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GENERAL AGENT.—Rev. G. A. Hartley is authorized to receive payment for the "Religious Intelligencer," in Carleton, St. John, and all other places where he may visit. Subscribers will confer a favor by remitting money through him.

EXCHANGE PAPERS.—Publishers who oblige us by exchanging, would confer a favour on us by addressing "Religious Intelligencer, Fredericton," instead of "St. John."

Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL 11, 1862.

NECESSITY FOR CHRISTIAN DEVOTEDNESS.

The prosperity of any cause depends greatly on the devotedness of its adherents. Where this does not exist, prosperity cannot long continue; nothing can supply its place—splendid talents, flaming zeal, and extended influence will all fall in the promotion of the cause espoused, unless they are sustained by self-denying devotedness. In religion, especially, it is of the first importance, and it embraces much. It is not merely to profess to love the Saviour, while our whole pursuits give evidence that we love other objects more. It is to present our bodies as well as our souls a living sacrifice to God. It is to have his interests and claims first and highest, and to speak and act, to eat and drink, move and live, so as to glorify him. It is to make Christ the centre of our desires, our joys, our delights, recognizing his will as our only rule, his word as our only directory. When we are thus devoted, talents, influence, health and wealth will be freely used for the promotion of his cause. True Christian devotedness includes the consecration of all we have and are to the service of God, in whatever way he may require it of us. It was this in the primitive disciples that rendered them so successful in extending the knowledge of Christ.

The root of this devotedness is simple faith in the testimony of God; and its element is—not miraculous influence, nor great gifts, but the indwelling, operative love of Christ. This fills and captivates the soul, so that we can say with the Apostle, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and it becomes easy to surrender our ease, or friends, or life itself, if need be, if Christ can only be magnified thereby. Nothing else can do it: whatever zeal we may have for God, if the love of Christ does not constrain us, it will soon expire, and leave us more indifferent than we were before. But when this hallowed flame is kindled upon the altar of the heart, it changes its nature and element, so that in the fulness of our hearts we can say, "We love God, we love his cause, we love his truth, we love his people, we love the world, because God loves it, and his love dwells in us." Where this influence exists the individual will work for God as well one time as another. If he cannot do much he will do what he can. His life is to "work the works of God."

This devotedness will often be sorely tried. The pure gold is only fully proved by passing through the fire, and so true religion is only really known by suffering with Christ—being baptized with his baptism. But it may be sustained—faithful is he who has promised—and "respect unto the recompense of reward" will not only cheer the real believer, but enable him to rejoice in tribulation. It was this that made the first Christians "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing in themselves that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance." They were indifferent to the world, because they sought a better country; to riches, because their wealth was in heaven; to friends, because their friend was above; to life, because they hoped for a better resurrection, and life beyond the grave. Faith in these, keeping their eye fully on "the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ," enables them to overcome.

It is only in proportion to the existence of this principle and element in the Church, consecrating her to the work which God has assigned her, that she can fulfil her mission, or carry out her labour in saving the world. A Church without consecration—without devotedness, is a Church without love to God, and hence without power or influence for good. Wherever we see a man or a church too cold—too faithless—or too selfish to devote themselves to the interests of religion and the good of the world, we see a form without the power, a body without the life. But, on the contrary, where we see true devotedness, we may not see splendid talents, nor great apparent zeal, but we shall see constant working for God, attended with corresponding influence and results. Let us each then ask ourselves—ARE WE DEVOTED?

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

WICKHAM.—Brother J. N. Barnes writes to us under date of April 7th as follows:—

Since my last, the good work of the Lord has been going forward here. Wednesday, the 26th ult., I baptized three, and on the Sabbath following seven. Tuesday, the 1st inst., we organized a church of eighteen members, all of whom were young converts. Seventeen others who had previously professed religion, were added to their number, making in all thirty-five. The remainder of the week we had meetings with the church at the Shannon Settlement. Brother Thomas W. Carpenter was also with us. The church there was also much revived, and one person was baptized. It is encouraging to see the sixteen young men who have professed faith in this revival (for sixteen out of twenty are young men), and to hear them speak forth the praise of God for his great love towards them in the gift of his dear Son, and the wonderful deliverance they have experienced, through the agency of the Holy Spirit.

