gone by, it stung unto death, and brought upon mankind a thousand years of utter darkness and misery, it was really beneficent, doing good, killing to save. But that was long ago. It is different now. The leopard has got rid of his spots; the Ethiopian, of his sooty skin; and in like manner, this moccasin has exchanged its deadly venom for the balsam that heals.

Listen to my Lorelei—singing, and believe me when I say that the rocks upon which the nations went down, and the cruel waters that swallowed so many millions who were wooed by the music, will never again do harm to the vessel, will never again sink the crew!"

Such, in effect, is the burden of the soft-soap melody of the Prince of Baltimore, preaching to credulous mankind on December 14, 1913.

* * * * *

In his Sermon, the Prince of Baltimore carries us back to the year 313, when "in gratitude to God for this signal triumph over an enemy vastly surpassing him in numbers, Constantine issued his famous edict of toleration."

"This signal triumph" was the victory over Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge, some nine miles from Rome. In the army of Constantine, were the regular soldiers of the Empire, disciplined, experienced, hardened by campaigning, flushed with recent victories, and commanded by the greatest captain of the age.

In the army which came out from Rome to meet this veteran host, were ten or fifteen thousand Pretorian Guards who had once been formidable, but whose long and pampered idleness in a fixed camp had taken away much of their strength. Excepting these, Maxentius had no infantry at all: he had made a hasty levy of the Roman populace (Italians) which could not even be called militia: his cavalry consisted of Africans: he himself was a weak, dissolute young man who had neither talent nor experience, and who did not have the confidence of his untrained, ill-assorted army. He posted this motley array unskillfully, *with the Tiber at its back*, and with only one narrow bridge in its rear.

At the very first shock of battle, the undisciplined Italians broke: the veterans of Gaul (heathens mostly) crumpled them up, threw them into the River, butchered them at will, winning the easiest sort of victory.

Had the raw and debauched Maxentius been victorious over Constantine and his veterans, the triumph would have been miraculous, for never in the history of mankind has any such commander, leading such a mob, been able to defeat hardy soldiers whose general was a master of the military art.

stantine was filled "with gratitude to God for this signal triumph." Evidently, the Prince of Baltimore believes the great Roman was wedded to the idea that the supernatural agencies which had often gone to war with the ancient peoples, were still at it. Gods and goddesses very frequently snatched a moment from the gay doings of high Olympus to take a hand in earthly combats. Jove had his thunder and his bolts: Neptune, his trident and his storms at sea; Pallas, her sword and her buckler; Castor and Pollux, their glittering arms and snow-white steeds.

Often had these Olympian reinforcements turned the tide of battle. In fact, it was the habit of prudent commanders to use their utmost efforts to find out before-hand which side the gods meant to fight on, before joining battle. To enable these prudent inquirers to obtain trustworthy information upon this occult question, elaborate instrumentalities were set up, maintained and expensively patronized. There were oracles, diviners, soothsayers, augurs, inspired priests and priestesses, luxuriously living at the expense of heathen dupes; and it was, in part, the office of these devotees and ambassadors of the gods, to tell mere ordinary mortals what was the pleasure and purpose of these invisible rulers of the universe.

(It is quite probable that some of the high priests of this occult science were as expert at the soft-soap business as his Eminence, J. Card. Gibbons.)

Now, at the time when Constantine won his victory at the Milvian bridge, *he was a pagan*.

He worshipped Jupiter, the god of the Romans: he sacrificed to this pagan deity: he soon afterwards accepted the office of *Pope of this mythological divinity*: he was the Pope of paganism when he presided over the first General Council of Christians at Nicæa; he remained the Pope of paganism throughout all the remaining years of

Cardinal Gibbons thinks that Con-

his life. He was the devotee of Jupiter when he murdered his poor old father-in-law: he was a pagan worshipper when he slew his brother-in-law: he was the Pope of paganism when he murdered his brilliant and popular son, Crispus: he was Pope when he murdered his wife, Fausta, the mother of the sons who succeeded him. Constantine was Pope when he made his last will and testament, in which he admonished his sons to kill their cousins—which pious duty they quickly performed after this Pope and Emperor died.

It was around the deathbed of a moral monster that Christian priests hovered, with their ghostly practises and importunities, until they persuaded the dying monarch to allow a few drops of water to be sprinkled upon his head. Thus "baptized," Constantine was assured that he would most certainly go to Heaven—and possibly he went.

Does Cardinal Gibbons know that Constantine remained a pagan all his life, and that he was actually the Pontiff of that system, *just as modern Italians are now the unbroken successors of one another as Pontiffs of revived and revamped paganism?*

The Prince of Baltimore is a man of education and reading: he cannot be ignorant of those things which all historians relate. Why, then, did he seek to make the impression upon the unlettered, that Constantine became a Christian immediately after he won that "signal triumph" over the Roman rabble, at the Milvian bridge?

The Cardinal must know that *Constantine inherited from his father, Constantine Chlorus, the policy of courting the Christians.*

This sect had appealed powerfully to the poor, to the slaves, to all who groaned under the evils of aristocracy, to all who detested the pagan priest-

hood because of its greed, its pride, its luxury, its absurdities, its oppressiveness. The Christians had set up a simple democracy of fraternity and equality, *a community of faith, and of goods.* Their way had been prepared for them, partly by the vast increase of the number of slaves—many of whom were people of talent and culture, reduced to serfdom by captivity in war—partly by the missionary work of Eastern enthusiasts who proclaimed the Virgin-birth of a divine Messiah; and partly by the general mixture of religions which created a reaction and a desire for a faith that should at least believe in itself, and preach a definite message.

Constantine Chlorus "played politics" with the new sect, recognizing the power of that *organized zeal for equality, brotherhood and communism!* His astute son looked upon the policy of tolerating the Christians and saw that it was good. He proclaimed it and practised it, *before the issuance of the Edict of 313.* Therefore, the signal triumph at the Milvian bridge had nothing to do with it. In fact, *the true Edict of Milan was issued in 312,* and that of 313 was re-published from Nicomedia—as the Prince of Baltimore well knows.

The Edict of 313 shows on its face that it merely follows a former one, for its first sentence reads—

"When we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors *had an interview at Milan,* and conferred together . . . it seemed to us . . . that the Christians *and all others,* should have liberty to follow that mode of religion which, to each seemed best, &c."

So, in the very beginning of the Edict of 313, it is stated that the emperors had met and conferred at Milan, *previously* and had decided that *everybody* should have liberty of worship! When did that conference at Milan take place? *In the year 312!*

How disingenuous, then, is it for the

Cardinal to assert that religious toleration had its origin in Constantine's "gratitude to God for this signal triumph," at the Milvian Bridge, in October, 313!

The Edict itself shows *why* the two pagan emperors decided to proclaim religious toleration. Here are the reasons, as stated *then*, by themselves:

"With respect to the good and security of the common weal, it seemed to us that, amongst those things that are profitable to mankind in general the reverence paid to the Divinity merited our first attention and that it was proper that the Christians and all others should have liberty, &c."

The Edict of 313, issued from Nicomedia and simply ratifying and republishing the Milan decree of 312, is very brief, and very glorious in its sanity, its statesmanship, its sound common sense, and its absolute justice: therefore, I give it here, so that all may read for themselves:

When we, Constantine and Licinius, emperors, had an interview at Milan, and conferred together with respect to the good and security of the common weal, it seemed to us that, amongst those things that are profitable to mankind in general, the reverence paid to the Divinity merited our first and chief attention, and that it was proper that the Christians and all others should have liberty to follow that mode of religion which to each of them appeared best; so that that God, who is seated in heaven, might be benign and propitious to us, and to every one under our government. And therefore we judge it a salutary measure, and one highly consonant to right reason, that no man should be denied leave of attaching himself to the rites of the Christians, or to whatever other religion his mind directed him, that thus the supreme Divinity, to whose worship we freely devote ourselves, might continue to vouchsafe his favor and beneficence to us. And accordingly we give you to know that, without regard to any provisos in our former orders to you concerning the Christians, all who choose that religion are to be permitted, freely and absolutely, to remain in it, and not to be disturbed any ways, or molested. And we thought fit to be thus special in the things committed to your charge, that you might understand that the indulgence which we have granted in matters of religion to the Christians is

ample and unconditional; and perceive at the same time that the open and free exercise of their respective religions is granted to all others, as well as to the Christians. For it befits the well-ordered State and the tranquility of our times that each individual be allowed, according to his own choice, to worship the Divinity; and we mean not to derogate aught from the honor due to any religion or its votaries.—Lactantius, "De Morte Persecutorum" (On the Death of the Persecutors,) chap. 48.

I am astonished when Cardinal Gibbons attributes this great state-paper to a Christian emperor. It was the work of two pagan rulers, who thus sought *TO RESTORE* to mankind that large liberality in matters of belief that had been *man's universal heritage*, since the dawn of time. The annals of antiquity do not drip with the blood of millions of men, women and children, massacred because of differences in religious opinion. That terrible chapter had not been written, when Paul came to Rome, to found his church, and Peter went down the Euphrates to preach to the Jews of Babylonia.

Cardinal Gibbons speaks of the long and dreary night of 300 years during which the Roman emperors persecuted the Christians. That fable seems to be endowed with imperishable youth and vigor. Like the fabled Simon Magus, it is always going up into the skies; but, unlike poor Simon, it never tumbles down and breaks its leg.

Again and again, the honest inquirer after *truth* has told us that there never was any determined and persistent persecution of the Christian religion by Roman emperors. There was a short and cruel time, under Nero, when the Christians were accused of burning the Eternal City. There were occasional, fitful, sporadic persecutions, later: but the Empire, as a whole, was tolerant, in accordance to immemorial custom, and to that urbane indifference which caused Rome to admit every sort of worship. Jupiter, Vesta, Mars, Venus, Bacchus, Mithra, Isis, Jehovah, the

Sun, Jesus—it was all one to the average Roman. The rulers used them all: the philosophers were indifferent to them all: the wits laughed at them all.

The Cardinal cannot be ignorant of the fact that the greater number of Christian martyrs suffered *because they defied the laws of the Empire, or the commands of military leaders*. Thus, the bloody persecution in Gaul had its origin in the refusal of soldiers to take any part in a pagan religious ceremonial.

(See "Early Christianity and Paganism," by Rev. D. H. Spence, D. D.)

In our own day, we see the U. S. Army ordered to take part in a "Military Mass." It may be that three-fourths of the officers and men regard the "Mass" as a piece of monstrously absurd superstition. A piece of bread, changed into the very body of God, by the simple recitation of a few Latin words, is most assuredly the miracle of miracles—and the most outrageous insult to reason and common sense that a priesthood ever imposed upon humanity. In this light, the Protestant soldiers look at it. Yet, they are under orders: and when the priest "elevates" that little piece of bread—or rice cake—the Protestant soldier must kneel to it, as to God! Otherwise, he would be punished for a breach of military discipline. How much less excuse did the Christian soldier of the Roman legion have for refusing to wear a laurel crown, and *refusing to be present at a pagan sacrifice!*

The Christians of the imperial cohorts defied the orders of their officers and their emperors, refused to wear the crown, and refused to take part in the Military Mass of paganism.

For that is exactly what it was, a Military Mass, in the open field, with all the splendid ceremonial that could attend it, and the priests, in the centre, officiating *and offering up the sacrifice*.

Today, the modern pagans turn out, in magnificent regalia, with banners

flying, bands playing, rifles glistening, war-horses neighing, uniforms resplendent, plumes nodding, shad-bellied prelates gloriously wrapped up in chemise, petticoat, lace curtains, Persian rugs, womanly robes, and the funny head-dress that the priests of Mithra used to wear in the pristine days of ancient paganism. The priest gets into the middle of the situation, for he is the ambassador of God.

Being in the centre, the priest uses the magical, Open-Sesame words, and lo! the bread is Christ, the God.

Then the ambassador of God offers up God as a sacrifice to God; and all the Protestant soldiers must kneel devoutly, while this ambassador of the sacrificed God offers up the sacrificed God to the sacrificed God.

If the Protestant soldiers did not bow down to this supreme insult to human intelligence, their officers would punish them for a breach of military discipline.

See how time and tide works changes in this world! The Catholics now practise the very same Military Mass that the pagan emperors introduced, and which the early Christians considered so absurdly superstitious that they suffered martyrdom rather than attend the ceremony.

Of course, Cardinal Gibbons knows this: for as I cheerfully concede, he is a learned man. It must fill his soul with infinite satisfaction when he thinks of how completely he has conquered the common sense of the American people, and caused them *to forget so much!*

Cardinal Gibbons says that after the Edict of Constantine, "the Christians at last breathed the life-giving air of religious liberty." He does not tell you how quickly "the Christians" began to deny to each other this life-giving air; how quickly they denied to such pagans as Constantine

and Licinius *any* of this life-giving ozone; and how many millions of "Christians and all others" had their life giving atmosphere everlastingly shut off, *because* their ideas of religion differed from those of the so-called orthodox church.

The Cardinal had it in his power to add very greatly to the literary and homiletic value of his Sermon, and it is to be regretted that he mentally abolished several thousand years of the history.

Even before the days of Constantine, the Christians had fallen into hopeless disputes and frenzied wrangles over the nature of Christ, the Holy Ghost, and God the Father! Was Christ of the same substance as God, or was he of like nature, only?

Incredible hatred and factions grew out of these opposing views. On a subject where human reason had necessarily to limp within its own limitations and blindly lead its blind, passions of the most deadly, uncharitable, un-Christian sort raged so furiously, that even Constantine, the man of tumult, war and carnage, when looking upon the wild scene at the Council of Nicæa, had his martial spirit stirred, and exclaimed delightedly—

"*Splendid! splendid! What is it all about?*"

Being a mere pagan, the emperor could not comprehend the holy furies of Christian fanaticism. Hence, his question to Eusebius, sitting at his side, as he, the pagan emperor, presided over this first great bear-garden of clerical combat.

Cardinal Gibbons could have painted for us an edifying word-picture of this Council of Nicæa, but he did not. Yet, it was held in the year of our Lord 325, only thirteen years after "the Christians at last breathed the life-giving air of religious liberty."

This life-giving combination of the elements had proven too strong for

"the Christians," and they were fighting like stacks of wild-cats, all over the Empire. No wonder Constantine clapped his hands with joy and inquired, as the tumult raged in the Council—

"*What's it all about?*"

Pitiful pagan! He was never to know the superlative bliss of life in those Elysian Fields where ecstatic enthusiasts gloriously exhaust their strength upon other ecstatic enthusiasts, over controverted points in complicated, abysmal and inscrutable theological disquisition.

Suppose, for example, that Father Eusebius had tried to explain to Constantine the mystery of the Immaculate Conception, and the Motherhood of Mary to God; and had then barked back to the question—*If Immaculate Mary is the Mother of God, who is the Father of Immaculate Mary?* You can see at once into what a helpless state of mental and spiritual confusion the emperor would have been plunged.

Or, suppose that Eusebius had endeavored to elucidate to the emperor the most adorable mystery of the Jesuit Trinity—Christ, Mary and Joseph—can you not believe that the emperor's first question would have been—

"*What has Joseph got to do with it?*"

(Joseph, you know, was a jack-leg Jewish carpenter, whose marriage to Mary seems to be his sole connection with Christianity.)

With Mary conceived *immaculately*, and Christ conceived in the same manner, and Joseph acting no part save that of a Jew who finds himself married, but without a wife, and with a child in the house that isn't his, but is his wife's—you can readily understand that to make an adorable Saint out of Joseph, a Mother of God out of his wife, necessitates a stupendous exertion of what we call Faith.

Constantine may not have had that much. To imbue a man with this sort of thing, it is indispensable that the

proper teachers seize him early, isolate him from the normal, envelop his plastic brain in swaddling clothes, feed it on baby-food, and never let it go into the outer world of actualities without a nurse to hold the leading strings.

After that has been done and the nurse has permanently established authority by "Divine Right," the pupil, however old, *may* believe that Mary, the creature, was the Mother of her Creator; that this Creator was the Son of his own creature; and that God was the Father of his own Mother.

In none of the religions of heathendom can you find such a monstrosity of theological difficulty as *that*—which is the very essence of Mariolatry and the Jesuit Trinity.

(A lovely statue to *The Mother of the Gods* was among the glories of ancient Athens. It was attributed to Phidias, the great Grecian sculptor. See "Excursions in Art and Letters," by W. W. Story, son of Judge Story of our U. S. Supreme Court.

Of course, our readers will remember that the Mother of the Gods was also worshipped by pagan Rome.)

Proceeding with his Sermon, the Prince of Baltimore said:

I now, my brethren, assert the proposition which I hope to substantiate by historical evidence—that the Catholic Church has always been the zealous promoter of religious and civil liberty, and that whenever any encroachment on these sacred rights of man have been made by professing members of the Church, these wrongs, far from being perpetrated with her sanction, were committed in palpable violation of her authority.

It is true, indeed, that the Church spares no pains and leaves no stone unturned in order to bring the light of the Gospel to those who are outside the fold. If she acted otherwise she would be recreant to her sacred trust. For she is commanded by her Founder to teach all nations; and in possessing the truths of revelation she feels that she holds a treasure compared with which she regards all earthly goods as dross. And instead of hiding that treasure in her own heart, she loves to share it with others; especially in making others richer, she becomes none the poorer. But she scorns to compel men

against their will to accept her gifts. The only argument she would use is the argument of reason and persuasion. The only weapon she would use is not the material sword, but the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God."

The Church has not only respected the conscience of the people in embracing the religion of their choice, but she has also defended their civil rights against the encroachments of temporal sovereigns. Many persons imagine that in former times the Church was leagued with princes in oppressing the people. This is a popular error which a fuller acquaintance with history would soon dispel.

