

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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OUR RAGGED SCHOOL.

(Continued.)

Another tale about unexpected fruit may, perhaps, be given here. A poor lad, who was not very refractory, but uncommonly idle, was in the habit of coming to school. His very idleness made him a great trouble to his master and to his parents, and at last, more in the hope of doing the good than from other objects, his father determined to accept an offer of work, and to remove to Tewkesbury. They had been gone from our neighbourhood a year and a half, when one day the superintendent was told that a lad was at the door, desirous of speaking with him. He went down stairs, and there saw a tall, ungainly, and most ragged boy awaiting him.

"You don't know me, sir?"

"What, George! is it you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come in, lad," said his kind friend, who took him down stairs, made him take a wash at the sink, and then gave him some tea, which was eagerly devoured by the famished lad. After tea, the following facts came out. The boy had gone to Tewkesbury with his father, but had there been treated with great sternness, had run away from home, after having broken open a cupboard and taken a sovereign which had been put aside for rent; had made his way to Bristol, hoping to get a berth on board ship, but, having no character, could not get employment; his money had soon been spent, and he had then started to walk to London, in the hope that his old teacher would be able to reconcile him to his father. The teacher took him next morning to his dear old clergyman, who ordered him to provide for the lad for some days, and to write at once to the parents, who gladly consented to receive back their truant, and sent the money to pay the expenses of his journey home. Some time elapsed, and one day a most grateful letter arrived from the boy, stating that the kindness shown to him had opened his heart to feel the yet greater love of his Redeemer, and that he who had been once rescued from the pit was now endeavouring, as a Sunday-school teacher, to aid others also.

A clergyman's letter-box often boasts some documents of great curiosity, and I often wish that I had preserved many of the letters which I have received. I have been looking to-day in vain for one received lately from Australia from a girl who, by the agency of our Ragged School, Bible-class, was rescued from the streets and sent abroad; but the following bona fide letter has just reached me from the mother of two little scholars who were great pets of mine:—

London, April —

"Rev. Sir—I have moved to the forementioned place and got a great knocking about in consequence of this alteration. My children are at school in a similar place to where they were in your time, that is a school of the protestant Church. Rev. Sir I parted my friend and benefactor when you left. I am all regret your leaving this place my little son put is always talking of your Revd. He is complete now in all his limbs and his former defect does away with. I got a countryman of mine that effectually cured him he is the promising of a very good boy. . . . Rev. Sir we are very thankful to the teacher Mr. — for his attention to the children but have made a vast improvement under his care Rev. Sir if you have the kindness and humility of writing the Address is — your revd. will recollect the address."

"N. B. The man who wrote this a good scholar, an Irishman from my neighbourhood at home. Is worthy of a situation, and capable of fulfilling it. Would willingly embrace one. He is a Mallow man, and would be perfectly grateful and thankful for anything done, and would wish an interview with your Revd. I can recommend him to be honest and trustworthy."

Some people deride the spread of education, and think little of its influence; but every child ought to be taught to read and write, if only to keep up the high and holy feelings of family love when families are scattered abroad. I am persuaded that it is scarcely possible to calculate the real good which is done in the way in which the best of all the arts are kept up amongst our people through the facilities afforded by the present system of education and of postage. Sometimes, of course, I have been shown letters strongly corroborative of this truth; and I am sure a poor friend of mine will pardon me for narrating the following occurrence:—She was a quiet, rough old woman, a thorough character, living in a wild spot; and one day, as I was walking near her house, I heard a great shout—"Parson, Parson!" I turned, and saw my friend waving her hand to me. On going up to her, she said, "O Parson, come in; I've had a letter this three days, and I cannot read it, and nobody has come who can read." Of course I offered to read it, and found it was from her daughter, who married a respectable small farmer, and lived some twenty miles off. The hand was a good bold one, and the orthography pretty good, and I easily read the following:—

"DEAR MOTHER—This comes hopping your way, as it leaves us well; thanks be to the Lord for it. And dear mother, thanks be to the Lord we are doing mighty well; the crops are very good, and the taters stand. And thanks be to the Lord both the cows has good calves, and most of the sheep has double couplets; and the hens and the turkeys has done well. And now dear mother talking of other live stock; I've got another babe and thanks be to the Lord he is doing marvellous well; it do no your heart good to see him; bless him. And dear mother if you can come over to us to harvest time I'd be very glad; if you want half a sovereign just let me know—and how dear mother, I am with you, your affectionate daughter, JANE."

