The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—Thess. v. 21.

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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Delirium Tremens.

[We know not who is the author of the following lines, so powerfully descriptive of the madness which is born of the wine cup. They were handed to us by a friend, and we cheerfully give them a place in our columns.]—Ed. Prot.

Why am I thus? the maniac cried,
Confined 'mid crazy people? why?
I am not mad—leave, stand aside;
I'll have my freedom, or I'll die—
It's not for care that here I've come;
I tell thee all I want is rum—
I must have rum!

Rum? yes, and have been all the while:
Why, then, tormented thus? 'Tis sad;
Why chained, and held in durance vile?
The man who brought me here were mad!
I will not stay where spectres come;
Let me go hence: I must have rum—
I must have rum!

'Tis he! 'tis he! My aged sire!
What has disturbed thee in thy grave?
Why bend on me that eye of fire?
Why torment, since thou canst not save?
Back to the church-yard, infance you've come!
Return! Return!—but send me rum—
Oh, send me rum!

Why is my mother mixing there,
On that same consecrated spot
Where once she taught me words of prayer?
But now she hears—she heeds me not.
Mute in her winding-sheet she stands—
Cold! cold! I feel her icy hands—
Her icy hands!

She's vanished; but a dearer friend—
I know her by her angel smile—
Has come her partner to attend,
Her heave of misery to beguile;
Haste! Haste! loved one, and set me free:
'Twere heaven to 'scape from hence to thee—
From hence to thee!

She does not hear! away she flies,
Regardless of the chains I wear,
Back to her mansion in the skies,
To dwell with kindred spirits there.
Why has she gone? Why did she come?
Oh, God, I'm ruined! Give me rum—
Oh, give me rum!

Hush! Hush! for hoard my children cry—
A cry that drinks my spirit up;
But 'tis in vain, in vain to try—
Oh, give me back the drunkard's cup:
My lips are parched, my heart is cold;
This cursed chain will make me mad—
Will make me mad!

It won't wash out—that crimson stain;
I've counted these spots and made them white—
Blood re-appears again, again!
Soon as the morning brings the light,
Then from my dungeon couch I come,
To cry, to find—Oh, give me rum—
I must have rum!

'Twas there I heard his piteous cry,
And saw his last imploring look;
But steeled my heart and bade him die,
Then from him golden treasure took.
Accursed treasure—stained rum—
Received of guilt! O give me rum—
Oh, give me rum!

Hush! Still I hear that piteous wail;
Before my eyes his spectre stands,
And when it frowns on me, I quail!
Oh, I would fly to other lands!
But that, perhaps, there 'would come;
There's no escape! Oh, give me rum—
Oh, give me rum!

Guard, guard those windows—bar that door!
Yonder I count bandits one!
They've robbed my home of all its store,
And now resolve to murder me.
They're hearing in!—Don't let them come!
Drive, drive them hence! but give me rum—
Oh, give me rum!

I make again! not I, no more:
Whether accused governor, no!
I dabbed with this my all before,
And from thy den a bigger go—
Go where? A suicide to fall!
And leave my orphan children here
In rags and wretchedness to dwell—
A doom their father cannot bear.

Will no one pity? no one come?
Not thou; Oh, come not, man of prayer!
Not thou! Oh, come not, man of prayer!
Not thou, for salvation 'is written there—
No drunkard can in judgment stand!
With list of garden there revealed,
No, not to mercy is one late;
My sentence is already sealed—
Those name blot the book of fate.
Too late, too late the things come,
There is no hope! Oh, give me rum—
I must have rum!

See how that imp there spitting roll,
They're receiving for me in the hell!
I feel their scorching, searing coal
On every limb—around my head!
With fiendish laughter, I see them play,
I hear them hiss—see them sway—
Thus them away!

