

should not share in this. Why not, indeed? But would they gain this by the abolition of the present Sabbath laws? The rich, it is said, can have their cabs or their carriages; why should the poor not have the street-cars and the railway trains? Why not have their beards shaven? Why not their hot rolls supplied? Why not their theatres opened? Why not their newspapers printed? Why not a hundred other things? Simply because it has been found by all the experience of the past that, even leaving out of view the religious aspect of things, it is impossible to have any or all of these concessions made without the result being that for the great majority the day of rest, even as a time of relaxation, has in a short time entirely disappeared. It may be wrong and invidious for the wealthy to use cabs or make their servants do unnecessary work on the Sabbath day. We strongly believe that it is. But because this either is not or cannot be prevented, it does not follow that the evil should be carried indefinitely farther. The wise friend of the working man will, on the contrary, strive to reduce this labour to a minimum, and to set up every safeguard against the inroads and oppressions of mere wealth, not to make these inroads and oppressions excuses for extending the injury and rendering the comparatively helpless and dependent more than ever the slaves of the wealthy and the drudges of the strong. "Let the street cars run on Sundays." What does that mean? Simply that the horses, drivers and conductors, as well as the stable men and all connected with the establishments, shall gradually be brought to work seven days instead of six. And it is the same with every branch of labour that is thus called into requisition. It is urged that there is no need for this, for that those who work on Sunday could have another day for their weekly rest. They could, but they haven't, and never will have as long as the labourer is poor and Mammon is greedy. Where will any one find, in countries where Sunday labour is established as an ordinary thing, professedly for the amusement and accommodation of the community, any extra set of workers so as to allow the Sunday shift their weekly rest? Every one knows that there is no such thing, and that those who would be simple or impudent enough to ask it would soon be undeceived. The alternative would soon be presented, and peremptorily, "Do as you are bidden, or go." Every one knows that thousands of railway servants in England, to say nothing of the continent, have never been within a church since they were so employed, and never will be again till they change their occupation. Have these had their Monday holiday? or their Tuesday? or their Wednesday? It would be too absurd even to ask, for every one knows that a weekly day of "off work" they do not know. One break-down of the Sunday laws, it is notorious, has been taken advantage of and made an excuse for another, till what is the state of the great mass of the working classes all over the continent of Europe? One of continuous unremitting toil. One after another the safeguards round the weekly day of rest were removed, and the holiday of which we hear so much, and the praises of which are sung so loudly, for those who needed it most, entirely disappeared.

Will the same course not issue in the same results on this continent? Of course it will. Indeed, to a large extent this has been already accomplished, and there are plenty only too eager to make it complete. Are the great masses of the working people benefited either in pocket or person by such a downward course? Notoriously the very reverse; for in making others work in order that they themselves might play, they have lost the very leisure and the very holiday they thought they were sure to enjoy when Sunday laws were abolished, and the last shred of sacredness was stripped from the Sabbath rest.

FATHER CHINIQUEY ON ROMISH PRIESTS.

In a recent letter to the Halifax "Witness," acknowledging receipt of a small contribution from friends in Nova Scotia, for the relief of converted Romish priests, the Rev. C. Chiniquy says:

I see societies to protect every form of human misery. There are some for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb; there are others to rescue the old and young culprits; there are houses of refuge where the poor drunkard can go with the assurance of being welcomed and protected against his giant foe; there are societies to protect even animals. The priest of Rome only is left alone and forsaken by all, when crushed under the heavy and ignominious yoke of the Pope.

When that priest accepted the yoke, blinded by ignorance and the deceptive teachings of his perfidious Church, he had no idea of its unspeakable infamy and its unbearable weight. He knew it only when tied to the feet of the modern god of Rome through the most terrible oaths.

I know that there are multitudes of priests who curse the day they took the fatal step, and gave themselves up, soul and body, to the Pope, through the diabolical vows of obedience and celibacy. They feel that that day they lost their manhood; they lost the crown of glory put on the forehead of every man, when God created him in His image and after His likeness. Yes, the majority of the priests feel they were created to be kings; that they received the most glorious sceptre when their Almighty and merciful Creator told them: "Be fruitful, multiply, replenish the earth, and subdue it." Alas! they understood too late that they have been deprived of that sublime royalty by the Pope, at whose feet they exchanged their glorious sceptre for chains of the most degrading slavery.

Where can they go? What can they do to recover their liberty? The chains which bruise their shoulders have been forged in hell; they are stronger than steel; nothing but a miracle can break them. Shame and starvation, a life of dishonour, and the most ignominious death stare them in the face, if they dare give up their priesthood and remain within the walls of their former Church. Publicly excommunicated and cursed by their bishops, they will become an object of horror to the two hundred millions of abject slaves of the Pope. Their best friends, their most devoted relatives, will become their most bitter and irreconcilable enemies and calumniators. The most damaging falsehoods will not only be invented, but proclaimed under oath against their character. No position, no work of any kind will ever be given them among Roman Catholics, in the midst of whom they will be absolute outcasts. Will they turn their feet towards Protestants and ask their protection? But their priestly education has unfitted them for any of the positions which would give them an honourable support, except as teachers and schoolmasters. And who among Protestants will like to trust the education of their children to that stranger when all the echoes are filled with the most horrible stories invented by the Roman Catholics, and circulated even under oath from every pulpit and from their mendacious press? Besides, does not the education of Protestants lead them to consider the priest of Rome the very incarnation of all that is false, mean, and deceitful? And does not also the education of that priest lead him to believe that Protestants are the very embodiment of all that is extravagant, ridiculous, vile, and false in religion?

