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SPEECH OF THE REV. H. J. PIGGOTT.

From the London Watchman.

The Rev. H. J. Piggott, (Padua) was called upon to move the next resolution. He said: My lord, I will at once read my resolution, lest I should forget it afterwards. It is this:—

That this meeting, recognizing the Divine adaptation of Christianity to the wants of universal man, and recalling the command of Christ to disciples to "preach the Gospel to every creature," feels called upon both by providential openings in nominal Christendom, and by the urgent claims of the heathen world, to sustain with increased labor, liberality and prayer the various agencies of the Wesleyan Methodist and other evangelical Missionary Societies.

My lord, I have one advantage over the preceding speaker, that I have a definitely fixed theme; and to that theme I intend to stick. (Hear, hear.) I am not left to bewilder myself amongst a multiplicity of resolutions, but whatever my resolution may say I have to-day to speak upon Italy. Now I think that no one can reflect ever so little upon the present condition and recent history of Italy without feeling as his predominent sentiment a vivid and enduring recognition of the wonderful providence of God. Other missionaries from other lands may have to tell of the marvels God hath wrought by his Spirit on the souls of men, of the conversion of tribes and nations to the faith of Jesus; but the missionary from Italy at present must take for his text rather "The Lord is King." (Hear, hear.) Only contrast what Italy is at the present day and what Italy was fifteen years ago. At that time to use the scornful phrase of Lamartine, she was but a "geographical expression;" now a free and united people. At that time enslaved, with one little exception, from the Alps to the Sicilian Sea; now from the Sicilian Sea to the Alps entirely free; and free as any people in Europe. At that time, split up into twenty different States, with as many different systems of administration and codes of law. Now one constitution, one monarch, one Parliament, one civil and political legislation. At that time, gripped like some poor defenceless sheep by the wolf's fang of Austria in the north; and by the velvet but bloody paw of France in the centre; now the courted ally, on equal terms of her former spoilers. Then hermetically sealed all around her circumference against any influx of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ; but now free to be traversed from the mountains to the sea by the beautiful feet of colporteurs and evangelists—(hear, hear)—and wonderful as is the change in itself, equally wonderful is the way in which it has been brought about. What could have accomplished it but the direct interposition of Almighty God in his providence? The Italians themselves are obliged to recognise something in the liberation of their country which they can account for on no ordinary principles. In their phrase they speak of the star of Italy, *l' Estelle d' Itali*—of destiny; it had so to be, so they put it in their crude, sceptical way. Well, interpreting sceptical Italy's saying into Christian phrase, we will say it was the hand of God. If ever that hand came out from behind the veil and signed itself upon the page of history, it has done so in the events which I am now speaking about. Wonderful indeed has been the way in which that hand has wrought. We see that hand in the raising up of the men, flawed it you like, and defective, as judged by any Christian standard, but still men adapted to Italy's need and circumstances; Mazzini, for instance, the man of ideas, who forty years ago projected one—so wildly improbable that all sober, prudent people laughed it to scorn; but strong in his enthusiastic faith, he planted it in the heart of young Italy, and when, after years of suffering, darkness and exile, the seed which he had planted germinated and grew, it became robust; and although beaten down and trampled upon, still it grew and grew, until it ripened into the full blade, and has borne its full fruit before our eyes to-day. Then take Garibaldi, the man of action, liberty's own knight-errant, a sort of Chevalier Bayard, with a touch of Don Quixote, who when the southern half of the peninsula was charged like some electric battery with the Mazzinian idea, came, and with a touch exploded it, and in the shock the citadel of tyranny fell, and five millions of slaves leapt up free men, (Applause.) Then D'Azeglio, the man of genius, as poet, as artist, as writer, and as statesman, just such a man as Italy would have produced in times gone by. And Cavour that master of statecraft of modern times, and the Machiavelli of the nineteenth century, by whose wisdom little Piedmont expanded suddenly to the surprise of everybody into Italy; Victor Emmanuel, the soldier-king, who, when one day Mazzini and D'Azeglio said to him either in joke or earnest, "The world has seen plenty of king-conquerors; it were a pleasant variety if for once the world should see a 'king honest man,'" took up the title and wore it faithfully by fealty to his constitutional oath; and although, remember, he had no precedent in the long line of monarchs whose blue blood flows in his veins; and who never wore it more faithfully than when a short time ago he went to the capital, and, though a superstitious monarch, defied the Pontificial fulminations, and there amongst the acclamations of the people, said, "We have come here, and we mean to stay." (Applause.) In all these events we see the hand of God, and we see that hand also in the wonderful way in which the vicissitudes of other nations—their wars and their disasters and revolutions have been made subservient to the cause of Italy. It was the Crimean war which gave to Piedmont a humble place in the congress of European Powers. It was the Napoleonic need of military glory which brought the arms of France to Magenta and Solferino. It was the struggle between Austria and Prussia for Germanic supremacy that released Venice, and of late it was the duel between the Teuton and the Gaul that opened the gates of Rome. Thus God made the wars and disasters of other people subservient to Italy. (Hear, hear.) Look at the last two events of which I have been speaking. Look at the release of Venice and the annexation of Rome. You will see here that Italy's very defeats and failures have still resulted somehow or other in success, and have still advanced her