A fiend! a fiend! with many a dart,
Glares on me with his blood-shot eye,
And aims his missiles at my heart—
O whither, whither shall I fly?
Fly! no, it is no time for flight:
Fiend! I know thy hellish purpose well!
Avaunt, avaunt thou hated spirit,
And hie thee to thy native hell!
He's gone! he's gone—and I am free!
He's gone, the faithless braggart, liar;
He said he'd come to summon me—
See there again, my bed's on fire;
First water! help! Oh, hence—I die;
The flames are kindling round my head.
This smoke! I'm struggling—cannot fly!
Oh, snatch me from my burning bed.
Thou there again! that demon's there,
Crouching to make a fresh attack;
See how his flaming eye-balls glare!
Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought you back?
Back in thy car? for whom? for where?
He smiles, he beckons me to come.
What are those words thou'st written there?
"In hell they never want for rum."
Not want for rum? read that again!
I feel the spell! Haste, drive me down
Where rum is free, where revellers reign,
And I can wear a drunkard's crown.
Accept thy proffer, fiend? I will,
And to thy drunken banquet come;
Fill the great cauldron, fiend thy still,
With boiling, burning, fiery rum.
There will I quench this horrid thirst,
With boon companions drink and dwell;
Nor plead for rum, as here I must,—
There's liberty to drink in hell!

Religious Intelligence.

We take the following extracts from the *British Messenger* for May:—

LONDON.

The Bishop of London, in an address to the young men in a wholesale house in the city, has taken occasion to do special honor to that Word of the Lord which is now being assaulted and impugned by ordained clergymen and others. Founding his remarks on 2 Tim. iii. 15, he referred to the invaluable excellence of the Holy Scriptures as the guide of man in life, and his strength and comfort in the hour of suffering and death. They were so written that the poorest, the least instructed, had no difficulty in learning many lessons conveyed in the form of short sayings which had a wonderful power in coming home to the heart, and which life-giving sentences were understood by the humble, in the great emergencies of human life.

A writer in the Revival states that "out of 150 men employed under one firm, only three attend public worship, and two of them have but recently joined the church; for years there was but one, or at most two, who made any profession of religion." And it appears that "this is no solitary case. In one of the large engineering establishments there is but one who belongs to any church."

The Metropolitan Tabernacle—a building which has sittings for 3600, and standing-room for 1000 more—has been inaugurated by a series of services, meetings, and sermons, extending over the period of a month. The writer was present on one of those occasions, when Mr. Spurgeon preached with great power and earnestness to a vast assembly, from the words, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." His appeals to the people of God for special prayer on his behalf, and his own public supplications for upholding grace, were very solemn. Nothing could be more striking—as seen from the lower platform—than the rising up of the great congregation, and the unanimous and jubilant shout of praise which followed.

Mr. Spurgeon's ministry in the metropolis has been a great reality, in connection with the quickening of very many dead souls; the rebuking of prevailing sins; the thorough, earnest proclamation of "the grace that reigns through righteousness," as well as a bold protest against Negative Theology on the one hand, and Antinomian abuse and license on the other. For him and for all the other ministers of Christ in this mighty and wicked city, not forgetting the newly-converted and ever-increasing band who seek the salvation of their fellows—let prayer be made to God without ceasing. Never was the aspect of things so hopeful in London as now. Flowers, blossoms, and burning leaves, in their virgin freshness and loveliness, with other tokens of a glorious spring-time, are indeed here. Surely we shall yet have summer in its beauty, and harvest in its fullness. God forbid that any church here or elsewhere, by being cold, dead, formal, and so repellent to young converts, should arrest the progress of divine unction and quickening, or cause us to feel the chilling presence of "winter in the lap of spring!"

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

In Spain there have been fresh imprisonments of suspected Protestants. The criminal process against Matamoros and Albacete is not yet terminated. It is said that the former will be sent to Malaga for the purpose of completing the proceedings there; and that the prosecutor will demand a sentence of seven years' confinement. A Protestant named Romero has been in prison in Seville some months on account of his religion; and there are rumors of some working men having been recently arrested in the same city. A letter from Matamoros, dated from his prison at Granada, on the 13th ult., contains some affecting details. "My spirit," he says, "is depressed, my mind tortured, my heart lacerated. But why do I fear? Shall I not rather pray to our Lord to give me needed strength, to write to you, and through you to the church, which is praying and watching for us?" And then he proceeds to tell of new troubles:—

