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.

Vol. XIV.—No. 9. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1867. Whole No. 685.

C. SALMON,

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Dec. 5, 1861.—wpl.

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NOVEMBER 21, 1866.

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WOOL HOODS,

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"Quick Sales and Small Profits!"

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, November 21st, 1866.

The Intelligencer.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LECTURE ROOM TALK.

The following from a Lecture Room Talk by Mr. Beecher contains much that is valuable, and worth knowing and remembering:—

There is a class of men that we often meet, who might be called, not so much religious talkers as religious *chatterers*. I have myself suffered from their inflictions. Men, they are, who, when they talk, go off like a watchman's rattle, and with a sound as dry and sharp. I have been in revivals of religion where the whole instruction seemed to run on the duty of talking with impenitents, till it seemed as if the whole duty of Christians consisted in hunting up sinners and running them down with talk. Not that it was not a duty to talk; but all other things were left out of view, and there was not sufficient breadth and qualification given to the teaching.

Now, in the first place, I do not think it to be everybody's duty to talk. I think that God's gifts in creation are as manifest as God's gifts in the pentecostal day, when some had the gift of language, others the gift of interpretation, others the gift of teaching, and others the gift of exhortation.

There are many persons, I suppose, who, in going to speak to other persons on the subject of religion, go directly across the grain of their nature. And yet, they have eminent gifts of usefulness in other directions. I do not say that persons should not overcome their repugnance to conversing with others on this subject; but they should not do that to the neglect of those instruments that are strongest in them. There are other persons who are preeminently ordained in their nature and birth for conversation. I remember some men now who were almost never without conversation; and I almost never remember to have heard them talk unedifyingly.

Our attention is called in Scripture to religious exercises that are for religious edification; and he who finds that he has power to build a man up by his talking, has a usefulness that is neither to be neglected nor put in a napkin. Some men have not that upbuilding power of conversation. Other men have it preeminently. They have such an insight into people, they have such a sense of times and seasons, they have such a power of putting the truth in an available form, that men can take it without hesitation, and digest it as it were. There are unordained men that are ordained of God from their birth to be teachers in this way.

Now, many persons say, "If I had the gift of eloquence, and could stand up and speak, I think I would give everything in the world." I would have all such persons understand that while if they are able to speak to edification they should do it, yet that is not the only way in which a man can be useful. Because a man cannot talk or pray to edification publicly, it does not follow that he cannot make his contribution to the cause of God. There are ways in which silence is most effectual, and example is most influential. Those are not the only useful men who have gifts of speaking. There are various ways in which men may be useful without prejudice to the gift of speaking and without undervaluing our duty in regard to it. But I want you to understand that you have a duty of conversation. And I add to it, that if you have no remarkable power in that direction, it does not necessarily take away from you the privilege of usefulness. There are other ways of doing good. Silence; example; a spirit of Christ, that hardly knows how to vocalize itself, and yet that pervades the features, and makes itself felt in all that the man does who is possessed by it—you will find in the judgment-day that these were sowing seed all the time. Not, however, that, if you can speak, you should speak less, but that, if you cannot speak, you should not think that you cannot work in the Master's vineyard.

Now, a few words more on this subject. I think that an ingenuous and modest young person, that speaks to another person on the subject of religion, often takes up a heavier cross, and practices a greater self-denial, than many others would in making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I know it, because I have gone through it. You would not think it from the facility and ease with which I speak now, from long practice, but so it was. I recollect when I first tried to do my Christian duty. I remember when I was first asked to lead in prayer. If all the air between heaven and me had been put under the piston of a condenser, and crowded right down on my head, I should not have felt more as though I was suffocating. I gasped, literally, and said, "No, sir." I felt awfully. I was perfectly paralyzed. And then, when a teacher of mine was asked next to pray, with a sort of gentle submission he said, "I will try," and knelt down and made a prayer. That was worse than all to me; for I had known his history. He had been a poor hostler's boy in Canada. Prof. Davies found him a bootblack and hostler, and in making change he showed such an aptitude for arithmetic, and in reply to questions gave tokens of such an arithmetical gift, that the Professor became interested in him, and hired him for a servant. He subsequently had him appointed at West Point, where he remained until he was turned away on account of a Christmas spree. He was afterwards my teacher. I owe much to him. He is still living. I said to myself, "Here is a minister's son, who has all his life long been under Christian instruction, and he is asked to pray, and he won't; and here is a poor boy that never had any Christian instruction in his early days, that never had any father or mother that he knew anything about, and he is asked to make a prayer, and he turns around and makes it!" It almost killed me. I look back without reproach upon it. I do not think I did wrong. It was all perfectly natural.

