

deserving of our admiration and cordial adoption.

Success in this line very largely depends on the ministers—on you individually and personally! If you do your duty, your congregation will respond with some measure of liberality, and will do better next year. Be not afraid about it, we have never yet seen an instance of a minister being injured through his faithfulness and courage in carrying out the instructions of the courts of the Church. The very opposite is the case: the minister who tries to "protect" his congregation from the claims of the Church at large is injuring himself and them. We have seen this over and over again. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty, spiritual and financial. Our marching orders are explicit and imperative. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—"Beginning at Jerusalem." It is convenient for us to speak of Home Missions and Foreign, but in the sight of God there is no difference betwixt the soul of the white man and that of the black man, or of the copper-coloured Indian. Every agency employed by the church in conformity with this command, demands our united, hearty, and sustained sympathy and support.

Editorial Correspondence.

FLORENCE TO VENICE.

THE distance is about 180 miles: time ^{is} 8½ hours. Soon after leaving Florence, we began the ascent of the Apennines, which rise here to a height of 4100 feet, and by the space of two hours, the scenery was very grand. All the way to Bologna was a splendid piece of railway engineering. In places, the road-bed seemed from the carriage window as though it were suspended in mid-air from the side of a precipice. Looking up, on the one side, there was nothing to be seen but a sheer wall of rock, on the other, we could barely distinguish little red-roofed villages far below, in valleys so hemmed in by the mountains as to make one doubt if the people who lived in them were ever gladdened by a sun-beam. From Bologna, on-

wards, our course was through the plains of Modena and Lombardy. Most people would call this stretch of country prosaic and even tiresome, yet it is rich in classical traditions and associations. Within a radius of sixty or seventy miles, there are many old towns and cities, with populations of from 25,000 to 125,000—very old towns—some of them founded centuries before Rome: cities with vast cathedrals, and magnificent churches and palaces in which are to be found the finest specimens of painting and sculpture. But the grass grows in their streets now; the marble veneer is peeling off their public edifices: they are nearly all going to decay: they have not been touched by the magic wand that has so wonderfully vitalized other parts of Italy. They are fossils, chiefly interesting for what they were in a remote past. *Bologna*, for example, is the birth-place of eight popes and a hundred cardinals: it was here the execrable office of the Inquisition was instituted. The great painters, *Domenichino* and the *Carracci*, and many other eminent men, were born in Bologna. Once it had a University with ten thousand students. It still has a hundred and thirty-five fine churches and two famous leaning towers, but it is perhaps most celebrated to-day for its *sauzages*. *Ferrara*, where Tasso was confined in a mad-house for seven years, where John Calvin and other Reformers found an asylum in the sixteenth century; it is dead now. *Mantua*, where Virgil was born, and *Modena*, where Mark Antony was defeated, and *Cremona*, no longer famous even for its fiddles, and *Parma* and *Perugia*, and *Ravenna*, once the most interesting, now the most desolate of any, and *Verona*—the oldest of them all—whose massive ramparts and houses look as if they would last till the crack of doom. All these cities are now more dead than alive. *Padua*, the birth place of Livy, may be claimed as an exception, since it has doubled its population in half a century: yet it is a most melancholy-looking city, still surrounded with huge walls. In one of its delapidated palaces there is to be seen, a remarkable group of seventy of the fallen angels cut out of one block of marble. The peasantry in this part of Italy are as antiquated as are these old towns. They live in thatched huts resembling the pictures we are accustomed to see of the dwellings