The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

Vol. 2. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, August 18, 1858. No. 25.

The Protector and Christian Witness,

GEO. T. HASZARD, PUBLISHER.

Edited by a Committee of Protestant Gentlemen. Terms: 12s. per annum, in advance; otherwise 15s. will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

Mails by Steamer Westmorland.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for New Brunswick, Canada and the United States, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For Newfoundland every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For England and Bermuda every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening,	June 14th	Monday evening,	September 16th
" "	28th	" "	20th
" "	July 12th	" "	October 4th
" "	26th	" "	18th
" "	August 9th	" "	November 1st
" "	23d	" "	15th
		" "	29th

Letters to be registered and Newspapers must be posted half an hour before the time specified for closing.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

KIRWAN'S REPLY TO BISHOP HUGHES.

LETTER IX.

*The Bishop's six Letters to Kirwan reviewed.**

My dear Sir,—I wish in the present epistle to notice, in the briefest way, those last and curious productions of your pen, your six letters to Kirwan. If your papal assumptions and papal logic made your ten letters to "Dear Reader" intolerably dull, you have cast into these so much low personality, so much episcopal impertinence, and such a strong spice of Irish ill-humor, as to make them quite interesting. They are certainly readable productions, and give us new revelations both as to your *fine taste* and wonderful *good nature*. You can not expect that I will permit you to raise new issues between you and myself, so as to divert the public mind from the points to which I have solicited its and your attention, nor can you expect that I could for a moment descend to the low level along which, in those letters, you have seen fit to move; yet I would respectfully call your attention to a few remarks in reference to them, and this I will do after the manner of some old preachers, under a few heads.

1. Your letters give us an amusing view of the manner in which you keep your promises. In your first series you say, "I propose to publish a series of letters on the same great topics which Kirwan has discussed." These letters drew "their slow length along" until they reached No. 10, and the "great topics which Kirwan has discussed" were left untouched. Feeling that you could not write such letters upon fish and eggs, you dropped them at the commencement of Lent; they have never since been resumed. In your second series you say, "Your letters purport to explain the reasons why you left the Roman Catholic Church; . . the object of mine will be to review those reasons;" and yet, in your six letters, there is not the most remote allusion to "those reasons!" Is this owing, sir, to a want of memory or to the want of ability? or is it a sample of the way in which you generally meet your promises! The facts certainly show that you are a most *promising* man.

2. Your letters give us an interesting view of your moral courage. When you commenced your first series, we Protestants certainly felt and said, "Now we are going to have a tract for the times, and worthy of the controversy." But the little spice of the first letter was not found in any other of the series, and they became utterly insipid, and died at the sight of Lent! When the second series commenced, we all said, and the papers, political and religious, said, "Now we are going to have a racy and manly discussion." Six letters are published without touching a single topic in controversy, and again you retire! and almost before your quill was dry you were off for Halifax! And when we now inquire after your right reverence, the only reply we receive is, "He is gone to Halifax!" If you compare my desertion of the Catholic Church when a boy to the desertion of our flag by some of our soldiers in Mexico, to what can we liken your desertion of her in her present exigencies? For a mere stripling recruit to run away in a time of peace is a small matter, but for the general in command to flee to Halifax in the very midst of the battle is a very different affair! I hope you can satisfy "the illustrious Pope Pius IX." as to all this! But you may console yourself with the sage and comforting reflection,

"He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day."

May we not hope to see you again, and tilt with you after your return from Halifax?

