

looking Father who superintended the blessed act of charity, and offered a small gratuity. He *refused it for himself*, but showed me where I could leave it for the general use of the monastery. He then informed me with pride that one of their number had been in America for years, and could speak English; so he was called, and then we all sat down and had a long talk that I will never forget. They have a room specially for students who may require hospitality; and all the bread, beer, clothing, or whatever they require, they make themselves. Very frugally and sparingly do they live, and yet such is the influence of regular diet and virtuous life that most of them are healthy, robust men. They feed hundreds, yet when I asked what revenues they had, I learned that they had to trust for everything to the Providence of God, and that they were never put to shame. Every day, while one division attended to the duties and professions of the institution, others were travelling through the country, asking alms, that they might bestow them on the hungry. Thus have these men dedicated themselves to a life of perpetual self-denial, actuated by faith in God and love to men. My being a Protestant made no difference to them. "God will not ask," said the one who had been in America, "what denomination we were of on earth." And in their alms-giving, the question of Creed or Catechism was never thought of. They never asked the needy whether they were Christian or Mahomedan. And they had faith that God would always send them enough for their own needs and those of their poor; that, to speak in the sublime simplicity of their own words,—if there was only one loaf in the world, half of it would be given to them.

In the same town of Munich I visited an immense hospital, the arrangements of which, with respect to food, ventilation, heating, and everything else, were beyond all praise, and there I saw that all the cooking, cleaning and nursing were done by pleasant-looking women who wore high-peaked starched caps of enormous size. These were "Sisters of Mercy," and their whole work was one of Love. There was not a single paid one among them; and much more useful they seemed than the grim Cerberus-nurses who dole out their services in our hospitals for fee. To these Roman Catholic "Sisters" will not Jesus Christ say, "Well done!"

One evening, when from a hill near Turin I was contemplating a glorious sunset behind the Alps, I got into conversation with an Italian priest, and after a little he asked me if I were a Catholic. "No: I am a Protestant," I answered. "Well, we are still brothers," was the response; "for I see that we are brothers of Jesus Christ;" and so saying he held out his hand, and gave me a Christian's welcome. On parting, I received his blessing, a loving clap on the shoulder, and an admonition to look to Christ. Is it not

delightful to think that there must be many such Christian men in the Church of Rome? And as far as mere external worship goes, is a notorious fact that on the Continent, at least, the Catholic population attend the Church services much better than the Protestant attend theirs. And as regards individual worship, I am constrained to admit, after having travelled with men of both communions, that Catholics are more general faithful than Protestants are, to the duty of private prayer.

Why do I give all these instances, and make these remarks? Not because, like some sentimentalists who have gone from the Church of England, I would argue that the Reformation was unneeded, and that Protestantism is schismatical, but simply because these commonplace truths should be loudly proclaimed among Protestants from common justice and common Christian charity. Is it fair to dilate perpetually upon the evils of any man or party, and never to speak of his or its excellencies? Is it honest to hit the truth when it tells in favor of an opponent, or to shut our eyes so that we may never see it? And yet am I wrong in supposing that many a Protestant will scarcely believe the simple facts that I have told, and at any rate, will admit them grudgingly instead of thanking God for them? The theory of Romanism is—"No salvation outside of the pale of the Church,—that is, of our Church." The very same creed is the practical faith of numerous Protestants. The millions of human-hearted Roman Catholics in the world they have no hesitation in ranging under the two divisions of deceive, and deceived, or of priests and laity. Christ has thrown the gate of heaven open very widely, so that every soul that reaches forward unto him with blind gropings and inarticulate cries may have access and the welcome home. But these men, with the true spirit of Popery, would hedge in the entrance with party Shibboleths and the invidious bars of sect and coterie.

True, I believe that Romanism is deeply in error; that if she does not altogether conceal Christ, yet with her vain rites and traditions and mariolatry that she renders it difficult for the weary soul to find him. But it is against the system and the spirit in whatever church or name it shows itself, and not against the members of any particular church that I am intolerant. There is at present in Italy a curious instance of the way in which theoretical Romanism is false, and yet that it can co-exist with a practical Romanism which is in a great measure true. Thus in no part of Roman Catholic Europe are the people so religious as in Piedmont; in no part is the Sabbath so well observed, the churches so much cared for and so well attended, and by men as well as women and children, or the people generally so upright and honest, as yet that is the very country which lies under