

# Religious Intelligence.

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McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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## Religious Selections.

### Strive!

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Jesus says to us, 'Strive to enter in at the straight gate.'

There is often much to be learned in a single word of Scripture. The words of our Lord Jesus in particular are always full of striking example of what I mean. Let us see what the great Teacher would have us understand of the word 'Strive.'

'STRIVE' teaches that a man must use means diligently, if he would have his soul saved. There are no means which God has appointed, to help man in his endeavours to approach Him. There are ways in which a man must walk, if he desires to be found of Christ. Public worship, reading the Bible, hearing the gospel preached—these are the end of things to which I refer. They lie, as it were, in the middle between man and God. No man can have his own heart, or wipe away one of his sins, or make himself in the least degree acceptable to God. But I do say, that if a man could do nothing but sit still, Christ would never have said 'Strive.'

'STRIVE' teaches that a man is a free agent, and will be dealt with by God as a responsible being. The Lord Jesus does not bid us to wait, and wish, and feel, and hope, and desire. He says, 'Strive.' I call that miserable religion which teaches people to be content with saying, 'We can say nothing of ourselves,' and makes them continue in sin. It is as bad as teaching people that it is not their fault if they are not converted, and that God only is to blame if they are not saved. I find no such theology in the New Testament. Hear Jesus saying to sinners, 'Come—repent—believe—labour—ask—seek—knock.'

See plainly that our salvation, from first to last, is entirely of God. But I see, with no less plainness, that our ruin, if lost, is wholly and entirely of ourselves. I maintain that sinners are always addressed as accountable and responsible. And I want no better proof of this than is contained in the word 'Strive.'

'STRIVE' teaches that a man must expect many adversaries and a hard battle, if he would have his soul saved. And this, as a matter of experience, is strictly true. There are no gains without pains in spiritual things. Every man who would be saved, must be as a soldier, and must have a hard battle, if he would have his soul saved. And this, as a matter of experience, is strictly true. There are no gains without pains in spiritual things. Every man who would be saved, must be as a soldier, and must have a hard battle, if he would have his soul saved.

'STRIVE' teaches that it is worth while for a man to seek salvation. That may well be said. If there be anything that deserves a struggle in this world, it is the prosperity of the soul. The objects for which the great majority of men strive are comparatively poor and trifling things. Riches, and greatness, and rank, and learning, are a corruptible crown. The incorruptible things are all within the soul. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding—the brightness of the Spirit dwelling in us—the consciousness that we are pardoned, safe, ready, insured, provided for in time and eternity, whatever may happen—these are the true good and durable riches. Well may the Lord Jesus call on us to strive.

'STRIVE' teaches that laziness in religion is a great sin. It is not merely a misfortune, or some fancy—a thing for which people are to be pitied, and a matter for regret. It is something far more than this. It is a breach of a plain commandment. What shall be said of the man who transgresses God's law, and does something which God says, 'Thou shalt not do'? There can be but one answer. He is a sinner. 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' And what shall be said of the man who neglects his soul, and makes no effort to enter the straight gate? There can be but one reply. He is omitting a positive duty. Christ says to him, 'Strive,' and behold he sits still.

'STRIVE' teaches that all outside the straight gate are in great danger. They are in danger of being lost for ever. There is but a step between them and death. If death finds them in their present condition, they will perish without hope. The Lord Jesus saw that clearly. He knew the uncertainty of life and the shortness of time. He would fain have sinners make haste and delay not, lest they put off soul business too late. He speaks as one who saw the devil drawing near to them daily, and the days of their life gradually ebbing away. He would have them take heed they were not too late. Therefore He cries, 'Strive.'

Al! reader, that word, 'Strive,' raises solemn thoughts in my mind. It is a fearful condemnation for thousands of baptized persons. It condemns the ways and practices of multitudes who profess and call themselves Christians. Many there are, who neither fear, nor murder, nor commit adultery, nor steal, nor lie. But one thing, unhappily, can

not be said of them. They cannot be said to 'strive' to be saved. The spirit of slumber possesses their hearts in everything that concerns religion. About the things of the world they are active enough. They rise early, and late take rest. They labour. They toil. They are busy. They are careful. But about the one thing needful they never 'strive' at all. Are you striving to enter in at the straight gate?