3. Your letters furnish a very nice illustration of an easy way of getting out of a difficulty. You expected to make short work of Kirwan's Letters when you commenced answering without reading them! But as you read on, you found the nuts were a little harder to crack than you had anticipated, and you made the commencement of Lent an excuse for dropping them. But this displeased your priests and people, and, as the Freeman's Journal testifies, you were called upon to give to the letters of Kirwan a direct answer. This papists and Protestants alike desired and demanded. As there was no way of evasion, in an evil hour you consented to comply with the demand, and hence those six unfortunate letters which have so widely excited a smile at your expense. If you continue to float after six such letters, you have more bladder about you than was generally supposed. In these it is obvious that you have read Kirwan. Your temper and your quotations are proof of this. Again you find the nuts too hard to crack; and seeing that, instead of crushing them, you were only covering your own fingers with blood and bruises, you cry out at the close of the sixth letter, "You wish me to dispute with you on matters of general controversy; I must beg leave to decline the proposed honor; I can not consent to dispute with any man for whom I feel no respect;" and after bowing me, "for the present, farewell," you are off for Halifax! That is, after laboring through three months of the last winter, and sweltering through six mortal weeks of the present summer, to confute me, in vain, you find out that you have no respect for me, decline further controversy, and flee to Halifax! So that when a man is fairly worsted, he has only to find out that he has no respect for his antagonist, and then he can retire, crowned with laurels, from the controversy! How easily, according to this rule, could the dastardly Santa Anna have gained a complete victory over the gallant Scott, and even after the Yankees were reveling in the halls of the Montezumas! He had only to find out that he had no respect for him!†

Now, sir, I shrewdly conjecture that this way of getting out of a difficulty is borrowed from "old Ireland." Did you ever go to school in Ireland? or were those awful laws, of which you speak in your last letter, in force until after your emigration? Perhaps, if you did, you may remember that Irish boys are very fond of fighting after school. A very odd scene, which was acted one evening, is now before my mind, as if it transpired but yesterday. There was a large, clumsy fellow, that by his boasting and violent gesticulations kept all the boys for some weeks in dread of him; and there was a thin but muscular boy, who at length resolved to meet him in a fair boxing-match. Those of us in the secret retired to a secluded spot and formed a ring, and the fight commenced. It was soon apparent, to the joy of us all, that the thin, muscular boy was an overmatch for his opponent. In every round he had signally the advantage. After nearly as many rounds as you have written letters to and about Kirwan, the large, clumsy fellow, with his eyes swelled up, and his nose and mouth streaming blood, and scarcely able to stand up, thus addressed the boy that almost pounded him to jelly: "You are a mean, dirty blackguard, for whom I have no respect, and I will fight no more with you." Feeling this an additional insult, his antagonist bared his arms for another round, but the beaten boy fled blubbering from the ring; but whither he fled I have no means of knowing. Perhaps your reverence may find him in Halifax. So, you see, your way of getting out of a difficulty, although ingenious, is not new, and both you and the public know it is not the true reason. May I not hope you will return to the fight on your return from Halifax?

4. Your letters reveal what may be regarded as a compound estimate of those which I have addressed to you. In your first series, you speak of them as "possessing a sprightliness of style which renders them a pleasing contrast to the filthy volumes that have been written on the same side," and not long afterward you speak of them as containing only "clever scurrility." In your six letters, you say of mine that, "so far as regards the grammatical construction of phrases, and a correct and almost elegant use of Anglo-Saxon words, they are not unworthy of the country which produced a Dean Swift or a Goldsmith." This, from a competent critic, would be high praise; and even from you, it shows that your miserably exclusive and debasing religious system has not suppressed all the generous pulsations of your Irish heart. But then you speak of them afterward as written in the "true wind-bag style." Now, sir, how to reconcile these things, I know not, save on the ground that the "wind-bag" is yours, and that Kirwan's Letters have pricked it until it has fallen into a state of collapse beyond the power of a new inflation.

5. They reveal a great dishonesty in evading the point of a statement. The editor of the Observer has already exposed your miserable and truthless perversion of the scene at the confessional, and, as you well know, drawn by me to the life. The exposure of that single perversion is enough to brand you for life as an unfair man—as too slippery to be trusted. So you evade the point of the statement as to the priest reading a dead list from the altar for so much a head per year to pray them out of Purgatory. Do you deny that such *a list is read, and that, unless the priest is paid, he drops the names?* That is the point of the statement. The fact you deny is a fact not questioned by me, that *any priest ever decides when any soul leaves Purgatory!* I have no doubt they will keep souls there as long as they can get money to say mass for them, if it were until St. Tibb's eve, which is the eve after the final consummation.

