

Purgatory Proved, Illustrated, and
set forth in a Clear Light.

No 70

A FUNERAL
S E R M O N.

By Father MURTAUGH O'LAVERY, Priest
of the Parishes of St. John's, Dromore,
and Machrelin.

Upon the death of one of his Parishioners.

To which is added,

The Consecration of a Murderer of Heretick Princes; used by
the Jesuits in Popish Countries. Also, a number
of Popish Miracles.



Printed for the Booksellers.

PURGATORY

Proved, Illustrated, and set forth in a clear light

My friends,

YOU all know, it ish a cushtomary ting vid de Clergy, fen dey are going to preach a Sharmon, dat dey vill be tak a text from shum particular plash of dey Scripture; but for dat very rashon, because he ish cushtomary, I vill not do it. For I love to be shingular; and you know shingularity in the right, ish never a crime yet.

And ash dere are a great many of you gather here upon dish occashon, shum vid an honest intention, no doubt, to be instructed; dan lay yoursheives open to de conviction of the truth, shum perhaps, to make shest of our Holy Decree and laugh at de fooleries of de Mass. as dey vil profanely speak: In short, as dere are a great many of you gather here, shum Phipsyterian shum Shurch of Englishman, and shum Roman Catholic I shall preach you a sharmon in English, dat you vill all equally understand fat I vas shay.

And de shubject I shuse to insist upon as de most proper for dish occasion, ish Purgatory: (de most advantageous and beneficial doctrine of our Shurch,) de method I shall observe ish dish

First, I shall prove to you, dat dere ish really such a plash as Purgatory, or a Limbus Pratum where de sheuls of all our friends, depart tish life, do go, and are purge from deir remaining shins and pollutions.

Secondly, I will describe this Purgatory to you.

Thirdly, I will show you the Penance and Purgation of this Purgatory.

And Lastly, Apply the doctrine to this present occasion.

For proofs of the first thing den; That there is really such a place as Purgatory, or a Limbus Patrum, where the souls of all our friends depart this life, do go, and are purged from their remaining sin and pollution: I need say no more to you who are Catholics, den this, That it is a doctrine upheld by our unerring counsels, confirmed by the Pope himself, and stamped with the able authority of the Church: For need you, who believe in the Church already, any more proof for a doctrine, den that she is your Oracle, and your infallible Guide. She is in the place of your reason, senses, and understanding, and has power to shudge and decree, and determine, and dictate, and ordain, in all matters of doctrine, and all that tend to your bodies and estates, and all that do relate to this world, or the next world to come; for ever therefore she bid you say, you must say; for ever she bid you do, you must do; without ever pretending to tink or shudge for yourselves, as the hereticks say, - that it is blaspheming 'gainst her most holy authority: nay, it is the most horrid impudence and damnable heresy.

But for the benefit and conviction of other denominations, who pretend to see with their own eyes,

ash de shaying ish, and thro' de great abundance of deir ignorance, vid shudge for demshelves, in dese deep matter, I vill show de proof upon which our holy Shurch has vounded dish doctrine. And first, we are told in de Scripture, shum fere nor moder, Dat all tings shall be prove by fire, fa sort dey are; dat if any mans build 'pon foundation, such as hay, nor straw, nor stubble, nor any such combustible materials, he vill suffer damage nor loss, and de superstructive shall be burn down, yet he himself shall be shaved, but sho as by fire, dat ish, my friends, de Purgatorial fire of de turd plash.

Again, Our Shavior did raise up van Lazarus from de dead, after he had been five nor tree day in de grave till he was stinking again: Now phere was dat man's shoul all dat while? Ah! ah! in hell he could not be, for out of hell dere ish no redemption; In heaven he cou'd not be, for de shoys and pleasures of dat happy plash are so great, he never vid come back to dish vicked world of ours again, and go into a stinking carcass dat was most rotten in a grave: Ergo, it vash in Purgatory, or de turd plash.

But again, between our Shaviour's crucifixion and ascension, it vash forty day, a great while my friends, near six veek. Now, where vash he all dat while? In heaven he vash not ascended, in hell he could not be, for out of hell dere is no redemption, as I'll shay before. Where den vash he; Let any Heretick of you all answer dat now by de shoul of de holy priest, der vash no ode plash for him to be, but our own turd plash, dat ish Purgatory.

But lest I should tire your patience, I will con

clude dish head vid one proof more, which is de only article dat supports dish doctrine.

