The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.---A FAMILY JOURNAL.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for New Brunswick, Canada and the United States, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thurday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For Newfoundland every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For England and Bermuda every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening,	June	14th	Monday evening,	September	16th
" "	"	28th	" "	"	20th
" "	July	12th	" "	October	4th
" "	"	26th	" "	"	18th
" "	August	9th	" "	November	1st
" "	"	23d	" "	"	15th
			" "	"	29th

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THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

KIRWAN'S REPLY TO BISHOP HUGHES.

LETTER X.

An Appeal to all Roman Catholics.

My dear Friends,—In closing these letters, as with the two series hitherto published, I turn from Bishop Hughes to you. Many of you have not been uninterested readers of my letters, nor of the controversy, so far as it has assumed that character, between Bishop Hughes and myself; and while the prejudices of education and your respect for official station would naturally lead you to take sides with him, I am thankful to know that the generous impulses of many of you, and your desire to know the truth, have led you to resolve that I should have fair play. I have appeared before you with no crosses before my name, with no ecclesiastical titles after it, making no flourish of trumpets from the places of brief authority, and with the one simple desire to unfold before your eyes the religious system which has oppressed your fathers, and which, in its ceremonial exactions, has become too heavy for the earth any longer to bear; and I am thankful that so many, educated as you and I were in our youth, have been led by these letters to seek the religion of Christ and of the Bible among Protestants; and while there are many of you whose minds, through priestly interferences, have been so imbued with prejudices as to repel all approach to you, however kind, with the lamp of life and light, yet this is by no means the case with you all. To this latter class, the intelligent and candid of your number, who, in this free land, are determined to think for yourselves, I now appeal.

The history of my "Letters to Bishop Hughes" is a very short one. While yet in my minority, and nearly thirty years ago, I left the Roman Catholic Church. Motives that I now need not detail led me to write those letters, in which I have stated the reasons which induced me to give up the religion of the priest for that of the Bible. To these letters Bishop Hughes attempted an indirect reply in ten letters, and broke down in the midst of the discussion at the commencement of last Lent. As these had nothing in them to answer my objections or to satisfy your inquiries, you asked for something else. Hence the six letters entitled "Kirwan Unmasked," in which, after abuse without stint or sense, and without answering one solitary objection, he again breaks down at the close of the sixth, and flees to Halifax. And this, my third series, which I now bring to a close, is designed as a reply to those addressed by him to "Dear Reader," and to me, Kirwan.

The history of the bishop in the concern is about as short. When my letters first appeared, he could not condescend to answer them! He then commenced answering without reading them; and, without meeting an objection stated by me, he broke down with the tenth letter. When goaded by Catholics and Protestants until he could stand it no longer, he resolved on a direct answer to my objections, and again he broke down at the close of the sixth letter, without answering one of them. Thinking that it would answer all his purposes with *you* to abuse me, he writes his six wonderful letters, which deserve a place in the museum as a specimen of the controversial taste and ability of popish priests, and again breaks down, and flees beyond seas to hide the shame of his nakedness! How high his calculations on the strength of your prejudices and on the weakness of your common sense! Having usurped the power of thinking for you, he takes for granted that any kind of episcopal nonsense will satisfy you; but he is mistaken, as multitudes of you declare that his silence would be far better than what he has said, and would have inflicted less injury on popery in this country. One of the most intelligent of your number has been heard to damn him for not either holding his tongue or doing better.

Such being the history of the letters, look for a moment at the state of the controversy. There, in my first and second series, lie my objections to the Roman Catholic Church, abused from Maine to Mexico, but unanswered; *and I defy Bishop Hughes and all his mitred brethren on this continent to answer them on scriptural and common-sense principles, or on any principle, to the satisfaction of any reasonable man.* The bishop has published ten letters, giving his reasons for adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, out of whose pale there is no salvation. These reasons I have shown to be mere and miserable assumptions, and utterly insufficient to justify the faith or the practice of any living man. Bishop Hughes would not ask your note for a dollar, had he no stronger reasons for asking it than those which he has given to bind you to the Catholic Church; and if he should so impose upon you as to secure your note for no stronger reason, you might sue him for taking from you your money under false pretenses, and send him, if not to Purgatory, at least to state prison, to atone for his crime.

