THE PROTECTOR

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, September 2, 1857. No. 27.

The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

Edited by a Committee of Protestant Gentlemen. Terms: 12s. per annum, in advance; otherwise 15s. will be charged. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

To the Editors of the Protector.

The enclosed extract, although taken from an old pamphlet, is, I think, well worthy of re-publication. It sets forth a simple but forcible illustration of one of the great and important principles advocated by the *Protector*, and, if it meet your approval, it might, perhaps, very profitably occupy a place in its valuable columns.

Halifax, N. S. T. C.

MY GARDEN GROUND.

"En arrosant les roses on fait croitre les épines," says a Moslem proverb on a Turkish mosque. This is true in plain English, as well as in French and Arabic—"By watering the roses we make the thorns grow;" and true to the letter in my beloved garden-ground. "At least," I had said to myself at the beginning, "at least, there is some advantage in a ground that grows nothing. The poor emigrant who gets an allotment of land in the back settlements of America, finds his portion pre-occupied with every manner of troublesome thing; he must first clear the ground; it is well if he can find a safe footing while he does it. He must cut down, root up, cast out, and it is well indeed if it be only the more passive possessors of the land he has to contend with. Before he can either plough or sow, many a weary, toilsome month must be expended in the work of extermination; the good and the bad, the living and the dead, the useful and the mischievous—trees, animals, and men—have all to be displaced before he can use his own. Not so with me. My bit of ground was unincumbered, it grew nothing; for many a year a foot-worn sod alone had kept possession, and that unwillingly, diminishing every day; while a few poor cockchafers, which would not be averse to my improvements, were the sole remaining incumbents of the soil."

It seemed to me a favorable feature in my case, that though I had all to do, I had nothing to undo in my projected plans; but, alas! no sooner had I turned the virgin earth, and spread the rich manure, and watched in hope the upcoming of my flower-seed, than to my great sadness up came something else. It was very strange; there was nothing there before. Some of these novelties I welcomed with great glee at first, trenched carefully round them, turned flower-pots over them; mistaking them for my most choice and rare exotics, till the learned told me they were only weeds. None such were ever seen upon the ground before; an enemy must have done it while I slept: but the gate was padlocked, and the fence was high; steel-traps and spring-guns were announced upon a board; nor child, nor beggar, nor malignant sprite could break the charmed line of my tabooed enclosure. Whence then the weeds? Groundsel and coltsfoot, thistles and dandelions, chickweed and cudweed and hawkweed, every name that ever graced a native herbarium, or disgraced a lady's flower-bed, came forth in its season, and brought forth after its kind. Spring showers, the delight of my heart and of my thirsty soul, never failed to beget a new progeny, and consign me to fresh labour. Did it never rain upon this ground before, I wonder, that these weeds grew not till it was mine? Is my seed bad? Is my manure in fault? Is my soil incorrigible? And then the grubs, and then the snails, and then the caterpillars, they certainly never fed upon the waste; where have they stayed their malignant appetites for my choice things? Fetch back the rooks I took so much pains to frighten, they were the lesser evil of the two.

Similar results may follow upon the increase of popular education. Our instruction may not be bad; our method of teaching may not be in fault; our children may not be hardened and incorrigible; and yet, increase of evil will be the necessary result of mental cultivation, unless moral and religious principles be received therewith. The case is simply analogous with the lesson of my garden. Every seed of evil lies dormant in the bosom of fallen man. "Conceived in iniquity and born in sin;" in every sin, every iniquity. Time and circumstance, inducements and opportunities are only wanting, in order to the full development of the dormant evil. These opportunities and inducements may not come; partially, without culture, the seed may not grow up; the vicious principle may never proceed to action, for want of strength and courage; poverty, ignorance, and stupidity, may cut off the germinating mischief in some cases; in others, prejudice, and fear, and habit, will check the growth; and the removal of any one of these obstacles will then give the evil way. To every native faculty, or passion, perception, propensity, desire, or capability, cultivation adds stimulus and power. While of the good seed it is written, "That Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but it is God that giveth the increase; it is far otherwise with the bad seed; there needs no planter, there needs no waterer, there needs no giver of the increase; all is ready, waiting only occasion to grow up and prosper. The foot of oppression may have trodden it down, the blight of misery may have cut it close, and for a season, at least, the sterile bosom seems to lie harmless and innoxious, for lack of covert and sustentation for the noisome thing.

