

step, and open visage, like an English country gentleman. The face beams with apparently true benignity; but the eye is not easy, and the smile of the lips is not unmixed with a disquiet something at the corners of the mouth. Still he is a noble old man; and, looking at him, one is much more inclined to follow the common idea in England, that he is a very kind and sincere one, than the representation often (by no means always) given in Rome; namely, that he is faithless, unforgiving, and full of vain-glory. Yet even they who say that, give him credit for sincerity in matters of religion, and for disinterestedness and purity of manners.

He sits upon his throne. They offer him a censer, into which he puts incense; they take off his mitre, and put it on; they chant, and cross, and bow; read, and with reverence hold him up a book to kiss; and take the censer, and wave the incense to this enthroned priest, in his royal robe of rose color and gold. To him all eyes turn; to him knees bow; to him the incense rises. He sits upon his throne, with superhuman reverence given to him; and look at his countenance! Surely this is not a human being, fresh from putting ten millions of his fellowmen, ay, of his own neighbors and countrymen, outside of the kingdom of God! Where are the tears and traces of horror lying upon his soul in connection with this deed? He smiles, and smiles, and smiles.

Again, with knees bowed, the attendant dignitaries take off the rich rose-colored robe, and disclose a beautiful white dress. With fresh bowing of the knees, a white apron is girded round the white robe. Then the Pope, preceded and followed by dignitaries, hastens over to the Apostles. Before him goes a Cardinal, with a large golden ewer in his hand. Behind, an ecclesiastic, with a tray containing napkins; another with a tray of violets, and a third with a little set of papers. As his Holiness approaches, the Apostles are agitated; their faces change color; their petticoats shake. The little white boot is slipped off the right foot, well washed as ever it was in its lifetime. The Cardinal, from the golden ewer, pours upon the instep such a wee drop of water; and then his Holiness, taking a napkin, gives the foot just a touch; and that napkin falls to the Apostle as a perpetual memory of the day of his honor. Then the head of the Pope bows down to the foot, and his lips touch the instep.

The Romans often say that tho Pope does not kiss the foot, but a bunch of violets, which he lays upon it. This was not the case. Pio Nono really did the work; he kissed the foot. This done, he turned round, took a bouquet of violets and handed it to the Apostle, who, receiving it, bowed, and with wonderful satisfaction kissed the back of the superhuman hand.

## THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

One of the first things I heard in England on landing, was a statement from a gentleman who had just returned from Florence, to a lady in the railway carriage that all Northern Italy was ripe for Protestantism. This is rash saying. Northern Italy is nothing of the kind. The people are weary of the priest alienated from the Church, resolved to be free, and panting after the union and glory of their country. Many of them are convinced that in religion they have been imposed upon, and that the Church edifice they see around them is not the solid building on the rock reared by Christ and his apostles, but "a friar and whited clump of stones." It can hardly be doubted that large numbers, perhaps the majority of the people, and probably a considerable portion of the priesthood would not only ready but glad to join any national reform which would break off their yoke, and render religion more "rational," as they call it: for in the benefits of this they might partake without exposing themselves individually to persecution. If any great statesman or leading ecclesiastic were bold enough to initiate such a movement, it is hard to say what extent it might be carried. Did Cavour and the King avow their independence of Rome, and solemnly reject the pretensions of the Pope to universal dominion, no doubt they would divide the kingdom into two parties; but there can be little question that the army, and the intelligent portion of the country, would be with them; and future generations of Italians would look upon the movement as do the present generations in countries where it has occurred,—namely, as a turning-point of national life and vigor.

Public events appear to tend to a position that will force the State to choose between spiritual independence and temporal degradation; and it is by this dilemma that Providence has again and again wrought out the rescue of nations. In Italy it may or may not be so; my business is not to foretell.—*Good Words.*

—o—

## DR. MACLEOD ON HOME MISSIONS.

Dr. Macleod, after some preliminary remarks, said the subject of home missions was an immense one, and one of awful importance—a subject that really involved every other missionary question, for if they were to do foreign work well, home mission work must first be done well. If they were to exercise direct influence, and if those who left the native shores for India or the colonies, or other foreign countries, were to be a blessing, and a true witness for, the gospel in heathendom and in Popish lands, they must attend to home evangelization. If Britain was really to be a blessing to the world, if she was to be a witness for God among the nations of the earth, it was to home evangelization.