THE PROTECTOR
AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

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

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

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April 7th, 1854.

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Aug. 19 3m

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" Bedeque to Shediac,	1 50	1.12½
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Aug. 12, 1857.

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Aug 12, 1867. 1sl

BOSTON PACKET.

THE FAST-SAILING clipper BRIG "GALENA," will leave BOSTON, for this Port, on or before the 1st of MAY next, and will continue her trips between this Port and Boston during the Season. Her accommodations for FREIGHT are such as will induce parties at either Ports to ship by this Vessel, as it will enable them to receive their merchandize at all times with quick despatch. Parties wishing to make a quick market of their PRODUCE, will find this a great convenience.

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Charlottetown, March 11th, 1857. tf

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July 22, 1857. THOS. B. TREMAIN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(For the Protector.)

Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—Hab. ii. 3.

Wait, weary soul, with patience wait,
Nor yield to dark despair;
The Eternal God your refuge make,
And cast on him your care.

Sure as to-morrow's sun shall dawn,
And usher in the day;
Sure as the calm succeeds the storm,
Your doubts shall pass away.

You trust an *earthly* father's love,
Your wants that love supplies;
Can you not trust the *One* above,
Who no good thing denies?

His word and promise both are sure,
Though he may long delay;
And comfort yet shall dawn on you,
If still you wait, and pray. J.

TALK OF THE ROAD.

"Well, Jem, did you get the book about the Scapular?"

"'Deed, then, I did, Pat, and here it is," said Jem, taking the book out of his pocket, as they met on the road

"Well, and is it like the Bible at all?" said Pat.

"Why, then," said Jem, "if there's two books in the world that isn't like each other one bit, it's this book and the Bible; and more, foreby: if this book is true I don't see what call there is for the Bible at all; for, sure enough, it's a deal easier to be saved by this book and the Blessed Virgin, than it is to be saved by Jesus Christ and the Bible—that is, barring it isn't all a lie about the Scapular. But, I'm thinking, if the Bible is true, it will go hard with poor Judy and them that trusts in this book."

"Well, what is it all about?" said Pat.

"Why, first and foremost," said Jem, "it tells us how the order of Carmelites was founded by Elijah, the prophet, on Mount Carmel (p. 12); and it tells us how he was upon the mountain nine hundred years and more before our Saviour was born, and he seen a little cloud, as big as his hand, coming up out of the sea, and that was the Blessed Virgin herself, no less! and so then he set up the Carmelites in honor of her, and it tells the place in the Bible where to find it (3d Book of Kings, ch. xviii., v. 44, &c., Douay Bible; 1st Book authorised version); and sure enough, when I went to look for it, Elijah was there, and saw the little cloud, but not one word, good or bad, about the Blessed Virgin, nor the order of Carmelites neither."

"Well, well," said Pat, "was there Carmelites nine hundred years before our Saviour was born, and were they Christians then?"

"Why, the book makes it out they're that old," said Jem, "and that they took up with the Blessed Virgin as soon as she was born, and that she was mighty fond of them, and gave them the Scapular herself. But, 'deed she was in no hurry to give it to them, for she didn't give it them for more nor *twelve hundred years* after that again."

"And how could that be, at all, at all?" said Pat; "sure she must have been dead before that anyway."

"Why, here's the story," said Jem (page 31). "There was one Simon Stock, that lived in England—and a quare way he got his name, for he ran away into the woods when he was twelve years old—and he lived in a hollow tree for twenty years, and he lived on the roots he scraped up, only when a dog brought him bread in his mouth on festival days; and the Blessed Virgin would be coming to him often: and it so fell out that was the time that the Carmelites was turned out of Mount Carmel. So the Blessed Virgin told him one day that they were coming that way, and that he'd be a Carmelite; and so, when they come, he joined them, and was the greatest man that ever they had."

"Well, and did she give him the Scapular then?" said Pat.

"Not that time," said Jem; "but when he was near dying, and thinking what would the Carmelites do without him, he went to the Blessed Virgin, and told her all about it, and how all the Popes had confirmed the order, and all that they had done for it (p. 33). And so one day she come to him, just dressed the way she would be in heaven, and thousands of angels with her, and the Scapular ready in her hand; and she says to him—see, here's the very words in the book (p. 34)—'*Receive, most beloved son* (says she), *the Scapular of thy order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace and everlasting alliance.*' And then she just gives it into his hand, and was gone in a minute; and see, here's the very day, and it marked, the 16th of July, 1251."

