The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,] "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." [Peter. [Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 9. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1871. Whole No. 893.

FALL IMPORTATIONS!

OCTOBER, 1870.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Has now opened a large and well assorted Stock of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing all the leading fabrics and newest styles in

DRESS GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

SATEEN SERGES,
PERSIAN CORDS,
MARELS,
BROCHES,
EPINGLES,
CLAN TARTANS,
FRENCH MERINOES,
FRENCH TWILLS,

Tweeds and Winceys,

WOOL SHAWLS,
CLOTH and VELVETEEN JACKETS,
White, Black and Colored Mantle Cloths,
Black and Colored VELVETEENS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

CLOUDS, SONTAGS, BODICES,
FINGERING YARNS,
CANADIAN & ENGLISH BLANKETS,
SAXONY, LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE

Flannels,

SHIRTING FLANNELS, in great variety,

Grey and White Cottons, Prints, Swansdowns, Tickings,

PARKS' WARPS, at St. John Prices.

☞ Every description of COTTON and LINEN GOODS, SMALL WARES, &c., &c.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

"THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

This figure, Christ a Sun, holding in the spiritual world the relation to life and power that the sun does to the forms and conditions of nature, is full of force and beauty to the dweller in the Orient, in whose cloudless sky, month after month, the sun rises tinging with rosy light the mountain peaks and the hill tops, until the low-lying valleys are flooded with the golden glory that repeats to the eye and heart a story like that of a new created world.

The figure is clothed with special significance to him who catches, with unobstructed vision, the opening of the day by the sea-shore, when just before the expanse of water gleams with the full sun-light, fleecy lines of clouds become like an upper sea, whose waves of golden light break on some celestial shore.

Men look for parade and noise in God's working. They regard him reverently, as tempest and earthquake-shock appeal to eye and ear. But the great powers of the world are heralded by no trumpet-tongue. The snow falls in silence; the frost binds silently; gravitation is voiceless; the air sustains life but never startles us with the jar of machinery.

There is something oppressive in the silence that broods over and within the depths of the far-stretching woods; but how is that sense of oppression increased when you remember the mighty forces that are noiselessly supplying every tree with growth, whose every leaf is a pump lifting up, an hundred feet, moisture from the earth. It is the sun that produces all this mounting and fulness of life. It is the sun that rouses the winds and bids them gather the mists of the sea and then, in the rain that "falls thick and loud," sends down the newly-gathered treasure upon the hillsides and furrows of the husbandman. It is the sun that fills the lakes and the streams, and so it is the sun that grinds our grain, turns our spindles and drives our workshops. Into every department of life it sends its quickening. Does it keep the earth in her orbit? But, an obedient servant for ages, it was preparing the earth for our peaceful abode. It laid away for us vast forests in the form of coal, as the chemistry of its rays gathered from the air the carbon that formed the ancient forest, as it has gathered that which abides in the forests of to-day. How through ages that silent but diligent sun stored away for us richest sources of comfort, as God bade it, as if he said to it, "Provide these things; my children will need them by and by when they come upon the earth."

Who can estimate the force of the sun when in spring-time every grass-blade answers to his coming? What struggles, what yearnings, what liftings of nature up to him. There is nothing hid from his beams. The oak and lofty pine whisper his praises. But there are vastly fewer pines and oaks than humble flowers and feeble grass-blades. Is it a grand thing to shine upon an oak? It is not less grand nor needful to kiss the petals of the lily or to give healthful hue to the grass-blade. This the sun does with his gracious beams, and from "the hyssop beside the wall to the cedars of Lebanon," none can say, he hath forgotten me. The bruised reed that quivers in the stream, almost broken and sunken by force of current or rude shock, feels in its fibres the assurance of the sun: "You shall not be broken." Nor are the lowest forms of animal life too humble for his notice. From the gnat that sports carelessly in his setting beams, and the cold worm that crawls timidly forth to light, to the sparrow that cleaves the air with gladsome wing, none are too weak and low for his care. From a world that wheels obedient to him in its orbit, to the bruised reed, all are telling his secret love and gracious power.

