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THE PROTESTANT REVIEW:

A Literary and Religious Magazine

FOR CHRISTIAN FAMILIES.

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MARCH, 1870.

Murus aeneus conscientia sana.

ST. JOHN, N. B.,
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The Protestant Review.

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NO. 3

BACKWARD OR FORWARD.

There are only two ideas that can be fairly entertained by thinking people as to the future of this country—we must either go backward or forward with the work of legislation. By the term “backward” we do not mean retrogression in the sense of re-adopting a policy that had been found erroneous, injurious, and unworthy of support; but rather returning to the good old paths of Christian principle from which we had most unwisely departed. Thus, to go backward would be in reality to advance in the right road to prosperity, happiness, and peace.

Well, if we do not go backward this way we must go forward in the other. “Forward” here, however, may be a deceptive word, inasmuch as it means, practically, a return to the rejected policy of past times, which had been proved to be pernicious and deadly.

In a word, we must take the

Bible for our guide, and act in accordance with its precepts, as in former times, or we must sink, as a nation, into a position of anarchy and misery,

There can be no real progress apart from Christianity; and, as the nation seems desirous to sacrifice that, we cannot look forward to any but disastrous consequences as the result of such unfaithfulness to truth.

The disgrace and, we will add, the iniquity of legislation, on the principle that there is no God, who deals with nations as such, or that, if He exists, the nation is not to care about Him, would be infinitely greater in the case of England than of any other kingdom or government; because God has, in an especial manner, blessed and prospered her during the very time when she asserted and maintained His laws as obligatory alike on Sovereigns and people. To make

a profession of the truth in the face of the nations, and then to cast off that profession as a thing of which the nation is ashamed, is a daring insult to Almighty God.

Yet it is onward to this verge of the infidel precipice we are nationally moving, and, unless the Christian feeling and determination of the people make themselves felt, there is too much reason to fear that the nation will plunge into the abysses of godlessness and infidelity.

In every effort to maintain our national Christianity there is an obstruction which, more than all others, threatens to be fatal: and that is, the crotchets of large bodies of Dissenters, instilled into them by their pastors, that "religion should have nothing to do with politics," and other heresies of the same sort. Our opinion is, that religion should have something to do with everything that is not positively wicked; for if there be anything that can humanize, anything that can civilize, anything that can enlighten and ennoble, it is true religion working upon the heart and conscience of man, and bringing them into subjection to the Divine will. Even where the heart is not touched at all by the life-giving power of Gospel truth, the influences for good which it can exercise on the human mind are incalculable.

We cannot understand how Christian men, such as are leaders amongst the Nonconformist bodies, can shut their eyes to the plainest injunctions of the Scripture, and believe that a nation can be exalted by aught else but righteousness. It is true that they say that Christ's

kingdom is not of this world, and that the cause of the Gospel is best promoted without the interference of governments; that it can win its own way, and much more to the same effect. Even on Scriptural truisms they put a forced interpretation, and pervert them from their real meaning. Here we are now eighteen hundred years after the sufferings and death of Christ; here is our own island where Christianity, in one form or another; has been known for many centuries, where even now we have an Established Church, and hosts of religious agencies in full operation amongst the various Dissenting bodies, and from the utility of which we should be most unwilling to detract; yet, practically, millions of the people are sunk in as much barbarism and heathenism as in the darkest pagan lands, where only the faintest glimmering of Gospel light has ever penetrated.

The Gospel, then, does not win its way without human agency, and where that agency is exercised on the largest scale, namely, by the Government-power in the nation, there, the most suitable and, as we believe, most acceptable efforts are made to set forth the glory of God, and the salvation of men. That these efforts should be more systematised, extended, and encouraged we firmly believe; for their comparative failure in some cases is no proof of their inefficiency in others; but the un-Scriptural theories of Dissenters stand in the way. The people are perishing for lack of knowledge of the truth, and they will not allow it to be given.

Thus are we verging upon na-

tional infidelity. There may be, and there is, much spiritual life amongst individuals, but this is quite consistent with national decadence and eventful ruin. Would that the Christianity of the nation would arouse itself, and resolve

to make a bold and energetic stand for the maintenance of that heritage of Bible truth and Christian liberty, which we have been accustomed to consider as both the strength and glory of the British nation!

