be 'Spirit and life.' Light from above entered her heart, and all was peace and brightness, where before had been darkness and sorrow. Her joy was now as great as her grief had been previously; she no longer feared death—she only viewed it as the entrance to eternal life. Eagerly she devoured the sacred book, and gained increasing happiness from every line. How different are God's words from those of men!

"One evening in the month of May, Mrs A—— wished to be taken to the open window. An easy chair was placed for her, in which she sat gazing on the beautiful view before her. She knew her time would not be long on earth; and, therefore, she availed herself of that opportunity of speaking to her daughters, who were kneeling on each side of her, on many subjects of mutual interest, until, from exhaustion, she could speak no more; but a placid smile played over her pale features, and the joy which filled her soul shone through the bright but sunken eyes.

"She was looking at the prospect from the window, and Bessie mechanically did the same, and was struck by the contrast presented before her. All nature was bursting into life, and the bright sun was adding increased beauty to the scene. She turned from it, and looked at her mother, on whose face death was evidently marked; but her clear blue eyes were brighter still, and seemed to express that which she had not strength to utter. At length she broke the silence, saying, with great emphasis, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' The exertion was too great, she fell back in the chair; and they were the last words she spoke. She was carried back to her bed, and soon her spirit left its mortal clay, to enter on the realisation of those promises which had cheered her dying bed."

The two sisters were struck by all these circumstances, and communicated their thoughts on the subject to each other. They knew how strictly their mother had observed all the ordinances of the church, and how consistent a Romanist she had in every respect been. They marked how utterly unable the priests were to give her any comfort, or to allay her anxieties; and how it was in the Bible alone that she had found the peace which her soul craved. And yet they knew that, as a general rule, the Bible was withheld from the people, or, at all events, never allowed to any except on urgent solicitation. "Why is this?" they asked. "Why did they not tell our dear mother to read the Scriptures?"—a question which they discovered, on reading it for themselves, that God had *enjoined* the perusal, which the church *forbade*, or, at best, in some rare instances, *tolerated*. A deathbed of a similar kind, which the elder sister soon after witnessed, powerfully deepened these impressions. She thus describes it:—

"A friend with whose family I was staying for a while in Dublin, was suddenly attacked with illness. I hardly ever left him for nine days and nights, and on the tenth he died. For the first few days after the commencement of his illness, there were hopes of his recovery, and he often spoke with pleasure of the future, for all was bright before him. But oh! the struggle, the agony of soul he felt when hope could flatter him no longer. I only, of all those concerned, knew the terrors that assailed him; and it was well that I alone should know, for his physicians had commanded perfect quiet, and he himself desired that a priest should not be sent for. During health, moral excellence in his professional character, and amiability in his private life, inspired him with confidence towards God; but when driven to contemplate aright the being summoned into His immediate presence, his heart condemned him, and he cast off every hope. His works had never been the works of faith; he was a stranger to the 'spirit of adoption.'—(Rom. viii.)

"My opportunities of speaking to him were not many; but while he owned himself unfit for heaven, and groaned with anguish from 'a certain fearful looking-for of judgment,' I prayed that true repentance might be given him, and faith, so that he should find himself at peace with God, 'being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.'—(Rom. iii., 24, 25.) Yes, hour after hour I prayed, leaning on the promises of Christ; I poured out my heart before God, and, blessed be his name, he delivered me from all my fears. He saved the object of my care. Within the last few days of his short illness, his feelings underwent a change, and he professed to those about him not only resignation to the will of God, but happiness at the thought of being removed from all most dear to him on earth; and in this frame of mind, relying wholly on the merits of his Saviour's blood and all-sufficient grace, resigned his spirit.

"A little while before, not more than half an hour, he said to me, 'Now, you will give me up; I am going to my God. Oh! may he bless you greatly!'

"'Will you go,' I asked, 'with confidence in Jesus as your Saviour?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'with perfect confidence in him as my Saviour, for I believe he suffered all that was needful for my sins.'

"I watched him to the last, and witnessed perfect confidence. Glorious thought! He owned himself a hell-deserving sinner, but, enlightened by the Holy Ghost, he saw in all its fulness the fulfilment in Christ of that prophecy—'He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed.'—(Isa. liii. 5.) And seeing, he believed, as the apostle did, who said, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'—(1 John i. 9.) And thus believing, he experienced peace and joy, such as the Romans were instructed in of old.—(Rom. v.)"

