

mine, living amongst Roman Catholics, was lately induced, to please her neighbours, to be one of a party, in the character of a nurse, to attend a child to the priest's for baptism. The priest asked the father what was to be the name. He said Mary; for, says he, that was the name of her sister who died, and I mean to raise up the name in the family. You do that very well, says the priest, for that child is just now in the gate of heaven with a *white* or tallow candle in her hand, praying for you, and this child. So after the salt, spittle, water, &c. were applied, and the party about to take their leave, the priest said to the father, You have brought that child here a lost *sinner*, and you now take her away a *saint*. The party returned home, quite happy at the mysterious change, to restore the little saint to her joyful mother; and, as they went, entered the first tavern to take a glass of grog. Just as they were sat down a neighbour came in, of the same faith, who was offered a share; but, being a temperance man, he would not partake, and said to the other he ought not to take it himself. Well, says the man, the priest told me there was no harm in it, as long as it will not lead me to commit *mortal* sin. But, enquired the other, may it not send you to purgatory? He replied, I believe it may. Well, says the temperance advocate, "Is there no evil there? If you follow my advice you can have full proof of the evil of it, and that according to your own acknowledgement. Take a glass of rum in the one hand, and a live coal of fire in the other, and see whether your pain from the one, or your pleasure from the other, exceeds. Now, if your pain is so great from the fire of this world, and that for a moment, how great must your pain be in the fire of purgatory, which is far hotter, and that for years together. More than that, I believe, should your wife die, you would kill a cow per-

haps, and a sheep too, besides plenty of rum, &c., and the whole expense would not be less than twelve pounds, which will cost you years of labour to pay it off. Now, would it not be much more natural and reasonable to call together a number of your friends, and quickly bury your wife, without either *feasting* or *drinking*, and save that money? Then give four dollars to one priest, five to another, and six to a third, and the three priests would offer up so great a sacrifice at the same time, that the soul of your wife would get out of purgatory all at once; while, on your system, it must lie there burning for years, and you have not a penny to take it out. Besides, if you continue to drink rum, &c. you must lie with your wife, and suffer too for years, and no means left to take you out." The man was sincere in his belief of purgatory, and looked on money as supplying the efficacious means of redemption out of it; and that is the general belief in this country.

A list of all the souls remaining yet in purgatory from this vicinity, was lately read in one of the congregations of this county; and, as one of the number, was mentioned the Rev. Mr. Fraser, who laboured faithfully for Christ in the village of St. —, and who has now been dead for three years. How gloomy the hope of such a religion at the hour of death! Alas! alas! for the people, when the best of their priesthood, supposed to possess such power for others, must continue themselves burning in the fires of purgatory for years together. But there is a useful article called *gold*, and when the priests get a true and sufficient share of that, the souls of the faithful obtain a hasty passage through these *imaginary regions*. But, my Dear Sir, "the blood of Jesus Christ *cleanseth us from all sin*," "without money, and without price." Is it not evident that these people are as ignorant of the Gospel of Christ as