So you evade the point of the facts as to the drunken priests. You say, and truly, that such facts form no argument against religion, or any form of it, and that you have seen Protestant ministers in state prison for worse sins than drunkenness. But the point of the statement is, that these drunken, worthless priests, whether deposed or *recti in ecclesia*, were *miracle workers*, and were daily resorted to for miraculous cures both as to men and cattle, and for which they were paid in money and Irish whisky! That, sir, is the point. Have you ever seen a Protestant minister, deposed for drunkenness, or in a state prison for a criminal offense, resorted to by Protestants for miraculous cures, and paid for them in money or whisky, the people waiting for him to get sober in order to work the miracle? If not, where is the point of your parallel! And so as to "St. John's Well." You say that you "*know nothing about it*," and yet you pronounce the story a fabrication! If you know nothing about it, what right have you to say it is untrue, when millions of living witnesses might be collected in Ireland to the truth of the statement—when the well is there to testify for itself? Sir, is the story about St. Patrick's Well, in the county Down, a fabrication, whose orgies are a disgrace to the civilized world? Are the Seven Stations at or near Athlone a fabrication, where feats of superstition are yearly performed which cast into the shade those of the Hindoo fakirs? It is no wonder you are ashamed and vexed when the deep degradation to which popery has reduced our unhappy country is exposed to the indignant scorn of free and intelligent American citizens; it is no wonder when you seek, *in any way*, to escape from the obloquy to which the upholding of such a system subjects you; but you should have a little more regard for yourself than to pronounce a thing false about which you confess you know nothing!

6. Your letters exhibit a great dislike for the *reductio ad absurdum;* and no wonder, when your system offers so many and such strong temptations to use it. And yet you know that it is a legitimate way of reasoning. I hope you can not say of this, as of St. John's Well, that you "know nothing about it." I am striving to show the absurdity of literal interpretation, as you use it, to prove certain papal tenets; and I ask how, *by your rule*, you escape the inference of being a devil while upholding the doctrine of clerical celibacy, which Paul pronounces a doctrine of devils? My object is to show the absurdity of your rule, and yet you seem as vexed about it as if the budding horns had already appeared upon your temples! So as to the text, "He that eateth this bread shall never hungur." The object is to show the unspeakable absurdity of your rule. *If that rule is true*, then all that you have to do is to give your wafer to the poor famishing Irish, and they hunger no more. This you pronounce "a horrible pun on the words of the Savior." You mistake; it is a horrible blow at your ridiculous interpretation of "this is my body;" and because the blow is so heavy, it is immediately big with "impiety and inhumanity." Now, sir, the way for you to get rid of all that kind of argument is to withdraw the premises on which it is built; or, when you see that your premises lead to such absurd consequences, to reject them. It will do you no good to get vexed about it.