The illustrations afforded by these two deathbeds, of the contrast between the "consolations of the church," as they are called, and the "consolations of Christ," as drawn from his Word, completely unsettled the faith of the two sisters in Romanism. Nor were they slow to avow their doubts. Dr. Doyle had, by the will of the mother, been appointed their guardian; in which capacity he frequently saw them, and showed them much attention and kindness. Bessie he viewed as his particular charge; expecting that she would soon become the inmate of a convent under his direction. Indeed, it had been fixed that she was to take that step whenever she had reached the age of fourteen. It was to him that they first broke the subject of their difficulties. He warned them against indulging such thoughts, and lent them books which he considered would set their minds at rest. Further, we are told that "he allowed them to read the Bible, but obliged them to promise that they would not look into any Protestant books, or speak on the subject to any but Roman Catholics." It was an unequal combat; but their sense of inferiority as mere reasoners to so practised a controversialist as Dr. Doyle, only led them the more earnestly to seek light and help from above; and, doing this, "out of weakness they were made strong." They kept the promise which Dr. Doyle had exacted. They read no Protestant book, and had recourse to no Protestant counsellor; but they gave themselves to "the Word and to prayer." And by such faith, "they removed mountains." Dr. Doyle saw them again, and again, and again; and at each interview laboriously did his utmost to relieve their doubts, and keep them in his fold; always sending them away with fresh books on the subjects of discussion. The more they read, and thought, and prayed, however, the more clearly did they become convinced that by clinging to their church they would be abandoning their Saviour; and at the close of the two years during which this extraordinary controversy lasted, they determined on abandoning Rome. A day and hour were appointed on which they were to give their final answer.

"They went to Dr. Doyle's house; he soon made his appearance, and sitting down between the sisters, he first turned to the elder one, and asked her if she still maintained the same opinion.

"She answered, firmly but respectfully, 'I will not weary you with a repetition of the opinions I have expressed; but they have not changed.'

"He then asked Bessie if she agreed with her sister? She said, 'Fully and entirely—our judgments on this matter are quite agreed.'

"He then rose and stood before them, and for not less than two hours gave a most impassioned address; in which, with all the powers of eloquence with which a deep interest in their welfare inspired him, he appealed first to their reason, and then to their affections and feelings, and ended by saying to Sarah—'And not content with throwing yourself into the dark abyss of error and perdition which yawns at your feet, you drag your young sister with you, and will have to account before the judgment-seat of God, for the ruin of her soul, as well as for that of your own.'

"He ended, and fell back in a chair, overwhelmed with fatigue and emotion.

"During all the time he spoke, Sarah had not moved a muscle, or raised her eyes from the ground, and when he had ceased, a sharp conflict was taking place within her between natural affection and conscience. She saw, by Dr. Doyle's agonised countenance, the deep grief he endured on their account, and she could not bear the thought of giving him pain; yet what could she do? 'We must obey God rather than men—'He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me'—and before her stood one who was the same to her as a father: but she must rather forsake him than God. Still, nature will feel the severing of earthly ties; and God's grace alone can enable any to make the sacrifice. She, therefore, lifted her heart in prayer to God for help; conscience prevailed; the struggle was over, and she turned to Bessie, and said, 'We had better return now.' She made an attempt to rise, but fell back, having lost the use of her limbs from a stroke of paralysis, brought on, it was supposed, by suppressing her emotion during that long, heart-rending speech, in which her feelings had been wrought to the highest pitch, and had either been too deep for manifestation, or she had exerted such a strong effort to suppress them, that it was too much for her strength.

"Dr. Doyle was by her side in an instant, deeply grieved at the result of the interview. He raised her, and urged her to make an effort to walk, but it was useless.

"He was most kind and affectionate; and, foreseeing that the report of this remarkable occurrence would be widely circulated, and would generally be considered a judgment from heaven for leaving 'the true church,' he told them he should use all his influence to prevent such a statement being made, and would explain to every one who should speak to him on the subject, that it arose purely from natural causes, and that if she had given full vent to her feelings, instead of restraining them as she did, it would never have occurred.

"Sarah was carried home, and confined to a sick room for some months; and during the whole remainder of her life, which was prolonged some years, she seldom could walk without help, and then only for a short distance.

"Thus were Bessie's prospects completely changed. It cost her a severe sacrifice to renounce all idea of becoming a nun, having always viewed the convent as a calm haven, wherein she would be sheltered from all storms and tempests, and with which every dream of future happiness had been connected. But now she must struggle on in the ocean of life against wind and tide, and breast many a wave of sorrow, without finding a resting-place, until she reached the heavenly shore."