The great bulwark of English liberty is the famous Magna Charta. It is the basis not only of British, but also of American constitutional freedom. Among other blessings contained in this instrument, it establishes trial by jury and the right of habeas corpus, and provides that there shall be no taxation without representation. Who were the framers of this memorable charter? Archbishop Langton of Canterbury and the Catholic barons of England. On the plains of Runnymede, in 1215, they compelled King John to sign that paper which was the death-blow to his arbitrary powers and the cornerstone of constitutional government.

One feels like rubbing his eyes and pinching himself, to make sure that he isn't dreaming, when he reads stuff of that kind. It can be excused in a Jesuit, just as forgery and murder can be justified by a Jesuit. The end warrants the means. To deceive is meritorious when it serves the church. To break faith with the heretic, is a part of the punishment of his detestable crime. To kill the obstinate heretic, is to save his soul from further sin. On that line of casuistry, Cardinal Gibbons may be defended.

Isn't a part of the Cardinal's oath *to persecute* all who reject the authority of the Pope? It certainly is. How did such a clause creep into the sworn obligation of the Princes of the church, if that church is so benevolently indulgent to honest differences of opinion?

In the Jesuit oath, the obligation is *to catipate* all those who reject the supremacy of the Pope. How came that terrible word in the Jesuit oath, if the Roman Catholic hierarchy is so boundlessly liberal?

Heretics did not frame those sworn pledges: atheists did not do it: Protestants did not. The church itself framed those oaths and enforced them for hundreds of years *before the non-Catholic world knew of their existence.*

The Jesuit oath was dragged into court at Paris, France, in the 18th Century in the celebrated case of Father Lavalette. The Bishop's oath was brought to light, in the British House of Commons, during the reign of Henry VIII. (See Burnett's "Reformation," Vol. I. Book II., p. 119.)

Cardinal Gibbons will not dare to deny that those horribly *intolerant and murderous obligations* have to be sworn to by the Cardinals, by the bishops, by the Jesuits, and by the priests. Why are those persecuting pledges required, *under oath*, if Rome is not intolerant? Why has she for so many centuries required her priesthood to swear to persecute to the utmost, if it was not meant that those priests should persecute?

If indubitable history shows that the priesthoods have always persecuted, *where they had the power*, who can escape the conclusion that they *did* what they swore to do, whenever they could?

And who can deny that the popes who bound them by solemn oaths to persecute and extirpate, *meant* that they should persecute and extirpate?

Why swear them to do it, if they were not expected to do it?

In the struggle for supremacy between Arian Christians and Athanasian Christians there was a greater slaughter during 38 years of the 4th Century than had taken place under all of the 300 years of persecution alluded to by Cardinal Gibbons.

In a battle which was fought in the streets of Constantinople, these warring Christians butchered one another to the number of 3,150. At Alexandria the wild monks of the upper Nile, called into the city to attack the Arian

Christians, and coming armed with clubs which bristled with nails, threw themselves upon their fellow Christians, in a frenzy of fanaticism, yelling like so many savages. The historian says—

"Encouraged now by Athanasius, the monks pursue, and kill as they pursue. Returning they pillage the shops and dwellings of the Jews"—the monks being the Christians who derive their religion through a Jew woman and her Jew son! These Christian monks "ransack the homes of the rich, drag old men from their houses by their beards, and throw them into the streets.

Women with bare arms outstretched for mercy, and with tearful eyes raised imploringly, *are outraged* and then murdered."

These virgin monks from their caves in the Thebiad, dirty of person, clad in the skins of wild beasts, and with long hair streaming from their heads and their faces, take the city by storm, sack it as any other savages would do, and rape the women, as other looters would do—and then kill them, as few looters have ever done!

Continuing the historian says—

"Children are thrown into cisterns, or brained in the presence of their mothers. The fury of the wild beasts of the desert was no more terrible than the rage of these Pauls and Anthonys"—incipient Saints instigated and personally encouraged by St. Athanasius.

(See Garretson's "Primitive Christianity," p. 257.)

"In all parts of Egypt and the Asiatic provinces of the empire and in parts of Europe, the destruction of property and slaughter went on until the loss of life exceeded that which Homer tells us, occurred in the ten years' siege of Troy." (Garretson, p. 258.)

And what was it all about? Arius said that Christ was "of likeness to" God: Athanasius said Christ was "of the substance of" God: and straightway they fell to blows. To settle a differ-

ence of that kind, it was deemed necessary that one sect should kill the other; and so, the inhuman, un-Christian work began.

Christians butchered Christians, until the world was literally drenched with the blood of Christians.

This was the starting point of that long night of bloody intolerance and massacre, which decimated the human race, closed the schools, blew out the torches of enlightenment, destroyed the civilization of the ancients, enslaved woman, abolished personal liberty, extinguished the arts and sciences, burnt the treasure houses of classic literature, and elevated to the "Chair of Peter" a pope who proudly proclaimed the progressive dogma that—

"Ignorance is the mother of devotion."

Cardinal Gibbons actually affirms that wherever the members of his church persecuted, they have done so "in palpable violation of her authority."

My God! That even a Jesuit could bring himself to desecrate the pulpit with a statement so contemptuous of the palpable record and the palpable truth! When, in the year 385, the bishop of Rome coerced a weakling emperor into murdering the Spanish bishop, Priscillian and his six fellow Christians, was this Roman bishop proceeding in palpable violation of the authority of the Roman church? If the bishop of Rome did not truly represent the rightful authority of the Roman church, who did?

From that year onwards, the bishops of Rome have always led the savage hosts of persecution. The dreadfulest curses ever hurled at the lives and souls of human beings are those launched by the popes against Christians who reject and defy papal authority. The language of these papal anathemas stagger one's mind with a new and hideous concep-

tion of the intense malignity of papal intolerance and hate.

Let any one read the official form of Rome's excommunication, and judge for himself whether such a blast of hellish fury could emanate from a loving and indulgent church!

The Cardinal is conclusively presumed to believe in the dogma of papal Infallibility; let him remember what the infallible Pope Boniface VIII. officially proclaimed in his Bull, *unam sanctam*—an official declaration on a matter of faith, of doctrine, and of practise. That declaration has never been revoked, denied, repudiated or considered obsolete. It is in full force, today, as a fundamental law of popery.

The famous decree reads—

In this Church and in its power are two swords—to-wit, a spiritual and a temporal, and this we are taught by the words of the Gospel. Both, therefore, the spiritual and the material swords, are in the power of the Church, the latter indeed to be used for the Church, the former by the Church, the one by the priest, the other by the hands of kings and soldiers, but by the will and sufferance of the priest. It is fitting, moreover, that one sword should be under the other, and the temporal authority subject to the spiritual power. We moreover proclaim, declare, and pronounce that it is altogether necessary for salvation for every human being to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.

Waiving all reference to the Inquisition which burnt heretics *in Spain*, and which some latter-day Roman Catholics claim was a *royal institution, only*, let us glance at the *Inquisition which the Popes set up* and maintained throughout the Middle Ages—and which, *even now*, has the full force of unrepealed papal law, ominously biding the time when it can again send heretics to its earthly hells.

It was Pope Gregory IX. who officially created the papal Inquisition, in 1215. If he did not represent the authority of the Roman Catholic church, who did?

In 1231, the church formally condemned *to death by fire*, those obstinate Christians who refused to see in the Pope the successor of Peter and the Vicar of Christ.

To add to the guilt of such a penal decree, the church promised indulgences to those dupes of popery who brought faggots to feed the fires of this Holy Inquisition.

Thus the poor old woman who at Constance cast her brand into the flames which were consuming the heroic Catholic, John Huss, believed that she was earning a pardon for her sins by furnishing fuel to these Holy flames of the Pope's Holy Inquisition. (See Reinach's "History of Religions," p. 301-2.

This *papal* inquisition burnt the brave Catholic Knights of the Temple, because a wicked king, coveting the riches of the order, had made a bargain with a wicked Pope, the victims of the two wicked potentates being these innocent Catholic Knights.

This *papal* Inquisition burnt the Hussites, who were Catholics, but not blind papists. It also burnt Franciscans, who were Catholics. It burnt thousands of friendless old women who professed to be Catholics, but were adjudged to be witches. It almost exterminated with fire and sword the sect of devout Christians, known as Waldensians. And the Popes themselves urged on the massacre of the Albigensians, the Huguenots, the Lollards, the Anabaptists, the Dutch and German Lutherans.

Did not the Pope and the Roman Catholic church urge against Martin Luther, as one of the articles of condemnation, that he had denied the Pope's right to destroy heretics? that he had raised his hand against the frightful ferocities of papal persecution?

Cardinal Gibbons well knows that *this* was one of the express grounds

upon which "the church" cursed the intrepid German monk.

It was a Pope who urged on Louis XIV. to the Revocation of the Edict of limited Toleration which Henry of Navarre had proclaimed. It was a Pope who incited the bigoted Grand Monarch to the frightful persecutions known as the Dragonnades.

It was a Pope who fed the flames of persecution in England when Queen Mary was feeding to the stake at Smithfield the purest, bravest Christians that any kingdom ever nourished.

They were Popes who proclaimed that "*Heretics may justly be killed.*"

(Innocent VII., Martin V., Pius IV., Gregory IX., &c. Saint Thomas Aquinas teaches it, as pious, orthodox papal doctrine.)

Cardinal Gibbons asserts that his church has always been the champion of the sacred rights of civil and religious liberty.

When was this? How did it manifest itself? What were the results? By what monuments is it commemorated?

No priest of any of the ancient religions declared war upon Christianity: it was the Roman church led by such Africans as Tertullian and Cyril that inaugurated the religious wars that have cost more lives and destroyed more property than conquerors and marauders ever did. (See Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," Vol. I. p. 275, and following.)

"Under the old polytheism *heresy* was impossible, since every man might select his god and his worship; but under the new monotheism it was inevitable—*heresy*, a word that provokes and justifies a black catalogue of crime." * * * Already the Catholic party, in preparation of its commencing atrocities, ominously inquired, 'Is the vengeance of God to be defrauded of its victims?'" (Draper, Vol. I. p. 282.)

Thus, in the life of Constantine, a few years after his Edict of toleration to all religions, we find that the Roman church was not only unsheathing the sword against all "pagans," but whetting knives for those Christians who could not believe as Athanasius did, and ready to shed the blood of Christian disciples of Arius.

"The horrible bloodshed and murders attending these quarrels in the great cities . . . clearly showed that Christianity, through its union with politics, could no longer control the passions of men. The biography of *the sons of Constantine* is an awful relation of family murders. Religion had disappeared: *theology* had come in its stead. Even theology had gone mad." (Draper, V. I., p. 289.)

The organic law of the Roman Catholic church makes it a persecuting church: *the vital spirit* of the Roman Catholic organization makes it a persecuting system: therefore the church and the system are logically, and inevitably the deadliest menace to civil and religious liberty, no matter how many *individual Catholics* may be soldiers of freedom and martyrs to progress.

At the very moment that the patriotic Stephen Langton was confederating with those Roman Catholic barons, to force a restoration of the old Saxon liberties, which the Pope-blessed Normans had taken away, the church itself was stamping out the last vestiges of Spanish liberties in Castile and was upholding throughout Europe the abominable forced labor and the hideous *jus prima noctis*—the right of the feudal aristocrat to work his serf without pay, and to occupy the groom's place in the bridal bed on the night of the marriage!

At the very time that glorious old Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was signing our Declaration of Independence and doing his utmost to support the patriot cause in America, his

church was burning heretics in Mexico, and murdering people in continental Europe because they could not humbly, blindly, slavishly grovel at the feet of an Italian pope.

Cardinal Gibbons is an Irishman: doesn't he know that Pope Adrian, by written license, commissioned the Norman marauders to despoil Ireland; and that Pope Urban VIII. by an official decree *ordered* the persecution of those Protestants who had grown up in the English pale? Does not Cardinal Gibbons remember the terrible Bull by which the Infallible Pope *commanded* that these heretics, these workers of iniquity, be extirpated, totally rooted out, so that the contagion of religious heresy might not "infest the mass of Catholic purity?"

That devilish order was signed by the Infallible Pope, at the Vatican, "St. Peter's Palace," and was officially proclaimed throughout Ireland.

What were its fatal fruits? Read the story, published in London, in 1745:

"When the Pope's Bull was sent among them, they killed both Masters and Servants; both them that sat peaceably at home, and those they met in the fields and the highways: they cut the husband in pieces in the presence of the wife; they dashed out the childrens' brains before the parents' face.

Some they flayed alive, others they broiled upon gridirons, and roasted upon spits.

Some they tossed upon pikes, and others they cast to the dogs; some they hung upon tenter-hooks, trees and wind-mill-flails; others they threw down from windows, high walls and towers; some they buried to their necks in earth; some were ripped open, that they might gnaw the entrails, or string their guts to the full length, fastening them to trees, and forcing their bodies away from them.

Others were cast into ditches, thrust through with forks and spears, brained with hammers and axes."

If the Roman Catholic church has always favored civil and religious liberty, why cannot Cardinal Gibbons cite us to a single line of Canon law to that effect? Why cannot he put his finger upon some paragraph in a papal decree, Bull, or Encyclical letter? Why cannot he quote the words of *one* Pope to corroborate his statement—just *one*? Why cannot he quote the utterance of *one* Council of his church—just *one*?

If his sweeping declaration is true, the records of his popes, his councils, of his church ought to show it. *Produce the record!*

If what he says is true, the history of pope-ruled peoples ought to prove it. *Produce the record!*

The annals of church-ruled, priest-ridden Portugal, Spain, France Belgium, Bavaria, Poland, Hungary, and Austria, ought to reveal it. *Produce the record!*

For 300 years "the Church" absolutely ruled the Philippines, and Senate Document 190—56 Cong., 2nd Session officially discloses the utter bellishness of Roman Catholic dominion.

And the official report which Mr. Taft had to transmit to President McKinley, and which the Senate published, and which the pope's American slaves endeavored to suppress merely corroborates what McCarthy reports on "Ireland and the Priests;" what John Hay reports in his classic "Castilian Days;" what Lager reports in his "Romanism in its Home;" what Lecky and Draper report in their histories of civilization; what the Baliol College author, Oliphant reports in his "Rome and Reform;" what Arthur reports in his monumental work, "The Popes, the Kings and the People," what Hallam reports in his "Middle Ages;" what Froude and Burnett report in their histories of the English Reformation;

what D'Aubigne, Michelet, McCrie, Gavazzi, De Lasteyrie, De Cormenin, Bowers, Villari, Symonds, and scores of other standard historians have reported.

No wonder that the Roman Catholic Rabelais brought such a frightful indictment against the priesthood, the pope and the church of his day. They deserved it. No wonder that the Catholic monk, Savonarola, was maddened by the monstrosities of "the church." They were enough to madden him. No wonder that the Catholic Dante put cardinals and popes in his Hell. They belonged there. And *any* people and *any* civilization will land in hell, if it blindly kneels to the Italian Star-Chamber—self-appointed and self-perpetuating—that seeks to enslave mankind with myths, pagan fables, worn-out spooks, gibbering ghosts, fake miracles, and home-made wafers that are so much in awe of half-a-dozen Latin words that they change into the veritable body of Jesus Christ.

Any "church" that makes God in the bread-tray, cooks him in the bakery, and eats him in the synagogue, is a "church" that will carry any nation to moral, spiritual, intellectual damnation. In the very nature of things, this is necessarily so.

The very fact that Cardinal Gibbons' "church" pretends to believe in monstrous myths and absurd exceptions to the law of Nature, is the very reason why it cannot afford honest doubt, honest investigation, honest criticism and ridicule.

The very fact that "the Church" of the Prince of Baltimore lives on the bugaboos which sanity and reason scornfully defy, is the very reason why it had to rely on force to conquer Europe, on force to retain the conquest, and on force to keep its prisoners within the walls of monasteries, nunneries, Houses of the Good Shepherd and similar man-traps. If women are

continually risking their necks, jumping from third-story windows, in the wild effort to escape these hell-holes, we can readily imagine what would happen if the iron gratings were removed from the windows, the high walls levelled to the ground, the dungeon-like doors thrown open, and the whole prison thrilled with the clarion call of the Law—

“Come forth and be free, all you who want liberty! Even the Italian Star-Chamber and its puppet Italian pope shall not continue to impose involuntary servitude upon American citizens!”

If Cardinal Gibbons's church has always favored civil and religious liberty, why does it so vehemently oppose the State inspection of the pope's Bastilles? Why has it forbidden the “secular arm” to aid those popish prisoners who wish to regain their freedom? That infamous feature is one of the laws of Gibbons' church: the State must *not* aid the prisoners of the pope to regain the light of day, the blessings of freedom, the inestimable *natural right* to live, and move, and have our being as we ourselves elect.

If the church of Cardinal Gibbons has always been the friend of civil and religious liberty, why is it that the church has always had such a diabolical curse to launch at the head of the Catholic who wanted to leave the church?

Alas! If the Italian church had been what the Cardinal says it always has been, there would not have come upon stricken Europe such curses—worse than the Plagues of Egypt—when for thirty years nations waged war about religion; when bloody Crusades were launched for religion; when millions of Moors and Jews were butchered, for religion; when provinces were devastated and cities razed, for religion; when fiendish tortures and excruciating deaths were inflicted for religion; when libraries were

burned, schools shut up, and learning banned, for religion; when the Old World expelled its Puritans, its Quakers, its Baptists, its Salzburgers, its Bohemians, its Huguenots—having massacred all who could not escape the pitiless wrath of the pope's blighting, blasting, murderous church!

And now the feeble solo of His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, proclaims to a small congregation, in a non-Catholic country, *that his church has ALWAYS favored civil and religious liberty!*

It is rather late in the day, but if *the Pope* would proclaim civil and religious liberty, *even now*, it would be a blessing to helpless millions who are *even now*, made to feel the barbarities of Roman Catholic intolerance.