What shall I say of those who are irregular about public worship on Sundays? There are thousands who answer this description. Sometimes, if they feel disposed, they go to some church or chapel, and attend a religious service. At other times they stay at home and read the paper, or idle about, or square their accounts, or seek some amusement. Is this 'striving'? I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who come regularly to a place of worship, but come entirely as a matter of form? There are many in this condition. Their fathers taught them to do so. Their custom has always been to come. It would not be respectable to stay away. But they care nothing for the worship of God when they do come. Whether they hear law or gospel, truth or error, it is all the same to them. They remember nothing afterwards. They put off their form of religion with their Sunday clothes, and return to the world. And is this 'striving'? I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who seldom or never read the Bible? There are thousands of persons, I fear, who answer this description. They know the Book by name. They know it is commonly regarded as the only book which teaches us how to live and how to die. But they can never find time for reading it. Newspapers, reviews, novels, romances they can read, but not the Bible. And is this 'striving'? I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

What shall I say of those who never pray? There are multitudes, I firmly believe, in this condition. Without God they live in the morning, and without God they lie down at night. They ask nothing. They confess nothing. They return thanks for nothing. They seek nothing. They are all dying creatures, and yet they are not even on speaking terms with their Maker and their Judge. And is this 'striving'? I speak to men of common sense. Let them judge what I say.

Al! reader, believe me, it is a solemn thing to be a minister of the gospel. It is a painful thing to look on and notice the ways of mankind in spiritual matters. We hold in our hands that great statute book of God, which declares that without repentance and conversion, and faith in Christ, and holiness, no man living can be saved. In discharge of our office we urge on men to repent, believe, and be saved. But alas! how frequently we have to lament that our labour seems all in vain. Men attend our churches, and listen and approve, but do not 'strive' to be saved. We show the sinfulness of sin. We unfold the loveliness of Christ. We expose the vanity of the world. We set forth the happiness of Christ's service. We offer the living water to the weary and heavy-laden sons of toil. But alas! how often we seem to speak to the deaf. Our words are heard. Our arguments are not refuted. But we see plainly in the week that men are not 'striving' to be saved. There comes the devil on Monday morning, and offers his countless snares. There comes the world, and holds out its seeming prizes. Our hearers follow them greedily. They work hard for this world's goods. They toil at Satan's bidding. But for the one thing needful they will not 'strive' at all.

I am not writing from hearsay. I speak what I have seen. I write down the result of thirteen years' experience in the ministry. I have learned lessons about human nature during that period which I never knew before. I have seen how true are the Lord's words about the narrow way. I have discovered how few there are that 'strive' to be saved.

Earnestness about temporal matters is common enough. Striving to be rich and prosperous in this world is not rare at all. Pains about wheat, barley, and beans—pains about rent, and wages, and labour, and land—pains about pigs, and allotments, and eating and drinking—pains about such matters I see in abundance. But I see few any where who 'strive' to enter in at the straight gate.

I am not surprised at all this. I read in the Bible that it is only what I am to expect. The parable of the great supper is an exact picture of things that I have seen with my own eyes ever since I became a minister. I find, as my Lord and Saviour tells me, that 'men make excuse.' One has his piece of land to see. Another has his oxen to plow. A third has his family hindrances. But all this does not prevent my feeling deeply grieved for the souls of men. I grieve to think that they should have eternal life so close to them, and yet be lost, because they will not 'strive' to enter in and be saved.

Reader, I know not what your state of soul may be. But I warn you to take heed that you do not perish for ever for want of striving. Do not suppose that it needs some great scarlet sin to bring you to the pit of destruction. You have only to sit still and do nothing, and you will find yourself there at last. Yes! Satan does not ask you to walk in the steps of Cain, and Pharaoh, and Ahab, and

Belshazzar, and Judas Iscariot. There is another road to hell quite as sure—the road of spiritual indolence, spiritual laziness, and spiritual sloth. Satan has no objection to you being a respectable member of the Christian church. He will let you pay your tithes, and rates, and pew-rents. He will allow you to sit comfortably in church every Sunday you live. He knows full well, that so long as you do not 'strive,' you must come at least to the worm that never dies, and the fire that is not quenched. Take heed that you do not come to this end. I repeat it, you have only to do nothing, and you will be lost.

