

highly coloured ; but, when the lecturer becomes the author, and writes his sentiments in the calmness of the study, we necessarily then look for precision and correctness. Mr. Chiniqy has written the book bearing the significant title "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional," and in doing so, he has related his own experience. He testifies that which he has seen. He professes to deal with facts. There is no attempt at embellishment. True, some of the narrations are simply horrifying ; but, are they true ? We believe they are, and in consequence of the indifference of some Protestants at the rapid strides of Popery in our own midst, it is well that this little book has been published and sent forth as a thunderbolt to startle us from our slumbers. The author proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the "Confessional" is an instrument of deadly evil. It is the upas tree, which is spreading its poison through the length and breadth of the land, and ought immediately to be plucked up by the roots. When we read of the way in which the priest interrogates the female sex, it is difficult to retain our equilibrium, and we are led to wonder how men can act thus and so ; but then, the author shows that as true sons of the Church, the priests are compelled to pursue the course which is here stated. He quotes the standard authors of the Romish Church, such as Dens, Lignon, Debreque, &c., how that every priest must follow the directions therein stated. Of course, Mr. Chiniqy does not insinuate that the Church authorises the scenes of immorality which arise from the confessional, but he points out how that the celibacy of the priesthood, in connection with the confessional, produces such results as constantly occur where these exist. No one can read the book without feeling a degree of pity for those poor ignorant dupes who are enslaved by the Romish priesthood. This production of the pen of Father Chiniqy deserves the widest possible circulation. Scatter it broadcast throughout the Dominion.

E. B.

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A WRITER in the *Baptist Weekly* says: "A very hard-hearted clapper in an old church-tower professed the intensest distress because its bell was hopelessly cracked. Many people thought it a pitiable position, and wished the sad-hearted clapper a better bell. But just then the ghost of ancient Diogenes, the sage, floated in through the window, and whistled most angrily: 'Master Clapper, cease your noise, and remember, in the first place, *you* cracked the bell; and, secondly, nobody would have known it had you not told them.' I have often observed that those who bemoan divisions in a church are they who make them; and I also observe sometimes that they who make them are most ready to publish the fact; I have observed another fact, *viz.*, that all clappers are not of as good metal as the bells they crack."