Of course the coupling of the baby and the live stock was amusing enough, but all was good news to the mother, and the invitation and the offer of help cheered her heartily in her lone, widowed life. Even rough Sally could not help a tear, and I could not laugh at such a genuine though, perhaps, quaint letter.

While I am on this topic, I must, however, give one more tale about a letter. There was a very dear and rather odd couple in the village, whom I often visited—William and Mary H. William had often told me about his marriage.

"I and our Mary had kept company a long

time, but somehow we were not married. Joseph, the clerk, were often at us; he wanted his fees, and he said he'd put our hands. One day I goes to church, and sure enough he had. So I calls on Mary as went I home, and says, 'Mary, I've been to church.'

"That's right, Bill."

"What think you I've heard?"

"I dunna know, Bill; summat good."

"I've heard our bands asked."

"Have yer, Bill?"

"Yes. Did you put them up, lass?"

"No, Bill. Did you?"

"No, lass."

"Then it war that old clerk?"

"Do you mean to forbid them, lass?"

"No, Bill. Do you?"

"No, lass; but next Sunday we'll go together and hear them asked."

"So we went—and Sunday next; and I'd just spoken to parson, and when they war asked out, we just walked up to rails, and he married us there; and we went back, and he gave us all such a summat on marriage! It did us all good; and we've been downright happy ever since."

Well, one day when I came home from visiting, my old landlady told me that some one had been found begging me to go up to old Will's house as soon as ever I could—he was in great trouble. I started off at once, and found him and his old woman both in tears. I asked what was the matter.

"Oh, sir, we've had such a letter from our Jack in Africa!"

Now, our Jack was a soldier, and had, by good conduct, risen to the rank of sergeant-major. His letter was in a high-down strain. He had been evidently reading Moore and other poets; and he had written when the news of the threatened Chartist riot on the famous 10th of April had just reached the camp. I cannot remember all his letter, but this passage comes to me:—

"BELOVED PARENTS—I have heard of the terrible dangers that threatened my native land. Perhaps ere now it has been devastated by lawless bands of unprincipled marauders; perhaps ere now the humble cot in which I first drew nurture has been committed to the ruthless flames. World I was with you, to protect my ancestral hearth! I cannot be with you; but, beloved parents, my soul hovers over you, as the tabernacle Houri of the Mohammedan; and I do all I can, by wish and supplication, to cast an angel around you."

Of course I burst out laughing at this high-down letter and their grief. They started at my laugh.

"What, sir, is all right? We thought summat terrible had surely happened; we never heard such words before."

I assured them all was right, and translated the letter for them, to their amazing comfort; but I can assure you that letter was shown to every neighbour as "what our Jack could do," and doubly treasured because they could not comprehend it.

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

There are some ignorant infidels who deny that such a man as Jesus Christ ever lived. The infidel Roman, a man of Hebrew descent, learned Oriental scholar, a professor of Hebrew in the College of France, after thoroughly studying the Scriptures, the Jewish traditions and profane history, and exploring Phenicia, writes, in the land in which Jesus lived and died, a biography of him. Other infidels have denied the authenticity of the Gospels, and ascribed them to ages long subsequent to the events which they narrate. Roman admits their authenticity, and ascribes them to the first century.

Although Roman admits the authenticity of the canonical Gospels, conceding that they date back to the first century, and are substantially by the authors to whom they are attributed, he considers them as neither inspired nor of equal historical value. He deems himself able to select the real sayings of Christ from those improperly attributed to him. He says a divine power idealizes these words and renders them easily recognizable to the critic. "These words of Jesus will not be concealed; as soon as we touch them in this chaos of traditions of unequal value we feel them vibrate; they come spontaneously and take their own place in the narrative, where they stand out in unparalleled relief." Of course, this is all imagination. Each critic's mind has its peculiar elective affinity. M. Renan regards Matthew as the most reliable reporter of the *logia* of Christ; Mark as more firm, precise, and least embellished; Luke as a document of second hand, containing errors of chronology, softening details, tending down to a promiscuous and composite form; John as least reliable, and not in harmony with Matthew.