"At midnight on the 5th instant, four civil guards (*gens d' arme*,) with their sergeant and a constable, entered the house of our suffering brother Albacete. His venerable mother admitted them. They demanded all his keys, and to be permitted to search the house thoroughly. His wife was in bed; not only because of the lateness of the hour, but also because of the very delicate state of her health after her recent premature confinement, which was brought on by her husband's imprisonment. They obliged her to rise and detach the wool of the matrasses. The beds, trunks, baskets, pockets, the most trifling and insignificant things, were examined and for two hours this unjustifiable and savage search continued, while Albacete's children wept with terror at a sight so new and so alarming. For two hours these new familiars of the Inquisition persevered in their examination, without finding anything to incriminate the family, and they then departed, leaving, however, a woeful wreck behind them; for our poor brother's unhappy wife, seized with a violent attack of epilepsy, fell, prostrated with grief, upon the bed from which she had been so rudely aroused; and the director of the house, clothes strewed on the floor, boxes opened, testified of the unwelcome visitors who had disturbed this virtuous family. But this is not all. The same night fourteen more persons were sent into prison. . . . . On the night of the 7th, after our five months' imprisonment, seven police agents entered our cell, and began to search it minutely, but with great politeness and kindness of manner and behaviour. We strove to bear this with perfect patience; and when they announced to us the object of their visit, we simply replied that it was a matter of complete indifference to us, and, sitting down, we left them to their work. But this attempt to preserve an outward tranquillity was too much for the strength of two unfortunate prisoners, already weary of suffering, and with guileless consciences. The impudent rudeness with which they dragged about and disarranged everything we possessed irritated us to such a degree that I energetically reminded them of their duties, and of the respect which is due not only to our misfortunes, but also to our position in society, and even to the close of our accusation. After this, they behaved, at least, with less brutal rudeness of language, though their actions continued to be as savage as before. Nothing, I repeat, was respected by them. Our persons, our bedding, the making of our bedsteads, all were rigorously examined. It is difficult to say what they expected to discover; they know best themselves. On the table by my bed lay a Bible, a New Testament, a copy of the four Gospels with notes, and a few controversial tracts; all these were seized. I told them very simply and plainly that I was a Protestant; that the study of the law of God as contained in the Word of Life was of the first importance and necessity to me; and I besought him to give me back at least my Bible. But my reasonings, my supplications, and my wishes, were equally unavailing. With this holy book, which was our daily study, we have both lost much of our tranquillity and calmness."

"How can they say," asks this martyr of our boasted nineteenth century, "that the Inquisition has ceased to exist in Spain? Are they not killing us slowly by captivity, by grief, and anxiety, and by privations, privations even of what the Christian holds dearest, even the heart-rending loss of the Word of God?" The case is now ripe for the instant and urgent expostulations of the British government. It is meanwhile satisfactory to learn that these persecutions, according to the divine rule over evil, have served to increase the demand of the public for the Bible. At Malaga the Reformed church numbers more than 120 members, and 300 could have been added to the body had not a doubted constancy of faith and profession been considered essential.

The establishment of the kingdom of Italy marks one of those stages in history at which political aspirations become subservient to the hopes of the church. Preparations are being made by those engaged in the work of evangelization, to take immediate advantage of the entry of the Piedmontese into Rome, an event which is anticipated as close at hand. Father Gavazzi continues to preach and lecture regularly. He is about to open a school for examination and instruction of priests abandoning the Roman church, and another four times a week for adults of the population. A Franciscan monk has been preaching during the Lent in one of the principal churches of the city, and has produced a lively impression by his sermons, in all which he quoted Scripture as a chief authority. The enemy however is busy. At Pisa, a strong reactionary feeling has been awakened. A fanatical mob, prompted by the priests, broke the windows of the Waldensian place of worship and schools; and the students of the university joined in hooting and stoning in the streets those known to attend. The school has been shut up in consequence. At Florence also the priests have used the utmost license of language; and in one instance, a Vaudois student, who in an imprudent moment appealed against them to the Word of God, was assaulted by the crowd. In Leghorn the building of the Waldensian temporary chapel has been stopped, on the ground that it stood too near a Catholic church.

In Sweden a more tolerant and Christian spirit is slowly becoming manifest among the churches. The bitterness of party contests is being supplanted by the growth of more catholic feeling, and a more enlightened public opinion. According to the new law, Dissenters forming religious communities are forbidden, under a severe penalty, to preach their peculiar doctrines elsewhere than in their own chapels. The Baptists have, in consequence, agreed not to form new churches, but for the present at least, to use the greater freedom allowed them in association with the National church. On the other hand, many Christians belonging to the Establishment have agreed to hold fellowship with the Dissenters so long as they avoid proselytism. The late rescript of the king, allowing of the marriage of Baptists not formerly charged with apostacy from the National Church, and by presumption, therefore, members of it, has been extensively taken advantage of. From one of the central districts it is stated that "the increasing spiritual connection which prevails at present among the common people is such as to strike even occasional hearers. In some places the awakening has been so widespread that opposition has, for a time, almost wholly disappeared, in one village all the inhabitants, without a single exception, appear to be seeking after salvation."