Do we not see something in all this like the work and nature of him whose "coming was prepared as the morning," "the Sun of righteousness," arising "with healing in his wings?" Does the sun work silently? Did not Isaiah declare of the Messiah: "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall his voice be heard in the streets?" Christ was no noisy declaimer of God's overtures of salvation. He shone. He was the light of the world, penetrating with steady shining, and ever-increasing power the dark places of the earth. Men wondered at him, as they asked incredulously for some startling exhibitions of his power, some gross demonstration of his statement that he and the Father were one. That calm, steady shining they could not comprehend. They expected the coming of an earthly kingdom with noise and show. Why could not some Elijah have been there to read them, out of his own experience, the lesson of Horeb, that the true exhibition of God is found not in the thundering tempest nor in the flashing flame? But they who receive him, the world over, need no reminder from stern prophet, for, as a king, he sways their souls as the sun draws up to vigor and beauty the feeble plant.

As the sun shines everywhere with kindly beams, the Sun of Righteousness visits every form of life. In human society there are few oaks, but many grass-blades and bruised reeds. The majority of men are weak, not strong, sad rather than happy, needing comfort and rest. Even among the higher and more favored portions of society what uneasiness, what wrestlings and defeats, what bitter concealments, what woes abound! Beneath these is the great mass of humanity, writhing, moaning, weeping, cursing, fighting, dying. Over all these forms of life, like the bursting sunlight over the fields, fall the words of Jesus: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." As the filthiest worm has but to crawl into the sunlight that a blessing may reach it, so the sunshine of God's mercy waits to bathe the most wretched and groveling soul in a warmth so genial, in a light so pure, that it shall feel on earth as if it were in heaven; it shall rest more sweetly than a tired child in a mother's arms, when the great arm of rest is laid beneath its weariness. The golden clouds of evening are only mists which the sun gathered up from the ocean, from the muddy pool by the highway, from lake and stagnant swamp, but now made glorious in his beams according as they answered from every spot to his drawing. From haunts of vice, from scenes of misery, as well as from peaceful homes and favored spots, the Lord of Light gathers his own; they shall shine as the sun in his presence forever.

We have observed how the sun is the great moving force in the world, turning the wheels of industry, giving all life, while he is the centre of attraction to our system of worlds. See how Christ has worked his way into the history of the world. All thought is quickened by him. All the enterprises of men are energized by him. Daily the world bears new testimony that he is the great centre of all its hope and life. "Without him history is a dreary waste," and without him the soul of man is a dreary waste. We are made for him, are sick and undone without him, as the plant without the sun. Nothing comes under the influence of his beams without a blessing. We cannot even think of him without spiritual benefit. Whosoever toucheth even the hem of his garments is healed.

What is commerce without the safety given by the influence of the great teacher to trade? Nay, how are trade and gain possible without the civilization that springs up in the footsteps of the Messiah? All we have of peace in the home; all the security of business; the sacred relations of life; the school, the press, all the achievements of the mind, spring up after the Sun of Righteousness as flowers and oaks in the pathway of the sun. The industry, the skill of the world could bear no fruit were they not quickened by the light and warmth of heaven.

But it is chiefly as the Saviour, the forgiver of sins, the healer of the infirmities of the soul, that his power and love are displayed. Do not stop in admiration over his lesser blessings and lesser work, until you can say, "He hath forgiven my sins also." Not for temporal blessings alone was he revealed, but to bring about the reign of righteousness in your heart. If you stop short of that, all the work of centuries of preparation for Jesus, and all the words and work of Jesus can do you no good. Christ can be to you no living Saviour till you accept him as your only Redeemer.

It is impossible for the world to be satisfied without Jesus, as for the plant to be satisfied without the sun. Men cannot put away that one great fact, the Sun of Righteousness, from their thought, no more than blot out the sun from the heavens, but they will say like Peter, more and more: "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life."