But the next time I went having my nerves strained up, and saying, "If they ask me to pray, I will pray." And if I had to choose between being whipped with thirty-nine lashes and making that prayer, I think I should have said, "Give me the thirty-nine lashes." If it had been a choice between being put upon bread and water in close confinement for a week and making that prayer, I should have said, "Give me close confinement and bread and water." I suffered greatly in spirit. I was acutely sensitive to conscience, to praise and blame, to shame, to pride, and all of them were running wild in my mind, like so many colts in an open pasture-lot.

I recollect, afterwards, undertaking to talk to a man on the subject of religion. He was a regular engineer, and it would not have been half so much for him to have stormed Fort Fisher as it was for me to confront him. I felt as though I was not half as big as he was, and that if he turned on me suddenly, I should be annihilated! I crept up to him cautiously, tremblingly, and in a way that I am sure excited his compassion; and he treated me with compassion, yes with pity, evidently. And yet I felt that I had done my duty. It is very hard for a person to take up his cross and do what he thinks to be his duty. * * *

How useful conversation is depends on what it is, or what it means. For instance, if you know a person to have been proved and tried in life all the way through, one simple sentence from him is very powerful. One sentence from Dr. Cornelius carried great weight with it. But suppose it were not he, but a man of a narrow sphere, an inferior mind, and no character, how much weight would it have? Dr. Cornelius's whole life was a trip-hammer that drove home what he said.

If there comes to you a man whom you think to be a little whipper-snapper, and he talks about the *awful responsibilities* of this life, you do not mind what he says, nor care for it. You have no respect for him. His life has not given him a right to talk about such matters. That which makes conversation effectual, is generally either the known life and disposition of the person which give extrinsic weight to it, or else it is a moral wisdom and gravity in the thing said, which impresses it on the judgment according to the natural laws of the judgment.

While, then, it is your duty to talk, it is still more your duty to live so that you *can* talk. While it is your duty to converse with others on the subject of their souls' salvation, it is still more your duty to live so that you will have something to say. And these truisms that are bandied about everywhere do not amount to *talking*. And as we are *to watch unto prayer*, so we are to watch unto edifying conversation. I am speaking of cases where conversation is in some sense ministerial.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CITY PASTOR.

THE FORGER.

One pleasant afternoon, I accepted the invitation of a friend to ride with him in the Central Park. That beautiful resort of the pent-up denizens of the great city, as usual, was alive with the varied phases of social life. There the rich and the poor meet together. Carriages rolling along the fine drives; equestrians riding through the bridle-paths; multitudes lounging leisurely along the walks, reclining in the shade, floating dreamily in canopied boats over the lake—calling back the days of childhood and life in the country by a trip through the Ramble—resting on the Mall, or lingering under the Arbor above the music stand, listening to the inspiring strains of the band. Pale, sad faces, to which the fresh air and a sight of the green fields brought back for a little while the cheerful smile of joy; childhood with its glee; age with its infirmity. Splendid equipages filled with pride and fashion; princely establishments, flashing with gold and beauty, along the avenues, containing not an atom of true joy or contentment. To outshine others, to be admired and envied—their end and reward. Some of these, could their owners and occupants have had their deserts, would have been in the penitentiary; and their creditors, or victims, in justice might have filled their places. A great blessing is that park—worth more millions than it has cost. But if in its loveliness it seems a paradise, intruding upon its fair beauties also Satan comes. Many carriages of plainer appearance—men with their families, husbands and wives, fathers with their children—those who evidently came to enjoy the recreation, without caring so much what other people thought or said of them. Now and then an establishment so odd and old-fashioned, with occupants so queer, as to provoke a remark or a smile. What did they care?