Thus there is a kind of impassable abyss between the Catholic priest and Protestants, dug up by their education. It requires more than a miracle to induce a Catholic priest to at once trust himself to Protestants, as it is difficult to induce Protestants to welcome the priest with the sympathies he deserves.

The greater part of the priests who give up Romanism have no other means of supporting themselves than by lecturing on Romanism. They launch themselves into the labyrinth of a religious controversy for which, with some few honourable exceptions, they are no more fit than to regulate the motions of the moon. They bravely attack the common foe, but having no preparatory study of that great and difficult subject, their barbed arrows often strike too high one day, and too low the next. After a momentary success they are discouraged by the attack and abuses of the press, and are deserted by their new friends. They soon find themselves in the cold regions of a most desolating solitude. They have then no choice. They must either starve to death or go back under the yoke of the Pope, where they will serve at altars which they despise and curse from the bottom of their hearts.

You already know that some months ago the Montreal "Witness" mentioned two priests in Montreal reduced to drive the street cars. Not long after I found another very able priest cleaning the streets of Chicago.

It is a well-known fact that there are not less than 500 French priests in Paris to-day who prefer working as carters, and even some lower employment, rather than bear any longer the ignominious yoke of the priesthood of Rome. Many of them are men of ability. Several might become the blessed instru-

ments of the mercies of God to continue the work of Luther, Calvin and Knox, and even Paul and Peter. They only want an Ananias who will welcome them in his own home as brethren, and who will pray and meditate with them till the scales fall from their eyes. It is with those facts before me that I have built up here, in this beautiful and peaceful solitude, a house for the priests who want to break their yoke and come to Christ. It has been my privilege, these last two years, to help at least sixteen priests and ecclesiastics in their supreme efforts to break their fetters. But instead of sixteen I would have aided hundreds had not my hands been almost constantly paralyzed by the want of means.

Are there not thousands and even millions of Protestants whose hearts and minds are distressed at the amazing progress of Rome in America? But what have these Protestants done to stop that wave of Romanism which threatens to overwhelm everything in its irresistible march? They do nothing; or if they do anything, it is so small that it is not worth mentioning.

Now, in the name of our common Saviour, I do again ask those multitudes of Protestants to come to my help, that we may do something worthy of the great cause entrusted to us. The time of fine talking and parading the streets with our banners unfurled is gone. Now is the time to work and work seriously. Let us close our ranks for the impending struggle. Let us unite our means and our prayers in a common effort.

It is my intention, as soon as I have the means, to send a circular to all the priests of this continent, inviting them to break their fetters and come with us to drink of the pure waters which flow from the fountains of eternal life. Oh! that I may be enabled to give them the assurance that for every brother, sister and friend they will lose for the dear Saviour's sake, they will find among us the hundreds of brethren, sisters and friends promised in the Gospel.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

ST. NICHOLAS.—(New York: The Century Company.)—In view of the termination of holiday pleasures, the September "St. Nicholas" provides abundance of indoor amusement for the young, with here and there a word of instruction. The stories are funny and wise; the pictures are funny and beautiful. It is a secret, but we cannot resist the temptation to let it out, that the paper entitled "Our Largest Friends" is about elephants.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.—(New York: The Century Company.)—The frontispiece of the September "Century" is a fine portrait of Mark Twain, and the number contains an article on that humorist and his rivals by W. D. Howells. There is a somewhat vigorous paper by General George B. McClellan on the War in Egypt. "The New North-West," by E. V. Smalley, is continued. In matter and illustration the number presents the usual variety and abundance.

THE SOUTHERN PULPIT. (Richmond, Va.)—The August number of the "Southern Pulpit" contains a sermon on "Initial Life; or the Lost Principle Restored," by the Rev. Leonidas Rosser, D.D.; one on "The Bible its Own Witness," by the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D.D.; and another on "The Prominence of a City Church," preached by the Rev. A. J. Mowatt before the Presbytery of St. John, N.B., January 10th, 1882. In the expository section we find No. V. of the editorial series of "Homiletic Studies in the Book of Daniel," and No. X. of Dr. Mullaly's exposition of the "Twelfth Chapter of Romans." The other departments are also well occupied.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—(Boston: Littell & Co.)—The numbers of "The Living Age" for August 12th and 19th contain: "The American Society in American Fiction" (Edinburgh Review); "The Turning Point of the Middle Ages" (Contemporary); "With the Emigrants; and Muhammad and His Teaching" (Nineteenth Century); "French Prisons and Convict Establishments," and "A Deserted Garden" (Cornhill); "The Crimes of Colonization" (Pall Mall); "Alexandria" (Saturday Review); "Reminiscences of a Visit to Sir John Franklin" (Chambers' Journal); "Dickens as a Dramatist" (Spectator); with instalments of "Robin," "A Hansom Amateur," "The Ladies Lindores," "A Cat's Paw," and "George Considine," and selections of poetry.