

The BEREAN.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

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THE VIENNESE CHILDREN.

The little children! O, irreverent world, Let not enough that ye profane all else, But must you steal the little ones also From the Good Shepherd?—these whom he has blessed, And warned you it were better, in the sea, With millstones round your necks, you made your bed, Than to offend these chosen ones of his! Where are their mothers? When they please your eyes With their trained movements, do you hear their hearts Moan for their homes? Do you hear their cry— "Our little feet are weary. Each recurring night, When we should softly sleep, for wretched gain We play our irksome tasks, and deep are sown The seeds of evil in our guileless hearts." Forbear! forbear! O reckless world, forbear! Their guardian angels weep; the Holy One Bows down his head in grief before their wrongs. "I bade you feed my lambs, not poison them. Where is my kingdom when these souls are soiled?" Sole bond of faith left to a bankrupt world; Pause ere ye do these little children harm! —*Boston Chronotype.*

MATERN.

GLEANINGS FROM CHARLES SEMION.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The next day (Wednesday, September 21.) he went over to Ely to pay his respects to the Bishop. He had been very anxious about this visit; for, as he was one of the oldest of the clergy, it was his wish, he said, to be among the very first to shew all respect to his diocesan. The day was damp and chilly, and he needed more than usual care to prevent any injurious effects from the journey; but he felt so strong and vigorous, that he imprudently dispensed with his ordinary outer dress. The bishop received him with marked kindness and attention; and proposed that they should go together and see the Cathedral. Here they lingered too long; the coldness of the building, increased by the rawness of the day, soon began sensibly to affect Mr. Semion, and was the direct cause of the severe illness, from which he never recovered. The next morning early he was seized with a violent rheumatic attack, and during the day, became so seriously indisposed as to be unable to leave his room by the following day. The sermon he had intended to preach was upon Luke xi. 1, "Lord, teach us to pray;" and this was the last subject he ever prepared for the pulpit. During the whole of the next day he continued very feeble, though he cherished a hope of being able to go in his carriage on the following Monday to Ipswich, and wrote to his beloved friend Mr. Notidge, to say that he should preach for him, according to promise, on the opening of his new church. Saturday (September 24.) was his birthday, when he entered his seventy-eighth year. Though he had passed but an indifferent night, he rose early this morning; and when his attendant came to him, he was sitting in a favourite spot before the window to enjoy the first beams of the sun, and employed in writing another letter to Mr. Notidge, in which he observed, "Of course my University Sermons are laid aside; if not life itself." On repeating this to his attendants, he added, "What can I expect? I enter my seventy-eighth year to-day. I never expected to live so long; I can scarcely believe I am so old; I have as yet known nothing of the infirmities of age, though I have seen a good old age. I know however it will all be ordered well." Soon after, when referring to his journey to Ely, he remarked, "If this is to be the closing scene, I shall not at all regret my journey to the Bishop; it was of vast importance to you all; and I shall rejoice to close my life from such a circumstance."

For some days he remained much in the same state; but subsequently so far recovered, as to make it probable that the malady might eventually be subdued. So far indeed was he restored, that occasionally he could take a drive in his carriage; and we began to indulge a hope of his ultimate recovery.

During the second week of October, when one of his particular friends had called at his rooms to inquire after his health, Mr. Semion immediately begged to see him, and in a feeble whisper requested him to pray by his bedside. After the prayer, his friend expressed a hope that he was now supported by Divine consolations: Mr. Semion then replied to this effect: "I never felt so ill before—I conceive my present state cannot last long—this exhaustion must be a precursor of death; but I lie here waiting for the issue without a fear—without a doubt—and without a wish." To another afterwards who remarked, "Many hearts are engaged in prayer for you;" he rejoined, "In prayer? ay, and I trust in praise too—praise for countless, endless mercies."