Let *the Pope* proclaim it in Spain, *now!* Let “*the church*” declare for religious liberty in Portugal, *now!* Let the pope and his prelates preach Cardinal Gibbons' Sermon in Italy, *now!* in Poland, Hungary and Bohemia, *now!* In Catholic Ireland, *now!*

And also in Mexico, in Central and South America, and in Louisiana, New York, Illinois and Massachusetts.

It is late in the day, and the crimes of persecution blood-stain the whole history of Roman Catholic popery; but even now, immense good may be done to humanity *by having the Pope issue to all the world* the Sermon of our eminent soft-soap Cardinal.

If the Roman Catholic church has always been the friend of civil and religious liberty, as Cardinal Gibbons claims, how does he account for the backward condition of those countries in which popery has been supreme? Why have education, progress, independence, equality of opportunity, equality before the law, self-government,—in a word, *democracy*—always been found languishing where the Italian church ruled, and flourishing where it was despised?

In the *Literary Digest* of December

27, 1913, there is a leading article on "Poverty in Spain," beginning with the statement that "the sad condition of Spain, especially in what were once its most fertile regions, such as Andalusia and the parts about Madrid and Cordova, presents features of poverty and misery unparalleled in any other part of Europe."

Why is this? Because the King, the aristocracy, the priests, and the Pope have succeeded in crushing every effort to introduce democracy, equal opportunities, freedom of individual thought, speech and action.

It is literally true that Spain was once the leading and dominant nation of earth. Those were the times when the Moors irrigated the fertile plains, made gardens of the valleys, built fairy chateaux on the hills: the times when the old liberties of local self-government flourished. But when Cardinal Ximenes, and Charles V., and Philip II., and the Duke of Alva, and the devils Torquemada and Loyola had finished their infernal work, the heart of Spain, was chilled with fear, its brain benumbed by the weight of the monkish cowl.

Protestant Prussia created modern Germany: Catholic Bavaria did not do it. Secularized France scattered the seeds of modern liberty, equality and fraternity all over the earth: papal France did not do it. Protestant Holland established and practised universal education and absolute freedom of worship: no papal country ever did so. For an entire generation, William the Silent withstood the horrible intolerance and bloody assaults of Roman Catholicism—the Pope, the Spanish King, the rack, the torch, the dungeon—and after the great Washington of the Dutch had beaten the Pope and the King, he most magnanimously proclaimed liberty in religion, *for the first time, since the Roman Church had driven it out of the world.*

What part of Europe was so back-

ward as church-ridden Portugal? None, excepting church-ridden Italy. What portion of the civilized earth was so illiterate as were Portugal and Italy? None, excepting those where popery was equally predominant. Central America, South America, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines—the picture is ever the same. Given popery, and we have immorality, poverty, ignorance, corruption, grovelling superstition and a decadent society.

Was there ever a tragedy deeper, darker, more lamentable than that of Italy, the land of brilliant intellect, warm blood, boundless vitality and a natural striving toward Light? The canvass, the statue, the palace, the temple, the garden, the book, all show what the Latin brain can think, what the Latin hand can do. Yet the Latin *people* had been so smothered by the ceremonies of a dead formalism in religion, so paralyzed by the rapacity, the vice, the oppressiveness, the blind and stupid bigotry of the Roman church, that Italy—the fairest land on earth, stood like a very Niobe of the nation's, sackclothed by popery, ash-covered by popery, woe-stricken by popery, chained, cowed, blood-poisoned by popery.

Not until 1870, could a Garibaldi, aided by a rebellious priest—Gavazzi, so inspire the Italian people that flew into an irresistible revolt, and broke the hateful chains of their pagan church.

If Cardinal Gibbons thinks he is telling the truth about popery, how can he explain its deadly antagonism to the translation of the Bible into the common tongue? its penalizing the possession of a Bible? its punishing the reading of a Bible? its fierce denunciation of unlicensed printing? its fulminations against free speech? its official declarations against the separation of Church and State? its

bitter warfare against secular schools? its ruthless opposition to *democracy* in those countries where the church is yet ascendant? its maintenance of feudal slavery in the Austrian empire? its world wide sweat-shop system of involuntary servitude, in those slave-pens called "Houses of the Good Shepherd?"

If the Pope's church has always been the friend of liberty, enlightenment and progress, why did it make such cruel war upon the pioneer anatomists, astronomers, surgeons, doctors, explorers of physical science? Why was Roger Bacon kept in prison fourteen years? Why was Galileo tortured? Why was Bruno burnt? Why did a like doom overtake Virgilius, Catholic archbishop of Salzburg? His crime was that he had said he believed there were human beings living on the other side of the world.

Why did so typical a papist as Sir Thomas Moore take delight in torturing his fellow-Englishmen, whose only crime was that they could not precisely parallel their "faith" with that of the papacy?

If the church and its infallible head have not been the deadliest persecutors that the world ever knew, why was it that the Pope's own palace contained its especial torture room, its fiery furnace into which Hebrew children and Gentile children, alike, were cast, and from which they did not come forth, save in the pitiful ashes of diabolical incineration?

When the Pope himself did not think his official residence complete, without such a hellish adjunct as that which the traveller can see at Avignon to this very day, how can any one be astonished to learn that priest-taught parents believed it a meritorious act to surrender their own children to the flames, when those children rejected popery?

The greater the sacrifice to Catholic "faith," the greater the reward in the

Catholic "heaven;" to deny the pleas of Nature, to choke the affections of the heart, to break the ties of blood, to trample upon one's own ideas and feelings, was peculiarly pleasing in the sight of "God"—according to a church which assumed to be the Almighty.

Tolerant? Why then, did Pope Pius IX. make it a crime, in his Papal States, for anybody to own, possess, read or circulate the books of Charles Dickens? In England, the golden-hearted author had laid bare abuses of the courts, of the schools, of the administration; and no offence had been taken by Church or State. The exposures stimulated reforms.

In the United States, the touring Dickens had seen many things which he condemned, and he most freely denounced them to the world. But no statesman, no law-maker, no church had dreamed of prohibiting and penalizing the "American Notes."

But when this same Christ-hearted Englishman visited the Papal States, in the Fifties, saw with astonishment and indignation the utter abominations of *popery in its home*, and published his "Pictures from Italy," the Pope thundered his anathemas, made it a crime to read *the truth*, as Dickens portrayed it, and relentlessly drove out of circulation a very mild description of Italy mired in the slough of unresisted popery.

It is certainly the sublimation of impudence and effrontery for Cardinal Gibbons to claim benevolent tolerance for a church which established *the Index of forbidden books*, and placed upon it the Atlases of the Intellectual World.

Not in Fox's "Book of Martyrs," not in the popish "Lives of Saints and Martyrs," not in any history of St. Bartholomew, the Waldensians, or the reign of Bloody Mary will you find the story of the pioneers of modern learning, liberality, independence, culture, and benign institutions. If you would

know what it cost,—in toil, in ostracism, in persecution and in blood—to win for *you* the sunny, stalwart freedom which *as yet*, you enjoy, seek the knowledge in such books as those of Gabriel Naude, John Milton, Isaac D'Israeli, Thomas Henry Buckle, Henry Hallam, William Lecky, Symonds, Villari, Motley, John W. Draper, and all those authors who deal thoroughly with the history of European Literature.

As I may have already remarked, Cardinal Gibbons is a man of great learning; therefore, he is conclusively presumed to know that his infallible popes and his broadly tolerant church put some of the most eminent Roman Catholics out of the pale of her toleration, *because* they preached toleration. For instance, the Jesuit Archbishop of Spalatro, De Dominis, had published a book whose chief offense was that it held forth the doctrine which Cardinal Gibbons says his church has always favored. De Dominis *knew* what his church would do to him for advocating religious toleration; so he quietly slipped over into England.

The papal Inquisition condemned his book, and burnt it. Then DeDominis became frightened, returned to Italy and "recanted." But Pope Urban VIII. so angrily resented the suggestions of toleration and reconciliation among Christians that he cast De Dominis into the pope's own prison of St. Angelo, "where he is said to have died of poison."

Then, the tolerant Pope of the tolerant church dug up the dead body of the advocate of toleration, and publicly burnt it, as a bright, memorable testimony of Roman Catholic devotion to the principles of religious toleration!

(See "Books Condemned to be Burned." John Anson Farrer, in Book Lover's Library, 1892. See also similar cases in "Books Fatal to their Authors." Book Lover's Library, 1895.

Also, "Curiosities of Literature." D'Israeli.)

In Dickens' "Pictures from Italy," the first chapter is given to Lyons, the Rhone and to Avignon where the Popes lived for more than two generations. After having visited the cathedral, Dickens entered "the ancient Palace of the Popes. . . . We went to see the ruins of the dreadful rooms in which the Inquisition used to sit." This horrible place was a part of the Pope's home, near to the cathedral, and on the wall of the chamber of torture was painted the parable of the Good Samaritan!

Dickens describes the hall, with its funnel-shaped roof, open at the narrowed top.

"The Chamber of Torture! And the roof was made of that shape to stifle the victim's cries!"

Then Dickens pictures the details of the hideous cruelties inflicted there, in the Pope's house by the Pope's orders—as the Good Samaritan gazed down from the painted walls, and Christ looked down from on high.

"An endless routine of heavy hammers. Mash, mash, mash! upon the sufferer's limbs. See the stone trough. For the water torture! Gurgle, swill, bloat, burst, for the Redeemer's honor! Suck the bloody rag, deep down into your unbelieving body, Heretic at every breath you draw!

There the furnace was. There they made the irons red-hot. Those holes supported the sharp stake, on which the tortured persons hung poised; dangling with their whole weight from the roof."

Then Dickens was shown by the old woman in charge of the ancient Palace of the Popes the dark, cold pit, into which the mangled victims were flung by the executioner of the Inquisition, "where they were past all further torturing."

And the old woman said to Dickens—

“But look! does monsieur see the black stains on the wall?”

Dickens looks, sees the stains and asks—“What are they?”

“Blood!” said the old woman.

Yes, blood, the life blood of miserable men who could not see with the Pope's eyes, could not bow down to the Pope's feet, could not surrender their reason to the foulest imposture that ever throned itself upon Superstition, Chaos and Old Night. The blood stains are there in the Pope's house at Avignon, just as they are to be seen hard by the Vatican at Rome, everlasting memorials of the maniacal intolerance of the Roman Catholic church.

The old woman showed Dickens the vaults in which the Pope's own domestic, personally controlled Inquisition confined its victims. “Subterranean! Frightful! Black! Terrible! Deadly! My blood ran cold, as I looked down into the vaults, where those forgotten human creatures, with recollections of the world outside; of wives, friends, children, brothers; starved to death, and made the stones ring with their unavailing groans.”

Christians perishing in the vaults, praying in vain for mercy from Christ's “vicar-on-earth,” while that Infallible vicar dwelt luxuriously in another chamber of the same Palace, passing his days in regal splendors and his nights in bacchanalian festivities, moving amid his dazzling court as a King of Kings, served by men of easy virtue, ministered to by women of no virtue at all.—his acknowledged concubine dwelling with him as openly as the Pompadour or the DuBarry ever lived with his most Christian majesty of France.

(It was at this lordly palace of Avignon that Pope John XXII. caused a Roman Catholic bishop to be flayed alive.)

But why waste time in looking for the tolerance, the liberality, the charitableness of the Roman Catholic church toward Gentile nations? Why not behold at once the infinite tenderness with which it treated *the Jew*?

What more natural and more Christ-like than that Roman Catholicism should be good to the Jew?

When Jesus sat down to eat his last supper, he ate with twelve Jews. When he commanded, offering the bread, “Eat, in remembrance of me!” he laid his will upon the Jews; when he commanded, offering the wine, “Drink in remembrance of me!” he passed the cup to the Jews.

When he prayed on the Cross, “Forgive them; they know not what they do!” he prayed for the Jews. When he said to the dying thief, “This day you will be with me in heaven,” he spoke to a suffering Jew. When at the last, he said to the beloved John, “Behold your mother!” he committed a Jewess to the filial care of a Jew.

When the Spirit from on high came down at Pentecost and flooded with its radiance the thousands who were there assembled, the light fell upon Jews, and the Pentecostal flame was caught up and carried forth to the uttermost ends of the earth, by the Jews.

“Saint” Paul was a Jew; “Saint” Peter was a Jew; “Saint” Joseph was a Jew; the “Mother of God” was the daughter of one Jew and the wife of another.

Of course, the Roman Catholic church could not be otherwise than inexhaustibly kind to the Jews, boundlessly grateful to the Jews, persistently and consistently indulgent and tolerant to the Jews.

And so they were!

In Spain—how divinely compassionate were the Catholic Christians to the race of Jesus Christ, the race of his mother, the race of Paul and Peter, and the most blessed Joseph! In France, in Germany, in Poland, in Hol-

land, in England, how lovingly tender has Roman Catholicism been to the race from which we derive the Bible!

In Rome itself, ask the ghetto what the Vatican has done for the Jew! If the answer that undisputed history makes does not freeze your blood, or heat it into boiling indignation, then your soul is dead to a sense of justice and of pity. Never since the inhumanity of man to man opened its book of horrors has there been such a Plutonian record as that which reveals the loving mercies of the Catholic Christians to the race which ushered into the world the Trinity, of the Jesuits—J. M. J., Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

As W. W. Story states in his "Roba di Roma," *so recently as 1870*, "the present condition of the Jews in Rome is shameful, intolerant, and un-Christian. A ban is upon these poor children of Israel which is demoralizing to them and unworthy of the century and of the Church. They are branded with ignominy, oppressed by taxes, excluded from honorable professions and trades, and reduced to poverty by laws which belong to the barbarous ages. Shut up in the Ghetto . . . forbidden to raise their head, the Church has crushed them under its decrees."

Not until Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and their indomitable compatriots had overthrown popery, did the persecuted brother of Jesus Christ, Son of David, Son of Joseph, Son of Mary, Son of the most adorable and foot-kissable Saint Peter, dare to straighten his back, hold up his head, and fill *his* lungs with what Cardinal Gibbons is pleased to call the life-giving air of religious liberty.

That the Ghetto now rules Rome, and gives a Mayor to the Holy City, is one of the slow, sweet revenges of Time, and I hope that the Prince of Baltimore enjoys it.

(See Story's "Roba di Roma." Chap.

XV. See also, on the general subject of papal abominations in the papal States of Italy, "The Liberation of Italy," by the Countess Casaresco, "Italy, Past and Present," by Mariotti, &c.)

The Cardinal reminds us that Stephen Langton, Roman Catholic prelate, was one of the English patriots who led the revolt against King John and wrenched from him the Great Charter of our liberties. God forbid that so large a body of men as the Roman priesthood should not be able to furnish patriots, heroes, philosophers, statesmen, philanthropists, *and Christians*.

Stephen Langton deserves to dwell among the immortals, with such good Catholics as John Wycliffe, William Tyndale, Admiral Coligny, Erasmus, Paschal, O'Connell, Father Matthew, Arnold of Brescia, Rienzi, John Huss, Las Cases, Francis Xavier, Hidalgo, Savonarola, Roger Bacon, Galileo, and Alexandro Gavazzi.

But Cardinal Gibbons should have shown more candor in his reference to the Great Charter. He should have told his congregation that *Stephen Langton was deposed and disgraced by the Pope*, because of his patriotic share in that resistance to the tyrant!

The Cardinal should have done more; he should have told the people that the Pope laid his curse upon that Great Charter, and excommunicated the heroic Catholic barons who wrung it from their King.

Why did the Cardinal conceal these facts? Langton did not represent the church: the Pope did; and *the papal curse lies upon our Great Charter even unto this day!*

In his Bull (1215) Pope Innocent III, haughtily *annulled and quashed* the Great Charter, which the Prince of Baltimore justly reveres.

The Pope also praised the tyrant John as the *illustrious* King of Eng-

land, denounced the rebellious barons and Stephen Langton as "*disturbers of the kingdom,*" described their glorious revolt as "*a wicked conspiracy,*" abused the barons and Stephen Langton as being "*worse than the Saracen infidels,*" and ordered all Englishmen to rally to the support of *the illustrious John, King of England!*

Of course, Cardinal Gibbons knows this, for he is a very learned man.

Concerning the work of the English barons and of Stephen Langton—which work Cardinal Gibbons so justly reveres,—the Pope said—

"We are not inclined to cloak the audacity of *so great a display of malice,* tending to the contempt of the Holy See, and the detriment of *regal rights,* the disgrace of the English nation, and serious danger to the whole affairs of the Crucified One." . . .

"On behalf of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, also by authority of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own, we utterly reprobate and condemn an agreement of this kind."

What "agreement?"

Why, the Great Charter of our liberties which the Prince of Baltimore so devoutly reveres!

"Prohibiting, *under a threatened anathema,* the said King from keeping it."

Keeping what?

From keeping the pledges made in the Great Charter which Cardinal Gibbons dotes on.

Pope Innocent, the Infallible, threatens to anathematise the illustrious John, and to lock him out of the pearly gates, if he keeps faith with those wicked barons and the wicked Stephen Langton!

Pray consider the fearful predicament of the illustrious John! If he did not keep faith with the wicked barons and the wicked Langton, he would lose England. If he did not obey the Pope and jump his bond with Langton, Barons & Co., he would lose Heaven.

O what a pickle for the illustrious John!

And, oh, what a mess the Prince of Baltimore has got himself into, by assuming that all of us had gone to sleep.

Fulminating further against that wicked Great Charter of our liberties, which Gibbons is *so* fond of, the infallible Pope proceeds to say, define, pronounce, declare and remark—

"We completely annul and quash both the Charter and the bonds or securities which have been given for its observance."

The wicked barons and Langton had been afraid to trust the illustrious John. He had fooled them so often—you see. Therefore these wicked men, eager that Cardinal Gibbons should have a Great Charter to revere, had compelled the illustrious John to give bond and security to keep his contract.