And first, We are told in de Holy Gospel of St. Shenesis, shum phere nor noder, Dat we are all corrupted and contaminated vid de pollutions of shin, dat no man liveth and shineth not, dat dere are none righteous, no not van. Again, we are told in de holy Prophecies of de Evangelists, shum where nor noder; Dat no unclean ting shall enter into de kingdom of Heaven; Where den shall dey go? All, we hope vill not go to hell piping hot: For dere are a great many mens, and true Roman Catholics, but dey are not so good as to be fit for dat holy plash, wherem entereth noting dat ish unclean, neither any ting dat defileth. It remains den, dey mußt go to Purgatory, where dey shall be cleansht and purged from their remaining pollutions and contaminations of deir shins till dey be made fit for de kingdom of heaven. And now let the Protestants ahay fat dey please, I tell you, by de shoul of de holy priest, dere is no possibility of ever getting to heaven, till dey first go dere and undergo deir penance. It is plain den, de shouls of all our friends depart dish life, as well as dish person now deceas, vent to Purgatory, as de turd plash.

But wher you ever hear fat short a plash dish purgatory ish, and fat your friends vash suffotting dere, I cannot tell—you never did from me, ash I remember, and by de conscience, I know nobody else vash able to teach you dat doctrine but myshelf, I shall derefore take dish opportunity of explaining her a little to you.

And in de first plash, It is a very large plash

you may be sure, fen it receives for purgation all true Catholics; who are de most numerous people 'pon face of de earth: For beside all France nor Spain, nor Italy, nor Rome, are Catholics, dere are a great many more, who are dispersed through de kingdoms of de world; de Protestants themshelves, phen dey count heads vid ush, find to dere great shorrow, dat we are more dan two turds of the inhabitants of Ireland, who are profest Cathos; beside a great many more, who, for getting into de revenue, and de oder advantageous hosts, have called demshelves Protestants, (and by de shoul of my dear gossip dere are a very great numbers of dem too,) but are true Roman Catho's in deir harts, who vill get indulgence from de Pope, have de priest, and de administration of holy oyle at deir dead, and vill get de benefit of Purgatory, and de benefit of de clergy, so vell as any of you all, and dish make one half of t'oder turd, so dat you shee dere are but a very few who are our hearty enemies, most of which are damn'd black phiggish Phipsyterians; oh, oh, the devil run away with them all.

But here, by de bye, you may observe phat a parcel of poor-spirited, cowardly-hearted sons of whores of bitches are we, to be so long keep down by parcel of damn'd hereticks; if we would but take courage and begin, dey vill be noting in our hands; but if we submit vid a slavish subshection to deir heretick government, ark hinder to carry arms, made mere soles to deir brogues—but by my own shoul we vill have our day about vid dem yet.—Our plots vill at last succeed: de king of Spain, and de king of France,

&c. vash picking quarrels vid dem, vid deir depredations, and deir Guarda Costa's and fat not; aue, aue, aue, by my shoul dey vill fall on at last, and take courage, and swinge dem bravely: dey are making great preparation, arming fleets, and ships, and putting out land forces; dey are very powerful armies, de whole world, ah! and by de Holy Shaint Bridget, Europe itskelf is no able to vidstand dem. Dey vill tell you of dear man's of War, and deir Haddocks, and deir Vernons, and de devil know fat, vill sink, and stop and destroy our ships, leave dem upon de bottom of de seas, and never let dem put deir leg upon Irish ground more: dat dey king of Spain feared for dish, and vill pay de convention and not fight: by my shoul he vill fight and beat too,—'tish de cause of de Holy Shurch he's defending, and de gates of hell vill never prevail against him. Dere vill be shiftance enough I'll varrant you; all de Shaints, our Holy Moder Shurch, all de Scotch, and by my shoul, de Virgin Mary hershelf vill fight for us; den we vill succeed to be sure, posses our rights and estates again, and establish our holy religion through all Ireland, and I myshelf may be Lord of Trumney, and of Lavry's-Bog, before I vash die yet.

But after so long a digression, I must return to my explanation of Purgatory.