"Even," says the author, "if I could not tell you that Matthew wrote the sayings in their original tongue, the naturalness, the ineffable truth, the perfect clarity of the synoptic discourses, their thoroughly Hebrew manner, the logic which they present to the sayings of the Jewish doctors of the same period, their perfect harmony with Galilean nature, all those characters, if we compare them with the obscure gnosticism and the distorted metaphysics of John, speak loudly enough. This does not mean that there are not in the discourses of John wonderful flashes of light, touches which come really from Jesus."

He denies the miraculous statements of the Scriptures as distinctly as he does their inspiration, and undertakes to account for them, not by considering them myths, nor by treating them upon natural principles, but by supposing that our Saviour was partly deceived and partly a deceiver. He does not say "miracles are impossible," but "that there has been hitherto no miracle proved." He begs the very point in dispute. We mark in his enumeration of the miracles of Christ an omission of those which present the greatest difficulty to his theory, a circumstance which we can hardly reconcile with his moral honesty. M. Renan supposes John the Baptist to have inspired Jesus, to have led him to entertain ideas of being a grand moral leader of mankind, and inspired him with new views of his mission. Henceforth he is filled with revolutionary ardor, abolishes the law, announces himself Messiah, and reveals the new kingdom of God. His disciples, considering a descent from David essential to the Messiahship, call him Son of David, and he consents to their fraud. As the son of David must be a Bethlehemite, another legend was invented; but whether Christ assented to this, the author does not say. In like manner was the story of his supernatural birth. "His legend was thus the fruit of a great altogether

spontaneous conspiracy, and was worked out about him while he was yet alive."

As his life drew near to a close he becomes deranged, for what less does the author mean by the following words: "He was, if we may so speak, totally beyond nature, family, friendship; country had no longer any meaning to him."

"Carried away by this terrible tide of enthusiasm, commanded by the necessity of a preaching more and more exalted, Jesus was no longer free; he belonged to his mission, and in one sense to humanity. At times one would have said that his reason was disturbed. He had sufferings and agitations within. The grand vision of the kingdom of God flashing before his eyes dazzled him. His disciples at certain moments believed him mad. His enemies declared him possessed. His temperament, which was exceedingly ardent, bore him every instant beyond the limits of human nature."

"His natural gentleness seems to have abandoned him. He was sometimes rude and uncouth. His disciples at times ceased to comprehend him, and experienced before him a feeling of fear. Sometimes his intolerance and his opposition led him to acts inexplicable and apparently absurd." Bolder blasphemy than this can be found nowhere in Paine's Age of Reason.

The inconsistencies of this book exceed those of any other with which we have ever met. The author ascribes the superiority of Christ to the scenery of Galilee, without explaining why the same influences have not produced a similar character among the millions that have felt them. Jesus is presented as the strongest of men, and too weak to resist the influence of his weakest disciples. He is the purest of men, and yet he is a thaumaturgist and a deceiver. He is the most transparent of mortals, yet he pretends to work miracles when he does not work them, and even yields to a conspiracy of his friends in the case of the resurrection of Lazarus. He is the great reformer of mankind yet a bewildered fanatic. The author thinks him ignorant of philosophy, of history, of science, of the nature of society, and of the life which in our state of friends would have brought him twenty times before the police courts. Yet he thus speaks of him: "This sublime, person who each day still presides over the destinies of the world, we may call divine, not in the sense that Jesus absorbed all divinity or was equal to it, (to employ the scholastic expression), but in this sense, that Jesus is that individual who has caused his people to make the greatest advance toward the divine." The author says "he was not sinless," and probably had faults which his disciples concealed; and yet adds, "But whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed; his worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will melt the noblest hearts; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus." What a monstrous declaration to be made concerning a sinful and faulty man.

There may be scholars in France or Germany who can put that and that together, but men of common sense cannot. Of all attempts to account for the acknowledged facts of Christianity without admitting the supernatural, this is the most absurd.

We take occasion to say that if the chapter on the character of Christ in Dr. Bushnell's work on "Nature and the Supernatural" had been written to counteract the effect of M. Renan's, it could not have answered the purpose better than it does, and we beg young persons who have read Renan's work to turn to Dr. Bushnell's. Without indorsing all that it contains, we can heartily commend it as a work for the times.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

ROMAN DEPRAVITY.