The barons had drawn the sword against intolerable tyranny, and had refused to release the tyrant, until he had furnished *security* for keeping faith.

And the Pope—the infallible Pope—threatens to excommunicate the tyrant, if he keeps his plighted faith. The Infallible Pope annuls the contract, releases the bondsmen, and declares that his annihilation of the Great Charter is done in the name of Almighty God, the Apostles Peter and Paul, and the Infallible Pope.

Nevertheless, Cardinal Gibbons takes credit to the Roman Catholic church for the Great Charter of our liberties!

O illustrious John! O infallible Pope! O benignly, tolerant church, friend of human liberty-lovers, which has always "*defended their civil rights against the encroachment of temporal sovereigns.*"

"Many persons imagine that in former times the Church was leagued with princes in oppressing the people. This is a popular error."

O vile popular error! O wicked

imaginings of many persons who imagine that in former times the Church was leagued with princes to oppress the people!

When the Infallible Pope degraded Stephen Langton, excommunicated those wicked barons, and quashed the Great Charter which Saponaceous Gibbons ravenously dotes on, he evidently did it to please God, the Apostle Paul, the Apostle Peter, the Virgin Mary, and the jack-leg Jewish carpenter, Saint Joseph.

Of course the Cardinal reminds us again of Lord Baltimore. We hear a great deal about his lordship and his famous charter. They are careful not to tell us that Lord Baltimore, like a typical papist, *persecuted* when he settled at Avalon, on the Newfoundland Coast. He banished the only non-Catholic clergyman of the colony. There he could afford it. After his failure at Avalon, he wanted to settle in Virginia, and they wouldn't let him. Then he planted his little colony in Maryland; and, being in the power of the heretics, *who were three to his one in Maryland*, he generously decided that he would not persecute, as he had safely done at Avalon!

It was much the same as though a Bad Man from Wickedville had gone into Newtown to shoot up the same, and had found the Vigilantes on all sides of him with their shot guns loaded, cocked, and ready! The Bad Man, in such a case, would very naturally say, "Let's all quit fighting. It is wicked to fight."

At that very time, the Roman church was burning heretics in Mexico and South America! At that very time, the Roman church was using torture in the Philippines, in Spain, and in Italy. At that very time, the Popes were hounding heretics to their death in France, in Portugal and in Germany.

And that very time, the Jesuits and

church writers condemned Lord Baltimore, and *the Catholic members of the Maryland Council voted against the law of religious toleration.*

Non-Catholic votes established religious freedom in this country, as in other countries. *Never have the Catholics established it, any where. Never have they permitted it, where they were able to prevent it.*

The Baptists of Rhode Island, led by Roger Williams, first planted religious liberty in the New World. The deist Jefferson established it in Virginia.

And at *this* very time, the Roman church persecutes in Peru, in Brazil, in Mexico, and in Louisiana, to say nothing of what she does in Europe.

Cardinal Gibbons himself joined in the hue and cry of Rome against the Republic of France, when the Government determined to divorce the State from the Church. The Pope roared wrathfully when the same process of separation was employed in Portugal. To the utmost of his power, the Pope resisted the separation of Church and State in Spain, and almost openly rejoiced when the reforming Catholic statesman, Canalejas was murdered.

Nevertheless, the Cardinal assures his faithful sheep that he would not like to see a union of Church and State in *this* country. He fears that, if the State paid the preachers, the State might want to preach to the preachers.

Notwithstanding these fears, the Cardinal never fails to pussy-foot around the Department in Washington, whenever he thinks he sees another chance to rake ducats out of the treasury for some of the Holy work of Mother Church.

It would be a woful day for Mother Church were some epidemic to carry off all the big red Injuns, the little red Injuns, and the sugar-bearing, ever-bearing Injun Schools, which are such

a source of happiness and revenue to the holy-ones-of-God.

It would also create a sense of poignant regret if the Government should cease to appoint Catholic chaplains, military instructors for Catholic schools, and give handsome donations to Catholic "charities."

For a man who fears Government dictation as much as the Cardinal does, it must be admitted that he submits to these governmental gratuities with remarkable suavity, and a truly devotional resignation.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone in his well known attack upon the Vatican Decrees, calls attention to the fact that "Rome has refurbished and paraded anew, every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused."

The great English statesman proceeds to prove this, by enumerating those propositions which the papacy had *condemned* within his own generation.

During Gladstone's time, the church of Cardinal Gibbons had *condemned*:

(1.) Those who maintain the liberty of the press.

Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI., (1831) and of Pope Pius IX., in 1864.

(2.) Or the liberty of conscience and of worship. Encyclical of Pius IX., December 8, 1864.

(3.) Or the liberty of speech. "Syllabus" of March 18, 1861. Prop. lxxix. Encyclical of Pope Pius IX., December 8, 1864.

(4.) Or who contend that Papal judgments and decrees may, without sin, be disobeyed or differed from, unless they treat of the rules (*dogmata*) of faith or morals. Ibid.

(5.) Or who assign to the State the power of defining the civil rights (*juris*) and province of the church. "Syllabus" of Pope Pius IX., March 8, 1861. Ibid. Prop. ix.

(6.) Or who hold that Roman Pontiffs and Ecumenical Councils have transgressed the limits of their power, and usurped the rights of princes. Ibid. Prop. xxiii.

(*It must be borne in mind that "Ecumenical Councils" here mean Roman Councils not recognized by the rest of the Church. The Councils of the early Church did not interfere with the jurisdiction of the civil power.*)

(7.) Or that the church may not employ force. (*Ecclesia vis inferendoe potestatem non habet.* "Syllabus." Prop. xxiv.

(8.) Or that power not inherent in the office of the Episcopate, but granted to it by the civil authority, may be withdrawn from it at the discretion of that authority. Ibid. Prop. xxv.

(9.) Or that the (*immunitas*) civil immunity of the church and its ministers depends upon civil right. Ibid. Prop. xxx.

(10.) Or that in the conflict of laws, civil and ecclesiastical, the civil law should prevail. Ibid. Prop. xlii.

(11.) Or that any method of instruction of youth, solely secular, may be approved. Ibid. Prop. xlvi.

(12.) Or that knowledge of things, philosophical and civil, may and should decline to be guided by Divine and *Ecclesiastical* authority. Ibid. Prop. lxvii.

(13.) Or that marriage is not in its essence a Sacrament. Ibid. Prop. lxi.

(14.) Or that marriage, not sacramentally contracted (*si sacramentum excludatur*), has a binding force. Ibid. Prop. lxxiii.

(15.) Or that the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Popedom would be highly advantageous to the church. Ibid. Prop. lxxvi. Also lxx.

(16.) Or that any other religion than the Roman religion may be established by a state. Ibid. Prop. lxxvii.

(17.) Or that in "Countries called

Catholic," the free exercise of other religions may laudably be allowed. "Syllabus." Prop. lxxviii.

(18.) Or that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization. *Ibid.* Prop. lxxx."

Mark you! Those who hold to any of the above propositions, are condemned by the Infallible Pope. It necessarily follows that Cardinal Gibbons is most grievously condemned by the Infallible Pope.

Everybody knows how defiantly Pope Pius IX.—so long the contemporary of Cardinal Gibbons—proclaimed the antagonism of his infallibility to the basic principles of our National Constitution.

Cardinal Gibbons *knows* that his infallible Pontiff decreed—

"Liberty of conscience is a perverse opinion diffused by fraudulent endeavors of Infidels.

"It is a corrupt fountain, a folly, a poisonous error.

"It is an injury to the Church and the State, vaunted with shameless impudence, as becoming to religion.

"It is the liberty of error and the death of the soul.

"It is the abyss, the smoke whereof darkens the sun, and the locusts out of which lay waste the earth.

"The liberty of the press is an evil liberty, never sufficiently execrated and abhorred.

"It is an extravagance of doctrines, and a portentous monstrosity of errors, at which we are horrified."

Pope Pius IX. was the personal friend of Cardinal Gibbons: they were pious colleagues, surely the Prince of Baltimore cannot complain of me if I test his Sermon by the official record of so recent a Papa as Pius the Ninth.

Does not Cardinal Gibbons remember the time when this Pope had sol-

diers at his command, and when those soldiers were sent to seize and imprison the Italians of Tuscany for the heretical offense of reading the Bible? Did not these poor peasants of Italy languish a long time, in vile prisons, under no other accusation than that they had exercised the privilege of reading the Good Book?

This was not in Spain, nor in the Dark Ages, nor were the readers ignorant rebels against Catholic kings and queens. The victims were not the English subjects of Mary Tudor, the wife of Philip II. They were not the Huguenot subjects of a pope's neice, Queen Catherine de Medici, nor the subjects of a pope's grand-nephew, Charles IX. of St. Bartholomew fame.

These victims were Catholic Italians, the subjects of Pope Pius IX., who was the earthly Christ of Cardinal Gibbons' own era. In the boasted enlightenment and toleration of the 19th century, these Italian Catholics, of the Pope's own States were sent to dungeons, and kept there by the Pope himself. *because they had dared to read the Bible.* (See "Rome and Reform." by Oliphant. Vol. I, p. 205.)

And this same Pius IX. sent his own soldiers to kidnap a Jewish babe, in order that it might be reared as a papist.

Cardinal Gibbons assuredly knows of this Mortara case, for all Europe rang with it.

("Rome and Reform." Vol. I, p. 205.)

But why should I dwell on criminal details like these, when the deadly antagonism of the Italian Church to modern progress was thrown like a baleful shadow, upon the horizon of the Old World and the New?

Where was "the Church," when Cavour, Mazzini, Gavazzi, Pepe and other splendidly heroic Italian patriots were striving for liberation from the Austrian yoke? The church was with the tyrants—as it has always been.

Where was "the Church," when the Spanish patriots strove to set up modern principles and institutions in poor old priest-devoured Spain? The church was with the tyrants, with the oppressors, with the Tories, with the stiflers, with the barnacles, with the vampires—as it always is.

Where was "the Church," when Austria and the pinch-beak Napoleon III. sent Maximilian to Mexico, to crush the people and to restore the decadent, debasing rule of despots and priests?

The church, by the express command of this same Pius IX., was with the despots; and Maximilian was strictly admonished by the Papa to suppress all religion except his own, and to close all schools, save those pitiable little seminaries where human beings, entrapped at the tender age, are tutored into a superstitious fear of their own common sense.

Think of a papal document like that, coming from the church, only a few years ago, and coming, no doubt, to James Gibbons himself, officially!

And at the same time that the Infallible Pius IX. was ordering Maximilian to put out the fires of liberty in Mexico, and he himself was stealing a Jewish infant, and sending Tuscan peasants to jail for reading the Bible, he allowed full swing to the Lottery gambling hells in Rome, within earshot of St. Peter's and the Vatican!

(Other things might be related of Pope Pius IX. and his Cardinal Antonelli, but another time will do.)

There is nothing in history that eclipses the utter demoralization of Italy, under the Temporal Power of the Popes. The record is undeniable as it is sickening.

(See the following:

"Italian Sights and Papal Principles," by Jarves. Pictures from Italy: Dickens. Romanism at Home: Kirwan. Rome and Reform: Oliphant. Auricular Confession: De Lasteyrie. Romanism at Home: Percy. Renais-

sance in Italy: J. A. Symonds, &c.)

There are few things in history more instructive and inspiring than the marvellous progress of Italy, *after* the Pope's rotten despotism had been overthrown. Even the cold, dry story of statistics, blossoms as a rose, when the mind grasps the true meaning of the tabulated figures.

(These are to be consulted in Consular Reports, Year Books, Cyclopedias, &c.)

The same transformation took place when South America threw off the Italian sacerdotal yoke; and when Mexico and Central America became free. A similar result always follows an escape from Rome rule, priest rule, saint rule, image rule, holy-water rule, spook rule.

That part of Ireland which is governed by the dead, and by the superstitions of the ancient foot-kissers, presents the same contrast to non-Catholic Ireland that the free Swiss Cantons offered to Saint-worshipping Portugal. The contrast was so painful and so disgusting that a courageous Catholic wrote a book about it. For publishing this scandalous *truth*, "the church" which Gibbons says is *so tolerant*, excommunicated the author.

The name of the book is, "Priests and People in Ireland:" the writer, Michael McCarthy.

In his Preface, he says—

"I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak. I am in favor of religious equality and tolerance in the fullest sense of those terms."

His church, however, was not equally tolerant: without disproving a single one of the damning facts set forth against papal rule in his native land, his church consigned his immortal soul to an everlasting hell.

Cardinal Gibbons might say also, "I am a Catholic; I am an Irishman; I have a right to speak. I am in favor of religious toleration."

But Cardinal Gibbons should admonish his hearers and his readers that he

speaks for *himself*, only; and that his Pope and his Church are solemnly bound to obey the organic law of Roman Catholicism, which commands the rooting out of heresy. To root out the heresy means to exterminate the heretic, or to persecute him into the cowardly submission of recantation.

Inasmuch as Cardinal Gibbons took an oath to do this thing himself, his latest Sermon in favor of religious liberty leaves him on one or the other horn of a dilemma:

(1.) He either signed an oath which he did mean to keep, or

(2.) He does not keep the oath, *because he can't*.

He can roost on either horn.

This same Pope Pius IX. made James Gibbons a bishop. John Ferretti (Pius IX.) did not go to glory until 1878; whereas James Gibbons was coadjutor *archbishop* of Baltimore in 1877. Therefore, it is inconceivable that Gibbons was not familiar with Ferretti's Encyclical to the papists of earth, proclaiming the corrupt fountain, the folly, the poisonous error, the shameless impudence, the abyss, the death of the soul, the smoke that darkens the sun, the locusts that lay waste the earth, the evil liberty, never sufficiently execrated and abhorred, that extravagance of doctrines and portentous monstrosity of errors, "at which we," John Ferretti, the Infallible Pope, "are horrified," to-wit: *Liberty of Conscience*, "a perverse opinion diffused by fraudulent endeavors of Infidels."

O that James Gibbons, the prelate named by this Infallible John Ferretti, and sworn into the mysteries of the one true faith should have become worse than an Infidel by his fraudulent endeavors to diffuse, with shameless impudence, a poisonous error which is death to the soul.

I cannot imagine a worse plague than the locusts that waste the earth; or a pit more fearsome than the abyss the smoke whereof darkens the sun.

Nor is it possible to think of a death so frightful as the death of a soul.

Yet, the Infallible Pope, John Ferretti, Italian, tells us officially from his tripod, his Chair of Petrus, with the skeleton keys of Heaven and Hell dangling at his girdle, that liberty of conscience wastes the earth, darkens the sun, and kills the soul.

But James Gibbons, Prince of the Blood, Cardinal of the Infallible Joe Sarto, and a most lovable, truthful, pious, pussy-footing Irishman, tells us in his written sermon that *his* church, Sarto's church, Ferretti's church, the popes' church, the church of the Crusades, the church of the Dark Ages, the church of the Inquisition, the church of St. Bartholomew and of Smithfield, the church of the underground vaults, the water torture, the fire torture, the wheel, the rack, the leg-crusher, the iron Virgin and the blazing stake—Cardinal James Gibbons actually has the incredible impudence to proclaim that *his* church has *always* been a champion of the freedom of conscience and worship.

Satan must have gasped, and Hell rung with laughter, while Gibbons was preaching that Sermon!

Lord Acton, a prominent English Catholic made a published response to Mr. Gladstone, in the course of which he admits—

"Pius V., the only pope who has been proclaimed a Saint for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned an assassin to take her life; and his next successor, on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action glorious and holy, but comparatively barren of results and implored the King during two months, by his Nuncio and his Legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end until every Huguenot had recanted or perished."

Here we have the confession of one of the most eminent of Roman Catholics that the Pope himself inflamed the zeal of persecution, inciting the French monarch to carry on the work to the bitter end, to the utter extermination of the Christians who rejected the un-Biblical pretensions of popery.

Beside a frank, honest, manly confession like that made by the English nobleman, how despicable appears the disingenuous and discreditable statement of Cardinal Gibbons, that persecutions have always been in violation of the church's law!

But is it not easy to heap up mountains of testimony, piling Pelion upon Ossa?

Pope Benedict XIII. ordered the Bohemian massacres, saying to his legate in Germany, "*Strike with the sword, and when your arm cannot reach, employ poison.*"

To King Ladislas of Poland, the Vicar of Christ wrote the infallible command:

"Turn your forces against Bohemia: burn, massacre, make deserts everywhere."

There were burnings, there were massacres, and deserts were made everywhere. Bohemia never recovered from the effects of that fiendish decree of the Infallible Pope. In Bohemia today, Roman Catholicism persecutes, just as it is now doing throughout the Austrian empire—and everywhere else that it can!

Less than forty Italian priests, calling themselves "*the Sacred College,*" appoint another Italian priest whom they call *the Pope, the Papa, the Pontifex Maximus.*

The reigning Papa names the Sacred College: the Sacred College names the Papa: a majority of the College are always Italians: the Papa is always an Italian.

It has been so ever since the Italians

gained the upper hand in the Sacred College, 400 years ago. It will always continue so. The Italians have simply to perpetuate their own monopoly of power, *by appointment.* There is always an Italian majority to appoint an Italian Pope.

There is always an Italian Pope to appoint a majority of Italian Cardinals. Thus, *the Italian Popes and the Italian Cardinals are self-appointing, self-renewing, self-perpetuating, and self-governing!*

In this manner, God Almighty has been made Italian for 400 years: and God Almighty is to remain Italian until the crack of doom.

(According to papal dogma, the Pope is Christ veiled in the flesh: and Christ is of the same substance, power and eternal existence as the Father: and the Holy Ghost is a co-equal, making the Trinity: Mary, the Jewess, is "Mother" of God, &c.)

