

visitors who hop, skip, and jump through Italy with a Cook's tourist ticket; and because in some kiosk they have seen a caricature of the Pope, because in some railway carriage an Italian liberal has denounced priestcraft, or because they have met with the grave courtesy characteristic of that noble people when they have distributed a tract, go away with the impression that the field is ripe for the harvest. These are the over-sanguine, but not the Missionary. He knows, better than others, what fearful forces are at work holding down that great and noble people, and what an iron grip Popery has on its population, and that between Popery and the Bible there can be no compact—there can be no truce. It was all very well for Father Hyacinthe to stand on the platform of the Bible Meeting in Rome, and say that he stood there in his capacity of Catholic priest. He stood there as a Catholic, just as the noble Lord in the chair stands here as a Catholic, as you are here to-day—as Peter, Paul, Clement, Ignatius, and Justin Martyr are Catholics—old Catholics, and very old. But not Catholic—strange combination of terms—in the sense of Roman Catholic or Popish Catholic. I was very much struck the morning after the meeting was over to read an article by Monsignor Nardi, in his famous *Voce della Verità*, “the voice of truth,” in which he laboured to show that the Romish Church does not condemn or oppose Bible circulation, but only the circulation of unauthorised translations, or even of authorised translations without notes, *Voce della Verità!* Nay; lies my Lord, unmitigated lies. If what Monsignor Nardi says be really so, where are her cheap editions of the authorised and annotated Bible? Where are her clever men continuously at work to compile and edit these editions? Where are her societies for diffusing them, her colporteurs to scatter them abroad? Up to the 20th September 1870, it needed a rich man to buy a Bible in the City of Rome; and remember, I mean, an authorised translation with legitimate notes, that would have satisfied the whole College of Cardinals, if indeed they could ever be satisfied by a translation of the Bible. And then there are other opponents to our work in Italy. There is a scoffing, mocking, materialistic scepticism with which we have to grapple. Here, in this impious crusade, Popery and incredulity join hands. And what wonder? Are they not near akin? Is not one the unfaithful spouse and the other the bastard child? There are men in Italy who read the Bible—men of popular influence, journalists, pamphleteers, orators in Parliament, and for what? For the same reason for which the Scribes and Pharisees went to hear Jesus Christ, in order that they may blaspheme its miracles as imposture, and may pervert and misrepresent its holy teaching. I have read articles on the Son of God himself, upon the character of Jesus—which have made me think shudderingly of the unpardonable sin of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. These are our antagonists, the choice battalions, the picked legions of the power of darkness. But we do not fear. The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our ark and refuge, and the victory shall one day be ours. Mighty influences—the influences of the blessed Spirit—are working with us. When I think of Italy I figure to myself a sleeper plunged in profound slumber with the dawnlight just creeping in through the casement of his room. Gently and imperceptibly, struggling feebly through the darkness, come the first rays