In de shecond plash for its situation; it ish shust, my friends, in de middle between heaven and hell; from hell on one side by a small paper vall only, but from heaven upon t'oder by a strong vall of adamant, vid gates of brass, of which Peter keep de key, who vash himself a true Catholic for he vash once Pope, and all our Popes ever

since are his successors, and all descended from him by a right line of ecclesiastick genealogy. You vill understand de ting better, when I vill illustrate her to you by de following similitude; You all know Mr. Harrison's house upon de Miravel, phen you vill go in, dere is de parlour upon one hand, dere is de kitchen upon t'oder, dere ish de hall in de middle. Vell den, de parlour ish Heaven, de kitchen ish Hell, and de hall ish Purgatory in de middle; when any van like myshelf, who ish in de habit of a shentleman; dat ish who is a Roman Catholic, goes in he vill be shown to de parlour, but before he ish entitled to enter, he must wipe, and rub, and clean his foot upon a mat which lie dere for dat purpose; dat ish, he must do de pennaunce and purgation of dat turd plash, dat ish he must have money upon his pocket too, to pay his reckoning; or he vill not be admitted into de parlour. Dish ish, he must pay de clergy for praying him out of Purgatory. or by my shoul, Peter vill not let him enter into de kingdom of Heaven: you know vell enough, if a man has money upon his pocket, spends lavishly, nor pays well, Mr. Harrison, nor any oder inn-keeper vill be very civil upon him, take him into his parlour, show him a great deal of courtesy and good manners, and vill wait upon him vid every ting he'll vants; but if he's poor, nor vill not pay, he vill shut de door upon him, nor kick him out.—It is shust so my my friends vid Peter, if you pay de clergy vell, and support de Shurch, Peter vill come vid his cap in his hand, open de gates and welcome you dere, but if you are poor nor won't pay, by de Holy Cross! he vill shut de door upon you, nor kick you out.

But again. If any one come into de hall vid dirty or ragged apparel, as de Phipsyterians and all oder hereticks do, dey vill be immediately trus down into de kitchen, dat ish hell; my friends; no question vill be ask; no excuse vill be hear, but away dey vill be hurrry, vidout repleven, nor benefit of de clergy.

And ish brings me, in de turd plash, to consider de pennance and purgation dat de shouls of our dear departed friends do shuffer dere, and undergo in dish turd plash.

De sheverest of one of which punishments ish, de stink of hereticks throuing through to hell: de damnable stench of de phiggish Phipsyterians, which make me curl my nose to tink upon it: but de best of ish, dey are not suffer to tarry long, or be slow in deir passage thro' Purgatory, lest dey should contaminate de consecrated plash vid de emanation of deir heresy.

De shecond punishment is occasioned by its being situate upon de very edge of hell: for de plash is all laid vid great flags of iron, and plates of braes which are strongly heated by de force of de great fires, at phich de hereticks are roasting one another upon spits, dat 'tis great torment to valk upon dem. You know phen you vill throw off your brogues by de fire-side at night, and set your bare foot upon de stone in de harth—he vill be very shore,—ah! wod'ent he?—By my shoul, you is five hundred times as sore as dat. Or, if you would make a truly experiment of de ting, take a girdle and put her 'pon de fire till she be most red hot, den set her down and clap your bare arse upon her, dat vill be a nearer resemblance of her still; but vill not come

up to her yet. I know it ish a cushtomary ting vid us Catho's to provide against our dear departed friends suffering dish torment, by putting a pair of new brodges upon deir kush in de coffin: which I do confesh may do shum service, dat ish if dey take care to pay de priest vell; for he may pray dem out before de brogue be burn, but if not, de devil a small potatoe he vill signify! For you know if he stay long in, de sole of de brogue vill soon be burn, and den fat better vill he be? It ish better to give de price of de brogue it shelf to de priest, and he vill pray dem out sho much sooner den de brogue vill last.

But de turd and greatest punishment of it ish a great big black ugly devil of a vomans, dat stand dere vid an iron flail, and she's be trashing dem through all de plash in a most terrible manner: And fat ever part of de body vas guilty of de shin, she vill be trashing upon dat very part. If he vash drunkenness nor gluttony, she vill be trashing 'pon de belly. If he vash teeving, she vill come upon deir fingers vid her long flail, till she vill break all deir nuckle again; and if he vash adultery nor fornication; ah, ah, ah! you may guess yourshelves who will get his payment soundly. In short, she vill be trashing and trashing, till de devil a bit of flesh vill she leave 'pon your bone, and dey vill be roaring and shouting, and cursing deir friends, dat vill give noting to de clergy to pray dem out of dat torment.