"Well, I wonder did all that happen," says Pat.

"Well, I'm thinking," said Jem, "if the Blessed Virgin was so fond of the Carmelites for 1250 years before, and if the Scapular was so good for them, would she never give it to them before? Why wouldn't she give it to them when she was visiting them so often on Mount Carmel, at the time when our blessed Saviour was born? Why would she leave them without it so long, and they so fond of her, and she so fond of them?"

"There's reason in that, anyway," said Pat; "and howsomever it isn't the ould religion. Why, sure, the Scapular isn't more nor six hundred years old yet, even by the book's story; and don't the Catholics cry out on the Protestants, because everything in their religion isn't as old as the apostles?"

"Well," said Jem, "I think there's a better way still to see if the story is true."

"And how's that?" said Pat.

"Why," said Jem, "just to see how we are to be saved by the Scapular, and how that fits with our being saved by Jesus Christ, the way the Bible tells us; for if the two doesn't fit, it's reason that only one of them can be true."

"Well, I'll stand to that," said Pat; "and how does the book say the Scapular saves us?"

"Why, first of all," said Jem, "the book says it is a grand thing for people to be joined in societies, because then every one in the society gets a share in all the prayers, and sacrifices, fastings, alms, and mortifications, and of all the good works of all the rest."—Preface, p. 1.

And then Pat scratched his head for a minute, and, said he, "And who's the gainer by that, I wonder, or who's the loser? Why, there won't be more good works among them after all, and how will they divide? If every man gets his own (and that's the fairest) I don't see the gain at all. And if they get share and share alike, why them that does the most is the losers; and them that does nothing is the gainers. Sure enough there was short commons here in the famine; but if every one, big and little, in the parish, had brought all they had together to eat it at wonst, sure it wouldn't go further? And if all the boys in the parish was working at task-work, and all in under one, to divide all the earnings among them, I'm thinking maybe its less work would be done, for all the lazy fellows would be saving themselves, to get their share of the wages, and they doing nothing. So I don't see the the good of clubbing all together, no ways."

"Well, that's like enough, Pat," said Jem, "I don't see no great good in it so far; but, then, there's more in it still: sure the book says that Pope Clement VII. has given the Scapularians a share of all the pious actions which are done throughout the whole church of God (p. 46), and wouldn't that be making more for the Scapularians anyway?"

"And, mercy on us," said Pat, "what right has the Pope to take their good works off them that does them, to give them all to the Scapularians? Why, if I'd stint the childer to give the bit to a poor creature on the road, for the love of God, what right has the Pope to take that off me, to give it to them that never done it? Sure I'm not the fool to think the Pope can do that, or that God Almighty will let him handle us that sort."

"Nor I neither, Pat," said Jem, "for doesn't the Bible say that every man 'must appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every man may receive the things done in his body, according to that HE *hath done*, whether it be good or bad, (2 Cor. v. 10); and, sure, how can the Pope go again that?"

"Well, now," said Pat, "I mind a story I was reading in St. Matthew's Gospel, a Sunday, and there was ten virgins that was going out to meet the Bridegroom (and that was the Lord himself), and they had to fetch lamps with them, for belike it was night, and there was five of them had no oil for their lamps, and, the creatures, they just wanted to have all in common; but the wise ones wouldn't agree to that at all, for they said they hadn't enough to be doing that with; so them that had no oil didn't get in at all, and Jesus Christ said that was just the way it would be when he'd be coming in glory; so it's plain that what's borrowed won't stand then; and isn't that enough for that?"

"Well, I think it is, Pat," said Jem, "and so we'll go on a bit, for there's more in it yet. Sure here's a chapter to say that them that dies in the Scapular will never suffer hell fire; and the quare proof the book gives of it, too; for see what it says here (p. 48)—'In the city of Quarenna, during the procession of the holy Scapular, which is made on the first of every month, the devils were heard to execrate the Holy Scapular with many howlings and outcries, lamenting themselves that by means of this sacred habit of the Blessed Virgin, the gates of hell were shut to many persons.'"

"And does it mean that them that dies with the Scapular on will never go to hell if they were ever so bad?" said Pat.

