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## Convent Life and Convent Education.

Some of Its Practical Results.

BY M. F. CUSACK—"THE NUN OF KENNAKE."

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A paragraph appeared lately in the Pittsburgh papers which runs thus: "The Ursuline convent, about which there has been so much dispute, is to be sold. It is valued at about \$200,000. Each sister is to receive \$70,000. The deposed nuns will return to France." Perhaps a more remarkable insight into the true state of convent life has never been given to the public. Indeed, the whole affair has been shrouded in the usual mystery, as far as the Roman Catholic authorities concerned could shield it, and the press in America, being to a far greater extent under Roman Catholic control than even the Roman Catholic laity are aware, has helped to make obsecrity more obscure. I desire to put the facts before the public with as little comment as possible, but it must be said here, where all this concerned met about convent life considered necessary and made compulsory, it Rome has no evil to conceal.

Before I proceed with the events of the present day, I must go back some thirty years and more. English people will remember if they are my contemporaries, and if they are younger they will have heard of the great Romanist movement which took place at that period. It was a movement, begun in a dream of romance, and too often ended in tears of an availing regret. Amongst those who left the church of Christ and entered the church of Rome was a man of no ordinary character and ability. This gentleman, Mr. Burns, was the first, I think, who took the field as a publisher for the then so-called "Puseyite" party. It was at the first a double business venture, and Mr. Burns, being a good business man, must have been fully aware of this. But I am sure that he was conscientious in his convictions, and I may add, with all the ardor of converts, who thought they saw so much good in their new view of religion that they would not listen to any suggestions of past evils, he began his course, and no doubt, since the pen is indeed mightier than the sword, he contributed, as few did, to the advancement of Rome rule in England. How little did he anticipate that his own children would be amongst the number of those who would suffer in no common degree from the evils in that church which he persuaded himself was so holy!

The fact was, that he, like myself, and many others, took Rome at her own valuation; that he believed her to be what she said she was, what we wished her to be, and not what she is. We knew nothing of this inner life of the Roman church. And I may add here, it is with me sometimes a cause of laughter, but more often a cause of tears, when I see people falling under the same spell and embracing the same delusion. I hope I have proved in my first paper that Rome has no claim to be called a Christian church. How, then, can we expect that she will practice the precepts of the Gospel?

Mr. Burns' daughters were sent to receive their education to an Ursuline convent in France. No doubt he thought, as we all thought at that time, that convents were a very heaven on earth, that we could not do better for our children, than to confide their education to those who lived such a blessed existence. One thing is certain; if we had but carefully perused even the works of St. Francis de Sales, and read between the lines, we might have been wise in time. But while the glamour of all this romance was over us, of what use? Even had facts been before us, the most glaring difference, it would have made little difference. Besides, may I not be pardoned, considering the grave importance of the subject, if I again say that Protestant honesty is never a match for Roman Catholic duplicity? A Roman Catholic who would be truthful in the ordinary affairs of life, will be false as Lucifer when the interests of his church make it appear to him that lying is necessary. It may be said also that those who were converted to Rome at this time were for the most part men of very high principles, as they proved by the sacrifices which they made, and they were often men of high intellectual gifts. Such men were not very likely to take a common sense view of affairs, or to mistrust those from whom they had every right to expect at least common honesty.

It was with feelings of no ordinary interest that I heard, while in Pittsburgh lately, that the three daughters of Mr. Burns were members of the Ursuline convent, about which there was so much talk. Few seemed to know the facts of the case. This only was known publicly, for this much could not be concealed, that the sisters had quarreled with each other, and that they had also quarreled with the bishop; that there was a faction in the convent for the bishop and a faction for the late superior whom the bishop, it was claimed, had unjustly deposed, much in the fashion of Roman Catholic bishops, at his own will and pleasure, and that the deposed superior and her party had appealed to Rome. I was amused when I heard Protestants talk as if their appeal to Rome was all that was needed. I knew too well that an appeal to Rome was a mere farce. The pope is a figure-head. The affairs of an individual convent and the troubles of

sisters could not, by any human possibility, reach his ears, except in the vaguest way through Roman Catholics, and all Protestants are under the most curious, but certainly the most natural delusion on this subject. But this is a question of far too much importance to be treated in a passing way.