Now my friends, you all know well enough, de priest hath a dispensing power over dese torments, fen he pleases, dat ish if he's paid for him; but by my shoul not else; for to grant absolution vidout payment, would be quite over-

turn de Shurch: 'Tis de main pillar dat shup-ports her; nay, 'tish de very foundation upon which she is build.

I tink now, my friends, I have prove to you dat dere ish really such a plash as Purgatory; and dat de shouls of all our friends depart dish life, are dere, so vell as dish person now deceas.

In de shecond plash, I have described Purgator to you. And turdly, I have shewn you phat terrible tings your friends are suffering dere, and dat I myshelf, as being a priest in dish parish, have a power of releasing any one from dese torments—if I am paid for him.

Who den among you vill give a groat to have dish man's shoul out of Purgatory. Come you mens dere.—Vell—dere ish one groat—make haste, you are very slow.

Vell dere ish 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 groat.—Vill no bodies more give?—Vash ish man's shoul worth no more den ten groat? aue, aue, aue, a poor story indeed! Phat Phelcmy, vill you give noting, nor you Turlogh, arra you devils, are you not all his revelations?—Come, you vomans dere, give money, nor yarn, nor butter, nor flax, nor something. Come, Varrid Shaue, Anna and Shuga and all of you. Fat de devil are you going? Fat, no more groats.—Vell, pho vill give tree pence? Very vell; Vid no body more give tree pence? Pho vill give two pence? Pho vill give one penny itsself? Not one penny more to be got among you? Ah, ah, you are a pack of hard hearted vicked devils! and me preachin sho long, and sho good a sharmon to you, dat you never did hear before, dast cost me a whole quarter of a year in studying him for de

good of your shouls: And you vill give noting for de shupport of my body.

I owe Joseph Ucker of Mackrelin for dish coat upon my back, and depended upon dish day for getting de money, but de devil a one half, nor one quarter I'll get yet; phich if I do not immediately, he vill put me upon confinement in de county goal: and den you devils, you shee fat vill become of your shouls.

Now you dat have got not de full groats, 'twash better for you to have given noting at all; for de punishment of your friends vill not only be scorching and scorching, &c. but halving and quartering and tearing in pieces. For you dat give tree pence, I vill pray tree quarters of your friend out, and leave t'oder quarter in for t'oder penny. And you dat give but one penny, I vill pray one quarter out, t'oder tree shall remain in torment as before. So you dat have no money borrow yeu devils, borrow and make up de full great.

Gloria Padria Whillo Spriduo & Shanto, Amen.

Let me shee, dere is, - - - - £1 13 6

By my shoul, he vash no bad collection, after all dat now. } *Aside.*

END OF THE SERMON.

*The Consecration of a Murderer of Heretick Princes;
used by the Jesuits in Popish countries.*

THOSE that are counted hereticks by Papists, are by law and right deprived of all they have, the Pope can authorize the orthodox members of the church, i. e. his own subjects, to take possession; and whatever means are necessary thereunto, he can legitimate and make lawful, as poisoning, assassinating, blowing up with gun-powder, &c. It is an approved thing among them, a case deliberately determined by the infallible head of the church, that the killing of kings and queens, excommunicated by the Pope, is no murder, nay that it is meritorious to destroy hereticks.

And, as they encourage the murder of such princes as they call hereticks, so they have a solemn form of preparing an assassin for his undertaking.

The person designed for the work, is secretly introduced into the meditary or oratory: there a knife wrapped up in linen is taken out of an ivory case, marked all round with various characters, together with an Agnus Dei. Upon this, as it is drawn out of the sheath, they drop holy water and consecrated coral beads upon the haft; granting an indulgence of delivering as many souls out of Purgatory, as he shall give wounds to the prince, whom they design to assassinate: Then they put the knife into the hand of the parricide, recommending it in these words, "Elect son of God,