Much, very much, of all our failure in education, both public and private, arises from not taking the corruptions of human nature sufficiently into account. The loving mother, the gratified father, receive into their hands the precious boon of heaven, the child of their desires; they call it innocent, they see it harmless, they fondly begin to think of what they would have it be, how they will rear it, what they will teach it, and most of all, perhaps, and wisely too, how they can best guard the precious things from harm. It shall hear no bad words, it shall read no bad books, it shall see no bad examples, and have no bad companions; hedge it round, build a tower, set a watch, now all is safe, and we have only to implant whatever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report; there is only the good seed wanting. What fair, bright spots we have seen beginning thus. One would think the whole surrounding world had got the plague, so strictly are the approaches guarded, and all communications forbidden from without. Aye, so it has—the world has got the plague, the leprous plague of sin; but wait a little, all is not safe; I have seen such untimely growth of evil in these sheltered, highly cultured spots, as never did, and never could have so luxuriated elsewhere; because a rude world would not have spared their pride, would not have conceded to their wilfulness, would not have given place to their presumption, or made room for their rampant selfishness, as their partial, yielding, self-denying parents have done. Must we call back the rooks? No; but we must learn wisdom. There needs more anxious labor in education to undo than to do; to prevent, than to promote; to root out, than to implant; and it is the harder task for this especial reason: that while the natural growth of evil in the human heart tends always to counteract, outgrow, and smother whatever good or useful or pleasant thing we may be laboring to introduce, the very means we necessarily use by mental cultivation and intellectual stimulus, to make the precious exotic grow and flourish, does actually strengthen and invigorate, instead of discouraging the mind's indigenous weeds, so that our efforts are both ways counteracted.

Men have denied this; perhaps we have all denied it in our turn, practically or theoretically. Intellectual cultivation, intelligence, knowledge, have been supposed the succedaneum of all mortal miseries; the one specific for all human wrong, temporal, moral, and political; nothing could stand before the light of intellectual strength. *Inform* the people, and nothing will be wanting to make them loyal, orderly, and contented. It was true no nation had been so ungovernable and capricious as the intellectual Greeks, so grossly vicious as the cultured Romans, so brutal and unhumanized as the literary, philosophy-boasting French; but this was too cheap experience to avail us; we must buy. I hope what we have bought may now avail us more. Libraries, societies, lecture-rooms, magazines and cyclopædias, for the dissemination of knowledge, have been made trial of; and to a greater extent than at any time before, the people of Great Britain *are informed*—capable of reading and thinking, and supplied with cheap literature for the exercise of these new faculties. Has it served the purpose? Is our country more moral, more peaceful, loyal and contented, than at any time before? Has crime diminished? Has disaffection and disorganization disappeared in exact proportion to the spread of intelligence in our land, and the mental development of our people? It is vain to answer that we have not done enough; the mass of the population are still uneducated. It is plainly a question of degree: because if a five miles "march of intellect," as it has come to be vernacularly called, has brought us no way nearer to the point we make for, it is not very likely we shall reach it by marching five miles farther on the same road. Would it not rather be apparent we had mistaken the way?

"Divers efforts have been made," says the author of 'Remedies for the Perils of the Nation,' "by the advocates of what is called useful knowledge, to give the poor a 'non-sectarian' education. But experience has proved that mere education of the poorer classes, without any care of their religious principles, has had no sensible effect in counteracting the influence of demoralizing circumstances, or preventing, by the extension of knowledge and mental resources, the growth of human depravity. This is demonstrated as clearly as that two and two make four. Happy if it could be safely said that the influence of such merely scientific education has only been negative, and that it has not positively added to the sum total of general wickedness."