We rode slowly along, looking more at the people than the place, and ascended the Lookout lying off from the old Reservoir. As we came to the top, a stylish equipage, which had been resting there for a view of the scene, turned and dashed past us. There was a span of superb blacks, richly caparisoned, a light but costly buggy for two, with a gentleman and lady fashionably dressed, with every appearance of wealth and position. Of course there was no liveried driver; no outriders, or footmen. The gentleman was perhaps thirty, or a little more, the lady not so old. She was richly attired, and possessed a certain style of beauty, which in a crowd, or on the thoroughfare, would arrest the attention of an observer. But it had a touch of boldness, rather than of modesty—was of that sort which reminds one more of the theatre and the ball room, than of the quiet scenes of domestic life.

"I presume you do not know that gentleman who just drove by," observed my friend, as we drew up to take a look, from our position, over the Park, and the city. I replied that I did not, and asked who it was.

"One of the twenty thousand or more fast men of this city," was his answer. "I have had occasion to know something of his movements; but not much. Three years ago he was worth nothing but a clerk's salary; and that not large. I cannot see whence by honest means he can get much more than that now. But he supports the style of a rich man. He lives in a fine house, elegantly furnished, and keeps, I am told, not less than six horses—you saw those he drives to-day—and three carriages of different styles; has his own stables, grooms, and coachmen. How he does it, I cannot tell; it isn't my business to know. In a great city, you see men only on the outside. Their out-of-sight life it is hard to know."

His wife, I suggested, seemed to enjoy their style, and in her dress and manners gave evidence that she was fond of display, and meant to be admired. "Wife! umph!" said my friend looking me in the face, with an incredulous smile. "You think that is his *wife*, do you? Not at all. If you should go down to Thirty-Second street, to his elegantly-furnished house, you might find a modest, quiet, pale-looking woman, with her three little children about her, attending to her household duties, really supposing that her husband is at his business. That bold woman whom you saw by his side in rich silks, and with costly jewels, lives in finely-furnished rooms, has servants to wait upon her, goes to the opera, visits concerts, walks Broadway, and rides to Central Park, as you see, and his money pays for it all."

"Is that so?" "Precisely so." We drove on. I was sad and thoughtful. Such is one phase of life, especially *high* life, in a great city. Once more we passed that dashing equipage before we left the Park. I turned away indignant at such gilded vice, thought of the wife in Thirty-Second street, and reflected how a man could dishonor his manhood, and how a woman could disgrace her name and her kind. One of the twenty thousand fast men; and one of the more than twenty thousand—— Alas!

Six months after that, I called one day on a sick parishioner in Thirty-Second street. As I walked up the steps, and rang the bell, I noticed several carriages standing before the next house, with gentlemen and ladies passing in and out. The movements were a little peculiar. It was not like a wedding, nor yet a funeral. What could it be? I inquired where I called, and was informed that the contents of that house were to be sold the next day at auction, and the house was now open to the public for inspection. It was furnished with the most elegant furniture, and abundantly supplied with costly works of art.

Whose house was it, thus turned over ruthlessly to the auctioneer? Mr. N., the noted forger. Mr. N., the dashing fast man, whose span of superb blacks, and whose riding companion attracted admiration, if not envy, at the Park, and on the Bloomingdale Road; whose style had gone up to a princely point, and no one could guess from what source his income was derived; he had been detected in the forgery of a draft—of many drafts—investigation proved, of many tens of thousands of dollars. Money came easy; it was only a few words with a pen, and fifty thousand dollars were at his disposal. Money gratified vanity. Money subserved pride. Money pandered to lust. Money tempted him to sin, and led him to ruin. His exposures thrilled business circles, were spread on the records of criminal courts, were the text from which the secular and the religious press preached many a sermon to young men, on extravagant and unprincipled living. For a brief day his gigantic frauds were the wonder of the city, and repeated over the land. Tried, guilt confessed, sentenced, sent to State Prison. And then the wonder ceases to excite the public interest, and the sad, sad lessons are forgotten.