It was said when I arrived in Pittsburgh that the pope had come to a sort of King Solomon decision. He said the convent was to be sold and the money divided between the sisters, who were to go their way in peace. I wondered how much of this money was a part of the dowry which the Burns sisters brought into the institution. I could well believe that the late Mr. Burns would have strained every nerve to have dowered his daughters richly, when he gave his all to the Ursuline convent, that he should become the brides of heaven. Well is it for him that he cannot know all the misery, the sin and the sorrow of which they have been made partakers.

I, who have seen them, and have heard from their own lips their story, can speak from fact of these things, and not from fancy. I, who have been left alone and friendless in the world, and have not the influence to obtain even the protection which they have, could well believe all I heard, and I may say, all I saw, short as my visit was to the convent. For some reason, probably because the French nation have had too much of convents, and have come to believe that they are a curse rather than a blessing, the Ursulines found it wise to move to America, where the pope reigns supreme. It is a "free country" for Rome. Would to God that Americans might see, before it is too late, that it will not be a "free country" for their children, if they allow Rome all the freedom which she claims and at present possesses. Let her have freedom for herself, but in the name of liberty, if not in the name of God, do not let her have liberty to rob you of your liberty.

Although sisters are constantly begging and making appeals all over the world, they are, with rare exceptions, the possessors of immense wealth. Of this I shall have to speak later, and I may add, I am very careful to make no statements which I cannot prove. Further, these same sisters are constantly making appeals to the poor, and at least in America they are, I grieve to say it, in many, I might truly say in most, cases robbing the poor. Of this also, I shall say more, as I am well aware it is a grave charge to make. But in this case, as in all similar cases, the question should be, and is, Is this thing true? Let it not be said it cannot be true until we hear all the evidence. If we decide without hearing all the evidence, what is our decision worth? One thing is certain, and it is not even disputed by the Roman Catholic authorities at Pittsburgh: these Ursuline sisters brought the large sum of \$50,000 with them from France, and they were welcomed accordingly. Now although the sisters are not allowed to claim personal property, they are allowed to hold money as a corporate body. It is quite true that practically this is of very little use to them, for the pope being infallible in matters of morals, as well as in matters of faith, can control all this as he pleases, or rather, he should say as those who are interested in advising him, please. The fact, however, remains, that these sisters, three of them English ladies, brought this very large sum of money with them from France, and established the Ursulines with all due ecclesiastical approbation in America and in Pittsburgh. There must have been a previous history of misery and dispute before they took such a step, and no doubt the Burns sisters supposed that America, being so much under the control of Rome, they would fare better here than in a country which has had so much of Rome that she does not want any more. The French sisters were too uneducated to know much, if anything, of the state of a country not their own, and where their language was not spoken.

With high hopes they left ungrateful France, which would have no more converts, gladly parts with such as are willing to leave her shores. In Pittsburgh the sisters succeeded beyond their hopes. They were received by the then bishop, since dead, with the warmest enthusiasm. Were they not rich, and would not Protestants, the "unspeakably glibble Americans," Protestants, the words are not mine, they are the words of the editor of the New York Churchman, be charmed by their daughters educated by the sisters? In the convent they would be so safe from all the snares of the wicked world. It was surely a home of rest and peace and safety. And then, what will you have, was it not fashionable?

Even the wife of the present all too pious postmaster-general of the United States has told an admiring public that she gets all her lace from a convent in the south of France. And then so many of the "upper four hundred" are educated in convents. Besides, it was known that several of these sisters could not speak a word of English, and if they could not impart their own tongue to their pupils, who could?

Then there was the romance of the thing, and the little spirit of danger and human love of what is secret. So the convent was built—a massive structure, which dominates Pittsburgh from an imposing eminence, and the money was principally obtained from Protestants. I have seen many convents, but few of such palatial proportions, or of such magnificent architecture. Indeed, such buildings are a ghastly commentary on the vow of

poverty made by sisters, and which we are continually told is one of their "reasons d'être." Of late years in America care has been taken by the Roman Catholic authorities to build on elevated and commanding sites and to secure "corner lots" for all their churches. All this is of great importance to a church which claims the kingdom of this world as well as the kingdom of heaven. How far it will benefit the future American citizen is quite another question.

The Ursuline convent at Pittsburgh is, as I have said, one of the most splendid structures of its kind. Its vast halls, corridors, lofty parlors, and accommodations, built a palace, rather than the ordinary idea of the abode of those who have made a vow of poverty. Here the future wives and mothers of America were to be educated and to obtain distorted views of religion, to learn, in fact, to love religion according to Rome, instead of religion according to Christ.

