

present year—the *Non*, and Rev. Samuel Wallbridge, in a valuable pamphlet, entitled "The Bible in Italy, in 1851;" for this reason what happened to himself on the borders of the Pontifical States.—At the various Custom-houses of Italy, books and annals are the principal, I may say the only things, about which the searchers evince any zeal. I had with me, while travelling, only two books of a not a controversial character—controversial, I mean, in the opinion of Rome—were Jewett's "Apology for the English Church," in Latin, the other Jewett's copy of *Il libro della Bibbia*. It was purchased by my wife, twelve years ago, and, besides bearing her maiden name and the date 1839 on the title-page, it exhibited its binding manifest proofs that it had been long and frequently used. It so happened, that in returning from Naples to Rome, this bible was put into one of our portmanteaus. On arriving at Terracina, the frontier town of the Pontifical States, that portmanteau was opened at the Custom-house. "The Italian bible was second covered," immediately it was seen the searcher exclaimed, with the air of the utmost horror, "Una Bibbia!" A second person added, "Una Bibbia Italiana;" while a third exclaimed, "E' Dondati!" I was absent at the moment. On returning, I pointed out that it was only for personal use. I assured them that it would not be given away; but in vain. The principal Custom-house officer, taking it up, opened it, and, turning to the back of the title-page, exclaimed, "E' vino della propaganda!" It bore the impress of the Bible Society, and the Bible Society he meant, when he spoke of the *propaganda*. The bible was taken away. I thought that we might ourselves proceed. No such thing. For three hours and a half was I detained under arrest at Terracina, and it was only by going twice to the governor's house, and almost forcing myself into the governor's sick room, that I succeeded in procuring permission to go forward. Before, however, I did proceed, my English Book of Common Prayer, with its small English treatise on a part of the Apocalypse (containing no reference to popery), were taken from me. The Custom-house officers did not know English, but they said that the books might contain much evil. All this was done on the authority of a letter received that morning from Rome, commanding that all clandestine books should be seized, and the letters detained. Upon my representing this to the *legato* of the district, he expressed his regret at what had happened; the Minister of Finance at Rome did the same; both said that a mistake had been committed. But can the Government, under which such a mistake can happen, be said to permit their people the free use of the Bible? I must add, that in spite of repeated promises to the contrary, neither the bible nor either of the other books was returned to me. On my representing the case to the late Mr. Shill, the British Minister at Rome, he (while professing his willingness to take up the matter) told me, that after a year's correspondence he would probably be able to recover my books, but certainly would obtain no apology from the Government of Rome; for, as he remarked, the Custom-house officers had the law on their side, and my case was only another proof how true the proverb, *Summum jus, summa injuria*."

STENOGRAPHS.

Now I think we can demand nothing less for our protestant fellow-subjects resident in countries with which we are in terms of amity or treaty, than full and unrestricted liberty; or, to express it in the language of a recent article in the *Edinburgh Review*, "whatever the Church of Rome is entitled to expect from Protestant Governments, Protestant Governments must be entitled to expect from the Church of Rome." We give it to the subjects of all other governments, and we must have it for our own subjects in return. We mean by this, liberty of assembling for worship in a place known to be set apart to protestant service—liberty of preaching in the native tongue of the country, and of preaching to the natives of that country, if they will come—liberty of circulating the word of God, and religious tracts, without subjecting the individual to arrest and punishment, as was the case not long since with Captain Fakhruddin, and the deposition in the *Times*. All this may not be granted at the first; but all this must be demanded from the first, because less than this would be inconsistent at once with those rights to which even *Romanists* in this country have been taught to appeal, and inconsistent with what becomes the dignity of Britons and of British Governments to accept. When Englishmen and English cabinets come to feel, as it becomes them, on this matter, they will feel that the honour of our country is bound up with safety to the person, and protection to the conscience, of every British subject, in whatever land he may sojourn; that the foreign power which violates the liberty of one Briton, tramples on the honour of all; and even as Paul found his privileges as a Roman citizen saving him from bonds, so every British citizen should feel, that to be able to say, in any quarter of the world, "I am a Briton," shall be a shield of defence around his person and his worship.—*Erin, Christ.*

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D.

The death of Archibald Alexander, the venerable senior Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., has filled the Church with mourning—with mourning which may be said to be praise and thanksgiving to the God of the living and the dead.

The following has been condensed from a very eloquent and appropriate discourse delivered by the Rev. S. Irenæus Faine, and published in the *New York Observer*:—

Archibald Alexander was born April 17, 1771, in Virginia, near the banks of the South River, and about fifteen miles from the Natural

Bridge. His ancestors were Scotch, and both his immediate parents emigrated to Ireland, and afterwards to America, in seeking refuge among the Scotch-Irish, a stock that has produced some of the noblest men of the Church and State.