The change in their faith soon became public, and the results were such as might have been expected in so dark a neighbourhood. They soon had reason to fear the worst from the fury of the Romish rabble; and Dr. Doyle (for whom they had still a great affection, and whose advice they asked) deemed it his duty to advise them to leave the neighbourhood. The incident which led to this is instructive.

"One Sunday, their cook, who was a Roman Catholic, returned earlier than usual from the mass, in great terror and dismay. She said that when she came to the church, she found a crowd collected outside, who were very noisy; and she had some trouble in making her way through them, but she did at last succeed in gaining the church. The mob continued increasing and becoming more tumultuous, standing on the steps of the church, and preventing either entrance to it, or departure from it. She had great difficulty in finding out the cause of this uproar; but at last she was told, 'that a report had spread that the two Miss A——s, who had left the church, were coming in a carriage, and the people were determined that heretics should not pollute that holy place.' Soon a close carriage made its appearance, and the mob rushed towards it, shouting, 'Death to the heretics! Death to the heretics!' and tried to overturn it. Those inside looked out of the windows, frightened and astonished; and it was with much difficulty the priests prevented mischief following, by assuring the people 'these were good Christians, and not the heretics they sought for.' Though the mob allowed these persons to enter the church in safety, they were not pacified, but continued very noisy and tumultuous. The poor cook trembled all over, fearing lest she should be recognised as their servant, and took the first opportunity of slipping through the crowd, and, hastening home, assured the Miss A——s that if they had been there, they would certainly have been killed.

"As under former difficulties, so now, the two sisters determined to apply to their friend and protector. Bessie, therefore, went to Dr. Doyle, and repeated the whole occurrence, and asked him if he could explain it. He merely answered, 'I have several times expressed an opinion that it would be better for you and your sister to live in some large city, where you would not be so well known; and now that this circumstance has occurred, I think it would be decidedly better for you to leave this neighbourhood without delay,' repeating emphatically the remark, which he had often made to her in confidence, that 'there were some in the diocese who were not under his jurisdiction;' alluding, as she understood him, to certain members of the 'Order of Jesus,' who are subject to no authority but that which is derived from the 'General' of their own order at Rome, to whom they are bound by the most solemn vows to yield implicit and unhesitating obedience. Whether Dr Doyle did in truth intend an allusion to them, or to the violence of the Rockites, cannot now be certainly known, since he did not farther explain himself."

They immediately acted on his advice, and went to live with some friends at Dublin. We cannot here trace their subsequent career; nor, indeed, is there any thing remarkable in its incidents. The writer always confines her attention to Bessie; and the account given of the development, by affliction and otherwise, of her spiritual nature, and of her walks of private usefulness, is very pleasing and attractive. She died at the early age of twenty-one—a year after her marriage. The following is the touching record of her last days:—

"On the 26th of April 1841, Bessie became the beloved wife of Mr. A. W——. No fond father or mother gave her away; but God, who makes orphans his especial charge, and promises to be a 'father to the fatherless,' raised up for her Christian friends, who tried to act the part of parents, and who felt honoured in being allowed to minister, even in a feeble measure, to one of his dear children.

"But even this cup of earthly happiness was mingled with bitterness. A few weeks after her marriage, a severe illness brought her very low, and for a short time her life was in danger; but God, in mercy to others, prolonged her days for a brief space.

"Not having met that dearly-loved friend after her marriage, in consequence of her having gone to live in a distant part of England, I can give no detailed particulars of that period; but as we kept up a constant intercourse by letters, I will make two extracts from them.

"The presentiment, to which allusion has been made, increased after her marriage. In the month of August, she wrote to her friend, saying:—

"'Perhaps our next meeting-place may be the house of many mansions, where all the children of our heavenly Father shall spend an eternity together! I feel as if my earthly journey were almost ended. My doctor says, I have not one alarming symptom; but I fancy such a fire (as it seems unquenchable) will shortly burn up the map of *animal* life. It cannot touch that everlasting life which is with Christ in God. Oh, no! His sheep shall never perish. . . . . My sleep is disturbed and unrefreshing; but my midnight hours, though wearisome to the body, are often seasons of rejoicing to my soul, which is then, as it were, alone with the Lord, enjoying uninterrupted communion with him. . . . . Oh! what a prayer is that in behalf of his disciples—'Father, I will that they whom thou has given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.'"