When Julian, the apostate, revolted from Christ and persecuted the church with which he had once been allied, Athanasius calmly remarked: "It is only a little cloud; it will soon pass away." The days of darkness all have an end, all obstructions to the Sun of Righteousness are but little clouds, and will soon pass away. No cloud shall at length obscure that heavenly shining, and men shall look upon the undimmed, unclouded radiance of "the light of the world."—*W. H. B. in Star.*

THE HEAVENLY RACE.

The race-course, one of the great amusements of the apostolic age, furnished the apostle Paul with a most striking and beautiful illustration of the Christian life. The ancient races were of intense interest. The vast amphitheatre is crowded with interested spectators. In the distance is the crown, made of ivy, oak, or laurel—intrinsically of no value, but earnestly sought as a reward of successful physical effort. The competitors are selected, and enter the course—the race begins—all eyes are fixed on the runners. "Father, mother, brother, sister, are saying, "Will my son, my brother win?" The runners are stimulated to tax all their powers to the utmost in view of the thousands of witnesses whose eyes are upon them.

What a scene for the apostle! He seizes it, and applies it to the Christian life. Every Christian is a runner, and the greatest possible preparation should be made for the race. Every incumbrance should be laid aside, and the sin to which we are most naturally inclined, either by our constitutional peculiarities or the circumstances in which we may be placed. Business perplexities, sinful propensities, inveterate prejudices, lifeless formalities, unbelief, pride, covetousness, anger, needless indulgence, will seriously hinder us in the spiritual race course. Patience is required. The nature of the contest is such that patience will be needed in its most perfect state.

The eye must be fixed on Jesus. He is the "Author and finisher of our faith," and, consequently, he will sustain it. He has overcome; so we are to look to him as having triumphed. As he triumphed, so shall we; he gained the crown, so shall we, if we are successful in the race.

The clouds of witnesses—who are these? Doubtless the departed ones, some of whom we have known, our fellow-laborers, some of them members of our own household, the dear ones of our hearts. The saints of olden times are in the cloud. The apostle gives us a list of some of them in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Abel heads the list. The first to enter heaven, he yet speaketh, Enoch, who was translated that he should not see death; Noah the preacher of righteousness, who witnessed the dreadful scene of the destruction of the world's inhabitants by the flood; and Abraham, the friend of God, who could offer his dear Isaac in sacrifice, are in the cloud.

What witnesses! They are looking, following along the race-course. How anxious! "Will he win—will he lose? they exclaim; and the scene brightens, and they become jubilant on the arrival of the dear ones who had struggled hard for the crown of life.

How inspiring to know that the dear ones—those we have known and loved in other years, with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and with whose spirits we have held sweet communion, though safe beyond the conflicts of life—have not forgotten us, but are interested for us still! That mother—dear name—with what anxious solicitude she watched over my early years,

> "And taught my roving feet
> To tread the heavenly road!"

she is thinking of me still, and her anxious eye follows us along the race-course. That dear little one—an angel now—that early gained the prize is among the witnesses. They know our struggles and conflicts, and how often do they whisper, when we are fainting, or growing weary, "Be of good courage—hold on—endure a little longer," and then exclaim, "There comes father, mother, brother, sister, child!" What greetings, what ecstasies are there! Friends separated by death are now in each other's embrace—safe at last!

Will not heaven be surpassingly sweet after the conflicts of the race? As we look over the dangers and difficulties of the course, will not our joy swell to raptures that we triumphed and gained the prize! And, doubtless, we shall then understand something of the feeling of the sainted Whitefield, who said if he ever reached heaven, the fact that he found himself safely there would be the greatest wonder he should ever find in that world.

> "Sin forever left behind us,
> Earthly visions cease to blind us,
> Fleshly fetters cease to bind us,
> Ah! 'tis heaven at last!
>
> On the jasper threshold standing,
> Like a pilgrim safely landing,
> See the strange, bright scene expanding,
> Ah! 'tis heaven at last!"