7. Your letters also exhibit wonderfully cogent proofs of my infidelity. True, all we Protestants are pronounced infidels by you because we are unable "to make an act of faith;" but the proofs of my infidelity are extra, and are furnished by my letters. The first is, I appeal to "common sense" very often. The second is, I eat meat on Friday, and think it neither injures the bodies nor the souls of men. The third is, I believe that intelligent worship is only acceptable to God or beneficial to me. The fourth is, I do not believe that you can make God out of a flour wafer. The fifth is, I do not believe that Mary was the mother of God. The sixth is, I do not sufficiently reverence Mary, only speaking of her as "a good woman." The seventh is, I do not highly enough value the lubrication of an old sinner, when dying, with olive oil. The eighth is, I believe it is as acceptable an act to God to worship the head of Balaam's ass, as a human skull said to be that of the Apostle Paul. And all these specifications are melted down and moulded into one great and grand charge, "my insult to the mysteries of the Catholic faith." Well, sir, if these are proofs of my infidelity, although no friend to the confessional, I confess them all. But let me inform you that I draw a distinction between Bible and papal mysteries. The first I receive as inscrutable and adorable; the second I reject as the mysteries of iniquity. Perhaps my letters are too much pervaded by what you are pleased to call "a silvery thread of wit, which is unmistakably Irish;" but I have long ago concluded that the scaly hide of the Beast was impervious to reason and argumentation, and that the time has come for Wit, and Ridicule, and Caricature to empty upon the monster their quiver of arrows. There are some things too absurd to waste reason upon; there is a point beyond which to reason is casting pearls before swine, and where we must answer fools according to their folly. I do not wonder that a mind so *seemingly* superstitious as is yours should pronounce me occasionally profane; but perhaps you may remember the story of Diodorus about the Roman who inadvertently killed a cat in Egypt, one of the gods of the land. So exasperated were the populace that they ran in phrensy to his house, and neither the files of soldiers drawn up for his protection, nor the terror of the Roman name, could save him from being torn to pieces. In times of famine, the Egyptians would kill and eat one another before they would kill an ox, a dog, an ibis, or a cat! These were their gods, and to treat them otherwise than with the most profound reverence was unpardonable profanity!!

I accept, sir, most cheerfully, the offer which you make to prove one of my statements, which you question, a fabrication, by a formal investigation, on one condition, which I hope you will have the sense and courage to grant. The condition is this: you say that you do transubstantiate a little wafer into the real and true body and blood of Christ, and that you do this whenever and wherever you say mass. Now "I am willing to go to any reasonable expense to prove this a fabrication, if either you or any other bishop or priest have the courage to meet me in a formal investigation." This will incur but little expense. It can be done at St. Patrick's, or at St. Peter's, or at your own house. You can select three out of the five judges. We will first take the wafer and examine it. You may then say high and low mass over it, and take it through all the required liftings and lowerings needful to transubstantiate it, and if it is not the identical wafer it was when we put it into your hands, then we will submit to be branded as blasphemers; but if it is, we will let you off without any brand, simply as an impostor. The offer which you make would lead to a sea-voyage, and would require the raising of the dead, and would lead to some expense; but this can be done in a day, and I will agree to pay the bill. Is not this fair?

If you reject this form of the condition, I will make another. Your olive oil, blessed on "Maunday Thursday," you represent as possessing wonderful efficacy when rubbed on a dying sinner according to law. "I am willing to go to any reasonable expense to prove this a fabrication," and that your olive oil, under these circumstances, has not a whit greater efficacy than whale oil, or bear's oil, or goose grease. And, again, I will leave to you the selection of three out of five judges. When these offers are accepted, and these questions are settled, then we will make the required arrangements to meet the challenge which you throw out to myself or Mr. Prime. May I hope to hear from you as soon as it will meet your convenience after your return from Halifax? I feel quite anxious for these investigations.

In case you should resume this controversy for the third time, permit me, as your friend, to give you a few words of advice. I assure you it will do you no harm to follow it.

1. Keep your temper. A bishop should be no brawler. Good-nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the soil in which virtue prospers.

2. Remember that rude assaults upon an opponent do not refute his arguments. You grievously complain of them in your own case; can they be right as to me? If I were all you say of me, and as much beyond that as that is beyond the truth, that would not prove true the absurdities of Romanism, that would not prove that you can create God and forgive sin, or that your religion is any thing else but a peacock religion, which has nothing useful or attractive about it save its glittering plumage. It is only the lowest kind of mind that ever goes from the subject to the man, and it is only the resort of such mind when it is worsted.

