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THE

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA.

ARTICLE I.

UNINTELLIGENT TREATMENT OF ROMANISM.

BY REV. CHARLES C. STARBUCK, CLARIDON, OHIO.

UNINTELLIGENT conduct by a mighty state of a war with a petty one is foolish, but not fatal. But unintelligent conduct of a war with an equal in strength is terribly damaging, and only too apt to be deadly.

With Catholicism we might have controversy, but need not have war. Even with Roman Catholicism it is not absolutely necessary that we should be on hostile terms. Roman Catholicism is by no means identical with Romanism. A great number of excellent people,—laymen, priests, bishops, and even here and there a pope,—have been Catholics more than Roman Catholics, and have not, properly speaking, been Romanists at all. They have, it is true, as firmly believed the bishop of Rome to be by divine right the chief governor of the church as others have believed the bishop in general to be by divine right chief governor of his diocese, or the elders or the brotherhood to be by divine right rulers of the particular congregation; and they are as much devoted to the doctrinal definitions of Trent as others are to the definitions of Westminster, or others, again, to those of Lambeth. But the papacy is with them a means, not an end. Though venerable, it is subordinate in their thoughts and in their feelings. They have a strong sense of national differences, of local rights, of episcopal as contradistinguished

from papal authority. They are more inclined to accommodate than to over-rule. They are not disposed to use high language even with little Utrecht, and would be very well content with a decision affirming the validity of Anglican orders. To regain the East they would be willing to reduce Rome to little more than a primacy in fact, provided only the Greeks would acknowledge her supremacy in form; and to regain their separated brethren in general they would be easily moved to lay the axe to abuses as unsparingly as would consist with the theoretical claims of the Roman obedience to be the ecumenical, infallible church.

This description, it is true, marks the extreme outer line of Roman Catholicism. There are many that would not fully come up to it who nevertheless might justly be styled Roman Catholics that are not Romanists. Of these may be mentioned, as an eminent living example, Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec; and of those not living, Lingard, Bishop Sailer, and the illustrious Clement XIV. Indeed, until lately whole schools and regions of the Catholic church answered largely to this description. But the Vatican Council closed a contest of centuries by the final condemnation as heresy of every school of Roman Catholicism which is not absolutely identical with Romanism. And if there should be a successful reaction against this it would probably split the fabric irretrievably in two.

“Saint Peter’s church heaves silently,
Like a mighty ship in pain,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.”

We may, therefore, for the present, and probably for as long as the Roman Catholic church subsists unbroken, regard Roman Catholicism as for all working purposes absorbed in Romanism,—in that system which, as Mr. Gladstone says, places the Christian religion in the breast of one man, the bishop of Rome, making him such a lord of bodies and souls as the world has never dreamed of before. The establishment of such a dominion may well fill us with the profoundest alarm. Whatever even more deadly dangers may already

lower on the horizon, this is the greatest defined, organized, opposable enemy with which as yet we have to contend. In the presence of this two things are peculiarly inexcusable: Carelessness and Ignorance. In this Article it is mainly the latter which I shall consider. Indeed, this is the greater danger of the two. The negligence of knowledge is not so likely to work harm as the meddlesome and pert presumption that irritates the recumbent behemoth in sheer unconsciousness alike of his strength and of his vulnerable parts.

Without more figure I shall consider various proofs of heedlessness and ignorance on the part of Protestants in making their attacks upon Romanism. And I have in mind not Protestant scholars, who usually understand decently well what they are about, so much as mere popular writers, lay or clerical, male or female, who are wont to make a louder clatter in proportion to their utter unserviceableness in the battle. Being unable to lay claim to anything like an exhaustive knowledge of the Roman Catholic system or its workings, I shall not be betrayed into any recondite reflections. I have mainly in mind open, palpable, even vulgar, errors, of which there are quite enough floating about in all sorts of books and newspapers to fill up all my space. These I shall spend no great pains in trying to classify according to their proportionate gravity, but shall mention them pretty much as they come into mind, whether as advantages neglected, or invulnerable points foolishly assailed.

The fundamental blunder with this sort of writings is that they treat the church of Rome as if she were, in the open, popular sense, a sect, established, like Gnosticism of old, or Mormonism in our time, in the distinct consciousness of being a deviation from genuine Christianity, instead of being, as we know she is, in point of external legitimacy unassailable, the stiffened and corrupted, but historically unquestionable, representative of the original Christian church of the West, at least of the continent. For it is hardly worth while to discuss whether the long-lapsed claims of early British Christianity were capable of revival at the Reforma-

tion or not. To argue with Rome as if she were the head of a sect, in the ordinary sense, is a good deal like arguing with Judaism as if it were a lapse from Christianity. A failure, and a sad failure, to come up to it, it undoubtedly is, but it is not a lapse from it.

In nothing does popular Protestant controversy betray its ignorance of the relation of Rome to Christian doctrine more than in its vehement outcry against giving to Mary the title of "Mother of God." To object to the popular use of this as tending to idolatry is all very well. It is also well to object to the popular use of "person" as applied to the distinctions in the Godhead, as tending to tritheism. The popular use of technical terms of theology anyhow is a fruitful source of mischievous misapprehension. But these controversialists, who run before they are sent, and dispute even in Rome itself, attack not merely the term, but the doctrine which it is meant to express, namely, that Mary is the mother of Christ, and not of a part of him, and that Christ is God. In other words, they do their best to give the Romans to understand that they have among them not orthodox Christians but Nestorian heretics. Now historical Protestantism rests distinctly upon the foundation, or at least accepts ungrudgingly the doctrinal decisions, of the first six general councils. Here, as I have heard Dr. Charles Hodge declare from the pulpit, is a basis of possible reunion among Christians of all three great divisions of Christendom. So that these foolish blunderers, sometimes in grave disputations, and sometimes in facetious ribaldry, imagine themselves to be very smart against Romish idolatry, when in reality they are attacking the historical foundations of the creed of Christendom, are as much at war with Wittenberg and Geneva, with Westminster and Princeton, as they are with Rome.

Another blunder is that which treats Rome as having suddenly become antichrist under the successor of Gregory the Great, having up to that time been genuinely and actively Christian. Milman shows that Gregory was the father of the mediaeval Christianity of the West. It went on

for a thousand years in the form into which he compacted it, and in the strength of the impulse which he gave it. If it was antichrist then he was antichrist, and if he was antichrist then the church of the martyrs was antichrist, whose doctrinal and practical system he simply received and transmitted, giving it just so much of serviceable alloy as might suffice

“To shield it in the wild hour coming on.”

Few of his successors, it is true, exhibited all his disinterestedness and humility, as few men of any sort have done. By that token we are all limbs of antichrist. And in his humility he protested against such high-flying titles as “Ecumenical Bishop,” his humility being quickened by the rival assumptions of Constantinople. But there was no awful mystery of iniquity concealed under the title, which had been borne by many bishops before without offence, and has never been conspicuous as a designation of the bishop of Rome. I am not familiar with the particulars of the late removal of his effigy from the front of an English cathedral. Perhaps it kept a still more eminent Christian out of his place. Otherwise the removal appears like a flagrant instance of bigoted prejudice against one of the noblest of Christian bishops and of Christian men, an example of deep ingratitude towards the spiritual father of Saxon, as Columb is of Anglian, England.