Reader, if you have been taught to strive for your soul's prosperity, I entreat you never to suppose you can go too far. Never give way to the idea that you are taking too much trouble about your spiritual condition, and that there is no need for so much carefulness. Settle it rather in your mind that 'in all labour there is profit,' and that no labour is so profitable as that bestowed on the soul. It is a maxim among good farmers, that the more they do for the land, the more the land does for them. I am sure it should be a maxim among Christians, that the more they do for their religion, the more their religion will do for them. Watch against the slightest inclination to be careless about any means of grace. Beware of shortening your prayers, your Bible reading, your private communion with God. Take heed that you do not give way to a carnal, lazy manner of using the public services of God's house. Fight against any rising disposition to be sleepy, critical, and fault-finding, while you listen to the preaching of the gospel. Whatever you do for God, do it with all your heart, and mind, and strength. In other things be moderate, and dread running into extremes. In soul matters fear moderation, just as you would fear the plague. Care not what men think of you. Let it be enough for you that your Master says, 'STRIVE.'

### A DREAM.

I dreamt some time since, that I was spending a few days with a friend who resided at a short distance from town. We were at family prayer, being, as usual, assembled in the drawing room; but, by one of those strange inconsistencies so common in dreams, I soon found, though without any feeling of surprise, the scene changed to the kitchen.

Scarcely had we knelt down, when, hearing a slight rustling by my side, I turned, and saw the cook rise very deliberately and proceed to make preparations for dinner. Al! though she did this so quietly as not to disturb any one, there was no appearance of any wish for concealment; all seemed a matter of course. In the mean time the house-maid had also risen, and commenced opening various drawers, from which she took sundry articles for the prosecution of her peculiar duties.

As I looked at her in astonishment her eye met mine, but there was no change of expression in her countenance, nor did she appear conscious of any impropriety in her conduct, but continued her work with perfect indifference.

'Is this then,' I thought, 'their constant practice?' but before this inquiry could be solved I awoke; and as I lay in that dozing state which is neither sleeping nor waking, musing over my dream, (for the scene was so graphically portrayed on my imagination, and the incidents so apparently consistent with each other, that I could easily recall them) this answer was suggested, 'Yes, such is the constant practice of many worshippers, not only at the family altar, but also in the house of God; and, ah! must it be added, in the closet also?'

But some one may say, 'Oh! you were surely dreaming still; I never saw or heard of any one rising in the midst of private, family, or public worship, and set about their ordinary occupations.'

True, my readers, but do you remember the words of Scripture, as a man 'thinketh in his heart, so is he.' Thoughts are actions in sight of God. We do not rise from our knees or alter our posture of devotion; we have too much deference for our fellow worshippers to act thus. The man of business does not carry his ledger, nor the young lady her portfolio, to the house of God; but He observes the attitude of the heart towards him, and declares his verdict of approval or of condemnation accordingly. 'Thou didst well that it was in thine heart,' said Jehovah to David. 'I know you,' said Christ to the Jews, who were at that very time professing great zeal for the honour of the law, the temple and the Sabbath; 'I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.'

Thus, while the outward development of this inward wandering of the heart may seldom be apparent in an assembly of professing christian worshippers, or be only occasionally manifested by the roving eye, or the listless posture, the eye of the Discerner of spirits penetrates deeper than these external appearances; and since all things are naked and opened to his sight, of how many who 'draw nigh unto him with their mouths, and honour him with their lips,' may he declare, 'In vain do they worship me.'

'Their lifted eyes salute the skies, Their bended knees the ground; But God abhors the sacrifice Where not the heart is found.'

Were it possible to write down the train of ideas which have passed through the mind of some apparently devout supplicant during the season of private, social, or public worship,

what an interlode of worldly and spiritual meditations would appear! How many schemes of business, and plans of pleasure, how many reminiscences of the past, and plans for the future, would be found intermixed with confessions of sin, pleadings for pardon, and thanksgiving for mercies; forming together such a medley of inconsistencies that none would venture to expose it even to the scrutiny of a fellow sinner, much less presume to present it as a prayer to the holy, heart-searching God!

