THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

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

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"NO NIGHT IS THERE."

Day and Night, with solemn greeting,
Unto me are still repeating.
"Life is wasting, Time is fleeting,
"For the end prepare!
"Look beyond thy low condition,
"Upward to the great transition,
"To the land of open vision.
"Night comes never there!"

May each night, while slowly falling,
Be to me mine end recalling
Lift my mind from Time's enthralling,
And my spirit bear
Thither where no sin distresses,
Where no fear nor gloom oppresses,
Where the soul God's glory blesses,
For no night is there!

Lord! my light and my salvation,
Grant that in Thy habitation
With Thy saints may be my station,
In this bliss to share.
Onward still my steps be tending,
Upward still my thoughts ascending,
Till I reach Thy rest unending,
Night comes never there!

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

It was the afternoon of a summer day, in the year 183—, that a clerical friend, on his way homeward, stopped at my house. I constrained him to remain until the heat of the day should be over, when he could pursue his journey, and reach his destination early in the evening. While sitting together engaged in conversation, a heavy, dark cloud, highly charged with electricity, as the sequel proved, arose in the south-west, and came directly over our village; very soon flash after flash of lightning, succeeded by loud peals of thunder, almost interrupted our conversation; while my little son, startled amid his playfulness, crept to my knee, and throwing his arms around me, nestled in my bosom as for protection. (Blessed picture for the contemplation of God's children, who can throw themselves into the arms of Jesus, and nestle there in the hour of terror and dismay! Blessed thought! that *he*, who then clung to *me* for safety, was, in after life, led to cling to Christ, as all his salvation; to trust in Him, as all his strength; and has been brought safely home, where there are no thunderings, nor lightnings, nor tempests.

But, to return to my narrative—an unusually vivid flash was succeeded instantaneously by a peal which caused the house wherein we were sitting to tremble. Almost immediately the cry of "Fire!" was heard in the street, accompanied by the ringing of the fire-bell of the village. My friend and myself hastily equipped ourselves, and went forth to render assistance if needed. At a distance of but a few rods, we saw a crowd of persons in front of a tenement which had been struck by lightning, and surrounding the body of a person, who had just been killed. Medical aid had already been obtained, but efforts to resuscitate were unavailing.

We stood and looked at the victim. Although the crowd had gathered in the public street, all was silent as the chamber of death. The dark cloud had passed over; the rain had ceased; the distant thunder had no terrors,—but it seemed as a voice was heard saying, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

The name of the individual alluded to was P———a. He had long been known as the most profane and blasphemous person in our streets. In the exercise of his impiety, it might well be said, that he "feared not God, neither regarded man." But he was cut down with an oath in his lips, braving his Maker. I had it from one who participated in, and was most deeply impressed with, the awfulness of the scene. As the black cloud came over the village, accompanied by a strong wind, a gate at the end of the house swung open, and a young man, (my informant above alluded to) was sent out to close it. P———a followed him to the door and stood there, looking at the cloud. At that moment a flash of lightning and a heavy report so startled the individual who was fastening the gate, that he ran in front of the door, evidently much alarmed. "What are you afraid of," said P———a to him, with an *oath*. The impious utterance was yet upon his lips, when a second discharge from the cloud summoned him in a moment before that awful tribunal, established for judgment by Him who has said, "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless, that taketh His name in vain."

He was dashed from the door-sill into the street, and never exhibited a sign of life. The flash from that angry cloud, and the lurid flame of the pit, would seem to have commingled to lighten his way to that place, where

"Darkness visible
Serves only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell."

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S BANK.

In one of my walks, I passed by a blind man who sat by the wayside, with a card on his hat saying, "*Will you help a poor blind man?*" I passed him, but the word *help* had arrested my attention. I returned and dropped a piece of money into his hand. I then asked him if he had any money in the bank. He said "No." I asked him why he did not put some money in the bank. "Because," said he, "I cannot get it." "Is that the reason why you do not lay up a treasure in heaven?" "I suppose not," said he. "It may be the will of God that you should be blind and poor in this world;—but not in the next. There, He bids you to be rich. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven;" this is His command to every one, and every one can do it. For, "*Ask and ye shall receive*," is the promise of God. You say you cannot lay up money in the bank; but you can do a great deal better; and it will be your own fault if you are not a very rich man in a few years. Won't you try for it? "Yes; I will try," said the poor man, struck with the novel idea that he might in another world be as well off as anybody else; and I passed on.