Less than 40 Italians claim universal dominion over souls and bodies, over minds and hearts, over the past and the future, over Heaven and Hell.

Less than 40 Italians claim the right to say who shall lawfully marry, who shall lawfully be divorced, who shall lawfully think, speak, read, write and publish.

Less than 40 Italians claim and exercise the right to pen up boys and girls, men and women, in walled enclosures, and to rule over these prisoners, in defiance of all the laws of all nations that favor human freedom and condemn involuntary servitude.

Less than 40 Italians claim the right to strip States and empires of the education of their own children, and to compel these children, *under threats made to their parents,* to submit themselves to priest-ridden teachers, who are themselves the slaves of the Italians, and who will instil that degrading servility into the souls of the children.

Less than 40 Italians, here in this

Twentieth Century, issue their infamous *Ne temere* decree, denouncing as adulterous all marriages of Catholics to non-Catholics unless some shaven-headed foot-kisser of the Italian Pope performed the wedding ceremony!

Less than 40 Italians are censoring our public libraries, our public press, our corporate news-services, dictating to American Catholics what they shall read, shall believe, shall say and shall do.

The arrogant Ring of less than 40 Italians sends its lobby to State capitals and to the national capital to watch legislation, wire-work against laws favorable to freedom, and to plot and bulldoze in favor of legislation which augments the power of the wealth of the Italian Ring.

Thus an ecclesiastical Tammany, entrenched within a "religion," and speaking in the name of the Triune God and all the Saints, arrogates to itself, and over the whole world, the despotic and corrupt control that the Tweeds, the Crokers and the Murphy's have exerted over New York.

Nevertheless, Cardinal Gibbons, a Jesuit, has the infinite impudence to describe this Italian Tammany as The Light of the World, the author of all good things, the conservator of liberty and liberalism, the parent of just laws and honest government, the pillar of radiance that leads mankind to the Promised Land of universal Love, universal benevolence, universal brotherhood, universal toleration!

What a dreadful mistake the Infallible Pope, Clement XIV. made when he condemned and suppressed the Jesuits. This Infallible Pope declared at the time he signed the decree, (1773) that he was signing his own death-warrant. He never spoke a truer word. *In a short while, (1774) he died.* (See "Rome and Reform," by Kinston Oliphant. Vol. I., p. 181.)

Then the Jesuits came back. Another Pope, equally Infallible as the poor fel-

low the Jesuits poisoned, decided that the decree abolishing them was wrong. Like Joan of Arc, they were first condemned and then canonized. They now rule the Pope and the Papacy. They are now the Italian Ring that claim the divine right to rule the world and to carry the keys of the Hereafter. *And Cardinal Gibbons is one of them.*

Preposterous mummery of Popedom! Always the same! Biding its time! Meek where it has to be: merciless where it can afford to be: rotten to its core: the deepest slough that ever engulfed humanity: the deadliest fanaticism that ever inspired murder: the most stupendous of hypocrisies and organized impostures: the despoiler of men, the enslaver of women, the perverter of youth, the corrupter of morals, the suborner of perjuries, the mortal foe to justice and good government, the friend of obedient stupidity, the enemy of honest inquiry and intelligent independence: hating research, dreading Light, afraid of the unshackled brain: utterly detesting Reason, sober judgment, common sense: enveloped in every fantastic extravagance of the mysterious, the occult, the supernatural, in order that the Spooks of Popedom and Medievalism shall hypnotize and dominate the robust manhood of Modern Times!

The phantom hosts of magic, sorcery, and hand-made miracles, are making a dying effort to subjugate the stalwart soldiers of science, the creators of actualities, the builders of railroads and canals, the men of the electric age; the vikings of the free seas, who have defied the fabled Pillars of Hercules, steered fearlessly into every ocean of the Unknown, and brought to harbor the Golden Fleece from enchanted realms where monsters were said to be waiting to devour *the rebels against Fear and Superstition.*

Robbing the Poor of Their Children

POVERTY is hell. The higher the development of what we are pleased to call civilization, the deeper is the pit of the poor.

In the state of nature, there are few inequalities, save those that nature makes. Poverty is no crime where all are needy, and where each has to fish, hunt, gather nuts, natural foods, or till a plot of soil.

But under our complex and intense system, the pace is one that kills, and the loser pays with his life. If not literally so, he pays with that which should be dearer than life. He loses independence, loses confidence, loses individuality, loses self-respect, loses whatever chance he has for happiness.

Among the savages, the mother may at least be sure that her children are hers,—to keep, to love, to rear.

Nature nowhere denies the claim of maternity. Nature consecrates the offspring to the mother, and her title is sacred.

The eaglets, to the eagle: the nestlings, to the mother-bird: the lamb, to the ewe: the whelps, to the lioness.

But *our* civilization, more cruel than the grave, kills the mother by robbing her of her own child.

Great God! How hard it is to realize that in nearly every city there has silently grown up a diabolical system which mocks the parental feeling, and breaks one of the highest, holiest laws of nature.

"Juvenile Courts," they are called—these tribunals which doom children to poor-farms, holy sweat-shops, sanctified hell-holes, doing the Devil's work under many different names which are meant to convey the idea of infinite tenderness, compassion and judicious training.

So extremely ideal are some of these sweetly named hell-pits, that little girls jump out of third-story windows, risking life to escape the slavery.

A recent case was that of the Protestant girl, Florence Cleland, who was run into the "House of the Good Shepherd" at Washington, and driven to her death by the inhumanity of her treatment.

Any investigation?

None. *The Romanists would not allow it.*

The latest case happened in Brooklyn, New York, a few days ago.

The Romanists got after a poor woman, the wife of Frederick Smith, and never let up until they had robbed her of her boy, Theodore.

He is 15 years old, just about the age when his labor might be worth something to his mother—and also worth something in a Holy Name popish sweat-shop.

Parents who can support their children until they are of that age, might be left alone.

If *the law* is so vastly concerned, why didn't it help this poor washerwoman to raise the child?

Mrs. Smith got no help, from the law, or from any church, or from any charitable society, in raising her boy.

But when the boy had got old enough to have value as a worker, the popish gang came upon the scene, pretending that the mother was too poor to support the child.

Justice Wilkin, of the Children's Court of Brooklyn, decided in favor of the pope's wolves, and ordered this poor little lamb into the custody of the "Catholic Protectory."

For seven long months that mother has been fighting desperately to keep her boy.

But what could one weak woman do, against the vast, organized power of the Roman machine which keeps such men as Justice Wilkin in office?

Thus the American mother, a poor friendless Protestant, is robbed of her

child, whom she has raised to be 15 years old.

The heart-rending case is reported in the *New York World*, of Dec. 10, 1913.

Read this pitiful letter which the desolate mother wrote to the paper, in the hope of enlisting sympathy and help:

A MOTHER'S CRY OF DESPAIR.

In a letter addressed to *The World*, written before the court hearing, Mrs. Smith said, however:

"I am not asking them for anything.

If I have no clothes I go without; if I cannot get other than stale bread and tea I wait. We had only rice and milk for our Thanksgiving dinner, but we were satisfied. As a broken-hearted mother I ask for peace so I can work, not be drove insane or into my grave.

"That is why I have appealed to you for some aid to compel these to stop their tormenting actions so I can get my strength and work. I am alone except for my children, and I feel as if God has forsaken us. I have always tried to be a decent mother and wife, but I cannot do all alone.

"P. S.—I pray to God we will be all gone before Christmas if there is to be no relief."



The Improper, Though Legal, Use of Money in the Courts

Rembert G. Smith

THAT there is prevalent today an ominous spirit of unrest and criticism of institutions will be denied by no man who has his eyes open. To search out the causes therefor and to correct abuses that may be discovered in such a search are imperative demands of the hour. If these things be not done, we may expect in the not distant future revolutionary changes which will disturb the very foundations of social and political order and the results of centuries of experience and achievement will be nullified.

History plainly shows that it is the inveterate habit of an exaggerated conservatism to be foolishly blind to signs of the times, or futilely opposed to inevitable changes. Such conservatism is the strongest possible ally of reckless radicalism.

Within recent years there has been manifest a spirit of criticism of the courts of the land, and quite recently a Congressman declared in a speech he was making in Congress, that there is an alarming degree of popular distrust of judges. The movement looking to the change in our law so that they will be subject to recall by the people has gone forward because of such distrust. The opinion is here ventured, however, that with few exceptions the judges of the United States are intellectually and morally qualified for the important function they fulfill, and that at least there should be made certain less radical changes in court administration before we make judges liable to popular recall.

The most frequent and the fairest criticism of our courts is involved in the charge that the guilty often escape the punishment that they deserve.

This condition too, is not naturally associated in mind with the further fact that there is a steady and alarming increase in crime in our country.

The escape from punishment of many criminals is due to the improper use of money. By this is not meant the illegal use of money, but the improper, though the legal use thereof. It is the criminal who has, or who can get money who escapes the punishment which he deserves, and which the law says he shall undergo. The money does not have to be used in bribing jurors or buying witnesses. This is usually impossible. It is used in the hiring of astute lawyers who agree to use all their powers to free the accused from the charges that are brought against him, and which in very many cases are well founded. The effort of these lawyers is not to see that the accused is tried according to the forms of law, but to have him acquitted or inadequately punished though he be guilty. Many criminals in this country hire lawyers, not to see that they get justice, but by all means to see that they escape the penalties prescribed by the law for their evil deeds.

The State is at a disadvantage many times in prosecution of criminals, because of the great amounts of money spent in the securing of so-called great lawyers to defend those charged with crimes. There are no such financial resources in the hands of the State, and as a result the guilty man frequently escapes, or is too lightly punished. In view of the fact that the ethics of the legal profession is failing to control in this matter—to such extent that an American lawyer gains prestige as he succeeds in acquitting guilty men, it would seem that the time

has come to ask—should there not be some legal restriction upon the amount of money which an accused and indicted man is allowed to spend in his own defense?

Reactionaries will rise at the mere proposal of such a question and declare that a man can do anything he wants to do with his own money, and in so declaring show themselves to be blind to present tendencies. The right of rich men to buy up candidates and Congresses, to have their millions exempt from income and inheritance taxes—is being most obstinately and successfully denied, and it is quite use-

less for them to kick against the pricks of progressive popular convictions as to these and similar matters.

The present status in which the probability of a criminal's escape is proportional to the ponderosity of his purse is intolerable, and if it is not changed greater ills are ahead. Public sentiment in this country does not resent, bitterly at least, the fact that wealth brings many exemptions to those who have it, but it is beginning to resent sullenly and ominously the fact that money can secure exemption from deserved punishment for violations of law.

In the Matter of the Old Blue-Back Spelling-Book of Auld Lang Syne

Joel B. Fort

HERE is an old acquaintance, a souvenir of "Auld Lang Syne."

Turn over its familiar pages, and go with me back up the river of "Time," past the Isles of "long ago;" back where the Spring of Youth leaped in joy, and rippled with a song over the rocks, and past the wild flower that leaped, and laved in its crystal waters; back to the old log school house, shaded by the ancient beech and maple, which made it the ideal retreat for the early institute of learning; back to the old time desks, and puncheon seats, which gave the curley-locked, and rosy cheeked lassie ample room to swing her feet clear of the floor while she studied this good old book; back to the days when no school bell tolled like a funeral dirge, but the kind demeanored Master appeared in the door, clapped his hands, and called aloud, "Books"—"Books." "Come to Books."

I would have fond Memory lift the veil, and let us see the girls and boys of the long ago, boys clad in the homespun jeans, home knit yarn socks, and brogan shoes, girls in lindsey, with long white pantelettes, and under their arms this "Old Blue Backed Speller," McGuffey's Reader, and Ray's Arithmetic, rushing into the school house. Time has gathered in the School Master and the greater number of our playmates, and they are sleeping the last long sleep, but sweet Memory, gentle comforter, comes to bring them back to us.

We hear the shouts of our long lost playmates, the hum that rose and fell in the school room to the sound of "ba-be-bi-bo," and it gives me such a thrill of joy, that I am sending the book, so that you may wander with me down the path that leads us back to the long ago.

It had been many years since I

looked on this book, and when I opened it there was the same frontispiece on which my boyhood eyes delighted to dwell: there was the same Goddess leading the youth to knowledge and fame. What a sacred picture! No artistic eye told me that the Goddess and boy were larger than the Temple, but it was just beautiful and gilded with the bounties of hope.

Passing on to page 16, don't you see the teacher with pencil leading on and pointing out each syllable, while softly comes the childish hum of "ba-be-bi-bo." Ah! I feel the gentle tender touch of dear Mrs. Plummer as she rested her soft hand on my face while I hummed out these very sacred syllables, and the tender touch makes me love the human race the more, makes me weave the mantle of charity the thicker, and makes me, "Love to live in the house by the side of the road, and be a friend to man."

I have seen some of the pleasures of life. I have felt some of the thrill of successful achievement, and I have experienced that exciting flow of the blood, when applauding audiences shout their commendation, but it all pales into insignificance, when compared with the swell of pride, which filled my young heart when by hard work and patient endeavor I reached the long sought "BAKER."

"Baker," as you remember was the first stop on the accommodation train that took us through this book to "Whort-le-berry."

Don't you remember how proud you were when on the way to school some good old farmer asked you "how far you had gotten," and rising and swelling with pride you answered: "I am at Botany?"

Now let us run along my good friend, and turn the leaves till we get to the pictures in the back. There they are, just as they were when you looked on them, a mere boy.

No exquisite blending of colors, as in

the magazine pictures of today, just plain lines of black on the common white paper.

Tell me, my good friend, why do you gaze so long on them, and why are they so beautiful to you? The good old dog and his dog house gave to you your first love for fidelity. You knew that the night was never so dark that he ceased his vigils over the household, and there was never a time that he would not give his life to protect his master. Was ever human more faithful than the good watch dog?

Think of old dog Tray, who taught you long ago that you are judged by the company you keep. Look at the saucy boy up the apple tree, and the philosopher on the ground, and did you not learn that if soft words and tufts of grass would not bring a man around that then it was the rocks that made him come down?

Why, my dear friend, they are the prettiest pictures in the whole world, because they are the models which have so long led the race of mankind onward, and upward, to be just, and faithful, and considerate. Steal them from us! Never. Steal "Mona Lisa," steal Raphael's Madonna del Giardino, but you shall not take these sacred pictures from my memory and from my life.

The old log school house has been supplanted by the modern stone and brick, with a cupola and a deep toned bell. The old benches and desks are gone and in place is screwed to the floor the latest improved seats, and desk. The old Blue Backed Speller has been laid away and a newer has taken its place, but where is the old time Speller? Can the graduate of the new high school pass master in this good old book?

That's the question that is puzzling me. Am I getting old, and is this the sure sign?

From every part of the country comes the complaint of poor spellers coming from the public schools, and that too in this age of invention and progress, when they teach a child to read and then to spell.

Would you consider it "old fogyism" in me, if I call a halt on the cry of

"back to the farm," and give me the poor privilege of giving a few Robertson County yells of "Back to the Old Blue Back Speller?"

If I live till next Christmas I will send you a McGuffey's Third Reader, for there-in you will find "readin' what is readin'."

A Short Pictorial View of Popery



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)

—Apologies to the House of Gowrie, Chicago, Ill.

How the Roman Church Gradually Became Pagan and Idolatrous

(A Continuation of The History of the Popes and the Papacy)

A FEW weeks ago, I was reading an account of the remnant of the Indian tribe left in the State of New York, and was deeply interested to learn that the hereditary office of *Fire-Keeper* has survived to the present day. Thus do the old customs and institutions outlive the reasons which made them necessary. Think what a tragedy it was in the ancient days before the Paleface came to North America if, on some bitterly cold winter morning, the Red men awoke to find the hills wrapped in snow, the streams coated with ice, the trails all blotted out, the very heavens murky with lowering clouds—and no fire anywhere!

For a thousand miles perhaps there would be isolated wigwams, frozen waters, silent white forests, the creak and groan of ice-covered trees, the weird stillness of a trackless waste, the four-footed beasts a-crouch in their caves, the shivering bear sucking the fat off his paws, and "the owl for all his feathers was a-cold." No smoke from any tepee: no blaze in any Long House; no live embers in any fire-place.

Appalling! We who can shiver out of bed on the frosty morning, grumble at the wife for letting us forget where the matches were left, and can then keep our teeth chattering as we kindle the hearth, can form no conception whatsoever of what it must have been in those old days *to let the fire go out!*

No wonder they killed the negligent care-taker who allowed such a calamity to fall upon the tribe, upon the city, upon the people. For, mark you, gentle reader, if the fire went out, they had no way to get another until they had rubbed two sticks together, fast enough, hard enough and long enough, to start another fire. Many impatient

people froze, or starved before this could be done.

Hence, when we take our historic gaze off the poor Indian and rest it upon the world-conquering Roman, we are not surprised to see the Fire-keeper elevated into a sacredly elaborate priesthood. As before mentioned, the primitive Romans borrowed the institution from the primitive Albans, but who the primitive Albans borrowed it from, I do not yet know. We have to search for knowledge of these things by digging holes in the ground, and excavating antique barbarians who supposed that they were certainly dead and securely buried, but who are being dug up, at great expense in Etruria, Egypt, Babylonia, Central America, and other parts of this progressive 20th Century.

We have already carried the age of the world back some three million years; and how much farther we will go before we find the beginning, no man can predict. Therefore, the office of Fire-keeper may be as old as fire; and fire seems to have been one of Nature's first implements.

At Rome, the Vestal Virgins looked after the never-to-be-allowed-to-go-out fire; and if by chance one of these women lost the fire or lost her own virtue, she was put to death, to stimulate the official fidelity of the others. What connection there was between personal chastity and the eternal flame, I have never been able to discover. To safe-guard two things of that kind, at the same time, proved a severe ordeal for the Vestals. Between an occasional loss of the fire, and an occasional loss of maidenhood, these Roman women had a chequered career, many of them suffering the penalty of the law.