in her progress toward her goal. When I stood on this platform nine years ago what could have seemed more wildly improbable than the accomplishment of these two events—the release of Venice and the annexation of Rome? At that time Austria held Venice in her iron grip; with the tenacious grasp of a dying power, conscious of failing strength, she clung to the last relic of the favorite domains on which was poured out in centuries past treasure and blood. France had guaranteed Rome—France whose sensitive vanity and desire for European ascendency, to say nothing of the necessities of her reigning dynasty, pledged her to back up these guarantees, if needs be, with the whole of her military resources. In the face of two such powers, what could Italy do by herself? Plainly enough. If she looked abroad upon her political horizon, were was there any sign of help? Despotic Governments distrusted her; for the plea which was the very base of her argument was to them an ugly menace—the relief of oppressed nationalities. Liberal governments, it is true, gave her nods and winks of encouragement, but even their chivalry for so lovely a sister in distress could go no farther. I am no admirer of the old chivalrous idea which made anybody's quarrel everybody's simply for the love of the *melee*, but still I do think that a Christian nation's duty can scarcely on every occasion be epitomised in that one word "non-intervention." (Hear, hear.) And it does seem to me that there must be a Christian chivalry that will know how at need to put its lance's point to some sterner use than the carrying of diplomatic notes. But however that may be, at that time, for Italy no power would stir. Then came the great European convulsion, in which I do not profess to see the divine plan and scheme, but by means of which I know this, that God gave to Italy her own. It was by no power in herself. She did nothing but blunder and fail. She blundered in dilpomacy, she blundered in strategy. She lost in land battle and a sea battle as well. She lost a whole hecatomb of young heroes at Mentana, and yet Venice and Rome fell into her lap, and now the tricolored flag floats over the city of the Doges and of the Pontiffs. Her efforts were of no use until God in his divine counsels sealed the unity of Italy, and with his own right arm He brought it to pass. (Hear, hear.) But whilst passing in review these events that have recently transpired in the peninsula, there is one which here, on this occasion, we are bound to dwell upon a little longer. I have spoken of the annexation of Rome. There is more involved in the annexation of Rome than simply the word "State." The annexation of Rome means the fall of the temporary power of the Pope. Its fall I say; its fall, I believe, never to rise again. My lord, it sometimes happens that on those shores where the sea is ever gaining upon the land some solitary rock is left out in the water to mark where the old coast line once ran. In all the advances of the surging tide the shore crumbles, houses, and villages, and plains disappear, harbors and ports are choked up with mud and sand, geography has to retrace her charts, and yet there still stands the solitary rock, defiant of change and time, sole witness to the forgotten past. And yet all the while the devouring element is gnawing at its base; eating out great caverns in which the mighty sea creatures lie, until at last on some fine morning the dwellers on the shore look out, and lo! the rock is no longer there. It has gone down, lashing for a moment the waters into a foam, and then they subside over it, and its place is no longer seen. Such a rock tide of life and thought had moved on and on, ever pushing forward the boundary lines of humanity: changing customs, changing laws, changing institutions; but in its remorseless, irresistable march one thing only seemed to keep its place, to stand where it had stood for centuries, sole relic of a buried age, defiant of the mighty progress, as though left there to measure the distance between the past and the present, and that was the temporal power of the Pope. Yet all the while the tide of new life that washed around it was sapping its foundations, until when the time in God's good providence was ripe, the monstrous anachronism collapsed and disappeared; and that rock will not re-appear again above the waters. It is no temporary storm wave that has hidden it from our view for a moment, as has taken place in ages past. No; its foundations have been destroyed; it has gone down, and that mighty ocean of the past where lies the world that was has buried it. (Applause.) Now I call that event the greatest event of modern times; and I say that the generation that has witnessed the downfall of the temporal power of the Pope has need of no other event to mark it as wonderful. And when I say this I do not speak merely of the downfall of the temporal power as an historical event, although contemplated thus, it is the downfall of the most ancient dynasty in Europe. Nor do I speak of it in relation to the indepence of the Papal States merely although for them it is a release from a rule compared with which the rule of the Ottoman is honest and the rule of the Czar is liberal. (Hear, hear.) Nor do I speak of it in relation to the independence of Italy at large, although for the Italians it is the last stroke of the axe which releases the new built vessel from the stocks and sends her careering over the harbour bar into the open sea. (Hear, hear,) No; I speak of that event now in wider relations; relations that reach humanity at large, and will go down to the end of time, for the fall of the temporal power is a heavy blow dealt at that evil thing which we call Popery. ("Hear, hear." and applause.) I know that many do not think so. I know that especially amongst those liberal and honest people within the Church of Rome—at least the moral liberal and honest—who are expecting a reform from within which shall not be a dethronement, it seems to be a blessing rather than an evil; and if Popery as a religion were a living Christianity, the dissolving of this monstrous *connubium* with the powers of the world would be a blessing. But it is not so. Her shameful lover lies dead at her feet, but her shameful lover survives; and who has not heard from the frescoed walls of the Vatican her wails of rage and despair over the miserable carcase? She is a harlot still at heart, and the Holy Spouse will have none of