

POPERY THE BLIGHT OF NATIONS.

AN EXTRACT.

Pass over Europe, and tell me why you find one class of countries rich, fertile, powerful, whilst another lying side by side, with the same soil, the same climate, the same influence in every respect, but that of religion, are the abodes of beggary and want. Why is London, with her mists and her clouds, the emporium of the world, whilst Rome, with a sky of beauty and an air of balm, is but the emporium of shaven-crowned priests and filthy lazzaroni? Why is Britain, with her cold sky and her hard soil, the arbiter of Europe, whilst Spain and Portugal, once mighty and honoured, are now the home of the slave and the land of the penitence? Why is Protestant Prussia free in fact, whilst Papal Austria is as despotic in fact, as in form? Why is Protestant Saxony free, whilst Papal Sicily is enslaved?—Why is Holland so far in advance of Belgium in all that makes life valuable? Why are Switzerland and Protestant Germany so immeasurably superior to Southern and Papal Germany?—Why is the North of Ireland green with fertility and smiling with thrift, whilst the South, with a better soil, is swarming with beggary, ignorance and filth? Why is Scotland, in the clouds and rocks of the North, the mother of mighty men, and Edinburgh the Athens of Europe, whilst Tuscany, with a soil and climate so vastly superior, is a land of idleness, and Florence only a magnificent tomb of departed glory? Why has Protestant North America grown in colossal might and grandeur, until the world has learned by heart the history of her greatness, whilst Papal Mexico and South America, are but the hissing and stinging dens of anarchy, impotence, and confusion? Why has Protestantism, as she has gone forth over the earth, like Ceres, made the grass grow green under her footsteps, and the land around her smile like Eden, whilst Popery may be tracked with unerring accuracy by the rags, the wretchedness, the beggary, the ignorance, the vice and the tyranny that swarm like locusts along her trail? Can such unerring and unchanging effects have no sufficient cause? Will a man tell us that a religion that has ever been marked by a curse, wherever it has prevailed, has had no agency in causing that curse?

Look over the whole earth, and where do you find a nation, where Popery is in the ascendant, in which liberty of conscience, of speech, and of action is allowed? Where is the purely Papal country where the Bible is freely and generally read? Where is the Papal country that has produced orators and writers who have defended free institutions, whilst Popery had the rule?—Where are the Miltons, the Lockes, the Taylors, the Sydneys, the Williamses, and others, who have written for liberty, within the limits of any Papal country, and under the auspices of a ruling Popery?

A DILEMMA.—Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Newman, by their thunders against Dr. Achilli, which have come under legal investigation in England, have effectually revealed to the English mind the horribly corrupt state of society in Rome; the heart of the Romish Church. One correspondent justly remarks: "If Dr. Newman's witnesses are believed, chastity is scarce among the lower classes in Italy: priests and friars are impure profligates, and the convent and chapel sacristies, little better than houses of ill-fame, even though Achilli may be the worst of his class. If we believe Achilli, there is a conspiracy supported by perjury, to ruin a man because he has turned Protestant, and laid bare the Inquisition?"

"What shall I preach about?" inquired a clergyman on a visit to a neighboring pastor, as they sat together in the pulpit; "are the people who are here to-day principally professors or non-professors?" "Preach the Gospel," was the reply; "they are all sinners, and they need it."

"THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME."

We recently heard the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid away in the lone, cold grave.

His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but as her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it, she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly; and then looking up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, she said, "Mother, *this little hand never struck me.*"

What could be more touching and lovely? Young reader, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that, were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold in death, and say, "This hand never struck me."

What an alleviation of our grief, when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or a mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember, that whatsoever we sow, in this respect, that we shall also reap.—*Well-Spring.*

BRITAIN'S POWER AND GREATNESS.