A FASHIONABLE FOOLERY.

It has grown to be a custom in society, particularly of the wealthier sort, to encourage—or at all events to tolerate—the giving of what are called children's parties. Young lads and misses, scarcely beyond the bibs and tuckers of infancy, the latter arrayed in all the vain fineries that pride can dictate or wealth command—and only half clothed at that—are marched off at late bed-time, not to needful repose, but to crowded and overheated parlors, were they perpetrate juvenile mimicries of the follies of elder years, dancing, flirting, and feasting on unwholesome food, often till long past midnight, to the utter ruin of all that is fresh, and sweet, and beautiful in childhood.

How parents who have at heart the best interests of their children, even in a mere worldly sense, can consent to such absurd indulgence, it is difficult to conceive. For a moment's reflection should satisfy the least considerate parent that the danger of evil consequences, both physical and mental, from the dissipation of late hours, late and unwholesome feasting, prolonged and exhausting exercise in dancing, is far too great to be incurred for so little reason. Take, for example, the item of dancing, judged as a mere recreation, apart from any moral considerations. It is evident that whatever may be claimed for it, on the score of its being a healthful and invigorating exercise, is all lost here; for violent exercise of any kind, in thronged and dusty parlors, with the mercury up among the nineties, and the proper hour of rest long past, must necessarily be extremely injurious to the tender frame of childhood. Or consider the item of dress. Growing children need warm clothing in cold weather, especially about the arms and shoulders. Yet it is precisely from these parts that the foolish parent, proud of her child's dimpled arm and snowy neck, strips off the needed protection, and sends the poor lamb forth to encounter the draughts and chills incident to a crowded room, and the more dangerous exposure of the cold ride or walk home in the midnight air. The eating of improper food, also, and the mental excitement attendant upon the gaieties of the season, are highly pernicious in their effects upon the unformed constitution of children.

Parents who permit or encourage these things, do so as before suggested, at a terrible risk. The little people—victims of an absurd, nay, a wicked vanity—who are if they live, to be the men and women of the future, are in danger of utter physical and mental wreck before they fairly enter their teens. The weakness, the lassitude, the disinclination to active employment of any kind, which follow these seasons of juvenile dissipation, are but the visible signs of an inward sapping of constitutional vigor, which will either terminate in early death, or cause the victims of it to grow up weak, spiritless bodies, but poorly furnished for the sharp battle of life.

But beyond this mental and physical decay are consequences still more to be deplored. These night dissipations of children, weakening the bodily vigor, at the same time give to the passions a prominence and force which should fill the parent's heart with terror. In the management of children, every effort should be put forth to shield the heart from contaminating influences: but these night dissipations directly encourage and make way for influences whose tendency is to destroy all that is pure, and sweet, and guiltless in the young mind.

We decidedly object, therefore, to these dress parties for children; and we admonish Christian parents, who are foolish enough to permit them, that in so doing they are laying up a store of misery for themselves and their offspring which, if they could but see it at a glance, would fill them with dismay. Let them open their eyes and look about them, and they *may* see abundant evidence of the truth of what we say.

If parties are to be arranged for children—and nothing can be more charming than an assemblage of little folks, brought together in any suitable way—let them be held early in the afternoon, the visitors being rigged for play, as children—not decked out like absurd little men and women, for show—and closing with a wholesome repast, in time to get the weary heads to rest in good, old-fashioned, healthful season. Let us, in pity for our children, not wickedly rob them, for the gratification of our own vanity, of what they can enjoy but a little time in this world—a happy, simple, genuine childhood.

A WELCOME TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO INVERARY CASTLE.

BY DUNCAN CAMERON.

