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Lost but Found.

Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. Luke 15: 4.

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled,
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home,
I did not love my father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The shepherd sought his sheep,
The father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild,
They found me night and day,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed,
They washed my filthy away,
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace—
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my shepherd is,
"Twas he that loved my soul,
"Twas he that washed me in his blood,
"Twas he that made me whole,
"Twas he that found the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
"Twas he that brought me to the fold—
"Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam,
But now I love my father's voice—
I love, I love my home!
—Publishing Chr. Ad.

The Catacombs of Rome.

A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Halifax, on Tuesday Evening, Feb. 27th.

BY S. L. SHANNON, ESQ.

The traveller to the Eternal City, whose mind has been imbued with classical recollections, finds, when he reaches it, a rich treat spread before him. As day after day he pursues his rounds, visiting at one time the remains of temple, amphitheatre, or triumphal arch; at another surveying the sweeping lines of the aqueducts as they span the Campagna; or penetrating the recesses of mausoleum or bath, he feels in the language of the poet—

"Where'er he treads the hallowed, holy ground,"
The present seems almost to sink before him, and the past with its illustrious dead to come to life, until in his imagination the city upon which he gazes appears to no longer be the city of the Pope, but the metropolis of the Cæsars, and the mistress of the world. And if to his recollections of history there be added a taste for art, how does he love to linger in the museums, and to gaze upon those matchless forms which the skill of Phidias, or Praxiteles, or their disciples, have bequeathed to us.

But the Christian traveller, while he is far from being insensible to all this, yet feels that for him Rome has even superior attractions. He recalls that her streets were once traversed by the footsteps of the Apostle of the Gentiles; that he has seen the stigmata of the crucifixion of the early Christians, and that in every direction there are traces of that great conflict which went on for nearly three centuries between light and darkness, between pagan superstition and gospel purity, until in the end the cross triumphed, and the scepter of the emperor was the stigmatized instrument of the conqueror's death, became the standard under which a Christian emperor led his cohorts to victory. The museum which he most loves to frequent is that which contains the memorials of the early Christians, and though the mere artist may turn with contempt from the rude scratches and uncouth figures which decorate their tombs, yet he will see in them a loveliness far surpassing the breathing forms of the sculptor,—a moral beauty, which appeals not to the senses, but to the heart, and tells of the triumphs of faith, of the consolations of the Gospel, and of the assured expectations of the blessed life. His wanderings will lead him often to visit the dark caverns where they lived, and suffered, and died, and in the contemplation of those scenes he will find his own faith strengthened, and his desires increased to be a follower of them, even as they were followers of Christ.

It is to these scenes and scenes of the early church that I would direct attention this evening, in the hope that we may find it neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to peruse a page of past history, and to ascertain whether there may not be lessons taught by it which may apply even to our own times.

There is a square in Rome, called the Piazza di Spagna, just beneath the Pincian Hill, and where the English travellers most do congregate. As a consequence this is the principal cab-stand of the city. From this point I intend to take you in imagination on an excursion to the church of St. Sebastian, in which is the only entrance now public to the Catacombs of Rome—there called the cemetery of San Callisto. It is at the distance of some few miles from our starting point, and we therefore take a vehicle and ride to it. On our way we pass the principal market, for which purpose it is still used, and he will pass as so composedly as if Cicero were a fiction, and the Republic a fable. On we journey down the Via Sacra, and under the brink of the Palatine Hill, covered with the remains of Cæsar's palace, until we pass through the arch of Titus,

catching glimpses as we thread it of the bas-reliefs which record the destruction of Jerusalem. Immediately the Coliseum is visible, but we pause not to examine it, and driving at once to the city walls, we go out at the gate of St. Sebastian, and find ourselves on the Appian Way.