Such, then, is the state of this controversy. There lie my objections to popery unanswered. *Let Bishop Hughes answer them if he can.* There are his reasons for adherence to the Catholic Church confuted. *Let him reconstruct his argument if he can.* And all that he has yet done is to abuse me in a way unbecoming a bishop, for first riddling his building, and then taking away its foundations. And because the hopes of his gain are gone, he and his priests, were it in their power, would serve me as Paul and Silas were served at Phillippi by the masters of the damsel out of whom they cast the spirit of divination. But we are in a free country.

Roman Catholics, from this man and his miserable system I now turn to you. Read the ten letters which I have reviewed, and see how weak are the arguments for popery. Read the six letters addressed to me, and see how low your bishop can descend! If John Hughes is the Achilles of popery in our country, what must the soldiers under him be!! And will you longer sustain a religion, the strong objections to which he can not meet, and the reasons for adherence to which, as given by himself, are not strong enough to hold up the spider's most attenuated web! Behold him twice coming to the rescue of your Church, and twice turning his back without even an effort to spike a single gun aimed at its vitals! Can the system which *he* can not defend be worthy of *your* support? Can the captain who deserts his post in the heat of battle be worthy of the commission he bears!

Read his ten letters, if their dullness will permit you, and examine their principles. What an argument for a religious despotism of the most grinding and enduring character! The Pope is the successor of Peter, and you have no hope of heaven but in connection with the Pope! Be as good, as pious, as charitable, as godlike as you may, you are out of the way of life unless you submit to the Pope, and then to all his subalterns! You have no right to form an opinion of your own; the Pope, bishops, and priests are appointed to think for you! Without a license, such as they give in Ireland for selling whisky, you have no right to read the Bible; the priests will do that for you, and tell you what is in it that concerns you! To God your Father you have no right to go, save through a priestly intercessor, who, for a fee to suit your circumstances, will transact all your business at the court of heaven! All you do you must tell the priest, and thus you give him a power over you by which he can whip you into the traces whenever you dare to think for yourselves! If the letters of Bishop Hughes are true, then the priests of the papal church are a close corporation, with the Pope at their head, with the keys of life and death in their hands, and through whom alone God exercises spiritual dominion in our world! What a fearful despotism is this, infinitely more oppressive than any civil despotism which has ever cursed the world! It meets you at your entrance into life; it dogs you through every step of your earthly pilgrimage; it stands by you at the bed of death, claiming the power of opening heaven to your soul when it escapes from its clay tabernacle, or of locking it up in hell! From the cradle to the grave you must only do as it ordains, at the risk of all the vials of its wrath! And this is popery—yes, popery as advocated and practiced in the city of New York by Bishop Hughes! With what noble consistency can he raise his voice in Vauxhall against the oppression of Ireland by England, and subscribe his money to buy a shield for the back of the sham patriots, who, by their shameful blustering and cowardly conduct, have made Irish patriotism a subject of merriment throughout the world, and then vindicate a code of religious despotism in comparison with which that of Russia is freedom; and then filch from the pockets of the poor, ignorant, credulous, but noble-hearted and generous Irish, the money they have earned with the sweat of their brow, to purchase for them chains, and to pay priests for riveting them on their limbs! Roman Catholics, will you submit to a despotism which thus degrades, dupes, and robs you! Irish Roman Catholics, so eager to burst the chains with which England has bound the land of our fathers, will you submit to wear a yoke like this! Sons of noble sires, whose blood and bones fatten and whiten every field in Ireland by struggles to break the British yoke, will you, in a land of light and freedom, like Russian serfs, wear a collar like this? Will you permit a close priestly corporation, without any sufficient motive save to increase their corporate property, to assume over you the power of God, and to bind to their girdle the keys of heaven? to enter your family, and to regulate your meat and your drink? if a servant in a Protestant family, to place you there as a spy, and to forbid you enjoying its religious privileges? to think for you? on every hand to surround you with infinitely ramified and potent influences, which are sleepless in their efforts to keep around your neck the yoke of servitude, and to prevent your emancipation into that liberty with which Christ makes his people free? Thousands in this land, and tens of thousands through all the earth, are casting it aside as too heavy longer to be borne; will not all of you do the same? Will you be content to be slaves in a country of freedom—slaves to papal priests, the most degrading of all slavery—when it is only for you to firmly resolve, and you are at once spiritually as you are civilly free? Fling the flag of your spiritual freedom to the free winds of heaven, and let your watchwords be God, the Bible, Liberty, and unborn generations will rise and call you blessed.

