

dead appear. It is hoped that the deceased rests 'in peace,' or 'in the fellowship of the saints.' His friends wish it for him; nothing more precise—no allusion to purgatory or hell. What is desired for the loved ones from whom they have been separated is the *Refugium*—a place at the celestial banquet. Little by little the wish became a prayer, and the prayer for the dead produced the demand for their intercession, and the invocation of the saints. At the end of the fourth century this was usual."

The piety of the early Christians made them careful to avoid representing "the King eternal, immortal, and invisible." The hand appearing at the edge or top of the picture speaks of Him in paintings of those scenes in which he is an actor. With progressive boldness we find painted the arm, then the face, next the upper part

of the body, and finally an aged man wearing the papal tiara and vestments.

"Protestantism, therefore, has nothing to fear from the closest investigation of these evidences of primitive Christianity. They offer no warrant whatever for the characteristic doctrines and practice of the modern church of Rome. There is not a single inscription, nor painting, nor sculpture before the middle of the fourth century that lends the least countenance to her arrogant assumptions and erroneous dogmas. All previous to this date are remarkable for their evangelical character. These ancient records are a *palimpsest* which she has written all over with her own glosses and interpretations, and when the ordeal of modern criticism revives the real documents, they are found strikingly opposed to the pretensions of the Roman See."

FROM THE SEABOARD.

BY REV. G. BRUCE, M.A.

CONFEDERATION has already done much to bring the different provinces of the Dominion into acquaintance with one another. The union of the Presbyterian Church has perhaps done even more within the sympathy of our membership; but there is room for a good deal of hand-shaking and a great many informal conversations before things are as they should be.

Confederation is a fact, and it is probably accepted as such by every one, but the chemistry of the combination is not so profoundly settled as to prevent certain molecular movements, accompanied by considerable heat. Indeed, I think every member of the confederacy has found occasion, at one time or another, to declare that it will go out of the game if there is not fair play. Every year

however adds strength to the bond by which the provinces are held together, lessens the force of antagonistic interests, and consolidates the Dominion as a united people.

New Brunswick, though one of the oldest, is perhaps one of the provinces least known to the people of the west. I mean particularly to the people of Ontario, for I am reminded that though a distance of something like a thousand miles separates these provinces the vaguely ambiguous term "The West" can only be used to indicate *direction*, not distance.

There are two or three ways of coming here: one by the Intercolonial Railroad, more briefly indicated by the cabalistic characters—I. C. R.; the other by way of Boston, from which St. John is reached by a de-