The Empire of Rome embraced the whole known world of that time, from the Euphrates to the Atlantic, and from the torrid zone to the frigid; but *only six* virgins could be kept in the sacred order, vowed to perpetual chastity. As Gibbon says, "it was with the utmost difficulty that this institution of six Vestals could be maintained." And even then, the sacred six was constantly plagued and broken by the maiden who *could not conquer the Nature that God had given her!*

In spite of the almost queenly honors that were paid her, as long as she remained a virgin: in spite of the awful doom of being buried alive, if she yielded to temptation, insulted Nature *would* vindicate herself, now and then, and the poor vestal was borne, struggling and shrieking, to her living tomb.

See how human nature has changed! In our day, the Pope has no difficulty in maintaining hundreds of thousands of virgins, male and female, who are as chaste on meat and wine, as the primitive anchorites were on lentils, leeks, lettuce and stale water.

The advantage which these modern Vestals of Rome have over the Ancient Six, is that they have only one fire to watch. The Six Vestals had to guard two flames—to keep one burning and to keep the other *from* burning. The Pope's thousands of Vestals—monks and monkesses—have only the negative duty to perform, and it is easy for them to perform it, because they are given so many walled-in recesses to conceal their heroic struggles against Nature.

The palace in which the Vestals lived was near the residence of the pagan Pope, (*Pontifex Maximus*) and it was known as the *Atrium Vestrae*.

It was in the Pope's palace that Julius Cæsar lived when his second wife, Pompeia admitted the dissolute Clodius in the disguise of a woman to the celebration of the mysteries of the

Bona Dea, causing Cæsar to divorce her, with the famous saying that *his* wife must be above suspicion. ("Bona Dea" was the pagan Mother of God.)

It was from this official home of the pagan popes that "the foremost man of all this world" went forth that morning in March, to be stabbed to death by the cowardly aristocrats of the Senate; and it was from this priestly palace that Cæsar's third wife, Calpurnia, rushed forth with wild outcry to receive back again the dead body, dripping its blood from the litter, and one pale hand—scepterless—hanging idly outside as they carried him home.

The remains of the palace of the Vestals were unearthed in 1883. It was a beautiful building of marble, with columns, colonnades, porticoes, mosaic floors, fountains and flower-garden. Between the columns stood statuettes, or pedestals commemorating the Lady Superior, the Abbess, the Vestales Maximæ—the female pope, if you will.

Most of these were destroyed in various rebuildings, in Gothic and Norman invasions, in the sack of sacred things; but many remain to this day. We know that a Roman lady named Occia was the Abbess 38 years before Christ, down to the year 19 after Christ: that Junia Torquata succeeded, and held the sacred office from 19 to 48 A. D.: that Vibidia followed Junia, and that the successor of Vibidia was murdered by the Emperor Domitian, brother of Titus who destroyed Jerusalem. Then the line continues from Abbess to Abbess until, in the year of our Lord 300, Cloelia Concordia became the last but one of the Vestales Maximæ.

The name of the last Abbess of the Vestals, has not been traced—for the simple reason that *some vandal chiseled her name off the pedestal where it was inscribed*. Whoever she was, her office was that of female Pontiff of the Vestals, in the year 364.

It has been thought that her name

was erased *because* she became a convert to Christianity. On the contrary, it seems to me that the early Christians, had she been a convert, would have taken particular pains to preserve her name, as a trophy. What prouder triumph could the Roman bishop boast, than that he had proselyted the last of the female popes?

(The Christian pope of Rome of that year was Liberius who infallibly spent most of his time trying to make sure whether he was an infallible Arian, or an infallible Athanasian!)

Let me quote from Augustus J. C. Hare's "Walks in Rome," to which I am indebted for the facts relating to the palace and the names of the Vestal Virgins:

"Zosimus speaks of the last surviving vestal as an old woman living in the almost deserted house, as late as A. D. 394, and cursing the Princess Serena, who took a necklace from the statue of the goddess (Vesta) and put it round her own neck."

The last of the Vestal Virgins! And it was nearly four hundred years after Christ. Paul had come and had preached; Nero had revelled and persecuted like the maniac he was: the golden Age of the Antonines had blessed mankind with the happiest seventy years it had ever known, or has ever since known: the great Constantine had conquered and then deserted the City of the Seven Hills: the Barbarians were thundering at the walls on the far frontiers: and the cycle portended by the flight of *the twelve cultures that Romulus beheld*, when he laid the foundation wall of Rome was almost completed.

The Eternal City was tottering to its fall: and the old woman, that Zosimus saw in the abandoned palace, the last of the Vestal Virgins, may well have cursed the Christian Princess who robbed the Roman goddess of the necklace which she had worn, for twelve hundred years.

The old order was passing away: the ancient gods were no more: the world would never again hear the tramp of the legions as the imperial eagles flew to victory.

From the icy neck of the marble goddess, it was no sacrilege to tear the gems away: the Princess Serena was content with one necklace wrenched from paganism: the Roman bishop did not mean to be so nice—he meant to appropriate the whole outfit, the nuns, the priests, the popedom, the images, the temples, the vestments, the shaven heads, the holy water, the incense, the keys to heaven and to hell, and the blessed privilege of furnishing mankind with an adorable foot to kiss.

Not only did the Vestal Virgins continue to watch the sacred fire, and to chant the sacred hymns during all these early centuries of Christianity, but the male priests of paganism persevered in their ancient habits. They continued their offices, their functions, their keen enjoyment of their privileges and their revenues. We are not to suppose that the Roman people became Christians during the first centuries after Christ. It was a minority of the Empire that embraced the faith, voluntarily. So long as there was no coercion, the populace remained pagan. It took the sword, and lots of it, to convert Rome to Christianity.

And that is the true reason why the popery of Italy, Spain, France, &c., has never been Christianized.

The Sacred College and the Pontifex Maximus (Cardinals and Pope) did not disappear until towards the end of *the fourth century after Christ*. All the generations after Paul that saw Christian priests at their rites and ministrations, saw pagan priests going through their performances. All the decades that saw the growing pride and pretensions of the Christian bishop at Rome, saw the insensible decline of

the power and prestige of the pagan Pope. During all these years, the pagan hierarchy enjoyed enormous wealth—which the Christian priesthood coveted. Until the closing years of the 4th century of the Christian era, the Roman emperors *continued to hold the office of Pope*. Officially head of the State, they were officially the head of the Church.

How natural it was for the Roman bishops to emulate the pagan sacerdotalism, envy its wealth, grasp its power, gravitate toward a union of Church and State—to subdue mankind and divide the spoil!

It was Theodosius the Great who completed the destruction of paganism, confiscated its immense riches, penalized its ceremonies, persecuted its votaries, endowed Christianity with its property, and not only assured the bloody predominance of the Roman bishop, but inoculated the organic law of Church and State with the fatal virus of deadly intolerance.

To Theodosius the Great, a Spaniard, belongs the infamy of becoming the slave of bigoted priests and of making "heresy" a crime punishable by death. Under his atrocious edicts, his co-regent, Maximus, put to death, in 385, the Spanish bishop Priscillian and six other Christians. Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine, Pope Leo I., and the church generally approved and encouraged the use of "the secular arm"—the murdering of Christians who differed

from the Roman bishop and the Athanasian Christians.

In order that you may have a definite idea of the powers enjoyed by the pagan priesthood, and may see how closely the Christian priests copied the pagans the following summary is given:

"The functions of this Sacred College were the superintendance of religion, the custody of the Code of Procedure, the trial and determination of ecclesiastical causes, the regulation of public worship, the erection and custody of religious temples, shrines and sanctuaries, the appointment, government and reward or punishment of legates, bishops, priests, curates, chaplains, augurs, vestal virgins, monks and other ministers and servants of religion, the control, regulation and custody of the calendar, the regulation of money, and of weights and measures, the education of youth, the direction and observance of religious rites, consecrations, festivals, plays, games and ceremonies, the solemnization of birth, baptism, puberty, purification, confession, adolescence, deification, adoption into families, adoption into tribes and orders of nobility, also the resignation or custody or both of wills and testaments, conveyances, religious images, paintings, symbols, scriptures, relics and sepulchures, and of consecrated lands and treasures." (From "The Papal Monarchy," by Dr. Barry.)



My Correspondence With the War Department on the Subject of Furnishing the Government Aid to Strictly Church Schools, Which Are Not Controlled by the Government, Or by the States

BELOW, you will find the closing of the correspondence between Secretary Garrison and myself, on the subject of the furnishing of teachers and supplies to sectarian schools.

The Secretary of War referred my reply to his first letter to the Judge-Advocate General, Hon. E. H. Crowder.

After considering the points made by me *against* the practice of giving aid, out of the public treasury, to *private schools*, Mr. Crowder advises the Secretary, in substance, that the War Department is pursuing a legal course.

In order that my final letter on the subject may be better understood by the readers of this Magazine, it is necessary to state that Mr. Crowder claims that the Acts of Congress authorize government aid to any schools where military instruction is made a part of education.

My contention is, that the very words of the law limits such governmental aid to military schools *controlled by the school authorities of the State*.

Where the Government gives money out of the public treasury, the Government should have the right to supervise and control, either directly, or through the States.

In the public schools, the Government and the State hold and exercise those rights. In church schools, the churches alone exercise control. *In the Roman Catholic schools, a foreigner, THE ITALIAN POPE, is the supreme ultimate power.*

Is it right to tax all the people to support the Pope's schools?

That's the question.

We need not split hairs about it. We need not pussy-foot upon technicalities. We might as well face the issue—

Has the Federal Government got the right to take money out of our public treasury for the purpose of helping give prominence, endorsement, prestige and support to the Pope's American *nurseries of Roman Catholicism?*

PUBLIC MONEY, GIVEN TO PRIVATE SCHOOLS. IS IT LAWFUL?

Thomson, Ga., Dec. 11, 1913.

Hon. Lindley M. Garrison,
Secretary of War.

Dear Sir: In reference to the Acts of Congress, I can only say that Mr. Crowder differs from me as to the construction to be placed upon them; and that it would require a judicial decision to settle the question, finally.

But it seems to me that the War Department would be well advised were it to adhere to the historic policy and practice of the Government.

A construction which sets up a novelty in practice, and a departure from precedent, is at least of doubtful wisdom.

It will occur to you, I am sure, that if the Government can make appropriations (whatever the form) *for church work*, such appropriations *could be given exclusively to one church*; and such appropriations would then pro-

mote *in fact*, a union of Church and State.

If the Government can grant supplies and teachers for religious schools, which are under the control of a church, then the Government could most effectually maintain an extremely powerful adjunct of a religious establishment—to-wit, its nurseries, the schools.

Mr. Crowder will not find a sentence in the Constitution relating to the divorce of Church and State—the complete separation of the temporal from the spiritual power, &c. Yet, all of us know that our Government is based on that very principle.

When Mr. Taft was in control of the Canal Zone, he authorized the use of certain amounts of public money in the construction of houses of worship.

He admitted afterward, in a public address, that he had violated the law, adding, "*I suppose that I could have been impeached for it.*"

Mr. Taft's long service as a judge of the U. S. Court entitles his opinion, *against himself*, to some consideration.

The recent case where, as President, Mr. Taft passed upon the question of the nun-teachers' right to wear a religious garb, *while on duty in Government schools*, is another instance, on the same general line. President Taft virtually decided that the wearing of distinctive religious garb by these teachers in the Government schools *was wrong*, for his order provided that, in future, teachers who felt it their duty to wear such garb should not be employed.

Why not? Because *such* teachers naturally make the impression on the pupils that *their* religion is the Government's official choice.

This republic is full of public schools controlled by the States. One church—and that a foreign-controlled church—makes open war upon these public schools. No other church does so. Is it wise to take public money,

derived from all denominations of Christians, and bestow that money on the one denomination which insults and slanders our public schools? Is it right to tax all the people for the benefit of one church, or of all the churches?

It is well known that there are at least 60,000,000 people in the United States who make no profession of any religion. These people pay the same taxes as the religious. They toil for the Republic in time of peace; they fight for the Republic in time of war. Is it right to tax these people to support a religion, or a religious school?

Such a tax upon the non-religious, for the benefit of the religious can not be defended, save upon one ground,—namely:

That the Governmental policy is to encourage religion by taxing the non-religious.

If such a policy is not an absolute violation of our Constitution and our form of republican government, nothing could be.

We could as legally tax the Roman Catholics to support a Buddhist temple.

We could as legally tax the Baptists and Methodists to maintain a Mohammedan college.

Suppose that one of the Mormon schools of Utah should ask the War Department for teachers, guns and ammunition, would the request be granted?

Suppose the Jews should ask for teachers and war-like equipment, would the Jewish schools be officially subsidized?

Mr. Crowder cites a decision in which Congressional aid to a hospital in Washington City was held to be within the law. The very fact that such a case arose, is significant proof of the extreme sensitiveness of our people upon this subject, and also of the extreme doubtfulness of the legality of such appropriations.

But when Congress legislates for

Washington City it is, in effect, *a town-council governing one town.*

Therefore, when this municipal body appropriates funds for municipal purposes, it is quite different from the greatest of law-making agencies making laws, as the representative of the greatest of Republics.

To give municipal aid to the sick in a hospital, is altogether different from the giving of teachers and supplies to religious schools—meaning those schools controlled entirely by churches.

Does Congress pay the teachers and buy the books of any Roman Catholic school in Washington City? Does Congress grant aid of any kind to purely denominational work in the District of Columbia?

It does not, and it can not.

Why not? The answer to the question would be a complete vindication of the protest I make against the appropriation virtually made by the War Department in support of the purely denominational schools of certain churches.

Since the Dick Military Law went into effect at the beginning of last year, there can no longer by any fear that the United States will have to depend upon the Pope's schools for troops to maintain this anti-popish government.

Permit me to suggest that the American people could not be accused of over-sensitiveness if they took as an insult the suggestion, however indirectly conveyed, that our Government might have to look for defenders to these priest-ridden schools.

If ever such a danger existed, outside the imagination of an office-seeker who wanted Roman Catholic votes, that danger was certainly removed when all the militia of all the States was put under the control of the U. S. Government.

Pardon me for one further view of the case:

The policy of the War Department

leads inevitably to bitter religious strife.

In the effort to please all the churches, none will be pleased.

In the misappropriation of secular funds to sectarian uses, all the non-religious will be found making common cause with all the true Protestants, and *resenting intensely the effort to build up religion on public taxation.*

Stripped of all disguise, that is what the policy of the War Department amounts to—the maintenance of church-controlled schools at the expense of the taxpayers of the country.

In the State of Georgia, the only church which has received this governmental subsidy, is the Pope's school in Atlanta. Every religious teacher in that school owes his allegiance to a foreign potentate. Every religious teacher is appointed by the appointees of that foreign potentate. Every one of those teachers is responsible, not to the State or to the Federal Government, but to this foreign potentate.

Before a papist immigrant can become a citizen of this Republic, he is compelled to renounce under oath, his allegiance to the Pope, and to all other foreign princes and powers.

Yet, the Government is granting State-aid out of the common treasury, to give endorsement, prestige and support to these Roman Catholic schools which are controlled by the sworn subjects of the Italian Pope!

If our Federal Government is earnestly intent upon stirring up the bloodiest religious war known to history, it needs only to persevere in its present *travelling to the Jesuits* who now dominate the Italian hierarchy.

Yours respectfully,

THOS. E. WATSON.

P. S.—As post-script to my letter, allow me to add that I think the peo-

ple are entitled to know what Senator, or Senators, Representative, or Representatives, endorsed the application of the Pope's college, at Atlanta, for governmental aid.

This is a public question and a most important one: the people have a right to know all the facts. If the Congress-

men who sided with the Pope in this matter have done right, they can have no valid objection to the disclosure of their names.

If, on the contrary, those *representatives of the people* have done wrong, they deserve exposure and condemnation.

T. E. W.

Fundamental Difference Between Protestantism and Catholicism

Sermon Delivered by the Rev. W. L. PICKARD, Pastor First Baptist Church, Savannah, Ga., Sunday Night, December 7th, 1913.

“AND HE IS THE HEAD OF THE BODY, THE CHURCH; WHO IS THE BEGINNING, THE FIRSTBORN FROM THE DEAD: THAT IN ALL THINGS HE MIGHT HAVE THE PRE-EMINENCE.”—Col. 1:18.

Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are systems of religion appealing to the members of our race to become their communicants. It is certainly legitimate, a right and a duty to discuss the differences between these two systems and to see intelligently to which we should give our allegiance. There is no need of bitterness. Let us state the facts and beliefs of the two and let people know their respective ground of appeal, and then leave it with the people to choose to which system they will give their allegiance. And so, with charity for all and malice toward none, I approach this study.

Let me say, at the outset, I have no bitterness in my heart toward Roman Catholics. Though differing from them in almost every point they hold, yet, there is no kindness that I would not gladly render to one of them if in trouble. This, in fact, I have often done, for this is essentially a part of the religion of my Lord. They think

we are wrong religiously, and we think they are wrong, but the truth without bitterness is the best way to win.

The Roman Catholic Church bases its doctrines on the Bible, supplementing it by the traditions and decrees of its church issued by its authorized councils, and by the Pope speaking as the infallible head of his church.

Protestantism claims the *Bible* and the *Bible alone* without supplementing by human records and traditions, as the *basis of its authority*.

The Roman Catholic Church, after a great debate in 1870, by a majority vote in council, declared the Pope *infallible*. That is, that he is Vice-Gerent of God on earth, and that whenever he speaks as Pope on a given question it is the same as though God had said what the Pope said. His word is, therefore, *binding* on all his subjects. Likewise, when one of his councils decides a question of dogma or practice and he signs and promulgates it, it becomes as authoritative as though God Himself had spoken it. Hence, to differ from the Pope is to differ from God.

