

to administer medicines, even so I minister to the decaying system of Hinduism. Hinduism is sick unto death; I am fully persuaded that it must perish; still, while life remains, let us minister to it as we best can. I have written this book, hoping that it may prove a useful medicine. And, if it be so fatal, then possibly the patient may even yet recover."

WEST INDIES.

Mr. Law writes, under date, Oct. 23rd, On Friday last a special messenger was sent to inform us that he (Mr. Cowen) had had a relapse, and that he was evidently about to die. Mrs. Law and myself immediately set out for Savannah Grande to do what we could for him and his family. We reached his residence on Saturday afternoon, tired and weary with the journey. Our beloved brother was in an alarming condition. Dr. Mitchell, being in the quarter, kindly visited him, but he at once declared there was "no hope." The inflammation had obtained complete ascendancy over the vital energies. But he had "a good hope" through grace. Although his body was racked with pain, and was about to be dissolved by death, peace and joy possessed his soul. He knew that he was dying. Indeed he had a strong impression from the first that he was near his end. But he knew in whom he had believed. Hence he desired to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. He often spoke of his refuge and hiding-place, and the sure supports and rich consolation which he had in Christ Jesus. Never once did he manifest anything like impatience under his severe sufferings, or the least distrust of the wisdom and love of God. I well remember his exclaiming, as he was struggling with the powers of death, "But for the irrefragable promises of God, where could I have footing now?" And then again, as the last enemy made one and another desperate onslaught on his mortal frame, he would say "Let me go, do not hinder me, let my departure be hastened." On sabbath evening, the 17th instant, at half-past eight o'clock, our dear brother breathed his last.

BAHAMAS.

Mr. Capern writes, under date, Oct. 11th, On the 18th ult. this dreadful pestilence was found to be in the midst of us; and two persons that day died of it. On the following several more died, and when it became generally reported that the cholera was amongst us, the whole town was panic struck.

It fell first on some white families; afterwards on the black population; and almost entirely among them at present it continues. That it will return to the white, we have every reason to fear: and great, as you may naturally suppose, is the dismay which the probability occasions.

Many of our members—sabbath school children, and many also of the congregation—have been cut down. Exceedingly distressing are the scenes which I have been called on to witness; and if my own life be spared, more painful ones perhaps remain behind.

Later intelligence from the West of the death of Mrs. W. H. Webley, has been received. "On the 29th of October she was seized with a severe attack, and after a severe struggle, in twelve hours breathed her last."

PERSECUTION IN TUSCANY AGAIN.

Florence, Nov. 22.

The Jesuits have found another victim. M. Guarducci, a clerk in the bank of Messrs. Fenzi and Hall, has just been arrested for the crime of Protestantism! The arrest was effected at three o'clock in the morning, when his house was searched, and a copy of Dodati's Bible found on the premises. M. Guarducci is one of the five individuals who, at the commencement of these proceedings, were sentenced with Count Guiccardino to a year's imprisonment for reading together the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, but whose imprisonment was commuted through the prompt exertions and indignant remonstrances of Mr. Snel into a year of exile. M. Guarducci

passed the term of banishment in Piedmont, and then returned to Florence, renewing his engagements in the bank of Messrs. Fenzi and Co., by whom he is much esteemed. The fact of this arrest following immediately upon the decree by which the punishment of death is revived for offences against religion, has given rise to the most serious apprehensions of his ultimate fate. His wife and children, from whom he has been thus suddenly torn, are in a state, as you may imagine, of cruel anxiety.

You will have doubtless seen, before this reaches you, the two sanguinary edicts to which I allude, published in the *Monitore Toscano* of last Wednesday.

At first sight, it might appear from the wording of the edicts that their object was chiefly treason or murder, and that offences against religion were only to be punished with death in cases of public and sacrilegious impiety; but every clerk in the Palazzo Vecchio knows that the real object is the extirpation of heresy, and that in the discussions on the concordat, eighteen months ago, it was formally demanded by the Papal Court that the tolerant laws of the first Leopold should be repealed, and heresy be made a capital offence. We have seen also, in the case of the Mariani and others, that even the act of reading the Scriptures in a private house can be tortured into the crime of public and sacrilegious impiety; so that there is but too much reason to fear that no greater offence than that of which M. Guarducci has been guilty, men and women will soon be made to suffer on the scaffold. We used to smile at the gloomy predictions of those who thought it possible that such scenes could again be realised in the streets of Florence, but there is no smiling now.—*Daily News.*

Miscellaneous.

MARIA, THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

From the New York Observer.