take this sword of Jephthah, the sword of Samson, the sword of David, with which he cut off Goliath's head, the sword of Gideon, the sword of Judith, the sword of the Maccabees, the sword of the Pope, by which he has delivered himself from the hands of princes, having spilt very much blood in their dominions; Go and be prudently courageous, may God strengthen thy arm" This being done they all fall down upon their knees, and the chief of them pronounces this exorcism: "Be present ye cherubim, be present ye seraphim, ye thrones, ye powers be present, ye holy angels, and fill this blessed vessel with perpetual glory, and every day offer him the crown of the blessed Virgin Mary, of the holy patriarchs and martyrs; he is no longer a member of our communion, but yours: And thou, O God, who art terrible and invincible, and who in the meditory has put it into his heart to destroy a tyrant and heretick, and confer his crown on a catholic king; strengthen, we beseech thee, his hands and increase his courage, that he may accomplish his will; give him an omnipotent mail, whereby he may escape the hands of those who would apprehend him; give him wings, by which his holy members may escape the endeavours of barbarous betrayers; pour into his soul thy chearing rays, by which his body without fear, in the midst of dangers and tortures, may be animated with joy and exultation." After this exorcism, the parricide is brought before the altar, over which is painted the history of Jaques Clement, a Dominican Monk, with the images of angels protecting him, and carrying him to heaven. This the Jesuits shew him, and withal present him an heavenly crown, saying; "Regard

O Lord, this thine arm, and the executor of thy justice, let all the saints arise and give him place." After these ceremonies, four Jesuits are deputed to talk with the parricide alone, these, during their discourse, are wont often to say, that there appears in him a divine sort of brightness, by the radiancy of which they are moved to kiss his hands and feet, and that he no longer seems to them to be a man, but a heavenly saint; they pretend also to envy the great glory and blessedness to which he is now advanced; sighing and saying, "Would to God I had been chosen in thy room, that being delivered from the punishment of Purgatory, I might have gone directly to paradise." But, if he whom they judge proper to penetrate the murder be backward and reluctant, then they either force him to make such a vow by nightly bugbears, and monstrous spectres, or animate and introduce him to the enterprize, by contriving apparitions of the Virgin Mary, or angels, or other saints, and sometimes of Ignatius and his followers.

Popish Miracles.

A CERTAIN peasant of Auvergne, a province in France, perceiving that his bees were likely to die, to prevent this misfortune, was advised, after he had received the communion, to keep the host, and to blow it into one of his hives; and, on a sudden, all the bees came forth out of their hives, and ranking themselves in good order

lifted the host up from the ground, and carrying it in upon their wings, placed it among the combs. After this the man went out about his business, and at his return, found that this advice had succeeded contrary to his expectation, for all his bees were dead. Nay, when he lifted up the hive, he saw that the host was turned into a fair child among the honey combs; and being much astonished at this change, and seeing that this infant seeming to be dead, he took it in his hands, intending to bury it privately in the church, but when he came to do it, he found nothing in his hands; for the infant was vanished away. This thing happened in the county of Oiermont, which for this irreverence, was, a while after, chastised by divers calamities, which so dispeopled those parts, that they became like a wilderness. From which it appears, that bees honour the holy host divers ways, by lifting it from the earth, and carrying it into their hives, as it were in procession." Let the reader remember, it was the God whom Papists worship, that was indebted to the bees for shelter in their hive.

A certain poor man going to visit his bees, perceived them to make a sweet harmony: he stood ravished a while with it, not knowing what it meant. The night following, as he went about some business, and casting his eyes towards the bees, he perceived them to rejoice, and sport themselves, making an admirable melody. First, he informed the curate of it, and afterwards "broke up his hive, where he found a box made of wax, but of such admirable whiteness, that it looked like ivory; and within it the holy sacrament adored

by the bees, who ranged themselves into two choirs, and sang the praises of their Creator. The Bishop ordered a procession to carry back the holy host of the church; and in that place was erected a sumptuous chapel, which became a place of refuge for the sick and the afflicted. When no body knew from whence, and by whom, that host had been brought there, two thieves of their own accord discovered themselves, and confessed, that having stolen a box, they had thrown the host against the hives. By which miracle we see that the bees adore the holy host, and sing the divine praises, dividing themselves into two choirs."

A certain woman, having received the communion unworthily, carried the host to her hives, for to enrich the stock of bees; and afterwards coming again to see the success, she perceived that the bees, acknowledging their God in the sacrament, had, with admirable artifice, erected to him a chapel of wax, with its doors, windows, bells, and vestry; and within it a chalice where they laid the holy body of Jesus Christ. She could no longer conceal this wonder. The priest being advertised of it, came thither in procession, and he himself heard harmonious music, which the bees made, flying round about the sacrament; and having taken it out, he brought it back to the church full of comfort, certifying, that he had seen and heard our Lord acknowledged and praised by those little creatures.

