

The cause being of God, and his faithfulness pledged for its ultimate success, there is, in these apparently adverse providences, no cause for despondency—rather should there be drawn from them an argument for increased exertion.

"God shall judge his people in righteousness, And shall break in pieces the oppressor."

The following extract from letters written by a gentleman who was lately a prisoner in the Inquisition in Rome, shows that Lord Palmerston exercised an influence highly beneficial to the interests of civil and religious freedom:—

"It would perhaps interest you to hear the account of Signor Pasquali's adventures after my imprisonment; I should like you to do so from his own lips, but that being impossible, I will attempt to tell you, as briefly as I can, all that occurred to him. No sooner were my friends apprized of my arrest, than they hastened to the convent where I lodged, and sought out my room at the very time when the Father Inquisitor, accompanied by the notary, was engaged in examining my books and papers. Signor Pasquali was desirous of going in, and asking the Inquisitor what had become of me, but this was not allowed. On the contrary, my three friends were summarily dismissed by the Superior of the Convent, who told them they were the cause of my imprisonment and my ruin. They next proceeded to the Swiss Consul, to beg him to demand that I should be set at liberty. The Swiss Consul is an excellent gentleman, he manifested much concern at my misfortune, and said he would certainly have interposed his good offices, but that he foresaw they would prove useless. Switzerland, he observed, was an insignificant power, which the Court of Rome did not fear.

My friends now made use of the most strenuous endeavours to penetrate the Inquisition and see me, but all in vain.

One day, in the dusk of the evening, Signor Pasquali was walking alone in a remote street, when a man of gentlemanly appearance presented himself to his notice, saluted him politely, and mentioned that he was a great friend of the Swiss Consul's, whose house he had seen him visit, adding that the Consul had confided to him the fact of my imprisonment, that he could obtain Pasquali an interview with me, and that the present was the most opportune occasion to secure it. Signor Pasquali, incapable of deceit himself, gave easy credence to his unknown companion, and committed himself to his guidance. They both entered the palace of the Inquisition—the unknown disappeared in the apartments of the Father Commissioner, and Signor Pasquali awaited him in an ante-chamber. In a few minutes a jailer came forward, told Signor Pasquali to follow him, held open a prison door, invited him to enter, and as soon as he had done so shut it upon him. Pasquali immediately perceived the snare in which he had been entangled, but it was too late to release himself.

The same proceedings were speedily taken with him as with me on the first evening of my arrival. Meanwhile, Mr. Sweetman and Mr. Manson were in a state of great agitation on their friend's account. They went to the police, who knew nothing of him, and then to the English Consul: and as Signor Pasquali was furnished with an English passport, the Consul, who was well acquainted with the Court of Rome, immediately despatched a note to the Secretary of State, requesting him to give an account of the individual in question. The Secretary of State replied that every thing in his power should be done.—Meanwhile days and weeks passed on, and nothing more was heard of Signor Pasquali.

One day a man presented himself to Mr. Manson, saying that he had obtained tidings of Signor Pasquali, which he would faithfully disclose, and point out a certain method of saving him, provided he was well recompensed, and received a pro-

mise of absolute and perpetual silence. The gratuity demanded was 100 scudi, and Mr. Manson was required to take an oath never to make known the person of his informant. Mr. Manson promised to give the 100 scudi if he found it all true. This contented the other, who revealed his friend's place of imprisonment.

Meanwhile Signor Pasquali had undergone his first examination, and as he was a dogmatizing heretic, it was conducted with the greater solemnity. The Father Commissioner, Monsignor the Assessor, the Attorney General, two Counsellors, and a Notary, were all seated round a large table in the Judgment Hall. Signor Pasquali was brought forward, and ordered to be sworn. "The Lord has instructed us," said Pasquali, "not to swear at all. I am not accustomed to tell falsehoods, but to let my communication be yea, yea, nay, nay. God will assist me to speak the truth; but in matters of so little moment I do not swear."

The Father Commissioner then inquired to what religious sect he belonged? Signor Pasquali replied, like St. Paul, "After the way that ye call heresy I serve the God of my fathers: I believe all that is written in the Word of God: in short, I am a Christian."