"Well, them's the words that the book says the Blessed Virgin spoke to Simon Stock, 'in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire' (p. 34) said Jem; but still the book won't stand to it all out: for it says, it only means that if any one that dies with the Scapular on does go to hell, it will be his own fault, because God did enough for him" (pp. 48 and 49).

"Well, and wasn't that true for 1250 years before there was a Scapular at all?" said Pat, "and isn't it true now to them that never saw a Scapular? But I doubt poor Judy doesn't take it that way."

"Well," said Jem, "here's a whole chapter about what Judy said, 'that the Blessed Virgin would go down to Purgatory, to take out the Scapalarians the very next Saturday after they die.' And, well, it turns out that that isn't in what the Blessed Virgin said to Simon Stock at all; but it was the Popes done that; and here the book gives us a list of five Popes, no less, that all laid it on the Blessed Virgin to do that same (p. 50); and what do you think of that, Pat?"

"Why, then, Jem," said Pat, "I'd think it a great pity that ever they'd die at all, barring of a Friday night."

"Well, Pat," said Jem, "here's more; here's a whole chapter of all the indulgences that ever the Popes gave to the Carmelites, for the foolishest things that ever you read. Sure here's an indulgence of three years to all Christians, let alone Carmelites, for every time they call the Carmelites 'the order of the Blessed Virgin Mary' (p. 55). Now, isn't that easy got?"

"Well, salvation's cheap by the Scapular, anyway," said Pat.

"I'm thinking it's not, Pat," said Jem; "for if the Bible's true, the Scapular will, maybe, cost their souls to them that trusts in it."

"And is there any more in it?" said Pat.

"'Deed is there," said Jem; "sure here's a whole chapter, to show that the Scapular is good against 'devils, and fire, and water, and wild beasts, and sickness, and witchcrafts, and danger in child-bed, and pistol shots, and many other ill accidents'—(p. 71); and here's stories for them all; first and foremost, here's a story of a man that was shot with a pistol and two bullets in it, and the minute he was shot he just felt the two bullets fall down into his breeches; and when he got home, he found they just hit on the Scapular" (p. 69).

"Stop a bit, Jem," said Pat, "wouldn't that be the fine thing for Mr. Collins, the agent, that's shot at so often? I'm thinking, if that was true, he'd be a Scapularian himself."

"That would be the thing for the agents, Pat," said Jem; "but here's more stories for you: here's a poor fellow that was kept alive by the Scapular for four hours after the whole heart was shot out of him by a cannon ball; and sure it was the pity he died at all—and here's a man got out of the sea by it, and here's a great fire put out by it."

"Well, that won't do anyway," said Pat; "didn't I know Peter Brady, that took his family off to America, and weren't they all Scapularians, and didn't the ship take fire before they got out of Liverpool, and wasn't there both fire and water there to try the Scapular on, and weren't they all drowned?"

"I mind that well, too, Pat," said Jem, "and sure enough it did them little good, the creatures."

"But what have the Scapularians to do for all this?" said Pat.

"Why, just not one haporth, but only to wear the Scapular on their backs, for it won't do no good at all if it's worn on the breast (p. 59); sure here it is, 'It sufficeth that the Scapular be received lawfully, and worn devoutly, without any other obligation' (p. 60); only, if they want to get out of Purgatory on the first Saturday, they must fast Wednesdays, or else say the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which they please; but they must do neither the one nor the other to be kept out of hell."

"Well, isn't it the poor thing that creatures like Judy should be striving to get salvation by the Scapular, and not knowing or thinking about the blood of Jesus Christ?" said Pat; "and isn't it the poor thing that the clergy has never one word to say agin books like that, but if a Bible turns up afore them, they're ready to hunt it like a mad dog? Surely there's something wanting to set it right."

"And with all, Pat," said Jem, "there's something in the Scapular itself that won't fit Father John."

"And what's that, Jem?" said Pat.

"Here it is, Pat," said Jem: "'Those that visit our churches (that's the Carmelite churches), and pray for the ordinary necessities, may free a soul out of Purgatory every Wednesday throughout the whole year' (p. 57); and where's the use in buying Masses if that's true?"

"Well," said Pat, "if the people once come to take that plan, isn't it Father John that will hunt the Scapular out of the parish?"

"It might be better nor hunting the readers," said Jem.