"Every person," says Mr. Alison, in his work on population, "who has observed the condition of the middling and working classes of society of late years, must have noticed in them, and more particularly in the most intelligent of their number, a dissatisfaction with their situation, a feverish restlessness, a desire of change, an anxiety to get out of the sphere of physical into that of intellectual labor; and an incessant craving after immediate enjoyment, either of the fancy or the senses. This is the natural consequence of the extension of the means of reading to the mass of the people, without any attention to their moral discipline or religious improvement."

I believe we have mistaken the road, and so lost our way, and wasted our labor. We have thought of what was wanting, and forgot what was too much; we have tilled and watered, and the increase is iniquity; we have edged and burnished the weapons of the enemy, by making our people capable of being more mischievous and more miserable than they were before. In a twofold sense we have verified the wise man's proverb—"In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth learning, increaseth sorrow." Of worldly wisdom, of human learning, without the corrective of Divine truth, the wisdom of God and the knowledge of his ways, this ever has been, and ever will be true. We cannot strengthen the intellect apart from God, without the heart being strengthened against him; we cannot develop the natural faculties of a man without developing his natural propensities, and these are all to sin; and thus it is that unsanctified knowledge, instruction without principle, education without religion, is the stronghold of Satan's power. Oh, how he likes to see us so honestly, so mischievously busy, strengthening his hands against the final conflict that is so fast, perhaps, approaching.

What a harvest will grow up presently for somebody; we have our warning in nature; we have it in history; we have it in experience; we have it in the word, the works, and the known mind of the Creator. Education, without moral and religious influence, will make our children and our people worse. Are we therefore, to give it up, and restore them to a state of brutal ignorance, dulness and imbecility? We cannot if we would, and we might not if we could. We have broken up the master's ground, and cannot lay it down again; we have received possession, and must render an account. But we must go to work more wisely, more painfully; we must do all that human efforts can do to stay the natural growth and development of corruption in the minds of our children. For this corruption, inherent in their very nature, there is but one remedy, and can be found no other, because the Almighty has prescribed but one mode of recovery from the fall in which it originated, and has determined and declared that there shall be no other—no cure for sin and misery but by the knowledge of himself in Jesus Christ. Whatever other knowledge we communicate without this, will promote the education of one family assuredly, but not God's; it will capacitate our children for something, but not for righteousness, and therefore not for happiness. Without the restraints and sanctions of the Divine law, and the benignant influence of the blessed gospel, we shall do our work in vain, and worse than in vain: "We shall sow to the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

PURE AIR AND SLEEP.

Dr. Arnott, in his "Physics," states that a canary bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead where persons are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning, from the effects of carbonic acid gas generated in respiration. He set forth this as a fact, to show the necessity of breathing pure air in sleeping apartments, and a sweeping argument against the old-fashioned high-curtained bedsteads.

A healthy man respires about twenty times in a minute, and inhales in that period about seven hundred cubic inches of air; this he exhales again in the form of carbonic acid gas and water, which vitiates the atmosphere. Three and one-half per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air renders it unfit for the support of life; this shows how necessary it is to provide a supply of pure air for the support of respiration.

There are also facts which go to prove that more danger exists—that there is a greater proneness to disease—during sleep than in the waking state. In Turkey and Hindostan, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, over which the wind is blowing towards him, he is liable to "sleep the sleep which knows no waking."

The peasants of Italy who fall asleep in the neighborhood of the Pontine marshes are invariably smitten with fever. Even travellers who pass the night in the Campagna du Roma, inevitably become more or less affected with the noxious air, while those who pass through without stopping, escape the marsh fever. Those who have travelled in tropical climes, and who have been attacked with bilious fevers, uniformly ascribe the cause of their sufferings to night exposure in the open air.

An English traveller in Abyssinia has asserted that he could live in health in that sickly climate, by a proper selection of the situation where he slept every night.