Permit me to say to my brethren in the ministry,

for their encouragement, that I believe the blessing that we have enjoyed in this vicinity, is the fruit of labor that was expended in days that are past and gone. Also, that our brethren and sisters should not too readily conclude that nothing has been done when they have been favored with the labor of some one or more of the Lord's servants, and they have left the ground not seeing the fruit of their labour at the time.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. "He that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

MILLSTREAM.—A private letter from a friend in Studholm, informs us that Brother Dobson had baptised, previous to last Sabbath, ten or eleven persons at the Millstream, and that a good work of grace was in progress there in connection with the Free Baptist Church. Brother D. having an appointment away, Brother Hartley was on a visit there, and baptised four last Sabbath. Favorable indications for the work continuing were apparent. It is refreshing to have the opportunity of reporting the revival of God's cause among the churches.

A TRUE WITNESS.—Late English papers report that reference has been made in the British House of Commons to the cruel intolerance and persecution of Christians in Spain. Mr. Kinnaird asked the Government if any and what steps had been taken in reference to this matter. He spoke of the extent to which this persecution had been carried, and the number and sufferings of the victims, who looked anxiously for the interposition of the English Government.

Lord Palmerston said he was sorry that he could not report any satisfactory result following the attempts of the Government to obtain the pardon and release of the persons alluded to. The difficulties were very great. "THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD," said his lordship, "EXERCISE GREAT SWAY IN SPAIN, AND WHERE THEY ARE A MINORITY THEY CONSTANTLY DEMAND NOT ONLY TOLERANCE, BUT EQUALITY; BUT WHERE THEY PREDOMINATE THEY ALLOW NEITHER TOLERANCE NOR EQUALITY."

From these remarks of the Premier, it seems that he quite understands the tactics of the Romish priesthood; and these are the same everywhere. It is not a little gratifying to find that France, Prussia, Sweden, and Russia have remonstrated with the Madrid Government against these persecutions, and it is impossible that Spain can long hold out in her bigotry in the face of the public opinion of the world.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.—We tender our unfeigned thanks to our friends who have expressed their sympathy—by letter and otherwise—for us in the unpleasant duty we have recently had to discharge in our editorial capacity. It is now nearly ten years since (at the call of God, we believe), we commenced the publishing of the *Intelligencer*. The aim we had in view then has frequently been referred to in our columns, and it is our aim still. By a large portion of the press we have always been treated respectfully. With our religious contemporaries we have never before (that we can now call to mind) had anything but the most pleasant feeling. The insertion of a scurrilous libel on the *Intelligencer* in the secular sheet, in which such article first appeared, would have elicited but a small share of our notice; but its transfer and insertion in a religious paper—the organ of a large and respectable religious body—thereby making the article in question the expression of that whole body, seemed to us to call for a just and withering rebuke.

Persons who do not understand our whole position as the Editor and Proprietor of this paper, and who are unacquainted with all the facts in the case, can scarcely appreciate our motives, or sympathize with us in the painful duty we have had to perform.

We remark, in conclusion, that we intend to abstain from all controversy, and make no further replies, if it can possibly be avoided, to articles directed against us; but our readers may be assured that statements made in our columns are not made at random, and they are perfectly reliable.

"OFFENCES AGAINST RELIGION"—The following Bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Nova Scotia by Mr. A. Campbell:—

Be it enacted by the Governor, Council, and Assembly, as follows:—1st. If any person shall do or exercise any labour, business, or work of his ordinary calling, or at any other calling, or occupation, or use, engage in, or exercise any game, sport or play, or frequent tipping shops, on the Lord's day, or allow the same to be done by his children, servants, or apprentices—works of necessity and charity only excepted—he shall for every offence, forfeit not less than one nor more than twenty dollars, and in default of payment shall be committed to jail for a term of not less than two nor more than twenty days.

2d.—If any person shall employ, encourage, or induce any of the children, servants, or apprentices of any other person, to commit the offence named in the preceding Section, he shall incur the penalty therein set forth.

3d.—Any School Commissioner, Trustee, or Teacher, Church Warden, Elder or Deacon who receive any forfeiture incurred under this Act, without reference to the amount thereof, by a summary process before any Justice of the Peace; and every such forfeiture shall be appropriated to the support of the School of the district in which the offence was committed.

This is a good Bill. We hope it will pass. Whatever Free thinkers may think, we believe it is the duty of the State to enact laws to prevent immorality.

GAVAZZI, THE ITALIAN ORATOR.