A striking illustration of this point may be mentioned. A Christian visitor, calling upon a dying woman, who had for many years attended the means of grace, found her quite ignorant of her state as a sinner, and of the way of salvation. Feeling that no time must be lost, he proceeded to warn her of the imminent danger of her unconverted state, at the same time explaining the nature, and urging the necessity of 'repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'This is all a mystery to me,' exclaimed the poor sufferer. 'And yet,' replied her visitor, 'you must have heard these truths from the pulpit.' 'Very likely,' she answered, 'but my thoughts were otherwise engaged—dress and fashion filled my mind.' 'As she spoke,' adds the related, 'I remembered the confession (recorded in Holy writ, 'I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.'

But it is not only the careless or formal worshipper who is subject to this undercurrent of vain imaginations; the sincere believer is not secure against the incursions of rambling, worldly, or even sinful thoughts. These in great measure, constitute the 'iniquity of the holy things,' and cause him to cry continually, 'O wretched man that I am!' These give rise to the inward conflict described by the apostle Paul; for though the mind of the christian is renewed by grace, yet still in his 'flesh dwelleth no good thing.' We do not bear the worldling's complaint of his burden; but the christian who desires to attend upon the Lord without distraction, mourns over this hindrance to his spiritual communion with God. The one resembles a man who is overtaken and hurried on, before he is aware, by an unruly crowd; the other is as one passing on with them unresistingly—as among his chosen companions or familiar friends. Therefore, let none to whom this restless working of the imagination is a grief and a burden too hastily conclude that they have neither part nor lot with the children of God.—*Tract Magazine.*

### Be Zealous.

Let me offer a warning to all who make no decided profession of religion. There are thousands and tens of thousands, I fear in this condition. Reader if you are one, the subject before you is full of solemn warning. Oh! that the Lord in mercy incline your heart to receive it!

I ask you then in all affection, where is your zeal in religion? With the Bible before me, I may well be bold in asking. But with your life before me I may well tremble as to the answer. I ask again, where is your zeal for the glory of God? Where is your zeal for extending Christ's Gospel through an evil world? Zeal, which was the characteristic of the Lord Jesus,—zeal which is the characteristic of the angels,—zeal which shines forth in all the brightest Christians,—where is your zeal unconverted reader,—where is your zeal indeed? You know well it is not where it is. You know well you are no beauty in it. You know well it is scorned and cast out as evil by you and your companions. You know well it has no place, no portion, no standing ground, in the religion of your soul. It is not that you know not what it is to be zealous. You have zeal, but it is all misplaced. It is all earthly. It is all about the things of time. It is not zeal for the glory of God. It is not zeal for the salvation of souls. Yes! many a man has zeal for the newspaper, but not for the Bible,—no zeal for the daily reading of God's blessed word. Many a man has zeal for the account book and the business book, but no zeal about the book of life, and the last great account,—zeal about Australian and Californian gold, but no zeal about the unsearchable riches of Christ. Many a man has zeal about his earthly concerns,—his family, his pleasures, his daily pursuits, but no zeal about God, and heaven, and eternity.

Reader, if this is your case, awake, I do beseech you, to see your gross folly. You cannot live forever. You are not ready to die. You are utterly unfit for the company of saints and angels. Awake! be zealous and repent. Awake to see the harm you are doing. You are putting arguments in the hands of infidels by your shameful coldness. You are pulling down as fast as ministers build. You are helping the devil. Awake, be zealous, and repent. Awake to see your childish inconsistency. What can be more worthy of zeal than eternal things,—than the glory of God,—than the salvation of souls?—Spare if it is good to labor for rewards that are temporal, it is a thousand times better to labor for those that are eternal. Awake! be zealous, and repent. Go and read that long neglected Bible? Take up that blessed book which you have, and perhaps never use. Read that New Testament through. Do you not find nothing there to make you zealous, to make you earnest about your soul? Go and look at the cross of Christ. Go and see how the Son of God there shed His precious blood for you,—how He suffered and groined, and died for you,—how He poured out His soul as an offering for sin, in order that

your sinful brother or sister, might not perish, but have eternal life. Go and look at the cross of Christ, and never rest till you feel some zeal for your own soul,—some zeal for the glory of God, some zeal for the extension of the Gospel through out the world.

