

ourselves. I preached once every day, and on some days twice; but never did I experience so much pleasure in the matter of preaching, as among these humble and pious worshippers.— And I have often, while engaged among people so “noble,” as the Apostle Paul would have said, stood still in the midst of their sea-beaten islands, and asked myself the question, “Well, what have riches done for men?” Was not Rousseau in the right when he conceived that the simple manners and ways of the savage had much to recommend them, and, in many respects, preferable to the excessive polish and burdensome fashions of high life. The late Duchess of St. Albans, better known by the name of Mrs. Coutts, in her *Memoirs*, published some years ago, bears a testimony to this effect. She had risen from the rank of a poor, strolling player, to that of a Millionaire and Peeress; and often, when wearied with the heartless and laborious usages of the aristocrats around her, she longed for the humbler companionship of her former years, among whom the language of the heart might be uttered without the charge of vulgarity. No doubt there is a measure of idealism in all this, for who would really wish to fall back upon the savage state as the most desirable? and yet there may be some advantage, in an age and country where the increase of wealth has made strange innovations upon the simple manners of the men and women who were our ancestors, in exhibiting a vivid representation of the modes of existence of an earlier stage of society, as these may be seen among communities of our own times. For I am at least persuaded of this, that when we see how small an addition all our wealth and refinement have made to our real happiness, we shall value these secondary graces less, and be in less danger too of confounding them with the graces of the heart, the only true and enduring riches. And here, speaking of the very different states of society which exist in different parts of the British isles, and how singular an aspect one who has figured in London society may have when he passes to the rusticities of the provinces, I may be excused recording a small incident relating to the learned person above referred to. I had been drinking tea at the house of one of the heritors, and, among other guests, was a Methodist preacher from London. He had been wont to see Dr. C. at his residence in the neighbourhood of that city, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*, visited by the Duke of Sussex, and by all the men of name, far and near, whether in science or religion, and when the good lady was telling us of his feats in fishing, my worthy friend, who perhaps could think of the doctor only in the midst of a learned coterie, or on the platform of Exeter Hall, enjoyed a good laugh, exclaiming, at the same time “*What an idea! Dr. Clarke drawing pillocks from the deck of a craft in Shetland!*”— It was a sketch which the pencil of Wilkie could have drawn to the very life, and neither would it have been so incongruous either, for Christ and his apostles, who were the most accomplished of all preachers, were frequently engaged in drawing fishes from the craft in the sea of Galilee.

There is one beautiful feature in the character of most of these Islanders, which I had often occasion to notice, and that is their praiseworthy industry. They are poor, and to support themselves they must gather up, if I may use the expression, the very fragments of time. A man or woman may be on the whole a very good worker, but they may have a habit of sauntering—of being idle. By the division of labour, confining, as it does, a man's attention to one simple operation, so that he has perhaps for hours together neither to change his tools nor his position, and in this way, the hand being engaged without the smallest interruption, there is no loss of time, and the produce of labour is greatly increased. But in poor countries, labour cannot be subdivided. One individual must perform the operations of many, and therefore the loss of time in consequence of the operative passing from one employment to another, is unavoidable.— But though labour cannot be much divided in a poor country like Shetland, and one individual must perform departments of work which in rich countries are divided among hundreds, may it not be possible for him to do two things at one and the same moment, and thus in a different way to accomplish the same result, which the division of labour does, the saving of time and

the increase of the produce of labour. This is precisely what the poor Shetlander attempts to do.

In the face of an aphorism which many a good housewife repeats perhaps ten times a day to her domestics, these Northern islanders really succeed in *doing two things at once*. And as some may smile at the writer, for giving attention to a matter of so small importance, as if it were a degradation of philosophy to take cognizance of it, he begs to dissent with all deference from such a judgment as this; conceiving, as he does, that philosophy is dignified in the estimation of the multitude, when its principles are found of such a hardy texture, that they can reach the avocations of common life. And it is of more importance in an age of the world, when many young men think they were created just to do nothing at all; to hold forth vivid pictures of toilsome industry, on the part of some of their fellow mortals, with the view of provoking them to jealousy.— But if this is not enough, I would submit the beautiful apology of Gray:—

“Let not ambition mock their lonely toil,” &c.