A crisis has occurred in the ecclesiastical affairs of Bulgaria. The Greek Patriarch, having convoked his council, summoned the Bulgarian bishops to appear and answer before it for their recent proceedings. Thrice they were summoned, and thrice they refused to recognise the authority of the council. That body thereupon pronounced sentence of excommunication, and confirmed the contumacious to exile. The culprits is believed to have given to the Protestant ambassadors an assurance that the banishment shall not be allowed; but is supposed to have connived at the Patriarch's intention. It was expected that there would be an immediate proclamation of a free Bulgarian church. Before these events it had been proposed to convene a synod at Constantinople, composed of delegates from all the chief towns of Bulgaria, to take into consideration the state of the National church. A memorial signed by two bishops, six other ecclesiastics, and twenty-seven of the leading men, had been addressed to the members of the Evangelical Alliance in Turkey, asking for their kind offices on behalf of the cause of independence.

There are signs of an organised opposition in Turkey against the encroachments of the Rifis on the nationality of the Mussulmans. The Porte, it is affirmed on reliable authority, purposes to make diligent search for the fanatics and their readers, to confiscate the books, to fight, or punish, according to the degree of culpability, the individuals, and to exile those who have really made defection. Forwarned is forearmed.

Societies and committees in all parts of the country are organizing a special fund for the relief of the sufferers in the north-west provinces of India, where millions are encountering the horrors of famine. The details received are of a most harrowing kind.

In this connection, also, it is pleasing to note that in Ceylon the native Christians are exercising an influence more decided than in preceding years. Several cases of conversion are reported, which have resulted through the instrumentality of conversations held among neighbors and fellow-workmen.

In view of the recent events, by which the populous province of Oudh have been laid open to missionary enterprise, the Baptist Society proposes to send six additional men into the field. Patna and Nankin, the two capitals, will soon become the seats of Christian toil. In the latter city not an idol temple can now be found; opium and tobacco-smoking, as well as spirit-drinking, are forbidden; and eighteen places have been opened for worship. Two missionaries of the Baptist Society have been already directed to commence a mission there, or wherever it may be found practicable in that locality. From Chefoo, Mr. Edkins reports that he has received substantial encouragement; two converts have been baptised, and are engaged in teaching their countrymen the truths they have newly discovered.

The London Society has broken new ground in Pekin. The natives of Lifu have cordially welcomed the missionaries sent out from England, and the report of their first year's labors affords an earnest of future and enlarged success. They found the French priests in possession, and endeavoring by threats to coerce the people into submission.

The news from South America is important. Mr Baldwin, a distinguished hunter and traveller, had penetrated to the Victoria falls, being the second white man who has looked on their grandeur. He appears to have run some risks in the excitement of the sight, and was taken captive by the natives, who thought him insane, but ransomed by the timely and unexpected arrival of Dr. Livingstone with his party. The doctor had discovered Lake Shirwa, ninety miles long, and another lake, which, from description, must be 300. In the neighborhood rises a table mountain twenty miles in length; the surrounding country is salubrious, and good for cattle; cotton is grown in great quantities by the natives; and all tropical productions thrive. Any doubt as to the fate of the missionary party among the Makololos is removed. Faraj Linyanti Mr Price had returned with the orphan children of the Helmores; and, after a perilous journey, and losing his wife by the way, had reached Lake Ngami. The veteran Moffat, with his accustomed energy, had started in search of the missing brethren; but on the twelfth day after his leaving Kuruman, happily received news of their safety.

Order in the Succession of Flowers.

Every plant appears on the earth in the order prescribed to it. The Creator has exactly fixed the time in which one is to unfold its leaves, another to blossom, and a third to wither and fade. Several weeks ago, we saw the snow-drop spring from the ground. A long time before the trees ventured to open their leaves, and when the earth was still covered with snow, it dared to peep out, and was the first of all the plants, and the only one which delighted the eye of the florist. Next appeared the crocus, though timidly, because it was too weak to bear impetuous winds. With it appeared the sweet violet and the auricula, so admired for its brilliant colours and the variety of its species. All these plants, and some others which appeared on the mountains, were the vanguard of the army of flowers; and their arrival, so agreeable in itself, had, besides, the merit of proclaiming the coming of a multitude of other flowers.

