

were passed, and soon we saw the sun go down behind the hills which line the coast. By and bye the light on the Head of Old Kingsdale was seen and passed, and shortly after eleven o'clock we were off Rock's Point. For the first moment after leaving Halifax, the screw ceased to propel and jar with some 50 to 60 revolutions a minute. It was an inexpressible relief. We were obliged to wait till after 12 o'clock for the arrival of the steam tender sent out from Queenstown to receive passengers, mails, and baggage. As the tender approached, our ears were greeted with a rich stentorian Irish voice, a voice of command. The captain of the City of Baltimore wished the tender to come to the starboard of the ship where all the baggage and passengers were in readiness, and where the water was comparatively smooth. Numerous voices proceeded from the tender, all voices of command; and she steadily held her way to the opposite side. Piles of baggage had to be transferred to the other side of the ship; and the scene of confusion, noise, and danger which followed beggars any description. Every one on board the tender seemed born to command. Orders fell thick as rain, and the rich Irish brogue fell thicker. Empty bundles of coal bags for the steamship waited to be transhipped, while these fine fellows indulged in exercising their sovereignty over one another. Finally they got to work, and after the bags were removed and the baggage transferred to the tender, the order came for the steerage passengers for Queenstown to disembark. The tender was tossing about wildly, crushing her paddle box; at one moment lifting the bridge high above the ship's rail, and the next sinking beneath it. There was rough handling of these passengers, or no handling at all. Some were almost thrown on board as if they had been forgotten mail bags, while others, and among them young girls in imminent risk of limb and life, ran over the bridge without assistance of any sort. One poor fellow probably weak from sickness, got upon the bridge, and half crouching from fear, dared not venture across, but was thrown up and down violently for some time. He had the pith of Virgil's line crowded into a few moments,—

Multum ille et terribili jactatus et alto.

A marked difference characterized the disembarkation of cabin passengers. Care was taken to afford them every assistance, and though some ladies who were weak from sea-sickness had their nerves unstrung by the severe ordeal, all got safely on board. The line was cast off, and amid hearty cheering we steamed for the harbor, and the ship went on her way. Amid the confusion of transshipment, we heard the stirring news of the declaration of war between France and Prussia. The Price of cotton, corn, and merchandise was eagerly sought by men of business, and excitement was visible on the countenances of all. As we passed up the harbor, the round moon came over the rim of the Eastern horizon; the air was warm and soft, and a strange quiet rested on the land-locked waters. After our baggage had been duly searched for "tobacco" and "fire arms," we found rest at the Queen's Hotel.

The Sabbath sun was shining bright when we arose, and it became our pleasant duty to find a congregation with whom to worship God. Having enquired of a man who was standing in front of a very neat, little Gothic church, built of limestone, we learned that it was occupied by the Rev. William Simpson, Presbyterian, of the Kirk section. This church accommodates about three hundred persons. We listened to a very interesting sermon, given extemporaneously from Psalm xxxix. 6: "Surely they are disquieted in vain." The actors in the present war were given in illustration of the subject.

Through the kindness of our fellow tourist, Rev. Mr. Calhoun, we had an introduction to Mr. Simpson, whose kindness and attentions are worthy of the highest praise. We worshipped in the same place in the evening, and heard a solemn sermon by Mr. Calhoun.

On Monday morning, according to engagement, in company with our Philadelphia friends, we were taken in charge by Mr. Simpson, who was accompanied by his amiable wife and only child, a little girl of three summers. Before going on board one of the swift little steamers that glide over the harbour and the Lee, a view of the surroundings of Queenstown had been taken from the high land to which the upper part of the city reaches. Cork Cove was changed to Queenstown on the occasion of a visit of the Queen in 1849. The harbor, which receives the waters of the Lee, is large and beautiful, varied with islands, and

creeks, and arms, which are thrown out in almost every direction. Queenstown is on the south side of Great Island, which lies to the north side of the harbour, and appears to be the main land. Directly in front of the city, and in the direction of the entrance to the harbour, is Spike Island, to the right are two others, Rocky and Howlow-hoe Islands. Away to the south is a creek into which it is said that Admiral Drake took refuge when hotly pursued by some Spanish war ships. He was entirely concealed from view, and after searching the Lee and other places in the harbor, the Spaniards departed, sadly perplexed by his mysterious disappearance. The land and water views on every hand extend as far as the eye can reach, and are most picturesque and pleasing. The fine undulating lands which greet the eye in every direction, are ornamented with a great variety of trees and shrubs, whose forms and colours cannot well be described. It is sufficient to say that the fuchias which rarely flourish out of pots in Nova Scotia, here grow in the open air. The trunks of some are as large as a man's wrist, and the tops reach from eight to fifteen feet high. They are now all in full bloom. The harbour presents a scene of life. War ships, merchant ships, river Steam boats, and Steamers for the channel and more distant voyages, pass and repass each other in merry style. Upon such waters as these we were carried away towards the mouth of the sea in company with our kind friend Mr. Simpson, who generously gave us the day. We passed two villages on the left, Monkstown and Glen Brook; and came to another called Passage on the same side of the river, where we disembarked.

