

[Gavazzi's Speech continued from first page.]

or 30 powerful black horses on the street and ask whose they are, you are answered, these are most holy horses. They don't say—the horses of the Pope—but the most holy horses. (Laughter.) The kitchen is called the most holy kitchen, and if you descend the most holy stairs into the most holy kitchen, the most holy cook will show you the most holy plum-pudding, and the very holy chicken, and the most holy roast beef. (Laughter.) Now remember that this is a fact, this is the usual language in Rome. But the Pope is infallible; therefore the most holy roast beef is infallible, because it is most holy roast beef, (tremendous cheers). The most holy supreme pontiff prefers to keep his people in blindness, and the Pope is supported in this mission especially by the Jesuitical army. The Jesuits are the most fatal to the interests of the true Christian Church. I maintain that God produced Luther, and Calvin, and Cranmer, and Knox, in order to purify the Church, degraded as it was by the power of Rome. So it is also necessary to believe that the Jesuits were produced by the devil, to argue against the arguments of the reformers. The reformers came to restore the true Church of Christ to her primitive purity; the influence of the Jesuits was only from the devil. This was the natural origin of the Jesuits, and this is their mission at present. I know that I am in Canada, and I know that in Canada the Jesuits are powerful, and I know they will oppose me; but I do not fear any one under heaven. I am an old soldier, I have stood, ten times, the fire of guns and muskets, and passed through the fire on the field of battle unscathed, and I do not fear the Jesuits in Canada. I speak of them because they are guilty of the blindness of the Roman Catholics in Canada; and as I am sure the Jesuits are here this evening, and will go to repeat to their masters that I am against them, and I will say that I have been against Jesuits all my life. You have Jesuits in Canada; remember that their mission is only to spread darkness and ignorance among the people. In Piedmont where they have the direction of the public schools the whole education given, is a little Latin—bad Latin, a few words of Greek, that is all. This is all the education, and that don't prepare a man to become a good and industrious citizen. In Austria and France, they are endeavouring to destroy the Ancient Classical Schools, in order to substitute some Jesuitical works to keep the people in ignorance. They will be fatal also to England, to America, and to Canada. Mark! where despots are, there you find Jesuits. In 1847, in Italy, we received some appearance of a constitution from our princes, and the first step was to expel all the Jesuits from Italy, because Jesuits and freedom cannot go together. Now because in Italy, we are again pressed by foreign armies, we have again the Jesuits.—Jesuits in Tuscany, Jesuits in Lombardy,—in Austria,—in France. When France was a constitutional kingdom, there were no Jesuits, but because France is again an enslaved nation,—Napoleon has introduced Jesuits into France. Jesuits are everywhere—Jesuits are everywhere,—Jesuits are darkness. Jesuits and prosperity! Jesuits and science! Jesuits and education! Jesuits and free trade! Jesuits and industry! Jesuits and civil and religious liberty! No! No! my dear brethren, these cannot go together. Where there are Jesuits, there are misery and spiritual death. If Jesuits were fatal to Mexico, if they ruined Brazil, if they ruined Spain, if they ruined Portugal, if they ruined France, if they ruined Italy,—Jesuits will also ruin England, they will ruin Canada. [Shouts of no, no, and tremendous Cheering.]

Protestants of Canada! remember the words of the poor Italian exile: "Preserve your Bible! [Great applause.]—Preserve your Bible in your schools, [Cheers] because it is the natural food of your children. Educate your children in the Word of God. Preserve your Bible; for without that Bible you are not Protestants. Preserve your Bible; because Protestants without a Bible are as flame painted in a picture—it has no warmth. Protestants without a Bible, are lions without claws—they are Samson on the knees of Delilah.—(Tremendous applause.) Preserve your Bible! It is the origin of all happiness, all prosperity, all felicity. Remember what succeeded it in Germany, in England, and more especially in Scotland. It was the origin of all civil and religious freedom. Preserve your Bible, and you will have civil and religious

liberty. Transmit this glorious inheritance to your children, and to your grandchildren, that they too, by means of the inspired Word of God, may have peace and prosperity. (Great applause.)

Some person here stood up in the midst of the audience and proposed three cheers for Gavazzi; a proposition which was so warmly received, that the large hall reverberated with the sound.