Irish Roman Catholics, I am not so destitute of all sympathies with you, and with our fatherland beyond the waves of the Atlantic, as Bishop Hughes would make you believe. I sympathize with you here in that degradation to which the religion of the priest has reduced you. I deeply sympathize with our lovely country at home and our noble countrymen, so deeply degraded, and mainly by the same cause. I renewedly charge upon popery the low social level to which Ireland has been reduced, and the social degradation of her children in all the lands of their dispersion. It is popery that has made her sons and daughters, in so many instances, hewers of wood and drawers of water; and my sympathies with you and for you, more than all other causes, have given existence to these letters. As I early predicted, the bishop rings changes on my apostasy; charges me with desertion; leaves the argument for the man; and in every way, save by reason and argument, seeks to vilify my name, so as to diminish my influence with you. In this he is joined by his priests, and by the miserable press controlled by him. But this is simply the conspiracy of the wolves ravening the fold to induce the sheep to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the shepherd who sounds the alarm. Their craft is in danger, and hence their wrath. I here assert before heaven and earth that you are grievously imposed upon by your priests; that for the sake of your money they daily practice upon you impositions such as should brand them as impostors; that they traffic in souls, and make a gain of godliness; and that, instead of your veneration, they are worthy only of your rejection. And for the evidence of all this I need only point you to the moneys which they draw from you by their senseless masses, by their extreme unctions, by their charms, and relics, and penances, and purgatorial deliverances, and by the thousand and one ways in which they show their sympathy for the sheep by fleecing them of their wool. And hence the hue and cry against me by your priests, because I plainly and fearlessly tell you of these things.

Nor am I, Roman Catholics, the profane infidel which your bishop would make me out to be. If there were no alternative for me but to believe what he teaches, I would be again compelled to shoot the gulf of infidelity, and to build my hopes for the future upon the dim twilight instructions of natural religion. What would I not believe sooner than that man can create God! But even were I an infidel, vulgar as Paine, bitter as Voltaire, plausible as Gibbon, would that be any reason why my objections to popery should not be answered? Did not Porteus answer Paine? Did not Campbell confute Hume! and even if an infidel, why should not Bishop Hughes answer my objections? The reason is not in my infidelity, but in his inability. He is unable to answer them. He has tried twice, and abandoned the task. But I am not an infidel. I believe in the Bible. I believe in the religion of Jesus Christ. It is the source of my comforts here, and the foundation of all my hopes for the future. I believe in the divinity, the vicarious atonement of Jesus Christ, and in the efficacy of that atonement to save all, *without money and without price*, who rest solely upon it. "He that believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ," if there was not a Pope or priest upon earth, "shall be saved." This is my faith; and it is to this simple, efficacious faith—the faith of the prophets, apostles, martyrs, fathers, confessors of all ages and of all countries—of the true catholic Church in all its ministers and members, that, in my soul, I desire to win you.

Truth, and not mitres, crosses, unmeaning ceremonies, priestly vestments, solemn farces, is the only thing worthy of your love and reverence. Buy the truth, and sell it not. Dig for it as for hid treasures. This is the pearl of great price, and, if necessary, sell all that you possess to purchase it. Popery is the religion of children, of low civilization; Christianity is the religion of men, and of high civilization, where the virtues and graces most flourish. Dare to be Christians. Your attachment to popery only benefits the priest; Christianity will enrich yourselves. Dare to be Christians. The night is far spent; the day is at hand. O, be children of the day. Fear God, and then the wrath of the priest inspires no more terror than do the low growlings of the caged tiger.

Praying with all prayer for your deliverance from the degrading and grinding despotism of popery, and for your full emancipation into the glorious liberty of the Gospel, I am, with all the sympathies of my Irish nature.

Yours, Kirwan.

NOTES

OF THE VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" AMONG THE NEW HEBRIDES AND LOYALTY ISLANDS, IN JUNE AND JULY 1857.

Fotuna.