A proof of heedless neglect of immense advantages in controversy appears in the pains bestowed by a great many to make out Rome as doctrinally so much worse than she is, while they would find their account rather in insisting on what is easier to prove, namely, that she is very much worse in practice than she is in theory. This fact drew the attention of Leibnitz and of Baxter long ago, as it is remarked on by Döllinger at present. Now nothing can tell more stingingly against men or churches than to be able to say that their principles, indeed, are far from unexceptionable, but that their practice is very much below their principles. We know not how it may be with others, but if we wished to

give the most unfavorable impression possible of Rome we should not waste too much time upon doctrinal disputes, fearing, indeed, that we might find them a good deal like Saul's armor on David, but should prefer to concede as much as might be of theoretical correctness to her, and even throw a few points into the bargain, and then use such descriptions of her as this: "A church abounding in noble gifts and rightful titles, but unable to use them religiously; crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, unnatural, as madmen are."

One of the most inveterate calumnies against the Roman Catholic priesthood, one which I have about as little expectation of being able to dislodge from the mind of the average Protestant as of being able to move the chair of Idris, is worthy of tracing from its birth, the mingled offspring of ignorance and spite. Let us suppose, then, a Protestant of such sort as is nourished by the writings of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, happening to take up one of the shorter Roman Catholic catechisms. He turns it over with the heedlessness of disdain, and comes upon the ten commandments. Glancing through them, he discovers to his mingled horror and delight that these crafty priests have actually concealed their idolatry from the people by omitting the second commandment, and have made up the number by dividing the tenth. Here is a discovery indeed, which is forthwith trumpeted from Dan to Beersheba. If he who shall take away any word of God shall have his part taken away out of the Book of Life, what shall be the doom of those who mutilate the decalogue itself?

A reflective Protestant might ask by what chance it is that the Roman Catholic priesthood alone should have varied from the law by which priesthoods in general, however unfaithful to the spirit of their religion, are always to the last degree intent on preserving every letter of its records, and the farther they deviate from the letter again, are the more solicitous to prove that this neglect is only in seeming, not in fact. He might suggest that if even among Protestants, who

are more unmanageable, preachers have found it so easy to explain away texts of Scripture to their admiring disciples as effectually to curb the temptation to suppress them, much more might this be true of Roman Catholic priests, indoctrinating so docile and submissive a laity. But what can he say when the mutilated catechism is thrust under his very nose? Pondering the matter in his perplexity, he chances to stumble upon a German or Scandinavian Lutheran catechism, and is astonished to find the same omission there. He shows it to the zealous Protestants aforesaid. At first they look blank. But presently they bethink themselves that they have heard something to the effect that Lutherans are not scrupulous to exclude images from their churches, and though no mortal man has ever heard of their paying them reverence they conclude that the Lutheran clergy have fallen into the temptation too, as I have seen openly alleged by a German Calvinist. But our reflecting Protestant, finding it hard enough on well-known principles of evidence to believe that Rome herself is in this condemnation, finds it utterly incredible that Wittenberg, Copenhagen, and Upsala have conspired with her in suppressing that word of God which they have always been so zealous to make known, or that they are trying to keep out of the catechism what old and young well know to be in the Bible.

Turning the matter over, he next examines the larger catechisms, both Lutheran and Catholic, and there he finds the second commandment in full, but reading as part of the first, while the division of the tenth into two is still maintained. He carries back this fact in triumph to his friends, as proof conclusive that the strange arrangement has not been adopted to hide something, since here there is nothing hidden. He calls attention to the fact that the shorter catechisms, both Catholic and Lutheran, give only the opening sentences of the longer commandments, and that therefore this arrangement involves of necessity the omission of what to us is the second, but here is reckoned as the latter part of the first, commandment. No answer can be given him

but a feeble insinuation that it is very convenient to have two sorts of catechisms. Too indignant with this contemptible subterfuge to reply, he pursues his investigations, and at last discovers that this reckoning of the first two commandments as one and of the tenth as two, leading to the apparent omission of the second in the lesser manuals, and in them only, originated many centuries ago among the Jewish Masorites, and therefore at the farthest possible remove from any favoring of idolatry. Filled with delight that he is able to clear poor, defiled Rome of one scandalous imputation, at least, he hastens back to his brethren with the good news. But no, the dear delight of wielding this trenchant weapon is not to be wrested from them. The very fact that it is a foul imputation upon the clergy of more than half Christendom is enough to attest its truth. The refutation of it, though as clear as day, is scornfully scrutinized, and laid aside. We are describing no imaginary course of proceeding. Rome, we will suppose, has devils peculiar to herself; but the devil that rejoices in iniquity, and rejoices not in the truth, is evidently no bigot. He can be Catholic or Protestant at a moment's notice.

The doctrine of papal infallibility does not give so large a scope to the spirit of slander, but it gives the most ample room to every species and variety of ignorant blundering. Take one at random, from a prominent New York journal, in no way inclined to behave unhandsomely. Pius IX. never gave a dispensation at Rome for a mixed marriage till a year or two before he died. That he gave one then was a good deal resented by the stricter ultramontanes of the eternal city. "But what can they do?" says the journal in question, "he is infallible." This is a typical specimen of Protestant unreflectingness as to what is really meant by the doctrine of papal infallibility. It will therefore repay dissection as well as another.

In the first place, infallibility respects doctrine alone, and the granting of dispensations is purely a matter of discipline. It has, therefore, nothing to do with the pope's infallibility.

Secondly, respecting certain acts of discipline, the Vatican Council demands as a Christian duty implicit and prompt obedience to the pope. But it does not require such an inward consent and approbation as is exacted for his *ex cathedra* doctrinal decisions.

Thirdly, the Council demands this implicit obedience only for those acts of the pope which respect the government of the universal church. Consequently, all his acts which are less than ecumenical stand, doctrinally at least, on a level with those of other prelates of the same degree. Thus, if he acted as Latin patriarch, although his acts would include the most of the church, yet he could not claim implicit obedience under the decree of the council. Nor could he claim it acting merely as primate of Italy. Nor yet again, acting as archbishop of the suburbican province. But the granting of a dispensation for a mixed marriage is not even a metropolitan act. In giving it he acts simply as the local diocesan of Rome, and his people in accepting it as valid are no more bound to relish it than the people of Strasburg or Brooklyn would be bound to relish a dispensation granted by their particular bishop. The latter receives this power from Rome for five years at a time, but within this term his authority to grant such dispensations within his diocese is as ample as the pope's authority to grant them in his. And in this case it would be as reasonable to chide the Catholics of Louisville or Richmond for a want of respect to their infallible bishop as to chide the people of Rome for a want of respect towards theirs. Although the latter is the source of authority to the other two, yet the authority once granted, the three bishops, as respects all diocesan acts, are precisely on a level. The authority of the pope to act as ordinary in other dioceses than his own remaining latent, is as if it were not.

Here, then, is a Protestant blunder respecting infallibility of the *n*th power. Let us define the unknown quantity: First, the confusion between doctrine and discipline; secondly, the neglect to note the distinction between ecumenical and patriarchal authority; thirdly, the neglect of the distino-

tion between patriarch and primate; fourthly, the neglect of the distinction between primate and metropolitan; fifthly, the neglect of the distinction between metropolitan and diocesan; it appears, then, that error ^a = error ^b.

Such wild flings in theology are as preposterous as it would be in mathematics to go on, say to ten thousand millions, when we ought to stop at a plain hundred. Besides, as there are said to be nineteen different definitions of what is an *ex cathedra*, and therefore an infallible, decision, even when the question is of doctrine, I am not at all sure that we ought not to raise the possibilities of error, where inexperienced meddle with this doctrine of infallibility, to the 95th power. And who, even using the sober English computation, would want to wander a trigtintillion of degrees out of his way in such a theological thicket of wait-a-bit thorns? It would be much wiser for Protestants, unless they have exercised themselves by the previous discipline of the Talmud and Cabala, followed up, perhaps, by the subsequent study of the alchymists and Rosicrucians, to leave the Roman Catholics unmolested to enjoy the labyrinthine mazes of their own peculiar path to truth.

