

the Quirinal palace. There could be no occasion for flight. Even had his personal safety been imperilled by what he considered a wicked assault upon, and sacrilegious spoliation of, the patrimony of Peter, it is not likely that he would have attempted to escape from the city. He was in that obstinate mood which would make him ready to suffer outrage and even death, that he might enjoy the glory of martyrdom. The great European powers having recognized the right of the House of Savoy to sway the rod of empire from the Quirinal, in spite of the indignant protest of the Pontiff, he was compelled to bow to the inevitable. In that dread hour of his humiliation and agony we might fancy the imperial spirit of Hildebrand or Innocent III. rising from its grave and addressing him and the Sacred College, as they sat in one of the halls of the Vatican, dumb with rage and astonishment, and saying: "O, mighty Pius! dost thou lie so low? Have all the conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils of the Church during the last thousand years thus vanished like the unsubstantial pageant of a dream?"

"O, what a fall is here, my countrymen!
Now, you and I and all of us fall down,
While wicked treason flourishes over us."

And it is one of the most significant lessons of history that this great fall occurred so swiftly after the arrogant claim of infallibility had been asserted, and hung as a millstone around the Church's neck. Who will dare look this dazzling fact in the face and say that God is not jealous of the glory that is due to Him alone?

Since his self-imprisonment no one could gain admittance to an "audience" unless he had a letter of introduction from a Bishop or some well-known dignitary of the Church. I met an English gentleman who was exceedingly anxious to be present at an "audience." He tried every possible expedient to compass his purpose. He first invoked the good offices of the English Ambassador, but with no avail. He even sought and obtained an interview with Monsignor Macchi, the Pope's Chamberlain, and pleaded hard with that urbane and polite official for permission to appear at one of these stately levees. But, as he could not furnish a letter of introduction from an ecclesiastic of the Romish Church, his request could not be granted. All that could be done for him in such circumstances was to allow him to take a position from which he might see His Holiness and suite passing along the Loggia to the Hall of Audience. Yet that momentary glimpse he declared repaid him for all the trouble he had taken to obtain it. But I was more fortunate than he. I was travelling with a friend who knew the Bishop of Montreal. Before leaving home he solicited and obtained from His Lordship a letter which proved an open sesame to the Papistical presence for our party of four. It was addressed to a young Canadian priest residing in Rome, and it commended us to his favourable consideration. On presenting it to him he expressed his readiness to do anything in his power that might contribute to the pleasure of our visit to Rome, not simply because of the Bishop's request, but also because we were his fellow citizens. He repaired to the Vatican to secure for us an audience with His Holiness on as early a day as possible. He received an assurance from the *Mastro di Camera* that when the arrangements were completed, we should get due notice thereof. Accordingly on the fifth day after, a messenger from the Vatican brought to our Hotel on the Piazza di Spagna, the following invitation:

DALL' ANTICAMERA APOSTOLICA.
Li, 27 Novembre, 1876.
Le Signore in abito nero, e velo
in testa, i Signori in Uniforme, o
non avendo l'una, in frack nero,
e cravatta bianca.
F pregato di esibire il presente
biglietto, a: il Mastro di Camera di S. S.
MACCHI.
AVVERTENZA.
E proibito di presentare al Santo Padre domanda in iscritto per
Indulgenza, Facoltà, Privilegi, ed altro di oggetto di ottenere l'auto-
grafo di Sua Santità.
L'ingresso al popolo alle Segreterie rispettive.
(To be continued.)

BURNS' ANNIVERSARIES.

In a recent number of the "Scottish American Journal," and as introductory to the outlined reports of well-nigh thirty celebrations of Burns' anniversaries in Canada and the United States, the editor says: "In all parts of America the birthday of Burns is honored by his countrymen as a grand festival day, in which the happiest intercourse is enjoyed and the noblest sentiments of the human heart find expression." But still

he adds by way of a qualifying caution, "the homage paid to Burns in speech and song may possibly have in it a touch of that hero worship which Carlyle so unceremoniously condemns." Nevertheless he confidently affirms that "around the life of Burns there are associated the tenderest reminiscences;" and then sagely concludes that "there is therefore a decidedly useful influence in those celebrations which have just taken place." And then, as if this was not enough to satisfy himself, or secure sufficient honor to his subject, he crowns his cogitations with the hazardous, if not unhallowed, assumption that such celebrations "leave an impress upon the character and the nation which only the Divinity can imprint and which time will not efface." Now, I utterly fail to perceive either the sequence or the truthfulness of such a more than questionable utterance, especially when I see that the feast, and the toast, the song, and the dance, each in keeping with the other, constitute the prominent bill of fare in each and the only one in most, and when I think of the atmosphere thus created and the savour thereby sent forth, I cannot but regard such an utterance as little, if at all, short of blustering blasphemy.

In scanning with some care these variegated reports, and well knowing that generally on such occasions the frequently fulsome orations are left to Scotchmen and limited to Presbyterians, and knowing as well that very often, as if envious of the honor, not only "ministers they have been kenna'd," but doctors of divinity, to consecrate themselves to such a service, and there! , proudly win, and no less proudly wear, the laurels thus secured, it is with no little satisfaction and hopeful delight that I observe in these reports that not a single minister of our Church has this year so distinguished him self. True, indeed, the Rev. Robert Burnet, of London, but belonging to another Church, steps out and up undaunted and alone to honor the occasion, and standing forth largely illuminated by the light he gives, he shows himself, according to these reports, as the only Presbyterian minister in Canada, if not anywhere else, worthy to earn the honors which others have so failed to value and thus failed to win.