"Another extract from a letter to the same will be added:—

"'Jan. 1, 1842.—Your Bessie wishes you a happy new-year. May you, as its course rolls onward, rapidly advance in the narrow way of wisdom, which alone is truly pleasant. There, and there only, peace is to be found. Lean not to thine own understanding, pray for for the Spirit's guidance. He may lead you by a thorny path, very painful to the flesh, but not so to the soul, which is driven by those very trials to the bosom of its unseen but ever-present Friend. I speak from experience. I have proved his power to sustain and comfort me in various circumstances. When in danger of death for the truth's sake, I endured as seeing Him who is invisible. By faith I heard his voice, saying—'Fear not.' And when, from another cause, I seemed to be near the dark valley, what made the grave appear as little to be dreaded as my bed? Was it not the hope of a glorious resurrection? When first I saw you, I was almost broken-hearted. The world had become a dreary wilderness, in which I expected not to find an oasis. Yet, you say, I looked cheerful. Who had wiped away my tears? Not an earthly hand. And now that the scene has changed, what keeps my affections fixed on things above? My chief treasure is in heaven: Jesus, my risen Lord and Saviour, is the great attraction; I long for his appearing, when he will take me, and all his redeemed people, to be with him, in the Father's house. But while below, I shall thankfully enjoy the blessings he has given me. My beloved husband,' &c.

"'A few weeks before her death, she wrote to Mrs M——:—'I *long* to "depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." It is only when I think of others that I wish my life here below to be prolonged. As far as I myself am concerned, my heart would say, "Let me depart."'"

"On the 12th of March 1842, she became the mother of a little girl, but soon followed fever and delirium. In a brief interval of consciousness, she exclaimed, with a countenance quite illumined, 'Joy cometh! joy cometh! Oh, yes. But that heavenly joy was as the bright rose, that beams in beauty from amidst the sharp thorns of rending earthly sorrow.

"Deep and severe were the bodily sufferings of the mortal illness which immediately ensued. . . . .

"On the 17th, all excitement left her, and she was evidently sinking rapidly. Then the sorrowing husband hung weeping over that precious object of his affections, from whom he was soon to be severed. She threw her arms around his neck, and they shed tears together. But how different was their source; his were tears of unmingled sorrow at separation from her who had been to him as a ministering spirit. She, on the other hand, shed mingled tears of joy and grief; joy at the bright prospect which was opening before her—grief because she was leaving one she so tenderly loved, alone and disconsolate.

"She then gave him a text to express her perfect peace and confidence, 'I know in whom I have believed, and that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' Her last words were those of her dying sister, 'For ever with the Lord. Amen'—words that in health were often on her lips. Her husband asked, 'Is Christ precious?' She bowed her head in token of assent, and her happy spirit winged its way to those 'mansions of love,' where sin and sorrow are unknown. The conflict was for ever passed; she was sheltered in the bosom of Him whom her soul loved above all beside.

"'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'"

An interest, scarcely inferior to that which attaches to the subject of the memoir, is called forth in the mind of the reader by what is related concerning her guardian Bishop Doyle, who is here presented in a much more favourable light, than that in which Protestants have been accustomed to regard him. He occupied a very prominent position during the exciting controversies which preceded the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, being indeed "the priest" of the movement, as O'Connell was "the politician." And in his management of the theological part of the controversy, he was undoubtedly as unscrupulous as Romish polemics are wont to be, as was abundantly proved at the time, in connection with his evidence before the Parliamentary committee. We observe that a Romish print refers to the readiness with which he allowed Mrs A——n and her daughters to read the Bible, as an illustration of the falsehood of the prevalent Protestant notion as to the opposition of Rome to the circulation of the Scriptures. But the truth is, this permission was little to his credit. He had, not long before, publicly declared, in order to meet the exigencies of the controversy, that all Romanists of mature years *had* permission to read the Scriptures—a declaration flagrantly untrue, and on his part dishonest—but from which he could not, in individual cases, recile. At the same time, the various particulars of his connection with these two orphan girls, testify to the native warmth and kindliness of his heart, and dispose the reader to give more credit than he might otherwise do, to the inferences here drawn from the circumstances of his death. These are so extraordinary, that we must give them at length:—

"For some time past, Bessie had observed a decided change in his manner on religous subjects. He no longer argued in favour of Romanism, and even listened silently and attentively to whatever she said against it; and he often seemed lost in deep and anxious thought. She gave him a little book containing a text for every day in the year. He valued it very much, and always carried it in his waistcoat pocket, from which he often took it; read the text for the day; made remarks, and conversed with her upon it; taking more interest now in spiritual conversation than he had formerly done in political strife.