Thursday, 11th June.—This morning we were off Fotuna; the "John Knox," we afterwards found, was on the opposite side of the island. There is no good anchorage at Fotuna; the vessels therefore lay off and on, while the five missionaries and Captain Williams went ashore in the boat. We all landed and walked up to the teacher's house at Ipau. Mr. Geddie and I conducted a short service in the Aneiteum language, and baptized the teacher's child, which was about two months old. We appointed Waihit and his wife, whom we had brought with us in the vessel, to their former station; and having given such advices and directions to the teachers as we considered necessary, we all returned to the boat. The beach, the overhanging rocks, and the rugged winding path up to the teacher's house, were crowded with some hundreds of natives. The great body of them were highly pleased with our visit; and no doubt it will be a marked era in their island's history. A very few only refused to shake hands with us. As we anticipated, however, we found the natives of Fotuna less favourably disposed for the reception of the gospel than they had been six months ago. During the rainy months last summer, a party of Fotuna natives came over to Aneiteum in a sandal-wood vessel, and they had to remain a considerable time before they could find an opportunity of returning home. They were all laid up with fever and ague, as is generally the case with natives of Fotuna coming to Aneiteum at that season of the year. When they returned home they told their countrymen that the people of Aneiteum had no food, and were all dying in consequence of the new religion. Although this statement was as false as false could be, yet natives are so credulous, that many either believed it or professed to believe it, and became averse to the teachers. In the district of Maunga, where the natives killed the Samoan teachers ten or twelve years ago, they talked of killing our two teachers; and as the teachers could gain no footing among the natives of Maunga, they retired to Ipau, and we found them living with Filip. Navacka, the chief with whom Waihit formerly lived, with all his family, are professedly Christian. We left Waihit and Wanateng to live with Navacka; and Filip and Nawatapping to live at Ipau, where all are favourable and a few make a profession of Christianity, and we instructed them to itinerate, and to occupy other stations should any favourable openings occur. We brought home Katiepa and his wife for the sake of their own improvement. Yosefa and his wife we brought home a year ago.

Fotuna is the most eastern island in the New Hebrides. It lies between thirty and forty miles north by east from Aneiteum, and a shorter distance east from Tana. It is a small island, only about nine miles in circumference. As seen from Aneiteum, it rises up out of the sea, not unlike Ailsa Craig, as seen from the Ayrshire coast; but of course much larger, and flat on the top. As you approach it from the north, it rises up with rugged terraces and frowning battlements of rock, somewhat resembling the Salisburg Crags, near Edinburgh. Mr. Geddie and I were anxious to fix upon a spot for a mission station. So far as we could ascertain, both from observation and inquiry, the best site for mission premises would be at Ipau, where Filip and Nawataping are stationed.—There is here a good boat harbour, and in fine weather the "John Knox" could anchor. It is a beautiful spot. The island here juts out into a small promontary, on the extremity of which rises a small conical hill. The mission premises would stand between this hill and the mountain which forms the principal part of the island, and if I remember localities aright, with which I was not very familiar, they would appear very much the same as if they were placed at the base of Arthur's Seat. But whether equal or not in romantic beauty to Arthur's Seat, this station will have one great advantage in its favour. Instead of the cold piercing east and north winds from the Frith of Forth. The mission premises will be cooled and ventilated daily with the gentle but regular south-east trade-wind,—winds more refreshing and delightful than the soft-breathing zephyrs of the poets. Fotuna is the Madeira of the New Hebrides. It is likely to become the *sanitarium* for the mission families stationed on this group. The population of Fotuna is understood to be about seven hundred, and that of Aniwa, a small island between Fotuna and Tana, about three hundred. The natives of both islands are of Malay origin, and their language is closely allied to the Malay dialects spoken in Tahiti, Samoa, and New Zealand. The dress of the men is the same as on Aneiteum; they also plait their hair in the same way. The women are less decently dressed than the women of Aneiteum were in the days of heathenism. Instead of the full petticoat worn by the women of Aneiteum, the women of Fotuna wear only a kind of apron, one before and the other behind. But they are a good looking race of people. Both men and women are much taller and better-looking than the natives of Aneiteum. Their great and primary want is the want of the gospel. Let them be brought under the power and influence of divine truth, and their little island would be the loveliest in these seas. A white man has lived on Fotuna for the last six or seven years; and if a common sailor can live safely among the natives, what danger is to be apprehended by a missionary!

Tana.