These are all watering places. From Queenstown to the last named place, it is about three miles. It is three miles of earthly paradise. The boat kept close to the right bank of the river, above which the high lands rise, and are covered with a great variety of trees, planted originally, and intermingling in the greatest luxuriance—their trunks fantastically wreathed with ivy.

A walk over the land to the South, extended and varied the prospect. After going about three miles we were on the grounds of Monkstown Castle, built in 1636 by Anastasia Gould, while her husband, an Irish nobleman was absent in Spain. A tradition has it, that she so traded in the supplies of the workmen, that when the building was completed, it had only cost the clever economist one groat. It is now in ruins. After having been supplied with refreshments, we all climbed to the top, from which such a view was presented as seldom greets the eye. Harbour, headlands, villas, villages, groves and flowers, lawns, hedges, and well-built walls (here called *ditches*) entered into the scene which opened up in matchless beauty on every hand. But this hasty scribbling has already gone too far. I expect to leave tomorrow for Cork.

Yours truly,
EDWARD MANNING.

For the Christian Messenger.

MR. EDITOR,—

I have no desire to quarrel with Mr. Elder, nor have I any wish to mar the beautiful confidence which he seems to repose in Professor Huxley. I am quite willing that he should employ every fair species of argument in the endeavour to induce others to exercise a like confidence. But I must protest against the employment of that substitute for argument which consists in disparaging insinuations and charges of ignorance. And I do so, not only because it is a prominent feature in Mr. Elder's argumentation, but because it is unfortunately too common with men than one of those who claim to be more of science. It is doubtless trying to a man's patience to find that the beautiful theory which he has just mastered, and which to him seems as clear as it is beautiful, should not be at once accepted by all men. But that others fail to see the beauty of the theory, or the force of the arguments that lead to it, is not sufficient proof that they are ignorant or disinclined to learn. There are other truths besides those of science; and scientific men have no right to complain if these other truths are taken into the account, and the conclusions of science compared with, and tested by them. The Book of Nature and the Inspired Book, can never in reality contradict each other. If they seem to clash, it is because the one or the other has been misinterpreted; and the only way to reach the truth is by comparing the two records.

It is too much the fashion with certain

men of science to push their enquiries and form their conclusions without any reference to the teachings of the Bible. They do not openly declare the Bible to be untrue, but they adopt and promulgate opinions in direct antagonism to its teachings. They do not formally oppose the Bible but they wholly ignore it.

Now I claim that the men who pursue such a course are not in a position in which they can safely charge others with being narrow-minded or bigoted, or guilty of condemning without investigation. On the contrary, those men who refuse to accept any interpretation of scientific facts that will not harmonize with some fair interpretation of revealed truth, are the true philosophers; those who shut their eyes to every thing but science are the real bigots. There is no fact within the range of human knowledge more certain as a fact or more important in its bearing on other facts than is that of revelation; and if men of science ignore this fact, there can hardly fail to be "something dangerous" in the systems they propound. There is danger that superficial thinkers, especially young men, may be captivated by these half-truths and so be led to make shipwreck of faith. I hope Mr. Elder will recognize this danger, and when he leads the students of Acadia into the mysteries of nature, that he will not imitate the bad example of some teachers of science, by sneering at the ignorance and credulity of those old-fashioned people who still hold by the old-fashioned gospel.

LAICUS.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, AUG. 17, 1870.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY AND ITS SEQUENCES.

Two or three weeks since we suggested that it might appear more clearly hereafter that some other relation than that of time existed between the present war in Europe, and the Infallibility Council at Rome. No sooner had the dogma been declared pronouncing the Pope infallible, than was the decision come to that the dogs of war should be let loose to prey upon its tens of thousands of the subjects, as it now appears, devastate the country, and possibly dethrone the Emperor who has rejoiced in being styled "the first son of the church," and who alone has sustained the Pope on his throne at Rome.

The worldly grandeur given to the decision of this great religious imposture of the 19th century perhaps stands unrivalled on the page of history. The London Tablet, a Roman Catholic paper gives a description of the scene. A storm of thunder and lightning which occurred at Rome just at the time the Pope pronounced himself infallible is profanely made to do homage to the decision of the assembled ecclesiastics.

It appears that there were several different castings of votes on the question, and that at each succeeding one the number of dissentients (*non-placets*) became less and less until at last but two—the Bishop of Naples and the Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas—were found in opposition to the dogma, and immediately after, the vote was given even the former one of these cast himself at the feet of the Holy Father in humble submission. The Archbishop of Halifax with several others presented themselves to the Pope in the way of petitioning him to interfere and arrest the Definition; but they were met by the remark that the majority had decided in its favor, and he could not resist their decision. It appears that this settled the matter, and although the Bishops who had been in opposition absented themselves from the last public session, on the 18th of July, yet they wrote their submission, and "inviolable attachment and obedience," before leaving Rome.