THE POPE AS A MILITARY COMMANDER.

The following is a report of the Pope's speech a couple of weeks since to the officers of the Pontifical army, when they were presented to him. In reply to an address read to him by General Kanzler, the Pope spoke as follows:—

“I thank you, General, for the wishes and sentiments you express to me in the name of my little but valorous army, and its officers, among whom I perceive with satisfaction those Roman patricians who have already rendered signal services to the Holy See. I share their hope that the labours of the Council will save the world, and restore peace to Europe. The enemies of the Holy See wish that the Pope did not possess an army; and to justify this sentiment they say, *as absurdly as impiously*, that neither Jesus Christ nor St. Peter maintained soldiers. If Jesus Christ had no soldiers, it was because He desired none. He had but to feel the wish, and He would have been supported by an army. At His desire, as He Himself tells us, the Eternal Father would have sent Him twelve legions of angels. But Jesus Christ could dispense with soldiers because He possessed a supernatural power, which is not given to us. That power He exerts

in our time *against Garibaldi and his bands*—that is, against Judas and his cohorts—with this one word, ‘It is I!’ and they are thrown to the ground. As to St. Peter, it is true that he also had no army, but he possessed such power that, by one word from his mouth, he struck dead calumniators and revolutionists, as instanced in the case of Ananias and Sapphira. But, *unhappily*, the successors of St. Peter are not endued with this supernatural power, and therefore they are obliged to *defend themselves by bayonets* from the attacks of impiety.”

The Pope says “unhappily,” but all thinking people will say “happily” the Pope has not the power to strike men dead! If so, we fear that that Judas, Garibaldi, would not be allowed to live long. Yet, without this supernatural power, the Pope claims to be “infallible.” What next?

Since the above was written we read in the *Vatican* sheet of the *Tablet* the following still more express utterance of the Pope on the same subject:

“The Holy Father, speaking to the Bishop of Hebron, Mgr. Mermillod, of St. Peter's power of striking dead those who lied to him,

said the other day: 'It is fortunate for the rulers of this world that his successor has not the same power, as otherwise I should have around me a whole cemetery of kings and diplomatists.'

The charming manner in which

the Pope expressed his desire to strike a large number of kings and diplomatists dead ought to make him a great favorite with them. The harmlessness of the dove is certainly not one of the virtues of Pope Pius!

THE ROMAN COUNCIL—HOW THE POPE MANAGES THE BISHOPS.

A letter from Rome of the 30th December, published in the New York *Herald*, states that the thinking and speaking portion of the Council will, as in political assemblies of equal magnitude, form a very small minority. He adds that the protest, or even the dissent, of a couple of hundred of the most enlightened French, German and other bishops, would carry much weight with it. The Pope, however, keeps a strict eye on the bishops, and tries to prevent ecclesiastical "caucusing":

A feeling is beginning to prevail, even at this early stage of the conciliary proceedings, that the whole undertaking will result in a *fiasco*; but this will proceed from internal and not external causes, if such a melancholy *finale* really does wind up the Pope's distinguished scheme. Meanwhile, his Holiness is endeavoring to put a stop to the *sonderbund* sort of meetings which the French and German bishops have been holding at the houses of their several party chiefs. The assemblies of the former at the Bishop of Orleans' residence, in the Villa Graziolo, and those of the latter at Monsignor Nardi's palace,

will have to be discontinued in consequence of a circular from the palace forbidding the bishops to congregate together in greater numbers than fifteen at a time, and then only for social purposes. His Holiness does not approve of the oppositionists holding *concillium in concilio*, and so preparing a united course of action to be pursued in the larger assembly. The bishops consequently begin to appreciate the difference between living in the Eternal city under the immediate ferrule of their schoolmaster, so to call him, and the free and independent position they occupy in their dioceses at home, to which, no doubt, as weeks and months roll on, they will feel more and more anxious to return. Being prohibited from meeting at each others houses the fathers of the Council will still have a neutral ground on which to carry on their confabulations in the houses of their different ambassadors. There were no fewer than sixty French bishops at the French Ambassador's last reception, and the German bishops muster in considerable strength at the house of the Bavarian Minister.

WHAT THEY ARE STEALTHILY DOING AT OXFORD.