From personal knowledge I can assure the reader that young ladies educated in convent schools know very little indeed about the lives of the sisters. Now and then a little one, sharper than her companions, will learn from a sister less scrupulous than her fellows, something of the true state of the case. But the minds of children are constantly receiving new impressions, and it often happens that what is even seen and commented on at the time passes from the mind of the young, though the recollection of it often turns later in life in a way that should make those who have the care of youth think seriously as to the nature and results of early impressions.

No doubt the history of the state of the convent before the sisters migrated to America, would be of no ordinary interest, but so closely are convent secrets kept, that it would be hopeless to expect information on this point. The bishop who had brought the sisters to Pittsburgh did not long since, and there was the usual discontent and quarrelling about his success. The world at large, especially those who are discontented with their own condition, look with admiring envy on the supposed harmony of the Roman Catholic church. They take it at its own valuation. They imagine the phase, "Rome has spoken," ends the case, when it may be but the beginning of endless quarrels. Who was ever satisfied when a verdict was given against him? Why should not the bishop of a church which has taught him to think himself above all men rebel when he finds himself opposed by those whom he considers so infinitely his inferiors? There are factions in every diocese in the Roman Catholic church, and there are factions in every convent with the necessary result of very human quarrels.

In the convent of Nuxley, where I first saw an election for superiors, I heard the bitterest denunciations of a sister who had voted for sister whom she thought would have made a better "lady abbess," than the one who had obtained a majority. The sister who voted thus was certainly very young, but she had a right to vote according to the rules of the convent, and of what use was her right, if she was to be made to suffer for exercising it?

Another case in point is that of the late Archbishop of Luam, Dr. McHale. For many years he and his coadjutor did not speak to each other. Dr. McHale did not approve of the selection by the Pope of Dr. McRulley as his coadjutor, having been, it is said, very anxious that his own nephew should have that position. He was obliged to submit exteriorly to the Papal appointment, but his tongue was his own, and he has heard from priests who were often present with the archbishop and the coadjutor, that not one word was spoken between them on or off the altar. Such cases are quite common, and yet the world bugs the delusion that there is a peace and a harmony in the Church of Rome which does not exist elsewhere. Some people, however, enjoy their delusions.

There was some such state of things in the diocese of Pittsburgh. The new Bishop did not approve of the acts of his predecessor, and as the Ursuline sisters were brought to Pittsburgh by this predecessor they were not special favorites with the new lord.

The school, however, was flourishing. Money was, as usual, pouring in, principally, also as usual, from Protestants, when the thunder clap came from an apparently clear sky. The new bishop demanded the money of the sisters, and the sisters refused the money. They argued that it was the collective property of the community, not without some show of equity. But woe to the sister or the priest who differs from his bishop. If he is wise he submits humbly and even offers his lord a "little present" as an atonement for his presumption in even supposing that he could have any rights.

Strangely enough the French sisters were the rebels. The Burns sisters were neutral at first, but this was a state of things which could not exist long.

The whole teaching of the Church of Rome goes to make a character of abject submission not founded on reverence, but based on fear. Such a submission is sure to abject and enduring, in exact proportion to the ignorance of the subject, and in proportion to the ignorance will be the fear. These two great motive powers act and react on each other.

The sisters were threatened with deprivation of the sacraments, and only Catholics can at all estimate what the threat implies.

It is impossible for those who have been born free to realize the awful bondage of slavery. There is, how-

ever, this vast difference between physical and mental slavery. He who is a slave physically is not afraid to resist, and to fight for deliverance. But the position of the spiritual slave is simply awful. Every resistance is an additional burden on the conscience, and binds the chains still closer. Unless the spiritual slave has the courage to resist altogether, his case is desperate, and from the very necessity of the case, a sister is of all the slaves of Rome the least likely to have the courage to resist. She has been taught from the first moment of her entrance on the so-called "religious life," that submission, or obedience, as it is termed, is her supreme duty, and the only safety for her eternal salvation. In a case like this there were special difficulties, as the question was one of temporal affairs. But it is all the same to Rome. She demands submission or inflicts death.

Rome is infallible, whether she speaks through the pope, or through a simple priest. Again, this is a point which Protestants should note and carefully consider.

From the Seminary Magazine.