"For nearly a year before she left Carlow, she had noticed a great difference in his general health; he frequently complained of not feeling well, of great lassitude, and yet he did not suffer pain, and had no symptom of any disease; but he became thin and languid, without being able in any way to account for it. The fire of his eye was dimmed, and the power of his mind weakened. The two sisters were deeply grieved to leave him in that state, but they did not like to disregard the advice he had given; they therefore left Carlow, and went to live near some friends in Dublin.

"They had not been there long before they heard that their revered guardian was dangerously ill. They immediately started off to Carlow, but were not allowed to see him. They wrote frequently to ask for a time to be appointed when they might have an interview with him; a day was often fixed, but each time they were doomed to be disappointed. The priests who lived in his house made various excuses; and, in spite of their [illegible] without their having seen him.

"When informed of his death, they were told, at the same time, 'that he had requested the Holy Communion to be administered to him, and had died whilst in the act of partaking of it.' The sisters sent for the nurse who had attended him in his illness, and who had returned to her house as soon as he breathed his last, desiring her to come to them without delay. They asked her many particulars respecting him, and whether he had died taking the 'Communion.' She said, 'No; he had not taken it during his whole illness.' The woman was a Roman Catholic, and appeared dreadfully shocked to think that her bishop had died without either the Eucharist or Extreme Unction. She seemed possessed of very dull intellect; and either could not, or would not, repeat any thing he said. She represented that he hardly ever spoke, and suffered only from debility.

"During the last three months of his mortal career, he was closely guarded by the two priests who were with him, and they allowed no one to approach him but themselves and the nurse; thus no one saw him who could give any account of his state of mind. There must have been some special reason for keeping him a prisoner in his own house, with two priests for his jailers; and the general impression is, that he died a Protestant. Charlotte Elizabeth, in her 'Personal Recollections,' alluding to this, expresses a similar opinion; and an Irish lady, in speaking of him to the writer, said she had heard a report that he had been converted by the instrumentality of two young nieces. No doubt the Misses A——n were intended, and the mistake arose between wards and nieces. At all events, there seems little doubt that he died trusting in Jesus, for, in the little text-book which Bessie obtained after his death, there were several passages marked in pencil, especially those which alluded to the finished work of Christ for the salvation of sinners.

"'After his death, the body was laid out in state, and the public were admitted to see him. The two sisters availed themselves of this opportunity of beholding, for the last time, those features so dear to them both. When they entered the room, there were no other strangers present. He was dressed in full canonicals, a number of large wax tapers were burning around him, and several priests stood on each side chanting masses.

"As Sarah A—— stood at his feet, and gazed on that lifeless form, and thought how much more he could reveal, were he now living, of all that had passed in his mind, and all that had happened during the last three months, her indignation arose within her, and she looked sternly at the priests, and said, '*Now* that those lips are sealed in death, and can disclose nothing, we are permitted to see him; though, when he was alive you kept him a close prisoner, and allowed no one to approach him. *Now*, in solemn mockery, you dress him up in these gorgeous robes, when his soul is much more glorious in heaven, and you sing masses for him as if he were in that purgatory, which has no existence but in the vain imaginations of men.'

"The priests seemed electrified; they all ceased at the same instant, and fixed their eyes on the speaker. She met theirs calmly, but firmly, and said no more; and they, when they had recovered from their astonishment, continued their chaunting.

"It was a painful and melancholy scene. The two sisters returned to Dublin, feeling that their strongest tie to that neighbourhood was broken. A few months before, they had left Carlow very reluctantly, but now it brought so many sad recollections to their minds, that they hastened from it without regret."

We are not very partial to "deathbed conversions" of any kind; and the notoriously mendacious allegations of Romanists as to the deathbed changes of not a few illustrious Protestants, dispose us to the utmost caution in giving heed to such rumours. The particulars, however, in this case of Dr. Doyle as here stated, are very remarkable, and cannot well be explained, except on the supposition of a serious change having taken place in his religious views. The transparently ingenuous character of the young ladies themselves—the increased religious earnestness which marked his declining days—the close confinement in which, during his illness, he was kept by the priests—and his refusal to take the wafer or receive absolution—all point very strongly in this direction. Nor does even his previous career render it unlikely. For we can imagine nothing more desolate and self-reproachful than the dying thoughts of a man who, with a naturally warm and generous disposition, and occupying a position of commanding influence, finds in the end that he has been spending the whole strength of his life in vain—nay, worse than in vain—and that the multitudes of poor creatures around him, whom he might have blessed by an active Christian philanthrophy, he has cursed for time—it may be for eternity—by a reckless and fiery agitation. What wonder if, turning sick and sad from the miserable retrospect with such a life presented, he should have fled for refuge to that atoning and peace-speaking grace, which (blessed be God) is free even to him who, through a long lifetime, has been "a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious!"