Correspondence in the public papers goes on, between some of the Montreal Clergy still adhering to the Church of England, and Roman Catholics who tell them that their principles are the same as the Church of Rome, and in her bosom only can they find repose. A young man of the name of Digby Campbell, formerly a student at Oxford, now reconciled to Rome, and lately in residence with the Montreal Jesuits, has taken some part in the correspondence, but now he is on his way to France. So his friend, the Rev. D. A. Merrick, of the Society of Jesus, one letter from whom we inserted in our number of the 2nd, writes again, and he describes thus what he has learnt from his young friend of the doings at the ancient seat of learning:—

“Mr. Campbell has assured me that, at Oxford, they recited regularly the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary; he has still the same Rosary beads which he used while there: why other persons have assured me that the Catholic shopkeepers in England are doing a brisk business selling to those Ritualists medals, beads, and other objects of Catholic devotion; that, while yet an Anglican, he believed as a matter of course that the Sacrament, remaining after the consecration, contained nothing else but the body of Jesus Christ, (which

supposes Transubstantiation,) and he adored it as such; that they had offered up masses in black (which we call masses for the dead) for the repose of the soul of one of their late Bishops, I believe the Bishop of Oxford; that on the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor the Ritualists had gone in procession to the Abbey of Westminster to revere the relics of the Saint, but the Dean (Stanley) had the door shut against them to prevent such nonsense—he opened it though to a black African or Indian prince who wished to venerate and kiss the toes of the statue of Mr. Canning. I have now on my table a book in the body of which our Confiteor is so modified as to leave out the invocation of saints. In an appendix, however, it is printed in the original and entire form, with the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. According to Mr. Campbell, while the Minister read it as in the body of the book, the people read the full form out of the appendix. If this be not ‘Jesuitical’ shuffling, I don’t know what is.”

And so the Jesuit real advises those whom he considers as Jesuits concealed, to put an end to their attempts at sitting “between two stools”—he should call it sitting on two stools at the same time—and to seek peace in submission to the Papacy.

The largest room in the world is in the Imambara, at Lucknow, India.

We understand that the demand for labor in Australia still exceeds the supply.

LABOR PROSPECTS DURING 1870.

(From the Trade Review.)

The demand for all kinds of labor throughout Canada in 1870 promises to be unusually brisk. In fact it is impossible to see how we are going to get laborers and mechanics enough, unless we are largely supplied by means of emigration. Under ordinary circumstances, the Dominion can annually absorb a considerable addition to its population without any difficulty. But this year we will be able to absorb easily four or five times the ordinary number. Our Free Grant system is now in full working order, and many settlers will no doubt go in and occupy these lands as soon as spring opens. We anticipate a much larger influx of settlers into these newly-settled townships this year than last. Thousands of laborers will be required to make the numerous railways which are in course of construction or about to be commenced. The Intercolonial alone will absorb large numbers, and it would be a great advantage if the Commissioners could so arrange that these workmen, when the line is finished, would be retained as settlers. We believe these gentlemen have some scheme with this object in view; we hope it will be vigorously and earnestly prosecuted. Besides the Intercolonial, a large number of workmen will be required for the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Nipissing line, the Wellington, Grey and Bruce, and other railways. At least two of these roads have begun, and several others, which

are projected, will very probably commence operations by the beginning of the summer months. Where are the men to come from to supply this unusual demand? They must be mainly obtained from abroad, for there is no surplus labor in the Canadian market at present. Never was there a better opportunity for our Governments to make energetic efforts to induce British emigrants to throw their lot with us. We hope the emigration agents in England, Scotland and Ireland are active in the discharge of their duty. They need have no fears as to the number of emigrants they send to Canada this year. There will be immediate work for all who can be induced to come, and after spending a season or two in making our new railroads, and thus becoming acquainted with the work and ways of the country, they can then settle on our Free Grants with reasonable certainty of success as farmers. Many millions of dollars must be spent on railroads throughout Canada during 1870. This expenditure cannot fail to effect almost every branch of business. During the expenditure on the Grand Trunk and other lines made between 1850 and 1857, and the great demand for labor which then existed times became unusually brisk—in fact, all classes thought they were getting rich. We don't want any inflation this year; we think we can get along quite well without any attack of "crisis," but it would

only be shutting our eyes to past experience, not to expect that the trade of the country will feel the influence of an unusual stimulus. As to the wisdom of all the expenditures on railways which are

to be made, we say nothing at present: but that the effect will be an unusual demand for labor during 1870, and a period of increased business activity, seems as certain as that cause follows effect.