There is abundant evidence, it would appear, which goes to prove that by proper attention to the place where, and the circumstances under which persons sleep, many diseases may be avoided.—*Scientific American.*

Children's Dressing.—Halle "Journal of Health" says, "It is an ignorant barbarism which allows a child to have bare arms, and legs, and feet, even in summer. The circulation should be invited to the extremities; warmth does that; cold repels it. It is at the hands and feet we begin to die. Those who have cold hands and feet are never well."

(*Correspondence of the "News of the Churches."*)

FRANCE.

Paris, July 18, 1857.

Terrible forebodings of evil hang over this country. Politically, we are continually warned of the possibility, nay, probability of an awful catastrophe. The Government is evidently losing its hold on the people, especially in the great centres of population. The late elections have turned against the Emperor in most of the towns, notwithstanding the unparalleled activity of the Government agents, and the numerous restrictions on the liberty of the opposition candidates; and had the towns been allowed to form separate boroughs from the country, as is the case in England, it is not eleven opposition deputies that would have been elected, but thirty or forty at least. Then a conspiracy has been discovered, which is said to be the most serious of any we have as yet had a knowledge of, both from the extent of its ramifications and the character of the individuals concerned. Hence the police take the most extraordinary precautions, and the dread of an insurrection is betrayed in numerous instances. It was only two days ago that Beranger died here, at the age of seventy-seven. Beranger was the most popular poet of France. His songs and ballads are in everybody's mouth, like those of Burns in Scotland.* At the same time, he was considered the very personification of simplicity and independence, for, to the end of his life, he chose to live poor and in a humble position, refusing all the honours and pensions offered him by the successive governments of the country. He never flattered any of them, but his songs breathed the patriotic spirit of liberty and the love of his country. Well, the Government could not but give so popular a man a decent burial at the public expense. But it so much dreaded some manifestations of liberty and republicanism, that, with indecent haste, it had the funeral performed within eighteen hours of Beranger's death, strictly forbade any but the representatives of the Emperor and of scientific societies to attend, and gave orders that the gates of the cemetery should be closed to the public, and that no speeches should be pronounced on the tomb. Yet this very same Government, whilst showing its weakness and its terror, professes to have a firm footing in the affections of the people!

In a religious point of view, matters are no better, and a crisis is also impending. The Ultramontanes and the Jesuits are bending the bow in such a way that it must break soon. In order to dominate over the minds of the people, it was shown in a former letter that they foster a spirit of gross superstition, by inventing the most extraordinary miracles and fables. The result of this is seen in the number of pretended sorcerers and wizards that have appeared of late in the provinces, and made numerous dupes. Only to give one instance, a man was condemned a few days ago, in the department of Ardeche, for having sold, to different persons, a philter (it appears to have been only pure water), which was believed to have the wonderful property of inspiring love for the owner. I have seen more similar cases in the papers within the last few weeks, than formerly within as many years.

But superstition is not the only means employed by Rome to keep the people in ignorance. Calumny and slander are in daily use, especially against Protestants. The *Univers*, which pretended to consider Protestantism as an enemy scarcely worth mentioning, now seizes upon every conceivable opportunity to accuse it and slander it, by distorting facts in a very clever but diabolical manner. These attacks are of almost daily occurrence, and cannot therefore be enumerated. Not only are England and America taken to account for their Protestant doings, but our missionary stations at the very antipodes are not spared. Thus, some time ago a very long article was devoted to *Protestantism in Central Oceania, i.e.*, to the missions of the Wesleyan Society in the Friendly and Feejee Islands. The following are some of the *facts* (!!) stated:—From the testimony of a Romish priest, who has visited those lovely isles, the Wesleyan missionaries are men without piety and modesty, giving, in their private conduct, detestable examples of immorality, and labouring for nothing but to acquire power, money, and goods. King George is represented as a chief who, being seduced by spirituous liquors, or some other similar means, massacred whole villages in the Friendly Islands, without distinction of age or sex, and then went to the Feejee Islands with an army of 3000 men, threatening the poor islanders with *Methodism* or *Death!* As to the proselytes thus made, they have of course gained nothing in a religious or moral point of view, but have fallen below what they were previously. The only book placed in their hands is the Bible, which they cannot understand, which conveys to their minds no clear and distinct idea of religion, and "fills their imagination with a confused medley of incoherent and most ridiculous ideas." And how could it be otherwise, since the Methodist teachers are themselves so learned that they will "place Jesus Christ before Moses," and tell "how the Papists were slain at the foot of Mount Sinai for having violated the Sabbath!" The same in reference to morals. The South Sea Islander has lost considerably in this respect. He now "displays much more pride in his proceedings, more skill in his lies and thefts, and much more cleverness in concealing disorders and saving appearances." And thus the writer goes on for five long columns, *usque ad nauseam.*