The Padre rose again, and acknowledged the honor; and, in a few vehement remarks, urged upon the people not to fraternise with the popish system—to have no peace with Rome. This is the only salvation for England and for Canada. No peace! no peace!! no peace!!! with Rome—no peace with Rome! (Applause.)—*Toronto North American.*

HOW MUCH I OWE.

Matthew vi. 12.

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not 'till then, how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee, as thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not 'till then, how much I owe.

Chosen, not for good in me,
Waken'd up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light:
Blessed Jesus bid me show,
Doubting saints how much I owe.

HOME.

There should be no spot on the whole earth so beautiful, so happy as home. Nowhere in the world should the heart turn with so much longing, with such deep fullness of love, as to that blessed sanctuary. The dearest recollections, from infancy to manhood, should cluster and cling around it, and the memory of its joys should brighten the lingering days of old age. Every home was intended to be such an Eden in the world's wilderness.—Alas! how few such there really are. In how many homes coldness, feelings and affection, make all other places seem more attractive than this. But to set aside all positive unkindness, rudeness or ill-temper, all wilful wrong-doings of parents or children, how many homes are cold and chill as winter from the absence of all manifestations of love. The father wrapt in a mantle of reserve, never caressingly draws his children to his heart, and lets them feel that it beats warmly for them. Satisfied if he gives them shelter and food and raiment, provides for their bodily and intellectual wants, and teaches them their religious duties, he deems it quite superfluous to train up their affections, that yet demand so much culture. The mother, if we may conceive it possible of a mother, seldom or never clasps her child to her breast, and bestows the smile that childhood covets more than the miser does the most glittering treasure.

All the little outward tokens and manifestations of love, essential to domestic enjoyment as the flowers and birds are to the enjoyment of nature, are withheld from those longing hearts to whom they are as life itself, and cold, pulseless, measured duty leads the steady, unflinching march along that rugged way, which ought to be bright and beautiful with the thousand blossoms of affection. The heart of a child is very tender. It is full of strong impulses; its affections seek a boundless requital, boundless as their bestowal would be. And to whom should a child look but to its parents, its brothers, its sisters, to meet this sacred, beautiful demand of its nature. The sweet smile of affection, the kindly word, the gentle, beaming glance, the tones of sympathy in sorrow and trial, the soothing and tender attention in illness, those blessed little self-sacrifices, and unpretending kindnesses, that sweet patience, and meek forbearance, those delightful caressing ways and affectionate manners that make a few homes almost

heaven, should make all homes so. In them "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," and speech and act are alike holy and beautiful. Winning, lovely are such homes! Manhood turns from them to the world's duties with a sigh, comes back with a glad smile. Sorrow falls not so heavily on them; their inmates bear one another's burdens; deep peace is theirs even in the midst of afflictions. Words and deeds of love! Well has it been said, "Oh let us unite the two,"—and however dark and troubled our earthly course, a light will shine within our homes which no sorrow nor care, nor even death will have power to darken or remove. God is love—the spirit of his word is love; and would we indeed walk according to his dictates, love proved alike in word and deed must be the Guardian Angel of our House.

Life Without an Aim.

Those of you who are familiar with the shores may have seen, attached to the inundated reef, a creature, whether plant or animal you could scarcely tell, rooted to the rock as a plant might be, and twirling its long tentacula as an animal would do. This plant-animal's life is somewhat monotonous, for it has nothing to do but grow and twirl its feelers, float in the tide, or fold itself up on its foot stalk when that tide has receded, for months and years together. Now, would it not be very dismal to be transformed into a Zoophyte? Would it not be an awful punishment, with your human soul still in you, to be anchored to a rock, able to do nothing but spin about your arms, or fold them up again, and knowing no variety, except when the receding ocean left you in the day-light, or the returning waters plunged you into the green depth again, or the sweeping tide brought you the prize of a young periwinkle or an invisible star-fish? But what better life are you spontaneously leading? What greater variety marks your existence than chequers the life of the sea anemone? Does not one day float you just as the tide floats over it, and find you much the same, and leave you vegetating still? Are you more useful? What real service to others did you render yesterday? What tangible amount of occupation did you overtake in the one hundred and sixty-eight hours of which last week consisted? And what higher end in living have you than that polypus? You go through certain mechanical routines of rising and dressing,

