

men and children. Besides they were artfully reduced to the utmost misery, and allured to make debts; in this manner their lands were slowly snatched from them. The Jesuits were ready to pay the most extravagant prices. A few years more of this system, and it would have been all over for the poor Waldenses. Who could help them? God!

In fact, Pope Gregory XVI. was suddenly called to give an account of his sixteen years of bloody tyranny, and there he must go without Austrian, Swiss, or French soldiers. All Italy besides was at that time shaken by a strong general movement for freedom, and the king of the Jesuits was obliged to play the patriot, and nevertheless he closed his days in exile.

The Waldenses, on the contrary, had their civil rights recognized, sent their representatives to the Parliament, and were able to build churches and gather congregations throughout all the State. They are destined, no doubt, to see the dawning of a glorious day, when all the Italians, free from papal and foreign bondage, shall unite all in a prayer to God with a pure heart and the sincere faith of their forefathers.

GOUGH AT HOME.

BY REV. T. CULVER.

"Mr. Gough resides about five miles from Worcester, in a retired portion of the Township of Roylston. Here amid the bracing air of the Massachusetts hills, and with all the indoor comforts of a fine library and a happy household, he refits body and mind for next winter's new campaign against the demon of the bottle. Friend Gough is not rich, save in moral trophies and the benedictions of the good; but he has managed to lay by enough to buy a very attractive house. The house is a white Italian cottage.—Far up on a commanding elevation, with a retinue of royal hills about it, looking right down into waving groves of maple and chesnut, and into meadows knee-deep in verdure, with all the splendid green of New England uplands in view, stands the summer-house of our young Boanerges. Here he throws off the panoply of the reformer and turns practical farmer. His corn bespeaks good tillage; his "Malocatoons" would grace a Jersey peach basket. The humor that convulses vast audiences abroad makes our brother a most entertaining host, and quietly streams off him in abundance of pleasant sketch and anecdote.

During my late visit, a deep and delightful revival of religion was in progress in the rural church of Roylston. I preached every evening to solemn auditories; after service, a brief meeting was held for inquiries. Mr. Gough is an extemporized bishop of the flock, as they are without a regular pastor. He superintends the Sabbath School, leads the choir, and addresses the inquiry meetings. What an April shower of blessings to the Church one layman can be, if he only has a heart to work and to give.—The "Lee-avenue" Sabbath School in Brooklyn can testify to this.

GOLD COAST.

By recent letters from Mr. Freeman, of the Wesleyan Mission on this coast, we learn that he returned in February last from a visit to the king of Dahomie, at his capital, about 90 miles in the interior. This chief, who exercises a very wide sway among the tribes situate 500 miles west of the Old Calabar river, showed himself, along with his son, very courteous to

the missionaries, during a visit of six days; so that they were too occupied in interviews to have almost an hour's leisure to take a walk through any part of the capital. And the result of their visit is an impression, that there are strong grounds of hope that the day is not far distant when extraordinary moral changes will take place in Dahomie,—a country which has hitherto ranked among the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of horrid cruelty. The entire mission district, embracing Abbeocuta, Lagos, Akruh, and Cape Coast, shows, in their annual statistics, an increase during the past year of 296 members, and 137 on trial. They speak of a gracious revival of religion in one or two of their circuits, and which is still spreading.—*United Presbyterian Mag.*

IMPRESSIVE ADDRESS OF DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

Gentlemen, the times are serious! An impetuous movement is manifest on every side; those who desired and thought themselves able to resist it, are themselves carried away by an ungovernable force. At first they smiled at the sight of the early symptoms of this movement, now they are themselves led away by it, and hastening towards an unknown goal. Those who were but lately descending the river, find themselves suddenly in the open ocean, surrounded by unseen dangers, tossed with tempests hitherto ignored. Affrighted, they ask whether they are veering towards a port or an abyss. Rash men have gone beyond the reach of warning. Seizing the torch that had been kindled, they have hurried into paths of desolation. Some assail the Bible, others the organization of the church. Haughtily planting their banner beyond all former limits, they call to their side generous hearts by the enthusiastic cry—"To this point for liberty! What to do? what to become? How choose between the new and the old—between order and confusion? How decide between the two great powers that stand before us? Poor young man, what wilt thou become! 'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.' When a house has to resist a storm, it must needs be 'built upon a rock,' which is Christ.

A PITHY ILLUSTRATION.

In his lecture on "The Beautiful," at Cincinnati, Mr. Beecher thus forcibly illustrated the tendency of a principle cherished by many:—he did not sympathize with, though he respected that philosophy which denied to one with whose means and station they were compatible, elegant surroundings and clothing. Let us see where the philosophy will lead: some one of this view says to us, 'My dear brother, the world is lying in guilt and wickedness at your feet, and you should do all you may to save it. Now linsey-woolsey is just as comfortable as broadcloth, and the difference in the cost will do much to ameliorate suffering.' So we go home, abandon the broadcloth, appear in the linsey-woolsey, and we think we have done a worthy deed. But then comes another, who carries the same principle a little further. He says: 'My dear brother, the world lies in guilt and wickedness at your feet. Why will you indulge in the extravagance of linsey-woolsey, when tanned leather is just as comfortable and so much less expensive?' We act upon the suggestion; don the leather suit, and congratulate ourselves on the approval of conscience, when a third appears. His language is: 'Oh, dull and slow of heart! While the suffering world languishes for your assistance, why will you indulge in