On Friday (Oct. 21.) all hopes of his recovery were taken away: the gout had at length attacked him internally, and the means used for his relief were evidently in vain; of this he was perfectly aware, and in consequence seemed more than usually calm and happy. The writer was sitting by his bedside, and on making some enquiry as to what had been lately passing in his mind, and of what at that time more particularly he was thinking, he immediately replied with great animation; "I don't think now—I am enjoying." He then expressed his entire surrender of himself to the will of God, and spoke of his extreme joy in having his own will so completely in unison with that of God, adding with remarkable emphasis, "He cannot do anything against my will." After a short pause, he looked round with one of his very bright and significant smiles and asked, "What do you think especially gives me comfort at this time? The creation—the view of God in his work of Creation! Did Jehovah create the world, or did I?—I think He did; now if he made the world, He can sufficiently take care of me." His restlessness from excessive pain was now so great, that he was continually requesting his position to be changed; but when it was suggested that it would be better to attempt to lie quietly, he said most calmly, "I will do just what you like—I will be guided entirely by what you think best." Shortly after, by way of turning his thoughts to a subject which seemed likely to interest him, I said, "How blessed a prospect is opening before you; to be so soon with the innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and church of the first-born, and with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant." Upon this his countenance became peculiarly solemn and grave; and he said nothing, but only looked up most hum-

bly and devoutly. I then alluded to another subject, which I knew would be agreeable to him; and made a remark about veiling our faces as the cherubim did in the presence of God: to this he immediately gave a sign of assent and pleasure. About midnight he was raised up in his bed, and having sent for me to his side, he began to speak, in a very low and impressive manner, what seemed to us all to be his dying remarks. "I am a poor fallen creature, and our nature is a poor fallen thing; there is no denying that, is there? It cannot be repaired: there is nothing that I can do to repair it—Well then, that is true. Now what would you advise in such a case?" As he made rather a long pause, apparently waiting for an answer, I replied, "Surely, Sir, to go, as you always have done, as a poor fallen creature to the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing your sins, and imploring and expecting pardon and peace." He answered in a very determined and joyful manner, "That is just what I am doing, and will do." I added, "And you find the Lord Jesus Christ to be very present, and giving you peace?" He instantly replied, looking up to heaven with the most remarkable expression of happiness on his countenance: "Oh! yes; that I do." "And he does not forsake you now?" "No indeed! that NEVER CAN HE!" I observed, "He has said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He answered by a smile and gentle inclination of the head. Being afraid of wearying him, I then left him for the night.

The day following, (Saturday, Oct. 22.) about noon he appeared, if anything, to rally a little; and when he opened his eyes upon us, and saw us standing near him, he began to address us again in the same calm and deliberate manner as before. [To conceive aught of his mode of speaking on these occasions, he should be considered as uttering his words very slowly—generally after long pauses, and at times in a low but articulate whisper.] "Infinite wisdom has devised the whole with infinite love; and infinite power enables me—(pausing)—to rest upon that power; and all is infinitely good and gracious." I observed, "How gracious it is that you should have now so little suffering." "Whether I am to have a little less suffering or a little more, it matters not one farthing. All is right—and well—and just as it should be; I am in a dear Father's hands—all is secure. When I look to Him (here he spoke with singular solemnity) I see nothing but faithfulness—and immutability—and truth; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—O! then there is nothing—nothing—nothing (pausing) but what is to be aghored and mourned over. Yes, I say that; and it is true." Soon after this he fell into a state of great stupor, which continued till after ten o'clock at night; when suddenly recovering, and being raised up in his bed, he again began: "What is before me I know not; whether I shall live or die. But this I know; that all things are ordered and sure. Everything is ordered, with unerring wisdom and unbounded love. He shall perfect everything; though at present I know not what He is about to do with me. But about this I am not in the least degree anxious." To be continued.

ON RETIREMENT.