Now we see, in reality, the other children of nature appear, not all at once, but in a regular succession. Each month displays the ornaments peculiar to itself. The tulip begins to unfold its leaves and its blossoms. Soon the beautiful anemone will form its dome, and grow up round and full; the ranunculus will display all the magnificence of its leaves, and will charm our eyes with the most beautiful mixture of colours; and, to crown the lovely assemblage of flowers, the rose will open and bloom with all the beauties which distinguish it; and the carnation will show itself with that elegance which makes it so superior to its companions.

Let us pause here, and reflect on the wise and beneficent designs evident in this succession of flowers. If they were all to blow at the same time, there would sometimes be a great superfluity, and at other times, a total want; we should scarcely have time to observe half their beauties, and we should be too soon deprived of them. But, now that each species has its appointed time and place, we may, in this pleasing succession, contemplate them more conveniently, and acquire a fuller knowledge of them. The beneficent and wise attention of Providence procures one more very great advantage; it not only presents to us each flower in all its beauty, but it makes us for the fruitly of all those lovely productions of nature; for, though there are always some flowers fading, fresh ones are continually coming forward to adorn our gardens.

What goodness in the Creator, thus to favor mankind with a constant train of benefits! not only to multiply, but to render them constant and durable. He literally leads us through paths of flowers. Wherever we go, they spring up under our feet, that the sight and enjoyment of them may enliven and soften the pilgrimage through life. The same order in which plants and flowers succeed each other, is also seen in the human species. Each man appears in the world in the place allotted to him by the all-wise Being, each is born at the time chosen by God for his existence. From the beginning of the world, the generations of men have succeeded each other on this great theatre, in the order, time, and place, allotted them by the Creator. In the moment that some are born, others are returning to dust; whilst one is preparing to be useful to the world, another, who has already acted his part, is going off the stage. Who knows when his turn will come? Let us ever be prepared to resign our place with the tranquility of a good conscience.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

Limiting the Holy One.

In places where conversions are numerous, there is a remarkable diversity, as well as a real unity, in the Spirit's work. Sin is always the burden, and the Cross is the only place of relief; but even Bunyan has not depicted all the varieties of personal experience, nor opened all the wonders of the Interpreter's house. These variations in the time, and means, and manner of the Spirit's work, should teach us reverently to avoid the sin of limiting that Holy One.

A Christian father, when awakened long ago, walked four years in darkness and distress. Lately, his oldest son was pierced with conviction, and in a few days or weeks he was rejoicing in Christ. When he told his father, the paternal joy was disturbed by the thought, "Is it possible that he can have found true peace so soon, when I was four years in finding it?" This thought was followed by great darkness of soul. The son's joy was unspeakable, but the father was in real distress; and it was not till he sought and found forgiveness, that light and peace returned.

The gravity and the wisdom of old believers is invaluable in times like these, when "zeal is not always according to knowledge." If their influence be rightly brought to bear in scenes of revival—to encourage or restrain, to instruct and guide, they may be eminently useful; but it is in some cases otherwise. Old believers are often tempted to criticise, and stand aloof, when they ought to lead and encourage; and to insist on stereotyped modes of action, when the "free Spirit" is evidently working by others. Let them think well and pray much, lest they be found "limiting the Holy One of Israel."—*British Mess.*

Weak Christians.

It is often asserted that the health of people in this country is degenerating, and children are more sickly than their parents. The assertion seems to rest on a foundation of facts, and is alarming to every good citizen. The *Missouri Baptist* thinks there is a similar degeneracy in religious health, and specifies some classes in proof.

1. There are some brethren so physically weak that they cannot raise their hand as high as their pockets; and some not so weak but that they do that, who are not able to lift it out again.

2. There are some brethren so weak from the labors of business, that they have not strength to walk to church on the sabbath; and some not quite so weak, who can get there only once on that day.

3. There are some so weak after the toils of the day that they are not able to walk to prayer-meeting; and then again, others who can get there, who are too weak to speak or pray.

4. There are some brethren so weak as to be unable to rise early enough to have family worship before business hours; then there are others who do rise early, but are too weak to reach down the family Bible.

