

## ROMANISTS APEALED TO.

Prof. James Corkery recently delivered an address in Tremont Temple, in the course of which he said:

I was born a Roman Catholic, educated for the priesthood; I loved the church and was ready to die for her, for I was led to believe that she was a virgin immaculately conceived, the lily of Israel whose fragrance filled the world; that as the queen of heaven, the pillar and the ground of truth, to her belonged the virtue of making, baking, killing and cooking God, so as to serve as a salvation poultice, a pious preparation, not for the hearts, but for the stomachs of all believers. Latterly through the providence of God the truth was flashed upon my mind in characters of light which could not be mistaken that all this was a falsehood; that the only God which human hands could fabricate was a devil or false God; that God was a spirit and could not be corporally or carnally appropriated; that the stomach was not the organ of devotion; that this teaching was the theology of the beast, the theology of darkness, sin and shame; tending to dishonor the creator as well as to convert the communicant into a hog.

The devout Catholic defies stupidity, he said, worships the incomprehensible, the irrational, the absurd, the horrible, turning from the light as sensual and devilish, and accepting darkness as heavenly and spiritual. His head is the pope, three thousand miles away, spiritually dead and virtually decapitated. Under this training a man becomes a degraded specimen of mortality, devoid of reason, glorying in his degradation, a machine without a soul. The laymen and the priest are artificially connected as a donkey and his rider. The one is the perfect embodiment of stupidity, crawling on all fours as the consecrated beast of burden, the other with his head directed towards the stars perched on the donkey's back, is the consecrated driver of the mule. The one of the earth earthy, represents matter; the other of the heavens, heavenly, represents mind. To think is the princely privilege of the priest; not to think is the layman's high prerogative. These are the unfriendly bonds of union in which the two are joined. The good Catholic is passive as a piece of potter's clay in the hands of his spiritual director. These are hard sayings, but they are incontrovertible truths. I utter them not to wound the feelings of my Roman Catholic brethren, but to snatch them from the jaws of death. I am the deliverer, not the persecutor, of the blind. Oh, my brother, with your reason, the God-given discriminator between right and wrong, you must never part, for if you do sever your connection with your Maker, you are no longer the child of light, but of darkness. You belong to the kingdom of the beast. When reason is dethroned insanity prevails, the torch of truth is extinguished, brutality becomes supreme, the carnival of crime begins, and is perpetuated without a check.

The church became to me in consequence of these enormities the coffin of perdition, the charnel house of death, the restaurant of hell, wherein God was murdered and the people entertained

by a savage participation in the unholy rites. Every Roman church edifice became to me an unholy sepulchre of truth, bearing upon its portals in legible characters the following inscription addressed to the faithful:

"My child, within there lies in solemn state the body of your murdered God; come and eat him," and I became horrified. I considered that a child of God, if he had in his heart a spark of devotion to truth would submit to a thousand deaths rather than to sup with satan and strive to elevate himself by his degradation.

This was the starting point of my conversion. I had made a discovery which shattered all the theology of "Holy Church," proving her to be not the spouse of the eternal king, but the spouse of the eternal devil. Under the guidance of God's spirit I looked for farther evidences of her depravity. The more I searched the more abundant became the tokens of deception. God enabled me to see through all her tricks and subterfuges, the mask of hypocrisy was torn from her features and she stood before me in all her native deformity as a she wolf of hell accursed, the sorceress of the world, original sin in the concrete, a worm whose name is Fraud, a dragon in the feathers of a dove disguised.

How to alarm my fellow countrymen, how to open the eyes of the American people to the perils of the situation and the true character of this holy crocodile, and save humanity from impending ruin, was the next burning desire of my heart. I considered that the best thing to do was to raise no uncertain sound, but to strike in the name of God; that as the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom, so the fear of the devil was the commencement of foolishness, and I determined to grapple the reptile by the throat, and if I could not strangle her myself to strike and hold her and call on God and humanity to aid in the blessed work. I accordingly entered St. Patrick's Cathedral at the nine o'clock mass, not knowing what might be the result of my intended action, but determined to die, if necessary, in the cause of truth. There I struck the devil in the face and began to lecture the people on their idolatries. I was strangled almost to death, handcuffed and dragged out of the Church, and served as I suppose they thought I deserved.