Here a most beautiful landscape meets the eye of the spectator. Before him is the wide Campagna, attractive in its very desolation, and rendered more picturesque by the broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct, as they sweep over it. His eye traces the line of the Appian Way—the old street of the tombs—with its crumbling remains of the mausoleums of the great, and looks away over the plain to the Alban Hill—the cradle of Rome—fresh and green as in the days of the early kings, and beyond it to the glittering Apennines, whose purple peaks and snowy crests, in the winter months, form a perfect back-ground to the picture. Above him are the bright sun and blue sky of Italy, and the whole forms a combination of attractions such as few spots on earth possess. And not the least of these to the Christian is the solemn recollection that the same landscape, as regards the work of God, but more perfect as regards the work of man, must have burst upon the eyes of the Apostle Paul, though seen from the opposite point of view, when in company with his friends and attendant centurion and those believers who were sent out to meet him, he journeyed on to the city from Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. But we hasten on our way, and at about two miles from the gate we reach the old church of St. Sebastian, standing alone upon the Campagna, and seldom visited except by those who are desirous of entering the Catacombs. Indeed, the spot is so exposed to the deadly malaria that it is unsafe to visit it after the heats of summer commences. We enter: the sexton gets ready the lights for each visitor to carry, and we prepare to descend into the tombs below. But before we do so, it will be as well to pause and give a slight sketch of their history.

By some authors it is supposed that these excavations were made at a period anterior to the building of Rome, by the Etruscans, or by that ancient race which erected the temples at Paestum; but the more received opinion is that they were commenced towards the close of the Republican era. At that time, and during the reign of the first Emperor, Rome was rapidly extended, and new buildings were put up of the most massive and splendid character, and covering a large extent of ground. Reference is made to this by the poets of the Augustan age, and Augustus himself used to boast that he found Rome of brick, and he would leave it of marble. To supply the sand necessary for these structures, quarries were made in the outskirts of the city, where a fine description is found, called by the modern Italians *pozzeolani*, and they soon became very extensive. Writers upon the Catacombs refer to Cicero's oration for Cluentius, to show that they existed in his time, when a young Roman citizen was investigated by the consuls of the Equines, and precipitated into one of the sand-pits; and the orator is also supposed to allude to them in his oration for Milo, when he mentions the hiding-place and receptacle for thieves on the Via Appia. Whether this be the case or not, it is well established that the excavations were commenced soon very extensively. Writers upon the Catacombs refer to Cicero's oration for Cluentius, to show that they existed in his time, when a young Roman citizen was investigated by the consuls of the Equines, and precipitated into one of the sand-pits; and the orator is also supposed to allude to them in his oration for Milo, when he mentions the hiding-place and receptacle for thieves on the Via Appia. Whether this be the case or not, it is well established that the excavations were commenced soon very extensively.

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first to avail themselves of this security, leaving the more obscure brethren to continue their ordinary vocations and to be the means of support to those who were forced to live in the tombs beneath them. But as the persecution grew in intensity, greater numbers would follow the example of their leaders, and take up their abodes and live and die and be buried in the Catacombs. As they thus became more the permanent habitations of the living as well as the receptacles of the dead, they were improved,—such a term can be used,—or adapted, to suit the wants of their inhabitants. Every here and there larger spaces were excavated for chapels, and here in these gloomy recesses, far from the rage of man, the pastors would assemble their flocks, open the blessed volume, and hold sweet communion with their Father in Heaven.

But even here they were not always free from the footsteps of the persecutor. In the time of the celebrated Cyriac of Carthage, it is recorded that Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered martyrdom in the Catacombs, and Stephen, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by the heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel. They allowed him to conclude the service in which he was engaged, when he was thrust back in his chair and thus beheaded.

The incidents connected with such a sojourn would surpass in interest the fictions of romance, but few are recorded,—the great aim of the believers was not to seek for earthly fame, but to live the life and to die the death of the Christian; they wished not to be known of men, but steadfastly to run their race, "looking unto Jesus" who would reward them with the crown of glory and the heavenly inheritance. Yet some few are mentioned by ecclesiastical writers, and are considered worthy of credit. It is said that Stephen, the first Roman Bishop of that name, was obliged to pass much of his time under ground, and he used to send forth the priest Eusebius, and the deacon Marcellus, to invite the faithful to come to him for personal conference. There he assembled his clergy and collected the neophytes, instructed and baptized them.