This distinguished orator, formerly a Romish priest, has been preaching against the Pope and the Romish Church in Florence, and has been subjected to serious annoyances by the clerical party. But he boldly continues his efforts to break the Romish yoke from the necks of his countrymen. The following notice of his views and labors is from a letter from the Florence correspondent of the N. Y. *Independent*:

In politics Gavazzi is a follower of Garibaldi. He desires the greatest freedom consistent with the prosperity and unity of Italy. He hates Rome, the Pope, and the Papacy with great cordiality, and regards the Bible as the most powerful instrumentality for liberating his country from the slavery of superstition and religious error. He has a special horror of the clerical or reactionary party, the old fogies of this country, called by Garibaldi the rats of Italy.

The lectures of Gavazzi were numerous and attended; indeed, the crowd which desired to hear him could not find standing places in his rooms, in which were gathered some five or six hundred people. He returned against Popery in the boldest manner. Possessing

all the arts of a popular orator, he extorted from his audience constant applause; sometimes by his plain logic, sometimes by his brilliant wit and withering sarcasm, sometimes by his peculiar and impassioned eloquence. He demands the restoration of the church to its primitive character of simplicity in form and doctrine. He likened the early church to a splendid column of alabaster, on which Popery had hung up the rags of false and abominable doctrines—purgatory, penance, priestly interposition, transubstantiation, tradition, etc., until its original beauty was wholly concealed, and its intrinsic value unknown. He would strip off these rags, and drive away or destroy the priestly chifferoni, that his long deluded countrymen may behold the church in its early excellency and glory.

THE DESOLATIONS OF THE REBELLION.

The subjoined article, by the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, we copy from the last *Independent*. It is graphic, thrilling, and instructive:—

On last Thursday morning at early sunrise we stood on the deserted fortifications of Centerville, and looked down on the picture of desolation spread out before us. All the way from Washington we had been riding amid the "abomination of desolation" like that "spoken of by Daniel the prophet." One-half of all the dwellings are in ashes. Orchards are destroyed. Fences are swept away. The land lieth waste. Not a plow did we see in the furrow; not a laborer did we see in the silent fields. The spring, with its sweet voices, was falling for the husbandman; but no man came at her bidding.

We inquired for the people. The answer was, "Some of the men are gone with the secession army; others are Unionists in Richmond jails, or exiles beyond the Potomac." As for the slaves, a portion were carried off by the rebels; a few still linger; but the larger portion have pushed for the land of liberty. At the first farm house where we stopped, one-half of the "chattels" had transformed themselves into Freeman that very morning. One poor sad-faced creature by the roadside, in reply to the question, "When did the rebels leave here?" answered, "They went two weeks ago; glad they are gone, if they had only left my poor boy. They stole him away and took him along."

One village through which we passed—unhappy Annapolis—is completely extinguished. Only two ruined houses remain! The rest are but heaps of charred and blackened rubbish. The streets—through which happy village children played a twelvemonth since—are now perfectly silent, save as they echo to the ringing hoofs of passing squadrons of cavalry. On the whole distance we saw but a few white people; they were a cowed, sullen, broken-spirited class, impoverished and evidently full of hate toward their conquerors. The most intellectual class have fled for the South. The women and lads who remain are loyal only "from the throat outwards." Their hearts are with rebellion and slavery.

All this widespread desolation we left behind us on our way to Centerville. But from the deserted earthworks on the heights a new picture of war's dread ravages unfolded to our eye. Close by us, to the left, was a long row of unadorned graves, marked only by a bit of weathered wood, on which was pencilled the name of the sleeper beneath. It was a row of buried Georgians. Beside them lay two or three loyalists—one of them Lieut. Richardson of the 2d Maine Regiment. Below the burial-ground stand Gen. Johnston's headquarters, and nearly opposite is the house of good, kind Dr. Robert Alexander, who for a year, has been nursing the sick and wounded of both armies. His house has been alternately the headquarters of Gen. Miles—of Gen. Gustavus Smith of rebellion—and of the gallant Sprague of Rhode Island. His sweet daughter has been a Florence Nightingale to friend and foe. Their pocket Bible which she handed me for family worship had been given her by a South Carolina officer on his dying bed. "Do not wonder that my nerves are shaken," said she, "I have nursed seven men who were down with typhoid fever in this house at the same time. I was in my sister's cottage on the battlefield through the great fight of the 21st of July. We fled to the cellar, and all day long I could hear the shrieks of the Confederate soldiers crying for water as they were carried off wounded from the field."