It is by such means that the Jesuits carry into effect their celebrated motto, "Calumniate, calumniate, and something of it will certainly remain!" Their impudent assertions are believed by many, and as a natural consequence, instead of more religious liberty, we have less every day, as the following facts will prove:—

Against the decision of the tribunal of Jonsac, which was mentioned in my last, an appeal was lodged by the attorney-general, because the judges had recognised the right of discussion and controversy, and therefore inflicted a very small fine on the defendants. A new trial therefore took place at Poitiers, on the 25th of June last, and Brother Massy was this time found guilty, not only for having held unauthorised meetings, but also for having outraged and derided the Roman Catholic Church, by saying that the priests had suppressed the second commandment, that auricular confession was useless, and the doctrine of purgatory absurd, &c. In consequence his fine was increased to £20. By this decision, the right of discussion is suppressed, as well as that of meeting.

Another condemnation was inflicted last month at Vendome, near Blois, on Pastor Cadier, and eighteen of his hearers, for having organized an unauthorized religious meeting. In this case the authorization had been asked for and promised, but was not yet arrived. The fine was almost nominal, only 5s. each person. Pastor Cadier, however, appealed from the sentence.

A proof that these condemnations can scarcely be considered as the result of local opposition, is the extraordinary fact that an authorization was refused last week for a Protestant place of worship in *Calais*, within sight of the English shore. There was formerly, and for a number of years, a Methodist French Chapel in Calais; but the pastor having left the place in 1848, it was closed. The present pastor of the Basseville having an opportunity to reopen that chapel, applied to the proper authorities, and met with a refusal, the Prefect adding, if I am well informed, that there was no need of a chapel in Calais!

I believe I mentioned some time ago, that an address from the Christians of France to those of the United States, on the subject of slavery, had been prepared, and was receiving numerous signatures. It has now been sent with the signatures appended to it of 5700 pastors, elders, or deacons of 579 churches, out of 740 we have in this country. This address is an important and telling manifestation of the Protestant opinion here in reference to slavery and its evils.

* In order to give an insight into the real state of French morals, it may be proper to add, that a great many of the songs of the *popular* Beranger are of so immoral and lascivious a character, that not even a Frenchman, who has a little sense of decency, will dare put the volume which contains them on the shelves of his own library.

THE SENTINELS AT THE OUTPOSTS.

Here is a beautiful picture of the faith, patience, and perseverance of the Christian missionary:

"Early in 1851 it occurred to the Morovian community of Hernhutt that the Mongolian races had as yet been unvisited by missionaries. They resolved to remedy the deficiency, and the lot fell on two of the brethren, M. Pagell, of Stettin, and M. Heyde, of Middle Silesia. They accepted the duty 'gladly,' and, after a few months spent in diligent study of Mongolian, they arrived, *via* England, in Calcutta. In January, 1854, they had reached Kotgurh, whence they hoped, *via* Ladakh, to penetrate into Mongolia.