On one occasion, a layman named Hippolytus, himself a refugee, applied to the Bishop for counsel in a matter which caused him much anxiety. His sister Paulina, and her husband Adrian, both pagans, who were acquainted with his retreat, used to supply him with provisions by means of their two children, a boy of ten years and a girl of five years age, Hippolytus, grieving that his relatives should continue in their heathen state, applied for advice on the subject, and Stephen counselled him to detain the children on their next visit, so that their alarmed parents might seek them, and thus an opportunity be afforded to explain the nature of the Christian faith. This plan was put in execution, and every persuasion was changed by the Bishop to induce the parents to change their religion, but all seemed in vain. In time however the result of this effort became apparent in the conversion of the parents and children, who all, together with Stephen and Hippolytus, in the end suffered martyrdom and were buried in the Catacombs. This story is found in all the writers on the subject which I have had access to, and is considered to be genuine.

Under the persecution of Diocletian, it is said that Cain lived and suffered in the Catacombs, and at the termination of this long period suffered martyrdom. And Chrysostom, who lived near enough to these times to have heard of some of the incidents that occurred, is said in one of his addresses to allude to "a noble lady, unaccustomed to prison, trembling in her apprehension of the capture of her maid, upon whom she depends for her daily food."

Efforts were made from time to time to prevent the Christians from using these cemeteries, as they were called: edicts were issued for this purpose both under Valerian and Maximian, both in vain. To show how constant was the persecution, in the pages of her poets and historians we still learn of the triumphs of the Capitol, the shows of the Coliseum,—or if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered company, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible, an invisible Rome—a population unheeded, unreckoned,—thought of vaguely, vaguely spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano, yet a population strong-armed, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution and physical force, sufficient to have buried their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and submit, for their Redeemer's sake, to the "powers that be." Here in the "dens and caves of the earth" they lived; here they died—"a spectacle" in their life-time to men and angels, "and in their death" a triumph to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that thrice thrilled the Capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust.

But it pleased God at last to give rest to his Church from pagan persecution. The Emperor Constantine became a professing Christian, and there was no longer any necessity for the use of the Catacombs as a place of refuge. They were still, however, used as a place of interment—it was a pleasing thought to the son that his ashes should repose by the side of his martyred father, and thus the practice was continued. They were used also as a place of meditation,—devout Christians would go there, and think over the past, and pray near the tombs of

the departed saints, and endeavor to catch a portion of the martyr's zeal and love.—Jerome and Prudentius mention in their works that they were accustomed to resort to the Catacombs for such purposes. It was a dangerous practice, however, and it is not improbable that prayers to the saints, an error which very early crept in, might have been partly owing to this habit. Subsequently they used to ornament them,—the inscriptions of the later Christians—that is to say, of the fourth and fifth centuries,—became more elaborate, they introduced sarcophagi with bas-reliefs upon them, and also fitted up and painted portions of the chapels and other parts. It is well to remember this, for it may serve to distinguish the fourth and fifth centuries from the period which had already become partially corrupted.

The Catacombs remained in this state until towards the close of the fifth century, when there poured over Italy hordes of northern barbarians, who seized upon and made their way to the Catacombs. They carried the burials in these honored cemeteries, and ceased the Christian effort to visit them, accumulations of rubbish blocked up their entrances, until to the generations following they became quite unknown, except in a few of the more exposed apertures, and even these were almost forgotten. The result of this was that the middle ages saw small portions as were accessible were used as lurking places for the midnight assassin, or the armed retainer of the feudal noble, rather than as burying-places for the dead.

A thousand years rolled away,—the dark night of the middle ages ceased; the dawn of the fourth century broke upon the world, and the sun of truth and knowledge shined upon the world. The desire for the re-opening of the Catacombs. This desire was gratified towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the year 1590, under the pontificate of Sixtus V.

When they were opened, there was a rush of curiosity to see the remains of the great men of Europe to obtain portions of their contents, which were borne away to different museums both public and private. But it must be remembered that the tombs and sarcophagi which were first exposed, were generally of those who were buried in the fourth century, and therefore of inferior value. The relics of the early Christians were to be found in the more secret recesses, which were preserved from violation by the Government, and finally, a large portion of them were removed and deposited in the Vatican with the greatest care. The relics of the latter date, and are of inferior value. The relics of the early Christians were to be found in the more secret recesses, which were preserved from violation by the Government, and finally, a large portion of them were removed and deposited in the Vatican with the greatest care.