A few weeks after I saw the same blind man, begging as before. I dropped a penny in his hand, and asked him if he knew me. "Yes," said he. "Who is it?" "Is was you that asked me if I had any money in the bank." I asked him if he had laid up anything yet. He replied that he had been trying ever since to do as I directed him, and hoped he should succeed. I exhorted him to persevere, in full assurance that "he that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth." I asked him if he could get his wife to read to him the first thirteen verses of the fifty-first Psalm every day, until he could repeat them himself. He said he would, and I left him, hoping that he might yet see.

NATURE'S SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Night hath its songs. Have you never stood by the seaside at night, and heard the pebbles sing, and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you never risen from your couch, and thrown up the window of your chamber, and listened there? Listened to what? Silence,—save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. And have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God, looking down on you, were also mouths of song,—that every star was singing God's glory, singing as it shone, its mighty Maker, and His lawful, well-deserved praise? Night hath its songs. We need not much poetry in our spirit to catch the song of night, and hear the spheres as they chant praises which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear,—the praises of the mighty God, who bears up the unpillared arch of heaven, and moves the stars in their course.—*Rev. H. C. Spurgeon.*

TALK OF THE ROAD.

OUT OF WORK.

"Well, man, it's long since I saw you," said Jem, "for I was up the country; and how is it with you all?"

"Why, then, it's well enough, and it's bad enough," said Pat.

"And is it done it you did?" said Jem.

"I done it," said Pat, "and I'll stick to it now, come what will on me."

"Tell me about it now," said Jem.

"Well, I just went to Mr. Owens' church, like a man," said Pat; "and I went three Sundays, night and morning, and no harm come on me at all; and I was thinking, 'maybe it's not so hard, after all; maybe I'm as safe as the birds.' Well, it was all going smooth, when down comes one Dr. Marshall, that was once a Protestant clergyman in England, to preach in the chapel. 'Well,' says I, 'if a Protestant clergy turns to us, sure I'll hear why he did it;' and to the chapel I goes. Well, who should I see sitting right fornint the altar, with a big Douay Bible in his hand, but the Rev. Mr. Owens himself. 'Well,' thinks I, 'what will come on it now?' Well, of all the sermons ever you heard, that was the one; it beat ourselves to nothing; and Mr. Owens holding up the Douay Bible fornint him; and sorra one word, good nor bad, Dr. Marshall took out of the Douay Bible, nor no other Bible, from the one end to the other; and, thinks I to myself, if it was the Douay Bible turned you, wouldn't you tell us that anyway. I'm not going to be worse nor ever I was, thinks I. Well, there was a deal of soldiers there, that was passing through the town, and stopping for Sunday; and when Dr. Marshall began at the Queen in his sermon, the officer just gave them the word, and they all marched out of the chapel, making all the noise you please; and Father Marshall falls to praising the Queen, but not a bit they stopped. Well, that sermon settled me any way; for sure it's turned his back on the Bible he has, says I; that's the way he's turned. Well, I watched till I seen Mr. Owens going out through the altar rails, and who should up and shake his hand till I thought he would have it off, only Father Corrigan, of Kilbride, for you see he doesn't like a bone in Father John's skin; and so he shook hands with the Rev. Mr. Owens in chapel, afore the congregation; and I mind seeing them two good friends in the relief committee. Well, Mr. Owens comes out, and he goes in the face of all the people to put up a paper on the big tree afore the chapel. Well, he couldn't get it up, and the boys comes round him, and takes the paper, and puts it up for him. Well, and what would it be, only to say he would answer that sermon in church that night. Well, to church I goes: and sure enough, if the church wasn't full of our own sort, just hundreds of them there. You see he took them so short that the priests could say nothing again it, when the boys was gone out of the chapel. Well, Mr. Owens just answers the sermon out of a face, all out of the Douay Bible; 'that's it,' says I, 'sure that's what I want to hear.' Well, you never seen boys listen better, you could hear a pin drop among them, only one didn't drop, for nobody stirred. Well, when Mr. Owens was done, the boys all got up and was going without the prayers or the blessing, for they didn't get that in chapel, and a decent man stands upon the seat, and says he, 'stop boys, there's more;' and with that they all stopped still, like mice, till the prayers and the blessing was done. Well, thinks I to myself, it's a great sight anyway to see the likes of them here."