After a long, severe, and painful season of spiritual conflict, through which he was made to pass, that he experience he might afterward know how to succeed those who are suddenly tried, he was led to the enjoyment of the life of God in the soul, and soon to devote himself to the sacred ministry. Mr. Alexander was for about two years less teacher in divinity, and on the first day of October, 1791, just sixty years and one month ago, he was commissioned by the Synod of *Leaving on* to preach the gospel of Christ. As a missionary preacher through the mountain regions of Virginia, and in parts that now belong to Ohio, he travelled widely proclaiming the way of life to the ignorant and destitute, and gathering the flock into the fold of Christ. Preaching without money, with strange discrimination of personal experience, for, as a young, and with a fervency of thought and ardour of delivery rare in the young or aged, he spread the doctrines of divine truth wherever he went, and sowed seed that has produced successive harvests far more than half a century, and will continue to bear fruit till the angels are sent forth to gather the last sheaves.

His power as a preacher, and the reputation for genius, piety, and learning, which he acquired at a period of life when most men are beginning to preach, may be learned from the fact, that at the extraordinary age of twenty-five, he was called to the Presidency of Hampden-Sydney College. This was in 1797. Probably in no country, unless we except the case of Wm. Pitt, Prime Minister of England, at twenty-two, was such distinguished reputation won so early. A year was one earned that was none too soon. In addition to his labours as President of the College, he was pastor of three churches in Prince Edward, Charlotte and Cumberland counties. Such service was beyond the physical abilities of the youthful President, and in 1801, he resigned his post, but returned again after spending part of the year 1802 in travelling by horseback, in the Northern and Eastern States. Before he made this tour he had fears that he was declining into pulmonary consumption; a reasonable reprieve enabled him to recover health and strength, and a long life of usefulness was saved to the Church and the world.

In 1806, Mr. Alexander accepted a call to the pastoral charge of the Third Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, corner of Pine and Fourth Streets. Here he was an eminently useful preacher and pastor, and here he taught his school till he died, an able, learned and persuasive minister of Christ. His systematic and systematic views of the world of God, preparing them for the ministry of reconciliation. She looked around among all her pastors and men of learning and wisdom, for the man to be a guide for her youth, to mould their minds and to form their views in the great science of divine truth. There were grants to those days, and among them all the humble was thrown on the shoulders of Archibald Alexander. Single handed and alone he was sent to Princeton in 1812, to lay the foundation of that school of the prophets, from which has now been taken its "master and head." In 1812, he was joined by Dr. Miller, who was called to the Seminary from the First Presbyterian Church, New York; together, they laboured, with mutual respect, confidence, affection and harmony, until they were parted like the two prophets, Elijah and Elisha, by the ascension of one to his reward and joy in the month of January, 1850.

How did he die? He died as he lived. Until about five weeks ago, he continued to perform full duty in the Seminary, and to maintain his usual amount of study. Old age had long been on him. The thirtysix years and ten were numbered, and by reason of strength they were even four score. "But his bow abode in strength." He was stricken with dysentery, which had been prevailing to some extent in that region, and the fears of his many friends were at once awakened that he would be lost. His four last weeks were at once a season of trial and a season of glory. He continued to sink gradually, conscious that his days were numbered and the time of his departure was at hand. One son (the Rev. J. W. A.) was upon the ocean, and the father earnestly desired that he might see him ere he died. The desire was granted, and more, for the son returned just one week before the father fell asleep.

Calling to his bedside the Professor, on whom his mantle falls he gave him the most intimate expression of his views respecting the future of the Seminary, dearer to him in death than in life, and having committed it to him who is the head over all things for the Church, he was ready to depart.

By a remarkable but deeply interesting direction of divine Providence, the Synod of New Jersey one year ago, adjourned to meet in Princeton, on the third of Tuesday in October, 1851. It came, too, as the day before the one on which their venerable father expired. He was carried forward to their meeting with great pleasure, and a few days before, with a power of memory rare, perhaps unparalleled, in perfect health, he repeated over the names of one hundred and fifteen of the ministers of that body who had been his pupils! A sweet thought to each of them that they were thus recalled in the dying hours and pinyers of one they so revered. His memory of his pupils was as fresh as the memory of an infant school. He had a distinct recollection of each one of them, their location and progress, watching them in all their ways like a father watcheth the children of his love.

"Death never appeared to me so delightful as now, when it is near; he said to those around him, and often as strength allowed he spoke of the peace that dwelt in his soul. The records of these last hours will be pre-