## Men That Have Helped Me.

Col. J. T. Murfee, president of Howard College, while it was located at Marietta, Ala., was pre-eminently a soldier, and from this instinct, if I may so call it, there arose two characteristics that deeply impressed me. The one was a stern adherence to his idea of duty. While in his office the last year I was at college, I saw him, acting from a sense of duty, do things with such an utter disregard for consequences, that he actually seemed to invite complete disaster. And what impressed me still more was the fact, that no matter how bad a turn affairs might threaten to take, it generally fell out that he had chosen not only the right way, but the wisest.

The other characteristic was the machine like way in which he did all his work. From a long and careful study, he came, by an inductive method, to establish certain rules, which he followed with a precision that was inflexible, and on that account, sometimes extremely inconvenient, but the wisdom of adhering to them was seen in the success that uniformly attended his efforts. This was very beneficial to the student, so long as he occupied his proper place in the machine, but the moment he slipped out of gear, he lost his head, and everything moved smoothly on as though nothing had happened. It was as if a stern sense of duty, and an excellent system of hard labor were his captains to whom, with all the mechanical promptness of a perfect soldier, he yielded unquestioned obedience. He is without a superior as an administrative officer. Know how well he would obey, he holds the secret to the art of commanding.

I received equally as deep an impression from Dr. A. C. Davidson, who was my pastor during the time I studied under Col. Murfee. Entertaining the strongest kind of convictions, he was yet so unassuming and modest that he never thrust them forward so as to disgust individuals or disturb the peace of deliberative bodies, but somehow, in a quiet, persevering way, he generally carried his point. His warm-hearted sympathy for all classes of people was something wonderful, and it drew them to him like a magnet. He could find no excuse for one's faults, and had a keener eye to detect virtue than any man I ever saw. His cheerful face, and affectionate interest in young people, made him the universal favorite with the college boys, who, like all others in similar situations, were not as "starch" as they might have been. I can hardly mention any one point, and have not space to enumerate the many places he touched me, but I may say that he had such a well rounded character, so strong, and yet so gentle and tender, that no one could know him well without feeling an intense desire to be like him. I do not mean to say that I possess the virtues of these two honored and revered friends. Indeed, I sadly, but heartily, disclaim all such merit. I merely mean to say that they have set marks upon me that I will carry to my grave.

L. O. DAWSON.

## Rome.

Rome is still Rome, as the following statement will show: An English young lady under age went to Italy under parental arrangements to study Italian and music. She was drawn by her relations to a nun to enter a convent. Not going back to England, as expected, an English solicitor went to Rome and appealed to her by her mother's mental anguish to return home. His interview with her through a grated window was watched by a concealed onlooker, using secret signs. The solicitor found that his footsteps through the city were being dogged. Standing in the Coliseum during the moonlight, and turning suddenly, he saw a man with a hand upraised to strike him, and who being discovered retreated into the darkness. After fruitless negotiations the mother went to Rome. Accompanied by nuns the daughter saw her. Acting under advice, she still refused to leave the convent. For a time priests and monks baffled the English and Italian lawyers; even an appeal to the pope in person was in vain, and not until the case came before a proper tribunal was its illegality proclaimed and the girl restored to her parents. It may be added, she is entitled to the uncontrolled use of £30,000 on coming of age. This is one record of an event in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is the story of Rome to-day.—Ex.

FOR THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

## Another Bloody Page in the History of Roman "Catholicism."

There are still preachers who speak of Romanism as "a form of Christianity." There are thousands of Protestants and Baptists who, from the criminal negligence, or politic indifference of the pulpit and press, are possessed of the dangerous illusion that Romanism, with some sort of charitable propriety, may be classed as a Christian faith. Romanism is either what it claims to be, the only Church, the infallible mistress of the soul and conscience, and those who obstinately remain outside its fold are "damnable heretics" in open rebellion against God and his truths, or else it is an insidious, diabolical counterfeit of the Kingdom of Christ, conceived and fostered by Satan for the deceiving of the elect. The nature and claims of Rome admit of no middle ground. If Rome is Christian, the Baptist is a heretic, and as such will be infallibly and eternally damned. The moment a Protestant confesses his belief that Romanism is Christian, he becomes a self-confessed heretic and schismatic. This system is of heaven or of hell. If from heaven, its demands deserve our submission. That it is from hell, its whole history from its conception to the present moment unequivocally declares.