THE ORANGE ASSOCIATION.—*Continued.*

James the Second, succeeded his Brother, Charles the Second, in 1685. This bigoted and absolute Monarch, was openly reconciled to the Pope: he determined to abolish the Protestant Religion; and to substitute his own Will for the Constitutional Liberties of the people. LORD MACAULAY says, the Judges were his tools, the Corporations were filled with his creatures, and that his pride rose so high, that he was not the same man. It is impossible to deny, says the same historian, that Roman Catholic casuists of great eminence, wrote in defence of equivocation, of mental reservation, of perjury, and even of assassination. Nor had the writings of this odious school of sophists, been barren of results. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the murder of the first William of Orange, the murder of Henry the Third of France, the numerous conspiracies which had been formed against the life of Queen Elizabeth, and above all, the "Gunpowder Treason," might be cited, as instances of the undeniable close connection between vicious theory and vicious practice. Everard Digby was a scholar and a gentleman, admitted to have been upright in all ordinary dealings, and strongly impressed with a sense of

duty to God; yet was he, with many others of the first Roman Catholics in the Kingdom, deeply concerned in the "Plot," to blow up the King, Lords and Commons. In the letters, written in lemon juice, from the Tower to his wife, and when he was on the brink of eternity, he declared it was incomprehensible to him, how any Roman Catholic could think such a design (the "Gunpowder Plot,") sinful. In fact evidence upon evidence, in every shape and form poured in daily, to show that with the King, James the Second, and his adherents, however fair his and their general character might have been, there was no excess of fraud and cruelty, of which they were not capable, when the supposed safety or honor of the Romish Church were at stake. Indeed to such extremes did James push his horrid duplicity and tyranny, and such were the frightful doctrines inculcated by his Romish adherents, that Archbishop Tillotson, whose extreme toleration and liberalism brought down reproach upon himself, declared, in his Sermon before the House of Commons, fifth of November, 1678, that it was the duty of Parliament, to make effectual provision against the propagation of a religion, more

mischievous than irreligion itself—a religion which demanded from its followers, services directly opposed to the first principles of morality. He added, that Pagans, who had never heard the name of Christ, and who were guided only by the light of nature, were more trustworthy members of civil society, than men who had been formed in the schools of Popish casuists. The celebrated John Locke too, whose judgment and temper, in favor of the utmost stretch of liberality, will not be questioned, was so impressed with the cruelty of the King, and the infamous teaching of his adherents, that in his first letter on Toleration, while he laboured to show, that even the grossest forms of idolatry, ought not to be prohibited under penal restrictions; yet, that the Church which taught men not to keep faith with those she regarded as Heretics, had no claim to toleration.

When James attempted to promote the interests of his Church, by violating the fundamental Laws of his kingdom, and the solemn promises he had made in the face of the whole world, it could hardly be doubted, that the charges which were then brought against the Roman Catholic religion, would be considered by all Protestants, as fully established. For if ever a member of the Romish Church could be expected to keep faith with Heretics, James the Second might have been expected to have kept faith with the Clergy of the Established Church. To them he owed his Crown. But to their steady opposition to the Bill of

Exclusion, he would never have been the Sovereign of England. He had over and over again, and in terms the most solemn and emphatic, acknowledged his deep and lasting obligations to them, and had vowed, in every form of language, to maintain to them their just and legal rights. If he could not be bound by ties like these, no tie of gratitude, no obligation of honor, no bond of duty, could bind him. And if the Sovereign of the Nation, under such circumstances, could not be trusted, what subject of the Romish Church could. James was not supposed to be habitually or constitutionally, of a treacherous disposition. Indeed he was called by his eulogists, “James the Just.” Not then to the natural characteristics of the man, but to the religious principles which had been inculcated in him, by his Romish instructions are to be attributed the dissembling, the promise-breaking, and the cruel propensities, by which he was distinguished.