An old and simple priest, of the parish of St. Colen, carrying the holy sacrament out of town to a sick person, and going up a very rough hill

met some loaded asses descending towards the town: and the way being very narrow, and the priest not being able to get past them, and fearing to be overturned by those beasts, he spoke to them according to his simplicity in this manner: My asses! what do you mean? Do ye not see him whom I carry? Go aside and stop to make room for your Creator, which I command you in his name. O admirable obedience! Those asses which used not to stir but when they were beaten, presently went to one side, where the hill was more steep, without apprehending any danger, or letting fall their load. The town of Colen remembers this wonder to this day, and mentioneth it with astonishment.

In the 16th century, within the Venetian territories, a priest carrying the holy host, without pomp or train, to a sick person, he met, out of the town, asses going to their pasture; who perceiving by a certain sentiment, what it was which the priest carried, they divided themselves into two companies on each side of the way, and fell on their knees. Whereupon the priest, with his clerk, all amazed, passed between those peaceable beasts, which then rose up, as if they would make a pompous show in honour of their Creator; followed the priest as far as the sick man's house, where they waited at the door till the priest came out from it, and did not leave him till he had given them his blessing. Father Simon Rodriguez, one of the first companions of St. Ignatius, who then travelled in Italy, informed himself carefully of this matter, which happened a little while

before our first fathers came into Italy, and found that all had happened as has been told.

A Jew blaspheming the holy sacrament, dared to say, that if the Christians would give it to his dog, he would eat it up, without showing any regard to their God. The Christians being very angry at this outrageous speech, and trusting in the Divine Providence, had a mind to bring it to a trial: so, spreading the napkin on a table, they laid on it many hosts, among which one only was consecrated. The hungry dog being put upon the same table, began to eat them all, but coming to that which had been consecrated, without touching it, he kneeled down before it, and afterwards fell with rage upon his master, catching him so closely by the nose, that he took it quite away with his teeth.—The same which St. Matthew warns such like blasphemers, saying, 'Give not that which is holy unto dogs, lest they turn again and rend you.'

St. Anthony of Padua, disputing one day with one of the most obstinate hereticks that denied the truth of the holy sacrament, drove him to such a plunge, that he desired the saint to prove this truth by some miracle. St. Anthony accepted the condition, and said he would work it upon his mule. Upon this the heretick kept her three days without eating and drinking; and the third day, the saint having said mass, took up the host, and made him bring forth the hungry mule, to whom he spoke thus:—In the name of the Lord, I command thee to come and do reverence to thy Creator, and confound the malice of heretics.

While the saint made this discourse to the mule, the heretick sifred out oats to make the mule eat; but the beast having more understanding than his master, kneeled before the host, adoring it as its Creator and Lord. This miracle comforted all the faithful, and enraged; the heretics; except him that disputed with the saint, who was converted to the Catholic faith.

About the year 1549, a poor friendless boy, of whose birth probably his parents had been ashamed, tended the sheep belonging to the nuns of Scienna, or Sciennes, about a quarter of a mile south from Edinburgh. It was one of his childish amusements to turn up the white of his eyes, and, in doing it, he succeeded so well, as to be able, at his pleasure, to make himself appear perfectly blind. The nuns observed him in his amusement, and spoke of it to some priests and friars who were their vsitors. It immediately occurred to them, that if proper care was taken of this young person, he might, in course of time, become the fit subject of a miracle.

The innocent child, was secreted from public view, it has been said, seven or eight years, and mostly in one of the cells, or some retired apartment in the convent. At the end of that number of years, his stature and features were so much altered, as that he could not easily be recollected by the very few persons who formerly had known him. He was now judged to be of a proper age to be sent forth as a blind mendicant, and to receive instructions how he should behave. A person was hired to conduct him, who believed him to have been born blind, and to have been hitherto

supported chiefly by charitable contributions from the ladies of Sienna.

The simple young man, who scarcely knew any other people in the world than those under whose tuition he had been held, readily promised to obey their injunctions. They bound him by a solemn, but rash vow, to affect blindness, and to beg alms, till they should advertise him to the contrary. He kept his promise, and, for a considerable space of time, was led through the country, receiving such alms as benevolent people were pleased to give him.