Rome has, within the last week, added another crimson page to her bloody history. This case is but one of a thousand with which the church of the pope has proclaimed its Romanist gospel of red handed hate towards men of different spiritual convictions.

In a little town in Central Mexico there is a small congregation of Presbyterians. The priests have long tried to expel them by persuading their landlords not to rent them houses and land, and to refuse them employment. The priestly boycott was unavailing. Last week one of them proceeded to more "Catholic" measures. He entered the pulpit, and poured out terrible curses against the "heretics," excited the faithful to a frenzy of "Catholic" fury, then with his brother led them, armed with pistols, knives and stones, to the Presbyterian church where the brethren were worshipping God, broke in like bloodthirsty beasts upon them, split the furniture into splinters, tore the Bible to tatters, killed a man and a woman, wounded a large number of others, then spread themselves over the city, stoning and sacking the houses of all who refused to worship their dirty popish god of dough. Meeting in the street the editor of a "liberal" paper, they killed him, and then in Catholic charity stoned the dead body till it was almost buried from sight. It is said that a little Protestant child was literally torn in pieces by these "Catholic" women in their latest "crusade." The police finally succeeded in allaying the evangelical zeal of these children of the mother of harlots. Thus three more are added to the scores of "martyrs of Jesus" who in the last few years have sealed their faith with a glorious death, at the hands of the "holy" mother Church, in Mexico.

Only a month ago another such case happened in an adjoining state. A little circle of brethren were praying when the mob broke in upon them. The brother who was leading in prayer was struck by a sabre, which happily struck against the Bible (significant of Rome's hatred of the Word of God) and thus saved his life. His head was, however, split open. In the darkness and confusion the brethren were able to carry him away and conceal him; but not until the second night afterwards could they manage to convey him to a neighboring town where the people are less "Catholic," and where he found persons who would care for him. These cases are much more frequent than one would suppose. Nor are they confined to Mexico. Within a very few months, in the free United States of America, has the veteran minister of the gospel, White, been violently assaulted in the pulpit by "Catholic" mobs; has a Methodist church been entered by an armed "Catholic" organization which insulted women and wounded men; has one noble woman been stoned when on the platform in a central city, and another been nearly killed by a "Catholic" assassin for having dared to tell some plain truths about the "Church," have a half dozen different preachers who were brave enough to expose the hypocritical and traitorous designs of Rome been stoned and publicly insulted in as many different cities. But who hears anything of this? The party papers have the Romanist gag in their mouths; and, alas, many of the religious papers pursue such a refined "policy" that they dare not speak of these things; whether it be that "thrift may follow lawning," as with the political press, who can tell? But God surely remembereth the iniquities of Rome, and into the cup which she mingled, will mingle unto her double. Let Christians everywhere pray for these persecuted brethren that their faith shall not, and for their wretched persecutors that they may turn to Christ the Lord.

Space does not permit detailed accounts of these modern Romanist *Autos de Fe*; let us rather study the lessons that such constantly recurring crimes must teach the serious mind:

1. These persecutions prove that the spirit of Rome is unchanged. She boasts "unchangeableness." *Semper eadem* is one of her catchwords. When this refers to doctrines and forms of worship, it is only a "Catholic" truth, an absolute falsehood. Rome has hardly a doctrine or form but what has been repeatedly changed. She has invented and

adopted, within the memory of the average reader, two new doctrines which her own infallible councils in former days had pronounced blasphemous. These Church doctrines of the immaculate conception, and of papal infallibility are not yet out of their swaddling clothes. Only an ignoramus, or a lying hypocrite, could claim that the Roman Church in matters of doctrine is *semper eadem*. With greater justice may "always the same" be claimed of her spirit. Since her formal political organization in the age of Constantine, her unholy greed of wealth and worldly influence, her complete prostitution of spiritual life to political ambition; her heartless, Christless spirit of intolerance and persecution have demonstrated the fact that she is one of the most dangerous and in any form of the anti-Christ. The spirit is the true substance. The spirit of Christianity could originate only with Christ. The spirit of Roman Catholicism could emanate only from the infernal pit. Her spirit is unchanged. From the days when she demolished heathen temples, and racked the devotees of paganism, all through the intervening ages her hands have been red with blood. To the music of groans, from racks, and wheels, and thumb screws, and dungeons and convents she has marched down the centuries. She has advanced to dominion by the "death march" of the children of God. Faggot fires have lit her way. The fume of scorched "heretics" has been the most acceptable incense on her altars. All lands and peoples proclaim her *semper eadem* in her diabolical spirit. From Japan to the Indian Ocean, from Africa to the Blue, her myriads of murdered victims cry up to God against this accursed "Church."