'Well, it was a great sight, sure enough," said Jem; 'but I'm waiting to hear about yourself, Pat, after what you done; sure that's what I want to hear.'

'Amn't I coming to myself as fast as I can, if you won't put me out,' said Pat. 'Well, Mr. Owens gives out that he would preach to them again that night week. So I goes again, of course; and you know, Jem, there is five roads leading up to the church. Well, who would I pass on the road I went, walking back and forrad, about fifty yards from the church, but Father Peter, that's Father John's curate, looking at every one, and taking their names; and I heard after there was a priest on every road. Well, thinks I to myself, sure I'm done now anyway. Well, I goes on to the church, but there wasn't ten for one hundred; for sure they dursn't pass the priest. Well, it's with Mr. Smith I was working; and the next day I sees Father John riding up to the house; it's done now I am entirely, says I. Well, Father John goes to the house, and he goes away again; and Mr. Smith comes into the field, just looking after the work like; and when he comes to me, says he, 'I don't want you after the night.' 'Well, your honour,' says I, 'sure there is not a boy in the field more willing to work.' 'I don't want you,' says he, 'nor the likes of you;' and with that he goes off. Well, I goes home with the sore heart, and not a hand's turn I done from that day to this, and it's the fortnight to-day; and, oh! Jem, it's the sore thing and the cruel thing to walk the roads, just not to hear the childer crying with the hunger, and to steal into the house after dark, and be kept awake with the poor childer crying. Oh, aren't they the cruel men that won't let the father use his own hands to earn the bit to put into his own innocent children's mouths, and them crying about him with the hunger! Oh, hadn't we enough of that in the famine, and mightn't the priests feel for us now! Oh, is *that* the true sense of the Scripture at all, at all!' and so Pat began to cry like a child over the children.

'And is there nothing for the childer at all?' said Jem.

'Sorra bit went into their mouths this day; for sure they lived on the one blanket this week, and it's done last night,' said Pat.

'Why, then, you'll just bring the craturs down to me this night,' said Jem; 'for sure I've the praties, and it's the big pot I'll put on, and they will get their bellyfulls this night anyway; so off with you, man, and bid them stop crying.'

So Pat went off in a hurry, and Jem hurried home to get on the big pot.

Well, the children turned to at the praties in style; and when Pat had got his share (for the poor fellow was stinted worse than the rest, to give the children what he could), Pat and Jem fell to talking again.

'And what about the birds, Pat?' said Jem.

'Well, it's thinking of that I am always,' said Pat. 'It doesn't mean we can't be hungry at all; sure, I know that now; but it means something anyway—it means, anyway, *that God cares for us;* and that He cares for what happens to us; and isn't that something?'

'Well, a man that turns because it's right, might starve all out, and his children too,' said Jem.

'There's no denying that now: he might, if it was the will of God,' said Pat.

'Well, there was a deal that never read the Bible, and never thought of God in earnest, that died in the famine; and, maybe, some that did,' said Jem.

'That's true, anyway,' said Pat. 'I mind the best Christian ever I knew just died for want of the praties, and his children too.'

'And what does it mean at all,' said Jem, 'when Jesus Christ says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you?'' (Matt. vi. 38.)

'There is *one* thing it means anyway, and *no* mistake,' said Pat; 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' Oh, Jem, won't you seek that first? Sure, there's no mistake in that? Wasn't it you put me on the reading, and will you let me go alone now?'

'Well, that's just what's troubling me,' said Jem; and there's no mistake in that surely. But what about the rest?'

'Well, then, won't He do what's good?' said Pat. 'He won't keep us alive for ever. And why would we ask it? isn't it the poor world for the likes of us? Won't He take us some way? Won't it be sickness or suffering of some sort? Sure it be to be *death;* and what signifies the way? And if He takes us to his glory, sure it won't be breaking his word with us. And, anyway, the word is good enough to make us trust in Him, while He leaves us here; and maybe that's the meaning of it. For, sure, He won't keep us here for ever, and why would we ask it? And when He takes us out of it, sure his own way is the best; better nor meal, nor praties, nor anything.'

'Well, Pat,' said Jem, 'that's right anyway. Sure, when God pleases to take us, the nothing to eat is no more nor other sickness, when we couldn't eat if we had it. Sure, why does a sick man die, only 'cause he can't eat? and what does it signify if the praties is there? But there is one thing hard on me, Pat. Sure, if it was God sent the famine I could lie down and die under his hand, and just put my trust in Him through Jesus Christ; but when the priest sends the famine on the childer, and him with the whiskey punch afore him quite comfortable, sure that's more than flesh and blood can stand.'