her. (Applause.) And well may she wail, for all are aware that with temporal power much has gone which to vital Christianity would have been the lifting up of an incubus, but which to Romanism is a draining of vital strength. Much pomp and pageantry has gone away from her, and where can creatures of her class do without the rouge-pot, and the perfume, and the dainty attire? (Hear, hear.) The prestige of the Eternal City has gone away from her. Many prizes of place and power which rewarded the ambition of her ministers have gone from her; and—ponder this well—she has lost that privacy and darkness necessary to a life like hers. She has now no territory exclusively her own wherein her scandals can find a safe asylum, and where she can train up her ministers in complete seclusion from the free light and liberal air of the outside world. (Applause.) Therefore, I say, it was not God the husbandman who came that day, and with his sharp pruning knife cut away the exuberant tendrils from his vine to give it a more vigorous life; but it was God the avenger, who came with his axe, for that tree was no vine, of his planting, but a sterile cumberer of the ground; nay, rather the poison spreading Upas-tree which the enemy had planted in the vineyard while the keeper slept. (Applause.) I return then then to my text: "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." I cannot come to you here this day with such a story as Calvert or Wilson can bring you from Fiji or Adams from the friendly Islands, or any brother Kilner from the spice groves of Ceylon. I cannot come and tell you of a nation born in a day; of myriads that have felt the saving spiritual power of the Gospel of our blessed Saviour. No; it is rather God in his providences that we have to speak of in Italy. The day of Pentecost has not yet fully come to us. Christ the Saviour has not yet sent us those richer effusions of his grace; yet while I say this we believe that they will come. (Hear, hear.) We have seen Christ wielding his divine sovereignity; we have seen Him "ruling the nations with a rod of iron; and breaking them in pieces like a potter's vessel." We have seen Him "calling her a people who was not a people," and we believe He will "call her beloved who was not beloved." Still let no one go away with the impression that God has not blessed us at all in our more spiritnal work. And lest any one should so misinterpret me, and also give another impulse to that spirit of devout gratitude which I would fain have the prevailing sentiment of to-day, allow me to refer you to what I know you Methodist people prize above all else, that God has been doing for us what we in Connexion and at home are accustomed to call "soul saving work." (Applause.) Let me begin at home. Is it no small thing the spirit of liberality in which God has stirred up in relation to this Italian work? When God put it into the heart of Mr. Fernley to give £5,000 that noble and generous gift for a chapel in Rome, and when he enabled the heart of Mr. Heald to follow suit; and then got the heart of some wise member of the Committee—and as it was a case of sanctified statecraft, that was, to make the fast-sailing Italian steam tug take into tow that great stranded hulk of debt. (Hear, hear.) "Subscriptions for the chapels in Naples and Rome, and for liquidations of the Society's debt." I think when God did this He showed that he had a favor to us. And then not only has he given us money, but He has given us men. I speak now of the native Italian ministers. And am proud and glad to be able to speak of them in this place to-day; glad because I bear them in my heart, and I believe they do me, for many of them are my own sons in the Gospel, because they are a set of men to be proud of; able ministers, zealous pastors, faithful livers whom may God bless and make the inaugurators of a long, bright, ever extending, true apostolic succession to the end of time. (Applause) And then, my lord, in order that we may be the better able to fight the priests—poor, miserable, mutilated souls—God has given us not only the ministers, but the other and better half, ministers' wives, such as David Hayes's noble hearted daughter, who just before I left, was going away with her husband to our most outlying station amongst the wild Abruzzi mountains. May God bless her in her great sacrifice for Christ, and bless too her loving and beloved parents who have given her up for Christ's work. Then we see marks and signs of God's presence and blessing with us also when we look at our stations, whether we consider their commercial and political importance, or as the nucleus of faithful souls whom we are finding in every spot, testifying that our entering in has not been in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. If my friend Mr. Jones were here he could speak of his well appointed work in establishing prosperous schools in the busy town of Naples—heaven preserve them from that fire vomiting hell-mouth that is there so near at hand—he would tell you of schools and a church at Cascerta, the city of the old Bourbonic palaces; he would tell you of the opening at Puteoli, where St. Paul landed; and at Salerno, where old Hildebrand laid his bones; and in Calebnia, alive a little while ago with brigands. And in the North I may speak of St. Padua, with our school for high class education, numbering some 70 or 80 scholars; of Parma, and Pavia, and Spezzia, and Vicenza, no ignoble name for the cultivation of art, science and patriotism; and Cremona, once the beloved of musicians, and still a very important agricultural centre; and of two Italian villages, Mezzano and Vigo Bellagno, where I have often felt what a rich tribute of faith and love the peasant heart of Italy will one day pay to the faith of Jesus. Then, again, we are back at Milan, the rich enterprising Lombard capital, which we had some time ago to leave for lack of funds. Last of all, we have gone to Rome also, and have proclaimed there in true Methodist fashion the same great doctrine of free and present pardon which Paul preached, and, bless God! we can lift up before him Paul's own bond, "That it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Only three weeks ago we held the first anniversary meeting—not a tea-meeting—for I do not know how we are to introduce this old Methodist institution into Italy—and we had some eighty persons present, half belonging to our own church and half to other churches, who had come