Friday, June 12.—This morning we reached Tana, and came to anchor in Port Resolution. The "John Knox" came in a little after us. We remained in Port Resolution till Saturday evening. During Thursday night the most interesting object that we saw was the volcano on the headland, about four miles from Port Resolution. It serves all the purposes of a lighthouse, and is in no danger of being mistaken for any other light. Every few minutes it sent up a shower of red hot cinders, and in the dark cloud of smoke above, the blazing fire beneath was constantly reflected. The body of the mountain seems to be composed of sulphur; at least in a bay near the base of the mountain sulphur is found in large quantities, where it has been dug up by traders and shipped for Sydney. We have here a striking and visible emblem of the place of punishment. If we have not a *lake*, we have a *mountain*, literally burning with fire and brimstone, and its smoke, like that of mystic Babylon, rising up for ever and ever. It is a fire that is never extinguished.

There is another volcano to the north of this group, on the Island of Ambrim, or Ambirr; and farther north still, in Queen Charlotte's group, there is a small island in which there is an active volcano. The whole island is little else but a mountain of volcanic ashes. Captain Cook when exploring this group, thought he saw the smoke of a volcano at Ambirr; but he was uncertain whether it was a volcano, or simply the smoke of a fire kindled by the natives. In 1850, when the "Havannah" sailed past Ambirr, we were on the lookout for the volcano; but as the day was cloudy, we could discover nothing. The Bishop of New Zealand, however, in some of his recent voyages has had ample evidence that an active volcano exists on the island of Ambirr.

On Tana, as on Fotuna, we found our teachers all well. Some of them had suffered from sickness during the rainy months; but they had all recovered. They had also all been well supplied with food. There had been a great amount of sickness, and a good deal of mortality among the Tanese. In consequence of this their superstitious fears had been again awakened, and numbers of those who had attended the religious services conducted by the teachers had ceased to attend. The Tanese had even held a consultation, and resolved to kill our teachers as the cause of the sickness; but the chiefs with whom the teachers resided said No; they must kill them first. In consequence of these things, we found on Tana, as we had done on Fotuna, that appearances were much less encouraging than they had been six months before. We were not, however, taken by surprise; we were prepared for finding such a state of things at both places. We had received letters from our teachers, and we had obtained information through other channels, so that we were in possession of all the principal facts of the case. We went ashore all of us, both on the Friday and the Saturday. We visited a number of villages, and found the natives all well disposed and friendly, and much pleased to see us. The teachers' house is a neat, comfortable building. The frame of it was prepared on Aneiteum. The site of the mission house, erected in 1842, is still distinctly seen; but trees of considerable size are now growing out of the floor. At the southwest corner of the harbour, is the hot spring discovered by Captain Cook nearly ninety years ago. We found it smoking and bubbling up, nearly boiling hot. On the west side of Port Resolution, the side next the volcano, there are many hot springs.

We were anxious to settle Mr. Gordon at Port Resolution, it being, in our opinion, the most important station that we could occupy at present on this group. But after careful inquiries and lengthened conversations with our teachers, and the principal chiefs around the harbour, we came unanimously to the conclusion that it would be best, in present circumstances, not to settle Mr. Gordon at Port Resolution, but to proceed to Eromanga, where we had reason to believe that no obstacles would lie in the way of his being settled. The state of things on Tana is this:—Our teachers have no place of worship at Port Resolution; but every Sabbath they visit about ten villages, and hold a service in the *intaptang*, or public square of the village. Before the sickness, almost all the population attended these services; but since the sickness prevailed, almost all have deserted them, and only a very few attend them at present. The people, however, around Port Resolution still observe the Sabbath,—that is, they neither work nor fish, nor fight on that day; they only cook their food. The chiefs around the harbour, among whom our teachers are labouring, would willingly have received a missionary; but they were afraid of thereby involving themselves in a war with the heathen tribes to the north and west of the bay. And as there is a great number of reputed disease-makers among the tribes near the volcano whose incantations are, in their estimation, more to be dreaded than clubs or spears, their fears were on that account all the greater. There had been great fighting all around Port Resolution for some months, and peace was scarcely established. Indeed, it was rumoured that a canibal feast, on a small scale, was going on at no great distance while we lay in the harbour. The chiefs also requested us to leave among them at present, some more Aneiteum teachers; and they said, that by and by, when peace was restored, they would be ready to accept of a missionary. We accordingly left two new teachers and their wives on Tana, and we opened three new stations. We have now four stations at or near Port Resolution, and three stations, occupied by four teachers, on the south-east end of Tana. Miaka, the principal chief at Port Resolution, has given in his adherence to Christianity by receiving a teacher and putting on a European garment. Up to the time of our visit he remained neutral; but now he has placed himself under Christian instruction. Miaki, Nanwar, Quanwan, and the other chiefs, have promised to assist our teachers in their efforts to gain over the heathen tribes between the harbour and the volcano. Just as we were preparing to sail, our teachers from the south-east of Tana came to the vessel, and informed us how much Yaresi, and the other chiefs and people there were disappointed that the missionary was not to be settled among them. We were, however, of opinion that it would not be desirable to settle a missionary in that locality till one should be settled at Port Resolution. Though we failed in our principal object, the settlement of Mr. Gordon, I am fully persuaded that our visit to Tana will be productive of incalculable good, and that we have left highly favourable impressions on the minds of the Tanese.