Poor N.! How fallen! Fallen from honour, and virtue, and manhood, before he fell into public disfavor. Not ruined when he went to the State Prison, condemned to hard work, and a felon's garb and fare. But ruined when in the flush of his dishonest success, he imitated the luxuries of an almost princely extravagance, sacrificed the virtues of personal and domestic life, and pursued recklessly his course of wrong-doing. Then was he ruined. How few young men will accept the lesson which such a history teaches. How many will court wealth and position at any price. How many will sacrifice virtue, and truth, and honor, notwithstanding all the warnings and waymarks which the fate of wrong-doers furnishes to those who follow them. Shine for a little while in a false show, and then sink into dark dishonor, and rise no more.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

IN THE YEAR NOW BEGINNING REDEEM TIME.

It was a good old custom to inscribe on clocks intended to be fixed in public places a sentence or motto useful to be remembered.

Thus, on a clock over an arch on old London Bridge, was the appropriate adage, "TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN."

Again, opposite Paper Buildings, in the Temple, London, there was a clock which said to every loiterer, as he gazed upon it, "Begone about your business."

Several years ago I went into a church, but one thing only I remember—the clock. It took my attention, because, in old English letters there were written upon it the words on which I now attempt to remark—"REDEEMING THE TIME."

TIME is the years, months, days, and moments which make up our lives. These we are to redeem, and use them for good and holy purposes.

Do we wish to know the value of time when it is felt to be all but gone? Then see in the royal bed chamber of yon stately palace a dying queen, and listen as she cries, "Millions of money for a few moments of time!" Alas! it is all in vain, for "Time once lost returns no more." Therefore, delay not seeking salvation; for now only is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.

But methinks I hear one say, "To-morrow!" Ah! "to-morrow" is in another world. Some time ago, a ship was lost at sea; it was called the *Central America*. On the evening before, the captain hailed another ship, and, stating the dangerous condition he was in, implored help. "Send all your passengers and crew on board my ship," was the reply. But the captain of the *Central America*, thinking his vessel would not go down a while yet, sent back the message, "Lie by me till morning!" The morning came, and the kind-hearted sailors strained their eyes in looking for the disabled ship, but in vain. The *Central America*, with all its passengers and crew, was never heard of more. All were lost through putting off till to-morrow what ought to have been done that night.

And who can tell how many souls perish for ever, because when Christ offers to save them, they say in their hearts, as Augustine said when he was unconverted, "Lord save me, but not *now*!" While the Lord is saying, "Seek ye my face," let our instant reply be, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—*Sunday School Union Magazine.*

SELFISHNESS.—It is said selfishness has no soul; that it is a heart of stone encased in iron. Though the spirit of selfishness aims to grasp all, there is, in reality, nothing so self sacrificing. It robs its own grave, mortgages its own bones, and sells its own soul. The man who is all for himself, is no better to himself than a suicide. He peril[illegible] all the future for a present gratification; he borrows pleasure at an exorbitant rate of usury, and pays by the immolation of himself, body and soul. Having no eyes to see the miseries of the world, no ear for the wailings of the wretched, no heart for sympathizing with distress, he turns away from all, and seeks to enjoy himself alone. [illegible] imagines that his own good will be promoted precisely in proportion as he can detract or take from the general good of society. He concludes that the general good and social benefits are mutually antagonistical. His mistakes make him seek to acquire without imparting. The consequence is, his whole mind becomes eventually narrowed down to the little circle of self, wherein he alone revolves as subject, attribute and object! and he is virtually cut off from association with his fellow-creatures—almost with his God. He is self-sacrificed.

CANDIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

In view of the wide-spread interest awakened in this country by the heroic struggle for independence now going on in Candia, we give the following sketch of the island, its inhabitants, and its modern history.

Candia, or Crete, one of the most important islands of the Mediterranean, forms the southern limit of the Grecian Archipelago, and from its position should belong to the kingdom of Greece. It is about one hundred and sixty miles in length, about seventy-five in breadth, and is traversed from end to end by a nearly central chain of mountains that give it a picturesque and romantic character. Having an exceedingly narrow watershed, less than fifteen miles on either side of the mountain crests, the island has no rivers; but mountain torrents are numerous, and these are swelled by the spring freshets to a considerable size. The coasts are indented all the way round by projecting mountain spurs, and many of the bays thus formed once afforded spacious and convenient harbors which were the scene of a flourishing commerce. But under the miserable misrule of the Turkish Government, the industry and commerce of the island have been greatly depressed. Most of the harbors have been neglected, and are filling up with sand, so as to be inaccessible to vessels drawing more than eight feet of water. The land is productive and easily cultivated, and under a better system of government the island would soon regain the prosperity it enjoyed in ancient times, when a hundred fair and populous cities adorned its coasts.