My DEAR E.—The seraphic Hervey has observed concerning solitude, "This is the place where I may with advantage apply myself to subdue the rebel within, and be master, not of a sceptre, but of myself." With the advantages of solitude, my dear child is now privileged. Unincumbered with the cares of the world, and secluded from its bustle, you can enjoy the comforts and the benefits of being alone; and avoid its usual concomitant inconveniences, by relaxing, whenever you like, in the unobscured intercourse of an united family. Thus favoured, what a tall christian shall we expect to see, when you revisit Lancaster! We shall look at your countenance, that we may observe its shining. But situation cannot do everything. It is well that it cannot. If it could, with such hearts as ours, it would soon rob God of the glory of his grace. With an impious idolatry we should be ascribing every right frame or feeling of the mind, to quiet and woods, and valleys. But we are taught, again and again, to know, that externals have not any mighty power, either to give or to take away peace. Yet seclusion, if sanctified, can bring many a blessing. You can walk into your shrubbery—you can take a leaf; you can apply the microscope. You can observe its veins and arteries, and a most wonderful mechanism which gives it its colour and its use. The whole is intended as a manifestation of the divine wisdom, goodness, and power; and wherever the Lord is beheld and adored, there is elevation and peace. You retire from your garden to your chamber. There you open another book besides the book of nature. With the aid of a better instrument than that of a microscope, even the instrument of a realizing faith, you can look at the things which are not visible to the mortal eye. You can penetrate into the interior of what is revealed. You pierce far deeper than into the true meaning of the text. You behold the mind and the perfection of the Great God. You behold righteousness and mercy circulating through every vein of the Bible. And when you can truly discern the glory of the Lord in the face of Jesus Christ, you have not a wish at the time to see more. The view satisfies, exhilarates, sanctifies. It brings along with it its own evidence that it came from heaven; and it is accompanied by a blessed consciousness, that it is exerting those dispositions of the heart, which could refresh, and which are preparing for, the peculiar felicity of the saints in glory. Ah! what could we do without Faith? Well indeed is it called "precious faith." It is precious, whether we consider it as "the evidence of things not seen;" as the telescope of the soul, by which divine things are beheld in their truth, and excellence, and order, and harmony; or whether we consider it as that disposition of the heart, by which we receive and repose on the Redeemer for his mercy; or whether we consider it as that principle which leads us, in the exercise of prayer, to be looking to the gracious Head of the Church for those supplies of his Spirit which we daily need, and which we had been imploring.

On looking at what I have written, I see that I

shall send a sermon instead of a note. Have I copied E.—?'s occasional abstraction from worldly persons and worldly things, and mistaken one thing for another?

But whether note or sermon, it must be concluded. And shall I, like a young lady whom I could name, travel as far as the frigid zone in search of a conclusion, and say "yours—ost sincerely?" I will ask counsel of one nearer home. I will consult an innmate, which, though treacherous and deceitful enough in matters of eternal moment, is tolerably correct upon other points. That innmate says, "Subscribe yourself dear E.—?'s ever faithful and very affectionate friend."

ROBERT HOUSMAN,
[of St. Ann's Chapel, Lancaster.]
Saturday, July 11, 1845.

LETTER-READING OF THE HIGHEST VALUE.

From a letter by the late Rev. R. Housman, of Lancaster.

You ask from me a note, that is, a short epistle. But it is wise to ask from me a short letter, when you can have many long ones from St. Peter and St. Paul? I can tell you that I love you; they can assure you that the Lord loves you. I can say that I am a poor changeable being; they can comfort you with the tidings that the Saviour "changeeth not." I must inform you, if I would be honest, that whatever be my inclination to help and bless you, my means are scanty, and my ability is nothing; they can remind you that unto your Immanuel "all power is given, in heaven and in earth." I must say that I am a dying creature, and that even my wishes for your spiritual health and consolation must soon be stilled in the dust; they can revive you with the intelligence that Jesus "ever liveth," and ever liveth "to make intercession for you while you are on the earth, and ever liveth to lead you unto living fountains of waters in the everlasting kingdom. I say then, is it wise to repair to a scanty, muddy, and scarcely discernible rivulet, when at any moment you could come to a clear, refreshing, perennial spring, and drink and rejoice forever? But if I should hear, or fancy that I heard it said, "If thou art without sin in this respect, take up a stone and cast it at E.—?," my conscience would severely suffer me to take up one even as small as a grain of sand. Alas! though life I have been so prone to attach an undue degree of importance to, and inordinately to expect comfort from, the creature, in the form of family and friends. I speak of a proneness to this; but there are seasons, I hope, when all creatures, and the world which contains them, are scarcely perceptible, even through a microscope. May such seasons, my dear young friend, refresh and exhilarate you and me; and may every day bring such a season.

CLAUDE, BISHOP OF TURIN.

From "Sketches of the Waldenses," published by the Religious Tract Society.

Claude was born in Spain; he was a disciple of Felix, Bishop of Urgel, who had been accused of some views considered erroneous by the Church of Rome. Claude, however, derived his principles from God, not from man; but being gifted with natural abilities, he was chosen by Lewis the Pious, King of France, to be one of his chaplains, and was afterwards advanced to the see of Turin. He appears indeed to have been "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;" as Alfox observes, "There were few in his time who took so much pains to explain the Scripture, or to oppose themselves against the torrent of superstition. He wrote three books on Genesis, in the year 815. He made a commentary on St. Matthew, which he published the same year, dedicating it to Justus, abbot of Chorraix."