'Well, Jem, I'll put my trust in God, for all the priest can do. And sure there is no saying again' it, He helped me and the children this night anyway out of your big pot; His blessing on you, dem for the good friend you are. And, sure, if I get through till the praty planting, what will I care for Father John and his calling at the altar. Sure, times is turning for us that way. Sure, Mr. Smith himself would be glad to get me, sooner nor a blackguard at two-and-sixpence that wouldn't do half a day's work of a man like me; but won't I take two shillings afore I go back to *the likes of him?*"

So Pat and the children went home to do without the blanket; and if we hear of what happens to Pat, we will tell it as usual.

LOYALTY.

The *Freeman's Journal* is the organ of the most reasonable type of Irish Popery; indeed it can hardly be said to be under the inspiration of the priesthood; but its influence with the laity is great. It speaks out in terms of just indignation of the Indian atrocities. But hear the other side. Listen to the ravings of the papers that are under the unmixed and unmitigated inspiration of ultramontanism. We will give a pretty long extract as a specimen, as we find it copied in the London *Times* of the 2d September:—

"Sweeter than the voice of love, sweeter than the warm accents of friendship, dearer than the mellowest sunshine of the heart, is the news of English discomfiture in India to the breasts of the Irish people. They are delighted, rejoiced and gladdened beyond measure when they hear of the *torture* and humiliation of their ancient foe. There is not a vessel of hers that is wrecked, there is not a General of hers who is slain, there is not a battalion in her service which is routed and overthrown, that the people of Ireland do not gloat over with the greatest satisfaction and delight. From the deepest recesses of their heart they wish her defeat and misfortune in whatever cause she is engaged. The Irish millions wish to see England subdued, her insolence chastised, her barbarous and tyrannical power broken in pieces, her domineering and brutal disposition tamed and sobered down, and her outrageous desire to annoy, bully, insult and plunder weaker nations rendered impotent and powerless for evil for all time to come. They are consequently delighted by the intelligence received from the East, when the forces of the Great Mogul are pounding the armies of Great Britain. Wherever England draws the sword or lights the match Ireland prays for her defeat, and at no time has she prayed more fervently in that way than she does now, when the patriot Sepoys of India are endeavouring to strangle the British power and sweep it root and branch from the fair and fertile fields of Hindostan."

Should a Frenchman, a Russian, an Italian or a Spaniard write in the above style concerning his Government, he would be hung by the neck or be beheaded or shot like a dog before a fornight had gone over his head. None but a very monster of ingratitude and cruelty could have penned that paragraph. But alas such men abound under certain meridians—especially that of Rome. The Ultramontane press all over Europe and America has the same tone—gloating over the massacre of brave men—delicate women and little children.

The name of Dr. Cahill is familiar to most of our readers. He is the quintessence of Irish popery—and perhaps the most influential ecclesiastic in Ireland. Addressing Lord Palmerston he says:—"Backed by your bribed emissaries, urged on by your official Soupers, you have by the slanders, the lies and the infidelity of these hated characters, maddened Catholic monarchs into one combined position of defence against the bigotry of England. You have reduced a first rate power, your own country, from the elevated pre-eminence of a dictator to the neighbouring nations to be a base cringer at the gates of Washington and a crawling sycophant at the feet of the Emperor of the French," &c. Pretty language this to the head of the British cabinet, by the man whom popish Ireland delights to honour! England is a "base cringer" and a "crawling sycophant"! So says the Legate of the Pope, and therefore this must be the belief of all Roman Catholics. The *Catholic* is now mere chary as to what it republishes of the effusions of Irish dignitaries. Why so? If they are infallible, what they say is true and right and should not be concealed. We heretics should have the benefit of it. You should not bury your lights, Mr. *Catholic*. We heretics have need for all we can get; and perhaps we will be able in due time to *reflect* some of it.