to rejoice with us in our joy, and who sat down to partake of the emblems of the Redeemer's passion. Only a few days ago I had the pleasure, after long trouble, and toil and anxiety of securing, I believe from all danger, the contract for the purchase that leaves us in possession of a noble edifice in the very heart of Rome, where we can carry on the true Pauline propaganda *fide* in all its various branches. Truly, then, we may say God is with us in our soul-saving work. Still, I repeat, this is not the great mark and characteristic of our work in Italy at present. It is true that we can present our wave sheaf before the Lord, and we know in order to ripen every precious golden grain in that sheaf we need every blessed influence that will bring it to perfection. Still we cannot speak of groaning wains and granaries full of golden grain, but we hope yet to do so. In this valley of the dead at present bone has come to its bone, and the bare skeleton has got covered with the seemly flesh and skin, preparing thus a stately temple for the living soul; but the breath has not yet come from the four winds to breathe upon these slain that they may live. Still, in this we believe, and for this we prophecy, and while we prophecy and while we believe, we call upon you to mark with adoring gratitude what has been already done. Though there be no sparkle in the eye, and no flesh upon the cheek, and no nostril expanding yet, still, certainly the shapely, well-limbed body is very much better than the heap of bleaching bones that lay there only a short time back. When I think of all these things, of Italy's present state and past history, I come back ever to two conclusions—two solemn conclusions. This is a day of visitation for Italy; and this is a great and solemn call for the Christian Church. (Hear, hear.) This is a day of visitation for Italy. We believe in a Christian philosophy of history. We believe in one great divine event towards which the whole creation moves. We believe that all the vicissitudes of earthly dynasties and kingdoms under the mighty hand of God are made subservient to the bringing in of that kingdom which is not of this world; and in this faith, when we think of what God has been doing in His providence for Italy, we cannot but come to the conclusion that God is doing all this not merely in order to confer upon Italy national unity or political independence, or civil freedom, but rather that this national unity and political independence and civil freedom are all means to an end beyond, to which God is calling Italy, and that end is the presentation of Italy to His Son the Lord Christ. (Hear, hear.) This is our faith, and surely we have every reason to come to this conclusion on account of the faith that we have in the divine philosophy of history. I know full well that Italy may fail to know her day of visitation, and just as the individual soul, in some golden hour of opportunity, when God's angels are clearing its way to some height of glorious service, may refuse to hear the voice that is calling it and turn aside to dishonor and perdition, so a nation may spurn at the most glorious opportunities, and may refuse to lay hold of the bright possibilities of national exaltation. Thus it was with Israel, when God came to Israel in the person of His Son, and not mockingly but sincerely offered to save the world through Israel; and thus Italy may refuse to know her day of visitation, may spurn alike at God's chastenings and at God's blessings; may forget the lessons of her past centuries of suffering and of anguish, and may refuse to see the stretched-out arm that has wrought her release. All this Italy may do, and because Italy may do this, awful is the anxiety and importance of the hour. She may rise so high—she may sink so low. Only think of it! Twenty-five millions of human beings, born of earth's best blood, dowered with nature's noblest gifts, planted in creation's fairest Eden, the race of Cato, and Cæsar, and Dandolo, Raphael and Columbus, God Himselt calling them with a voice so clear, and clearing away the obstacles from their path; calling them to, who can say what heights of glorious service! When we think of all this who does not feel the awful solemnity and importance of the hour! Heaven so eager to win: aye, for this is also true, hell so loth to lose! For if God is calling upwards, mighty are the malignant influences that are lowering and are dragging down—the gross corruption and ignorance and superstition of the masses, the time-serving policy of the men in power, the domestic corruption which, commencing in high places, goes filtering down through all the orders of society; in religion the pride of past glories, the ready susceptibility to mere surface emotion, the love of pomp and show and pageantry, the readiness to do religion by proxy through the priest—all these things are so many grappling holds for Popery. And then, too, as the reaction from Popery, the horrid material scoffing scepticism which prevails among the educated classes, to which all religion is but sham, and all piety cant, and ministry priestcraft, and the Gospel itself a lying legend—these are the malignant influences which are contending with the Almighty for His splendid prize. (Cheers.) Oh, dear friends, if over the spot where the individual sinner is hesitating to offer the prayer of penitence eager angels are hovering; surely if our eyes could be opened like those of the prophet's servant, we should see that vault of heaven which over the fair land for which I am speaking arches its deepest blue, all astir with the flashing wings of glorified spirits as they ascend and descend upon that scene where the destinies of a nation, and such a nation, hang vibrating in the dread scales of an Eternal Providence—(applause)—a day of visitation for Italy—but also a solemn call—a day of awful responsibility for the Christian Church. Can God do so much for any people and the Church be clear of responsibility? What! here is a nation so rich and so fair that its very beauty has been its curse, attracting the rapacity of its neighbors; a nation not lying away at the far-off antipodes, but forming a part of your own Southern Europe; a territory becoming every day more and more a highway for your commerce, and visited ever more and more by yourselves and by your children for health and for recreation; a nation whose very name arouses all the poetry and all the enthusiasm of your nature, for