> You're welcome, fair Lady, to the Hielands sa braw,
> Frae the Ness' silver tide to the side o' Lochawe;
> The Campbells, the Camerons, M'Donalds and a',
> Will welcome you hame to Argyll's princely ha'—
> For each gallant chieftain will muster his clan,
> Your ain Hieland laddie the first in the van.
> Still under the tartan are hearts leal and true,
> And the best of them beats, royal maiden, for you.
>
> Your mither aye trusted the sons o' the Gael,
> They're firm and they're loyal and their love will not fail;
> Their honor is bright, like the flash of their steel;
> They have strong arms to fight, they have warm hearts to feel.
> Then welcome, thrice welcome, fair Lady of Lorne!
> May your life be as bright as a fair summer morn!
> May fortune attend you wherever you be,
> When you come to reside in the land of the free!

He Mistook the Light.—And what was the consequence? Why, one of the largest steamships in the world, with a rich cargo, and a company of three hundred souls on board, was wrecked, in a dark and stormy night, on the most dangerous part of the coast of Ireland. The noble ship, which cost upwards of £200,000, left her port that very afternoon in fine trim, and with every prospect of a safe and speedy voyage, and at nine o'clock she was thumping upon the rocks—the sea breaking over her with terrific violence, and threatening to send people, ship, and cargo to instant destruction.

Every reader of these lines is sailing on a more hazardous voyage than the Great Britain attempted, and has the command of a nobler vessel and a richer freight than hers; yes, richer than all treasures of the world! Thousands of plans are laid to mislead and divert him from his course. False lights are purposely held out to betray him, and tides and currents of almost resistless power set against him from every point of the compass. Will he steer clear of them all? Will he accomplish the voyage, and his fears and perils all be exchanged for the tranquility and joy of a happy home?

It will depend on two things: 1. Whether he has the true chart, and takes good heed to it. 2. Whether he commits himself and the whole direction of the voyage to him whose footsteps are on the sea, and who rides upon the wings of the wind.—*Selected.*

"Take Heed how ye Hear."—Every Sabbath sermon is recorded in heaven for or against you, dear reader. Think not that you shall return as you came; the word will have its effect; it shall not return in vain, but shall accomplish the end for which it was sent. The decrees of Heaven are executed by the Gospel; some souls shall be quickened and others shall be slain by the word of God's mouth. How weighty, therefore, is that caution of our Lord: "Take heed how ye hear."

"NOTHING BUT A TESTAMENT."

Not long since, a certain student in a Western College was led to give his heart to Christ, but was in doubt as to the proper mode in which baptism should be administered. So he went to a fellow-student—a Baptist, and now one of the most faithful preachers in Minnesota—and asked for a work on baptism. A book in marbled paper binding was placed in his hand, and he left the room without opening it.

Ere long the enquirer returned in great haste, and holding the volume open at the title page, he exclaimed in a tone of surprise:

"You made a mistake in giving me this book?"

"I think not. I gave you the volume I intended to," the Baptist replied, deliberately.

"But I asked you for a work upon baptism."

"And I gave you one."

"Why it's nothing but a testament!" continued the inquirer, with unfeigned surprise.

"Nothing but a Testament!" repeated the Bible Christian, in a tone of the keenest rebuke, "why, that is the only authentic work on baptism to be found."

"But haven't you any other work, any modern treatise on the subject?" persisted the student.

"Yes, a dozen: but you don't know enough about the Bible to read them yet. Now I want you to read this book—I don't care how long it takes you—and answer me four questions in it. Then if you are not satisfied on the subject of baptism, I will let you have some other book.—The questions are these:

"1. Who are to be baptised?
"2. When are they to be baptised?
"3. Who is to administer the ordinance?
"4. How is it to be administered?"

In three weeks the inquirer again presented himself before his fellow-student, declaring that he was satisfied on the subject of baptism. The above questions were repeated, and he answered them as follows:

"1. Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.
"2. As soon as they believe.
"3. The ordained ministers of God.
"4. I find two passages to answer this question. In Romans 6: 4, and Colossians 2: 12, read they are buried with Christ in baptism."