Near Dr. Alexander's house is an empty stone church, on whose bare floor forty wounded loyalists lay in their blood at one time. Across the field stands Beauregard's winter quarters—surrounded by acres of deserted rebel cabins stretching away toward Cub Run. Cosily sheltered were those traitors through the cold months—far better housed than our own troops on the Potomac. They were not strongly defended, except by the soft spongy ground to the right and left of the Warrenton road, in which McClellan's cavalry and artillery wheels would have rolled on every day but a half-dozen since the 1st of January. That he could have taken Manassas is clear; but only could he have done it at vast cost of life.

Do you see in yonder distance a forest beyond Bull Run? Beside that—"in one red burial field"—sleep the dead of Brooklyn's gallant *Fourteenth*. Away to the left, full three miles, stands the famous "Lewis House." In its yard stood Beauregard when he directed the opening of the fight. It was once an aristocratic Virginia mansion. To day it is a scuttled ruin—with empty rooms, broken windows, and even the stair-rails going off for relics to the four quarters of the earth. A gray-haired negro has the charge of the premises. He is lord of the manor now; a realization of John Randolph's famous prediction "that the masters would yet run away, and the slaves would advertise them." Left of the Lewis House—in the dim distance—stretches a vast area of putrid mud, mingled with burnt fragments of tents and army-waggons, and decaying horses of tents and army-waggons, and decaying horses of tents and army-waggons, and decaying horses of tents and army-waggons.

What a scene! What a mighty lesson overhangs it on the loaded air! What voices of warning speak from yonder gory graves! Who wrought all this? Treason. Who wrought the treason? Slavery. Ask history, and she will tell you that poor old self-ruined Virginia's bones were full of the sin of her youth. She saturated her young blood with slavery, and to-day the poison only comes out in the dawning blood of her sons. When slavery dies, Virginia will come to life. When slavery dies, the whole South will "rise again."

Standing amid these sad, solemn scenes, I predict that nothing will save the Republic but the immolation of slavery. We may overspread the whole South with a million armed conquerors—we may make every village like the village of Annapolis, and every field like the gory field of Manassas; yet never, never can we become one people again until we have one system of labor, one organism of society, one code of morals, one form of institutions, and one common loyalty to the everlasting principles of justice, freedom, and right. Then will our "bones be strong" with the strength of a glorious and regenerated youth.

ERRATA.—Several serious typographical errors occurred in our article last week—"Substance of a sermon," &c. "Nurseries" should be *nurses*. "Distance should not always be measured by days and years, but by its fruit!" should read, "Distance should not always be measured by days and years, but by obstacles. So life should not always be measured by its length, but by its fruit!"

A sermon will be preached on next Sabbath evening, at 6 o'clock, on behalf of the Orphan Asylum, by the Rev. J. B. Smith, in the Congregational Church, Union Street. Strangers are invited to attend.

City Correspondence.

St. John, April 10th, 1862.

Dear *Intelligencer*.—What a god-send to our city was the coming of that magnificent band of 11 M. 15th Regiment; not that military music is a divinely appointed institution, nor yet to be considered as a means of grace, but music is good; and now that the martial strains designed to animate British soldiers in their murderous work, have been called forth in aid of some of our charitable institutions, the poor and the fallen rejoice, orphans and widows are made glad. Father Broadbrim would tell you that it was no more than right that war, which makes so much poverty and vice, and transforms so many happy wives and children into widows and orphans, should do as much as possible to relieve the misery of which it is such a fruitful source.

Well, Father Broadbrim, you must not be too severe upon military affairs; for by the help of the splendid performance of the band of the 15th, two or three hundred dollars were raised for the benefit of the "Home of the Fallen," and half as much more for the "Ragged School;" in the concerts which are to follow, a large amount will doubtless be realised for the "Orphan Asylum," all in the space of three weeks; and how long do you suppose it would take to get that much money out of the pockets of this christian people for those worthy and much needed charities, by any of your peaceable means? Why, a regular campaign of charity sermons, with a host of subscription skirmishes to operate outside the lines, wouldn't capture that amount of supplies in a whole season.