There they remained twelve months, studying Thibetan, a language necessary, not for their Mission, but for their journey to the Mission field. They left Kotgurh in March, and by June had arrived, by Kallee, Lahol, and Sanskar, at Leh, the point beyond which the British Government is powerless. There they were informed that their next step lay through Radox, a Thibetan province, never traversed by Europeans. Permission to enter the territory was, of course, refused, but official difficulties do not retard Hernhutters. They pressed on, and it was not till stopped by force by the Chinese authorities that they returned, *via* Spiti and Runawur, to Kotgurh. There they awaited instructions from Hernhutt. The Society ordered them to remain, to acquire Thibetan perfectly, to translate the Scriptures into that tongue, and, if possible, hereafter to penetrate into Great Thibet. They settled, therefore, in Lahol, built a bungalow, and established schools. And there, at the top of the highest Himalayas beyond all civilization, and almost beyond the ken of civilized men, the two Hernhutters remain, teaching, preaching, spreading everywhere at once education and the light of the Christian faith. Now and then a traveller struggles up to their mountain seat, and sees a dawning civilization beyond the range even of geographers. One such visitor has told us how he thought 'with some emotion of those two Moravian missionaries who have pitched their tents in Lahol, and given themselves up to preaching the faith which they hold in regions where they may safely boast that they are 'not laboring in other men's line of things made ready to their hand.'" All missionaries may, as a rule, claim credit for readiness to go to unfrequented parts of the earth; and if this be praise, these good Moravians may be considered missionaries of the missionaries. They have taken up their station, are learning the language—something which we Hindostani talkers dream not of—and are quietly conciliating the people. Whatever may be their success in their particular object, it is impossible to think without interest of those two sentinels, posted in the extremest face of the civilized world. The great tide of European life and energy and knowledge which is ever flowing from the heart, the great Western capitals, is carried in a still diminishing stream to distant Asia; it travels up to the North-west; it trickles into the Himalaya Mountains; and here, in a wild region, far beyond the most remote outlying European hill station, beats its last faint pulse. In a small house in Lahol may be found European manners, the European face, Western learning, and the Christian religion. Leaving these behind, how many thousand miles might we proceed Northward before finding the other end of the chain, before stumbling on the first Russian peasant who might claim, in some imperfect degree, to represent Europe. The American points with some pride to the backwoodsmen, the pioneers of civilization, whose incessant war with the forest clears the way for the locomotive—and the slave. Is the palm with them, or with the men whose war is not with oaks, but human vices; whose effort is not to create a plain that will bear corn, but to raise a race scarcely higher than animals one step nearer to their God?"—*Friend of India.*

GIVEN OVER TO DELUSION.

From a speech of the Rev. Mr. Beamish before the Society for English Church Missions to Roman Catholics:

"It was a part of God's plan to punish judicically those who rejected his truth, to give them over, as it were, to delusion when they had believed a lie; and, this being the case, reason and intellect had nothing to do with the matter. An illustration of this was afforded by the case of a young man, whose mother was a lady of rank, a very pious woman, and a member of his (Mr. Beamish's) congregation. This young gentleman distinguished himself at Cambridge, and was a person of amiable disposition. A short time ago he astonished his mother, who had no idea previously of his having had any communication with a Roman Catholic priest, by saying to her, 'Mother, I am sure you will be deeply grieved when I tell you, as I now do, that I am going to become a Roman Catholic.' His mother said, with tears in her eyes, 'Why will you do that? You must, in that case, give up your Bible and give up the truth of God.' He replied that his mind was quite made up, a Roman Catholic priest with whom he had conversed on the subject having convinced him that there was but one true Church and that that Church was the Roman Catholic Church. His mother requested him to have an interview with him (Mr. Beamish) before he took the final step of formally joining the Romish Church, and to this request he consented. An interview took place between them by appointment. The only books which he (Mr. Beamish) relied upon for assistance on the occasion were, the fountain of all truth, the Bible, and a work which proceeded from a prelate who was certainly not celebrated in the present day for his maintenance of Protestant principles—he referred to the Bishop of Exeter's letters to Mr. Butler, Q. C. On his asking the young man why he was going to join the Romish Church, the reply he received was, because he believed it to be the one only true Church, because he believed that there had been given to it the power of interpreting Scripture, and so on; and when he (Mr. Beamish) proceeded to disprove all this from the Word of God, he was told that, as he did not belong to the true Church, he could not possibly understand or interpret the Word of God. He then said to his friend, 'Do you believe in moving Madonnas, weeping pictures, and all the other legends of the same kind?' The reply was, 'I believe in them all; I feel quite sure that those things to which the Church of Rome has given the sanction of her authority took place.' He then referred to the legend of St. Denis, and said, 'Do you believe that St. Denis walked, as he is stated to have done, with his head under his arm?' His young friend burst into a laugh, and replied, 'No, I cannot believe that.' He (Mr. Beamish) then produced a Breviary, in which the story was related; and the moment he opened it and referred to the legend, his friend said, 'Oh, as it is in the Breviary, I believe every word.' (Laughter and cries of 'Hear, hear.') There was no use in reasoning with such a person. Reason was gone; the individual had handed himself over body and soul to a system of darkness and deception. It was to oppose a system which produced such results that that Society was carrying on its operations in different parts of the country."