3. Remember that what you write may possibly live after you are dead, and that your office as a bishop gives not the weight of a feather to your weak arguments, while it renders your vulgarity doubly vulgar. In this country no man is sustained by his station; unless he graces it, he disgraces himself. The person who raises himself to station, name, and influence, is worthy of double honor; but in case such a person should rise from a cabbage-garden to a mitre, he ought to know that the line of conduct which would not particularly dishonor the hoe or the spade would reflect no enduring reputation upon the crook and the crosier.

Adherence to this advice, if it corrects not your principles, will have, at least, a benign influence on your manners. Farewell.

Yours, Kirwan.

* It would be very much to my taste to publish in this edition the ten letters to "Dear Reader" and the six letters to "Kirwan," but they would increase the size and price of the volume, without a sufficient remuneration to the reader or buyer; besides, "the sympathies of my Irish nature" lead me to desire to expose the weakness of my good friend as little as possible.

† This letter was written just at the close of the Mexican war.

NOTES

OF THE VOYAGE OF THE "JOHN WILLIAMS" AMONG THE NEW HEBRIDES AND LOYALTY ISLANDS, IN JUNE AND JULY 1857.

To the Rev. Professor Goold, D. D., Edinburgh.

Aneiteum, New Herbrides, July 1857.

My Dear Sir,—I send you the following extract from my journal of the visit of the missionary barque, the "John Williams," to this and the Loyalty group. I hope that the facts which I have narrated may be found both interesting and encouraging.

On the 5th June the "John Williams," arrived at Aneiteum from the eastern islands, having on board the Rev. Messrs. Harbutt and Drummond, the deputation sent by the Samoan brethren to visit these groups, and as passengers, the Rev. Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Gordon, and Miss Geddie; Mr. Harbutt was also accompanied by Mrs. Harbutt and three of their children. As soon as the vessel was descried in the distance, Mr. Geddie despatched a messenger to me with a note, who reached my station in the evening, about the time the vessel came to anchor. I immediately got my boat launched, and my crew warned and made all preparations for starting early in the morning. At four o'clock a second messenger arrived, bringing me some letters and a note from Mr. Geddie, in which he informed me of the arrival of the vessel, and also of the death of Dr. Bates, which he had heard from Mr. Gordon. The reading of my letters caused an hour or two's delay, but I reached Mr. Geddie's station by ten o'clock. After four hours' intercourse with the brethren, and seeing all my goods landed from the vessel, I returned home accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. We reached my station a little after dark. This was on Saturday. On Sabbath Mr. Gordon preached for me at one of the services, and addressed the Sabbath School, and I interpreted. We had arranged to return to Mr. Geddie's on Monday, as Captain Williams expected to be able to sail on Tuesday. On Monday however the wind was so strong and the sea so rough, that it was impossible for us to proceed to the harbour. Towards evening the wind calmed down, and as it was about full moon and a clear night, we set off at six o'clock. For the first three miles we sailed inside the reef, and got comfortably along. But when we had to go outside of the reef, and to encounter the whole swell of the great Pacific, our sailing became difficult and not free from danger, and it was midnight before we reached Mr. Geddie's. Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Ingles were fearfully sea-sick; I should have been sick too had I not been so much engaged in keeping a sharp look out. The wind, though light, was dead ahead, and the sea was still very rough. In the ordinary south-east trade winds, the passage between the two mission stations lies along the leeward end of the island; but as the wind was at this time from the north-west, we were on the windward side, the sea was rolling into the shore, and the boat was in danger of being drifted in among the breakers, and native crews never make sufficient allowance for such disturbing forces; some years ago a boat belonging to a white man was carried in among the reefs and he and all on board were nearly drowned. My apprehensions of danger kept sea-sickness completely away. Through the favor of Divine Providence we reached our destination in perfect safety, but had it not been the fear of detaining the vessel, I should not have gone round under such circumstances. I make a point of never sailing in a boat after dark if it can possibly be avoided.