Now that the lectures are over, even this great city does not furnish many events of general interest. It is true that somebody is born, married, buried, every week, and these are *events* interesting, joyous, gloomy, but these do not *excite* much space in the columns of a newspaper. Let us look at that for a moment—your my dear sir or madam, who are reading my letter, doubtless think that the advent of that baby of yours was an event of the first magnitude, and doubtless the little fellow has excited a great deal of pride and jealousy, and perhaps, envy, and there is another light in your house, another love in your heart, and another soul to be saved; but in the newspaper, that cold heartless thing, your baby isn't even mentioned. I don't receive but one newspaper which tells me that the population of the world is replenished at all. And then about marriages. Half a dozen of those facts, each of which contains meaning enough to engross the whole attention of the two parties interested, for—well, say a year, *ante* and *post*, and which must modify the whole of their future life—half a dozen of these nestle quietly into a single "square." Deaths too, with all their woe and tears, the breaking of strong hearts, the long train of mournful solemnities, even these do not long detain the reader, unless there is something within him which stands still as he reads it. And so the world moves on, full of business, full of care; and if you want to know what is going on in the world, what great truths are born, what lives and purposes are wedded, and what hopes are dead or dying, you must not search in the line of events that make up a review of the week, but in the history of the thoughts and emotions which men write on their memories, and God writes in the book of life.

Probably very few men have done any great action in this city the past week, and yet there are lives by the thousand which would furnish lessons enough to make the whole world wise, if they were rightly understood.

Did you see that poor woman sitting in that pew on Sunday? Nothing remarkable about her to be sure. If you had been all the week wearied and frightened, and cursed and beaten, by a wretched husband whom strong drink had made a madman, it may be we should see no more of it on your face than you do on her's.

"Good morning sir," and the well dressed gentleman passes you on the street. There are plenty of men on "change" who give you the same salutation, but that is a marked man. How can that be? He is ruined; business has all gone wrong, and there is a whisper of fraud; perhaps if half his iniquity gleamed out of his eyes, you would hardly dare to look at him.

There is an individual who walks quietly and in an abstracted air, along a quiet street, avoiding the crowd, scarcely noticing his acquaintance; busy contriving how to meet that note at the bank to-morrow? Not at all. He has no heart for such things now. A stern creditor entered his dwelling the other day, and demanded a life and love entrusted to his keeping a year or two ago. His heart is in that new made grave in the cemetery yonder, and he is wondering what is the shortest way by which he may go to meet the darling treasure of his soul once more.

A history of this city for the last week, after the manner of the newspaper, would require only a few paragraphs, but who, save the recording angel, could write the life of its people for those seven days?

Lives are rivers, whose waters take an ocean to contain them; history is only the drift wood gathered along their shores.

You did not expect all this when you began to read this article; you would prefer a review of the leading events? Well I have given some events, not peculiar, alas! to this or any other week, but such events as go to make up the lives of common people, who never read lectures, make speeches in parliament, or lead a charge in battle; bits of history not laid down in the books, facts and fancies, which may help you to bring the light of other hearts to shine upon your own, or teach a larger charity toward those who, close beside you, though perhaps unseen, struggle onward in life's toilsome way.

I was going to finish this letter by saying something about the sweet truth that however little the world knows or cares for the struggles of the tempted, the sorrow of the bereaved, and the misery of the poor, there is one whose eye never sleeps, whose arm is ever strong, and whose heart is ever willing to bless and save; but in that "manuscript" of which I told you a little while ago, I have found a poem which says it all, very much to my liking. Here it is—

DESPAIR NOT—THERE ARE STARS IN HEAVEN.

BY H. M. D.
Souls into the future leaning,
Substance from its shadows gleaming,
Spelling out the hidden meaning
Of the life to be—

Though the present be but sadness,
All the past a dream of madness,
And the future naught of gladness
Promiseth to thee;

Though the pall-like shadows hover,
All the soul's dead blessings over,
And no ray thine eyes discover,
Of the long-lost day,

Yield thou not! The Stars are beaming;
Patiently await their gleaming,
Light through the thick darkness streaming
From the home above.

Heaven o'er all is ever bending,
Hope to weary spirits sending,
Hope of life and joy unending;
In that world of love.

Brave the bending cloud of sorrow;
Brighter dawn shall hail the morrow,
And its rays new gladness borrow
From the deeper night.

Life is not all sighs and weeping,
One who loves us hath our keeping;
Sow in tears, a joyful reaping
Waits to bless thy sight.

Not a pain thy bosom beareth,
Not a net thy foot ever steareth,
But is known by him who careth
For each sad heart's woe.

Trust, O trust, his good guiding,
To his care thy way committing,
So at last, the storm outdriving
Thou His love shalt know.

HAVEN.

THE NEWS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

From files of late English papers we select the following interesting items:—

THE QUEEN LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE.—Her Majesty the Queen, on Saturday, laid the first-stone of a mausoleum in Frogmore Gardens, in which are to be deposited the remains of her dearly loved husband the Prince Consort, and ultimately her own.