The United States and Siberia.—The Russian goverment has issued a most important decree with reference to a future commercial intercourse between the United States and the people of Siberia. It is ordered that the teaching of the German language be discontinued in the public schools of Irkohtsk and superseded by the English, or as it is officially called, "*La langue Américane*," as the people on the banks of the Amoor river will have a more profitable trade with the United States than with Germany in a short time.

An Ohio Corn-field.—The Scioto is one of the great corn-fields of the State. Just across the river from Columbus is a single field of about six hundred acres, the stalks averaging from twelve to fourteen feet high, and will yield from thirty-five thousand to forty thousand bushels of corn. The field is on the farm of one thousand four hundred acres belonging to W. S. Sullivan of Columbus, and is cultivated by Mr. Dixon, who, during the planting and hoeing seasons, gives employment to forty hands—paying German women fifty-five cents and men seventy-five cents per day. The *Gazette* states that the German women are engaged in the fields the greater part of the summer, preferring field labour to household drudgery, and adds, "In gathering the crop they perform the labour of shocking and husking with the greatest facility, and the experience of some years past has shown that they are not only to be depended upon with greater certainty, but that they are of more advantage and profit to their employer than a large majority of their masculine associates."

Valuable Oyster.—The St. Paul papers tell of a gentleman in that town who had for breakfast some of the fresh water oysters, or *Unios*, common to the Mississippi, in one of which he found a pearl the size of a pea, worth $2500.

The Jesuits at Florence.—The Jesuits, who are riding with a firm hand over the Continent just at present, have received a check in a most unexpected place—to wit, Florence. They recently established there a religious journal, on the *Univers* pattern, entitled *Il Giglo di Firenze*, and they anticipated great success. But not only did the public treat the newborn paper with superlative indifference, but the cafes refused to receive it, and, wonderful to relate, even the convents declined to take it in. The offspring of the Jesuits is consequently in a consumptive state, and the air of Naples would, doubtless, be more favorable to its constitution.

The Oxford Stepping-stone.—At a meeting of the London Protestant Institute, one of the speakers remarked: "That excellent man, Cecil, said most truly that Popery was Satan's masterpiece. But when Satan had formed that masterpiece he found that the chasm between Popery and Protestantism was too great easily to be passed over; and therefore he laid, as it were, a stepping-stone, and that stepping-stone was Puseyism; and since the laying of that stone it was lamentable to think that many talented, learned and even Scripturally instructed men, had passed over from the Protestant party to the awful delusions of Popery."

The Protector & Christian Witness

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1857.

A WORD TO SOME OF OUR WOULD-BE POLITICIANS.