it is synonymous with sunshine, and beauty, and art, and song; a nation that has laid you under incalculable obligations, for it gave you the mariner's compass and the telescope. It discovered the [illegible] new world, and it taught [illegible] dom. This nation has [illegible] the [illegible] of the oppressor, dismembered and cut up into pieces in order to satisfy the rapacity of its spoilers. More than that, it has been girdled all around with such laws as rendered it necessary that your Bibles should be smuggled in as contraband, and into which your missionaries could force no entrance whatever. This nation has been yet more the seat and the centre of the power of Christ's most perilous, because most traitorous foe—of that power which in its aggressive action invades your own soil, and contends with you inch by inch for the territory that you want to win for Christ. This nation lay their impotent, gasping, bleeding, and yet no drop of heavenly balsam could come down upon its wounds. At length God Himself had pity, because there was no eye to save. He Himself bowed his heavens and came down, and put his hook into the nose and his bridle into the jaws of the oppressor. He lifted up this fallen land and gave peace to its distracted members, and made of it a great and noble community. But more than that he threw it open to the Gospel of Truth. He ennobled it with three great franchises, freedom to print, freedom to legislate, freedom of worship. You may now deluge it with Bibles, and traverse from the mountains to the seas with your missionaries and your evangelists. Could He do more than that? He forced the stronghold of his own ancient and traitorous foe, He dismantled the fortress, released the captives, and threw it open to the broad light and liberal air of heaven. God himself did this, did it with his own right hand, because he looked round and the was none else to help. And God has done so much, will you tell me that no responsibility rests upon us? (Hear, hear.) That no responsibility rests upon the Christian Church? That no responsibility rests upon Protestants? That no responsibility rests upon the Methodist people as a branch of Christ's Church? Oh! my friends, if we have already said, Italy does not know her day of visitation, she certainly will be beaten with many stripes, and her bright future will be clouded ever with stupendous judgment darker than any that ever broke upon her peace. But what measure of chastisement shall be sufficient for the Christain Church, for any branch of the Christian Church, that shall fail her in a case so great, and so urgent, of God's own summons to duty? But I have faith in our Methodist people. I do not believe that in this great crisis of Italy the heart of Methodism will fail. No, you will not stint your giving and will not grudge your sacrifices, but you will pray and work and sacrifice up to the full limit of moral obligation, in order that this great and noble people may be won for Christ! Italy won for Christ! Whose heart does not throb at such a thing. Oh, when it does take place I shall think that the millenium is not far off Italy won for Christ! What a gem in the Redeemer's crown, what treasures of gold and myrrh and frankincense poured out at the foot of his throne! (Applause.) We have heard much lately about the degeneracy of the Latin race. And why? Because in the struggle between the Teuton and the Gaul, the Gaul has gone down heavily and the Teuton has triumphed. Where is the concatenation? In the name of ethnology and history I protest that the Latin race has not gone down. The Latin race was not the race of Brennus, but of Camillus. Do not confuse the "ologies," philology and ethnology. Call it the Latin-speaking race if you will; but neither it, nor Spain, nor Portugal can in any sense be called the Latin-blooded race. No; the Latin breed is still yonder in that fair peninsula which the Alps bound and the Appennines divide. Aye! give it time, and this Latin race after its long immurement in the house of bondage will extend its cramped and stiffened limbs, and adapt its vision to the unaccustomed light and expand its lungs to the purer air, and you will see that it has lost none of its old ancestral vigour. It has arisen once before—arisen from a bondage which seemed to be total and spiritual; arisen from a grave which its own imperial despots had dug for it, and which was a stone-covered one, and guarded by the gigantic hordes of Alarac. As it arose from that grave not to life only, but to second empire, empire of art and commerce, and religion now resuscitates once more, give it time, and above all things breathe into it the invigorating Gospel of Jesus Christ, and this second resurrection will be a resurrection not only from physical death, but from spiritual death. Let this second liberty be a liberty of moral and spiritual freedom, the liberty with which Christ makes his children free, and then I heartily believe that this Latin race will show itself to be once more the prolific mother of heroes and geniuses, and it will give you Ciceros for your pulpits, and Michael Angelos and Raphaels for Christian art without the defects of Popery,, and Dantes that shall sing of Paradise and not of purgatory, and Scipeos and Cæsars for generals, and if need be Reguluses and Arrias for martyrs. Allow me one other thought before I sit down: Italy won for Christ. I turn again to that, and I say that Italy won for Christ is the *coup-de-grace* for Popery. The loss of the temporal power of the Pope has been an ugly blow to Romanism, but the loss of Italy as a spiritual dominion would I verily believe, be its death-blow. Therefore in all that you are doing for Italy, remember that you are working for pure Christianity all the world over. You are working for yourselves here also in Protestant England, unless, as we sometimes hear, those two words "Protestant" and "English" are no longer synonimous. They used to be, but it is whispered that the old prisoner yonder in the Vatican has his consolations. It is said that if his affairs are going very badly at home they are prospering abroad, and if his dutiful child Italy is leaving him, his prodigal child, England, is coming back again. (A voice: "No, no.") That if there convents are being sequestrated, here convents are being built. (A voice: "And endowed.") That if there the priest, the monk, and the nun are becoming a rarity to put into a museum, that here ecclesiastical fashion