5. There are some brethren so weak in talents that they are not quite so weak when a political meeting is at hand.

Visit of the President of Conference.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 20th, 1861.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in communicating to you the subjoined extract from the minutes of the St. John's Quarterly Meeting, held on Wednesday, 15th inst.

Yours very truly,

E. Botterell.

Rev. W. B. Boyce.

1st. That this Quarterly Meeting record its grateful appreciation of the recent visit to this Circuit of the Rev. W. B. Boyce, President of the Conference of Eastern British America.

2d. That we are deeply sensible of the value of the various services of our President whilst in St. John's, for necessarily brief as his stay was, he preached three excellent sermons—inspected our Academy—most profitably addressed a social meeting of our people—and delivered in the Church an instructive and entertaining discourse on the Wesleyan Missions in South Africa, chiefly those in Kaffraland, the scene of the President's early labours, as a Wesleyan Missionary—all which were admirably adapted through the divine blessing to confirm our Society in their intelligent attachment to our Methodist Connection, and to encourage them to continue their liberal support to our local and general institutions.

3d. That this meeting would assure our President that his visit to our Circuit has been the cause of much joy, and of Christian edification; and that our fervent prayer to Almighty God shall not be withheld, that himself, Mrs. Boyce, and Miss Boyce may still be favored with an eminently prosperous journey, until their safe arrival in their English home.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions shall be forwarded to the Rev. W. B. Boyce, by the next Halifax mail, with a request that he permit their publication in the *Provincial Wesleyan*.

Romanism in Canada.

We have been somewhat surprised to find in the Church papers, a revival of the old form of Indulgence. How strange that such superstition should be still encouraged by the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church in this enlightened age and country. We laugh at the credulity of the ignorant in the dark ages of the past, but to find men, now-a-days, trying to delude their followers with the idea that permission is necessary, before they may indulge in anything disallowed to others, is most lamentable.

"The Bishop of Toronto, it appears, has obtained from the Pope the following decree:—

"PIUS P. P. IX.

"*For a perpetual remembrance.*

"Our Venerable Brother, John Joseph Lynch, the present Bishop of Toronto, has set forth to Us, that it is his wish to establish a Sacred Pilgrimage at the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Peace, situated near the Falls of Niagara in that diocese. Wherefore, he earnestly besought Us graciously to open the heavenly treasures of Indulgence, by establishing for the faithful the above named Holy Pilgrimage. We, to increase the piety of the faithful, and to save souls by the heavenly treasures of the Church, favoring the prayers addressed to Us, grant, through the Divine mercy, to all the faithful of both sexes, who are truly penitent, and have confessed their sins and received Holy Communion, a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins, on whatever day in any year they may choose to perform the Holy Pilgrimage at that Church, and there pray piously to God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, for the concord of Christian Princes, the peace and triumph of Our Holy Mother the Church, the extirpation of heresies, and the conversion of sinners. On whatsoever day the faithful shall perform the pilgrimage to the aforesaid Church, with contrite heart, and shall pray as above prescribed, we grant an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days, from canonical or otherwise enjoining penance, in the usual ecclesiastical form; all of which indulgences, absolutions of sin, and remissions of canonical penance, We make applicable to souls the souls who have departed this life in friendship with God. Notwithstanding all past acts to the contrary, this is to avail for all future time.

"Given at St. Peter's, Rome, sealed with the Fisherman's Ring, March 1st, 1861, in the 15th year of Our Pontificate.

J. Card. Antonelli.

"Pius IX. Pont. Max."

The design of this piece of jugglery must be transparent to every person of discernment. There will doubtless be a large influx of visitors to Niagara from the Eastern parts of Canada. Even the pleasure excursions of "the faithful" must be made use of to contribute to "the Church."—*Christian Messenger.*

Let in the Light.

An old professor was lately awakened by the Spirit of God, and she found herself in darkness. Before when asleep, she fancied she had the light. She went to a Presbyterian church, took her place at the Lord's table, paid regularly for her pew, had a capital character, and not a little knowledge, and was at ease in Zion. In one sense, all this had some sort of reality in it. She had values a mile for religious, good words were there often on her lips, and she extended to others, as to herself, to hold fast for heaven. But hitherto there was no reality. Prayers were empty; in a word, she was a mere moral, and her religion nothing better than a [illegible] Revival work came near her, in her own church; all was very quiet, and she [illegible]; but there came a day of [illegible] and she discovered that she had been dreaming of heaven on the brink of hell. For