On the Monday a large and interesting missionary meeting was held at Mr. Geddie's station, which was addressed by the deputation, Mr. Geddie interpreting. The natives collected a great quantity of property manufactured by themselves, for the use of our teachers on the adjoining islands; they also collected a present of taro for the vessel. As neither the vessel nor the deputation could come round to my station, Mr. Gordon's address on the Sabbath was the only direct benefit which the natives on my side derived from the visit of the vessel; and they had no opportunity of displaying their hospitality.

The missionary intelligence brought from the eastern groups by the "John Williams" was, upon the whole, highly encouraging; although in some points it furnished grounds for anxiety. In Samoa, after eight or nine years of harrassing cival war, peace had been happily established with every appearance of its being permanent. The labors of the missionaries are being largely blessed; numbers of hopeful converts are being added to the church; and a growing spirit of liberality in the support of the gospel is being extensively displayed among the native Christians. The institution for the training of teachers in Rarotonga and Samoa are in a vigorous and flourishing condition, and what above all is likely to tell on the future, the whole Bible is not only translated, but is now printed in the Samoan language. Thus in Tahiti and the Society Islands, in Raroton ga and the Harvey Islands, and in Samoa or the Navigator's Islands—in the language of these three groups the whole Bible is now printed, and is accessible to the entire population. These things are all highly encouraging. On the other hand the brethren in Samoa are not without trials and difficulties. The Popish priests, in increasing numbers countenanced and sustained by the naval power of France, are indefatigable in their efforts to extend their influence in Samoa.—And what is most of all to be regretted, the number of missionaries in Samoa and in the other eastern groups is being yearly diminished, while no missionaries are leaving home to fill up their places. In consequence of death, age, sickness, and other causes, the number of missionaries in the eastern groups is at least one third less than it was a few years ago. The London Missionary Society are in great danger of losing a rich harvest of souls in the groups for want of reapers to gather it in. They sowed liberally, and God is fast preparing the harvest; but the men who sowed the seed and watered it, and gathered the first fruits, are passing away by death, or being driven away by sickness or infirmities, from the scenes of their labours; and there are no others to enter in and carry forward that work which was so auspiciously begun. From all that I can learn through various channels, the London Society's missions in the eastern groups, especially in Samoa, are in a very critical position, and unless they are speedily and extensively reinforced with missionaries from home, the blood and treasure, the life and labor, that have been expended in bringing them to their present highly encouraging condition will be in a great measure lost.—They will one by one fall into the hands of Rome. O that the Lord would pour out more of a missionary spirit upon the rising youth and especially upon the rising ministry in the British Churches! so that missionary societies could both secure their conquests, and extend their aggressive operations into the domains of Satan. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

On the Tuesday a meeting of the missionary brethren was held, at which were present the Rev. Messrs. Harbutt, Drummond, Geddie, Inglis, and Gordon, and Captain Williams. At this meeting it was unanimously agreed: "*First*, that the Rev. G. N. Gordon, accredited missionary from the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia, be cordially welcomed to this field of labour; that in accordance with Mr. Gordon's own wishes, he be immediately located in one of the neighbouring islands, wherever in the providence of God the most favourable opening may be presented; that Messrs Geddie and Inglis accompany the deputation from Samoa, to assist in the settlement of Mr. Gordon; that Mr. Geddie remain for some time with Mr. Gordon to assist him in the erection of his house and in the commencing of the mission; that after the settlement of Mr. Gordon, Mr. Inglis proceed with the deputation to visit other islands of the group, with the view of ascertaining the most eligible localities for the settlement of other missionaries expected to be sent out in the course of next year, and that he be landed on Aneiteum as the vessel returns to Samoa.

"*Second*, That six natives of Aneiteum, with their wives, be taken on board the "John Williams," to be located as teachers on the adjoining Islands; that a few of the most influential chiefs of Aneiteum be also taken to aid the missionaries by holding intercourse with the natives of Fotuna and Tana; and that a passage be granted to their respective islands to four natives of Fotuna, three natives of Tana, and five natives of Erromango at present residing on Aneiteum, it being certain that some, if not the whole of these natives, will be useful in facilitating the intercourse of the missionaries with the natives of these islands to which they respectively belong."