is veering somewhat in the direction of the cowl and the hood; that if there the confessional is growing into abhorrence, that here it is beginning to find a little favour, that [illegible] opinion is [illegible] increasing, that marriage is honorable for all men, that here a certain doctrine which a certain authority once pronounced diabolical is beginning to be a little connived at. I hope it is not so. (Hear, hear.) Christians of England, Protestant compatriots of Ridley and Latimer, and Knox, and Wesley, and Calvert, I trust that it is not so. I believe it is not so. By all the memories of the past, by the memories of the shameful reigns that truckled to Popery (they were always shameful reigns), by the memories of the glorious reigns that withstood Popery (and they were always glorious reigns), by the heritage of our liberties, won at so dear a cost from Popery, and which Popery is only taking advantage of that she may get them into her hands once more and crush them, I hope it is not so. (Loud applause.) Your cheers reassure me. I have heard sometimes of the bray of Exeter hall. (Laughter.) If that is the bray of Exeter-hall, I rather like it, for it reminded me of the bray of the bray of the silver trumpets on a certain day round the walls of Jericho. (Hear, hear.) But we hear it said—Popery is changed; it is not fair any longer to confound the Popery of the nineteenth century with the Popery of the middle ages—that we ourselves have had the proof there in Rome before our eyes of the great change that has taken place, in the memorable discussion that we have all heard of, approved and sanctioned by the highest ecclesiastical authority. Do you say the winter is changed because you sometimes get a fine day in December? Do you say that the tiger is changed because you went to a wild beast show once and saw a man put his head into its mouth and get it out again. (Applause.) No; these are the exceptions, and the discussion was an exception, and proves nothing against the rule. It was a freak of the weak, impulsive soul of Pius IX., one of those freaks which have ever been the terror of his friends, and have made him the laughing stock of his foes—a freak also retracted in such bitter haste as to show that it is one of those exceptions which go really to establish the rule. Popery changed! No; we know very well that she dares not use any longer the rack and the thumbscrew and the water torture and all the rest, any more than political despotism dare use them now in Europe. But Popery changed! Tell me, if you please, what lying legend she has disavowed. Tell me what retrograde principles she has abandoned. Tell me what Christ-dishonoring doctrine she has retracted. (Applause.) Popery changed! If anyone believes it to be changed, let him go and study what Popery is in Rome itself; let him study it there in those square miles of desert miasmatic Campagna, threaded by one solitary line of rail opened only a few years back and most unwillingly; let him study it in the ill-paved, ill-lighted, ill-drained, unsavory glories of the Capital, which is now beginning to stir a little and brighten up a little with the life and improvements of modern civilization since the State has wrested it from the Church. Let him study it in what Roman Liberals of the present day and generation have to tell of the mean, vindictive, pitiless tyrannies of the government of the black petticoat; of the humiliations to which they had to submit in order to live at peace with it at all, and of the disabilities and vexations which drove into voluntary exile all souls that were too frank and noble to purchase peace at such a cost. (Applause.) Let him study it in the ignorance, the crass ignorance of the populace and the peasantry, and in the conventual education, little better than utter ignorance, of the burgher dames and city ladies, for whom it was always thought sufficient if they could spell out their *philotaire* and work a little embroidered millinery for the church altar. Let him study it in the miserable superstitions which have reduced the religion of the Son of God to mere fetichism and magic, but which have still been acted out under the very eyes of the so-called Head of the Church, and therefore have received continually his sanction and authority. Let him study it in the Syllabus of the Pope himself, where he will find it fulminating and anathematizing all the gains of modern progress, and the very axioms and basal principles of civil and political liberty; where he will find it proclaimed in so many words that he is accursed who says the ecclesiastical authority has no right to call in the arm of the secular power; a declaration in which even in this nineteenth century all St. Bartholomew's massacre, all the horrors of the Inquisition, all the terrible Huguenot atrocities, and all our own Smithfield *auto-da-fe's* are gathered up and vindicated. (Applause.) No; Popery is not changed. She dare not show you here her paw and fangs; but we have a right to say that what Popery was up to September 20, 1870 in the city of Rome, that she is to-day. And if any one thinks that I have exaggerated in hinting at what Popery was—for I have only hinted up to that date—let him go to Rome and see and understand for himself. Well, then, dear friends, to sum up all, and to come to a conclusion, God has done great things for Italy. He has given her unity; He has given her independence; He has given her freedom; he has cleared her soil of the oppressor, and has overthrown the Pope's secular power. He has opened the whole land to the Bible and the evangelist. This God has done because we could not do it. But you know very well that it is a principle of the divine operation that God will do what man cannot do and only He can do, but that man must follow. God calls man to follow with what man can do. The *Talitha cumi* which called the damsel from the grave was spoken by the lips of of Jesus Christ; but when he had said that He turned to the household and said, "Give her to eat." And now that the voice of Jesus has broken the death-slumber of Europe's fair daughter of the South, Jesus appeals to all the sister nations of the household, and He says, "Give her to eat." (Cheers.) And I hope and believe that England, at all events, will not be deaf to the summons, but that bringing forth of her well-laid table and abundant cheer, she who was dead and is so strangely alive again may eat and live for ever. (Applause.)

By taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy, but by passing it over he is superior.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

"Their strength is to sit still.—Isa. xxx. 7."

At the time when these words were written, the people of Israel were threatened by an invasion from the King of Assyria. Instead of putting their confidence in God, and diligently exerting themselves in their own defense, they silly went down to Egypt for assistance, and made an alliance with idolators and heathens. This was a very heavy expense. They had to drain their country of loads of treasure, and to impoverish themselves, in order to purchase help from Egypt. But it was all in vain. Disobedience is sure to end in disappointment, vexation, and ruin. "They were all ashamed of a people that could not profit them, nor be a help or profit, but a shame, and also a reproach. The burden of the beasts of the south: into the land of trouble and anguish, from whence come the yonng and old lion, the viper and fiery flying serpent, they will carry their riches upon the shoulders of young asses, and their treasures upon the bunches of camels, to a people that shall not profit them. For the Egyptians shall help in vain, and to no purpose: therefore have I cried concerning this, Their strength is to sit still."

And "therefore," saith the prophet, "have I cried concerning this;" this is my earnest solemn appeal and cry concerning this matter to my fellow-countrymen, "Their strength is to sit still." Their real hope, their true refuge is in God: He is a Rock, His work is perfect, blessed are all they that trust in Him. Let them trust in His power, submit to His will, follow His guidance, and they shall find strength, and peace, and rest for their souls. "Their strength is to sit still."