The great puzzle is how these men can have the face to complain of tyranny and persecution, when they themselves are standing monuments of the extreme leniency of the British Government. They spout treason and rebellion and calumny every day in the week, yet no "Souper," no "hired emissary" of the Government ever molests them. Whereas in the country where the Pope is head of Church and state, a man is not even permitted to write even the following sentence over an English grave, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," and in Popish Madeira a Protestant, because he was a Protestant, had to be buried in the sea!—*Pres. Witness.*

M. De Sauley, a member of the Institute, who has passed some time in Egypt, and is very conversant with the archæology of that country, states in the *Courier de Paris* that an important discovery has lately been made, in one of the tombs of Memphis, of a whole library of hieratic papyruses. This precious collection would most probably have been torn into bits by the lucky finders, and every fragment sold separately to the curiosoty-hunting English who frequent that country, had not an Arab, an agent in the pay of the British Museum, fortunately been apprised of the matter, and bought up the whole lot in time. Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, has as yet only deciphered one of these curious manuscripts, which turns out to be neither more nor less than a complete history of the royal dynasties which are registered under the numbers 18 and 19 in Manetho's chronological canon. It is one of those dynasties that the celebrated Sesostris belongs, and the same period comprises the history of the occupation of Egypt by the Hyksos or shepherds, who kept the Egyptian races under their sway for ages.—*Galignani.*

"If we are to live after death why don't we have some certain knowledge of it!" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

MEETING OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE, BERLIN.

Through the correspondence of the *Times* and the *Herald*, we have reports of the proceedings of the Alliance which met on the 9th ult., up to the 14th ult. The Conferences met in the Garnison Kirche, a building capable of accommodating 4000 persons, and were opened by singing the 100th Psalm. Besides the German version, which was printed with the music, there were English and French versions printed and used with the music also attached. The further opening exercises consisted solely of reading portions of the Scriptures and offering up prayer in each of the above languages. The prayers embraced the principal objects of the meeting, namely, the spread of brotherly love among all Protestants, the invigoration of the churches of the protestant faith, and the extension of its truth over the whole world, together with a blessing on the King and his family, and on the people and capital of Prussia. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel also included in his prayer our suffering fellow-countrymen in India; and certainly nowhere else out of Great Britain and her dependencies can this prayer find such warm sympathy for the sufferers, or such deep execrations of the heathen miscreants that have so barbarously maltreated women and children, and unarmed prisoners. After further singing, and a closing blessing, the meeting separated, deeply impressed with this opening act.

We can only at present give the proceedings of the following day, but shall in a future issue supplement the present report by a further notice of the principal matters of interest.

The second day's conferences were opened as before by prayer, reading of the Scriptures and singing; and then the Rev. Mr. Krummacher, well-known to the religious world in England, delivered an address of welcome. After cursorily alluding to the opposition that had been exhibited against these conferences and the Evangelical Alliance, and the victory which a better knowledge of their nature had gained over the misrepresentations of their opponents, he pointed out the fresh objections that had been started at the eleventh hour, as an incentive to the meeting to keep constantly in view the practical object of their coming together.

After a pause for refreshment, the representatives of various distant bodies of religionists came forward to greet the meeting. The Reformed Church in Elberfeld (Calvinistic) was the first. The new American minister, just lately accredited to this court (Mr. Wright,) testified to his own warm adherence to the principles of the Evangelical Alliance, which he characterised by "Our Christ, our Lord, our Bible." Bishop Simpson, from the Episcopalian Wesleyans of the United States, offered the salutations of his connection, and expressed their ardent desire that all Christians might become of one heart and one soul. Dr. Baird, an American Presbyterian, presented an address of greeting from his coreligionist, with numberless signatures attached, and appealed to that, as well as to the number of Americans present and about to arrive, as an evidence of the sympathy felt for this movement in the United States. A Protestant clergyman from Hungary bewailed that his co-religionists at home could only accompany this movement with secret sympathy and stealthy sighs; and as the guiding axiom which he delighted to recognise as influencing the meeting, he designated that apothegm of St. Augustine:—"In necessariis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas." Sir Culling Eardley then pronounced his thorough concurrence in all that had been put forward by Hof-Prediger Krummacher; he bewailed the doctrinal differences that existed between Germany and England, and felt confident that his countrymen would not be wanting in endeavours to promote unity between them. Mr. Smyth, the secretary of the Independent denomination, followed, and made some happy allusions to the approaching union of the two royal families of Great Britain and Prussia, which produced a visible sensation of gratification among the numbers assembled. A gentleman, from Scotland, and a German clergyman, from Australia, followed the above, and the whole series of greetings was closed by a French Reformed minister, Grandipisrre, who, in addition to the current topics of the day and occasion, alluded feelingly to the hospitable reception that his countrymen and co-religionists had met with in Prussia at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The meeting came to a close, not from all the deputations having said their say, but from the time being exhausted.