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running along beneath, or up to similar passages above us, so ingeniously was everything contrived to afford security for those who dwelt here. And there these passages widen into larger spaces or apartments which are called chapels, because it is said they were used as places of worship. After following the guide for about half or three-quarters of a mile in distance, and observing no difference in the appearance of the walls and tombs, we think it time to return to the upper world, as it might be difficult to regain the entrance in case any accident should extinguish the lights. But before we retrace our steps it will be well to pause and allow our imagination to revert to the past. It is very difficult for the tourist, who wishes to recall the scenes of former ages, to do so in places where everything around speaks of the bustle and business of every-day life. But in the Catacombs, as in the silent streets of Pompeii, there is nothing to prevent meditation. All is silent,—and in the case of the Catacombs, all is dark, save where the flickering light throws an uncertain ray upon some vacant tomb, or the receding wall; and we are free to recollect that those cavities in the walls once contained the bodies of those who were valiant soldiers of the cross, and of whom the world above them was not worthy. This is the place for self-examination. The Christian who penetrates to this point will find this question forced home upon him,—does my faith resemble that of the primitive followers of the Lord? Could I endure to forsake family and friends, and the gladsome light of day, and the green earth, and the hopes of the future life, and the cluster around me, and for the sake of my Lord and Master descend into these dark caverns and there remain subject to pain and suffering, and if it be His will, to death itself? It is a question which conscience presses upon the heart, but it is not so easily answered; and the visitor who feels his inward apprehensions only trust that grace may be given him, and strength to enable him to stand in the evil day, if it should please his Master thus to try him. And yet the early Christians took joyfully the spoiling of their earthly goods, they were ready at all times to take up their cross, to leave family and friends, and with their families to desert their cheerful homes, and wretched occupations, and live and die in these dungeons. Who could separate them from the love of Christ? Could tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? No,—not even Caesar on his imperial throne with all his legions. They "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they wandered in deserts, and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," but through all, and in all, they did not lose sight of their Lord, and in writing to this very Roman Church, "may, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things visible, nor things invisible, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But there is another view in which this trial of faith is to be considered. Were there no allurements of pleasure in the voluptuous city, "the princeps mundi" to seduce the young believer? The inscriptions tell of a martyr, who was a young military officer under the Emperor Adrian, and whom we shall refer to hereafter,—were there no fascinations in Rome for persons of his age and station? The answer is to be found in the pages of the poets and historians of the age with which the classical scholar is familiar, and which reveal a state of morals in striking contrast to the purity of the Christian character. But even if those authors were silent we have preserved to us by the providence of God ancient cities with their contents, which give a better view of the manners of the luxurious Greeks and Romans, and of the temptations which surrounded the believer. He who visits the Catacombs sees what may be considered to a great extent as the positive side of the Christian character—the sufferings which he endured,—he would desire to see the negative side—the self-denial which he exercised,—must go farther,—he must extend his excursion to the excavated cities of Magna Græcia. Let him go to Pompeii,—let him walk up and down the silent streets of that city of the dead, and minutely mark the writings on the chariot of the war,—let him enter the houses, and penetrate to the secret recesses,—then let him go to the Borbonic Museum at Naples, where everything that was movable of the contents of the city is stored, and then he will have a true insight into the depravity of the human heart when left to itself. No language is too strong to denounce the gross licentiousness which prevailed amid all the elegancies and refinements of the arts in those days, and which betrays itself in varied form to the eye of the spectator, penetrating and polluting even the bosom of the lady. Let us now turn to Pompeii, a small provincial town, what must have been the tone of morals in imperial Rome itself? Was not the cup of pleasure then filled to the brim and presented to the Christian's lips? Were there not those among his brethren singular, and would look out how easy it was to follow the tide, and to float gaily down life's stream, enjoying the sunshine that sparkled on its surface, and the roses which decked its margin, without troubling himself with a dark and mysterious shadow? Such a heart of man is too apt to respond to at all times. But the Christian turned his back upon them all, no blandishments could allure him,—no frowns could intimidate him,—he "had respect unto the recompense of reward," and "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" in Rome, he chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

We now return once more to the earth's surface, and gladly do we find ourselves on the door step of the old church, prepared to retrace our journey back to the city. Again we drive along over the old stones of the Appian Way, along which many a poor Christian have been hurried, taken perhaps from the very Catacombs we have been visiting, and thrown to the lions in yonder Coliseum. Again we pass the battered memorials of ancient Rome, and at last reach the spot whence we set out.