Against this Protestants set the open word of God as follows:

“And He, (Christ,) is head over all

things to the church, that in all things He might have the pre-eminence."—Col. 1:18.

It follows that if the Pope is "*infallible*" Christ Himself has no pre-eminence over him.

Again: "For it will not be," that is the second coming of Christ, "except the falling away come first, and the man of *sin be revealed*, the son of *perdition*, he that opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God." 2 Thes. 2:3.

We know from the authority of the Popes that many of them have set themselves up as having equal authority on earth with God. Alexander the VI., Pope of Rome, a veritable Nero, who died A. D., 1503, moving under an arch to his consecration, said: "Cæsar was a man, Alexander is a God." Marcellus in an address to the Pope Leo X., at the fifth Lateran Council, exclaimed: "Thou art another God on Earth." Gregory II., who died in A. D., 731, boasted to the Greek Emperor: "All the Kings of the West reverence the Pope as a God on earth." Pope Nicholas writes: "Wherefore, if those things which I do be said to be done not of man but of God, what can you make me but God." Then, in 1870, the Roman Ecumenical Council decreed that the Pope is *infallible*. This looks to us like setting a man up in the place of God. Paul calls such an one "The Man of Sin," or "The Anti-Christ." It certainly robs Christ of his pre-eminence, and deposes Christ from His rightful place as "Head over all things to the church." Protestants will never *believe* that any Pope, or any other human being is *infallible*, that is, beyond the possibility of making a mistake. So, against these awful claims of the Papacy we cry to the whole world: "Christ head over all things to the Church."

Roman Catholicism, then, recognizes

the Pope as head over all things to the Church, or, at best, the Pope and Christ.

Protestantism recognizes Christ *alone* as the head of the Church, and the Bible as Christ's rule of authority for us.

Once, in the coasts of Cesarea Philippi, Christ asked His disciples: "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" And they said: "Some say thou art John the Baptist, some Elias, and others Jeremiah, or one of the Prophets."

Jesus saith unto them: "But whom say ye that I am?" And Peter answered: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Then, Jesus answered and said unto him: "Blessed art thou, Simon, Son of Jonas, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven."

"And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Roman Catholicism, which, according to history outside of its own historians, arose in the fourth century, says that Christ founded the Church on Peter, that he was the first Pope and head of the church with all authority.

Protestantism holds that Christ acknowledged Peter's faith in Him as the Son of God, and that when Christ said "On this rock I will build my Church," He stated that He would build His Church on Himself as the Son of God.—through faith in Him as the Son of God. Then, too, the Scriptures distinctly state: "That rock was Christ." And again: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is *Christ, the Lord*." Again: "Ye are built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner stone."

Peter, at best, was human and sin-

ful. In the very chapter in which Christ acknowledged Peter's confession of faith, He said later to Peter: "Get thee behind me Satan, thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." Many of the Pope's self-styled successors of Peter, have been notably wicked men. To us it is unthinkable that Christ would have built His Church on a sinful man.

But *Cwist* was *sinless*, the Son of God, all powerful and all-holy, and He says of Himself: "I am the way, the truth and the life." And Paul says that Christ is "the foundation" of the church.

Roman Catholicism places all authority in the Pope.

Protestantism places all authority in Christ.

Roman Catholicism supplements the Bible by the decrees of the Pope's and his councils.

Protestantism holds that Christ is the head of His Church, that the Bible is His open word to us, and that the Bible is our rule of faith and life without human supplement.

Protestantism denies the infallibility of the Pope, and *asserts and maintains* that Christ is the *infallible head* of the Church.

Protestantism holds that the Bible, the word of God, does not need to be supplemented by the decrees of Popes and Councils, but that it is our all sufficient guide, and that we are to follow its plain teachings, even as Christ commanded to search the Scriptures because they testified of Him.

So, on the one side, we have:

The Pope of Rome, the head of the Church.

And on the other,

CHRIST the head of the Church.

Or, on the Roman side we have the *Pope*, the Bible, the Councils of Catholicism, and the decrees of the Roman Catholic Church made authoritative by the Pope as authority.

On the other side we have Christ as

the Head of the Church, the Bible as His expressed will, and the promise of the Holy Spirit to guide us into an understanding of the word of God.

This much is clear. Now, it ought to be easy for us to decide to which system of interpretation we will give our allegiance.

But after the foundation comes the super-structure. Whether Christ or the Pope be the head of the Church involves great consequences out yonder in the unfolding of Christianity, for a foundation is something to build on. So, let us see:

The consequences of these views—

1. *Doctrinally.*

The Pope and his councils claim the authority to define every doctrine of faith and to claim absolute obedience to the same on the penalty of anathema,—the curse of the Pope and the Church. The Church is the only medium, in their teaching, by which one can be saved. According to the teachings of the Roman Church, Protestants are heretics and are lost.

The Roman Catholic Church through its councils and Popes has decreed baptism, confirmation, The Lord's Supper, penance, extreme unction, orders and marriage to be sacraments, the acceptance of which confer salvation.

"Baptism is a sacrament administered to infants or adults, and is considered to cleanse from original sin."

The Bible says: "Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And again: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." And again: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." The Bible clearly teaches that the atoning blood of Christ, applied to the heart by faith, saves. In the Bible, belief comes before baptism. Baptism becomes a duty of those who have accepted Christ by faith.

The Roman Catholic Church teaches that in the "Eucharist" the bread and wine become the real body and blood of Christ together with His soul and divinity, and is a saving ordinance.

Protestants believe that the bread and wine represent as a memorial, the broken body and shed blood of our Lord and are to be partaken of as a memorial of His death, even as the Bible says: "Do this in remembrance of me." And again: "As oft as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye show the Lord's death till He come." Mark, the Bible says: "Do this in remembrance of me."

Again, the wine is withheld from the laity, but Jesus said: "Drink ye all of it."—meaning not that the minister should drink all of the wine, but that all Christians should drink of it.

Again, the Bible speaking of Jesus as our sacrifice says:

"Who needeth not daily, as those high priests, to offer up sacrifices, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this He did once when He offered up Himself." Heb. 7:27. Christ on the cross said: "It is finished"—meaning the work of redemption in His blood. It follows that if men have to be saved by the body and blood of Christ being offered in the Eucharist, Christ's death on Cavalry was insufficient, and the work of redemption was not finished.

To Baptists in particular, and to Protestants in general, "Penance," "Orders," "Matrimony" and "Extreme Untion" are not church *ordinances at all*, much less saving ordinances.

We believe that the ungodly wife, or husband, as the case may be, is often led influentially to become a Christian by the Godly wife or husband, but do not believe that the *act of marriage* confers salvation. That is a creation of Rome and not of the word of God.

We look in vain to find "Penance" and "Extreme Untion" in the Bible at all. To all, salvation is by faith in Christ, and in the hour of death we

who are Christians are already saved and do not need to be dependent on the arrival of a priest to administer "Extreme Untion." It is too precarious. Suppose one dies suddenly before the priest gets to him? Ah, my brethren, the dear Lord of love has not left the salvation of His children to such uncertainty as this. He says: "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish." "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

The doctrine of a *Purgatory* became one of the leading doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church by the middle of the Fifteenth Century. It was defined by the Councils of Florence 1438-9, and Trent 1563, as follows:

"Souls in Purgatory are assisted by the suffrages of the faithful, and especially by the sacrifices of the altar." It is defined further as "A place in which souls who depart this life in the grace of God suffer for a time, because they still need to be cleansed from venial, or have still to pay the temporal punishment due to mortal sin, the guilt and eternal punishment having been remitted."

To Protestants, this is infinitely sad. It involves so much that is unscriptural and has in it so much of heart-ache to those who believe it.

To begin with, it is a reflection on the redeeming work of Christ. The Bible tells us that "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Again, it is said: "My grace is sufficient for thee." Again, "It is appointed unto man once to die and after that the judgment."

It seems from the doctrine of "Purgatory" that Christ's atonement is not sufficient to completely save the soul, and that man must suffer a while in torment to supplement the work of Christ on the Cross. To us Purgatory *belittles the Cross*.

Again, it is sad for those who die, and for those who live. The dying feel that they must go to great suffering

for awhile. Therefore, *death to them* is a terror.

The friends and loved ones of the dead can't think of their dead as certainly freed from pain and purgatorial suffering. Hence, the living are in agony for their loved dead.

Besides, if these are in Purgatory at all there is no priest who can tell that they can ever be gotten out.

Again, it is a great drain on the purses of the living. It is often a long struggle and a hard one to supply the needs of our loved ones on this earth. It is an awful tax to have to sacrifice for them after they are dead. Besides this, it looks to Protestants that if the dead could be purchased from purgatorial suffering by money for prayers and masses, then Jesus died in vain.

Protestants do not find a line of Scripture that teaches that there is any Purgatory at all.

Nor do we believe that if Catholic children were not taught this doctrine when little and impressionable, many of them would ever believe it upon mature investigation of the word of God.

How much greater, brighter and happier is the Protestant Scriptural view.

"There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord." "O death, where is thy sting. O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

2. *The polity of the Roman Catholic Church.*

The Pope has supreme authority over all of his subjects. He has power, by his claim, to make any laws for his church throughout the world, and to enforce them. If he wishes to add to the Scriptures, or change their ordinances, none can hinder without becoming a heretic and subject to anathema. To excommunicate from

the church means to a Roman Catholic to be sent to hell,—hopelessly to hell. See, therefore, what a power is vested in this man.

The Pope claims, by virtue of his office, to be the head of the State also. And where ever his subjects have dominated the State he has required Kings and Emperors to bow before his sovereign power, or suffer either banishment, imprisonment or death. This is the logic of his position.

Most of the governments of earth have thrown off the yoke of his temporal power so that he can no more punish them. But he has never abated his claim. He regards all rulers and governments of earth who do not bow to his power as in rebellion against him and the powers of heaven. He claims supremacy over *Church and State*.

Protestants believe in a free church and in a free State. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

By virtue of his office as Christ's Vice-Gerent on earth, he has passed to the ordained priesthood of his church the mighty power to forgive sins. And here is a claim to make us shudder. A claim, which believed in, literally enslaves the members of the Roman Catholic Church to the priests.

The power of the priest is asserted in baptism. The church teaches that baptism saves and that the priest is the only one to baptize. A devout Catholic mother or father feels horror stricken if, for any reason their child dies without the ordinance of baptism.

By what they call "the sacrament of confirmation," the laying on of the bishops hands so that the Holy Spirit is imparted is a priestly function,—dependent on the will and act of the priest,—for every bishop is a priest.

The priests are the only divinely appointed agents to forgive sins, according to the papal system. Also, of the claim that salvation is conferred in baptism and grace conferred in the

act of confirmation, the child is a sinner and needs forgiveness. How is this obtained?

By their teaching, at the confessional alone.

Here is the saddest claim of all. How it enslaves millions! How it robs Christ of His glorious prerogative.

Listen to the word of God:

In the Old Testament the saints prayed to God and God forgave their sin. "O Lord, forgive thy people." Answer: "I will hear and forgive." In the New Testament. "Our Father, who art in heaven, forgive us our sins." "Who can forgive sins but God only?" Christ forgive because He is God. You will look in vain in the word of God for any power lodged in man to cleanse another from sin. We are to forgive people their sins against us, but the power to put man's sins away from him and cleanse him belongs to the Triune God.

The same priestly power is claimed in administering the sacrament of the Eucharist, saying mass. None but a priest can do this. Here the priest is invested with more miraculous power than any apostle ever had.

The power of the priest holds sway at the hour of death and in the next world. It is his to administer "Extreme Unction," and it is his to direct the suffrages of the living for the sufferings of the dead in Purgatory. Thus the priest has followed the child from the cradle to the different stages in life and at last to the grave and to purgatory, and has managed him in life and death, decreed his purgatory, fixed the schedule of the suffrages of the living loved ones for the suffering dead.

Nor is this all. The priestly power of the church follows whom it decrees to the skies, and decrees him or her to be a saint of a given rank in heaven and makes him or her to supplement the intercessory power of Him "Who died for our sins and rose for our justi-

fication," and "Who ever lives to intercede for us."

Nor is this the sum of the priestly power. The priest is the authorized expositor of the Word of God to his people. To them it is a closed book, save as he interprets it. Its rich mines of gold are to be unworked by the laity. The priest has the sovereign right to dig, weigh and measure out that gold. So, the Word of God is but little read by the Catholic laity.

In addition to this the church holds the right to proscribe any book on earth which it does *not wish* its members to read, and has the authority to punish any for disobedience.

It goes still further. The Church has made marriage a sacrament and established that, so far as the Church of Rome is concerned, no couple is married unless married by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. According to the Church of Rome, if a Protestant and Catholic marry, and are not married by a priest they are not married at all, and if children are born, they are born in adultery, illegitimate, and not in wedlock. A Catholic husband so married to a Protestant wife, or Catholic wife to a Protestant husband, could give up the Protestant wife or husband without violating any law of the Roman church. Thus Protestantism and State law are not recognized. By the Roman Catholic Church the priest alone has the right to perform the marriage ceremony.

Furthermore, the Roman Catholic Church has authorized the adoration of Saints, and the veneration of relics, so that prayers may be said to countless ones beside to the *Triune God*. Romanists do not claim for themselves to be *idolators*, but as prayer is an act of worship, it is difficult for us to see how they can be wholly freed from the charge of idolatry. Some of their own Popes have put their images out of the churches and forbidden image worship. Others, and most of them,

uphold the images as an aid to worship. It is a question on which their *infallibility* has been divided.

Protestants stand firmly by the great command on Sinai: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for the Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children into the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

Furthermore, such is the power of the Pope that whenever he deems it to the interest of his politico-religious empire he can absolve all of his subjects from political allegiance to the King, Empror, or President. Then, if they should espouse the cause of their temporal ruler it would be at their soul's peril according to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. And thus Popes have often thrown their power against temporal rulers and plunged nations into war with the Vatican, or brought Kings suppliant to their feet.

Thus I have stated facts as to the mightiest system of religion and politics this world ever saw. I have not spoken a word of bitterness, but I have set forth the beliefs of Roman Catholics and Protestants. I have drawn these statements as to Roman Catholicism largely from their own writings, and have tried to be fair and honest.

In the light of the sublimely beautiful democracy of the New Testament,—a democracy which opens God's book for all to read; makes all of equal authority in the churches; makes Jesus the all-sufficient Savior and high-priest with ear and heart open to all alike; with Church and State separate; with apostles and prophets marrying

as other people; with no nuns; with Christ head over all things to the church, and all men free to worship Him according to His own word as it impresses their consciences, does not the Roman Catholic Church with its imperial claims over man's body and soul, and its terrible anathemas, sound entirely unbiblical, and as though it belonged to some strange age when men were serfs, and where God's light and love had not flowed into the world?

I close by saying: The Bible is meant of God to be a book open to all. It expresses God's will and each person is to read it and obey it for himself. Christ is head over all things to the church. He has given to us his commands and precepts, and we are neither to add to them nor take from them. We are to worship God intelligently, scripturally and keep the Church and the State forever separate. The Bible gives no sanction to the unholy wedlock of Church and State, and history shows that union to have been a terrible curse where ever it has existed.

We are to be good Samaritans to Christians, Jews, Catholics or Pagans when their needs call to us. Still, we are to stand for the truth of the open Bible, freedom of conscience, freedom of religion, freedom of the press and true liberty. Yes, stand as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. Though we shall try to stand in the spirit of the Nazarene, in the uncompromising spirit of the Son of God, we shall declare the whole counsel of God to all till Pagans, Popes, Priests and Protestants shall capitulate and fling their assumed crowns at Jesus feet and shout with us:

"All hail the power of Jesus name,
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

O Rome, if I am wrong, teach me!
O Rome, if I am right, hear me!



EDITORIAL NOTES



THE enjoyable essence of banking is, that the banker uses your money in his business. He may lend you some of it, but he wants interest and security. Unless he gets both, he may steal the money and run off with it.

A "run" on the bank breaks it, unless the run can be stopped. The run is caused by the people who have put money in the bank, and who are suddenly seized by a desire to find out whether it is still there. Those who run early, usually get at least a part of their money. Late arrivals often discover to their grief that it was the early bird that got the worm.

* * * * *

The enjoyable essence of bank money, bank notes, bank currency— whichever you prefer to call it—is, that *the banker owes you the note*, and that you pay him interest for having given you a promise-to-pay, instead of having given you *real money* that is created by the Government.

When the supreme Government stamps gold, silver, nickel, copper, linen, or paper, and says that *this* is a dollar, and puts a law on the statute books which says that *the dollar so stamped* shall be accepted at its face value in payment of debts, taxes, &c., *the dollar so stamped BECOMES MONEY*.

Nothing else is the specific, conventional, man-made thing which men call money, for Nature never any more created dollars than she created hobble skirts and wigs. Nature creates the materials, but the law of fashion, or of custom, or of legislatures does the rest.

In other words, *all* money is fiat money, law-made money, or custom-made money.

* * * * *

The banker is not satisfied to be a banker, only; it does not content his noble soul to lend other people your money, and pocket compound interest. His noble soul scorns the limitations of loans, discounts, exchanges, and the brilliant game of lending *five* dollars to every *one* that other people put in his bank; he is not happy when his own official statements show him to be drawing compound interest on a sum of loans immensely exceeding all the money on earth.

No; his noble soul aspires to loftier heights; he wants to rule the rulers, govern the governors, dominate kings, emperors and parliaments, despotise over values and markets, veto or approve all new enterprises, and be in position to sign a new lease, or a death warrant for any enterprise that already exists. Thus will he be not only the king of kings, the lord of lords, the master of masters, but the absolute, irresponsible and unconquerable monarch of Trade, Commerce, Industry, Employment and Labor.