Tana is a large, fertile, populous, and important island. It is about twenty-four miles long from north to south, and about ten or twelve miles broad; but of the actual amount of population, nobody knows anything, and it is of no use to attempt guessing. All that we know is this, that everywhere it appears to be populous. The natives on the south of Tana are a strong, vigorous, war-like race of men; on the north they appear to be milder; they speak a different language; and are in appearance more like the natives of Eromanga. In the great force of character possessed by the Tanese around Port Resolution, we see a sufficient explanation for the difficulties with which the introduction of the gospel among them has been hitherto attended. We cannot regard the present difficulties, however, as anything but temporary, and our firm hope is, that the time is not distant when Tana, so long dark, degraded, and hopeless, will become fair and fruitful as the garden of the Lord.

To be continued.

MACAULAY ON ROMANISM.

But during the three last centuries to stunt the growth of the human mind has been the chief object of Romanism. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have under her rule, been sunk in political servitude, and intellectual torpor, whilst 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 round Rome with the country around Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of papal domination. The descent of Spain, one the first among monarchies, to the lowest depth of degradation—the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teaches the same lesson. Whoever 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 law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have doubtless shown an energy and intelligence which, taken 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 that church, during several generations possessed so little authority as in France.—*Hist. of England.*

Success in Life.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine-tenths of us are from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason, then, have we to persume that our children are not to do the same? The path upwards is steep and long. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the parent, lay the foundation of a rise under more favourable circumstances for the children. The children of these take another rise, and by-and-by the descendants of the peasant labourer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach to the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. The education which is recommended consists in bringing children up to labour with steadiness, with care, and with skill—to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to teach them to do all in the best manner; to set them an example of industry, sobriety and cleanliness, and neatness—to make all these habitual to them so that they shall never be liable to fall into the contrary—to let them always see a good living proceeding from labour, and thus remove from them the temptation to get the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means.—*William Cobbett.*

The storm of thunder and lightning, experienced here last week, was severely felt along the North Shore. At Cape Torment, George Terrice, a young man about 19 years of age, who was on his way to Mr. Thompson Allen's, was struck by the lightning, and killed instantly. When found he was lying on his face, his shoes were near him, the hinder parts having been burst asunder by the electric fluid.—*Sackville Borderer.*

SUPPOSED CAUSE OF THE POTATO ROT.

The Buffalo (New York) *Commercial* announces that Mr. Alexander Henderson of that city has made a discovery of the cause of the potato rot, which, if it should prove correct, will be of vast importance, as the means of future prevention can also be found. He thinks it is produced by an insect, the egg of which is laid on the skin of the potato, is invisible to the naked eye, but may be detected with a microscope, and is planted with the seed potato. This egg is hatched in about six days and the young insect stays in the ground until it gets wings. In the meantime he is engaged in ravaging the tubers, each perforation poisoning the sound and begetting the rot. While yet in the ground, and as early as the tenth day of existence, the young insects cohabit, and from the great rapidity with which they propagate, Mr. Henderson argues that the egg is deposited before the first emergence from the ground, although in case of cold, wet weather, the insect sometimes leaves the vines and returns to the tuber. Only a few days are required for the entire destruction of the vine. The insect is remarkably industrious, but the destruction of the vine does not affect the tuber except to stop its growth.