The Brahmin and Mohammedan, the Greek and Jew, the Malay and Moor, the Indians of the two Americas and the dusky children of a thousand isles, the Protestant and the Baptist, with bleeding backs, and roasted feet, and disjointed limbs, and sightless sockets, and tongueless mouths, proclaim the spirit of Rome unchanged. The spirit of Cain, the spirit of Nero, of St. George, and of Innocent VIII and his seven bastards, of St. Gregory XIII, of Alexander VI, of Catherine of Medici, of Cortez and Pizarro, of the Inquisition, of Rome, the same, unchanged and unchangeable. As Christianity is the pure birth of Christ, just so surely does the spirit and history of Romanism denounce it as the polluted spouse of the prince of the power of darkness. Though arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones, and the pomp of what merit it, upon the system, he pretended purity the white death of leprosy.

Let it be observed that the Roman Church will not denounce this murder. On the contrary, it sanctions and authorizes such deeds. Individual "Catholics" may denounce and reprobate, but they are better than their Church. Your town priest may denounce such murders to you. But that will be from a hypocritical policy; for he will turn right around and applaud these dastardly acts in his writing, and will beautifully decant on the "holy" Inquisition. We repeat that the Roman Church not only countenances, but blesses such general assassinations. One of the latest popes declared that "the murder of a Protestant is so good a deed that it atones and more than atones for the murder of a Catholic." Several of the highest authorities in that bloody Church teach that "a man who has been excommunicated by the pope may be killed anywhere." All Protestants and Baptists are "excommunicated persons." The *Alexander* Council grants indulgences for such deeds, and anathematizes a Catholic for protecting a Protestant when persecuted. Saint Thomas says that "heretics may not only be excommunicated, but killed and exterminated from the world by death." A hundred other such proofs may be given. Romanism is better than their Church. They should leave it. The infamous Inquisition is pronounced "holy." When the Romanist clergy drove the "Catholics" in France to the slaughter of 65,000 Protestants, murdering men and women, the price with which in hand, stepped from body to body, stimulating their subjects to the heinous work: None were spared. Infants' brains were dashed out to fore their dying mother's eyes. Did this "holy" Church turn in horror from these devilish deeds? Did the pope excommunicate those priestly murderers? Does Rome to-day, does the present pope, does the shrewd Gibbals, does any Roman council or ecclesiastical denounce the massacre of St. Bartholomew? On the contrary, they consider it the crowning piece of Catholic statecraft. The infallible head of the Church, Saint Gregory XIII, when the news of that awful slaughter reached Rome, ordered the *Tu Domine* to be sung, put the bells to ringing for joy, and struck off medals to commemorate the slaughter, utterly unparalleled for awfulness in all the history of the world. He put his own saintly face on one side, and the slaughter on the reverse of these medals.

It will be time to think that Rome has changed, when she shall have denounced these past deeds of blood, and ceased repeating them. The Church will not utter a word of protest against this massacre in El Carlo. The higher clergy give the lower the example of such criminal acts. This priest, murderer as he is, will not lose his place. He is looked upon as a hero of the faith, as a champion of the

Church. A priest a few weeks ago left his idolatrous Church to enter the Church of Christ, in Saltillo. For following Christ, his old harlot mother has cursed him with horrible oaths, whilst for following Satan, this persecuting priest has met her smile and benediction. And yet some people say that Church "is one of the Christian bodies."

It is replied that some Protestant bodies have persecuted? Then to that extent were they under the direction of Satan. But they were fresh out of Rome. Much of the old Rome spirit still pulsed in their blood and creeds. But years of contact with God's Word has purged away that persecuting dross. They would not now commend such acts. They denounce those committed by their forefathers as "un-Christian. Their creeds do not excuse persecution, nor do their ecclesiastical countenance. They are ashamed of that Romanist period of their history. Persecution is as opposed to genuine and spirit of Christianity, as it is native to that of Roman Catholicism. The vilest and most diabolical crimes are, by the mysterious morality of Rome, transformed to Christian virtues.