Another error respecting infallibility is less excusable, because begotten of the recklessness of controversy, and savoring of the feeling that any stone will do to throw at a dog — or a papist. The Catholics are tauntingly asked if they place the pope above Peter, and are reminded of Peter's denial of his Lord or of his tergiversation at Antioch as proof that he was not infallible, and therefore that his alleged successor is not. Now that people in general should confound infallibility, or freedom from doctrinal error, with impeccability, or freedom from personal sin or inconsistency, is nothing very strange. The two are more closely connected than our current theology admits. But that a staunchly orthodox Presbyterian divine like the late Dr. Nevins of Baltimore, who firmly believed the apostles to be as free from doctrinal error as Christ himself, should throw up to the Roman Catholics that Peter submits to rebuke without a

word of his own infallibility, and afterwards impliedly acknowledges his fallibility by commending to general attention the very Epistle in which his inconsistency is exposed, as if this candor involved the acknowledgment of error in doctrine, is a melancholy instance, in a good man, of the headlong short-sightedness of religious hatred. Concede to the Roman Catholics for their chief pontiff as much of doctrinal infallibility as all our pulpits claim for Peter, and they will be well content, inasmuch as they actually ask for very much less. In common with the Protestants they ascribe to Peter and his colleagues doctrinal infallibility as a perpetual and personal gift, whereas to Peter's supposed successor they ascribe it only as an official gift, of interpretation, not of revelation, and dependent for its validity upon a multitude of stringent and minute conditions. Instead, therefore, of claiming more than we are accustomed to attribute to Peter and his fellows they claim immeasurably less.

To what this process of deifying the pope, which is now in full career, will ultimately lead is another question. If it goes on it may well end in making him a Christian grand lama, an alleged incarnation of the Holy Ghost. Already it was mentioned by the late pope as a pious opinion that all the popes are "*des âmes prédestinées*," elect souls. This may in the end involve, as a necessity of faith, that Alexander VI. was conceived without taint of original sin. The foolish fling of to-day might become the sober statement of our children's grandchildren. But at present it is none the less a foolish fling. The ultramontanes themselves do not deny that the bishop of Rome is a sinful, fallible man, as liable in sermons or treatises or public addresses to fall ^{ed/} ~~un-~~advisably into error, or even heresy, as other divines of equal parts and learning. Moreover, even episcopally he might give doctrinal decisions for the behoof of inquirers of his ordinary diocese or of his province or of his nation, which, as only of local jurisdiction, might lawfully be excepted to. And should he choose to put into exercise his latent authority as patriarch of the West, he might give forth t

decisions which substantially would bind the whole church to submissive, respectful consideration of them, but would leave her free to suggest such objections or modifications as might prepare the way for a final utterance "urbi et orbi" that should be strictly ecumenical, and in the view of his adherents attended with the divine guarantee of infallibility when once sealed with what, according to the Jesuits themselves, is a necessary test of an *ex cathedra* decision, namely, acceptance by all the bishops.¹

Another great mistake in Protestants, and an exceedingly dangerous one, is a willingness to join hands with unbelievers, whether Jews or infidels, in attacking Rome on religious grounds. Political interferences of Rome may lawfully be met by political combinations, irrespective of creed. But religiously the Christian commonwealth, sundered and distracted as it is, ought, unless it is willing to acknowledge itself in a hopeless way, to have so deep a sense of its former, and so strong an expectation of its future, unity as energetically to repel all attempts at foreign intervention in its domestic contests.

In Harper's Weekly there have appeared from time to time, week after week, and month after month, and year after year, from the pen of Mr. Eugene Lawrence, long series of articles, written in a style of monotonous excellence, and in a strain of intense, sustained, unremitting, passionate hostility towards the Roman Catholic church and hierarchy. Now this gentleman, though himself, I believe, of gentile birth, is well known as an eulogist, from point to point, of the Jews, as having been, through the whole of the Middle Ages, the great representatives of genuine knowledge, sound thinking, and pure religion, over against a crowd of wretched barbarians, held down by a grinding priesthood in the very mire, and unworthy of any consideration intellectually, morally, or religiously. In other words, the true spiritual succession of those ages has been transmitted not

¹ I take this last statement from Mr. Seymour, but the decisions of the Council may be regarded as having antiquated it.

through those who received the mission of Christ, but through those who, when allowed, offered up prayers in their synagogues that were imprecations on his name. I do not know that they did this everywhere, but they did it in various regions. Of course we can easily imagine the smile of scorn on some lips that any one should treat it as of the least significance to the true transmission of the spiritual life how men hold Jesus of Nazareth, whether for a visionary, an impostor, or the Messiah of God. But we are not writing for that lady of ambiguous name and ambiguous fame, of great genius and profound unbelief, who has created Daniel Deronda as a pale rival of Christ. We are writing for our fellow Christians, that is, for those who believe that when the Jewish nation, in its representatives, cried out, "His blood be on us and on our children," the veil descended upon its heart, and the fountain of spiritual life dried up within it; that the kingdom of God was in truth then taken from it to be given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof; and that, without prejudice to the immeasurable grace of God, working far beyond all our systems in the heart of Jew or Gentile, the main current of spiritual life and religious thought, leading to the fruitful future of time and eternity, has, even when choked or hidden or deeply defiled by semi-heathen barbarism or sacerdotal sensuality and craft, still held its course

"Within the kingdoms that acknowledged Christ."

Augustus Neander was in blood a Jew and in spirit an Israelite indeed, and out of his immeasurable learning he gives the testimony rendered above. And in his calm pages, pale and passionless as they appear, this resistless though often hidden course of the victorious life of redemption, proceeding from Him "whose pierced hand has turned the ages into new channels," shows itself hurrying on, like the subterranean Tagus, to burst out at those "eyes of the river," Wittenberg, Zurich, Geneva, and many another fount of sudden greenness, though by no means exhausting itself on this, its fullest side. All those who write, as this gentleman does

very much as if all the mediaeval religion worth mentioning was in the synagogue or anywhere but among baptized men are allies of whom we ought to shake ourselves clear the moment matters go deeper than the mere secular surface of things.

The manner in which Mr. Eugene Lawrence treats St. Louis of France, "noblest and holiest of monarchs," as Dr. Arnold used to call him, with hardly sufficient remembrance of an Alfred, illustrates our meaning. Louis, excellent as he was, had not an understanding of sufficient strength to lift him out of the limitations of his age. The essence of justice and benignity towards his Christian subjects, he was as harsh towards the Jews as it is said Luther afterwards urged the German princes to be. He banished them from France, burned their books, and cancelled one third of the debts owing them. He was right in regarding them, as things then were, as an unassimilable and therefore an irritating element in the state. But he can no more be justified in his bitterness toward them than Mr. Eugene Lawrence on a like ground can be justified in his extreme bitterness towards the Roman Catholics. Louis was abundantly worthy to be called a saint, but he does not attain to St. Bernard, that great protector of the Jews, of whom they gratefully say that "he has spoken good concerning Israel"; nor to the large benignity of Gregory the Great in their defence, and the still larger of Gregory the Ninth, and of the Roman See throughout the Middle Ages, as attested by Neander. Of these services to the Jews, lamed as they were by the fierce barbarism of the age, Mr. Eugene Lawrence no doubt entertains a grateful sense. But Louis was not a Bernard or a Gregory, and our author pours out upon him the vials of his concentrated wrath. I cannot recall the precise terms of his oburgation, but let the reader imagine what might be said of Nero or Caligula, and stop barely short of it, and he will understand the feelings of Mr. Eugene Lawrence towards St. Louis the Ninth. The fact that Louis, in all the depth of his Catholic devotion, valued truth so much