We have never read a more terrible comment on the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans than in the foregoing extract from Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, pp. 187, 188:

"The concentration of power and increase of immorality proceeded with an unequalled speed. In earlier ages the Roman dominion was exercised by a few thousand persons; then it passed into the hands of some score families; then it was sustained for a moment by individuals; and at last seized by one man, who became the master of 120 millions. As the process went on, the virtues which had adorned the earlier times disappeared, and in the end were replaced by crimes such as the world never before witnessed and never will again. An evil day is approaching when it becomes recognized in a community that the only standard of social distinction is wealth. That day was soon followed in Rome by its unavoidable consequence, a government founded upon two domestic elements, corruption and terrorism. No language can describe the state of that capital after the civil wars. The universal depravity of law ceased to be of any value. A seditious man could buy a bribe before a trial could be gotten. The people had become a mass of rottenness. The people had become a populace, the aristocracy was a demagogue; the city was a hell. No crime that the annals of human wickedness can show was left unperpetrated: remorseless murders; the betrayal of parents, husbands, wives, friends; poisoning reduced to a system; adultery degenerating into incest, and crimes that can not be written. Women of the higher class were so lascivious, depraved, and dangerous, that men could not be compelled to contract matrimony with them; marriage was displaced by concubinage; even virgins were guilty of inconceivable immodesties; great officers of state and ladies of the court, of promiscuous baths and naked exhibitions. In the time of Cæsar it had become necessary for the government to interfere, and actually put a premium on marriage. He gave rewards to women who had many children; prohibited those who were under forty-five years of age, and who had no children, from wearing jewels and riding in litters, hoping by such social disabilities to correct the evil. It went on from bad to worse, so that Augustus, in view of the general avoidance of legal marriage and resort to concubinage with slaves, was compelled to impose penalties on the unmarried—to enact that they should not inherit by will except from relations. The Roman women actually reckoned the years, not by the consuls, but by the men they had lived with. To be childless and therefore without the natural restraint of a family, was looked upon as a singular felicity. P. Labrousse touched the point when he said that the Romans married

to be heirs and not to have heirs. Of offences that do not rise to the dignity of atrocity, but which excite our loathing, such as gluttony and the most debauched luxury, the annals of the times furnish the most disgusting proofs. It was said, 'They eat that they may vomit, and vomit that they may eat.' At the taking of Perusia, three hundred of the most distinguished citizens were solemnly sacrificed at the altar of Divus Julius by Octavian! Are these the deeds of civilized men, or the riotings of cannibals drunk with blood?"

"The higher classes on all sides exhibited a total extinction of moral principles; the lower were practical atheists. Who can peruse the annals of the emperors without being shocked at the manner in which men died, meeting their fate with the obtuse tranquillity that characterizes the beast? A century with a private mandate appears, and forthwith the victim upon his veins and dies in a warm bath. At the best, all that was done was to strike at the tyrant. Men despairingly acknowledged that the system itself was utterly past cure."

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Faith works by love. Through faith from God his Saviour a believer's own heart is filled; then, and thereby, through love, he exerts a beneficent influence on the world. Standing in the midst, between God and his neighbour, a Christian—not himself a motive power, but only a receptive vessel—gets on the upper side, and so gives on the lower side. By faith he receives, and by love he labours; thus, his life on earth alternates, like the heart that is beating in his breast, until, with the heart's last throbs, the life leaps over into a larger place—a life free, full, eternal. Love's labour consists of two parts—doing and bearing. These two are different but inseparable, like the confluent sources of a river, or the two diverging stems of a bifurcate tree. Still more exactly, perhaps, both in their distinction and their union they may be compared to the right and left hands of a living man. In the body, sometimes the right hand and sometimes the left bears the chief strain, while the corresponding member is at other times left comparatively at ease; at other times the weight is distributed equally between them. In like manner, the Christian life is sometimes mainly a laborious activity, sometimes mainly a patient enduring, and sometimes both at the same time and in equal measure. I could not venture to determine whether is the greater Christian, the man who bears injuries patiently in a forgiving spirit, or the man who labours in some department of duty, bearing down by sheer force all the obstacles that stand in his way. The deeds as a general rule, are better known in the church and the world than the bearers. The results of active love bulk more largely in history than those of passive love; but perhaps in the inherent merits of the case, and in the judgment of the Omnipotent, faith has borne as much and as precious fruit in enduring evil as in doing good. Those ancient warriors who were left-handed, and could sling as well as fight with the sword, contributed as much to the progress of the army in the day of battle as their fellow-soldiers who grasped broadswords in strong right hands. The weak, Christ-like bearer of evil is as much needed and as much used in the work of the kingdom, as the active, Christ-like doer of good. Assuredly those early disciples of the Lord found the duty as difficult as any positive work in which they had ever been engaged. Trying to fulfill it they speedily reached the bottom of their own resources; finding that they possessed not the sufficient supply for meeting and satisfying this new demand, they said to the Lord, "Increase our faith." If the city were suddenly doubled in size, and consequently a double quantity of water drawn from the ever-increasing multitude of openings in its water-channels, the inhabitants, feeling some faintness and fearing more, would raise a united cry for a larger supply from the fountain-head. It is thus that the disciples of Christ are kept from failing. Their confidence rests not on the sufficiency of their own attainments, but on the fulness and freedom of their Saviour's love. Although it seems paradoxical in form, it is, nevertheless, strictly true in fact, that their security in great emergencies lies not in their fulness, but in their emptiness, according to Paul's sharply defined, experimental antithesis, "When I am weak, then am I strong."—Rev. W. Arnold.

