

lation of the Province of Quebec where Popery is, if not most pure, at least most powerful, with that of the Protestant population in the adjoining provinces east or west of them, or their American neighbours south of them, how marked and melancholy the difference—a difference in defect, showing in the . . . a pitiable and painful lack, alike of manly vigour and mental power. And while we can as yet boast of but few who in intellectual stature and culture stand out and up over their fellows, yet we have at least a Dawson and a Wilson—and whom have they? But should we cast our eyes over the ocean and scan the literature and literature of the mother isles of the sea, how many amid the glorious galaxy of lordly intellects, and how much of the learned literature found there, in proportion to population, belong to the adherents of the Church of Rome? True, they may point you to a Lingard, a Butler, and a Wiseman, but beyond these can they point to any who, either by nature or by culture, either by eminent scholarship, gigantic intellect or original research, have commanded any large share of the public attention? Look too, alike at the system as well as the substance of their education. Compare for instance the teaching as well as the text-books of Maynooth and all her collegiate circle of satellites with the teaching and the text-books of Protestant universities, and one would stand amazed at the immeasurable intellectual superiority of the latter over the former, while each is found yielding fruit after its kind.

Cross the channel to France, and while the Romanist may, in divinity proudly point to Massillon and Bossuet, and while each revels at will in the blaze of a brilliant genius, yet few would be led to say that either their intellect was powerful or their orations profound; or do they point to Pascal or Quesnel, these were far from being true sons of the Church, for while the former lashed it with his sarcastic satire, the latter strenuously combated many of its unscriptural and imperious dogmas. Do they point, in philosophy, to De Cartes? it will be found that his adherence to the Church was more nominal than real, more servile than sacred. Do they point in science to La Place, or in literature to Voltaire and Rousseau? yet amid the fame of the former and the celebrity of the latter it is not too much to say that these, with their confederates, with hardly an exception, were infidels.

But what is said of them intellectually—and the illustrations might have been greatly extended—is no less true of them nationally, for it is a matter of history that throughout the Christian world, in the present as in the past, whatever progress has been made in intelligence, in liberty, in wealth and the arts of life, has not been made by or because of the Church of Rome, but in despite, and often in defiance, of her; and in whatever country we may travel or in whatever community we may sojourn, this progress has everywhere been, rather, in the inverse proportion to her power. If we compare nations with what they once were, we see in the downfall and degradation of Spain—once the first among monarchies—a sample of how some of the loveliest and wealthiest provinces of Europe, have under Romish rule, been sunk into comparative poverty, political servility, and all but intellectual inanity; while such a country as Holland, in spite of her many disadvantages, has risen to position and power, such as is seldom reached by any commonwealth so circumscribed. Or if we look at Italy away in the far fertile south, at one time first in warfare, in wealth, and in world-wide renown, but now, long alike the seat and the slave of Romish power, and compare with it Scotland away in the bleak and barren north—what it was under Popish serfdom and what it now is under Protestant liberty—compare their respective countries, their capitals and their communities, and we will see there too how Protestant countries once proverbial for sterility and barbarism have been by intelligence and enterprise transformed into luxuriant gardens and fertile fields, and can now present, out of these once barbarians, a long and deservedly honoured list of heroes and statesmen, poets and philosophers. But if we compare even one part of a country with another, the same truth stands out in all its sad significance. Pass from a Popish

county to a Protestant one in Ireland, from one such canton to another in Switzerland, or from one such principality in Germany to another, and the contrast is at once self evident and significant. Or if we again cross the ocean and see how far the United States have left behind in intelligence and enterprise the no less favoured countries of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, we are forced to the same conclusion. Or if we come to our own home, where in it is found the intelligence, the energy and the enterprise of our country? certainly, with but few exceptions, not among the Romanists. And if we take a glance at our neighbouring province, which is peculiarly though unfortunately for them their own, we will meet there on every hand the dark and degrading contrast, and this is the more marked in proportion as they fail to meet with and mingle with their more favoured Protestant fellow-men. What is found in Romish countries is equally seen in settlements or communities, vividly recalling to mind an instance in which I and a friend were travelling by our own conveyance through one of the most fertile regions of our western province, when, as we journeyed, we came upon a continuation of farms, the soil evidently as good as the fertile fields we had so lately passed, yet the houses and fences were so poor and dilapidated, and the fields and their products in such full keeping therewith, as to excite a mutual wonder which all our conjectures could not dispel, until as we drove along we sighted in the near distance a Romish church, which at once solved and settled the otherwise insolvable mystery. All these things taken together point without a doubt to a powerful and a permeating something in the essence and operations of Romanism at once detrimental and destructive to man's higher development, alike intellectually and nationally.