above rite that against his weak and superstitious brother, Henry III. of England, he maintained the superiority of preaching to the mass, giving an example to Massillon afterwards ; that notwithstanding his mediæval saintliness he, unlike the foolishness of Edward the Confessor, did not scruple to live in real and fruitful marriage ; that his unbounded devotion to the chair of St. Peter did not stand in the way of his becoming substantially the father of the Gallican liberties ; that towards his Christian subjects, that is, the immense bulk of his people, he showed a sense of justice almost beyond public policy, restoring fief after fief unlawfully resumed by his predecessors ; all these traits of Christian and of kingly worth go for nothing with Mr. Eugene Lawrence. But he has chosen an inopportune moment for attack, when all that is of Christ is increasingly dear to all who are of Christ. Louis is our brother, in whom we glory, and God forbid that we should ever listen tamely to a torrent of foul vituperation poured upon our brother by the advocate of those who, compared with him, are strangers and aliens. This gentleman is prudently silent as to Luther's equally fierce intolerance of the Jews. He is probably acting on the principle : divide and conquer. Shall we help him and his clients to our own confusion ?

When Jews and their champions offer themselves as our allies against Rome, wisdom bids us remember that although the fierce hostility of the Middle Ages towards the Jews is largely giving way, among Protestant Christians at least, to a pitying and reverent tenderness towards them, not only as our brother men, but also as God's ancient and unforgotten people, whose receiving back is one day to be as life from the dead, yet the Jews themselves can by no means be satisfied with such a view of their relation to us, presupposing as it does for us at present an immeasurable superiority of spiritual standing over them, as resting still under the doom of national reprobacy. The present growth of religious indifference is by no means adequate to remove the sting which such a place in Christendom implies. The ebb of to-day

may be the flood of to-morrow; the turning of the channel is the only absolute assurance against the recurrence of the tide. Those Jews, therefore,—and I believe that there are many such,—who are fully set on accepting anything, atheism, nihilism, or whatever else could be imagined beyond that, if it were the alternative to accepting Christ, must have an intenser interest in the overthrow of the church than we, Christians ourselves, can easily bring before our minds. To suppose that they are concerned at Rome's deep corruption of the gospel in doctrine and fact would of course evince simplicity beyond the simple. For them the gospel could not be too soon or too completely corrupted into rottenness. A part, and a large part, of their burning animosity is doubtless owing to their burning wrongs. But none the less do they hate with consuming hatred that symbol of redemption which Rome, however unworthily, bears on her front, the memorial of the tragic crime and the tragic doom of a nation which was the organ of humanity in crucifying its God. Spiritually the Roman see is a decaying fortress, hastening to become a cage of unclean and hateful birds. But to external view it is still the citadel of Christianity. This overthrown, these malignant foes of Christ may well fancy that the subversion of all the rest will be mere matter of detail. The talk put by some scribbler into Bismarck's mouth to this effect might be put with very much better reason into theirs. It may be that this illusion will be one of the means used by God in overthrowing that haughty and unfaithful bishopric, which, always so deeply mixed with evil, seems, notwithstanding now and then a beneficial check, to be more and more losing all intermixture of profitable good. But it is not for us to join ourselves with those who hate Rome far more because she is called Christian than because her Christianity is almost hopelessly corrupt.

This *Kulturkampf* in Europe, and especially in Germany, of which we hear so much, is a perfect illustration of what I have said. It is largely a revolt of right reason and natural manliness and morality against the intolerable tyrannv. the

permeating falseness, hypocrisy, and uncleanness of Rome. But there is also covered up in it a revolt against Christ, against God, against morality, and against civilization. We learn that Jewish editors are foremost leaders of this contest, and we might have expected it, whether we give to it the higher or the lower interpretation. The appeal said to be made by the nihilists to Jewish youth throughout the world to become agents of their frightful scheme shows that they know where to look for helpers. This mysterious race seems to have been chosen exemplarily out of mankind to exhibit to what heights it can be raised, and to what depths it can descend. The incarnation of God has taken place within it, and why may not the incarnation of the devil? And if the devil would fain overthrow Rome it must be because even in her there is too much that reminds him of Christ. There are Jews unquestionably, and many of them, who, like that excellent rabbi of St. Louis, hold Jesus as higher than Moses, and would doubtless rather own him as the Messiah than say a word to his dishonor. The more rapidly the zealots of hatred unfold the malignity that is in them towards the Redeemer the sooner will these purer souls be gathered into the purified church. Meanwhile they are ready to show by every emphatic act and word that they consent not unto the counsel and deed of the children of Caiaphas. Nor must we be understood as implying a belief that Mr. Eugene Lawrence has the slightest complicity with the remoter and fouler designs which we believe ourselves justified in imputing to a part of the Jews, and which are confirmed by the activity shown by the Jews of Europe in various places in helping to put down any Christian teachers who show signs of really taking the gospel in earnest. He would doubtless part company with them long before they reached the end of their intent. But that he is ill qualified, notwithstanding the genial beauty of his later philo-hellenic articles, to assume the part of a champion of any form of Christianity is shown by his entire failure to apprehend the principle of spiritual independence, whose development by

the Roman church has done more for the liberties of mankind, as is said by John Stuart Mill, than all the pyres kindled by her have done against them. I have read a great number of his articles, and can draw no other conclusion from them than that he regards it as a high crime in a Christian church to enforce its own principles of morals within its own bounds, upon its own members, by its own appropriate sanctions, independently of the views or policy of the state. It is not enough for him that the church shall not presume to wield the sword of the state; she must forbear to wield the sword of the spirit when the state forbids it. His treatment of the case of the Brazilian bishops is a notable example of this. And the positions taken by so copious a contributor to so deservedly influential a journal, indirectly sustained by so powerful an ecclesiastical good will, are worthy of attentive examination.

The church of Rome is well known to be implacably hostile to freemasonry. Mr. Eugene Lawrence sneeringly says that the feeble intellect of Pius IX. had conceived this extensive association to be dangerous. Its civil dangerousness was not especially the point of the pope's opposition; it was its incompatibility with the gospel. Our author will hardly venture to call Arnold of Rugby a feeble intellect, and he says, in substance, "I cannot esteem freemasonry lawful for a Christian, for it unites me in a close brotherhood with those who are not in a close sense my brethren." Mr. Eugene Lawrence is well aware that whole Protestant denominations, the Quakers, the United Brethren in Christ, the Reformed and United Presbyterians, and vast multitudes in most of the other churches agree exactly with Pope Pius respecting freemasonry. He has a just confidence in the breadth of that aegis which a certain powerful church would stand ready to extend over the defender of masonry. But as that church alone is hardly competent for the overthrow of Rome, he will be wise to spare sneers and gain allies. Certain Brazilian bishops by papal direction disfranchised ecclesiastically certain church societies having freemasons

