

countries, where there is a larger amount of un-
seen and untold misery. If our Protestant Gov-
ernment permit numeraries to be established in
this country without civil control and inspection,
it is supremely foolish. They are art and part
with the "Man of Sin," they partake of his
guilt; and if they do not change their policy, will
deserve to share in his plagues. Nor will our
Protestant inhabitants be without blame, if they
allow the Government to betray the interests of
Protestantism. They have, or ought to have,
the representation of the nation in their hands;
they can control the legislature and the executive
if they please; and if injury is done to the Re-
formed faith, the chief part of the antichristian
guilt will lie at their door.

We cannot conclude this chapter without re-
marking, that it is partly owing to the law of celibacy
that constitutional government is so difficult
a work in Romanist countries. A powerful mid-
dle class, numerous and enlightened, seems nec-
essary to the success of that species of govern-
ment, and it cannot be found in any Popish
country. The law of celibacy chiefly strikes at
the middle classes, and in Protestant States the
offspring of the clergy form the strongest and
best informed branch of these classes. What a
blow would be given to the industry, and wealth,
and power of Great Britain, were she to be sud-
denly denuded of the posterity of the clergy, or
were she to be deprived of that accession to her
strength for the future! And how much com-
fort and domestic enjoyment would be banished
for ever from the land! Many thousands of use-
ful and happy mothers would, but for our Protes-
tantism, have been doomed to drag out a dreary
and useless life in conventual prisons without the
solace of family endearment, and shorn of the
priceless privilege of personal liberty. Our
British hatred of the "Man of Sin" is happily
great; but it is not so great as it ought to be;
and we hope it will be made every year greater
by the combined and vigorous exertions of the
pulpit and the press.—*The Bulwark.*

CATHERINE FERGUSON.

The following brief but interesting memoir we
take from the *American Missionary*, chiefly for
the purpose of showing that true piety and de-
votedness will find, even in the most obscure and
retired situations, opportunities of advancing the
glory of God, and the spiritual good of mankind.
Surely such individuals, whatever be their out-
ward circumstances, may well be recognised as
among the honorable of the earth:—

Died, on Tuesday, 11th instant, at her house,
74 Thompson street, Widow Catherine Ferguson
after a brief illness, aged about 80 years.

The departure of this remarkable woman should
be commemorated by an obituary notice worthy
of such a mother in Israel, and such an active, life-
long, Christian philanthropist. It is hoped that
a memoir will be presented to the public. Thou-
sands in this community have heard or known
Katy Ferguson, the aged colored woman, who,
in more vigorous life, was the celebrated cake-
maker for weddings and other social parties.
But many who have eaten her unalloyed cake,
and been edified by sensible chat or pious dis-
course, may be ignorant of the eminent virtues
and extraordinary good deeds which crowned her
life. It is due, therefore, to the cause of Christ,
of philanthropy, and the people of color, espe-
cially, that her distinguished services should be
recorded. The facts contained in this notice
were chiefly taken from Mrs. Ferguson's own lips,
March 25, 1850.

Katy was born a slave. Her mother gave birth
to her on her passage from Virginia to this city.
Katy Williams—for that was her name—was
"owned" by R. B., who lived on Water street, and
was an elder in one of the New-York City Pres-

byterian churches. "R. B.," said Katy, "sold
my mother away, but I remember that before we
were torn asunder, she knelt down, laid her hand
on my head, and gave me to God."

Katy never saw her mother again. Her mis-
tress told her that if she was as good as her mo-
ther, she would do well. Katy felt keenly the
loss of her mother. The recollection of her own
anguish when separated from her, made her, she
said, feel compassion for children. When ten
years old, she told her master, R. B., that if he
would give her her liberty, she would serve the
Lord for ever. But he did not do it.

Katy was never taught to read. "My mis-
tress," she said, "would not let me learn; and
once she said to me, 'You know more now than
my daughters.'" One of her mistress's sons asked
Katy to teach him geography, &c. She ex-
claimed, "I can't!" He replied, "Yes, you can;
if I don't read right in the Bible, or if I don't say
my catechism right, you tell quick enough."

At fourteen years of age, she was converted to
God. When under conviction of sin, she deter-
mined to go and see Rev. J. M. Mason, whose
church she then attended. She was afraid to go,
was unwilling it should be known in the family
that she went, and was tremblingly apprehensive
that she could not get access to Dr. Mason, or
that he would not pay attention to her. She,
however, summoned resolution enough to go.
"While I stood at the door ringing the bell," said
she, "I can not describe my feelings; and when
the door opened, and Dr. Mason himself stood
before me, I trembled from head to foot. If he
had spoken harshly to me, or had repulsed me,
I should have almost died of grief, and perhaps
have lost my soul." But the good man did not
speak harshly to her, nor repulse her. Stern
and apparently haughty as he was on some occa-
sions, yet he possessed kind and tender feelings,
as the writer well remembers. He united two
qualities that are never found united, except in
truly great men, high intellectual power and
strong emotional feelings. Without waiting for
the little trembling colored girl to say any thing,
Dr. Mason said, "Have you come here to talk
to me about your soul?" This greatly encouraged
her. She went in and disclosed to the venerable
man the secrets of her heart.