CHRISTIAN FAMILY LIFE.

Religion in the house of a good man is likely to be a legacy to his children. The ark went away from the house of Obed-edom at the end of three months; but the connection between the ark and his family was not then brought to an end. He is mentioned again with his son, in the later history, as established about the ark. They keep the doors; they carry harps; they "excel" in the music, and spend all their time in promoting the worship and kingdom of God in the earth.

So, piety and its blessings often descend in the same house from father to son, from one generation to another. This is according to the law and will of God. We see and regard in our actions only the living. He sees those who are to live, to the third and fourth generation. In the piety of the living, and in the laws of Christian family life, he makes provision for what we may call the transmission of religion to those who shall come after. The law of transmission is not invariable—at any rate, it admits, in so far as we can see, of some exceptions. Our Saviour tells us that it is not a law of "blood, or of the will of man," apart from life and character. He warns us against the folly of "saying within ourselves that we have Abraham to our Father."

But there is a law, although our mere "will" does not command it. That law is "of God." He knows its force. He forms its living links. He binds the generations together. He acknowledges the parental teaching as his own "nurture," the parental warnings as his own "admonition," and when the child is "trained up in the way that he should go," it is ruled in his counsel that "when he is old, he shall not depart from it." Instead of the fathers there are the children, whom he "makes princes in the earth."

What a strength of encouragement, and what a depth of solemnity, there is in this gracious law, for all godly parents who are striving, like Abraham, to command their children, and their household after them! Such parents may assure themselves that that endeavour is in the very line of God's loving will to them and theirs. In the rule of their house, and in the spirit of their life, they are casting the forms which will be people and animated with the future "families of Israel." They are handing down the traditions of greatness, and

the sacred roll of their heavenly lineage to those who will know how to value them, and how to transmit them, with added splendours, to a still future age, as dwellings for God. They are making room for his Fatherhood. The human fatherhood is a transient and uncertain thing. Every thoughtful father, must often think, and the more as life goes on, "I am going the way of all flesh; I must leave my children soon, some of them young, some not clearly formed in character, all of them in a world of searching trial." And the thought is at least very solemn, if not sad. But let that father think for it is true, "I can live after I am dead. I can live in the legacy I bequeath in the principles I inspire, in the blessing I transmit. The God of my fathers will be the God of my children. I see them, like the house of Obed-edom, to the third and fourth generation busy around the ark of God, and I die in peace!" Such are some, and only some, of the blessings of religion in the home. These are some of the living powers which centre in the ark of God.

Are we giving that ark entrance? Is the blessing on our house? Is our home thrice dear and sacred because filled with the heavenly Fatherhood and presence? If not, let me see to it without delay. Let me draw down the waiting presence. Let me fill my house with love. Let me bring myself and all I have to him who has given me all, that he may give me all again—that the Lord may now "bless the house of Obed-edom and all that he has."

LETTER FROM ROME.

Priests and Church Edifices—St. Peter's Church.

ROME, Italy, Jan. 12, 1864.

Everywhere in Italy priests are numerous; in Rome they are as plentiful as the frogs in Egypt when the land was smitten with the plague; and many of them, to say the least, are about as good looking. If they are not "sensual, worldly and devilish," their faces ought to be indicted for a libel.