### Present State of Italy.

(From the Christian Advocate and Journal.)  
*Rome—Moral Degradation of the States of the Church—Number of Prisoners—Population of the City—Absence of native Talent in the Arts—Enormous Proportion of Ecclesiastics—Excess of Churches—Great Expenditures on Churches—St. Peter's—The Corsini Chapel in St. John Lateran.*

MR. EDITOR.—In my last I gave you some account of the moral condition of the southern section of Italy—the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Rome, and its adjacent 'States of the Church,' form the next dark patch on the map of this beautiful, but degraded peninsula. I have little to say of it that is encouraging, and to speak fully of what is discouraging would fill volumes. You can tell when you pass his Neapolitan majesty's territories into those of his holiness, not by an improved cultivation of the country, for that is alike barbarous in both; not by an increase of village and highway beggary, perhaps, for that evil seems to have reached its maximum in both; but by increased perils from banditti. So serious is this evil, that most travellers prefer to pass from one to the other by sea; and this prevalent crime, with so many other enormities, is, you will bear in mind, thus dominant in a small sovereignty, not larger than some single counties in your states, governed by a court of an unusual number of functionaries, and possessing, besides its police force, an army of domestic and foreign troops twice as large as the whole army of the United States of America.

A most notable state of things is this, assuredly, but the strongest of all wonders about it is the fact that this miserable little pandemonium of robbers, beggars, and monks, is the only state on earth that pretends to be the express image of the kingdom of heaven among men. Its head is the infallible representative of Christ on earth, and the very state itself is but a Church—an ecclesiastical organization. So small, and ruled by such a divine sovereignty, we certainly have the right to look to it as the most unexceptionable model of civil order and social purity out of heaven—an incorporation of the Gospel itself in the body of politics. But what is it? A state presided over by the viceregent of Christ, and totally possessed by the devil.—This is strong language, but in writing on such a subject we ought to be honest.

An Italian newspaper (*Il Piccolo*) of December, states that in his holiness's dominions, one person in every two hundred and thirty is in prison. Not one pretends to doubt this calculation here.—Add to this ratio the number of paupers, and then also those equal nuisances of the state, the idle monks and nuns, and you may judge of the condition of the remnant of the population.

Augustus Caesar once took the census of Rome, and found its population four million one hundred and fifty thousand strong. Under the pope it now reaches the enormous figure of one hundred and seventy-six thousand. It is at present nearly six thousand less than it was in 1846. Murray shows, by the rates of births and mortality for the last ten years, that any increase it may occasionally have, arises from immigration, and not from the ordinary causes. Nothing speaks more decisively of the prosperity of a country than the statistics of its population.

There is next to nothing here to sustain the people. They live to a great extent on the ruins of old heathen Rome. These attract foreigners, and foreigners give some impulse to the little industry of the country. They, indeed, do most of the business that requires any enterprise. This celebrated old city, the 'metropolis of Christendom,' was not lighted with gas till within two or three years, and a company of Englishmen had to introduce, by dint of considerable exertion, this profane light amid the blaze of evangelical illumination which shines upon the government and people.

There is not a railroad yet in the pope's dominions. One has been talked of for eight or ten years—a line of about twelve miles, to Frascati.—The talk about it has been so clamorous, some of the time, and has grown so loud lately, that it is seriously expected it will be undertaken, and perhaps completed within the next ten years; but even this is projected entirely by Englishmen.

Of late years art itself, in Italy, has been mostly in the hands of foreigners. There is now no great national painter or sculptor in the country, and in literature it is equally sterile. Oppression kills genius, unless opulent patronage can sustain it in the absence of popular encouragement; but there is little opulent capacity in Italy now-a-days for such patronage—the nobles are poor, and a Jew, Rothschild, it is said, is the real proprietor, by virtue of redoubled mortgages—of the very palace of the Vatican, and of the splendid collections of art belonging to the state. Foreign artists, and especially from Protestant countries, stand at the head of the fine arts here. Gibson, of England, and Crawford, of America, take the lead. As for Rome itself, it never did produce (under the pope) a great artist or a great writer—all the genius that has adorned it came from other

parts of the country: the presence of the holy court has not been favourable to the birth of great talent. The remains of heathenism, in the galleries, help it greatly, when it has had the opportunity of a fair ingress into the world elsewhere, but it cannot struggle safely through its partition here.