The Tablet after noting with much particularity the preliminaries gives the following graphic account of the climax:

The Gospel according to St. Matthew, chap. 16, which treats of the confession of the Divinity of our Lord made by St. Peter, was then solemnly chanted by Cardinal Capalti, and the *Veni Creator* was intoned, the entire assembly both within the Aula and in the Basilica joining in the chant with wonderful power and correctness. Mgr. Fessler having then placed the decree about to be promulgated in the hands of the Pope, His Holiness consigned it to Mgr. Valenziari, Bishop of Fabriano, who, ascending the ambo, read the first dogmatic constitution, "De Ecclesia," and then interrogated the Fathers in the following terms: "Reverendissimi Patres, placetne vobis Decreto et Canonibus qui in hac Constitutione continentur?" During this, the most solemn and impressive part of the

ceremony, the heavy clouds which had been hanging over Rome since dawn broke in a most awful tempest of thunder, hail, and lightning, close to the Vatican. Nothing could surpass the terrible grandeur of the scene. The dim cupolas, the darkening Aula, lighted up at intervals by the vivid lightning that flashed athwart its mass of shadows, and brought into temporary relief its majestic groups of priestly figures, their flowing crimson robes, and snowy mitres; and above all, the one stately figure preeminent above the crowd, round whose venerable head the lightning seemed to play with renewed vigour, lighting up its fixed and beautiful expression of calmness and courage.

None who saw Pius IX that day and at that moment can ever forget his face! None who heard the fury of the storm but recalled the first coming of the Holy Ghost in the sound of a mighty wind rushing through the Cenacle and preceding the great calm that fell on the Apostles. Placet after Placet succeeded each other till about sixty votes were taken, when a *Non Placet* was given, that of Mgr. Riccio, Bishop of Cajazzo, Sicily. Then followed another long succession of affirmative votes, which was closed by a *Non Placet* proceeding from Mgr. Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, U. S., making the second on a vote of 535 Fathers present. It was now the moment for the Holy Father to give his sanction and confirmation of the decree, without which it could have no force as part of the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and he did so in the following form:—"Decreta et canones, qui in constitutione modo lecta continentur, placuerunt omnibus Patribus, duobus exceptis: Nosque sacro approbante concilio illa et illis ita ut lecta sunt: definimus et Apostolica auctoritate confirmamus." A tremendous flash lighted up the Basilica as the Pope concluded, and fell, as we afterwards heard, in Via Monserrato; a peal of thunder, loud as if the heavens and earth had come together, shook St. Peter's and supplied all need of the salvoes of St. Angelo. The words of the Golden Legend occurred to many of us, in the magnificent scene where the baffled demons are described as raging round the cross of the Cathedral—

Aim your lightnings at the oaken, massive, iron-studded portals.
Oh we cannot, the Apostles and Martyrs, wrapt in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance; stand as sentinels o'erhead.

And when as it seemed the powers of the air had spent their fury in vain the words of the Vicar of Christ was echoed by a burst of rejoicing so fervent, so universal, and so jubilant that the Basilica rang with it. From within the Aula, from the hushed and awe-struck crowd gathered round the Confession of the Apostles from the dense multitude that thronged apse and nave and transept, the shout of triumph arose again and again, it was long before the return of silence permitted the Pope to deliver a very brief and eloquent Allocution.

The calling of this Council and the submitting of the various matters to its adoption was doubtless intended to strengthen, and consolidate the power of the Sovereign Pontiff; and the approval of the dogma of Infallibility was but a piece of machinery prepared for rendering whatever orders might issue from the Vatican imperative on the people, and rulers if possible, in all countries where the Roman Catholic church exists; whether such arrogant presumption will accomplish that object future history alone can determine.

Having attained this highest pinnacle of power and glory, the pedestal on which the Pope stands to pronounce himself infallible begins to crumble beneath his feet. In less than forty-eight hours after, war is declared and the troops that have long protected the Pope at Rome are required for other service. It would appear that the Roman hierarchy were not prepared so soon to see St. Peter's successor (?) left in the hands of the anathematized king of Italy. Bitter complaints are made against the helpless Napoleon, and it is said that an application has been made to the protestant Queen of England for a refuge on British soil for Pope Pius.

Whatever may be the ultimate result of this war, it is very evident that it will prove a terrible scourge to France, and if not the destruction of the Bonaparte dynasty, a death blow to the temporal power of the Pope at Rome, and a very significant comment on a human being presenting himself as possessing infallibility. This dogma has other significations and we must resume its consideration at another time.

The reference in the first article on our first page to "the chief of the Tories publishing a novel" may not be understood by some of our readers. For their benefit we may mention that Mr. Disraeli, the former leader of the British Government, recently published a novel entitled "Lothair," the hero being a rich nobleman of not very firm religious principles. Being first a Presbyterian he becomes a Roman Catholic, and subsequently returns to Protestantism.—One object of the book appears to be to show up the vagaries of the Ritualists in the Church of England, and the manoeuvres of the Roman Catholics in seeking to seduce the English aristocracy. It is supposed