To be Continued.

Methodism in Madras.

From the Correspondence of the Watchman.

MADRAS, Nov. 9, 1854.

Your readers will be aware that the Wesleyan Missionary Society has occupied Madras upwards of thirty years. During this period up to four or five years ago, its agents devoted a very large portion of their strength to the English cause. The result of their labours is now apparent in the fact that the English congregation, though composed generally of persons in anything but affluent circumstances, has offered to support its own Minister. The elegant chapel, a view of which has been sent to England, is well filled every Sabbath evening, and though the number of members in church fellowship with us is not large, there is no doubt that Methodism has secured a firm hold upon the affections and sympathies of many of our hearers. There appears, therefore, good reason to hope that the Minister, whose arrival from England we are anxiously awaiting, will be instrumental in raising Methodism to such influence and prosperity in this city, as will amply repay the years of toil that have been spent in laying the foundation.

It will now be easily understood why so many of our purely missionary agencies, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, are of comparatively recent date, that is to say, have only lately received that organization and European superintendence and control necessary to render them really efficient. I allude here particularly to the English boys' school, the female boarding and day school, and the training class for our Assistants and Catechists.

Royapettah has been, from the first, our principal field of labour among the heathen. Why it was selected in preference to any of the other suburbs of Madras, I am unable to say, but the choice appears to have been a wise one. For though there are, in some parts or other of this city, agents from almost every church in Christendom, we (our Missionaries) have an extensive and populous district around us, in which we are enabled to devote our energies, without risk of interfering with any other Protestant society. In Black Town, on the contrary, many of the mission establishments, educational and purely religious, are placed within so narrow a compass, that they almost give an appearance of rivalry, and tend to the exclusion of untimely opportunities of moral and intellectual improvement which may be so easily and cheaply procured. The premises we now occupy as the "Mission House," were purchased by the late Mr. Roberts in 1847. The site seems in every way suitable to our great objects. The building is large and commodious, and the ground attached to it sufficiently extensive for the convenient erection of several important additions to our present establishment, which have been required, or may hereafter be found necessary as our native cause gains extent and solidity. Thus we have already built here a large room, used for some time as a preaching place, and now as an English school, a girls' school and a native chapel, and we contemplate the erection of a new English school, which has become absolutely indispensable. The premises are unencumbered with debt; they are situated in a healthy locality, sufficiently removed from the native streets to be free from the numerous inconveniences of the latter, and yet sufficiently near to afford ready access to large masses of Hindoos and Mahomedans.

The Hindoo people, as you have often heard, are generally willing to hear the gospel. I cannot say, at least from what I have seen of them in Madras, that they are anxious to hear it. They listen to the truth, partly from a feeling of respect for the preacher whom they look upon as a superior to themselves. Thus a "white man" may stand up and unsparingly rebuke their vicious practices, and licentious works, where one of their own countrymen would run for so doing a great risk of being stoned and hooted from the neighbourhood. But though they often manifest considerable interest in the doctrines we expound to them, and though many of them express what seems to be a sincere conviction that their own superstition is doomed to fall before the true religion,—yet in the vast majority of cases, the attention they pay to our discourses is rather that of curiosity than of earnestness, and their conviction has but little influence on their practice.

But shall we on this account despair of success among them? Shall we relax our energies to bring these obstinate rebels to their rightful allegiance under the King of kings? Shall we, for a moment, indulge the idea that we (the Methodist Church) are not called upon to expend our resources upon a people so hardened against the truth as the Hindoos,—and atone for our neglect by turning to some "more promising field?" God forbid! It is to be hoped, indeed, that such notions as these are being exploded, never to be revived in our church. But if the Methodists are to take that prominent part in the evangelisation of this extensive and difficult country, which the prestige of past achievements, and their present position as a Missionary Body, devolve upon them, they must put it into the power of their executive Committee to increase, at least annually, the staff of European Missionaries. It is not by a few spasmodic efforts that your Indian Missionaries hope to make any sensible impression upon the Hindoos, but by long-continued, persevering, and well-supported labour. We are not sanguine enough to expect that the stupendous structure of Brahminism, which darkens this unhappy land with its direful shade, will fall as did Heathenism in New Zealand and some of the South Sea Islands, and some of our brethren have made up their minds to a lengthened siege. Let not our friends at home, then, be discouraged because we have not many brilliant victories to record. The enemy may very likely hold out a long time, but his strong fortresses shall crumble, even as surely as the pride of Greece tumbled before the onslaught of the Romans, and Rome before the foolishness of the preaching of "Jesus and the resurrection." At all events, Christian friends, your Missionaries are resolved never to abandon their glorious enterprise, as long as you afford them the means of prosecuting it. We do not confine ourselves to any one plan of action. We do not desire to mix ourselves with the controversy, once first commenced, which is now between the advocates of "Mission schools and of 'simple preaching.'" We believe every plan to be good