Rome is the sepulchre of truth, the graveyard of humanity, rich with the ill-gotten spoils of centuries, and has within her ravenous maw, as pearls beneath the sea, the relics of many a saintly worshipper. There are jewels to be rescued from her clutch, for there lie enthralled within the confines of our land no less than six or seven million souls sighing in captivity and waiting for deliverance. We must do what we can to rescue the people, proclaim to them the everlasting Gospel, and try to bring about the time foretold by the prophets when all crime shall cease, "The man of sin" must be annihilated.

Who is the man of sin? The man of sin is the carnal man, the crystallization of human lust, the embodiment of all that is deceitful, the angel of confusion, the prince of darkness. If

you have never seen this man of sin in all his glory,—behold him now (exhibiting a wafer)! This whitewashed sepulchre, the nightmare of the soul, is beautiful and white as snow; dead, and yet the ruler of the dead. I prize his host highly, because, blessed as it has been by a priest, I secured it at great peril to myself. Once it was my master and now it is my prisoner. Let us analyze it.

It is a god which is dead. It has neither hand nor foot, organ nor sense, nor motion, nor reason, nor speech, nor intelligence, nor conscience. It is dead and pulseless as the grave, and like the grave is fair without and foul within. It is dead, and those who put their trust in it must be dead too. It is impossible for any person to rise above the level of his god, for that would be blasphemy. So this god or child of the priest serves as a screen to separate the laity from the clergy, the priest is on one side and the layman on the other. Now, as the creator is greater than the thing created, the priest is greater than the host, and as the host is the layman's god, he can never come to a level with his god, much less to the level of the priest. It is the seal of death, the death which has been worshipped for ages, the god of the ungodly. The elevation of the host is the prostration of the people; as one goes up the other goes down. It is the two arms of a balance, light and the priest, darkness and the layman; the elevation of the priest on the one side and the degradation of the masses on the other. It has a front side and a reverse side. On one side is the priest, on the other the layman. It has a side of suffering and a side of bliss, a side of ignorance and a side of intelligence; poverty and hardships before and plush and velvet in the rear. It has bleeding lambs in front and wolves in sheeps' clothing behind. There is the persecutor in the rear and the persecuted in front.

Pagan Rome and modern Rome are one in spirit, with this difference. Pagan Rome conquered the world first by force; modern Rome expects to do it by fraud. The one extended her sceptre over bleeding bodies; the other over dead souls. Her priests are Roman brigands, luring souls by the soft persuasions of the tongue instead of driving them by the sword. The priest is the Roman soldier, the Italian brigand, the spiritual assassin, speaking in dead languages, having no other benevolent design in view than the sacrifice of the mass, and the crucifixion of the people. This is the whole machinery of the Romish Church: The people look to the priest for guidance, and the priests to the bishops, the bishops to the cardinals, the cardinals to the pope, and the pope—to this thing!

thing!

The speaker warned his audience that all the elements of danger which threatened our existence as a free people a hundred years ago were present to-day working our overthrow, and seeking to bring us into subjection to a foreign despotism. The conflict is for thralldom of mind, and is more insidious and deadly than a contest of open force or physical violence, canons of iron and steel being easier to contend against than canons ecclesiastical; liberty of thought, freedom to worship God as conscience dictates, which our forefathers braved every danger to secure, is endangered. Our free schools are attacked and slandered. The contest is one between light and darkness,—the electric torch against the tallow candle, progress vs. retrogression, science vs. superstition, patriotism opposed to treason, or truth against hypocrisy. The war is inevitable, and let it come, for compromise in such a case is hopeless. Truth will not lie down in the same bed with falsehood. It will not live on the same continent. Wherever falsehood flourishes it is the nature of truth to grapple with it, for falsehood, being the parent of sorrow, suffering, disease, poverty, want and vice, must vanish at this heavenly messenger's approach, as shades of night before the healing beams of morn.

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