DISCOURAGEMENTS.

Discouraged, little maiden,
Because your sun is hard?
A merry heart makes figures smile;
They mock your sadness all this while,
With sunny face and purpose strong,
The answer 'll come ere long.

Discouraged, anxious mother?
The child must be a child.
Serious thoughts will come with years;
With hopeful heart, instead of tears,
Sow goodly seed, ere youth be gone;
The reaping comes anon.

Discouraged, weary teacher?
Call you your labour vain?
The little hands that restless play,
And rise before you day by day,
In life's stern school may bear brave part;
O weary one, take heart!

Discouraged, faithful pastor?
Hast toiled and waited long?
Thou may'st not know the flames divine
Kindled in hearts by words of thine;
Waiting is weary, but—the crown!—
Brave soul, be not cast down!

Discouraged, Christian soldier,
Because the fight goes laud?
The more the need of your strong arm.
Up: bravely sound the loud alarm!
The watchword is, "Eternal life;"
On, to the mortal strife!

—Zion's Herald.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Kilstein, a pious German minister, once heard a labouring man use the most awful curses and imprecations in a fit of passion, without reproving him for it. This so troubled him that he could scarcely sleep the following night. In the morning he arose early, soon saw the man coming along, and addressed him, as follows:

"My friend, it is you I am waiting to see."

"You are mistaken," replied the man; "you have never seen me before."

"Yes, I saw you yesterday," said Kilstein, "whilst returning from your work, and heard you praying."

"What! heard me pray?" said the man. "I am sure now that you are mistaken, for I never prayed in my life."

"And yet," calmly but earnestly replied the minister, "if God had heard your prayer, you would not be here, but in hell, for I heard you beseeching God that He might strike you with blindness and condemn you to hell fire."

The man turned pale and tremblingly said. "Dear sir, do you call this prayer? Yes, it is true; I did this very thing."

"Now, my friend," continued Kilstein, "as you acknowledge it, it is my duty to beseech you to seek with the same earnestness the salvation of your soul as you have hitherto its damnation, and I will pray to God that He will have mercy upon you."

From this time the man regularly attended upon the ministry of Kilstein, and ere long was brought in humble repentance to Christ as a believer.

"A word in season, how good it is!" "Be instant in season and out of season; rebuke, reprove, exhort with long-suffering and patience."

NEED OF MORAL DISCERNMENT TO APPREHEND GOSPEL TRUTHS.

The great truths of the Gospel require for their apprehension some moral discernment. How can a thoroughly selfish man understand the truth of Christ's divinity? Divinity to him means force or quantity rather than quality of being. How much would you know about the Apollo Belvidere if one should simply tell you that it consisted of so many cubic inches of white marble, and weighed so many pounds? What idea of its beauty would those words convey to you? Some such quantitative notion of Christ's divinity a selfish man may get, and it is the only idea of him that we find in the writings of many theologians. Such a notion may well be disputed about, but it is of no practical value. To apprehend the beauty of Christ's character, in which His divinity chiefly resides, one needs much schooling in the services of obedience and love. And the more men know of this the less they will be inclined to dispute about it.

Christ is our example; but he who supposes that Christ's work consists simply in furnishing us an example has a very inadequate idea of what man needs and of what Christ is. It is true that we have some power of copying, by observation and volition, the conduct of those that are better than we are; but it is also true that the lives which are mainly the result of imitation are defective and unlovely lives. "That peculiar character," says Dr. Mozley, "which we admire in another, would become quite a different one in ourselves could we achieve the most successful imitation. The copy could never have the spirit of the original, because it would want the natural root upon which the original grew. We ought to grow out of our own roots; our own inherent property of constitution is the best nucleus for our own formation." This, then, is what we need—the healing, the quickening, the replenishing of our spiritual life. It is not a model to grow by; it is "more life and fuller that we want." This is what Christ came to bring: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." By faith in him we are made partakers of his nature, and thus the very elements of virtue in us are reinforced. The tulip bulb does not need a full grown tulip to look at that it may learn how to blossom; it needs to feel at its own heart the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the soil. Not Christ before you as an example, but "Christ in you," communicating to you the vitalizing energy of his own eternal life, is the power of God unto salvation. —Sunday Afternoon for May.

ONE day a Christian man was pressing on some Roman Catholic neighbours the danger of neglecting their soul's salvation, and in doing so set before them the terrors of the hell that awaits the impenitent. One of them turned on him and said, "You are a father; could you make one of your children unhappy for his whole life, even if he had offended you ever so deeply? And will God be less merciful to us than an earthly parent would be towards his children? If we have been so unfortunate as to offend Him, still will He not spare us?" "Spare you!" answered the other; "how could He do that, when He spared not His own Son!"