These resolutions were carried fully into effect. As the preceding summer months had been peculiarly unhealthy, Mrs. Inglis, though never laid up with fever, had yet been frequently affected with the symptoms of it, and it required all that care and medicine could do to keep these symptoms at bay. In these circumstances I was unwilling to leave her, but as I felt certain that such a voyage as we were about to make among these Islands would be the best remedy she could obtain, the deputation and Captain Williams very kindly made arrangements for her accompanying me in the "John Williams." I am happy to say that by the blessing of God, the result has more than realized my expectations. As the weather was fine and the ship came frequently to anchor, she suffered little from sea-sickness. Shortly after going on board all the feverish symptoms disappeared, and she has returned home with her health greatly invigorated.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 10th June, we sailed from Aneiteum for Fotuna. The wind was light, but fair; the sea was calm, and the sailing pleasant. In the evening we had worship on board conducted by missionaries and teachers in no fewer than six different languages, viz: English, Samoan, Rarotonga, Aneiteum, Fotuna and Eromangan. In how many of the one hundred and forty learned universities of Europe could the worship of God be conducted in as many living languages as on board of the missionary barque?

The "John Knox" made her maiden mission trip in company with the "John Williams." Mr Geddie took charge of the "John Knox," but Captain Williams very kindly allowed one of his best seamen to assist Mr. Geddie in the management of the vessel and in the training of our native crew.

(to be Continued)

An Indian Lover.—Miss Bishop, the writer of "Floral Home," who went to Minnesota as a teacher, received an offer of marriage from an Indian. He came to her dwelling decked in all his finery—scarlet flannel, rings, feathers, newly scoured brass ornaments and bear's claws—and, through an interpreter, announced to her that she must be his wife. It was urged that he had one wife. He replied, "All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one." As an extra inducement, he promised that she could have the best corner of the lodge, hunt by his side, and eat with him, while the dark squaw was to hush the papoose, cook the food, carry the game, hoe the corn, and provide wood and water. Miss Bishop, a little in fear of the "green eyed-monster," even if the other claimant did hold an inferior position, declined the distinction. The Indian then begged a dollar to buy a shirt and left with a haughty air. Next day he was drunk. But Miss Bishop's associate almost fared worse. She had only been a few weeks in the country, and was ignorant of Indian customs. A young warrior smitten with her, called often. Hoping to be rid of him, she gave him a ring. He interpreted it as a token of partiality, and returned to take her to his lodge. The next day he again returned, with six young braves, to compel her to go with him. Explanations and interference saved her.

The Ottoman Government, besides the punishment it is to inflict on the authors of the massacre of Jeddah, offers, it is said, a sum of 150,000f to the families of the English and French Consuls who have been assassinated.

It is said that several American counts have been made in Italy, in this way: The Pope, not being able to finish a certain railway for lack of money, offered the title of count to every foreigner who would subscribe a sum of $5000 to the road.

The circulation in France of the London *Times* is restricted to a single copy, and that is sent in a sealed envelope *via* Boulogne, addressed to Napoleon himself.

ROME'S DEVICES.

Some of the New York daily papers publish a circular appeal from Archbishop Hughes to the people of his diocese, for subscriptions to enable him to erect in that "metropolis of the American continent" a cathedral of vast dimensions. That goodly city has already a cathedral dedicated to the tutelar Saint of Ireland; but it is now to have another—two in honour of the same saint!—one, the "great new St. Patrick's cathedral," on the fashionable Fifth Avenue, not to be consecrated until it is completed; and another on unfashionable Mulberry street, already consecrated, although unfinished. This latter, we suppose, will be denominated St. Patrick the less. We elsewhere read of James the less, but St. Patrick the less is name not to be found, we believe, on any calendar.