While James was dismissing the Protestant Lord President of his Council, Lord Halifax; struggling to set aside the Test Acts; and openly violating the Laws, by the organization of new Regiments, officered by Roman Catholics; Louis the Fourteenth, of France, was busily engaged in similar struggles of treachery and despotism against his Protestant subjects. The Edict of Nantes was revoked, and then followed innumerable decrees against the Huguenots. History records the facts that boys and girls were torn from their parents, and sent to be educated in Convents—all Protestant Ministers

were commanded, either to abjure their religion, or to quit their country within a fortnight—the other professors of the Reformed Faith were forbidden to leave the kingdom, and, in order to prevent them making their escape, the outposts and frontiers were strictly guarded. It was thought that the Flocks, thus separated from the evil Shepherds, would speedily return to the true fold. But in spite of all the vigilance of the Military Police, there was a vast emigration from France. It was calculated that not less than fifty thousand families quitted the kingdom forever. Nor were the Protestant refugees such as a country could well spare. They were generally persons of intelligent minds, of industrious habits, and of austere morals. In the sad catalogue were to be found, names eminent in war, in science, in literature, and in art. Some of these Protestant exiles offered their swords to William of Orange and distinguished themselves by the fury with which they fought against their persecutor. Others avenged themselves by weapons still more formidable, and by means of the Presses of Holland, England, and Germany, inflamed the public mind of Europe against the French Government. A more peaceful class erected Silk Manufactories in the eastern Suburb of London. One detachment of emigrants taught the Saxons to make the stuffs and hats of which France, till then, had enjoyed a monopoly. Another, planted the first vines in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope, and many of them settled in small colonies in various

Counties of Ireland, where their descendants remain to this day. Referring to one of those Colonies, the Rev. J. B. Finlay, LL.D., at page 10 of his "IRELAND THE CRADLE OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE," thus speaks: Among the Settlements made by the HUGENOTS in Ireland, was one at Lisburn, (County of Antrim), where they commenced the Linen trade, to which they had been brought up. It has ever since been successfully carried on by the inhabitants of that Town, and of Ulster generally; until Irish Linens, by their superior finish, have obtained a world-wide celebrity, being used in all civilized countries. Nearly all the Crowned Heads of Europe are supplied with the produce of the diaper and damask manufactories of Lisburn. The armorial and other devices of each, whether emblematic of rank, or of achievements, are tastefully drawn in the pattern of the work; so that family traditions are handed down to posterity in a style hitherto unknown and unattempted. This flourishing trade is the due result of wise forethought on the part of the British Government, when it received the *Huguenot* exiles who had been driven from their native land by the power of Ecclesiastical ignorance and fanaticism, in 1685. They were given a Patent for conducting the Linen manufacture according to the customs of their own country; and not only that, but the Pastor, whom they brought with them, was supported by an annual grant of £60 a year from the Treasury, though he did not belong to the Established Church. The virtuous conduct

and civilized manners of those worthy people were of great advantage to the place. Their skill and industry set an example to those who were engaged in the same business, which soon had the effect of raising the quality of their manufacture to a degree of excellence till then unknown. The Rev. Samourez Duborudien was the name of their Pastor, whose descendants yet remain at Lisburn. Nicholas De Lachevois Crommelin, Esq., of Carradore Castle, (a very old and intimate acquaintance of the writer), who had been for nearly thirty years Grand Master of the Orangemen of the County of Down, is the immediate descendant of Monsier Louis Crommelin, to whom the original Patent was granted by the British Government. The Town of Lisburn stands on the River Lagan, on the Mail road from Dublin to Belfast. It is about six miles from the latter, and about seventy-three from the former. The environs are the most lovely in "the north country,"—indeed the whole surrounding neighbourhood is at once beautiful, ornate, and brilliant. From Lisburn to Belfast may be said to be one continued chain of plantation beauty. The place was originally called Linsley Garvin, probably from its founder; and it continued to bear that name, in the corrupted form of Lisneygarvey, till 1641. "The battle of Lisneygarvey," is the name of a celebrated Irish air, well known through all parts of the north of the kingdom. The proprietor of Linsley Garvin was an O'Neill, of the family of Tyrone. After the

forfeiture of the estate, a grant of it was made by Charles the First to Lord Conway, ancestor to the Marquis of Hertford. It still continues invested in the same noble family. The tenantry upon the Hertford estates, in the County of Antrim, are amongst the most prosperous, loyal, and contented in Ireland.