The modern history of Candia is, with one exception, one continued story of wrong and oppression. In the year 823 it fell under the domination of the Saracens, who governed it with an iron hand for about two hundred years, when it passed into the possession of the Genoese. In 1204 it was transferred to the Venetians, who retained possession of it during four centuries. This was the golden age of Candia. But in 1669, after a bloody struggle of more than a quarter of a century, the island was wrested from the Venetians by the Turks, whose armies and barbarian rule stripped it at once of freedom and prosperity. A popular insurrection, during the Greek Revolution, served to increase the weight of the Turkish yoke. At this time the Candiotes, by their valor as well as their sufferings, fairly earned their freedom. Their oppressors were driven out, after a struggle which has scarcely a parallel in modern history; but instead of permitting the Greek race to unite and form a strong nation, the Greek Powers of Europe, in 1830, gave Candia to the Viceroy of Egypt as indemnity for the loss of his fleet at Navarino. At the same time they compelled Greece to accept a stupid German prince for their king. Ten years later the island was retransferred to the Sublime Porte. The cruelties practiced by his government produced another uprising of the people in the following year, but the movement failed from want of support, and the condition of the island grew worse and worse from year to year. A third insurrection broke out in the island in 1858, which was settled at length by concessions and reforms on the part of the Turkish Government.

But the people still thirsted for independence and for a union with the kingdom of Greece. Their opportunity came last year, when, it is supposed the emissaries of Count Bismark stirred up another insurrection for the purpose of diverting attention from the grand attack on Austria. The first symptoms of revolt occurred early in 1866, when representatives from all parts of the island assembled near the city of Canea, whither they were followed by several thousand unarmed people of the country. At this great gathering petitions were drawn up, asking the Turkish Government to permit them the enjoyment of such privileges as had been guaranteed them by the Great Powers when the island was given over to Turkey. The Government of the Sublime Porte treated these petitions with contempt, and threatened to treat the people with greater severity than before. Turkish troops were poured into the island, and preparations were made to crush out the revolt with merciless vigor.

On the first of August, the Cretan Assembly solemnly notified the Great Powers of their intention to call the people to arms for the assertion of their independence, and the long slumbering flames of war now burst forth in all parts of the island. In the cities, where the Turkish population was in the ascendant, the Cretans were massacred, and their homes and churches pillaged; but in the interior the insurgent population were more than able to hold their own. On the 2nd of August the representatives of the people, assembled at Spahakia, issued a decree of independence, and a decree of annexation to Greece. This action was succeeded by a campaign, the details of which, owing to the difficulty of obtaining correct information, are but imperfectly understood. The news we get from that quarter is very much like our news from Mexico—very unreliable and contradictory. Accounts on both sides agree that a large number of severe engagements have been fought; but each side claims the victory for itself. As the war is still carried on with increasing vigor, on the part of the combatants, it is reasonable to suppose that their accounts of victories over the Turkish troops were substantially correct. The war, which from the first assumed the character of a struggle of religions, has been prosecuted by the fanatical Turks with extreme barbarity. With their Egyptian allies, they have carried desolation wherever they were able to penetrate the country. We have not room to describe the numerous battles that have been reported with more or less particularity, nor can we attempt to reconcile the conflicting accounts which have appeared from Candian and Turkish sources. The brave defence of the convent of Arcadia by the Candian garrison is one of the most remarkable instances of valor and devotion on record. [illegible] interfere, the Turkish [illegible] Unless the Great Powers [illegible] the island will be ravaged, and the Candians retaliate by burning Turkish villages.

The prospect is, that unless the war is closed by foreign interference, that kind of fighting may go on for years. The Candians, numbering about 200,000, with about 25,000 fighting men, have taken refuge in the mountains, where they can keep up the war as long as they can obtain supplies. These are in part supplied by means of small vessels from Greece, which manage every now and then to run the Turkish blockade. Still, great suffering exists among the people. It is not likely France and England will look on much longer in silence. They will probably take the matter in hand before long, and compel the Turkish Government to grant liberal concessions to the Candians, if not to acknowledge the independence they have so bravely earned.—*N. Y. Paper.*

HOW LONG WILL IT DO TO WAIT?