At Lisbon, in the early days of the Inquisition, a young lady, Maria de Cocceico, was seized and brought before the judges of that blood-thirsty court. Their steps took hold on death, and few who went into their presence came forth alive. The darkest chapter in the history of the world, is the history of the Roman Catholic church, and the blackest page in the annals of that church, is the record of the inquisition. Yet the half of its horrors will never be revealed, till the trump of the archangel breaks the silence of its deepest dungeons.

Maria was charged with being faithless to the Church of Rome. Gifted with an inquiring mind, and availing herself of means to acquire a knowledge of the foundation on which true religion is based, she was not long in learning that the Roman Catholic religion is a cheat and a lie, and her pure mind rejected it with disgust. But she was a young girl. Gentle as she was pure, and nursed in the arms of luxury, she was not fitted for the conflict of faith and patience through which she was called to pass. When brought into the presence of cruel judges, she trembled from head to foot, the cold sweat stood on her brow, and she was ready to sink to the earth with fear. She had heard of this terrible Inquisition. In her hours of secret study and prayer, the thought of it had often come, and she had asked God to give her strength if the day of trial which had come to many, should at last reach her. And now it had come, and she alone and undefended, (alas! who could defend against such accusers) was standing face to face before the monsters of the rack and saggot and sword.

Again she prayed, and strength was given her. She made a good confession before the bloody witnesses, and refusing to yield to their arguments, or their threats, she was stretched upon the rack. Her tender limbs were extended by the slow re-

volving wheel, and though the spirit was willing to bear even more, the flesh was weak, and the poor girl yielded in the hour of her agony, to confess the faith she abhorred.

Released from her torture, more dead than alive, she was taken to her cell and suffered there to lie, till she recovered the use of her limbs, when she was again brought before the tribunal to sign the confession she had made in the hour of her extremity. But while her torn limbs had been recovering strength, her heart had rejoiced again in the faith that forsook her; and now she stoutly refused to deny the truth. She would die a thousand deaths, before she would be false to Christ.

Brave girl now! And yet how little we know of our own weakness. Every one has said to himself, if I were called to be a martyr, I would show them how to die! Maria was now firm in her refusal to confess, and again the gentle maiden was stretched upon the cruel wheel; again the cords were fastened to her feet and hands, and her joints started from their sockets by the slow remorseless roll of that engine of despair. God help thee now, Maria; the men that have thee have no hearts, and thou must perish or confess. She bore it longer than before. Instead of being weakened, she seemed to have gained strength by the former suffering, and now was resolved to be faithful unto death, and wear the crown of life. But who knows his own strength? The agony was inexpressible.

When she had thought it had reached its climax, it was only just begun. New seats of pain were reached, and in the wretchedness of her woe, she began once more to cry for mercy. But she cried for what those wretches never had. They offered to relax the cords if she would confess, and again racked, the shrieking victim groined a miserable assent to their demand. They took her up, and once more left her in her solitary cell to come back to life. There in her aching misery she had time to think of what she had done, and why. She had been faithless to the cause she loved; and though it was sweet to lie on that cold stone floor, and feel that the wheel was no longer dragging her limbs and her life away, yet she was sorry, even then, that she had purchased her deliverance from torture, by a confession of what her soul abjured. Stand up to that, Maria, when they bring thee before the men-mongers again.

That day of trial was at hand. She was longer in recovering from this second torture, but she was hurried into the presence of the judges there to sign the extorted confession. Calmly but decidedly she told them of her weakness under suffering, how she had hoped to bear all and the rather than deny the faith she loved, but the anguish was awful, and she a poor, weak, girl, had been tempted to confess. But now she would retract all she had said in the moments of her misery. She abjured the Church of Rome, and defied its power. "Twice" she added, "I have given way to the frailty of the flesh, and perhaps while I am on the rack, I may be weak enough to do so again; but depend upon it, if you torture me a hundred times, as soon as I am released from the rack, I shall deny what was extorted from me by pain."

And then the wretches racked the brave girl again. She was strong now. Her strength was made perfect in suffering. The more severe the agony, the braver was her heart, and woman-like she rose above the present, and was a hero in her martyrdom. Her constancy triumphed. The judges ordered the punishment to be stayed. They would not give her the luxury of dying in her victory. They ordered her to be scourged through the streets of Lisbon and banished!

Let us not judge too harshly of those who deny the faith. We know not the strength of their temptation, nor the weakness of their powers of resistance. We might fall with less. They may be recovered, and gathering strength from suffering, may yet be mighty in faith, and victorious too.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends, it only dispenses those who pretended to be such.