Her Majesty, in performing this act of reverential and devoted affection, was surrounded by all her children now in England, and was attended by the ladies and gentlemen of her household in waiting, and those who had in any way specially attended upon the Prince.

Her Majesty, supported by the feeling of the sacred nature of the duty she had to perform, was able to complete the ceremony, and after the stone was laid, the Dean of Windsor said a prayer, asking God's blessing on the work. The few carefully selected persons who were permitted to be present were assembled upon the ground at twelve o'clock; and her Majesty, with no attendance but the Royal children, proceeded on foot from Frogmore House (whither her Majesty had previously come in a carriage in the most private manner) to the spot where the stone was prepared. Upon the stone is the following inscription:—

"The foundation stone of this building, erected by Queen Victoria, in pious remembrance of her great and good husband, was laid by her the 15th day of March, A. D. 1862. Blessed are they that sleep in the Lord."

Her Majesty, we are happy to learn, is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and takes her daily walks and drives in the quiet and secluded vicinity of the Home-park. The day after the return of the Court to Windsor, as the evening was closing, and all had left the chapel, the Queen, accompanied by four of the Royal Princesses, entered the sacred edifice by the private entrance leading from the deanery. The illustrious but grief-stricken party advanced to the bottom of the altar steps, where a brass plate indicates the entrance to the Royal vault, beneath which the remains of the late Prince Consort are temporarily deposited. Here they contemplated for a short time, each having placed wreaths of flowers on the cold marble which covers the grave, and where they still remain, protected by the vergers and attendants of the chapel. Similar wreaths were again placed over these drooping flowers yesterday (Saturday) evening by Her Majesty and the Princesses.

SPAIN.—DENIAL OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.—The Bishop of Gibraltar's missionary chaplain to the English in Spain writes thus to the *Times*:—"We ask for liberty to meet for united worship in consulates or private houses, liberty to have a resident chaplain and schoolmaster, liberty to import Bibles and prayerbooks in English for our own use, liberty to bury our dead in our own cemeteries, with the service of our Church; and all this not on mere suzerainty, but by the guarantee of international treaty. As the Spanish law at present stands, all these things are denied us. It is quite true that at Madrid and Malaga service is permitted, and I have myself frequently officiated in Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Denia, and other towns in consulates and private houses, without molestation. But for this so-called toleration there is no security. Service may be at any moment stopped by the Justice, and all concerned imprisoned or summarily turned out of the country."

THE POPE'S ALLOCATION.—The following is the allocation addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to the Lent Preachers:—

Each year we meet again on the same day, and each year we promise ourselves that the following year the griefs which afflict us shall be passed; we hush ourselves with sweet hopes, the realization of which is long in arriving. Meantime the evil continues its ravages; the revolution does not cease to reduce and corrupt, to destroy and overthrow. Nevertheless, it must also be said, and I have already made you to understand it, God can cause good to come out of evil, and there is good in the misfortunes which we suffer. It is by trials that the elect appear, and it is by trials that the wicked are known. Times of revolution are like the barn in which God threshes his wheat; the good seed remains, and the straw is separated to be trodden under foot, and thrown to the flames." (The preceding year the Pope had compared revolution to the waves of the sea, the Church to a rock, and the wicked to the foam driven by the tempest.) Let us pray that the evil days may be shortened; but you especially who are called on to exercise an immense influence on the populations, preach, strengthen the good, bring back those who have been led away, and if possible the seducers themselves, these latter will come perhaps to catch you in your discourses. You must endeavour to catch them. There is a species of objection made to my Government—that it extends over a small State, and that my subjects, in accepting a greater lord than myself, will have less to pay. That is a deplorable illusion, and is a matter on which, should the case arrive, each should endeavour to enlighten those with whom he may have to do. As to the dreams of Italian unity, or the resurrection of a past Empire, they are mere chimeras—impossibilities which can only deceive men out of their senses, and on which it is hardly allowed to pause.

ROMISH BISHOPS AND IRISH EDUCATION.—The Rev. Dr. Keane, Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne, has just issued a Lenten pastoral, which is principally devoted to an attack upon the national system of education. The Bishop censures all the board's regulation for religious instruction, and says that Catholic confidence is betrayed under the system. He desires his co-religionists, at all future elections, to make the principle of denominational grants the condition of their support of every candidate.—*Times* Dublin Correspondent.

THE BIBLE IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—An attempt has been made by a committee of gentlemen, among whom Lords Roskell, Roden, and Gainsboro',