

MAZZINI'S LETTER TO THE PRIESTS OF ITALY.

The following letter, translated for the "Christian Observer," we transfer to our columns. It is worthy of attention from all Protestants:—

We can—as one of your own number has declared—we can conquer without your aid, but we do not desire to do so. You are our brothers. Against you we have not recourse to arts of seduction or of terror. We do not combat our enemies with the weapons of calumny, neither do we recommend persons not to read your writings, or not to listen to your words. We only ask you to listen to ours likewise. Weak mortals, such as we are, may err; but we shall never deceive by hypocrisy. In us is the audacity of a consciousness of truth. The Pope knows this; and for this very reason fears us.

For a long time, a divorce has existed between the Catholic Church and Humanity.—This divorce is most fatal; since without Christianity, no state of society founded upon brotherly love and charity can exist; without Christianity, there can be neither peace nor true liberty; without Christianity, our corrupt nature will always resist every important reformation, and we shall have neither a country nor anything whatever that is good.—Besides, it is absolutely necessary to relink earth to heaven—to re-establish harmony between this world and eternity—between man and God, the Father and Instructor of all men.

I now warn you that the important hour is about to strike; that the period of time is accomplished; that Materialism the offspring of Papacy, is overcome; that the want of religion is on every side felt. Through your misconduct—through your obstinacy in propping up a rotten edifice, and in maintaining the Popish Church, notwithstanding its hatred to, and its ignorance of, the inevitable progress of mankind—men's consciences are now in a state of doubt. Religion is banished from men's hearts. Thanks to your perverseness, and in spite of all our unceasing efforts to the contrary, days of discord and deeds of blood are now preparing, for which you will be made responsible before God and before man.

In the name of God, and for the love we bear our country, we ask you of what creed you are? Whether you understand the Scriptures? Whether the Word of Christ be to you a dead letter? Whether, in choosing between the Word of God and the bulls of the Pope, you be absolutely determined to stand by the latter without examination—without an appeal to your consciences? In a word, we ask you whether you be Christians or Idolaters?

When the Spirit of Evil offered temporal power to Christ, tempting him to betray his trust, he was answered by a contemptuous refusal. Yet you, forgetful of this noble lesson, this sacred page of the New-Testament, contract alliances with princes, enemies of your country, cursing the people and shedding their blood in the hope of securing for themselves a firmer grasp upon the land. The humble, kind-hearted, most affectionate Christ, roused by an enthusiastic indignation at the desecration of the temple, drove out the profane and the traffickers. Do you never, O my brethren, think of this fact? Is there no trafficking now-a-days, in the temple? Have the Pharisees entirely disappeared? Does the Word of God now shine in all its splendid purity—such as it went forth out of the mouth of the Saviour?

Ministers of Christ, direct your attention on every side of you. Observe how the very earth trembles with wrath. Listen to the universal murmur of nations in insurrection, whom no human power can calm into peace, or crush into silence. This clamor bursts forth from every quarter, without any decided centre, among the nations most remote from each other—of opposite customs—of different languages. Not a month passes without some outbreak; not a day passes without some panic, and some new persecution. How many times have these agitations been suppressed? Ten—twenty—fifty times. All the armies of old Europe, all the artifices of diplomacy, have conspired to stifle them; and stifled for a short time they boasted them to be, till after a brief space they made themselves heard louder than ever. How many have been massacred? No man can number them. On all sides, thousands have fallen—some under the hand of the executioner, some on the field of battle, some from hunger and want, in exile. With a smile on their lips, with defiance on

their brow, with that calm serenity which can belong only to those who have a consciousness of having completed their mission, these martyrs met their death.

And you dare to call this the insurrection of a few factious men! Is it not rather the rising of Humanity, guided by the finger of God, and the accomplishment of an epoch marked by Providence? That first movement, how pure and free it was from every stain of vengeance; how grand it was, from its forgetfulness of the past; how holy, from its love, its enthusiasm, its faith. As a reward for their generosity, the people now suffer on those scaffolds, where, had they wished, they might have executed their enemies. Nevertheless in the day of victory they will again show themselves merciful.

What are the demands of the people? Nationality—Freedom—the general good of all mankind! Liberty of speech and of conscience; Protection of just laws, instead of the arbitrary caprice of a Usurpation. We will select our own rulers from those most conspicuous for their virtues and intelligence. We will have education for all. Food for the mind—bread for the body. "That the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven."

What answer do you make to these? Bulls of the Pope, and resistance! Would you resist the nation—humanity—the will of God? If you do so, then you are irrevocably lost.—Our religion is eternal—eternal is the Church of believers. The reformation of the corrupt Church and religion, which might be accomplished solemnly and peaceably, through your aid, will, if you do not march with us, cost a terrible struggle—tears—and multitudes of martyrs.

The Fatal Secret.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

An aged man without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay. Deep sleep has fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, in an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon—he winds up the ascent of the stair and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and the murderer now enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given, and the victim passes, without a struggle or motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and applies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poignard! To finish the picture he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere.—The whole creation of God has neither nook or corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye that glances through all disguise, and beholds everything, as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never free from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence has so ordained, and does so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come sooner or later.

A thousand eyes turned at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds instantly dwell on the scene, shedding all their light and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery.

Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dare not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses comes to possess him; and like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicion from without begins to embarrass him, the fatal secret, struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed, and there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

Memory and the Truth.

