

ambulating in the fields of an evening, or walking on the edge of the forest, is favorable to holy meditation, and his religion acquires strength and vigor by these self-communings. Bunyan's pilgrim is always on foot; indeed the effect of that wonderful allegory would be entirely lost, were he to put him on horseback. The passions of men undergo a wonderful change by a continued exercise of this kind. Anger, for example, often seeks vent in rapid strides, even in a small apartment. Let him who intends to perpetrate some cruel or immoral deed, first walk fifteen or twenty miles and back again, and he is depraved indeed, if his heart does not relent and his resolution falter. We have heard of elopements being prevented by the distance of the place of rendezvous—of suicides being escaped by a good long walk to the river's bank, and we have seen runaway boys return penitent home after a few miles flight. Now these cases would have ended differently and adorned another tale, were a horse or a steam engine at hand. The comparatively slow progress of the one induced reflection, the rapidity of the other would have stifled it. In fact, this idea has received its expression, in the epithet applied daily to the dissipated and the idly gay *fast men*. We know of no human means better calculated to improve the judgment, to temper the affections, and humanize all than this form of locomotion. If it be superseded by more expeditious modes of conveyance, in the ordinary business of life, impetuous haste will characterize every transaction of every kind. Religion will suffer, and morality will suffer, impatience will fret and frown on the Sabbath day rest, and on every religious curb. Let science and art contrive, and add if possible an accelerated speed to the present engineering of locomotion, and every lover and admirer of genius will rejoice; but let not the healthful exercise of walking be discontinued. In England notwithstanding its mazy network of railways, we meet with the best pedestrians perhaps in the world. We have met young noblemen making the tour of Scotland on foot, and fair ladies with shepherdesses' crooks and Blucher boots gallantly facing and performing a journey of twenty miles in one day. How different is the case with us Nova Scotians! We will soon lose the use of our legs. If to drive a cow home from the common we must give a boy our horse, (no imaginary indulgence). If on a journey of fifty miles, we meet no weary, footsore traveller on the way, it is surely time we should think of our fathers and mothers who rarely required the aid of a physician, as their health braced and promoted by snow-shoes, and moccasins of which they knew the use, was robust, and to some extent follow their *foot-steps*. If there is progress on the one side, we fear there is degeneracy on the other, and though we would reason very erroneously in putting down the latter to the score of any

one change, such as that to which we have referred, yet may it not be fairly taken as one of the signs of the times, when people in general think not for themselves, but put the trust in horses and in camp demagogues. The Bible in the pew is the best antidote against heresy in the pulpit, and a sense of justice and love of equity in the public mind is the surest guarantee against unrighteous decisions from the bench. Why then should false interpretations of Scripture, in the one case, escape ecclesiastical censure, and harsh administration of the law in the other pass without public comment or reprobation. Such have occurred. To condescend only of the latter. A party is accused of obstructing a constable in the execution of his duty, he is condemned, with the justice or injustice, which decision we have nothing to do, by instead of receiving his sentence, he is remanded and summoned to appear some months thereafter, when his sentence is still postponed, and so for two long years he lives in fearful suspense. We refer to such cases as these in confirmation of our position—that it is absolutely necessary to take the trouble of thinking for ourselves, because though the Bible be in our hands, and a regard for justice in our hearts, it may happen that we may receive the maxims of men as the dictates of truth. One of the most fearful sins of apostasy from God, is to be under a strong delusion so as to believe a lie. These waifs gathered by the wayside, are intended for the moral improvement of all classes and denominations, and form probably the first of a course of short lessons from a waggon.

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SCENES IN ITALY IN THE SPRING OF 1860.

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M.

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

The long-talked-of Excommunication issued. It has been posted up in the public places of Rome, and it is to be bought for few baiocchi. All say it has produced no more effect than so many shovelfuls of pebbles thrown among the people. Romans are much accustomed to find misery and crime flourish on soils bedewed with Papal benedictions, and to hear of peace, virtue, and liberty in countries scorched, not to say burnt up, with his curses, that they have reached a state of mind wherein the one, and the other go for the value of the shows wherewith the utterance is accompanied. In this case it was thunder and thunderbolt, hurled indeed by the Jove of the Vatican, with his own right hand, amid the flames of Cardinal's scabbard, and the roar of ecclesiastical storms; but unlike the potent Joves of other times, who marked their man, and hit his helmet, if he did not crush his body, the present poor Thunderer, fearful that the after-clap might