The Progress of Priestcraft.—The King of Naples has concluded a new Concordat with Rome, in virtue of which he will henceforth practically cease to reign over the ecclesiastical portion of his subjects, and those priests will be able to do nearly whatever they please, unrestrained by any law but that of the Church. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is expected to follow the example of Bomba. Concordats are becoming quite the rage among the crowned heads of the Continent; perhaps the rage of the sovereigns will excite some slight explosion of popular fury.

The sinking of artesian wells in Algeria, and especially in the Sahara, is taking place on an extensive scale. Water is found at a depth of from 150 to 200 feet.

"WANDERER'S" SKETCHES.

No. vii.

Steamer Jourdain, June 5, 1857.

Ten days in a French steamer on the Mediterranean make a complete new life for an American. The boat is very fine. Powerful, roomy, and extremely clean and neat. The officers are perfect gentlemen in deportment. And even the French sailors are quiet and communicative. The discipline of the boat is peculiar. It seems a commonwealth of equality in the familiarity of their intercourse with each other, and yet I see no insubordination. The French and English officers of a steamer are the perfect opposites of each other. We see none of that Grand Mogul would-be-ness which is so absurdly displayed in the English officers of steamers. With these French officers you find yourself at once at home, and everything is done by them to make you feel so. Among the passengers there are four classes. The first, second, and third have cabins in which to eat and sleep. The fourth have an awning on the deck. The difference in accommodation, as in price, is very great, so that the steamer accommodates a great variety of persons, tastes, and habits. There are but three passengers of the first class, as few are travelling East for pleasure at this season. We have, therefore, abundant provision, accommodation, and comfort. The second class is composed of very respectable persons also, and form a common company on deck for conversation, though living below in circumstances altogether separate. The third are of a poorer class altogether, and the fourth are wretched. But when we survey the host how strange and mingled it appears! Two long awnings run on the sides of the deck like sheds, filled with people, who herd there night and day, and feed themselves in their own way. There is a large company of wild Arabs, who came from Africa to Marseilles to take the boat, on their way to their pilgrimage to Mecca. Their long white garments, dirty and old, and their naked sunburnt limbs, give a new aspect of humanity to us. Surely I never yet have seen man so savage, and so destitue of the very thought of comfort as these. Their food, persons, and habits are filthy. They lie together in a heap, like beasts. Their food, uncooked, is beyond my power to describe. The only employment they have is in their constantly repeated devotions, when they come out of their pen, and spread a mat upon the deck, and go through a fixed succession of bows, some of the head while standing, and some of the forehead to the deck while kneeling. They are indifferent to observation; and though they perform their worship with a degree of solemnity, they seem to have no spiritual idea or feeling connected with it. Then there is another class of Arabs, better dressed, in cloth of different color, striped, who have servants with them, and come from Tunis to Malta, bound on the same pilgrimage to Mecca. They all stop at Alexandria, and there begin their land journey, from which a large portion of them never return. Then there are Jews, with their peculiar Eastern dress, and Greeks and Italians, in the same company. They have large packages of goods with them, and seem to be travelling merchants. Indeed, the agent tells me that these African Arabs are all rich, and deserve no commiseration for their apparent need. But this whole fourth class makes a strange medley in their aspect, day by day. Then added to them, on the other side of the ship, is a company of Turks, better dressed, and living in a more comfortable way, but lying just so heaped together. The women covered except their eyes, and the men in every adornment of tinsel dress. Then we have a lot of Egyptians, whose white garments and red caps are very striking and pretty. It is a whole Eastern world by itself.

