

To gain possession of a secret no means are to be disregarded; not even those against our very nature. For a father and a mother to reveal the thoughts of their own child, or some so trustingly confided in them—a revelation which may lead to their death—is no great a crime that we cannot imagine one more base. And yet the Inquisition not sanctions, but enjoins it to be done daily. And this most infamous Inquisition, a hundred times destroyed, and as often renewed, still exists in Rome, as in the barbarous ages; the only difference being, that the same iniquities are at present practised there with a little more secrecy, and caution than formerly; and this for the sake of prudence, that the Holy See may not be subjected to the animadversion, and censures of the world at large.

Let it be distinctly understood and remembered, that this is not a description of the ancient, but of the modern Inquisition, and that which obtains at the present hour. The Book of the Dead is still there—the instruments of torture are unremoved—the cry of innocence is still unheard—the means of appeal have still no being—the earthly destitutes of both sexes and all ranks are still at the uncontrolled, irresponsible, unpublished, and unknown disposal of the terrible junta that manage this dread Institution.

#### SELF-REPROACH.

Not a day passes, but that we have reason to blame ourselves for some neglect of duty, or some so trustingly confided in them—the performance or the motive. When tried by the standard of God's will, "in many things we offend all, and in everything we come short"—and we cannot be too particular or too humble in our daily confessions before the throne of Divine Mercy.

We are so far from discharging all our duties to our kindred, and our dearest friends even, that in looking back we cannot help finding occasion for regret and self-reproach in many things, though at the time we might have thought but little of it. "Thus ought to put us on our guard, and stimulate us to do better in time to come.

But while in the eye of every deficient there is, it is more than possible to see on the other side. Persons sometimes blame themselves for neglect, for which in the eye of God they are not guilty; and therein, however unconscious they may be of it, virtually reflect upon the All-wise dispositions of His Providence.

A husband, wife, or child, is taken ill. The symptoms are not of such a character as to excite any alarm. Such simple remedies are applied as have succeeded well in similar cases, but without effect—After some delay a physician is sent for. He sees no immediate danger, and his prescriptions do not arrest the disease. The patient grows worse; everything that medical skill can suggest and apply is done, in vain. The patient goes steadily on, and the patient dies. It is an awe-inspiring affliction, and the thought of the bereaved dwells upon all the circumstances, till they ripen into the bitterest self-reproach.

"Why did I let the child go out that stormy day? Or why, when I gave my consent, did I let him or her go so thinly clad? Why, when I found symptoms of fever, didn't I send for the doctor sooner? It might then have been broken up. Alas, how stupid and blind I was. I shall always blame myself for this unaccountable neglect as long as I live. In all probability the dear child might now have been alive and well, if the case had been attended to in some of these self-reproaches. An inflammation fastens upon one imagined neglect and sometimes upon another. "Why, when I found the doctor's prescriptions did not arrest the disease, didn't I send for another to consult with him? It might have saved the child." Or, "why didn't I watch with him on that critical night, when the disease was coming to a crisis, and administer the medicine at the regular hours, instead of trusting to the watchers who fell asleep, perhaps, just when it should have been given?" Or, "why did I let the dear boy go into the water and be drowned. It is true there did not appear to be any danger, and I never allowed him to go alone; but, oh! if I had kept him at home that fatal morning, he would not have been torn from me." Or the bereaved mother says, "I was afraid to have him go, so many boys have been drowned at one time or another; but I gave my permission. It was my fault, and I shall never forgive myself.

Such are some of the thousand self-reproaches, by which persons make themselves miserable, in reflecting on the circumstances of their bereavement. "Tis more they judge in such reflections, the more blameable do they appear in their own eyes; and some go sorrowing down to the grave, almost as if they had directly occasioned the death of those most dear to them.