He published a commentary upon the Epistle to the Galatians, in the year 816, and dedicated it to Drueterannus, a famous abbot, who had exhorted him to write comments on all St. Paul's epistles. He wrote a commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, which he dedicated to Ludovicus Pius, who commanded him to comment upon St. Paul's epistles. He made a commentary upon Exodus, in four books, which he published in the year 821, dedicating them to the abbot Theodennus. He made also another on Leviticus, which he published in the year 823, and dedicated to the same abbot. Oudin tells us he had seen a commentary of his, on the Book of Ruth, in a library in Hainault.

"Of all these his works, there is nothing printed but his commentary upon the Epistle to the Galatians. The monks of St. Germain have his commentary upon all the Epistles, in manuscript, in two volumes which were found in the library of the Abbey of Fleury, near Orleans. They have also his manuscript commentaries on Leviticus, which formerly belonged to the abbey of St. Remy, at Rheims. As for his commentary on Matthew, there are several manuscript copies of it in England, as elsewhere." (This was written in 1690.)

The same writer proceeds, "We need only read his commentary upon the Epistle to the Galatians, to assure us that he everywhere asserts the equality of all the apostles with St. Peter, though the occasion seemed naturally to engage him to establish the primacy of St. Peter and that of his pretended successors. This we find in two several passages of that commentary. He only declares the primacy of St. Peter to consist in the honour he had of founding the Church both among the Jews and Gentiles. And indeed, everywhere throughout his writings, he maintains that Jesus Christ is the only Head of his church."

"He overthrows the doctrine of merits in such a manner as overthrows all the nice distinctions of the papists on that subject. He pronounces anathemas against traditions in matters of religion; so far was he from giving occasion to others to suspect that he made them a part of the object of his faith, as the Church of Rome at present doth. He maintains that faith alone saves us, which is the point that so extremely provoked the Church of Rome against Luther, who asserted the same thing. He holds the church to be subject to error, opposite to what at this day the Romanists pretend in so unreasonable a manner. He denies that prayers after death may be of any use to those that have demanded them." He very smartly lashed the superstition and idolatry which then began to be renewed, being supported by the authority of the Roman see."

His opinions respecting the eucharist were also scriptural, and he broke down images throughout his diocese. He wrote as follows, to the idolaters who were opposed to him: "Come to yourselves again, ye miserable transgressors; why are ye gone astray from truth? and why, being become vain, are ye fallen in love with vanity? Why do you crucify again the Son of God, and expose him to open shame? and by this means make souls, by troops, to become the companions of devils, estuaging them from their Creator, by the horrible sacrifice of your images and likenesses, and precipitating them into everlasting damnation?"

Note respecting Claude of Turin, by the Translator of Mosheim, Dr. Mardock.—"Lewis (King of France) made him bishop of Turin. He immediately set himself against all image-worship, and even removed and destroyed the pictures, and images, throughout his diocese. This excited strong opposition, and involved him in controversy all his life. Yet he persevered, denounced image-worship as idolatry, denied that the cross was to be honoured, disapproved of pilgrimages, questioned the supremacy of the pope, &c. Hence some have considered him as a great reformer, and as the founder of the sect of the Waldenses. He certainly opposed some of the superstitions of the age; and probably contributed to preserve more independence of the pope, and greater purity of doctrine and worship in the Alpine countries, than in most other parts of Europe. The Catholics have never been partial to him. Indeed, they tax him with great errors. Yet he was never arraigned as a heretic; nor removed from his bishopric, till his death, about A. D. 839. His commentary on the epistle to the Galatians is in the *Biblioth. Patr. tom. xiv. p. 124.* His other commentaries, though not inferior perhaps to those of Rabanus, still lie in MS. Probably, they are unfavourable to Popery; for it appears, that he maintained the original purity of bishops and presbyters. He wrote on Genesis three books; on Exodus four books; on Leviticus; on the Gospel of Matthew; on the other epistles of Paul; a short Scripture-Chronology; and tracts on the worship of images and saints, which are lost, except large fragments quoted by his antagonists."