Amid the dearth, however, in our far-famed country, of aspiring orators fostered by flattery and floundering for fame, the Rev. A. J. Bray, an Englishman, and a Congregationalist too, comes to the rescue, and courageously champions the cause which Scottish Presbyterian ministers have been so slow to espouse; and although he doubtless did valiantly, and at least equalled himself, yet we are not told in the report what he said, but simply *how* he said it, in the brief but fulsome statement, "he spoke lovingly of the poet." And last, but not least, the Rev. H. W. Beecher, who though neither a Briton nor a British soil, yet he, too, has sought, in honoring the occasion, to honor both himself and the poet. This far-famed orator, whose creed and whose conscience seem alike *simpliciter*, has lately, like our heroic knight of the Pacific Scandal, been traversing our land, seeking thereby to brighten a reputation that he says was never sullied, and to regain a character that never was lost; and now each can hold up his hands before high heaven, and with equal arrogance and assurance proclaim before a wondering world, "these hands are clean." Mr. Beecher, in his elaborate oration, not only assumes, but asserts that the poet stands higher than the priest, — higher than the philosopher, and not only stoutly affirms that this is the position that Burns occupied, but defiantly declares that he was "the prophet of humanity," that "he was ordained to be an interpreter of God to his kind then and forevermore," and that ten thousand men in every part of the world have been the disciples of Robert Burns." Having set forth the poet as patriot and philosopher, as philanthropist and prophet in the most laudatory lights, our orator now determines not to be outdone by any, not even by his former self, in rescuing from obloquy, if not oblivion, and elevating and establishing the poet's piety, by a method novel as it is noteworthy, in sagaciously burying out of sight all that in the poet sensitive souls might call vile, as a fitting manure for the fostering of his virtues, assuring us that "great evils are in the economy of God the manure for great benefits." Not only does he bury the vices of Burns as manure for his virtues, but he blazons abroad and bedazzles the eye with his piety thus freed from its flaws, in such a way as not simply to astonish the living, but well-nigh to startle the dead. He says, "I stand where I am, set apart to minister to men in sacred things, but I feel as though Robert Burns stood on the same level and was ordained of God to be a minister of sacred

things to the human race." As to both being on the same level, this is sadly possible, but lest any one might suppose that he is assuming too much the Puritan role, he cautiously adds, "there were levities in his life; and who has them not?" Most assuredly, from these, neither Burns nor Beecher can claim a perfect exemption; but seeing that such levities, when decently buried, naturally become the fructifying manure for virtues, then all who lay claim to such a creed will ever look upon such levities, to say the least of them, as light things; and not only so, but as in proportion to the abundance of the manure is the fertility of the soil and the fulness of its products, there is here every inducement to "do evil that good may come;" but there is exhibited in such an orthodoxy a most notable example of moral legerdemain not only in "the transmutation of species" but also in "the survival of the fittest." Thus utilizing his levities for the increase of his virtues, Beecher places poor Burns upon a pedestal of piety far higher than man had dared heretofore to do, a service of feelingless and fulsome flattery which Burns in his life-time would have treated with scornful contempt. Our orator not only defines and defends the high Christian character of Burns here, but unhesitatingly settles and seals his destiny hereafter, for he not only says, "I honor his memory, I bless God for his life; let his songs go singing on," but, borne away by his ideal, he adds, "I trust that he, too, now singing chants unspeakably higher than any that mortal man can imagine, looks down with pitying eye upon the millions of men whom he tried to succor, and whom he has helped, and who will meet him in more glorious climes, where the misfortunes of this life are rounded up, where that which was growing through imperfections here shall have attained to its angelic proportions there, and where all that was missing shall be found, and all that needed mending shall be eternally beautiful. I honor Robert Burns as a minister to the human race. By his poetry he insinuated into the innermost sentiments of mankind a tenderness, a humanity and a patriotism—and what more can any man do? (Applause)." Such is the gospel and such are the godly according to Beecher, and how are they in accord with the precepts and the pattern of our Lord Jesus Christ?

Conscious, Mr. Editor, that I have already written far too much, and it may be not too well, I would only add that in regard to Burns, granting to the fullest all the good that was in him, and all the good done by him, I have yet to learn that his life and labors have ever been instrumental in saving a single soul, but I have not yet to learn that not a few have thereby attained to that fancied royalty where "the first that by his chair shall sit, will be the king among us all," not to mention that other ill which "hardens a within and petrifies the feelin'." True, we are presented with specimens of his writings in prose and poetry loving and lofty alike in tone and in tendency. These may show what he might and should have been, yet amid all it is neither new nor unknown that as a painter can portray scenes that he never saw, so the poet can picture feelings which he never experienced. Burns, it will be readily admitted, was a greatly gifted, but a no less greatly misguided man, who latterly, as is well known, became a living wreck—at once the realization and the result of his folly. But making the most and the best of all he said and did, I see little in either or both requiring especially ministers of the gospel either to champion his character or "orate" at his celebrations. Conceive of Christ in connection with either, and then conceive the consistency of ministers of his doing both. My aim throughout has been to exhibit and expose this inconsistency, and to endeavor as best I can to put it out of existence. If, then, ministers who profess to be ambassadors of Him whose kingdom "is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," and who are required to preach that "if a man live after the flesh he shall die," would have respect for themselves—respect for their position, profession and people, but especially respect for their Lord and Master, they will soon find other and better employment in answer to the frequent and fervent prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

REV. R. HAMILTON, of Fullarton, delivered his lecture on "Russia and Turkey" in the Presbyterian Church, Mitchell Road, on Thursday evening, 21st ult. The night was very unfavorable and the audience was not as large as the ability of the lecturer and the interest of his subject would certainly have secured had the weather not proved so inclement.