Such violent acts as this show the debasing effects of Roman Catholicism upon human nature. Christianity humanizes. It inculturates and inspires charity even to one's enemy. Romanism, on the contrary, provokes its devotees to cherish and exercise enmity to all outside its fold. The non Catholic is considered a legitimate prey. Let the East Indian, the Turk, the Barbarian, the Aztec, as well as the Protestant testify to this truth.

Christianity elevates, Romanism debases human nature. Naturally the murderers of the French Huguenots were as amiable as their victims. These Mexican persecutors are naturally kindly disposed, but Romanism has sunken their natural virtues. As men and women, they were agreeable neighbors and would have been spurred with indignation the thought of being murderers. As Catholics, they joyed in the sight of the blood and inert forms of their slaughtered neighbors. Naught but the spirit of the evil one could turn a man into an Inquisitor. Christianity transforms the savage into a man; Romanism infuses into the man a spirit which may at any moment turn him into an irrational and unfeeling brute.

In the heat of a natural and just indignation, let no one too harshly judge Roman Catholics. They are to be pitied, and rescued. They are but the hand, absolutely subject to the dominion of an astute and malevolent head. Upon the system, he pretended purity the white death of leprosy. Let it be observed that the Roman Church will not denounce this murder. On the contrary, it sanctions and authorizes such deeds. Individual "Catholics" may denounce and reprobate, but they are better than their Church. Your town priest may denounce such murders to you. But that will be from a hypocritical policy; for he will turn right around and applaud these dastardly acts in his writing, and will beautifully decant on the "holy" Inquisition. We repeat that the Roman Church not only countenances, but blesses such general assassinations. One of the latest popes declared that "the murder of a Protestant is so good a deed that it atones and more than atones for the murder of a Catholic." Several of the highest authorities in that bloody Church teach that "a man who has been excommunicated by the pope may be killed anywhere." All Protestants and Baptists are "excommunicated persons." The *Alexander* Council grants indulgences for such deeds, and anathematizes a Catholic for protecting a Protestant when persecuted. Saint Thomas says that "heretics may not only be excommunicated, but killed and exterminated from the world by death." A hundred other such proofs may be given. Romanism is better than their Church. They should leave it. The infamous Inquisition is pronounced "holy." When the Romanist clergy drove the "Catholics" in France to the slaughter of 65,000 Protestants, murdering men and women, the price with which in hand, stepped from body to body, stimulating their subjects to the heinous work: None were spared. Infants' brains were dashed out to fore their dying mother's eyes. Did this "holy" Church turn in horror from these devilish deeds? Did the pope excommunicate those priestly murderers? Does Rome to-day, does the present pope, does the shrewd Gibbals, does any Roman council or ecclesiastical denounce the massacre of St. Bartholomew? On the contrary, they consider it the crowning piece of Catholic statecraft. The infallible head of the Church, Saint Gregory XIII, when the news of that awful slaughter reached Rome, ordered the *Tu Domine* to be sung, put the bells to ringing for joy, and struck off medals to commemorate the slaughter, utterly unparalleled for awfulness in all the history of the world. He put his own saintly face on one side, and the slaughter on the reverse of these medals.

HUGH P. MCCORMICK,  
Zacatecas, Mexico, May, 1890.

FOR THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

## Death of Rev. Wong Ping San.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mrs. Yates, informing me of the death of our venerable and dearly beloved brother, Wong Ping San, for more than twenty years pastor of the Shanghai Baptist church. He was the first native member of that church, except four men who were afterwards found to be hypocrites, and were excluded for gross sins. In my little book, "The Chinese Bride," I years ago gave an account of his conversion, the substance of which I here repeat.

In 1852 I had opened a day school for girls, but as there were no Christian teachers to be had I secured the services of a heathen who told the girls to read the foreign books, but he was sure not to believe them. This teacher was soon dismissed, and Wong Ping San, being introduced by a mutual acquaintance, consented to take charge of the school. Wong's inquisitive mind led him to search into the foreign books more than simply enough to keep in advance of the pupils. He found that the doctrines were all good, he believed them to be true, and became concerned about his own salvation.