When Katy was sixteen or seventeen years
old, a lady in the city purchased her freedom for
\$200, giving her six years to reimburse her; but
she afterwards agreed to allow her one half of
the sum for eleven months' work, and the late ex-
cellent Divio Beiluno raised the other hundred
dollars.

At 18, she was married. She had two chil-
dren, but lost them both. "They are dead," said
Katy, "and I have no relations now, and most
of my old friends are gone."

During her life, she had taken 48 children—
twenty of them white children—some from
the alms-house, and others from their parents,
and brought them up, or kept them till she could
find places for them. She expended much money
on their behalf, and followed them with affection-
ate interest with her prayers. To my inquiry,
"Have you laid up any property?" she quickly
replied, "How could I, when I gave away all I
earned?"

When she lived at 51 Warren street, (the
house has since been taken down,) she regularly
collected the children in the neighborhood, who
were accustomed to run in the street on the
Lord's day, into her house, and got suitable per-
sons to come and hear them say their catechism.

The sainted Isabella Graham used to invite
Katy's scholars to her house, to say their cate-
chism, and receive religious instruction. This
was about the time Dr. Mason's church in Mur-
ray street was built. The doctor heard of her
school, and on Sunday visited it. "What are
you about here, Katy," said he, "keeping school
on the Sabbath? We must not leave you to do
all this." So he spoke to his elders, had the

lecture-room opened, and the children trans-
ferred to it. This was the origin of the Sunday-
school in the Murray-street church, and it is
believed that Katy Ferguson's was the first Sun-
day-school in the city.

For more than forty years, up to the last of her
life, she has had a prayer-meeting at her house
every Friday evening, and for some five years
past, another every Sabbath afternoon, into
which she gathered the poor neglected children
of the neighborhood, and those adults also who
did not attend church anywhere. She always
secured the aid of some good man to conduct
these meetings. The results of these efforts
were most happy. Tract distributors, city mis-
sionaries, and others, remarked that where Katy
lived, the whole aspect of the neighborhood was
changed. So much for the exertions of a poor
colored woman, who could not read! "The
liberal heart deviseth liberal things."

The secret of Katy's usefulness was her fervent,
uniform, and consistent piety. No one could be
with her, even for a little while, without feeling
its influence. The love of God was shed abroad
in her heart, and it found expression in acts of
benevolence to his children.

The cause of missions was very dear to her.
Three years and a half ago a company of mis-
sionaries were about to embark for West-Africa,
under the directions of the American Missionary
Association. One of the missionaries was in-
vited to attend the little meetings held at Katy's
house, and did so once or twice, before leaving
the country. Katy's sympathies were at once
strongly enlisted in behalf of this young mission-
ary and all his associates. A few months since,
the writer met her in the street, and she eagerly
inquired about the Mendic Mission. "For these
three years," said she, "I have never missed a
day but I have prayed for those dear mission-
aries."

Katy mourned over the condition of the poor
people in the city, who were suffering on account
of their vices as well as their poverty. She said:
"The ruin of both white and colored people,
in this city, is gambling. I told one of them,
that I would never do it; that I had rather live
on bread and water."

On Tuesday morning, having been for several
days somewhat indisposed, she went out to see a
physician. She soon returned to her house, and
lay down, but grew rapidly worse. In a few
hours, it became apparent that her disease was
cholera, and she was sensible that the hour of
dissolution was at hand. Notwithstanding the
suddenness of the summons, she was ready. Her
mind was calm and clear. "Oh!" said she to a
friend who stood near, "what a good thing it is
to have a hope in Jesus!" Her last words were:
"All is well." Yes, sainted spirit, "all is well."

THE BLIND GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

Many years ago, said the Rev. Monsieur V.,
when a student in the Academy of Genoa, I was
accustomed to spend the long summer vacations,
traveling from village to village, in my native
France, preaching in the open squares the king-
dom of God, distributing His holy Word to those
who would accept it, and teaching from house to
house the blessed Gospel of Jesus my Master.
On such an excursion in the summer of 183—, I
entered a little vine-hung cabin in the environs
of Dijon. In its low, wide kitchen I saw a
middle-aged woman busily ironing, a boy yet too
young to labour, and a girl some seventeen or
eighteen years, of a sweet serious aspect, plaiting
straw. She did not raise her eyes as I entered,
and, on a nearer approach, I perceived that she
was blind.

Saying that I was one sent to bring glad
tidings of good things, I began to tell them the
story of Christ, His love, His sufferings, His death.
They listened attentively, and tears rolled slowly
from the sightless eyes of the young girl. I was