In the two next classes we have Catholic priests from Poland, going to Jerusalem. Armenian priests, going to Beyrut. All in their peculiar priestly garb. Some are women, sisters of some Roman order, on their way to Syria. French men and women bound to Egypt. And among them all three Americans, on a journey to Palestine. I walk among all these people, listening to their various prayers, and watching their various habits with constant interest. In poor Latin I talk with the Polish priests. In French equally limited, I converse with many others. With some I can find no vehicle of communication. And yet I have been every day struck with the gentle, amiable, and proper deportment of all. There seems a spirit of kindness which tries to give mutual help, and of mutual forbearance, which desires to lessen common difficulties and burdens. I have watched with delight the refinement of mind, even in the wildest looking Arab, which lead him to step one side as some other one passes, and gather close around him his wretched garments as he passes by a lady seated on the deck. These men have remarkable dignity in their air, and grace and conscious elevation in their motions, wretched as they look. The mild and gentle faces of the sisters, and the quiet dignity of the priests, combine, with the universal good behavior of the company, to disarm the acerbity of doctrinal discrimination, and to spread out the consciousness of a common humanity. How often have I felt the importance of the thought, as I have walked for ten days among this motley company, that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth," and rejoiced in the recollection, that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." Human love gains in power in such a school, and human selfishness yields in a willing subjection. The praying heart cannot but lift up the supplication that God, who knoweth the hearts, would bear with all, pardon all, and bless all; not to be extreme to mark what they have done amiss, but accept them according to that which they have not. Indeed, this whole passage over the length of the beautiful blue sea of the ancients has been to me an unceasing lesson of useful instruction. May I never forget that from them to whom much is given much will also be required.

Wanderer.

Modern Superstition.—"Whit Sunday," observes the *British Standard*, "falling on the last day of May, has been celebrated with unusual splendor in many parts. The glories of Mary have been the theme of much splendid declamation. The growing devotion to the Queen of Heaven is recognised as the cause of the revival and spread of Romanism in *Great Britain*. Wonderful would be the collection of tales with which the ministering priesthood delighted their unthinking audiences on that day, illustrative of the power and glory of the Virgin mother. One we cannot omit: St. Bernard, through the great love which he had for Mary, converted a young nobleman from a very wicked state, by forcing him to eat a prayer which he refused to repeat. This is a specimen of the spiritual food which is so richly provided by these apostolic men in this 19th century. In France these scenes have been carried on till midnight. The altars of the Virgin are brilliant in the extreme, but the darkness of the other parts of the church have shrouded scenes which some of the Catholic papers condemn in strong terms. The late Archbishop forbade these nocturnal assemblies—but in vain. In Naples the Passion week has been one of rare and exciting entertainment to the populace. The scene was imposing and dramatic in the extreme. John the Baptist, Mary Magdalene, the Virgin and the risen Christ were the actors in the resurrection. The procession was public. The lwo former, at a certain stage, ran off to seek the risen Saviour. After a time they find him, and bring him to his weeping mother. In a moment, as by some magic, the habiliments of mourning in which she is clothed fall down, and in raiment of white, and glittering with gold and jewels, she meets and embraces her rising Son. The plaudits which greeted this proclaimed its success. Such is Rome, where, unchecked, she dare unveil herself.