The evening meeting of that same day was devoted to two discourses by a Prussian theologian, Dr. Jacobi, and Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, the Genevese historian of the Reformation, having for their subject "a comparison between these conferences of Protestant Christians of various countries and the assemblies of the early Christian Church." These discoures were preceded by a short address from the Rev. Mr. Jenkinson, of Battersea, who read a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, declining—on the ground of official duties—the invitation to attend these conferences, and the offer made him by the local committee of a furnished house to be placed at his service for the term of his stay here. It may be mentioned that the writing of letters declining to take any active part in anything seems to be the peculiar form of participation which the dignitaries of our episcopal established church seem to have reserved for themselves; for, although an English archbishop can convene meetings of friends of the Evangelical Alliance at an archepiscopal palace and call upon dissenters to put up prayer in his presence; and an Irish bishop can invite a member of the alliance to come over to Ireland and enlighten his clergy on the subject of the alliance at his pastoral visitation, and even give that member of the alliance a seat within the altar rails for the better execution of his errand, still, when they are invited to do something in furtherance of the great aim and object, "they all with one accord begin to make excuse," and write beautiful letters to show how entirely they give their hearts while they refuse to lend a hand. The Baptists, on the other hand, whose zeal and prominence in the Evangelical Alliance had contributed greatly to make it distasteful to the Lutheran Church, have shown rare and praise-worthy self-denial in keeping in the background and resigning all prominence to members of the church.

THE DUTCH PRELATES.

"Last week we nailed to the counter the brazen thumpers of the *Chronicle* and *Journal* respecting the Dutch Catholic Bishops."—*Halifax Catholic.*

We have nothing to say about the peculiarly elegant phraseology in which the Glebe-House people boast of the feats they perform; but we cannot permit even their own congregations to be deceived, when evidence of their untruthfulness is so near at hand. We publish below the protest of the three Bishops, which speaks for itself:—

PROTEST OF DUTCH ROMISH JANSENIST BISHOPS AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Pastoral instructions of the Archbishop of Utrecht and the Bishops of Haarlem and Deventer, on the subject of the Immaculate Conception.

When we heard of the great preparations that were being made for deliberating on the point of the conception, at Rome, in December 1854, we found, and with good reason, that these preparations would all be found eventually to have been little more than an outward form; but we nevertheless hoped that the prayers of many good men, so earnestly solicited by the Holy Father, for the light of the Holy Spirit, would be so heard as to succeed in turning the counsels of Ahitophel into foolishness. The unsearchable judgments of Divine Providence have otherwise ordered. Pius, alas! the weak Pius, having once thrown himself into the arms of the Jesuits, has now again lent his name and his influence to accomplish a deed deeply grieving to all good men, and causing new scandal in the church.

The encyclical letter of the 8th of December 1854, threatens the wrath of Almighty God, &c., to all who should dare to speak against, or even not to accept, the decision therein announced respecting the conception of the Virgin.

How great soever may be our respect for his Holiness as head of the Church and the centre of Catholic unity, we should dread still more the displeasure of the Almighty if we accepted such decision.

St. Paul did not threaten the people of Berea with the displeasure of Almighty God when they searched the Scriptures to see if the things which were brought before them "were so;" and St. Luke even confers upon them special honour—"These were more noble than those of Thessalonica," because they did so search. If this doctrine of the immaculate conception can be so thoroughly proved to be a doctrine of the Catholic Church, as in such apostolic letter it is declared to be, there need no fear arise from such search; yea, rather ought an appeal go forth inviting such a search, that it may be patent to the whole world that we are indebted to the care and zeal of Pius IX. for this discovery.

Inasmuch as we have no conviction that Pius has spoken an infallible word when he declared the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin to be revealed truth of the Catholic faith, we feel it to be our duty to examine the grounds upon which such declaration rests.

These grounds are said by them to be five:—

1. Holy Scripture.
2. Sacred tradition.
3. The continuous feeling of the church.
4. The wonderful unanimity of Catholic pastors and of the faithful.
5. The illustrious acts and constitutions of his predecessors in the papal chair.