Truly, the noble soul of the banker is a temple of modesty and Christian Love.

* * * * *

The noble soul of the banker is fluttering with intense joy over the new Currency-reform bill, recently passed by Congress, signed by the President, and exuberantly endorsed by Mr. William Jenkins Bryan.

Mr. Bryan, as you will perhaps remember, is the virtuous citizen who demanded that the Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House, make war upon Judge Alton B. Parker, in 1912, to prevent the said Parker from becoming *Temporary* Chairman of the Democratic Convention.

Judge Alton B. Parker, as you will

perhaps remember, is the patriot who in 1904 received the gladsome, vociferous and persistent support of the said virtuous Bryan, for *the four-year Presidency of the United States!*

The vociferous, and virtuous Bryan always vociferous and always virtuous—declared 62 times a day that the election of the said Parker to the Presidency of the United States would overflow his virtuous soul with joy: that the presidential triumph of the said Parker would be the triumph of the ideals of him, the said Bryan, &c.

* * * * *

At this good hour, Jan. 1914, the said William Jenkins vociferously wanders up and down a tired land, telling all the boobs who will listen, that the new Currency-reform law is the gladsome culmination of his fondest hopes, his arduous labors, his fervent prayers during all the years, that he has been continuously and vociferously talking to admiring boobs. The number of said years, runneth back whereof the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary.

What, then, is this new law which we are asked to believe came to us partly because Bryan betrayed the instructions under which he was sent to the Baltimore Convention, and made a dastardly attack upon Champ Clark, in the absence of Clark—and to the utter amazement of the candidate whom Nebraska instructed Bryan to support?

Under this new law, the Money Trust is legalized and permanently enthroned. As La Follette and other close students have pointed out, there is nothing to prevent the same concentration, the same interlocking control which welded the old Money Trust together.

National banks, entering the new system, renew their expiring charters automatically. The huge sum of national bank notes now afloat, continue to act as money. The sum total

of these bankers' due bills is upwards of \$750,000,000.

The vicious principle of keeping the Government mortgaged to the bankers, is preserved.

The unconstitutional blow at bi-metalism is repeated, and the system devised by Washington, Hamilton, Morris and Jefferson is overthrown, although that system was imbedded in the highest law of the land, was practised for nearly a century, has been buttressed by Supreme Court decisions, and *is now* the Constitutional money system.

The unconstitutional gold standard is permanently riveted upon the country, in defiance of the fundamental law.

The fatuous "redemption" of one sort of dollar, with another sort of dollar, is perpetuated.

The Government supplies the machinery, supplies the credit, and supplies the paper currency, while the banker exclusively uses the machinery, profits by the credit, and decides who shall use the currency.

Thus the Sovereign Power abdicates sovereignty, and the Money Trust seizes it.

* * * * *

Consider the due bills of the bankers now afloat, and perpetuated by the new bill that the mellifluous Bryan is to popularize with his "My friends" oratory.

Those due bills represent the debts which the bankers owe the people. Every one of those bills, is a promise-to-pay. (Read one, and see.)

Those due bills cost the bankers nothing, *net*. To pay *your* debts, you must borrow these debts of the bankers. They charge you compound interest when they lend you *their* debts to pay *yours*.

Thus you pay interest both ways, and the bankers reap it, both ways. The banker discounts your promise-to-pay with *his*, and you have to give note and collateral before you can get

the use of his note, without any collateral.

What makes his note better than yours?

His note has the advantage of yours, because your Government grants him the Special Privilege of using your Government credit in his private business.

But, you will be told, the banker bought Government bonds. So he did, and he thus placed his wealth where it is safe, *insured without cost to him*, a mortgage upon all the national wealth, *free from taxes*, and in no danger from fires, floods, thieves, bankruptcies or market fluctuations.

Not only does the bondholder insure his wealth at your expense, but you pay his equitable share of the governmental expenses, and you also pay the interest on his investment.

Thus you pay the bondholder's taxes, you pay his interest, you lend him your national credit, you insure his property, and you pay him high rates of interest for the use of notes based on your credit, when, God knows! the Government might at least issue your notes on your credit and allow you to have the same chance to use them that the banker has.

* * * * *

The conclusion of the whole matter is—

(1.) Banking consists of getting rich on other people's money, and

(2.) Bank currency consists of getting rich on what you owe.

Mr. Bryan is to make several hundred speeches a day to popularize this new law, and to prove to all the gullible boobs that it is precisely the halcyon law that he advocated when he ran for Congress on the Populist platform, when he stole the Populist nomination for President at St. Louis, and when he vowed to the True God—

aiming his vow at such British satellites as Woodrow Wilson, August Belmont, Alton B. Parker, Grover Cleveland, John G. Carlisle, Daniel Voorhees, and Solomon Smith, of Georgia. "*You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!*"

Mankind is nailed to the Cross of Gold, all right; and it is now the oratorical task of Mr. Bryan to convince "My friends," that crucifixion is not what it was before he got into office with the Pharisees and the Sadducees; and that the Cross of Gold was a mere Pickwickian form of eloquent expression—which did not mean anything much, and which was never intended to be taken seriously.

In other words, Bryan, the millionaire Secretary of State, thinks more leniently of Pilate, of Caiaphas and the Sandhedrim than he did in the days when he proudly boasted *in his book*, that his wife patched the seat of his breeches.

* * * * *

Cardinal Gibbons, preaching recently, urged the people to read the Bible!

Yet, in his book, Slippery Jim followed the immemorial law of the Papacy, condemned "private interpretation," and declared roundly that Christ did not mean that the Scriptures should be used to convert mankind.

"No nation has ever yet been converted by the agency of Bible associations," said the Cardinal, *in his book*.

And he argues, *in his book*, that because Christ "never wrote a line of Scripture," and never once commanded His Apostles to write a word, or even to circulate the Scriptures already existing, that *we* ought not to read the Bible for ourselves, but be content with the preaching of the preachers!

What a *very* Slippery Jim is the Honorable J. Card. Gibbons!

“The Cause of the Social Evil and the Remedy”

THE author of this volume has requested me to read it and review it. Mr. A. W. Elliott is yet a young man, and his cast of countenance shows a predisposition to enthusiasm on special work and study. For several years, he has been devoting himself to the Rescue of the Women, who give rescuers as warm a welcome as Livingston gave Stanley a decade ago. Off and on, I have known Mr. Elliott as an earnest pursuer of the elusive inhabitant of the Red Light districts of that glorious civilization which we are endeavoring to transplant among distant peoples who have never given us any provocation.

After six years of diligence in this direction, Mr. Elliott *thinks* he saved one woman. I have not seen her. Nor am I inclined to doubt that in six years a very energetic young enthusiast, laboring up and down the immoral vineyard, found one harlot who had had enough of that kind of life.

But, Mr. Elliott came to the conclusion that his one swallow did not make Spring; and so, he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in some other field of activity.

First of all, he wrote this book which I have read, and which, as he requested, I will review.

It contains many interesting facts which he learned during the six years he spent delving in the vineyard already mentioned.

The name of the book sufficiently indicates the nature of said facts. Overlooked as I am by a vigilant District Attorney, Alexander Ackerman, Esquire, I must exercise great caution in reviewing such publications as those of Mr. Elliott, young Rockefeller, Mrs. Pankhurst's daughter, Dr. Sanger, Dr. Taylor, Uncle Sam and William Randolph Hearst.

I dare not quote from any of these books, lest an indignant District Attorney swear out an indignant criminal process against me, and an equally indignant Federal grand jury indict me.

So, you can see for yourself how I am hampered when asked to review a book which deals with the Social Evil—a eugenic name for a habit that is far from being uncommon.

After relating a great deal that he learned in Pullman sleeping cars and other sleeping places which do not travel on wheels, Mr. Elliott reaches the climax of his thesis, *the Remedy*.

Alas! Mr. Elliott limps painfully when he comes to that Debatable Ground.

As I gather from his concluding chapters, the way to wipe out the Social Evil is, to get Religion.

That is certainly a good way. In fact, there is no better way. To make it practically effective, all the young people should get religion before they reach the age of puberty—and then they should all be married, according to eugenics, immediately afterwards.

Otherwise Old Adam will be up to his old tricks again, as sure as gun's iron.

Mr. Elliott takes firm ground against this spectacular crusading against unfortunate women. So do I. Especially, when I recognize among the crusaders some of the men who rent houses to the unfortunate women.

My own private opinion is, that if Christ's test were applied to one of these crusading crowds, they would slink away, one by one, as that one did when Christ said, “If there be *one* among you who is without sin, let him cast the first stone.”

Make the boys and men pure!

That's the place to start. Tell the

boy that *he can't afford* to waste his manhood on lewdness. If he wants to be a *man*, he needs all that virility which God gave him with his blood.

He can no more spare his seminal strength than he can empty his veins and arteries.

That seminal strength is as necessary to his brain, and to his moral fibre, as the blood of his body is necessary to its warmth, vigor, and fearless masculinity.

Teach the boys *the pride* of robust manliness, the *glory* of full manhood, the infinite riches of being masterful in mind and body, in moral courage and virile energy. Show him *the contemptible weakness* of the confirmed libertine, the loathsome diseases he contracts, the loss of all the physical and mental splendors of manhood, the premature decay, the imbecility, the falling behind in the race of life, the getting-left by every train of opportunity!

Show the boys that this is true.

Show the boys that they cannot afford to live like the diseased imbeciles who are to be seen in every community.

That done, *the mothers* will teach the girls.

And let those mothers never forget:

(1.) To teach the girl what the danger is, and how it is apt to approach.

(2.) To stay away from Soft Drink parlors at night and avoid the skating rink, the dance-hall, and the Moving Picture show, unless accompanied by a trustworthy chaperone.

(3.) Never to accept attentions from a stranger.

(4.) Never to eat or drink beyond the protection of her chaperone.

(5.) To avoid wine and beer as she would prussic acid.

(6.) To cut out the joy-rides in automobiles; and to shun the "Road House," as she would the reddest den in the Red Light district.

(7.) To throw the "sex" novel into the fire, unless she wants to go into the fire herself.

(8.) To keep *her mind* on things that make the lady out of the modest girl.

Dissipation is largely a matter of the brain. *What have you got O.N.YOUR BR.AIN?*

Tell me that, and I can read your fate.

If Mr. Elliott's book tends to teach people that they must take hold of the vice question *at its source*, he will have done more good than has been accomplished by all the crusades against fallen women.

What a funny sight it would be, if the fallen women of Atlanta, for instance, should organize a crusade against the men who have made them what they are—the men whose stealthy patronage supports the Red Light District!

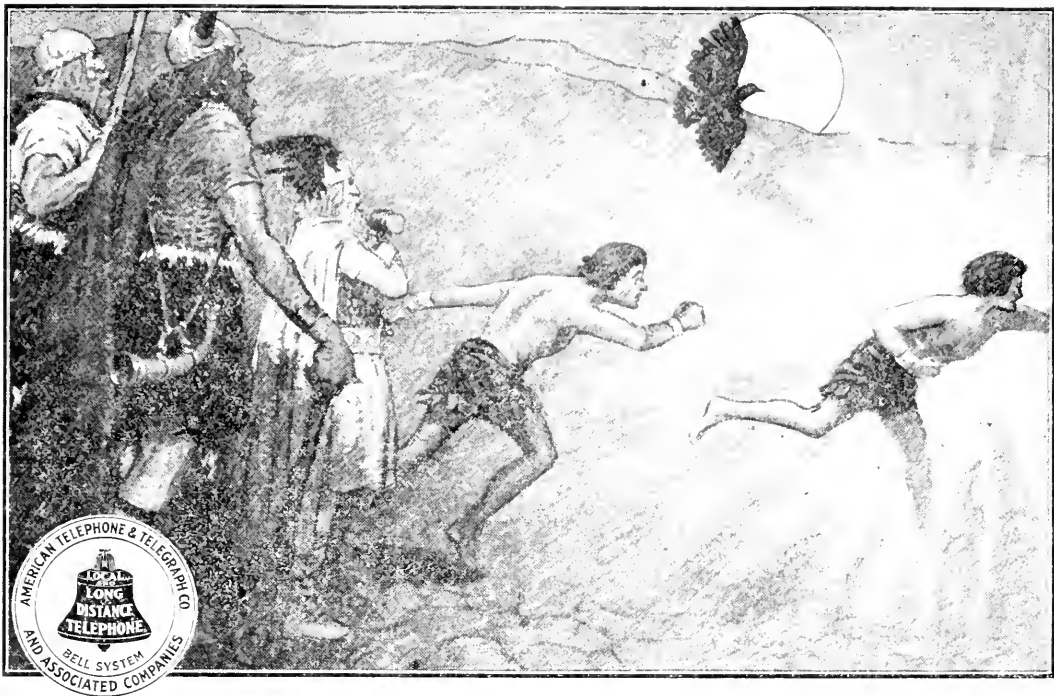
My! What a getting up stairs there *would* be, to be sure!

In the headlong flight of the guilty, there would not only be the sporty young clerk, mechanic, student, merchant, broker, lawyer, reporter, and banker, but you would see some of our "most principallist" Eminentlly Respectables on the jump. U. S. Senators would yell for fig leaves to hide their nakedness. Representatives in Congress would suddenly dive out of sight, pillars in the church would melt into terror-stricken sinners. Monarchs of High Finance would plead for a slice of humble pie, and the Editor-in-Chief would beg the reporter *not* to put *that* item in the paper.

By the time Christ finished writing with his finger in the sand, and asked the Red Light crusaderess—

"Woman where are your accusers?" there wouldn't be a soul in sight; and the conclusion of the whole matter would be—

"Go, and sin no more!"



The Magic Flight of Thought

AGES ago, Thor, the champion of the Scandinavian gods, invaded Jotunheim, the land of the giants, and was challenged to feats of skill by Loki, the king.

Thor matched Thialfi, the swiftest of mortals, against Hugi in a footrace. Thrice they swept over the course, but each time Thialfi was hopelessly defeated by Loki's runner.

Loki confessed to Thor afterward that he had deceived the god by enchantments, saying, "Hugi was my thought, and what speed can ever equal his?"

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Historical Questions Answered

THE reply to the following letter has been unavoidably delayed:

Dear Sir: Please answer the following questions in the educational department, and oblige.

Yours truly,

W. B. WALL.

Sallisair, Oklahoma.

1. In your opinion did Webster demolish Hayne in the famous debate?

2. Do you think Webster's oratory, in itself, was superior to Hayne's on this occasion?

3. Where can Hayne's answer to Webster's "Reply" be had?

4. What company publishes the complete works of Hayne?

5. Did the South at the time feel that its champion had been vanquished?

6. What was Hayne's religion?

7. In what speech did Calhoun demolish Webster?

8. Was Calhoun governor of South Carolina, when it passed the Nullification act? and was he overawed and frightened by Jackson's warlike tone?

9. Does a copy of the minutes of the Hartford Convention still exist? If not, what became of the copy Hayne had in his hand as he made his great speech?

ANSWER.

1. Yes. Hayne was no match for Webster in debate, and Webster got the better of him.

2. Yes, Webster was a great orator and a great debater; with the exception of Charles Fox and Mirabeau, Webster was probably the greatest of all modern debaters.

3. The debate in full was published as a separate pamphlet, and you can secure it through any old book dealer.

The reply of Hayne to Webster is

found in the book "Robert Y. Hayne and His Times," by Jervey. (McMillan Co., 1909.)

4. I do not know.

5. I do not know.

6. I don't think he had any; I am quite sure Webster had none.

7. In the debate of 1833.

8. No. Calhoun was never Governor of South Carolina; Robert Y. Hayne was Governor at the time you refer to, and he was not in the least overawed or frightened by the bullying and blustering of Andrew Jackson.

On the contrary, he called on the troops to be ready to fight, made every preparation for the struggle, and was ready for it. Calhoun was in the same state of mind—not afraid, and absolutely ready for the contest.

It was Henry Clay who caved, and who hurriedly patched up the compromise that averted a clash between the Federal Government and South Carolina. The gist of the compromise was, that the tariff system was to be chopped off by installments and abolished within a limited term of years.

It was only after Congress had pledged itself and pledged the National Government to this agreement, that Calhoun and Gov. Hayne of South Carolina discontinued their warlike preparations.

After the crisis had passed and other men had come to the front, the New England beneficiaries of special privilege, broke their written contract with the South, just as they perfidiously broke the compromises and contracts upon which the independent sovereign States of the South had agreed to enter the Union.

Impartial history will be compelled to say that the New England leaders never kept a single contract that they made with the South, or with the West.

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9. Not that I know of. A sufficiently full account of the proceedings of that first Secession Convention can be obtained from various books, such as Bancroft's History; Henry A.

Wise's "Seven Decades of the Union;" Randall's "Thomas Jefferson;" Walker's "Making of the Nation;" Hunt's "Life of James Madison."

T. E. W.

The Destruction of Idols

MR. A. MAIR, of the China Inland Mission, Anking, writes:

"The idols in the city and other temples have been knocked down and smashed. I went into the city temple one day, and what a sight I witnessed! The idols to which thousands of knees had bowed were broken to pieces and scattered about the place. I was told that the policemen had done this by order of the authorities. How do the people take this? Some—especially country people—are displeased, and believe that calamity will befall the district. I have been informed that numbers of this class have stowed idols away in their homes. These idols have been taken out of the temples and kept in their homes for safety. There are others who are glad

that the idols have been done away with, as they look upon idol worship as a disgrace to their country."

The above is taken from a missionary letter to one of our church papers.

I imagine that there would be tumultuous doings if, in this country, policemen, by order of the authorities, should enter the Pope's temples and smash the idols to which thousands of knees had bowed.

Idol worship among us, is *not* looked upon as a disgrace to the country.

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