A cry of grief and rage arose from the whole Protestants of Europe at the treachery and cruelty of the French King, who had broken every tie of honor and good faith, and turned a savage and licentious soldiery loose upon an unoffending people, and those people his own subjects.

The tidings of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes reached England about a week before the day to which the Parliament stood adjourned. It was clear then, to the whole nation, that the spirit of Gardiner and of Alva was still the spirit of the Romish Church. Louis of France was not inferior to James of England, in generosity and humanity, and was certainly far superior to him in all the abilities and acquirements of a statesman. Louis had, like James, frequently promised to respect the privileges of his Protestant subjects; yet Louis soon became the persecutor, even to death, of the Reformed Religion. What reason was there then to doubt that James only waited for an opportunity to follow the example? He was already forming, in defiance of the Law, a Military Force, officered chiefly by Roman Catholics. Was there anything unreasonable in the apprehension that this newly levied

force might be employed to do in Dragoons had already done in England what the French France?

(To be continued.)

ONE FEARFUL NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

We came down earlier than usual to the 'shore' that season, said my friend, and took rooms at a cottage, not liking the bustle of a large hotel. We were to occupy the cottage jointly with another family, consisting of a gentleman, his wife, and little daughter about six years old. Our landlady was a pleasant Quaker, of middle age, and all the appointments of her house were neat and comfortable. We were first on the ground, and would have the nice little home all to ourselves for two weeks, when our fellow-boarders were to arrive.

"I hope they are pleasant people," said my wife, as we sat at the tea table on the evening before the day on which Mrs. Rawlings expected them. "You said their name was Clare?" turning to our landlady.

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"People of standing, I believe," was the quiet answer.

"Were they ever here before?"

Mrs. Rawlings said—"No."

"I feel a little nervous about our fellow-boarders," said my wife, when we were alone. "If they should prove agreeable, we shall have a very cosy time; but, if disagreeable, only annoyance. Two families thrown together as closely as ours will be need for comfort to themselves, affinity of taste and temperament."

"We shall have to make the best of what comes," I answered. "No doubt they will prove agreeable enough."

We were on the porch next day, waiting for the new arrival, when the omnibus from the depot drove up.

Mr. Clare was a man of about thirty-five. He had one of those fine, but marked faces, which once seen you never forget. It was frank, but strong in feature—with a grave, sweet mouth—firmly set for all its sweetness. His eyes were large and gentle, and just a little sad, I thought, as I looked into them for the first time.

As he lifted his wife from the omnibus—she was small and light—with almost lover-like gentleness, I felt my heart going out towards the man, and drew a deep breath of relief.

"The right kind of people," said I, as they passed into the cottage, and left me alone with my wife on the porch. "Did you get a good look at Mrs. Clare? I did not."

"Yes."

"Well, what did the look tell you?"

"She's lovely."

"And Mr. Clare—what do you think of him?"

"He's a splendid looking man." answered my wife, with an em-

phasis on one word in the sentence that left the impression of a doubt in her mind.

"Did you notice his mouth?"

"Yes."

"It was strong, yet sweet, like a woman's."

"A light veil of thought dropped down over my wife's face. She did not answer for some moments; then said, in a kind of absent way, as if she were turning over some doubt in her mind—"Yes; the mouth was gentle and firm—but has lines of suffering."

"You think so?"

"They were very plain to my eyes."

And now looking through my wife's eyes, they were plain to me.

We met Mr. and Mrs. Clare at the dinnertable, and found them all we could desire—quiet, refined, and just social enough to make intercourse pleasant. The lady was charming, though you could not call her beautiful. She was *petite* in figure, with a soft oval face, and brown eyes that were lustrous, yet tender. I noticed, as she sat beside her husband at the table, that she leaned a little towards him. Afterwards, I observed the same attitude, always when they were together, sitting or standing. And she had a way of looking into his face that was peculiar—a sober loving kind of way—questioning, and I sometimes thought touched with a doubt, or shadowed by some ever-present memory.

Mr. Clare was very gentle towards his wife, and, it was plain to see, very fond of her. Nay, "fond" is too weak a word. He loved her with a pure and deep affection.

I had claret on the table, and offered my bottle to our new guests. But they declined, with what seemed to me almost cold politeness.