Dr. Nettleton had come from the evening service in some country town to his home for the night. The good lady of the house rather an elderly person, after bustling about to provide her guest with refreshments, said in the presence of her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you would talk to Caroline. She don't care nothing about going to meeting, not about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk, but it don't seem to do no good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying which, she went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast, when he turned round to the young girl and said:—

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once—

"Yes, sir, they do; they keep talking to me all the time till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. Nettleton. "Let's see, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. Nettleton, "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it!—and you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to do without it. I wonder how long it will do for you to wait?"

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "Suppose you say till you are fifty? No, that won't do; I attended the funeral the other day of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty? How will that do?"

"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No, I do not think so either; something might happen. See now, twenty-five; or even twenty, if you could be sure you could live so long. A year from now; how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well apparently as you are, do die suddenly, I am afraid to have you put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, 'Now is the accepted time. We must take this time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel right down here, and ask God for mercy through his Son Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. Afterwards she by grace came out rejoicing in hope through Christ, and finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.

"FIRE!"—What an excitement that cry produces! It is caught up by every one within hearing, and carried in a moment all over the city. The watchmen in the towers telegraph the dread news, and sound the alarm bells. The peace of night is broken by the shouts of the firemen, and the rattle of the engines, as they dash through the streets. There's an eagerness in their movements that is contagious! Their errand is one of good will, and they go with a "God speed" from every heart. Their success is a victory; and those who perish in the work attain a martyr-grave.

FIRE! FIRE!—But why this silence? I cry, but no one hears me! I weepingly plead for aid, but no one heeds my prayer! Oh! who will quench this flame! They laugh derisively at me! Rather, say they, "Add more fuel! Heap it up higher. Still higher! See how it blazes! Ha, ha! The destruction! Ha, ha! The hellish agony!" Oh! *will* you not hear! *My soul is burning up!*

Thus shrieked a *young* man in his terrible delirium; and four stalwart persons could scarcely hold him on the *drunkard's dying bed!*—*N. Y. Observer.*

MORALITY IN ROMISH AND PROTESTANT COUNTRIES.—The Rev. M. Hobart Seymour, has published a letter giving the results of an investigation on this subject, forced upon him by an assertion of the superior morality of the Brussels population as compared with that of London. The facts elicited have a most instructive bearing on the pending Confessional controversy. All the figures have been gathered from official documents of the respective countries which Mr. S. names. They are tabulated thus:—Illegitimates in Roman Catholic—Brussels, 35 per cent.; Paris, 33 per cent.; Munich, 48 per cent.; Vienna, 51 per cent. Illegitimates in Protestant—London, 4 per cent. The murders in Roman Catholic—Belgium, 18 in the million; France, 31 in the million; Bavaria, 32 in the million; Austria, 36 in the million; Italy, 52 in the million. The Murders in Protestant—England, 4 in the million.

Turning back to some of the details on which this table is founded, we read:—"We may form an estimate of the morals of Vienna from the fact that fully one-half of the population is illegitimate! In Berlin, the capital of the Protestant region of Germany, the number is 18 per cent.; while in Vienna, the capital of the Roman Catholic region, the number is 51 per cent. The [illegible], Sir J. Bowring's "census," states that, in the year he was Home, the total number of births was 4,320. We have also the official returns of the number of foundlings for ten years; and these returns give an average of 3,160 foundlings for each year. And thus we arrive at the result, that with 4,370 births there are 3,160 foundlings! These of course are not necessarily illegitimates, but it betrays a hideous state of morals when three-fourths of a population are foundlings." From these melancholy facts, Mr. Seymour proceeds to draw the obvious inferences as to the practical effect of the Confessional and the use of manuals, which, he says, "seem calculated above all else to suggest every form of vice to young and innocent minds; for they detail the most odious vices, and then desire those young and innocent creatures to examine themselves as to whether they have been in the habit of practising them, when really, at