So Pat and Jem parted for that night.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simply, when you rise in the morning to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell you when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity.

ADIEU.—This is an expression of farewell, familiarly used by all classes of people; but its derivation, which is a beautiful one, is not perhaps as generally known. It comes from the French word *a Dieu*—to God—implying I depart from you, but leave you to the protection of Heaven.

STATE INTERVENTION IN THE RELIGION OF INDIA.

A Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times*, who signs himself "An Old Indian," and has the honours of the largest type accorded to him, in a long letter on the causes of the Indian revolt makes some interesting statements as to the feelings of the natives in relation to the missionaries. He says:—"A few days ago, a Kulin Brahmin—one of the astutest of his race, whom I have known for the last quarter of a century—called on me. 'Have you noticed,' asked he, 'what Lord Ellenborough has been saying in the House of Lords about the causes of the Sepoy mutinies?' 'Yes, I have,' was the curt reply. 'Did you ever,' added he, abruptly, and with emphasis—'Did you ever see such nonsense? Why, there is not a sensible native in all India but will see through it and laugh at it, while the disaffected will be sure to employ it as a handle for exciting, among the ignorant, fresh fears and alarms.' The shrewd Brahmin, profoundly conversant with the feelings of his own countrymen, was right. 'Our rulers,' continued he, 'do not yet seem to know the people of this country. What they fear is not instruction or discussion, for they are rather fond of both in religious matters; but the Mahommedan-like use of force—the doings of Mahmoud of Ghuznee, Timur, and Aurungzebe, have frightened them. But so long as force is not used, they do not care how many instructors of your religion may be working peaceably among them, nor how much money may be subscribed in India or elsewhere for their support, nor who the subscribers may be—whether you, or any other British gentleman, or the Governor-General, or Queen Victoria herself.' Again was the shrewd Brahmin right, expressing in few words the innermost convictions of his people. In illustration of this it may be stated that only the other day the Brahmin editor of, perhaps, the ablest and most popular of our Bengalee newspapers furnished his readers with an engraving of a new edifice for the largest missionary educational institution in Calcutta, accompanied with an elaborate eulogy of the zeal and activity of its founder, the liberality of the subscribers for its erection, and the perfect fairness of its conductors, who, though they fully taught the doctrines of Christianity, resorted to no compulsory means, but left all freely to follow the convictions of their own minds.

"'Again,' added my old friend the Brahmin, 'there is another point on which our rulers seem to be utterly mistaken. It is this, the great mass of the Indian population have no intelligent persuasion as to the principles of their own religion. It is with them a matter of immemorial tradition, mythological legend, outward form and ceremony, civil and social usage. Their life is made up of a ceaseless round of rites, forms, and customs, all, in their estimation, more or less sacred. Were the Government by law—that is, practically by force—to abolish any long-established rite, form, or custom; were it, for example, to order the *porta* (or sacred Brahminical thread) to be worn on the right instead of the left shoulder, or the *dhootie* (a piece of cloth around the waist) to be differently tied, or the marriage of mere infants to be declared illegal, or the marriage ceremony to be performed on unlucky days, such interference would create a far more intense sensation and alarm than any amount of voluntary subscriptions for the peaceful establishment of Christian schools or preaching bungalows in every district or village throughout the land.'

"Such was the deliberate judgment of the experienced long-headed Brahmin; and, surely, on such a subject he must be accounted by the whole world a more trustworthy authority than Lord Ellenborough. Contrast, then, the statements of the former with the views expressed by the latter! The Brahmin did not for a moment hesitate in declaring that these views, so far from being well founded, could not fail to be received by every sensible native in India with shouts of derision. That this must be the case I am thoroughly satisfied, from all that I have ever seen or heard of native sentiment and feeling. He must, indeed, proclaim his own ignorance who does not know that the Hindoos, left to themselves, are, speculatively at least, the most tolerant of religionists. To the labours of individual missionaries of the Christian or any other faith who are not cursed with the intolerant, iconoclastic spirit, they never object. And, though almost all parts of India have now been pervaded by itinerants, who ever hears of a Christian missionary being hooted, insulted, or pelted with mud and stones, as George Whitfield was in civilized and nominally Christian England? Yea, rather, is there a missionary of note in India, from Schwartz downwards, who cannot point to the kindly reception he has met with in the palaces of Zemindars and Rajahs, and the amicable religious discussion to which he has there been invited? Away, then, with the idle and ceaseless surmise that the pacific labours of the missionaries, or any subscriptions of the Governor-General, or of any others, have anything whatever to do with the origination of the recent deplorable mutinies."