"It is cooling to the blood," I remarked, as I lifted a glass of the richly-colored wine to my lips.

"It may cool the blood in some veins, but it burns like fire in others," replied Mr. Clare, after a moment or two of silence.

I said nothing in answer to this, and the subject was dropped. I found Mr. Clare a man of large culture, simple habits, and fine conversational powers. We were much together, and mutually enjoyed each other's society.

A week went by pleasantly enough. Bathing, walking, driving on the beach, sitting in the fresh sea-breeze, and watching the surf as it came seething in upon the shore, or gazing out upon the great, immeasurable ocean—so the time passed almost like a dream.

Every day I took my claret, but Mr. Clare drank only water.

"I wish you would try a glass of this wine," said I, as we sat at the dinner-table one day, about a week after the arrival of our new friends, and I pushed my bottle towards him.

"Thank you," Mr. Clare answered gravely and decidedly. "But I am better without wine."

"Are you quite sure of that?" I queried. "Pure wine gives life to the blood. It is the spurious stuff that sets the veins on fire."

I noticed that Mrs. Clare leaned just a little closer to her husband, and looked sideways up into his face, in that peculiar way I have mentioned.

A faint but quickly fading smile

rested on Mr. Clare's lips as he replied—"There may be idiosyncrasies of blood that will not bear even pure wine. I have heard of such."

"Have you?" I said, a little curiously.

"Yes," he answered, after a moment's thought; then added—"About a year ago, I saw a curious statement that impressed me strongly. It was made by a physician of some note, and recorded in a medical journal. It was to the effect, ascertained by dissections, that a too free use of stimulating drinks tended to enlarge the blood globules, as well as those of the brain and other organs, so that they stood open-mouthed, as it were, inflamed, athirst always, and eager to drink. The physician to whom I have referred, after clearly ascertaining the existence of this morbid change, had an opportunity to dissect the brain of a man who, after being a drunkard for many years, reformed, and lived soberly until he died. To his astonishment, he found that the unnaturally enlarged globules of the blood and brain had not shrunk to their proper size. Though they did not exhibit the inflammation of the drunkard's brain, they were enlarged and ready, it seemed, on the instant, to absorb the fumes of alcohol, and resume their old, diseased condition."

A low, half-stifled sigh touched my ears. I glanced into the face of Mrs. Clare, and saw that her eyes had the set look of one who is gazing intently on some mental picture. It was not a cheerful picture on which her soft eyes were

fixed; I needed no words to tell me that.

"Curious," I remarked, as Mr. Clare ceased speaking.

"I was struck," he resumed, after a pause, "with the impression made by this discovery on the physician's mind. He thought he saw in this morbid state of the brain the physical part of the reason why a man who has once been a drunkard can never again, as long as he lives, safely take one drop of alcoholic liquor. He thought he saw why a glass of wine put the man back instantly to where he was when he drank all the time. He saw the citadel free from the enemy, but undefended, incapable of defence, and its doors wide open; so that there was no safety, except in keeping the foe at a distance, away beyond the outermost wall."

I thought I detected a slight shiver in Clare's voice as with some warmth of manner he closed the last sentence.

"I never understood the pathology of this thing before," said I,—“the physical reason why there was safety for the drunkard only in total abstinence. We may have the secret here. But I cannot understand why pure wine should inflame the blood, when every globule is in its normal state.”

"There are such things as hereditary conditions," remarked Mr. Clare. "Is not a drunkard as likely to transmit the enlarged and thirsty blood and brain globules to his children, as a consumptive tubercular diathesis?"

I was half startled by the con-

clusive directness of his query.

"The law of transmission," he went on, "acts in no partial way. Whatever we do of habit, whether physical or mental, goes down potentially to our children. It is an estate of which no one can rob them. We bless or curse them in our daily lives."

There was a shiver in his voice now. My ear felt it almost painfully.

"Were you always so abstemious?" I asked, two or three days afterwards, as my glass of claret brought back the wine question.

"No," he answered, somewhat gravely. "In my younger days I drank occasionally. But wine was always too heating for my blood."

"Perhaps," said I, "the article was not always pure. It has long been difficult to get the genuine stuff."

"It was always pure in my father's house," he replied.

"Then you are familiar with the best brands," I remarked.

"Entirely."