"And you think that means immersion?"

"Yes; and now I am going to ask Dr. C. to baptize me next Sunday."—*Young Reaper.*

RALPH WELLS.

Mr. Ralph Wells gives a little of his experience in the way of making mistakes, that other teachers may read with profit. He said:

When I first took hold of the work it was with the enthusiasm and earnestness with which teachers are wont to enter it. I went right at it. And my first difficulty was *too loud speaking in the class.* Of course I did not know it, so absorbed was I in teaching. I had a class of pretty rough boys, who of themselves used to make a good deal of noise, but I did not mind that! But then I *did* think that the lady teacher in the class next to me had a *very* loud voice, and if I had the courage to do it, I felt two or three times that I would like kindly to suggest to her that she had pitched her tone rather higher than she was aware, perhaps—but I could not muster the courage. One day, at last, as I was going out, the matter came to a crisis; I approached the lady, and she said to me, "Mr. Wells, will you excuse me?" "Why, ah, certainly!" I said. "It is not much, perhaps," she replied, "only, Mr. Wells, you do talk *so loud* in your class that my class can scarcely hear me, although I raise my voice higher than I should otherwise do, that I may be heard!" What a fall was there! It was a merited rebuke. It was one of my earliest mistakes, and that faithful lady teacher effectually cured me. It was not a small error, and one that is very common in the Sabbath-school to-day.

The next wrong I committed was querelous entreating and scolding. "Jimmy! I wish you would not brush your shoes any more on my pantaloons. Look what a plight you put me in, and just before going up into church." "John! I wish you would stop whispering now. I have spoken to you twice this morning already." "Samuel! Samuel! *wont* you cease your talking, and just give me your attention?" "Henry, what did I ask you just now?" "I don't know, sir"—for which reply, I felt very much like giving him a shake, as I have seen teachers do since then. My mistake was in trying to govern a boy's mind by laying hold of his body. After I saw Mr. Rarey breaking a colt, I learned the secret of governing my boys. I found it was not by irritable appeals and nervous commands, or laying on of the hands, but by being calm and resolute. The calmer I got, the more my own mind was in order; and the more perfect my self-possession and reliance on God, the more I governed and controlled my class. I learned this, that many a teacher spends the whole time of the lesson in governing his class, and does not succeed then, because he has not learned the great truth that Rarey taught us so impressively, that you can govern a horse's legs by getting hold of his brain. I learned that the controlling power was in the mind, the will, and not in the physical power, or the scolding power.

For Inexperienced Teachers.—Let the teacher take the Scripture for the lesson, and ask himself the following questions upon it, and answer each one satisfactorily to himself:

1. When was this written, spoken or enacted?
2. Where was this written, spoken, or enacted?
3. Who wrote, said, or did it?
4. What was the cause or occasion, or circumstances of its being spoken, written or done?
5. Why was it written, spoken, or enacted, *i. e.*, what design or object had the author or agent in view in it?
6. What application has this to me, or my class, or the present age of the church or the world?

If he shall do this faithfully, he will both grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself, and be qualified and able to interest and instruct his class in the truth as it is in Jesus, and doubtless, sooner or later, see his rich reward in the conversion and salvation of his pupils.—*Baptist Teacher.*

APPEAL TO CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

Father Hyacinthe has lately issued an appeal to the Catholic Bishops of the church, which is doubly significant, coming from his pen. After enumerating the evils which Papal oppression has brought upon the whole Latin race, and especially upon France, he continues as follows:

Look, O bishops, upon the bride of Jesus Christ, whom you also have espoused, the Holy Church, pierced, like him, with five wounds!