among their members. The disfranchised societies appealed to the civil courts, which directed the bishops to restore them. They refused, alleging the mandate of the pope. That is, says Mr. Eugene Lawrence, in a white glow of indignation, they signified that they felt bound to obey the orders of their ecclesiastical rather than of their civil superiors. Note that our author goes decidedly beyond the Brazilian courts in his sentence of condemnation. These imprisoned the bishops on the ground of their having promulgated a papal rescript without civil sanction. The law forbidding this is certainly inconsistent with religious freedom, but it has nevertheless been enacted at some time or other by almost every Catholic state as an imperfect bulwark against the encroachments of Rome. The courts also, while not disputing the general right of the bishops to administer the law of the church, decided that in this case they had exceeded the law of the church. But these grounds of censure against the bishops appear to Mr. Eugene Lawrence far too tame and watery. He does not even condescend to mention them. He plants himself explicitly on the ground that it is a high crime for ecclesiastical functionaries in purely ecclesiastical affairs, involving no civil franchise, to enforce the law of their church by purely ecclesiastical sanctions, and to insist upon their inherent right in such cases to obey the orders of their ecclesiastical against those of their civil superiors. His animadversions upon the course of the Brazilian bishops logically imply that while it may be highly praiseworthy in the state to concede large liberties to the church it is a great crime in the church to presume to perform a single act or thing, however purely spiritual, if it is not the good pleasure of the state to allow it. The condition of things in our country, so happily described by the Tribune, in which priests are left perfectly free to excommunicate whomsoever they like, for whatsoever reason they like, and for as long a term as they like, while the state goes tranquilly on, taking no note whatever of these spiritual thunders, is evidently not the ideal of Mr. Eugene Lawrence.

It is well that we have our Tribunes, and our Independents and Nations, and other such journals to keep a keen lookout, or the mild and equitable spirit of our American jurisprudence in religious matters would bid fair to be overborne by an iron determination of the state—born half of foreign atheism and half of domestic bigotry—to hunt conscience out of its last refuge, in the church and in the individual; renewing, in the name of an absolutistic majority, the decree of Darius, that no one shall pray to God or man except as the king may direct. Our wild schemes, overthrowing our most cherished principles, for revenge on the Catholics, whenever they have proved refractory to our Protestant view of things, remind a dispassionate observer of nothing so much as of the man in Hogarth's caricature of *The Election*, who is industriously sawing off the rival tavern-sign at a point between himself and the house. When we all come down in a common crash, we shall find out what we have been about. We may remember the monstrous bill introduced some years back into the Rhode Island legislature, enacting sharp penalties against any one who should, in public or private, by instruction or advice, dissuade another from using the public schools. Had this passed (it was disgrace enough, both to Rhode Island and the Union, that it could possibly have been introduced), we should have had the commonwealth of Roger Williams branding it as a crime for any one to be of a political minority. For if once we curtail the right of every American, clergyman or layman, or any association of citizens, ecclesiastical or civil, social or literary, to criticise any and every measure of public policy, to any extent and with any degree of sharpness they choose, by way of petition, argument, advice, or dissuasion, I do not know what nondescripts we should become; but we should certainly no longer be Americans. We may then as well make thorough work of it at once, and forbid the existence of a minority.

The bill which some years since passed the Michigan senate had a better plea; and the writer is ashamed to

confess that for awhile he favored it, against the better insight of others. It will be remembered that a worthy old Roman Catholic gentleman had a lien upon his parish church, and, being unable to get it satisfied, at last sued the Bishop of Detroit, who held the title. Angered at this, the unjust and haughty prelate publicly repelled his humble creditor from the altar, as he approached to receive the communion. The heart-broken old man soon sank and died under the outrage. This insult alike to civil and religious right, this strange commixture of secular knavery and spiritual despotism, could not but stir the intensest indignation in every heart that valued manhood and its rights above priestcraft and its impious claims. It is no wonder, then, that a bill passed the senate of the state (though it failed in the house) enacting considerable penalties against any archbishop, bishop, or other ecclesiastic who should presume to excommunicate any one for asserting his civil rights.

The intention of this bill was excellent; but its principle was most unsound. The only safe ground is that of the Independent, that the law must not undertake to protect the victims of superstition. If one man chooses to think that another man can open or shut the gates of heaven to him at his arbitrary pleasure, he comes into a region of motives and influences in which the coarse remedies of the law are wholly at fault. And the bill, in its panic haste, uses terms which forbid the exercise of ecclesiastical discipline against any act which is not also a violation of civil law. In other words, without at all meaning it, it sets up the civil conscience as the standard beyond which the spiritual conscience must not presume to go. It has never been doubted among us that every church has a right to insist upon the observance of its own principles by its own members, and to exclude all who refuse to be governed by them. It has never been disputed, for example, that the Catholic church has a right to excommunicate those who divorce one wife and marry another; or a Protestant church those who divorce a wife or husband for less than adultery and marry another. or those

who sell intoxicating liquors even with a license. Yet all these excommunicable offences are simply the assertion of civil rights. If the church were to pursue them into civil life, she would be deservedly made smart. But, treating them only as spiritual offences, to be punished only by spiritual penalties, the church has always been acknowledged to stand fully in her right. Nay, to come down to a ludicrously trivial class of cases, although the right to dance and the right to wear buttons are fully guaranteed by the civil law, no one has ever dreamed of questioning the right of the Methodists to drop a member for dancing, or of the honest Dunkards to disown a member who should persist in adorning his coat with buttons rather than with the consecrated hook and eye. Yet the Michigan law, according to the plain tenor of its terms, would have pounced impartially upon great offences and small, trivial and grave.

Indeed, there are some things absolutely commanded by the state as civil duties, which have been as absolutely forbidden by some churches as religious offences. Yet in America the two associations, moving in wholly different spheres, have never had the least quarrel over that. Thus the state fines a man if he refuses to pay his military tax, and the Society of Friends disowns him if he consents; but the society has never dreamed of rebelling against the state, and the state has never dreamed of intermeddling with the religious discipline of the society. Yet at last, because a church has increased among us whose discipline is peculiarly haughty, arbitrary, and oppressive, a law is drafted in blind haste which if passed would at once have cut to the root the fundamental liberties of all the churches and the fundamental principles of American society. But fortunately the saw was stopped before the sign was quite in two.

There are three policies open to us towards the church of Rome. If we cannot forego the luxury of persecuting her, and yet do not wish to bear the reproach of singling her out for this end, we may determine on a persecution of the Christian church at large. In that case, the Michigan law

offers a good scheme of action. Or if, in our extreme solicitude lest Rome should overthrow our liberties, we make up our minds to go still farther, and, by way of cutting our throats to save our lives, resolve to suppress all freedom of public or private speech and criticism, then a more satisfactory basis of action than the Rhode Island bill could not be recommended.

If, on the other hand, we conclude that it is hardly worth while to exterminate Christianity for the sake of getting rid of Romanism, and that we might as well express in plain terms in our laws what we are really aiming at, we have, of course, the whole chapter of Protestant penal legislation against Catholicism from which to select. Yet we may be excused for doubting whether we shall accomplish much where Britain has failed, and Bismarck has won but a dubious success. Or, if we give up the thought of persecution, and only meditate protection for a sadly bullied laity against a grasping and arrogant priesthood, we shall be apt to find that we fare like self-constituted champions in general, when they thrust themselves, with benevolently indiscreet zeal, between those who belong indissolubly together. Domestic differences, in such a case, are very commonly turned into a joint assault upon the intruders. We had better suspend our meditated crusade in favor of the Roman Catholic laity against their pastors and masters until they implore our interposition a little more distinctly than they have thought of doing yet.