There is a certain class among us, who have labored hard for some months past to impress the mind of the country with the idea, that any interference on the part of the Ministers of the Gospel with the temporal affairs of the Province, is both unnecessary and altogether unjustifiable. They would have Ministers ignore public affairs, and confine themselves to a line of spiritual duties which they would mark out for them. According to such, it should be indifferent to the heralds of the cross whether a popish or a protestant Governor rules them,—whether the resources of the country are squandered by mismanagement, or judiciously expended,—whether the education of the country is controlled by the friends or the enemies of the pure gospel,—whether the priest-power of a foreign pontiff, whose rule at home crushes all liberty and progress, or the most enlightened principles of protestantism shall mould the destinies of our country. Have the ministers of the gospel no patriotism?—Have they no interest in the advancement of the country?—Have they no anxiety about the perpetuation of liberty and the pure gospel?—or can it be imagined that they are so ignorant as to think that religion may prosper, while civil liberty is trodden down and the welfare of the country prostrated? Every intelligent patriot, no matter what his office is, must feel an interest in the advancement, temporally and morally, of his country, and cannot look but with a jealous eye on the encroachment of that earth-born, hell-devised politico-spiritual despotism, whose progress everywhere has spread darkness, superstition, anarchy and ruin. Oberlin, one of the most godly and successful pastors that ever labored in the south of Europe, not only taught his people on sabbath, but directed and accompanied his parishioners in draining their fields, and opening public roads,—procured seed from Germany,—induced manufacturers to settle among his people,—established savings-banks; and transformed a natural and moral wilderness into a fruitful garden. True, every district does not require, and cannot have an Oberlin. Nor is it the duty of a minister to look after the cultivation of the fields, or the establishing of savings-banks, except under extraordinary circumstances. When, then, should the voice of a herald of the gospel be heard in the public affairs of a country? When these affairs are inseparably bound up in the progress of the gospel, and when there is a deficiency of well-informed, godly men, involved in no party, and avowed friends of Christ, truth and freedom to protect the interests of religion. *A transition-period is passing over these provinces.* The two old political parties have ceased to exist, in their original character; and a third power, the priestly, has begun to develop itself largely just at this juncture. To counteract this priestly power, there does not exist at this moment a political body sufficiently strong, animated by pure protestant principles. At this period, then, above all others, should protestant ministers use the pulpit, and the press, and the platform to make their principles thoroughly known. To neglect this, is to act the part of traitors, or of sleepy watchmen who care more for their ease than for the public safety. Until there is a strong protestant party ruling these provinces, protestant ministers *will never rest*. They know well with whom they have to deal; and *they will never stultify the sayings and the sufferings of their forefathers.* What is essential to a real ruler or politician? Two fields of knowledge, apart from the science of government, lie before him, either of which imperfectly understood, unfits him for guiding the affairs of a country. The first embraces the capabilities or resources of the country. It should be personally explored—its past history thoroughly known—its productions, or ability of production—its foreign markets—its power of supplying or superseding others, with every avenue to wealth that can be thrown open to it. What should hinder a minister, of intelligence and comprehensive views, from expressing his opinion, on the platform or through the press, on any one of these subjects, when occasion may call for it? The second includes a correct knowledge of every important religious sect in the country—its past history and its present *real* principles. To ignore the principles of belief, while attempting to rule a moral community, is egregiously absurd. Whether would-be politicians heed it, or disregard it, all far-seeing men now know that two antagonistic creeds exist in this Island, between which a choice *must be made*, in arranging all moral questions affecting this colony. Hence, our statesmen should be men of firm religious principles,—men who are not afraid to own that they protest against the domination of priestly Rome, even in the presence of a Romish Governor,—men that treat dinners and parties with the contempt they deserve, when designed to shake the resolutions formed in defence of right. These religious dissensions are to be deplored. Yet who can remedy the matter? Is it to be expected that the so-called infallible church will relax her claims? Or will protestants ignore their testimony against idolatrous Rome? Our country is professedly a protestant country. Let it be such. It cannot be both Roman and protestant, as these are antagonistic. Let our protestant laymen who aspire to rule the country and guide public opinion, study thoroughly the past history, and *real principles*, and multiform mode of operations of Romanism; and let them take their stand as determined friends of truth and freedom, against all foes, masked or unmasked, direct or at second-hand; and ministers of the gospel will then, instead of attempting to supersede them in any line peculiarly their own, strengthen their hands in every good work, to the utmost of their ability.

The editor of the *Examiner* pretends to be very unwilling to discuss religious questions with the *Protector*. Why? Because he knows that many protestants on the liberal side of politics, who take his paper, would refuse to support an open advocate of popery. The extract entitled the "Nunnery Victim" is not "fiction," but the personal experience of an eminent christian. We have long known that it is the practice of the Romish church to cry out, "lies," "falsehoods," slanders," when her abominations are unmasked. Would the editor of the *Examiner*, or any of his Romish sympathisers, tell us what was the character of the unholy Father Pope John XXIII? He speaks of the conduct of his "lay brethren of the press." How truly! They have been afraid to speak out their honest convictions, for fear of giving offence, for which they excite the inward contempt of every firm Romanist; while he, true "son of the church," has taken every opportunity to defend her from assault, although supported to a great extent by protestants, and receiving a large annual salary from a state three-fourths of the wealth of which belong to protestants. We have some respect for an open enemy; but none for a truckling, time-serving, professed friend, who lacks the moral courage to state what he believes to the world. As to the "publication of obscene libels," we affirm that we publish nothing but *the truth*, however crushing the exposure may be to the advocates of a self-styled "Holy Church." The bible designates the mystical Babylon "The mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," Rev. xvii, 5; and so long as we confine ourselves within the limits of scripture phraseology, our enemies in vain find fault; unless they wish a newspaper to excel the Bible in purity. The Word of God calls crimes of any kind by their proper names, *making no distinction between mortal and venial sins*, and so shall we. Let our readers remember that the *external manifestations* of popery here, and in Italy, South America, and Spain, widely differ. We shall say something next week about protestants sending their children to the nunnery.