The first, the wound in the right hand—the hand which holds the light, is the hiding of the Word of God. That sacred volume, opened over the world to enlighten and to fructify, why has it been shut up again in the darkness of dead languages and under the seal of the severest prohibitions? The bread of instruction and life which God had prepared as well for the poor as for the wise and learned, why has it been taken from them? It is vain to allege, for a pretext, the abuse of heresy and unbelief. Put the Bible in its true relation with science, by an intelligent exegesis, and they will have nothing to fear from each other. Put it in its true relation with the people, by a religious education worthy of itself and of them, and the Bible will become the safest guide of the people's life, the healthiest inspiration of their worship.

The wound in the other hand is the oppression of intellect and conscience by the abuse of hierarchical power. Of a truth, Jesus Christ said to his apostles: "Go, teach all nations;" but he said also to them: "The princes of the nations exercise dominion over them, but it shall not be so among you!" Successors of the apostles, make haste to unbind from our shoulders that burden which neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear, and restore that light and easy yoke to which we are invited by the love of the Redeemer!

And what shall I say of the spear wound in the heart? I must call it by its name, for they who most suffer from it are those who most shrink from speaking of it—it is the celibacy of the priests. I speak not of the voluntary celibacy, the more pleasing to God as it is free and joyous, like the love that inspires it—the portion of a few souls, called to it and sustained in it by an exceptional grace. But when it is extended indiscriminately over natures the most unlike and the most unfit, when it is imposed as an irrevocable oath upon their inexperience and enthusiasm, celibacy becomes an institution without mercy and too often without morality. The nations who look upon it as the exclusive ideal of perfection throw contempt on the sanctity of wedded life, and, debasing the family in comparison with the cloister, they reduce it to a mere refuge for vulgar or, at best, for earthly souls. The domestic hearth becomes no longer an altar!

But the last wounds of the Church, that cripple her feet when she would rest upon the earth, are these: Worldly policy and superstitious piety. A policy the Church must have, for it stands in necessary relations with the powers of this world; but that policy is most completely expressed in the words of the Master: "I, if I be lifted up above the earth, will draw all men unto me." Is this that policy of the temporal power and the secular arm which makes the possession of some provinces in Italy and some privileges in Europe the essential condition of the empire of souls, the pivot of the whole scriptural structure? a policy as fatal to the Church and the world as the revolution which it subserves even while it is contesting it; a policy the impotent, blind persistency in which it is now desired to exalt to the dignity of a dogma! On the other hand, there is no lack of spiritual force in modern Catholicism. It counts its devout souls by myriads; it sees the noblest works and virtues flourishing within its pale. Why is this piety, so touching and so genuine, too often handed over to the seductions of a mysticism without depth, and an asceticism without austerity—so different from those that shed grandeur on the early Christian centuries? External practice—material practices, I had almost said—are multiplied without limit; the adoration of the saints, especially of the Holy Virgin, is developed in proportions and under a character which are alien to genuine Catholic feeling; and that worship of the Father in spirit and in truth, which Jesus made the soul of his religion, is sensibly diminishing amongst us.

Such is the body of Christ, in the state to which our sins have brought it on the earth—sins of the priests, as much and more than those of the people. O, Bishops, will you have no pity on it? Will you not give it some efficacious remedy? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

I pause. My heart is so burdened that I cannot go on. I know not what shall become of my poor word amid the shock of empires and the voice of blood going up from fields of carnage. But I know this: that, if it be not strong enough to speed the accomplishment of God's designs, it is faithful to declare them.

And this, too: I know that I do not separate myself from the holy Catholic faith, nor from the church of my baptism and priesthood. If her venerated chiefs shall heed my humble appeal. I shall resume at once, in obedience and in honor and loyalty, a ministry which has been the sole passion of my youth, the sole ambition of my life, and which nothing but my conscience could have forced me painfully to relinquish. If, on the contrary, they answer me only by their reprobation, or their silence, I shall not suffer this to disturb me in my love for a Church that is greater than those who govern it, stronger than those who defend it. Holding fast by the heritage left me by my fathers, and not to be rent from me by unjust and, therefore, invalid excommunications, I will give to the preparation of the Kingdom of God upon the earth that free personal labor which is the common duty of all true Christians.