In the American Senate, on the 28th of last month, Mr. Seward made a most eloquent speech on the North West Whale Fishery, and the Commercial and Political relations between Asia and America. The following extract conceived in a generous spirit, forcibly displays the power and greatness of the British Empire. No doubt in the Providence of God this great extent of dominion has been entrusted to our country for the more speedy and successful evangelization of the world. Let every heart that glows with the fire of patriotism ask itself what it, individually, is doing towards the completion of this greatest of all triumphs.—*Port Hope Echo* :—

"Commerce is the great agent of this movement. Whatever nation shall put that commerce into full employment, and shall conduct it steadily with adequate expansion, will become necessarily the greatest of existing States; greater than any that ever existed. Sir, you will claim that responsibility and that high destiny for our own country. Are you so sure that by assuming the one she will gain the other? They imply nothing less than universal commerce and the supremacy of the seas. We are second to England, indeed, but nevertheless, how far are we behind her in commerce and extent of empire! I pray to know where you will go that you will not meet the flag of England fixed, planted, rooted into the very earth? If you go northward, it waves over half this Continent of North America, which we call our own. If you go southward it greets you on the Bermudas, the Bahamas, and the Caribee Islands. On the Falkland Islands it guards the Straits of Magellan; on the South Shetland Island it watches the passage round the Horn; and at Adelaide Island it warns you that you have reached the Antarctic Circle. When you ascend along the southwestern coast of America, it is seen at Galapagos, overlooking the Isthmus of Panama; and having saluted it there, and at Vancouver, only take leave of it in the far Northwest when you are entering the Arctic Ocean. If you visit Africa, you find the same victorious cross guarding the coasts of Gambia and Sierra Leone,

and St. Helena. It watches you at the Cape Town as you pass into the Indian Ocean; while on the northern passage to that vast sea it demands your recognition from Gibraltar, as you enter the Mediterranean; from Malta, when you pass through the Sicilian Straits. On the Ionian islands it waves in protection of Turkey; and at Aden it guards the passage from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean. Whenever Western commerce has gained an entrance to the Continent of Asia, there that flag is seen waving over subjugated millions—at Bombay, at Ceylon, at Singapore, at Calcutta, at Lahore, and Hong Kong; while Australia and nearly all the islands of Polynesia, acknowledge its protection.

Sir, I need not tell you that wherever that flag waves it is supported and cheered by the martial airs of England. But I care not for that. The sword is not the most winning messenger that can be sent abroad; and commerce, like power, upheld by armies and navies, may in time be found to cost too much. But what is to be regarded with more concern is, that England employs the steam engine even more vigorously and more universally than her military force. Steam engines, punctually departing and arriving between every one of her various possessions and her island-seat of power, bring in the raw material for every manufacture and supplies for every want. The steam engine plies incessantly there, day and night, converting these materials into fabrics of every variety for the use of man. And again, the steam engine forever and without rest moves over the face of the deep, not only distributing these fabrics to every part of the globe, but disseminating also the thoughts, the principles, the language and religion of England."

SELF KNOWLEDGE AND RESTRAINT.

The reflections to which I have been led in speaking of consistency of Christian character, suggest the importance of urging upon you the government of your passions. A man who has no control over his passions, is justly compared to a ship at sea, which is driven by fierce winds, while she neither is governed by the rudder nor steered by the compass. By indulgence, the passions gain strength very rapidly; and when once the habit of indulgence is fixed, the moral condition of the sinner is most deplorable, and almost desperate. To preserve consistency, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the weak points in our own character, to know something of the strength of our passions, and to guard beforehand against the occasions and temptations which would be likely to cause us to act inconsistently with our Christian profession. Many men have successfully contended with their own passions, and although naturally of a hasty and irritable temper, have, by constant discipline, brought themselves into a habitual state of equanimity; so that, however they may be conscious of the strugglings of the natural passions, they are kept so completely under restraint, that to others they do not seem to exist.—The anecdote which is related of Socrates and the Physiognomist, is instructive on this point. When the latter, upon examining the lines of the philosopher's face, pronounced that he was a man of bad temper, and exceedingly irascible, the disciples of Socrates laughed him to scorn, as having betrayed the weakness of his art, by so totally mistaking the true disposition of their master; but he checked their ridicule, by acknowledging that his natural temper had been truly represented by the physiognomist, but that by the discipline of philosophy, he had been able to acquire such a mastery over his passions, that their existence was not apparent. To achieve a victory of this kind is more honourable than to conquer in the field of battle; according to that of the wise man, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." And again, "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city