THE MOTTO.

While passing through a street in our little town, the other day, I observed a crowd of young and old people looking into a shop-window. I went near, and saw a large quantity of wearing apparel, with cards attached, showing the price, and many appropriate remarks, or mottoes attached to them, in order to allure the passers-by, not only to look but to purchase.

Mottoes are sometimes very pretty. You have perhaps seen them on flags, and at the head of bills, such as "Bethel," and many others. But perhaps you have never taken notice of them; if so, the next time you see any of them learn and try to remember them, as I have mine, which was, "*There never will be a better time.*"

There may be some children who read this who spend the Sabbath in all sorts of idle amusement, and who are no Sabbath scholars. And why are you not? You are now young, and I was going to say, have nothing else to do but to learn. Besides, think how you are wasting your precious time and your privileges; and recollect that you must give an account of these. How much happier you would be at school than roaming about on the Sabbath! Then go to school; learn to love Jesus Christ; stay away no longer; remember the motto, "*There will never be a better time.*"

And some of you, who are Sabbath scholars, who love the school and the Sabbath, and who are loved by your teachers, may not, after all, love the Saviour. You read about Christ, being a Shepherd, and yet you do not strive to be a Lamb of his fold. Oh! if you were to see your parents and teachers weep for you—if you were to consider the thousands of children who are dying around you, you would, I think, begin to love the Saviour. Come to him; he will not turn you away. "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." "Now is the accepted time." Remember the motto, "*There will never be a better time.*"

Some who will read this, I trust, love Jesus, and are loved by him. Happy children! you have found the only thing worth living for, that is, *religion*, and peace with God, through Jesus Christ. But do you try to bring others to the same knowledge? Do you do all the good you can in this your day? Do you pray for your companions as you do for yourself? Consider how soon death may snatch you away. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Keep the motto in mind, "*There will never be a better time.*"

And now, dear children, I commend you to *Him* whom I wish you all to serve May you give your heart to God; if you have already done so, strive to bring others to Jesus. Begin the year anew; and whenever you see an opportunity of doing good, remember the motto, "*There will never be a better time.*"

"WANDERER'S" SKETCHES.

No. x.

JERUSALEM, June 15, 1857.

JERUSALEM. How the word startles the mind with a thousand associations of the past! Yet here have I spent a week, investigating, examining, trying to be satisfied and informed. The subject is immense. Every variety of scene and event is clustered here. Prophets and kings have connected themselves here with imperishable memories. Here the Lord of Glory appeared to struggle beneath the burden of human flesh and human condemnation. His miracles and teaching, his sufferings and his triumph, have crowned the spot with everlasting importance. Centuries have gone, but the feet of innumerable pilgrims still stand within the gates of Jerusalem. Some of the locations of the Lord's relations here may be doubted, but the great and general facts can never be. The Mosque stands where he walked in and out among the courts of the Temple, but it stands as a guard over the very holy place, and perpetuates the identity of it in all its aspects and relations. The Mount of Olives still towers up in beauty opposite the side of Moriah. There is but one road which climbs its ascent, and Jesus must have walked that road in his repeated journeys. Gethsemane lies beneath a lowly, lovely plain, bordering the Cedron, and extending to the rise of Olivet. It must always have been a garden, for it is the very spot in which man would of necessity have planted one. No one can sit on the Mount of Olives over against the Temple and not see that he is just where Jesus was when he beheld the city and wept over it. No one can look upon those immense stones which remain in the walls of Solomon's Temple without exclaiming, like the disciples, "What manner of stones are here!" Their size excites wonder to this day, and their pure whiteness show what an aspect of beauty marked the edifice when it stood in the first glory of such a construction. I have wandered over all these scenes from day to day. I have climbed the height of Olivet in the early dawn, to watch the rising of the sun upon Jerusalem. I have sat upon its summit for hours contemplating the city as it lies like a carved model before the eye from that point, I have reclined on the bosom of Gethsemane, beneath the shade of its ancient olives. I have roamed over the heights of Zion, "ploughed as a field," and down to the calm Siloam, sleeping in its cradle in the valley. I have passed hours in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, now meditating alone in the tomb, and now standing in thought by the rent of the rocks. I do not enter into the modern controversy of the accuracy of the place. It is enough for me that all objections to it are modern; that there has never been a rival location proposed; and that there are no greater difficulties here urged than might be urged to any other spot. I have roamed abroad over the surrounding hills, even to Mizpeh, where Samuel testified, and into the long, deep limestone quarries beneath Jerusalem itself, whence Solomon obtained those splendid slabs the origin of which has been so long unknown. It is but four years since the existence of this immense subterranean cavern was known to travellers. I have penetrated it for near half a mile, and seen there many large stones already cut, which were prepared for work, but were never removed. This new discovery is one of the greatest wonders of Jerusalem. It seems to extend under the Temple itself, and the stones were all finished and dressed there, and then raised up at the spot for their appointed place. I have stood with the Jews in their weekly mourning beneath the walls of the Temple, where Solomon's stones are still remaining, and marked the energy of the 79th Psalm, as thus fulfilled: These and many other new and wonderful scenes have now become familiar to my eyes; but their mysterious wonder has not abated. If one should go a hundred times to Gethsemane or Olivet, the impression would only be deeper and more solemn still. To sit there and read the Scriptures appertaining thereto, is an occupation of ever increasing interest and solemnity.