It is well known that the fuel of a large portion of the peasantry of Shetland, is turf or peats.— These abound everywhere in Scotland, and they are of the best possible kind. Every family has to provide a supply of this article for their own use. This is a work which occupies them a considerable part of every summer. It consists of digging, drying, and bringing the peats home.— This last part of the work is for the most part performed by droves of those beautiful ponies, which bear them enclosed in a kind of net work, on their backs, and about their sides. They are perfectly tractable, and whether they are going to the cottage with their burdens, or returning to the hill-side, to have them repeated, they manifest the same alacrity and spirit—and a boy or girl may be seen driving a dozen of them without the least trouble. It so happens, however, that the humbler classes in Lerwick, not being possessed of ponies, are obliged to carry home their fuel from the common, the distance varying from two to three miles. As they never have in store more fuel than what one day's consumption requires, they may be seen in scores every morning, going forth with their *kiesies* (a sort of basket) on their backs, attached by a broad belt to the forehead. Altogether the task is irksome, and much time is spent on it, but necessity lays it on them, and they must cast about for some compensatory process. They have done so.— They are busied *knitting* while bearing their fuel. All ages and sexes, men and women, boys and girls, whether they are going out with the large kaisy empty, on their backs, or returning with it heaped up, and seemingly readily to crush them to the earth, their busy fingers are plying the wires. They are working up that soft hosiery, which, for its warmth, is so much prized by families in the South. I have often stood to look at these industrious people, and have admired their address, in doing two works at the same moment, and doing both of them well. But here it is time to close this paper.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NARRATIVE, BY THE REV. P. NIEL, OF THE REASONS WHICH IMPELLED HIM TO LEAVE THE COMMUNION OF THE CHURCH OF ROME, IN WHICH HE WAS RECENTLY A PRIEST, IN FRANCE.

“If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” John c. viii. v. 31, 32.

I THANK thee, Oh God of goodness and of mercy, (that all unworthy as I am, Thou hast condescended to look on me with an eye of tenderness and compassion, to dispel the darkness which surrounded me, and to cause the light of Thy holy truth to shine into my heart, even that divine truth which delivers from the fear and bondage of men, and which renders those who abide in it the children of light and liberty.— Gracious God, strengthen me by Thy grace, be my comforter and refuge in my afflictions; increase my faith; enable me to put off the old man, and grant that I may be clothed upon with the new man. Cleanse my soul from the dark waters that lead to death, and wash it in the pure water that bringeth life.

I declare that I have separated myself from the Church of Rome, because I could not find in it the characteristics of the true Church of Jesus Christ. Unable to resist the voice of conscience, I left it when convinced I was in error.

For five years I have been plunged in deep affliction, an object of hatred to my friends, and open to the persecution of a blind fanaticism.— But my life would have been still more unhappy had I, under a veil of deep hypocrisy, continued to preach a doctrine which my conscience rejected, and the Bible condemned.

I left the Church of Rome because, in its morality, and in the greater number of doctrines taught, I found only a monstrous assemblage of traditions, ordinances, regulations, prohibitions and commandments, more or less erroneous, more or less in opposition to the divine word, for the most part exhibiting marks of vanity, sinful passion, and not unfrequently actual vice. Among the Ministers of this Church I found but two classes, tyrants and slaves; princes who dwell in palaces, or courtiers who degrade their office by the basest flatteries. In the temples of Rome I have found falsehood and idolatry reigning, whilst pride and superstition render to the creature a homage, worship, and adoration, forgetful that the name of God alone demands and merits the adoration of men. The House of God had become a place of merchandise; its Ministers withdrew the light from the people, and trod under foot the Word of God; proclaiming themselves Mediators between God and man, although our divine Saviour is declared to be the only Mediator between God and man. The head of this Church has taken upon himself the title of holy and very holy, has proclaimed himself infallible, whilst his vices, errors, passions and ambition have oppressed, afflicted, and desolated religion and humanity.

Oh my God, grant, I beseech Thee, that no murmur against the decrees of Thy providence may ever arise in my heart. Grant, O God of love, that no word may proceed from my mouth which might wound that love. Give me, thou Son of God, sufficient strength that I may be enabled, all the days of my life, to confess Thy doctrine and holy name before those that hate me.

I desire to mark in a few words some of the errors which most particularly struck me in the Church of Rome, errors which I have discovered through the reading of the word. Let us listen to the translations and interpretations of Scripture by the Church of Rome, so admirable in its infallibility.

“Thou shalt have no other Gods before me. Thou shalt not made unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them.” Exod. ch. xx. v. 3, 4, 5.

The Church of Rome is very brief in its translation of these three first commandments, it translates them thus: “Thou shalt adore and serve perfectly one God only.” It interprets them thus: Thou shalt make unto thee graven images, thou shalt place them in thy temples, and in thy house, thou shalt bow down and worship them.

“If any one teach any thing contrary to these decrees, or hold other sentiments, let him be cursed.”—*Council of Trent, Sess. 24.*

Such is the respect Rome has for the commandments of God, commandments which shall continue as long as the world lasts.

“For the customs of the people are vain; for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold, they fasten it with nails and with hammers, that it move not. They are upright as the palm-tree, but speak not, they must needs be borne because they cannot go. Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil, neither is it in them to do good. Jer. ch. x. v. 3, 4, 5.

Rome teaches, “Keep inviolably our decrees, because they are holy and infallible, pray to images, revere relics of bone, wood, cloth, &c., because it is a good and useful thing to pray to them, and humbly to beseech their protection and assistance.”—*Coun. of Con., Sess. 24.*

“For according to the number of thy cities, were thy gods, O Judah.” (Jer. xi. 13.) Rome says—we will raise altars to the memory of the creature. Their pictures enriched with gold shall be exposed in the temples and public places.