According to their own ecclesiastical reports, there are a little more than seven thousand of the clergy in this city. The whole population is given by good authority at 190,000. One-seventh of these being estimated to be adult males, it will be seen that one in four of all the men are in the priestly office. Besides these there are five thousand students preparing for that office, and all wearing the distinctive robe. Add to these monks in the convents, who have also their peculiar dress, and you may conceive the impression which one receives. It seems to me that full one-half of the persons I meet are thus marked by their dress, in one form or another, as officers or dignitaries, present or prospective, of this apostate church.

And Church Edifices are almost as plenty as priests. Three hundred and eighty of them for the population already mentioned, will give one for every five hundred persons—men, women and children—might be convened in these buildings. Many of them are small; but some of them are of immense size.

Few persons have heard of Rome without also hearing of St. Peter's church. And as those who come here are generally impatient to see it, so those who hear or read ask first of all, "Tell us about St. Peter's." To begin here, will be to give you an inverted climax; but your readers will be impatient with anything else. So here I begin.

As you approach the building from the east, you are presented with a rectangular front of 379 feet in length by 148½ in height. This is made, not of marble, but of travertine—a greyish rock of volcanic origin, abounding in these regions. This front is ornamented with eight columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order. Each column is 92 feet high, and 8½ in diameter. Along the top of this front stand thirteen colossal statues, 18½ feet high, which the books say represent Christ and the twelve apostles; but upon going to the top and observing the names attached to each, I found that Peter and Paul were left out, and Matthias and John the Baptist included. The rest were the ten apostles. Peter and Paul were left out, no doubt for the reason that they have two magnificent statues in front of the building and near the stairs which lead to it. The statues, as well as the columns, are like the rest of the facade of travertine.

In front of the building is a circular space, enclosed—except the 379 feet across the facade, and an equal distance on the opposite side of the circle—by a most magnificent colonnade. This colonnade consists of two hundred and eighty-four columns and sixty-four pilasters, arranged in four concentric arcs; the three spaces being as adjusted that the middle one is wide enough to drive two carriages abreast; the others narrower for footmen. The columns are 48 feet high, and the space occupied by the whole 55 feet in width. On the entablature stand 192 statues of saints, each 12 feet high. Imagine yourself, then, approaching the building, and when you are within thirty or forty rods of it, stop midway between the beginnings of these two arcs, the one sweeping around to the right of you, the other to the left. Stand a moment while you make a few observations, summing up what I have already stated. Directly before you is the great building, with its tower, in the centre between north and south, but some distance back from the east front, it being nearer the west end. Four curved rows of columns are on each side of you, the inner row of columns, and until it reaches the line of the side of the church, and then for the distance of ten or twelve rods, running straight toward it. Along the battlements of this arcade stand 96 statues on each side, and on the higher battlements of the church itself stand 13, directly before you. Between you and the building are Peter and Paul; the one a little to the right of the central, the other a little to the left.

In the centre of this "piazza," or open space, is an Egyptian obelisk, 132 feet in height, and with in the sweep of the curve on either side, a beautiful fountain, throwing up its abundant waters perpetually to the height of many feet, and giving you always, when the sun shines, a mimic rainbow. This—if I have made myself intelligible—is a front view of the most magnificent church building in the world.

Entering, you first find yourself in a hall, fifty feet wide, and extending across the entire front and also the ends of the colonnades. The length of this hall is 468 feet, its height 66. At one end is an equestrian statue of Constantine, at the other Charlemagne. The ceiling above is arched, and

profusely but tastefully adorned in gold and bass-relief.

From this three doors open into the church itself. And your first impression upon entering is that which you find strengthening and intensifying at every subsequent visit—that there is not on the face of the earth a more magnificent and imposing temple. You are impressed with its grandeur, rather than its beauty. Heavy, massive columns, adorned with paintings and statuary, chapels on either side the magnificent altar, the great dome, rising above you four hundred feet there are among the striking features of the interior.

But to be a little more specific; and if your readers dislike a few figures they can skip this paragraph, and thus avoid them. The length of the building is 613 feet; length of the transept (the building being in the form of a Latin cross) 443 feet; width of the rest of the building, except the transept and porch, 188 feet. Width of the central nave, 87½ feet; height from the floor to the ceiling, 152½. Height of the dome from the floor to the base of the lantern, 405 feet; to the top of the cross above the lantern, 440½. The diameter of the dome on the inside—as seen from the church below—is 139 feet; from outside to outside, 159½. [This last statement will be understood when it is known that the passage way to the top of the dome is made in the space between the inner and outer walls.] The dome is of massive stone work, and is supported by four columns and arches connecting them. The columns would be square, except that the inside angle is cut off. Were it not for that, they would measure 388 around; as it is, they measure only 280.