The American Biblical Repository, for July, has an article on "Materials for a Future Judgment," by Rev. Dr. Cheever, in which occur some striking thoughts and illustrations. The following we copy:

We may adduce one more instance of the power of memory, instructive for other reasons besides the light thrown upon the great point before us—the adaptation of memory to the judgment. It is found in the life of that holy man and faithful preacher, the Rev. John Flavel. On one occasion he was preaching from these words in 1 Cor. 16: 22—If any man have not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha. The discourse is said to have been unusually solemn, especially the explanation of the terms anathema maranatha, Cursed with a bitter and grievous curse; devoted to destruction, when the Lord shall come. At the conclusion of the service when Mr. Flavel should pronounce the benediction, he arose and said, looking with unspeakable tenderness and solemnity over the congregation, How shall I bless the whole assembly when every person in it, who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ, is anathema maranatha? The audience were so deeply affected by the sermon, and by this conclusion of it, that some of them were entirely overcome by their feelings, and sank down quite senseless beneath the powers of the world to come.

In the congregation there was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years of age, a native of Dartmouth. It does not appear that the sermon made any unusual impression upon him. He became a sailor, and afterward came to this country, and passed the remainder of a very long life. At the age of a hundred years he possessed such vigor of body as to be able to work upon his farm, while his mental faculties were very little impaired. But he was a careless, hardened man; he was, in the language of the prophet, "a sinner a hundred years old," and apparently destined "to die accursed." While in the field one day, he found himself insensibly carried back in reflection over the events of his past life.—The incomprehensible current of association among the events of his youth drew him once more within the chapel of Mr. Flavel at Dartmouth, and the whole solemn scene rose up around him. He saw the man of God, with his affectionate earnestness, power, and solemnity. He heard again the discourse as it fell from his lips, saw him rise to pronounce the benediction, remembered the fearful anathema maranatha, and its powerful effect upon the congregation. And now for the first time he felt the meaning of the preacher, and heard the voice of God. He felt that he had not himself loved the Lord Jesus Christ, not in all the course of a life prolonged to more than a hundred years. He was terrified at the dreadful anathema; he became at length a true penitent, and died in his 116th year, having given pleasing evidence of true piety.

Now this is one of the most remarkable instances on record of the power of memory, the power of Divine truth, the power of faithful preaching, even though it may seem at the time unavailing, the power of the Holy Spirit, and the greatness and patience of God's mercy and grace. Eighty-five years had passed away in this case, before the seed sown by Mr. Flavel had taken root, or gave the least sign of preservation and existence.

Opinions of the Ancients on the Immortality of the Soul.

The writings of Cicero represent in the most lively colors, the ignorance, the errors, and the uncertainties of the ancient philosophers with regard to the immortality of the soul. When they were desirous of arming their disciples against the fear of death, they inculcated as an obvious though melancholy position, that the fatal stroke of our dissolution releases us from the calamities of life; and that they can no longer suffer who no longer exist. Yet there were a few sages of Greece and Rome who had conceived a more exalted, and in some respects a juster idea of human nature; though it must be confessed, that in the sublime inquiry, their reason had been often guided by their imagination, and that their imagination had been prompted by their vanity. When they viewed with complacency the extent of their own mental powers, of fancy and of judgement, in the most profound speculations, or the most important labors, or when they reflected on the desire of fame, which transported them into future ages, far beyond the bounds of death and the grave, they were unwilling to confound themselves with the beasts of the field, or to suppose that a being for whose dignity they entertained a most sincere admiration, could be limited to a spot of earth, and to a few years of duration. With this favorable prepossession, they summoned to their aid the sciences, or rather the language of metaphysics. They soon discovered, that as none of the properties of matter will apply to the operations of the mind, the human soul must consequently be a substance distinct from the body, pure, simple, and spiritual, incapable of dissolution from its corporeal prison. From these specious and noble principles, the philosophers who trod in the footsteps of Plato, deduced a very unjustifiable conclusion, since they asserted, not only the future immortality, but the past eternity of the human soul, which they were too apt to consider as a portion of the infinite and self-existing spirit, which pervades and sustains the universe. A doctrine thus removed beyond the senses and experience of mankind, might serve to amuse the leisure of a philosophic mind; or, in the silence of solitude, it might impart a ray of comfort to desponding virtue; but the faint impression which had been received in schools, was soon obliterated by the commerce and business of active life. We are acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero, and the first Caesars, with the actions, their characters, and their motives, sufficiently to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious convictions of the rewards and punishments of a future state. At the bar, and in the senate of Rome, the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers, by exposing that doctrine, as an idle and extravagant opinion, which was rejected with contempt, by every man of a liberal education and understanding.—Gibbon.

The Dial-Plate of Eternity.

The dial-plate of time measures off the flight of man's days, months, and years, with ceaseless diligence, "till all are fled."

But there is no dial-plate of eternity. How solemn and fearful the thought that when the wheels of time have rolled each man to the end of his journey in this world, his unmeasured duration begins. In reference to the flight of time, Dr. Spring once closed a discourse in the following graphic language:

I shall never address this audience again.—I shall never again meet them, but at the bar of God. That interview seems indeed far distant. But it will be as soon as time, with his eagle wings, shall have finished the little remnant of his short career. "After death, the judgment." We die; but intervening ages pass rapidly over those who sleep in the dust. There is no dial-plate there on which to count the hours of time. No longer is it told by days, or months, or years; for the planets which mark these periods are hidden from their sight. Its flight is no longer noted by events perceived by the senses; for the ear is deaf and the eye is closed. The busy world of life, which wakes at each morning and ceases every night, goes on above them, but to them all is silent and unseen. The greetings of joy and the voice of grief, the revolutions of empires and the lapse of ages, send no sound within that narrow cell. Generation after generation are brought and laid by their side; the inscription upon their monumental marble tells the centuries that have passed away; but to the sleeping dead the long in-