His struggles were long and bitter. He had, years before, dived into the mysteries of Buddhism; he had studied the theology of the Taoists, and learned to chant their hymns and prayers; he was well versed in the books of the sages; but in these three religions of his nation he had found nothing to satisfy the longings of his soul. He now examined the Christian religion. It was everywhere spoken against, and he could not at once admit that western nations could possess anything better than was to be found in China. That these teachers from the outside countries were in earnest was evident from the fact that they were willing to exile themselves for the sake of doing something for which they received no glory or pecuniary profit. If true, this religion must be a good thing. How much more noble to be a man, and

enjoy everlasting life, than to transmute into animals, or be annihilated! But if it were true, why was it unknown to China, the country of the sages? He was requested to transcribe, in his leisure hours, a translation of the gospel of Matthew. As he wrote down sentence after sentence of the divine book his heart was touched. He felt that it must be true; it had power in it. Eternal life, then, was attainable; but to attain it he must follow Christ. While thus pondering the subject, and especially the necessity of giving up the worship of ancestors, he said: "I perceive that my heart and the doctrines of Jesus are very near together." Mr. Crawford told him that the human heart was very far from God, and that his own view of his condition arose from the want of a sense of what constitutes sin.

Wong replied: "I have broken only a few of the commandments, and I think I can henceforth keep them all." "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all," said Mr. C., referring him to James 2:10. "Obedience is what God demands, and to disobey in the least thing is to trample his laws under foot."

The more he reflected upon this proposition, which at first seemed startling, the more plainly he perceived that it was true, and his sins began to heap up like mountains. He saw his need of help from without, from a source above man; and the great work performed by the Son of God appeared in a new light. He began to cry mightily for help. God no longer seemed near to him; his sins came and shut him from view. But he was told that they who seek shall find, and he determined to leave no means untried to relieve the torturing anxiety in which he found himself. There was no one besides this foreigner to tell him what to do; none of his friends could sympathize with him; no one could assure him from experience that Chinamen, too, might partake of the blessing of the gospel. (Some of the older missionaries had told us on our arrival that we must not expect Chinamen to be converted as we are in America; an honest acceptance of the gospel is all we could expect at the present, a proposition we could never receive.) True, foreigners were men, but might there not be some essential difference that might make this salvation inapplicable or unsuited to his people? No; the Bible and its Savior were for all men; he could not doubt that there was the only one road to heaven for all. It was a new way to Wong Ping San—it was not the way his fathers had trod, and few in our country can appreciate his struggles and difficulties. He had only this strange of the mind. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, he believed the gospel to be true, and made up his mind to cast away all the superstitions, gods and sinful customs of his nation. His soul was precious; he would stand out alone from his people. Day by day he offered his petitions to the true God. Yet still groped in the darkness. "What lack I yet?" he often asked. "Why will not God save me?"

One morning, after rising from his bed, while dressing himself, he began mentally to repeat the Lord's prayer. Perhaps, he thought, he had never prayed it all from the depths of his soul. He paused between each petition to examine himself, whether he had come from the heart. When he came to "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," he stopped—"as we forgive those offending us. Ah! I have not forgiven my old enemies. I will do it. I forgive them all." Like a great house crumbling, crashing, falling to the ground, he felt (as he himself expressed it) all his enmity dissipated, and instead the love of God filled his soul. He was also forgiven; he felt himself a new creature in Christ Jesus, and hastened to make his new found joy known to those who could sympathize with him.

When he came before the few Baptist missionaries who then composed the Shanghai church, to be examined for baptism, in reply to the question whether he wished to join the church, he replied: "If there is nothing secret, of which I have not been informed, if, as you say, your church takes the Holy Book for its foundation and guide, then I wish to unite with you. I wish to understand that I pledge myself to nothing of which I am ignorant." Dr. Yates who was then pastor of the church, baptized him in the river. Several years afterwards he was elected deacon and more than twenty years ago was ordained pastor of the church. I do not remember his exact age, but he was more than seventy at the time of his death.

For twenty six years we have been living five hundred miles from him, but have often heard from him, and know that he has ever had the love and esteem of his native brethren, and of the missionaries of all denominations. He had long been in the board of trustees of the Chinese Religious Tract Society, as is still his son, the latter being, besides, editor of the child's paper, published by that society.

Bro. Wong's musical and political gifts, which were cultivated in his Taaisit researches, were afterwards consecrated to his Lord. Some of the best hymns in the Shanghai and Tung Chou hymn books are his composition. He anticipates us in the better land; his joy now knows no alloy, and we shall soon meet him, the first fruits of our labors among the heathen, in the presence of our common Lord.

M. F. CRAWFORD,  
Tung Chow, March 1st.