These figures, however, will give most of your readers little idea of the size of the parts referred to, unless they stop to make comparisons. For example: each of these four pillars occupies as much space on the floor of the church as an edifice 80 feet long and 60 feet wide; which is larger, probably, than any church building in New England outside of the principal cities. The dome, if provided with seats as economically as Spurgeon's chapel in London, would hold six thousand persons; and if lifted from the top of St. Peter's and set down over Henry Ward Beecher's Church in Brooklyn, would cover it completely, without touching it in any part. And yet it does not appear too large for the edifice on which it stands; and the immense columns which support it are but little in the way in the interior of St. Peter's.

It is only by ascending to the top of the building, and the summit of the dome, that one gets an adequate impression of the magnitude of either. Even the ball above the lantern is eight feet in diameter, and will hold sixteen persons; and the whole building occupies more than twelve times as much space on the ground as Hildale College.

Of course I do not intend to impose upon you a detailed description of the interior. "The Pope's chair," at the west end, is large enough for any gentleman not weighing over 1000 pounds. The grand canopy over the high altar, which is directly under the dome, is 95 feet high, and cost the moderate sum of \$100,000! The image of St. Peter, which stands northeast of it, is of bronze, and of rude execution; evidently made many hundred years ago; and whether originally intended for St. Peter, or for one of the heavenly deities, is an unsettled question. This is the celebrated statue, the toe of which has been so much kissed by the devout, and the underneath, as to be worn off, perhaps a third of an inch. On one afternoon as I stood near it a company of seventy-five lads, from nine to eighteen years of age, in training for the priesthood, marched in for service; and it was curious to observe the difference of their demeanor towards this piece of black bronze. Some of them kissed it, then touched it with their foreheads, then kissed it again. Others kissed it but once; and I noticed that not a few of them first wiped it off with their sleeve or a pocket handkerchief, before they kissed it at all.

Here and there in the church are deposited some of the "sacred relics," which are shown only to those holding high office, or once a year to the mass of the people. On my circuit to the top of the building, I noticed various signs set into the wall, on each of which was recorded some remarkable fact like this: "On the day of —, in the year —, the Prince of Wales ascended this staircase, and visited the dome." What interesting data will these records afford for the future writer of church history!

But I must leave off. Here in this St. Peter's is magnificent architecture, huge idolatry, monstrous superstition and most gigantic fraud. I say fraud, for the leaders of the ignorant multitude know well that they are perpetually dealing out the most unmitigated falsehoods that were ever uttered. Their pretended relics they know to be impostures. That the apostles had five skulls apiece, or four thigh bones each, they do not say; of them believe; and when they attempt to evade your logic by claiming a miraculous multiplication of skull bones, and ribs, and knee pans, and phalanges, they believe that just as little. This apostate church must meet its day of reckoning by and by, and then the shout will be heard on high, "Babylon the Great is fallen—is fallen!"

WORK FOR CHRIST.—As there is so much power ascribed to the Truth in Scripture, let it be my frequent exercise to summon this one, and that other truth into my mind, and with care to have a correct apprehension of it—dwell upon it simply as it is. And let me henceforward my experience, that of all the Bible truths taken together, there are none which tell more pleasantly or more powerfully upon me, than the work of Christ in the room of sinners, as their substitute and their atonement; and that not only in the way of peace; but sure I am, that when they thus occupied, I feel on the firmest vantage-ground for the vigorous and cheerful and prosperous prosecution of the service of God. This experience remarkably accords with the pre-eminence given to Christ in his mediatorial offices, through the whole of revelation, and justifies the saying of Paul, "I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified!"—And also of the expressions, "Christ the power of God!"—"Christ the wisdom of God!"—"the cross of Christ, through glory in which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Let me conform myself more and more into the mediatorial economy of the gospel. Let my fellowship be with the Son of God, and test the efficacy of the Bible sayings, by acting faith upon them, or cherishing the apprehension of their greatness. O my God, let the Word thus raise me above the world! Let it dwell in me richly in all wisdom! Above all,