

ish peasant as it was in "the starting time." The only advantage he enjoys is in the blue sky above his head and in the comfortable sun, which the curse under which he groans cannot deaden or extinguish. Who that has ever ridden with melancholy curiosity among the mountains which lie near Rome can forget the cowering, half-human figures, which come out of their decayed hovels—dens for animals rather than dwellings for men—to solicit alms with the wane of the mendicant and the scowl of the would-be thief! There is nothing on the Continent of Europe more desolate—nothing, to all appearance, more hopelessly wretched, than the physical aspect of this once happy region. In the towns it is the same, with the exception perhaps of Bologna, where contentment, after the Austrian type, is enforced. Groups may yet be seen under the white arcades of that monotonous town, who, in the midst of the *sbirri* and the foreign sentinels, can still relish the antics of Policinello with true southern enjoyment. But grass grows in the streets of Ferrara. Ancona, the opprobrium of the Adriatic, is a mere garrison for the stranger. Let any one who would know the full meaning of priestly rule but pass a day in Viterbo, Spoleto, Forlì, Faenza, Ravenna, and he will appreciate the effect upon his own immediate dominions of the Easter benediction of Pius the Ninth.

To speak, however, of the physical aspect only of the Roman States is to dwell upon the mere etchings and outline of the terrible misery which there prevails. It is the moral degradation,—it is the universal suspicion,—it is the daily apprehension and the nightly terror of the inhabitants which constitute the colouring of the picture, and which must be at least suggested if we aim at correctness of effect. There are spies in the public places, in the theatres, in the streets, and foreign soldiers in plenty,—Austrians and French, ready to act upon the denunciations of the pale dastards who earn the privilege of life by their activity in such a trade. Far worse than all, there are spies in every family,—the confessional is the lion's mouth where their hints are extorted or received. Actual denunciation, however, is not required where to have incurred suspicion is to have been convicted of crime. It is among such a population that Pio Nono is making a progress to ascertain if there be any slight blemishes in the administration of affairs. No doubt, his wish is to ascertain the truth, for, although a bigoted priest, he is by all accounts a benevolent man. In his own person he is a proof of how far more terrible a calamity it is for a country to be under the dominion of a weak man than of a wicked ruler. The present Pope is a mere puppet in the hands of Cardinal Antonelli and the clique of priests who actually govern the country,—that is, who extort the taxes and fill the prisons. To fall in with the Pontiff's humour, Cardinal Antonelli has permitted him to make this little excursion, but he has taken excellent care that nothing shall meet his Sovereign's eye but arches of triumph, garlands of flowers, complimentary addresses, and batches of nuns thirsting for benedictions. During his stay of two days at Perugia Pio Nono spent his whole time in visiting the convents. The deputations from various municipalities were only admitted to kiss his feet, but were not permitted to open their lips. When intreated by the inhabitants to remain but a single day longer, that they might acquaint them with their condition, Monsignor Berardi was at hand to observe "that if he did so, the order of his Holiness's journey would be altered." The municipal deputation,

from Orvieto,—a bishop at its head,—solicited in vain the honour of a reception for two days, and when admitted at last to the presence of Pio Nono it was only to receive his blessing,—the Pope was going to bed. Cardinal Antonelli contrived to avoid the meeting of the Communal Council of Bologna. Notwithstanding this, the inhabitants of the town and city prepared an address, which the Senator promised in their name to deliver to the Pontiff—with what probable effect may be supposed, Pio Nono, in fact, throughout his progress has been a kind of State prisoner, with a priest, a deputy of Antonelli's, ever at his side, and with an Austrian dragoon at either door of his carriage. He has not been permitted to come into contact with anything more important than the most puerile ceremonies and the most obsequious adherents of the present system. Meanwhile brigands are infesting the country in every direction, but the authorities are far too much occupied with the arrest of political prisoners to find time for the repression of mere crimes. Foreign bayonets give momentary stability to a Government which if left face to face with its subjects would not have twenty-four hours' duration of power. What, however, are the Roman or the inhabitants of the Pontifical States to do in the presence of the French garrison of Rome, and of the Austrian troops, who swarm in all their strong places, and who are brigaded through their country in every direction? It is clear enough that for the moment any attempt at insurrection could only terminate in misery still more intense a oppression still more severe.—*Times*.