Mosheim himself says of Claude: "As soon as the favour of Lewis the Meek had raised him to the rank of Bishop, in the year 823, he cast all the crosses and sacred images out of the churches and broke them. The next year, he published a book, not only defending the procedure, but advancing other principles also which were at variance with the opinions of the age. Among other things, he denied the propriety of worshipping the cross, which the Greeks conceded; spoke contemptuously of all sorts of relics, and maintained that they had no efficacy; and disapproved of all pilgrimages to the tombs of the saints and to holy places. He was opposed by the adherents to the inveterate superstition; and first, by the abbot Theodennus, and afterwards by Dungal, Scotus, Jonas of Orleans, Walafrid Strabo, and others. But this learned and ingenious man defended his cause with energy; and thence it was, that long after his death, there was less superstition in the region about Turin, than in the other parts of Europe."

To this passage the following from Schlegel is subjoined by Mosheim's translator:

"It is to be regretted that we have only those testimonies of Claudius against the superstitions of his time, which his opposers, and especially Jonas of Orleans, have quoted from his writings. Yet in these quotations, there is much that is solid, and expressed in a nervous and manly style. Against images, he thus expresses himself: 'If a man ought not to worship the works of God, much less should he worship and reverence the works of men.—Whoever expects salvation, which comes only from God, to come from pictures, must be classed with those mentioned Rom. i. who serve the creature, more than the Creator.'—Against the cross, and the worship of it, he thus taught: 'God has commanded us to bear the cross; not to pray to it. Those are willing to pray to it, who are unwilling to bear it, either in the spiritual or in the literal sense. Thus to worship God, is in fact to depart from him.'—Of the pope, he said, (when accused far not yielding to his authority.) 'He is not to be called the Apostolical;' (a title, then commonly given to the Pope.) 'who sits in the apostle's chair; but he who performs the duties of an apostle. For, of those who hold that place, yet do not fulfil its duties, the Lord says: They sit in Moses' seat; all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.'"

PROGRESS OF NEW ENGLAND.

From a Correspondent of the Southern Churchman. Mr. Editor.—You expressed a wish, when I last saw you, that I would communicate to you anything I might observe worthy of notice in my visit to New England. And according to my promise I send you a few desultory observations.

One cannot fail to be struck, especially if he is from the South, with the tide of travel setting at this season towards the North. Hundreds upon hundreds fill to overflowing every steam-boat and rail-road, and for the most part they seem to be of the middling class—of those who have neither poverty nor great riches. The railroad has penetrated every part of Massachusetts, producing changes not only in the face of things, the population and business of the community, but also; doubtless, corresponding changes in the social life of the people. They are not the same people they were ten years ago; they are more active, and there is reason to fear more money-getting—less religious in their habits and feelings. There is no longer any stagnation in mind or body. They no longer go on in the quiet tenor of their way, but are more restless and covetous and discontented than their fathers."

Should one visit Massachusetts after a ten years' absence, he would hardly know where he was. Boston has enlarged itself astonishingly, and the villages in the country round have become cities. But the growth of the city of Lawrence, so called after its largest stockholders, the Lawrence of Boston, is the most unprecedented case in this country. The ground on which it stands, and the water power with it, was bought two years ago by a Company. It now has a population of nearly 5,000. The buildings now erecting could hardly be

described, and would scarcely be believed by one who was not an eye witness—one of them is already 750 feet in length, and is to be 1,360, of three stories, with a centre of five stories—that is one fourth of a mile in length. I was pleased to see a neat and beautiful public Episcopal Church. It is a model of convenience and good taste and economy, costing but \$1,350. It will seat with comfort 460 persons. It is designed for a temporary structure. It would be exceedingly desirable, if all your country churches were built after the same manner.

While observing the city of Lawrence and the activity and enterprise of its proprietors, I felt that manufactures could hardly exist to any great extent in the South, from want of the population of New England, both in number and character.

One of the largest proprietors remarked that it was far better to give \$150,000 for the water power, than to have it for nothing at the South without a class of operatives, who could visit their homes in a few hours. Again, manufactures, where water power was used, would generally be unhealthy in the South from the climate. In this region, such is never the case. A far greater amount of work can be done here in this climate than with you. There is an elasticity in the atmosphere even in the hottest days of summer. Everything here in the way of building and provision is cheaper than with you. The access to the manufactures of Lowell and Lawrence is very easy and frequent. In about an hour you go from Boston to either place, and six times a day. Yours, &c.