At last the period arrived, when those priests and friars who were in the secret of his not being really blind, thought it expedient that he should be received from his hard condition.—

At the east end of the village of Musselburgh, in Mid-Lothian, was a celebrated chapel, dedicated to the honour of the Virgin Mary. Its proper name was Loretta, but it was vulgarly called Alarict, or Lawriet. There was also a chapel of the same name in Perth; and many credulous people in the Lothians, and at Perth, as well as the people of Loretta, in Italy, believed that their chapel contained within it the identical small brick built house in which the blessed Mother of our Lord had dwelt when at Nazareth; and that it had been miraculously conveyed and upheld entire, from its original seat, by the ministry of angels.—

It was in the well frequented chapel at Musselburgh, and where miracles were most commonly expected to be seen, that the pupil of the suns was to receive his sight. Public intimation, of the miracle to be performed, was given in Edin-

burgh, and in the neighbouring parts, and on the day appointed, a prodigious number of people were assembled. They found that there was a stage erected on the outside of the chapel. Having waited a little while, they beheld, led forward upon this stage, the seemingly blind young man whom many of them knew, and whose blindness they had probably often pitied. He was by priests and friars, and, no doubt, also by Thomas, the Hermit, (a famous worker of miracles,) if he was then alive. After some time spent in the use of prayers and ceremonies, his eyes, to the satisfaction of the multitude, appeared to be perfectly restored. The young man, who had long been restricted from employing honest means for his subsistence, now sincerely rejoiced. He returned thanks to the priests and friars; and when he came down from the stage, was caressed and congratulated by the people, and some of whom gave him money.

A protestant gentleman who was present, detected the cheat, and took the young man into his service.

Of the "many good men" that suffered death under Archbishop Beaton.—The first was Mr. Patrick Hamilton, Abbot, of Ferm, a man nobly descended, for he was nephew to the earl of Arran, by his father, and to the Duke of Albany, by his mother, and not much past twenty-three years of age. This young man had travelled in Germany, and falling in familiarity with Martin Luther, Philip Melancthon, Francis Lambert, and other learned men, was by them instructed in the knowledge of true religion, in the profession

whereof he was so zealous, as he was resolved to come back into his country, and communicate the light he had received, unto others. At his return, wheresoever he came, he spared not to lay open the corruptions of the Roman Church, and to show the errors crept into Christian religion. The clergy grudging at this, under colour of conference, enticed him to the city of St. Andrews. Having stayed some few days in the city, whilst he suspected no violence to be used, under night he was apprehended, being in bed, and carried prisoner to the castle; the next day he was presented before the Bishop, accused of maintaining the doctrines of the Reformation. The same day, he was condemned by the secular judge, and, in the afternoon led to his place of suffering, which was appointed to be at the gate of St. Salvator's college. Being come to the place, he put off his gown, and gave it, with his bonnet, coat, and other apparel to his servant, saying, this stuff will not help in the fire, yet will do thee some good; I have no more to leave thee but the example of my death, which I pray thee keep in mind. For albeit the same be bitter, and painful in man's judgment, yet is it the entrance to everlasting life, which none can inherit, who denieth Christ before this congregation. Then was he tied to the stake; about it a great quantity of coal, wood, and other combustible matter was heaped, whereof he seemed to have no fear, but seriously commending his soul into the hands of God, held his eyes fixed towards heaven. The executioner firing the powder that was laid to kindle the wood, his left hand and the side of his face were a little scorched therewith, yet the fire

did not kindle. Whereupon some were sent to the castle to bring more powder; whilst this was bringing, he uttered divers comfortable speeches to them that stood by; the friars all that time molesting him with their cries, bidding him convert, pray to our lady, and say *Salve Regina* amongst them none was more troublesome than Friar Alexander Campbell, who kept company with him, at his first coming to the city. After he besought him to depart, and not to vex him, but when he would not cease his crying, he said wicked man, thou knowest that I am not a heretic and that it is the truth of God for which I now suffer; so much thou didst confess to me in private, and, therefore, I appeal thee to answer before the judgment-seat of Christ.

The powder by this time was brought, and the fire kindled, after which, with a loud voice he was heard to say, how long, O Lord shall darkness oppress the realm? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men? and then closed his speeches with these words, Lord Jesus receive my spirit. His body was quickly consumed, for the fire was vehement, but the patience and constancy he showed in his dying, stirred up such compassion on the beholders, as many of them doubted not to say, that he suffered an innocent and was indeed a martyr of Christ.

FINIS.