Charles Sumner has made us familiar with the old story of the mighty Thor, — how, though he had the strength of all Valhalla in his loins, he found himself tugging and tugging in vain to lift a decrepit old woman from the ground. And no wonder; for he had been all the time wrestling with the mighty serpent whose coils enfold the world. We, too, are the children of Odin; but if we think that in Rome we have only to contend with a palsied old hag, we shall be apt to find the serpent-knots coiled around too many lands for us to be able to start them here. At least, it is well to know

what we are about to undertake. For instance, say that Michigan could coerce the bishop of Detroit; Rome would have grown very crazy in the joints, if she could not, on occasion, revive the quiescent metropolitan authority, and re-excommunicate from Cincinnati or Milwaukee those whose restoration had been enforced at Detroit. And howsoever the archbishop of the former see may be thought to deserve the attention of the courts as a defaulter, he could hardly, in the case supposed, be conducted into Michigan as a fugitive from justice. But supposing sorrow to befall him, it would go hard but that he could put himself under the wing of his primate at Baltimore. By this time the matter would have lapsed under federal adjudication. And we fancy that our highest court, with its proper work two years in arrears, would emphatically decline the additional honor and burden of acting as American patriarch. But supposing the nine judges to have lost their sanity, then might come in that general superintendency of cisatlantic affairs, the propaganda, and, by annulling all acts of absolution in the case supposed, leave panting Michigan toiling after it in vain. And if the pleasant peninsula entreated this famous college to take a little voyage across the sea for mutual conference, the answer would probably be that it was happily and comfortably settled in a more famous and still pleasanter peninsula. But, supposing the propaganda out of the way, we think that after the decisive fulmination had issued from the Vatican itself, even the courage of the Wolverines would shrink from the thought of seizing the august person of the sovereign pontiff (much as he needs a change of air) to whom the Italian law of the papal guarantees assures the rank of an emperor, and perpetual and absolute exemption from civil jurisdiction. So, although the Bishop of Detroit deserves coercion if ever a mortal did, yet, taking into account the endless array of linked obstinacy long drawn out which the contest would imply, we should be disposed to say to the valiant little state: "Better leave off contention before it be meddled with."

Of course, unacquainted as I am with the precise interpliations of authority in the Papal church, I may have drawn out a very chimerical scheme of the actual gradations of resistance to be expected in such a case. But Rome would not be Rome, if she did not know how to help herself against Lansing or Providence. The best way of not going to Canossa is to keep away from it.

“Rome shall perish! Mark the word.”

But her doom will come from a mightier hand than that of an American state.

The third policy open to us is our old one of religious freedom. This does not imply that we are not to have a religion. As Tayler Lewis says, a country without a religion is as preposterous a phenomenon as a country without a language. I believe that that undogmatical, unecclesiastical Protestantism which has been our common national religion hitherto, is destined so to remain, even though sometimes mired in secularism and sometimes beclouded by necromancy. Romanism, therefore, so extravagantly and arrogantly ecclesiastical, cannot but be and remain a disturbance of our national life. As James Russell Lowell says, our republic can assimilate anything Protestant; but it cannot assimilate Romanism. We must put up with it, as an inevitable evil, trying to get whatever good we can out of it, and trying to infuse whatever good we can into it. Much may be done in both ways. And if, for an indefinite length of time we are to put up with it, for better for worse, candor and gentlemanliness towards it are an imperious duty.

There appears to be only one point at which it is necessary that we should concern ourselves very vitally with Romanism; and that is, to resolve that under no circumstances whatever will we consent to a division of the public funds. If ecclesiastical Christianity is to be promoted as indispensable, let its adherents take care of it. If one sixth of our people were monarchists, we should not forbear to teach republicanism; and because one sixth of our people are Romanists, we are not therefore to aid in teaching Romanism.

In the writer's opinion, it is our national duty to see to it that a general, generous, but decided Protestant Christianity is made the basis of our national instruction; from which infidels and Romanists might withhold their children if they liked, but at the cost of paying for their schooling out of their own pockets.

Vigilant on this one point, we can afford, seeing we have to put up with Romanism among us, to lessen its general terrors by all legitimate means. One is, to observe how plausibly many of the apprehensions expressed respecting the Roman Catholic church might be parodied with regard to some Protestant church. Let us, for instance, imagine some one who has become a bit of a monomaniac in his dread of the Methodist Episcopal church. He might go on in some such style as this: "If the Roman Catholic church is to be watched among us, the Methodist Episcopal church is to be watched as keenly. Of this I have been warned by devoted Methodists. Let any church, Catholic or Protestant, be governed by a close hierarchy, and it will inevitably aim at political power. Prominent Methodist Episcopal ministers have been known to boast of their success in gaining this, as I have been assured by some who have held offices very near the highest. But the case is too plain to require the evidence of any one or two men. The Methodists have already provided for twelve years of the presidency. Grant was a distinguished soldier, but

"I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he."

It was the steady pressure of Methodism behind him that sent him up above so many as ready to rise as he. The same may be said of our late estimable president. And that the Methodists looked forward to an indefinite occupancy of the White House is shown by the informal suffrages cast for Grant at the General Conference, and by the rising vote of three hundred ministers given for his third term, in Boston, at the instance of Bishop Haven, who manoeuvred for him night and day, and did not shrink from playing the

imprecatory prophet on his behalf; declaring that God, having chosen him as the instrument for regenerating the nation, would take away those who resisted, as he had taken away Sumner, Greeley, and Wilson. Nay," our victim of Methodistophobia might go on to say, "it can only be because Bishop Haven found that President Hayes, though of Methodist affiliations, would not be a cat's-paw for the bishops, that he allowed himself to draw that blasphemous comparison between Hayes and Grant, derived from the transfiguration, which was one of his last performances on earth. General Grant's speech at Des Moines — Bishop O'Connor's manly retraction to the contrary notwithstanding — was evidently prompted by the Methodist bishops, who would have gladly headed a crusade against the Catholics, to call off attention from the misgovernment of their favorite, at the expense of their own great rival for political power. We know that the Methodists have so conspicuously assumed the part of special champions of Protestantism that Roman Catholics speak of vehement attacks as articles 'of the Christian Advocate style.' Now, assuredly, they are no better Protestants than others, while their body is too young to have any historical claims to the championship. And as the Jansenists were the Calvinists of Catholicism, so are the Jesuits its Arminians. The most obvious explanation, therefore, of the exceeding zeal of the Methodists is political jealousy. As the Catholics are the backbone of the Democratic party, so the Methodists already assume to be the backbone of the Republican party. And the one hierarchy will be as certain to let its party understand that it gives nothing for nothing as the other."

Then he might dilate upon the ominous alliance between Methodism and masonry; and inquire whether ten thousand Jesuits scattered throughout the world are more dangerous than four hundred thousand freemasons in our own country, filling our courts and churches, and in theory claiming over the members of their order the same portentous control of life and limb which the ultramontanes claim for the papacy

over all the baptized. "The Catholic bishops," he might say, "may favor the Jesuits more or less; but few bishops have been Jesuits themselves; whereas all the Methodist bishops, or almost all, are understood to be freemasons. And eighteen men in one country, guiding a hierarchy of their own countrymen, can act with a far more unexpected and unsuspected effectiveness than a thousand Catholic bishops scattered throughout the world, and communicating to their colleagues in each country the taint of alienage resting upon the majority."

What would be the due answer to these spectral alarms? This: That if we really enjoy the shadowy apprehension of undefinable danger, we can always have it to enjoy; and that it matters little whether we dress up Methodism or popery as our scarecrow. That each of these churches, being controlled by a close hierarchy, unlike the blending of elements in the Episcopal church, has doubtless more schemes in its head than are good for itself or the country, and will bear sharp watching; but that neither religious body is so mad with ambition or so all-powerful that we need lose our heads over its imagined aspirations. That there is a limit beyond which Protestant democrats on the one side, and Presbyterian freemasons on the other, are not likely to serve an alien church,—not to speak of Democratic masons and mason-hating Republicans, besides a certain balance in the incompatible schemings of the two hostile hierarchies. That as to this portentous alliance with freemasonry, "The devil is not so black as he is painted"; and that a great many monstrous claims of masonry, which might mean a great deal if masons were all the world, mean very little now. That more than one nice little compact spoiled, shows that it is one thing for a hierarchy to bargain away lay votes, and quite another thing to find itself able to deliver the goods. And that, in fine, the republic which God strengthened to quell the rebellion of eleven states is hardly reserved to become the prey of two churches, be they what they may.