After informing the faithful of the city of New York that he hopes to find among them one hundred persons who will subscribe one thousand dollars each for the first instalment of one hundred thousand dollars, the Archbishop says:—"The names of subscribers to this first year's expenditure shall be engrossed on parchment, and deposited with other memorials in the cavity of the corner-stone, where, though unseen by men, they will be under the eyes and protection of God, and may turn up for honour and mercy on the day of judgement (!) These names, however, of the first patrons of the new St. Patrick's cathedral will be handed down to posterity, embalmed in the traditions, and cherished in the memories of future generations—a glorious example and edification, not only to the people of New York, but also of the whole United States and the Catholic world."

In the year 1517 a Dominican monk was employed in Germany in selling indulgences; the larger part of the proceeds of his sales was to be appropriated in completing the great cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. There is here a singular similarity in the objects presented by the monk and the Archbishop. But if any one will compare the language used by the two, he will be struck with the bold, coarse, and irreverent terms, and the confident assurance of the Dominican,* and the more cautious, modest phraseology, and not very elegant fortuitous "may turn up" of the Archbishop.

Rome has not changed; she herself would protest against such an allegation, but progress and Protestantism have forced her to alter her method of proceeding. The same doctrine lies at the foundation of each application, but the manner of inculcating it is very different.

It occurs to us to ask what the Archbishop will do with the names of those on whom he intends to call for one hundred dollars each, in order to make up the second instalment of one hundred thousand dollars; and then with the others who are to give the balance of half a million of dollars before he has recourse to a loan. Where are places to be found for all, and how will their chance of turning up be graduated? But we must be satisfied to wait until he shall have arranged the whole, and is ready to announce the matter to the world.

* See Merle d'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, vol. 1. p. 241.

JESUS YOUR BEST FRIEND.

Beware, then, that your best Friend does not become a lost Friend. Your present course of guilt is tending to alienate him for ever from you. His patience has been amazing, but you are rapidly exhausting it. It should startle you to think that you know not the boundary of his forbearance, and know not of course, how near that limit you may this moment be. A few more repulses of infinite love, perhaps but one, may settle this great question, causing his mercy to be clean gone for ever.

Our anguish at the loss of a friend is in proportion to the clearness of our views of the value of his friendship. Look, then, at the value of Christ's friendship in the light of his infinite attributes, and the blessings he is able to bestow. The loss is great to be an alien and a stranger to such a friend, in the present life. What brightness his friendship can throw over the dark scenes of adversity! What cheerless midnight in that bosom that enjoys none of the beams of the Son of Righteousness! How gloomy, without him, the valley of the shadow of death!

And what an opportunity Eternity will furnish, for estimating the loss of such a friend! There will be no dimness of the mental eye. No worldly cares or pleasures will prevent intensity of thought upon that dreadful theme. With what terrible vividness will all the expressions of the lost Friend's kindness, recur to the mind! His power and willingness to save, his tender sympathy, his humiliation, and his sufferings, his patience, his invitations and his promises; what topics of thought, as life's unfolded map receives the terrific brightness of the beams of truth as they shine in eternity! Beware that you do not encounter in eternity the dreadful fact, that your Friend is a lost Friend.

Jews and the Saviour.—The London *Record* says:—It has become a fashionable practice with modern Judaism to disown, and that in the strongest terms, all feeling of hostility to the Christian religion. A letter recently appeared in one of the daily papers, in which the writer, a Jew, protests against the common belief that Jews must necessarily be the opponents of Christianity. He maintains that, so far from this being the case, the Jews are enjoined by their most venerated authorities highly to reverence the work of Jesus Christ, who was one of the greatest agents employed by God in preparing the way for the coming of the true Messiah!

Working Christians.—Learn to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your ownselves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not; and yet you will not speak to him? See, here you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said, "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? O, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! how few for Christ and his people. This is not like a servant. —*McCheyne.*