which brings sinners under the influence of the word, or which makes known "Jesus and Him crucified." At the same time, experience has taught us that, if we would succeed, we must follow some general system of action, whilst in the minor details we are guided by the particular leadings of Providence. It is not unimportant, therefore, that our friends, whose increased sympathy we are seeking to enlist, should have something like an adequate knowledge of those leading principles which guide their Missionaries in this country, and give that peculiar aspect to their plans which, in strangers at a distance, appears less directly aggressive than does Methodism in many other parts of the world. Education is a distinguishing branch of our system in this country, and as I am more directly engaged with this, with your permission, Sir, I will make it the subject of another communication by the next mail.

It is True and it Makes Me Glad.

A rich gentleman of Silesia had imbibed a bitter hatred against Christianity. One day, when he was walking over his grounds, he heard the sweet voice of a child reading aloud. He followed the sound, and saw a little girl with a book in her hand, sitting on a low stool at her cottage door. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why do you weep? are you not well, my dear?" asked the gentleman in a kind tone, as he walked towards her.

"O yes," she replied, smiling through her tears, "but I weep because I am happy, so happy!"

"How can you weep, if you are so happy?" said the gentleman, surprised.

"Because I have been reading about the Lord Jesus Christ, and I love him so much." "Why do you love him so much? He has been dead a long time; he can do you no good."

"No sir, he is not dead; he lives in heaven." "And even if this were true, what benefit is it to you? If he could help you, he would give money to your mother, that she might buy you better clothes." It was easy to perceive by the girl's dress that she belonged to a poor family.

"I do not wish for money, sir; but the Lord Jesus Christ will take me one day to himself in heaven." "Is it your mother, or some other person, who makes you believe this?" "No, no," said the child, earnestly, "it is true, and I am so glad." These simple replies, and his happiness in poverty, struck forcibly the gentleman's mind. He gave the child some money for her mother, and went away. He could not forget what she said to him; it seemed very strange to him that such a little girl should love the Saviour, and that the thought of his love should make her so happy; for he felt sure that she had spoken as she felt. He tried to account for it, but he could not. On his return home, he was serious and thoughtful. He began to imagine that there was, perhaps, after all, a reality in religion. About a week afterwards, he heard the church bells ring, and learnt that it was for the children's festival. There was to be a sermon preached to the children. He thought he would go and hear it. The minister delivered a touching discourse on the text, "Have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (Matt. xxi. 16.) That discourse deeply affected and convinced the gentleman. He could no longer doubt and disbelieve. He felt then as he had never felt before. The question which the preacher Saul addressed to Jesus on his way to Damascus, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" arose in his heart; and from that time the name of the Saviour,—a name which he could not hear formerly without contempt,—became to him infinitely dear and precious.

The gentleman marches now faithfully under the holy banner of Jesus Christ. He can echo now the saying of the little girl, "It is true, and it makes me glad."

Papal Church—Macaulay's Testimony.

The great historian of England, has made in reference to the Church of Rome, for the benefit of the present, and future ages, the following clear, pointed, truthful and enduring record:

"During the last three centuries, to stant the grove of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. Her loving and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor—while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned, by skill and industry, into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets. Whoever, knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country around Rome with the country around Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal dominion.

"The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation, the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commercial or small hereditary monarchy could ever reach, the same lesson. Wherever passes, in Germany, from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality, in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant canton, in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilization. On the other side of the Atlantic the same laws prevail. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada, who remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have done less, but shown an energy and intelligence which, even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule; for in no country that is called Roman Catholic has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority as in France."