The Father Commissioner continued, "However, you belong to a separate sect of the Church of Jesus Christ?"

"That is false," rejoined Signor Pasquali, "I belong to the Church of Jesus Christ, and to no sect. The Church of which, by God's mercy, I am a member, has existed from apostolic times, and has always preserved apostolic doctrine."

Then one of the Counsellors took up the subject, and began to enter into discussion with him. Pasquali's eyes glistened at the opportunity thus afforded him of proclaiming the Gospel in the congregation of the Scribes and Pharisees. "The sole, catholic, apostolic, and Roman Church," said the Counsellor, "is the pillar and ground of the truth."

"Reverend Father," interrupted Pasquali, "there St. Paul was speaking of the Church of Jesus Christ, not of the Church of Rome. I will show where he spoke of the Church of Rome. 'After my departure,' said he to the Christians of Ephesus, (Acts xx.) 'I know that grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them.'—Here the apostle speaks of you; but does so still more fully in the fourth chapter of the first Epistle to Timothy.—Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron." And once more, hear what is written in the second chapter of the second Epistle to the Thessalonians.

But at this point the Father Commissioner rose from his seat, and all the rest with him, exclaiming, "He is an absolute heretic, have him below."

Pasquali was immediately conducted to a narrow subterranean prison, where the light of day never penetrated, and perhaps we were both destined to be thrown together into one of those furnaces of which I have told you.

Meanwhile Mr. Manson, at the suggestion of the Unknown, went, in company with Mr. Sweetman, to the English Consul's, and informed him of Pasquali's imprisonment. The course he had been advised to adopt was as follows:—That the English Consul should obtain audience of the Pope, speak with great resolution as though under orders from his Government, and authoritatively demand the immediate liberation of Signor Pasquali; adding, that in case of refusal, he must write that very day to Lord Palmerston. "Be assured," the Unknown had continued, "that at this juncture, Lord Palmerston's name will make the Pope tremble, but it is most essential the interview should be private, and so managed that no one else knows of it."

The Consul immediately put on his uniform and went to the Pope's palace; he entered the

ante-chamber with an air of great solicitude, as if he was charged with most important communications, approached the Chamberlain, and demanded a formal audience, as though on the most pressing business. He obtained it, and comported himself in such a manner as to alarm the Pope, who promised to liberate Signor Pasquali. But the Consul was not satisfied; he said that the post would leave in one hour, and that he must send the positive result by that day's post, and consequently begged his Holiness to write him the order for Signor Pasquali's liberation.—"Since," he added, "your Holiness has consented to set him at liberty in the course of the day, an hour more or less must be immaterial."

The Pope then wrote the order of liberation and consigned it to the Consul, who set off with all speed to the Holy Office, presented the order and demanded that Pasquali should be immediately given up to him.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when the two friends welcomed the Consul's return to the Consulate, accompanied by Signor Pasquali, who was so wasted by his month's imprisonment, that they would scarcely have recognized him. The Consul begged them to take something to eat, while their passports were made out for Malta, where he would forward their baggage. "You must set forth at once," said he, "or the Pope may recover from his surprise and revoke his favour."

WHAT SHOULD I GIVE.—It has been frequently wished by Christians, that there were some rule laid down in the Bible, fixing the proportion of their property which they ought to contribute to religious uses. This is as if a child should go to his father and say, "Father, how many times in the day must I come to you with some testimony of my love? how often will it be necessary to show my affection for you?" The father would of course reply, "Just as often as your feelings prompt you, my child, and no oftener." Just so Christ says to his people, "Look at me, and see what I have done and suffered for you, and then give me just what you think I deserve. I do not wish any thing forced."

STORY FOR BOYS.—It is related of a Persian mother, that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said, "Go my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assailed by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said, "forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." He laughed thinking he jested. Another asked him the same question, and he received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him the same question, and he said, "I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you to tell this?" said he. "Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be the same in the path of virtue;" and they instantly made restitution of spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

There is a moral in this story, which goes beyond the direct influence of the mother on the child. The noble sentiment infused into the breast of the child, is again transfused from breast to breast, till those who feel it know not whence it came.—*Mrs. W. Hutton's Magazine.*