Thus, setting these incompatible terrors against each other,

—fact opposed to fact and fancy to fancy, bishop to bishop, and Jesuit to freemason,—I do not see but that plain citizens and unambitious Christians might manage to find a little rest, and snatch a fearful joy, in the intervals of alternate panic.

Of popular writers whose books are full of careless misrepresentation, Mrs. Julia McNair Wright is a noteworthy example, especially as her *Almost a Nun* has been adopted by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. She really has considerable merits as a writer. Her characterizations are vigorous and well sustained; her plot is startlingly dramatic, but possible; and her apprehension of the characteristic excellences of Protestantism is keen—of its unpretending godliness, its healthy naturalness, and, to use her own felicitous phrase, its “simple kindness.” More is the pity that in representing Romanism she is so hopelessly inaccurate as to spoil the good that she might otherwise accomplish. I have only room to note some of the most palpable misstatements of *Almost a Nun*. On page 26 we read: “‘No faith with a Protestant’ is a cardinal point with Papists. A lie told to a Protestant is no lie; the end justifies the means used to attain the end; the lie rises to a virtue if told to aid the Romish church.”

Now, if the author had said that Rome values charity so much above truth, that she strains the power of belief so fearfully by the requirements of her creed, and that she so overweeningly exaggerates her spiritual prerogatives as immensely to weaken the sense of veracity in Roman Catholic countries, she would have told the truth. But not content with this, she attributes to Roman Catholics in a Protestant country, and in their ordinary intercourse with Protestants, a settled falsity such as Rome, in all the intensity of her first struggles with the Reformation, could never be brought to sanction doctrinally, however much she may have shown it in act, or however wildly some of her doctors may have talked. The present writer, having spent a great part of his early life with Roman Catholic teachers, governesses, servants, and friends, and in the near neighborhood of Jesuit

priests and of nuns of the Visitation, is able to give emphatic testimony, for himself and his family, that it would be impossible to exact of any company of Protestants a more scrupulously steady abstinence from all attempts at proselytism, or a more perfect observance of the law of veracity in usual intercourse than was true of these. That there are great multitudes of Roman Catholics capable of fastening upon their religious opponents so foul a character as to think themselves absolved from all obligations of charity or truthfulness towards them may very well be true. But to impute to all Roman Catholics such a character, as something involved in their very religion, would be a foul slander if it regarded only the Jesuits; while applied to the body at large, especially as existing in Protestant countries, it is as monstrous a calumny as it would be if Roman Catholics should insist that Mrs. Julia McNair Wright's productions are a typical exhibition of the Protestant sense of justice and care for truth. It must be said, in justice to her, however, that this uncontrolled indignation is called out by one of those sly death-bed plottings that are so common.

On page 79 we read, as the words of the Protestant heroine's Catholic grandmother, a cultivated lady: "It is not that I dread purgatory so much, — I have suffered much, and can suffer more, if it will bring peace at last, — but, Virginia, to think that they may forget me; that masses may not be said for my soul; money may not be paid, and I never find heaven!"

Now, can anything be more preposterous than the putting of such language into the mouth of an educated Roman Catholic — language fundamentally at variance with elementary Roman Catholic doctrine? There is not an ordinarily instructed Catholic who is ignorant that no soul is supposed ever to go to purgatory except that of an heir of salvation, who, not dying in mortal sin, is certain of entering heaven, but needs further purification before being admitted to it. If she had been made to say: "I fear that through my children's neglect I shall be left to wander in purgatory

in pains equal to hell-pains until the day of judgment," this would have been in perfect keeping with Roman Catholic doctrine, and would have amply set forth the torturing restlessness of soul promoted by Romanism. Or she might have said: "Having once forfeited baptismal grace by mortal sin, I greatly fear that no penances and good works I can ever do will suffice to reinstate me in it, and that therefore I shall be cast into hell, where neither prayers nor masses will avail me." This would have been a still stronger point, and would have been a fully warranted representation. But our author, in the blundering haste of her hatred, has weakened her own case, and put a grotesquely impossible speech into the grandmother's mouth.

On page 86 we read: "'Harriet,' said old Mrs. Marvin, 'did Virginia die happy?'

"'Why, mother! how can you ask such a question about a *heretic*?'"

Our author seems sublimely unconscious how distasteful to the Jesuits the doctrine that a heretic cannot possibly be saved has always been; so that, as Mosheim will inform her, they set their orthodoxy at stake to assail it, until they have finally succeeded in bringing the milder view into general prevalence in the church. The late pope, who was little more than their index-finger, insists, in one of his later addresses, on the reasonableness of extending the doctrine of invincible ignorance, which excuses from sin, to cover the case of every dissentient from the church whose life gives good evidence of the faith that works by love. Such, he says, it may well be hoped, notwithstanding their errors, will lay hold on eternal life. Yet here is a woman represented as being wholly under Jesuit influence, nevertheless talking of her Protestant sister-in-law in a style utterly at variance with Jesuit teachings.

But apart from this, claiming as I do, on the ground of reading and old acquaintance, a sense of verisimilitude in such a case quite equal to that of Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, I venture peremptorily to contradict her if she gives this as

a characteristic example of the talk that is to be expected from a well-informed Roman Catholic on coming from the deathbed of a godly Protestant friend. We all know that Rome teaches that beyond her bounds there is at least no promise of salvation. But the distinction between those who, though baptized, continue aloof out of heretical pravity and those who are only kept aloof by invincible or, as the Irish boy had it, "inconsavable," ignorance is perfectly current even with illiterate Catholics, as poor Pat's amusing synonyme shows. The latter, it is supposed, are accounted of God as true Catholics, and though their lack of most of the sacraments immensely diminishes it does not quite destroy their hope of salvation. Yet our author makes her characters, the pupils of a Jesuit, talk as if no such grounds of charitable presumption were known to them.

On page 103 we have, "You tell me all Roman Catholics are borne to eternal rest; indeed, you can say nothing else if you hold to baptismal regeneration." This passage implies that no one can believe that a regenerated person may be lost. Now, as Lutherans, Methodists, and most Anglicans believe that he may, it might have occurred to this lady that it was barely possible that Roman Catholics might believe so too. She has apparently never heard of the loss of baptismal grace, or of the settled doctrine of Rome that one mortal sin, not removed by contrition, or by attrition and penance, will inevitably send either Catholic or heretic to hell. Here again our author has stood in her own light. Instead of attributing to Rome a doctrine monstrously at variance with her real teaching she should have dilated on the dismal uncertainty in which the sincerest child of the church must remain as to his own salvation, and on the eager zeal of the priesthood to dampen all freedom of evangelical confidence, that might release the laity from an absolute dependence on them, treating the assurance of salvation in any one as a fatal heresy except in rare cases where a Catholic of peculiar zeal and orthodoxy may be credited with a special revelation of being one of the elect. But here again our author, in her

headlong haste to think evil, has not stopped to learn what evil she is to think, has avoided the breach, and is hammering away at the solid wall.