The *Commercial* gives further particulars, as follows:—Mr. Henderson states that he has been engaged in this research since 1845, that in 1850 he discovered the bug on the vines, but thought it was confined to them. During the last year he has found it on the tubers, and watched its effects upon them. It appears on the vines in from two and a half to three months after planting according to the soil and manure, a richly manured soil producing the perfect insect sooner. On the morning of the 24th of June, Mr. Henderson left at our office a glass jar containing a sound and healthy potato plant, covered by a perforated paper so as to afford air. He had planted it there at seven o'clock, a. m., and with it were confined some six or eight insects, which Mr. Henderson believes to be the source of potato rot. The insect itself we cannot describe scientifically. It is about half the size of the common house-fly, of a brownish colour; has six legs, two pair of diaphanous wings, two antennæ, and a long, strong proboscis. Mr. Henderson thinks it Phytocoris, but is not positive as to that. At the end of twenty-four hours the plant was evidently diseased. The insect was actively engaged upon its various portions, which became brown and mouldy in the leaf, while the stalks, in the course of two or three days, suffered a putrescent change, until some of them fell over by their own weight, the stalk being swollen and softened, in some places to a jelly, of a sickly green color. This process, Mr. Henderson informs us, takes place uniformly, but most rapidly when the plant is freely watered and exposed to sun and air, as the specimen described was not. To all external appearances the disease was identical with the ordinary potato rot, as it attacks the vines. Some pieces of early (this year's) potatoes, placed in the jar, were also plainly attacked by the rot during the four days of exposure. Mr. Henderson finds a ready explanation for the greater healthfulness of the potato in sandy soil. He finds that the grains of sand greatly annoy and cripple the insect, and as the light soil is heaved up by the growth of the root, the sand impacts or falls down, preventing the access of the fly. In a stiff soil the insect readily leaves the ground through the cracks opened by the growth of the tuber, and having stung it, comes to the surface and attacks the vine, especially after heavy showers. During the past winter Mr. Henderson has had thousands of the young insects hatched under glass, and to try their power of mischief, has experimented with bugs only a quarter grown. The plants exposed showed unmistakable signs of disease on the fourth day. If we put a stop to the planting of the egg with the seed potato, we stop the propagation of the insect. The egg being invisible, any means applied should be thorough, and reach the whole surface of the root. Mr. Henderson states that by sprinkling quicklime over the potato, as it is cut for planting, the moisture will dissolve the lime and bathe the tubers in a caustic alkali, which will destroy the egg. At this time of the year the ravages of the insect may by prevented by packing the earth around the tuber firmly with the foot, which will smother the insect.

THERAPEUTICS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

An eminent physician of this city recently excited my curiosity by saying—"I have been trying the therapeutics of the New Testament." The therapeutics of the New Testament! What does he mean? He relieved my curiosity thus: "A lady came to me complaining of neuralgia. She had been thus affected for years, and had consulted many physicians in vain. Her bodily symptoms had produced settled melancholy, and by the reaction of this melancholy those symptoms had been aggravated. To relieve this mental depression she was going into scenes of gaity. I directed her to abandon all such scenes. I next advised her to seek out some fellow-being who was suffering more than herself, and go forth daily for the purpose of administering aid and comfort, and continue her visits till the sufferer was relieved. She followed my prescription. Her sympathies were called out, and she forgot her own troubles as she could not have done either at home or in the circles of fashion. On each visit her nerves were thrilled by expressions of gratitude from the sufferer—her active emotions were started into healthful exercise—her blood increased in circulation. Her chilly sensations ceased. She is now no longer in need of medical treatment. "This," said he, "is what I mean by the therapeutics of the New Testament." He is not a professor of religion. He spoke merely as a man of science.

That such a practice would always be equally successful is not asserted; but his statement suggested a principle worthy of consideration by the gloomy Christian.

The motionless graces, like stagnant water, are covered with film, through which the evidence of piety, lying at the bottom of your soul, cannot be seen. Let active exertion turn the stagnant pool to a running stream, and the film passing off, your title to heaven will be disclosed. As inertness of body produces depression, so does inertness of the graces. Active exercise imparts elasticity and delight.

Moreover, be not always looking within for evidence, but often looking without for liberty. The former practice may be indulged to a disheartening excess—the latter cannot be engaged in too frequently. It not only cheers, but humbles and sanctifies.

Diligent and well-directed efforts to do others good, and meditation on the glory of God, as it shines in the face of Jesus Christ, will be the best means of removing your spiritual maladies, and giving you the 'joy and peace that passeth all understanding."—*True Witness.*