I have referred to the population of Rome, and have something more to say on that point. Subtract from its one hundred and seventy-five thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight inhabitants, its six thousand five hundred Jews, and you have one hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and thirty-eight Roman Catholics. Now, of this number, six thousand four hundred are ecclesiastics, priests, monks, nuns, &c., leaving about one hundred and sixty-three thousand laics. You then have one ecclesiastic to about twenty-five and a half persons of the Catholic population! Think of an impoverished community supporting this corps of religious functionaries, besides civic police, &c., &c., and you can easily understand why population stagnates and enterprise expires.

Take another fact. There are now no less than three hundred and sixty-four churches in Rome.—The number seems incredible, I am aware, but it is none the less true. The calendars give it, and you will find it asserted in Bradshaw's Monthly Continental Railway Guide. The fact is, that every spot where any legendary event is believed to have occurred, where some good idiot had a dream of seeing a saint or a demon, where a lying miracle was pretended, or an absurd old relic found; a stray big toe, or a felon's head taken for a martyr's has been consecrated by a church, and a good, fat brotherhood of friars appointed to the onerous work of counting rosaries, eating hearty dinners, and taking 'siestas' within its precincts. But to these statistics: one hundred and sixty-three thousand people divided among three hundred and sixty-four churches, gives hardly four hundred and fifty to each church. One church to less than four hundred and fifty inhabitants is, I will venture to say, a supply unequalled in any other large city of the world. Making allowance for the sick, for infant children, and the necessary average absence from worship, it is, at the very least, more than twice the necessary amount of such accommodation.—But in Rome two thirds of it is superfluous. One of these churches is the largest in the world; scores of them will hold many thousands of people each.

Thus religious expenditure itself made an abuse—an impoverishing and degenerating prodigality.

The expense lavished on these churches would be absolutely incredible to an American reader who has never visited Italy. Not to speak of St. Peter's, which, independently of its vast treasures of art, cost \$50,000,000, and costs annually for repairs \$31,500; there are others here, some two or three of which would buy up all the churches in New York city, if you except the sites upon which they respectively stand. Among the many little side chapels in St. John Lateran, for instance, is one (the Corsini Chapel) which alone cost \$2,000,000. The gold, silver, gems, bronze, chef d'œuvres of painting and sculpture in these magnificent structures, are of almost boundless value.

Such is the manner in which the hierarchy has magnified itself, and beggared the people!

Each of the facts I have given would be a text for volumes of comment, but I present them in their stern naked significance; they suggest their own logic.

I have incidentally referred to the Roman Jews. They are a community by themselves here. They live huddled together in the most obscure, filthy, and labyrinthine part of the city, and though one of their own faith owns the Vatican itself, they are not allowed to live outside of their miserable quarter—the Ghetto, as it is called. It is a significant fact that this cruel restriction on the Hebrews exists now only in this 'central and representative seat of Christianity.' Murray's Guide to Rome calls this policy toward them 'a barbarous system, only now to be met with in the States of the Church.' I have occasionally had to pass through this quarter, and never without a heartfelt scorn of the Christian pretensions of these 'States of the Church.'

Some amelioration, however, has been granted to this poor, imprisoned population. A whole week of the most extravagant revelry has been riging beneath my windows, and it reminds me of the 'bowels of compassion' which the 'holy father' has at last felt towards them. Only about three hours ago the seventh day of the carnival ceased its tumultuous hilarity, by the daily race of horses on the central street (the Broadway) of the city.

The prizes for these races consist of five pieces of velvet, scarlet cloth, &c. The races are shabby affairs, and the whole carnival revel is a stupid foolery, though once it is said to have been a grand comedy, but the prizes are nevertheless as superb as ever. These prizes are provided by the oppressed Jews, and the reason for this fact is worse and more significant than the fact itself. It is this: Formerly this persecuted race, or at least select representatives from their dark Ghetto, were compelled to conclude each day of the carnival by running on foot the race of the Corso, (hence the name of the street), a distance of one mile, and the jeers and shouts of the Catholic population—or the whole population may be said to be on Corso at these