The past of Jerusalem is overflowing with thought. But the future is equally impressive. These ruins are not always to remain. The future Temple, and the restored Israel, when "Jerusalem shall be the throne of the Lord to all nations," claim the most earnest thought. The day when "the feet" of the Lord "shall stand on the Mount of Olives, which is over against Jerusalem towards the east," is full of importance; and whether we look back or forward, we have to speak of Zion as "the joy of the whole earth," for "salvation is of the Jews." The present missionary work in Jerusalem is deeply interesting. In Bishop Gobat the Church has a man here eminently worthy of the place and the work. He is the earnest advocate and friend of all that is evangelical and true; and is, therefore, loved and reverenced by all those who love the truth. The laborers around him are earnestly and successfully at work. I have attended the private meetings of instruction for converted Israelites, and freely seen the efforts and the results of the faithful men who are at work. The Sabbath was a day of work for them. An early service in Spanish, with an address in Hebrew, a service in Arabic, with quite a large congregation of natives in attendance; a morning service in English at 11, with a respectable congregation, and the schools established by the London Society; an afternoon service in German, for all who understand that language; and separate evening meetings in various quarters, at missionaries' houses, for private teaching, make the day a very busy one for all. Though but one of these services was intelligible in language to me, the spirit of them all was manifest. God is blessing the work with his Divine power and presence, and everything in it looks in the highest degree hopeful and encouraging. Now, what an accumulation of thought do all these facts and scenes prepare! I shall not attempt to enter into every particular scene; you must imagine for yourself. But surely there is no spot on earth like Jerusalem. And having been allowed to make my pilgrimage here, and to worship on Mount Zion, and listen to the promises in the very land in which they were given, I may consider my wanderings well repaid, and my privileges abounding. I shall gladly now turn my feet and my face again to the West.

WANDERER.

THE POPE AND THE YOUNG NUNS.—The Pope, who is now accelerating the period at which their solemn vows are taken by the nuns, was not always of that opinion, and some years ago he was rather disposed to order the novices to take their vows at a still later period than is customary. The Congregation of Regular Bishops, therefore, investigated the question submitted to them, i. e. whether it were good to bind with irrevocable vows, young persons of seventeen or eighteen years. The Congregation answered that it was good, for three reasons: firstly, because it behoved them not to impede the prodigies of effectual grace, which inspires and operates in an extraordinary call; secondly that it should not be allowed to be inferred that Rome had been in error for several centuries in permitting the monastic garb to be taken at sixteen or seventeen years of age; and lastly, that the present times were somewhat unfavourable, and that if novices were not speedily subjected to the obligation of their vows, there would be a danger of losing the greater part of them. Now, do not you think a congregation which judges and decrees in this manner must be the very salt of the earth? The third reason especially is as rich as California. Even our sportsmen, who spread their fowling nets at the paretago, will tell you that the thrushes, if they are not caught at once, grow wary, and cannot one of them be got into the net.—*Letter from Rome.*