To the Editors of the Protector.

Sirs,—I was very recently called upon, in the order of Providence, to visit the church called "St. Dunstan's," to witness a funeral ceremony performed there. My curiosity was naturally excited to know how this edifice obtained this name—or whence St. Dunstan sprang—or how he obtained the title of Saint. I do not remember of ever seeing such a name mentioned in the whole canon of sacred Scripture. I find, indeed, Paul, James, and other such names, but that of St. Dunstan I have never yet found. I suppose that he must have been one of those who have rendered some service to Rome, on account of which the Pope has canonized him. Now, I would ask, what power has that man to canonize any one whom he pleases? Is it not the height of arrogancy? However, he has shown himself capable of asserting anything to advance the apostasy of which he is the head, as the following amply proves: In the eighth century, Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of the East, issued an edict, proscribing the adoration of images, and commanding the images to be pulled down in the city of Constantinople. He afterwards extended the order to the churches of Rome and Italy. Gregory the Second, who then filled the papal chair, thereupon addressed two epistles to the Emperor, in the first of which he uses the following language: "When thou didst run well, who hath sounded into thine ears and perverted thy heart like a crooked bow; so that thou hast looked to those things which are behind? For ten years, through the goodness of God, thou didst walk well, and made no mention of the sacred images; but now thou sayest that they are idols, and that they who honor them are idolaters; and hast applied thyself to overthrow and destroy them. Neither hast thou feared the judgment of God, when offences should assail the hearts, not of the faithful only, but also of infidels. Christ truly warns thee that thou shouldst not offend one little child, and that men will, for a very small scandal, be cast into eternal fire; but thou hast offended the whole world, as if thou art not to undergo death, and render an unhappy account." In another part of the epistle, the Pope gives an account of the origin of the images which were then worshipped. After mentioning the incarnation of our Lord, his entrance into Jerusalem, and the works he did there, he goes on and asks—"Whether does it seem good to thee, O Emperor, to honor these images or the errors of the devil? When Christ dwelt at Jerusalem, Abgarus, then king of Edessa, having heard of his miracles, wrote to him; and the Lord sent an answer with his own hand, together with an impression of his sacred and glorious face." On the reception of the imperial edict for the destruction of images, the Pope armed against the Emperor, his sovereign, as against an enemy; and at his call, Ravenna, Venice, and other cities flew to arms. Pope Gregory afterwards convened a synod of ninety-three Bishops, against what was termed the heresy of the Iconoclasts, or image-breakers. With their consent, a general extermination was pronounced against all who, by word or deed, should attack the images of the saints, (*i.e.*) against all who should presume to obey the Commandment of the Lord, which says: Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, &c. We here, therefore, behold a power, seated in the temple of God, opposing and exalting itself above all that is called God. We see this power, like ancient Babylon, wait on its idols; treating the Emperor, whom it professes to acknowledge as its rightful sovereign, with proud and disdainful insolence, when he presumed to interdict that which God had forbidden, and finally rising in rebellion against its lawful sovereign, rather than obey the edict for the abolition of images. Thus did this anti-Christian power arrogate to itself the authority of God himself, by setting up its own will in subversion of the Commandment of the Lord, forbidding the worship of images.

Messrs. Editors, excuse me for occupying so much of your valuable space, and, hoping that you will inform me whence St. Dunstan sprang, I beg to subscribe myself

Yours, &c.,

Reflector.

Charlottetown, September, 1857.

Consumption can be Cured.

Sir James Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and one of the most learned and skilful men of the age, in his "Treatise" on Consumption, says,—"That Pulmonary Consumption admits of a cure, is no longer a matter of doubt; it has been clearly demonstrated by the researches of Laennec and other modern Pathologists."

The mere fact that such a disease is ever curable, attested by such unimpeachable authority, should inspire hope, and reanimate fallen courage in the heart of every sufferer from this disease.

The remedy which we offer has cured thousands. *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* not only emanates from a regular physician, but has been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston. Proprietors. Sold by their agents everywhere.

Agent for P. E. Island, W. R. WATSON, and sold by dealers generally.