It is not meant that we are to sit down and idly neglect the duties of our station. From the Fall, it has been appointed that "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." And the very time has been fixed, "Six days shalt thou labor." And under the Gospel we are commanded to "labor, working with our hands the thing that is good." And "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat." In every station in life industry is an ornamental grace, a Christian duty. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." And how great a blessing rests upon diligence. "In all labor there is profit." Joseph's brethren were preferred because they were men of activity, (Gen. xlvii. 6.) And Jeroboam was made a ruler in Judah because Solomon noticed "the young man that he was industrious" (1 Kings xi. 28.) Let us then be "diligent," "redeeming the time," working while it is day, improving every privilege afforded us, cultivating every talent. For we know that idleness is the path of danger; that if the proud man is Satan's throne, the idle man is Satan's pillow; that our idle days are the devil's busy ones; and that "the hand of the diligent," and that only, "maketh rich," whether for this world or the world to come.

It is not meant that we are to sit still and bring forth no good works, pleasant and acceptable to God. Our Redeemer has set us an example, for He "went about doing good." And at the last day, we cannot but observe how good works, the fruits of faith and love, are met and rewarded. Neither is it meant that we are to sit still in seeking the salvation of our souls. Quite true is it that salvation is the gift of God, and that it is "by grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. ii. 8.) Still, we are to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure" (Phil. ii. 12, 13. We must "run the race," "fight the good fight of faith," "strive for the mastery," "use all diligence to make our calling and election sure."—*Sunday at Home.*

MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

While John Wesley was a young man, his company was sought by many on account of his learning, his good manners, and his amiable spirit. He writes of himself, about the year 1727, in reference to this matter, "I made my acquaintances by choice and not by chance."

And this sentiment is worthy of Methodism. A young man who values his time and properly understands his mission in life, has not an hour to trifle away with idlers. When young Wesley was asked to return a call which was volunteered and of doubtful advantage, he answered nothing. True politeness pronounces no unmeant compliments. The time-killers never called again upon one who so clearly indicated his willingness from surface indications, to drop the proposed acquaintance. Unless he saw that he could do the people good or receive good from them, he never desired their company. He had no time nor breath to waste in empty talk. It would be well for all young men and young women of the present busy times, to assume the mastership of themselves in this particular. Much precious time is frittered away in senseless conversation merely to answer the demands of etiquette. Life is too short for such waste. Let every one be wise in selecting companions, choice of the soul's fellowhood, and brave to maintain the sacredness of the passing hours.

A limited circle of friends is better than an extended medley of mere acquaintances. Take no one near the heart who is not attested worthy of confidence. The true method of friend-making and friend-keeping is to gather them slowly around you, and to esteem them by their merits rather than by their name, their money, their appearance or their profession. The time spent in mere social entertainment is apt to be lost time. Make your acquaintances "by choice and not by chance." It is the safe way.—*Methodist Recorder.*

RELIGION AT HOME.—"Let them learn first," said Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.