A LETTER TO PROTESTANTS CONVERTED FROM ROMANISM

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A letter to Protestants converted from Romanism by Joseph Blanco White

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JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

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LETTER

TO

PROTESTANTS

CONVERTED FROM

ROMANISM.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE, A.M.

OF ORISE COLLEGE, OXFORD,
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OF SEVILLE.

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1827

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My FRIENDS.

THE similarity of our circumstances, and the consideration that I am not unknown to you as an old convert—you see I am not ashamed of that name—a proselyte to the Christian faith, as it is professed in the Church of England, move me to address this Letter to you, trusting that God will enable me to give you some advice, that may help you in the trials which await you.

I will not use the form of an oath in my assertion, that it is your spiritual benefit I have in view, and that nothing is farther from my thoughts and heart, than the wish to serve political purposes. But I consider every assertion made as in the presence of God equally binding with an oath. Imploring therefore, as I do, the Almighty's blessing upon the lines which I am about to write, I will not for a moment forget that the day is not far away, when I shall have to give an account, not only of the words which I shall address to you, but of the motives and views from which they proceed.

Though I cannot tell precisely the trials which your religious change is likely to bring upon each of you; I can, with great certainty, foresee those which, more or less, await you all. One of the most painful will proceed from the best affections of your heart. Your nearest and dearest relations may still be alive, not to reproach you, (for the injustice of a reproach blunts its edge,) but to weep what they sincerely conceive to be your disgrace in this world, and your certain loss in the next. This is the bitterest of all trials. But, could the religion of Christ have been established unless multitudes of honest men, and passionate lovers of truth, had resolved through God's grace to stand this most severe temptation?

Not one of the apostles escaped the abuse of their nation, as deserters, (such and worse names they would give them,) as betrayers of the faith of their forefathers. But what is the meaning of these sounding reproaches? Once establish it as a point of honour that no man should desert the faith of his forefathers, and you make out that we are descended from those who brought shame upon themselves and their posterity by—by what!—surely by giving up the

worship of the heathen idols, and embracing the faith of Christ. Our ancestors deserted the faith of their forefathers; they deserted the faith of their country; they abjured the sacred names which their fathers invoked when they fought for the glory of their land; they scorned the oaths on whose sacredness the ancient structure of their liberty was built!!! Shame on the man who can use language which would give truth and force to all this! Shame on him, who thus betrays his indifference to all religion, and his hypocrisy in the external profession of any one;

But I should not waste so much time on the scoffers. My wish is to comfort you in regard to those who love you, and lament your change. Remember the words of Christ; "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." (Luke xiv. 26.) Now observe the strong word hate, used by our Saviour. Could he, who, when nailed to the cross, and expiring in tortures, did not forget his mother—could such a tender and affectionate

Son command us to behave unnaturally to our parents! Impossible. To hate, when applied to those dear relations, must mean a resolution which, from the superior love of Jesus, and his truth, will make us disregard their feelings as if we were indifferent to them. This we must do when we love them as dearly as ever: for mark, we are equally told that we must hate our soul, or life; and, since no man can understand these words to the letter, neither should the like expression in the preceding part of the sentence be taken in a literal sense.

Our Saviour's meaning is clear. When duty calls for the sacrifice of our dearest affections, we must appear to the world, and (what is infinitely more trying) we must appear to the persons nearest our hearts, as if we loved them less than they have a right to expect. What a martyrdom of the heart is this, my friends! How much easier it would be to face a persecutor armed with torch and sword, than to withstand the entreaties of a parent, a wife, a daughter, or a beloved friend! Mean indeed must be the heart which does not swell in the breast, when wanton oppression seems bent on

crushing it; but that fortitude must be of heavenly temper, which can make it impenetrable to the tears of distressed affection.

Be therefore upon your guard, and prepare yourselves against the seduction of kindness. If at times you should feel dejection and unhappiness stealing over you, do not imagine that, had you continued Romanists against the suggestions of your conscience, you should have escaped those feelings: or that, if, giving way to importunate entreaties, you were to relapse into the profession of your former errors, undisturbed peace of mind should be your lot. In such a case, believe me, you could never again take up the word of God in your hands. You would dread to look at a New Testament: you would be forced by your trembling conscience to confine yourselves to the detached portions of Scripture to which Rome, if she had dared, would long ago have reduced her Bible. You could never lift up the eyes of your soul to the Saviour, without hearing him say, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not