Now, I do not question, but that some who mourn the sickness and loss of friends, have great reason to blame themselves for it. There are mothers, even, who are criminally neglectful of the health and lives of their offspring. They, however, do not belong to the class which I have been describing, but to a much lower grade in society—the ignorant, debased and vicious. Those who are the most unconscious of blame, commonly, most deserve it. And I will not affirm that the most affectionate and best principled parents never have any reason to blame themselves, for want of forethought and care, when their children are sick or exposed. Such cases when they occur may well give them pain, and they should make them more watchful in future. Many very affectionate Christian parents, too, are, I am afraid, much to blame for not studying the laws and conditions of health in their families far more than they do. There are now so

many reliable treatises on the subject, within the reach of all, that to remain ignorant on the subject is quite inexcusable.

But, after all, there is no good reason for some of the most poignant self-reproaches which are indulged. Friends do not commonly, they do not often die for want of reasonable care and forethought. Except in severe attacks of disease, parents and others are in general sober and more alarmed than physicians are, when they are first called in, and are more anxious to have more done than the case requires. And whatever the disease or danger may be, one thing is too often overlooked. Not only are we all under the sentence of death, but it is the purpose of God to take the young away, as well as the old—the little child and the blooming youth, as well as the men of grey hairs, and no human care can frustrate the purpose. God has "appointed our bounds that we cannot pass, and the number of our months is with him." When his time has come to remove a member of our beloved families, he sends some disease or fatal casualty to do the work. If we could ward off the stroke, our friends would never die. We call in the physician, we use means, and it is right we should, because "the times are in his hands; and we know them not. But when the fatal blow is struck, we know that his hand hath done it. He giveth life, and he taketh it away at the very moment which he had predetermined. No one ever lived a moment longer, or ever will, whatever means may be used to avert the stroke. In saying this, I do not forget that God has furnished means which are blessed to keep off sickness, and to cure diseases; nor that men often avert sickness or bereavements in his mysterious providence, which should be referred to their own violation of the laws of their physical nature. All this I believe and freely admit. But still there is a controlling Divinity above that would not let us "live always," were we ever so obedient to those laws.

And let us beware that we do not sin by the indulgence of unavailing regrets and self-reproach, when there is no ground for it. We have but too many sins to repent of, without resorting to any supererogation. God does not require us to blame ourselves for not using more or better means for preserving the lives of those whom we love, than we have used according to our best judgment. When, after all, a child dies, instead of searching for some blameable neglect, where we have tried to do our duty, we ought to look to the Lord and Him who appointed it; and to say with the Psalmist, "I was dumb, and opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." The other lesson which any sore bereavement teaches us, is not in all ordinary cases far more important than that we must send for the doctor sooner in future cases of sickness, or use other means of prevention or cure more diligently. It is to be feared that many exhaust their repentings in brooding over unavailing and unmerited self-reproaches, to the neglect of a really sorrow, which workers repentance, but he is less to be repented of." Indeed, it may well be doubted whether such a frame of mind is compatible with true resignation to the will of God in our bereavements. Surely we ought to be exceedingly watchful lest, while we blame ourselves, we, in our hearts, murmur at him for bereaving us, since with infinite ease he could have averted the stroke. I believe that those who are most truly resigned, and who use the hand of God most to his acceptance, spend the least time in thinking how their bereavements might have been avoided and reproaching themselves for not having done more to ward them off.—N. Y. Evangelist.

How to get a GOOD PASTOR.—The people in one of the out-parishes in Virginia wrote to Dr. Rice, who was then at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, for a minister. They said they wanted a man of first-rate talents, for they had run down considerably, and needed building up. They wanted one who could write well, for some of the young people were very nice about that matter. They wanted one who could visit a good deal, for their former minister had neglected that and they wanted to bring it up. They wanted a man of very gentlemanly deportment, for some thought a great deal of that. And so they went on describing a perfect minister. The last thing they mentioned was they gave their minister three hundred and fifty dollars; but if the Doctor would send them such a man as they described, they would raise another fifty dollars, making it four hundred dollars. The Dr. sat down and wrote a reply, telling them they had better forthwith make out a call for old Dr. Dwight in heaven; for he did not know of any one in this world who answered that description. And as Dr. Dwight had been living so long on spiritual food, he might not need so much for the body, and possibly might live on four hundred dollars.

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