"And know the flavor of good wine."

"Few know it better," he answered quietly.

I lifted the half-emptied glass of claret that stood near my plate, held it to the light, and then sipped a few drops, saying as I did so, "I think this is all right. It should be, for it came directly from the importer's, and I paid him his own price under the guarantee of genuineness. I am afraid of all doctored stuff. Do me the favor," and I poured a claret glass half-full, "just to let a few drops fall over your tongue, and

give me your opinion of its quality."

How could he refuse to slight a request? For an instant there was hesitation. I looked at him, and saw a quick change in his face. His wife leaned closer, and laid her hand very softly on his arm. Then he took the glass I held towards him, raised it to his mouth, and sipped a few drops of the fruity wine. My eyes were on his face, watching for the connoisseur's look of pleasure. The expression I saw was more than that. It had in it a quick thrill. Removing the glass from his lips, he held it poised for a moment; then lifting it again, he drained the contents at a single draught.

I shall never forget the sudden pallor and look of despair that struck into Mrs. Clare's face.

"Pure wine, without question," said Clare, in a low, changed voice, as he kept tasting the flavor on his tongue. "Pure wine, sir! You are fortunate in getting so good an article."

I noticed that he turned himself a little away from his wife, still holding the glass in his hand, and reaching it, I thought, a little forward, as if inviting me to fill it.

"Thank you! I am glad to know it," I returned, my voice betraying the change in my feelings.

Mr. Clare set the glass down quickly, and went on with his dinner, bending low to his plate. The meal was finished in silence and embarrassment. I ventured to look once or twice at Mrs. Clare, who was only pretending to eat. Her face was pale and

anxious. The change in her husband's countenance was as marked as the change in hers. All the old sweetness had faded from his lips, that now touched each other in a harder pressure; and the gentleness had gone out of his eyes.

He arose without speaking, and left the table, Mrs. Clare following. Our chamber adjoined theirs, and thither, after leaving the dining-room, I went with my wife.

"Did you see Mrs. Clare's face when her husband drank that glass of wine?" she asked, looking at me very soberly.

"Yes, and I would give this moment half I am worth to recall the thoughtless act. But it never, for an instant, crossed my mind that he was in danger."

At this moment we heard, through the partition that separated our chambers, the voice of Mr. Clare pitched to an unusual tone.

"Come, lie down and get your usual nap," we heard Mrs. Clare say coaxingly.

"I'm going to walk on the beach, I tell you!" was roughly answered. "I can't sleep."

"Then I'll walk with you," was the firm, but kind reply.

"Not if I wish to go alone, madam! And I do!"

We heard no more. Everything was silent in the room for some minutes. Then the door opened, and the sound of heavy feet was on the stairs. A low cry, like a despairing wail, thrilled upon the air. Afterwards all was as still as death in the adjoining chamber.

"You had better go after him,"

said my wife turning on me a pale face.

"It will be of little use I fear," was my reply, though, acting on her suggestion, I went out quickly.

I looked up and down the street, as I stepped from the cottage, but Clare was not in sight. At the next corner, going towards the sea, was a drinking saloon I went in, but did not find him. Then I hurried down to the beach, thinking he might have gone to walk there as he said. To my great relief, I saw him sitting alone in one of the rude arbors covered with dead leaves, that were scattered along the shore.

"Ah! Good afternoon!" I spoke familiarly. "Enjoying this delicious breeze?"

He looked up at me with a countenance so altered, that I scarcely recognized a feature; stared scowlingly for a little while; then, with a fierce impulse in his voice, flung out the imprecation—

"Curse you!"

I staggered back as though he had struck me. I was not surprised alone,—I was appalled.

"If you had put a pistol to my head, you could not have done me a worse service!" He added, in a voice that was passionate with despair.

I sat down beside him and took his hand, but he flung mine away, glaring at me with hate and loathing.

"Just leave me!" he cried. "You've done your cursed work. Leave me!"

All my efforts were in vain— and Heaven knows I tried faith-

fully to sooth him, and so get down into his confidence that I could help him in his fierce struggle with an awakened appetite.

Finding that I would not leave him, he arose and s.ode rapidly

(To be concluded.

up the beach, I following near enough to keep him in sight ; but he turned into one of the streets that came down to the beach, and I lost track of him.

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