After combating the above grounds, they say, in reference to the fourth, "Where is this wonderful unanimity to be found? Naturally in the answers given by the bishops to the encyclical letter addressed to them from Gaeta in 1849. The analysis justifies no such unanimity. The whole dogma of the Immaculate Conception being thus entirely new, there need be no wonder that the mode of announcing it was entirely new. Never formerly were such utterances heard from a Pope's lips; formerly it was the congregated fathers who, after previous deliberations, &c., judged and determined. But it was on this occasion no church council, although, for the eye of the world, such a colouring was attempted to be given to it. The bishops were merely mute attestators of what was proposed by Pope Pius IX., and with too great reason may the words of the prophet be applied to them, 'Blind watchmen! they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs: they cannot bark.'"—Isaiah lvi. 10.

Oh! how did those teachers in Israel belie their character! and how was their character trampled on by the first in rank amongst them! An open contumely and spot of shame is thus thrown on the Episcopal character and office, those functionaries having nullified their very position and work as judges of the faith.

When the successor of St. Peter gave utterance to the lie that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had been revealed by God, there was no Paul to withstand and gainsay him to his face? On the contrary, they winked in the lowest cajolery when one of the French bishops looked his Holiness in the face, and said: "Holy Father, thou hast not only decided the Immaculate Conception: thou hast decided thine own infallibility."

Under the fifth head of the pastoral instruction, reference is made to Gregory the Great, Innocent III. and Innocent V., Clement VI., &c., to show that for fourteen centuries a doctrine was held in entire contradiction to that promulgated by Pius IX, and it is then said:

"We leave it to every unprejudiced person to decide whether we have good ground for the strictures we have made, and whether we have proved or not that the apostolic letter issued by Pius IX., on the 8th of December 1854, is simply a tissue (*samenweefsel*) of untruths, wherein the name of Scripture and sacred traditions are shamefully misapplied to exalt into a matter of faith a mere matter of feeling or subjective impression, not even based on the lowest grade of probability.

In conclusion, we solemnly declare before the whole world, that the maxim *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ad omnibus*, reaches neither in teaching nor in acceptance to this dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and we say to all Catholics, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." (Prov. xxii. 23.) "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than than that ye have received, let them be accursed." (Gal. i. 8.) "Remember how thou hast received and heard; and hold fast." (Rev. iii. 3.)

† JOHN, Archbishop of Utrecht.
† JOHN HENRY, Bishop of Haarlem.
† HERMAN, Bishop of Deventer.

—*Nova Scotian.*

CONVERSION TO PROTESTANTISM IN FRANCE.—The *Siecle* describes the conversion to Protestantism of a considerable number of the inhabitants of the Vienne, and praises the conduct observed by the Protestant clergymen in this circumstance. It says: "Some few years ago there was not a single Protestant in Neuville, the chief town of the department of the Vienne. In 1849 several inhabitants asked permission of the mayor to invite a Protestant clergyman to expound to them his doctrine—not that they were Protestants, but that they might decide on their future conduct. The mayor, like a prudent man, advised them to reflect well on their request; he did not wish to refuse them the practice of a right, but he, at the same time, wished to avoid the reproach of having advised them to act with rash haste. The advice of the mayor was followed, two years were past in reflection, and in 1851 a deputation waited on the Protestant clergyman of Poictiers, and invited him to visit their town and expound to them the principles of the Protestant faith. This invitation was accepted, and the clergyman, accompanied by a colleague, held two conferences in Neuville, at which 500 to 600 persons were present After the second conference the ministers, far from seeking to impose their faith on the inhabitants, declared that they would not return again to the town without a formal invitation. A written appeal to them was speedily covered with signatures, and at the third sitting a formal Protestant service was performed. Nearly 200 persons had freely embraced the reformed faith. We call the attention of our readers to the character of this Protestant propaganda, which we should be happy to see imitated in every religious propoganda. The clergymen of Poictiers did not impose their doctrines on the population at the risk of disturbing public order or of troubling the peace of families. Their dignified and measured language did not certainly carry away the population to the extent that might have been effected by a passionate appeal, but it produced serious and intelligent conversions. The Protestant clergymen did not menace those who remained in the Catholic Church with Divine anger or with the flames of Hell; and by their conduct they have proved their tolerance, and have respected the belief of their brethren. We would that all propagandas were carried on in this calm and powerful attitude, which becomes all those who believe themselves to be marching in the way of truth. May their good example not be lost!"

Many a road is there into the heart beside the ear and brain; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought amoung beautiful sights and sweet sounds will show the fruit of their nursing by thoughtfulness and affection, and nobleness of mind.