On page 106 we have, "I say there is no grace in your Protestant churches." These words are put into the mouth of a highly educated Jesuit. Had he been made to say, "Your churches are not *channels* of grace," it would be what he might have said. But as the doctrine that "grace is not given out of the church" has been solemnly and unreservedly condemned by Rome as a heresy, Father Munot is here made to say what would expose him to excommunication. And as it was his own order which procured the condemnation of the doctrine here put into his mouth, the shock to the sense of probability could not well be greater.

On page 229 we have an account of a baptism at which a child of four behaved very badly, as if Protestant children of four never behaved badly when baptized. Its worst freak is that it "spits out the morsel of the holy wafer." Here is a person assuming to instruct others as to the rites of the church of Rome, and yet utterly ignorant that the communion of infants in the Western church was abrogated many centuries ago.

On page 257, however, there is a sound remark: "It is quite unnecessary that the children of the church should have either hearts or brains." That is what the perpetuation of priestly rule so far beyond the time when it was needed is fast coming to.

On page 371 we read, "No true child of the church can be lost. Hell is not for them, but for those who reject the truth." In other words, Protestants go to hell, but wicked Catholics all eventually find heaven. It is enough to say that this representation is a monstrous misrepresentation; and the fact that it is uttered by one whom the most elementary treatises on Roman Catholic doctrine would have saved from it, should warn us against arguing from the malignant falsehoods into which Catholics are often betrayed against us that these very same persons, apart from this, may

not be sincerely good people, even as this lady, when dealing with Protestants, is doubtless charitable and truthful, careful to know on what grounds she accuses any, and indisposed to think evil, but inclined rather to believe all good.

The chief significance of this blundering book is that it has the *imprimatur* of a grave and learned body, abundantly competent to purge it of these misrepresentations and misadventures. The Presbyterian church is bound either to suppress it or to recast it, and meanwhile is dishonored by it.

I have not examined the same author's other anti-Romish books, such as *Almost a Priest*, and *Under the Yoke*, but the haphazard passionateness of *Almost a Nun* sufficiently answers for what they are. And the Presbyterian church by adopting one has made herself morally responsible for the chance good and certain mischief wrought by the whole set.

Our excellent late Secretary of the Navy has fired off a book at the pope which I must confess to not having examined, as the amusing statement that he never knew the original languages from which he was to draw until he was past threescore implies such a hopelessness of his having been able to steep his mind in the spirit and atmosphere of the times of which he treats as warrants us in esteeming ourselves excused from taking this amiable tribute to his ecclesiastical and political position too seriously. I shall, therefore, only remark on two passages of it, both taken from favorable reviews.

The first is his account of the deposition of the Frankish Merovingians and accession of the Carolingians. He severely censures the Roman see for encouraging Pepin in such a violation of the Frankish laws as the usurpation of the crown and dethronement of the ancient dynasty. And yet the pope of the time was Zachary, whom Neander warmly commends as a man that valued truth and justice above the mere interests of the papacy. We all know that the Merovingians had become utterly imbecile; that the line of Charles Martel had saved Christendom from being crushed by Islam; that it was the hope of the Frankish realm, reinvigorating

its Teutonic force; that Pepin and Charlemagne brought out of dimly groping anarchy that splendid ideal which for seven centuries was the rallying point for every fresh effort of civil or spiritual order. And all this came about because pope Zachary returned a straightforward and manly answer to a straightforward and manly question. Pepin asked, Which is worthier to be called king, the toiler or the idler? Zachary answered, The toiler. Pepin and Zachary thus became the authors of the renovated age. And yet this answer, which ought to endear Zachary to every one who honors a man that is wise enough to know when the time is come for an unworthy fiction to give way to a worthy fact, and for formal to yield to essential public right, is held up by our excellent ex-Secretary as a flagrant instance of pontifical encroachment upon national right. Had Rome always spoken the right word in the right place as here, we should probably all be her obedient children to-day. And therefore we must esteem it fortunate that Zachary had many unworthy successors.

Mr. Thompson exhorts his countrymen to do something — I cannot from his words make out exactly what — to bring to nought this doctrine of papal infallibility. I am sure we should all be very happy to help him; but as we who are Protestants already disbelieve it, and as the Romanists are not in the habit of drawing their doctrine from us, I do not see but that they will do as they like for all our well-meant endeavors.

But Mr. Thompson is certain of one thing, that the will of the people is the true foundation, and not the will of the pope. And yet we had fancied that to Christians the true rule of obligation in every direction is the will of God. I do not suppose that Mr. Thompson, a good Methodist Christian, means that we are to refuse to serve God because the pope bids us, or to consent to serve the devil if the people command us. Still, as Mr. Thompson has before now been "talked up" a little for the presidency, and may perhaps be talked up again, we mean to study his book more profoundly, unless his church should listen to the advice given her by

some of her zealous members, and instruct her college of bishops to name the next president not from the laity, but from within itself, after the fashion of the conclave of cardinals. In that case, we may perhaps escape the accusation of being Jesuits in disguise, if we pass by a book written by one who, though honored by the Methodist Episcopal church, is after all decided to be ineligible for the chair of state, as being only a layman.

Many libraries of laudably meant beatings of the air would disappear like puffballs under the weight of the words with which I wish to close this Article, from the pen of the late Thomas Carlyle — a cousin, I believe, of the sage of Chelsea, and a minister of a body somewhat talked of just now in New England. Though colored by its peculiar views, I think they will be acknowledged weighty.

“There never was such a waste of trouble and talk as in the so-called exposures of Romish errors. They are as the barking of dogs at behemoth. They have no point, for they assail the unofficial; they have no power, for they are unofficial themselves. They do not touch the true question, and they cannot do so; for those who make them are not in the true position — the only position which can bring out the true question in a practical form. The Papacy is no random congeries of errors, so plain that a child may see them, and that none but a fool or a knave can maintain them. It is no patent, unadulterated blasphemy or folly. It is the chief of the ways of God; ways of God pervade it all. In it those ways are more developed than in any other church, but therefore more perverted. It is a masterpiece of God, of man, and of the devil. It is a mystery, which men cannot fathom or gauge. It contains depths which not only once were, but still are, depths of God, yet transformed by man’s wickedness into depths of Satan — depths compared to which all Protestant systems, pure though they may boast themselves, are absolute shallows. It is an edifice which will stand its appointed time, until God’s time for a better comes, and which they unjustly malign who think to honor the

foundation more the less they build upon it. The papal sect is not more wicked than any other part of the church; each has sinned as it could in its own way. And the sin of Rome stands pre-eminent only because the truth corrupted by her is deeper and broader than elsewhere. The Romish system contains no mere empty falsehood. It is the prostitution of truth; its very lies are full of meaning. We are, therefore, not justified, and can do no good, in denouncing it, unless we know—nay, unless we can show—the truth therein abused and profaned. To stand on a lower platform and rail at it is a childish, ignorant, and fruitless, though to our self-conceit, perhaps, a flattering, work. We honor it too little to be able to expose it. None can effectually do so but he who knows how high it stands as a work of God, and who at the same time stands himself on a higher platform still.”

The stanzas of Walter Bagehot, quoted by Richard Hutton, are more worthy to be addressed to the church of Rome than the shallow, carping talk thus reproved by Carlyle.

- “ Through thorn-clad time's unending waste,
With ardent step, alone thou stray'st;
Like Jewish scape-goat through the wild,
Unholy, consecrate, defiled.
- “ Use not thy truth, in manner rude,
To rule for gain the multitude;
Else wilt thou see that truth depart
To seek some holier heart.
- “ Like once thy chief, thou bear'st Christ's name;
Like him, thou hast denied his shame:
Bold, eager, ardent, confident;
Oh now, like him, repent!”