[Published by request.]

Extract from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's Sermons.

"His name shall endure forever."

Yes, I will tell you how long it will endure. As long as on this earth there is a sinner who has been reclaimed by Omnipotent grace, Christ's name shall endure; as long as there is a Mary ready to wash His feet with tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head; as long as there breathes a chief of sinners who has washed himself in the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness; as long as there exists a Christian who has put his faith in Jesus, and found him his delight, his refuge, his stay, his shield, his song and his joy, there will be no fear that Jesus name will cease to be heard. We can never give up that name. But as long as Christians—true Christians—live; as long as we taste that the Lord is gracious, have manifestations of his love, sights of his face, whispers of his mercy, assurances of his affection, promises of his grace, hopes of his blessing, we cannot cease to honour his name.

But if all these were gone—if we were to cease to sing his praise—would Jesus Christ's name be forgotten then? No; the stones would sing; the hills would be an Orchestra, the mountains would skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs, for is he not their Creator? and if these lips of mortals were dumb at once; there are creatures enough in this wide world besides. Why; the Sun would lead the chorus; the Moon would play upon her silver harp; and sweetly sing to her music; Stars would dance in their measured courses; the shoreless depth of ether would become the home of songs; and the void immensity would burst out into one great shout, "Thou art the glorious Son of God, great is

thy majesty, and infinite thy power." Can Christ's name be forgotten? No, it is painted on the skies; it is written on the floods, the winds whisper it, the tempest howls it, the seas chant it; the stars shine it; the beasts low it, the thunders proclaim it, earth shouts it, heaven echoes it, but if that were gone—if this great universe should all subside in God; just as a moment's foam subsides into the wave that bears it and is lost forever—would his name be forgotten then; No. Turn your eyes up yonder, see Heaven's *terra firma*, "who are these that are arrayed in white, and whence come they; these are they that came out of great tribulation; they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb; therefore they are before the throne of God and praise him day and night in his temple." And if these were gone; if the last hallelujah had echoed through the then deserted vaults of Heaven; if the last harp of the Glorified had been touched with the last fingers; if the last praise of the saints had ceased; (for they would be gloomy then;) if the last immortal had been buried in the grave—if graves there might be for immortals—would his praise cease then? No, by heaven! No; for yonder stand the angels, they too sing his glory; to him the Cherubim and Seraphim do cry without ceasing when they mention his name in that thrice holy chorus, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies," but if these were perished—if angels had been swept away, if the wing of Seraph never flapped the ether; if the voice of the Cherub never sung his flaming sonnet; if the living creatures ceased their everlasting chorus; if the measured Symphonies of Glory were extinct in silence—would his name then be lost? Ah! no, for as God upon the throne he sits, the everlasting One, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And if the Universe were still, annihilated, still would his name be heard; for the Father would hear it, and the spirit would hear it, and deeply graven on immortal marble on the rock of ages would it stand—Jesus the Son of God—co-equal with his Father! His name shall endure forever,"—Amen.

THE MONTHLY RECORD.

SEPTEMBER, 1857.

Neglect of Public Worship.

It is lamentable to observe that there are so many in this land of Gospel ordinances, who absent themselves from the House of Prayer. To account for this, various conjectures have been formed. Did we, like our forefathers, live in times of intolerance and persecution, or did the profession of Christianity bring with it hatred or contempt, or throw any barrier in the way of our temporal comfort and happiness, or had we anything to fear on account of our faith, or ran any risk of personal danger, or any unpleasant consequences from meeting together, we might find a satisfactory explanation of this conduct, without being compelled to impugn the reality of their faith. The want of firmness and decision of character might explain, though it could neither justify nor excuse it. But, in the circumstances under which we live in this