DEFLECTION FROM ROME, AT THE POPE'S COURT.

On Tuesday, the 6th July, a meeting was held in the small room, Exeter Hall, to hear an address in Italian from the Rev. GIACINTO ACQUILLI, D.D., late Professor of Theology at Rome and at Naples, on the subject of the Evangelization of Italy. A small but attentive and interested audience were assembled on the occasion. The chair was taken by the Hon. ARTHUR KENYON; and on the platform amongst others were the Hon and Rev. Baptist Noel, the Rev. Owen Clarke, Signor Ciocci, the Rev. Dr. Di Meola, Signor Buscchi, Signor Crespi, D. G. Holt, Dr. Craighall, Mr. Tonna, &c.

The chairman opened the meeting by calling on the Rev. Owen Clarke to engage in prayer. He then introduced Dr. ACQUILLI, who, while actually holding a responsible and high office in the Pope's Court, that of *Vicario del Maestro del Sacro Palazzo Apostolico*, had been led by the Spirit of the Lord to search the Scriptures, and in them to find the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blessed gospel he now ardently longed to impart to his benighted countrymen.

Rev. Dr. Achilli's Address. In appearing before you, my English brethren, this day, the words with which the Apostle Paul introduced himself to the good Thessalonians occur to my mind: "We are bound to thank God always for you, brethren, as it is meet, because that your faith groweth exceedingly; and the charity of every one of you all toward each other, aboundeth;" and I can cordially assure you that, in the words of the same apostle, "I pray always for you, having heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of the love which ye have to all the saints." Indeed, "your faith is spoken of through all the world;" and I have therefore long ardently desired "to see you to impart to you some spiritual gift, to the end ye may be established; that is, that I may be comforted to establish with you, by the mutual faith both of you and me."

I appear, therefore, before you to make known to you some of the counsels of God, and of the marvellous dealings of his Providence, touching the fair land of my birth, to which I am bound by the closest ties of duty and patriotism—Italy, once the abode of pure Christian faith, now a den of superstition! Poor Italy! to whose many other ills is added the heaviest of all ills, the yoke of Popery, by which she is rendered hateful to God, a proverb and a by-word amongst nations. Bear with me, then, dear brethren, bear with a son of that land, who, penetrated to the heart as he is by a sense of her sore affliction, endeavours to give some vent to his sorrow by telling you some of the things she suffers, and how much she stands in need of help.

I will tell you also what are the earnest desires of all the faithful men in the land, and also about efforts which are being made, both within and without Italy, to free themselves from spiritual bondage, that worst of all slavery, which fetters thought as well as action, soul as well as body.

Italy's woes arise from the tyranny of the priests. Little did she foresee to what tyrants she was committing the government of the hearts and intellects of her people, and in what way this upstart religion would lord it over nations, and at length even over kings; little did she foresee how the gospel would be abused, and a system wholly political be established on the basis of religion. But now she is awake to her past folly, and detests it; she curses the authors of this great delusion; and she longs to shake it off, and this is the contrast between the present and all preceding times, that renders the present epoch so momentous and interesting.

Italy pants to shake off Popery. Amongst all orders and classes there are multitudes who care no longer for confession, go no more to mass, laugh at indulgences, and make a jest of excommunication; and the priest who attempts to urge these observations upon them is openly shunned. All this shows us that the Popery of Italy is confined to few. No, dear brethren, all Italians are not Papists, all the priests and monks in Italy are not Papists, all the bishops and cardinals are not Papists. The doctrines of Rome are losing followers day after day. But how fares Christianity amongst them? Alas! with few exceptions, men who have seen Popery and Christianity so intimately connected with one another, have not spiritual discernment enough to separate the one from the other; and with the falsehoods of Rome, they reject the sublimest truths of Christianity. Where Popery fails to make dupes she makes infidels. Italy is full of men who have ceased to believe in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ! And one main cause of this state of things is, their ignorance of Holy Scripture. The Bible is practically prohibited in Italy, except in Latin. The translation by Martini is indeed allowed to some; but what with notes, the restrictions on free judgment, and the necessity of laying bare every idea of the mind before a confessor for his approval,