We were met on our landing by the Pastor of the flock of this place, and by him conveyed to the Meeting House, where we were welcomed by the Brethren, and felt as Paul did, when he got as far as Appii Forum—and we had not long been in the assembly of the saints before we felt ourselves spiritually refreshed, as Jonathan did when he dipt the end of his rod in honey (1 Samuel xiv. 24-27). The following are the names of the Ministering Brethren who have mingled on this occasion their friendly souls in one:—Saunders Rigby, Tupper, Casewell, Sparden, Magee Foshay, Miles, Estabrooks, Tozer, Fitch Emerson, Thomson, Harris, Lockey, and Day. The Meeting was opened in the usual way with a Conference, which was well attended. In the evening we had preaching by Brother Tupper, from John iii. 14, 15. This was a good beginning. Our Brother stated the comparison between the brazen serpent and Christ—the design of his being lifted up—and described the persons who were to reap the benefit; he then said that the metaphor of looking was equivalent to believing, and showed the freedom of the salvation which comes through Christ, in opposition to works of every kind, whether they be works of the law, or of the gospel. Justice, will be right; when, thus trusting in God he can acquiesce in every particular of his government; under every mystery, he is happy. All things—all things—are done according to his will; for God's will is his—his will is God's. And this is—Faith.

And when a poor sinner, in full view of the terrors and strictness of the law; in full view of his own sins and ill-desert; in full view of his own helplessness, can trust in the promise of God through Christ; when he can feel that in the blood of the Lamb there is a sacrifice for his sins; when he can thus leave himself quietly with God, and wait and look for salvation; surely this is happiness. Yet this, too, is—Faith.

When a child of sorrows, overwhelmed with hardships and stripped of earthly comforts, can go to him who has smitten him and kiss

the rod; when he can say, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee;" when he can find his way to the place of secret communion to recite his griefs and to ask for sympathy; when he can go to the throne of grace for consolation; though his troubles have been like a flood, and the cup of his adversity like worm-wood, yet there, in that man's breast, in that torn and bleeding heart, peace gushes up like a fountain, and the happiness of heaven like a reviving stream. But this another form of Faith.—*Lessons on the Cross.*

"Be Not Weary."

Not many years since, Providence brought a little fatherless boy into the neighborhood where I live. He from the first won my affections, and I considered him more in the light of a brother than as a stranger. I soon saw with pleasure that he was considerably attached to me; and as he attended the Sunday school, and was for some time in my class, I ardently wished to lead him to the Saviour. I conversed with him in private several times; but as it did not appear to produce any lasting impression on his mind, I became weary, and gave over.

A few weeks since I walked from the house of God in company with him, and his whole theme was redeeming love. When we were about to part, he adverted to the conversations I formerly had with him, and said he had felt a great deal, but wished to hide it from me.

"The more I prayed," said he, "the more I wanted to pray, and the more earnest I was; but at length I thought that there were no others serious, and that I should be ridiculed; and the next time you met me you did not press me to seek the Lord, and I by degrees lost it all; but had you continued to urge me, as you had done every time you saw me, I have not a doubt but that I should have obtained a hope then!"

True Devotion.

What mistakes are made about devotion! One man makes it consist in a multitude of prayers; another in a great many outward acts, tending to the glory of God or the good of his neighbor. Some think it a continual desire of salvation; others an austere life. But they are all deceived, if they think they have arrived at the true foundation and essential principle of piety.

That piety which is sanctified, and which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all his will precisely at the time, in the situation, and under the circumstances, in which he has placed us. Perform as many brilliant works as you may, you will be recompensed only for having done the will of your sovereign Master. Perfect devotedness (and from this has arisen the term devotion) exacts, not only that we do the will of God, but that we do it with love. God would have us serve him with delight; it is our hearts that he demands of us. Such a master is entitled to our love.

This devotion must be manifested in every thing. In what contradicts our views, our inclinations, or our projects, it should make us stand ready to yield up our fortunes, our time, our liberty, our life, and our reputation to the will of God. These are the dispositions, and such will be the effects of true devotion.—*Fenelon.*

Cromwell, Napoleon and the Waldenses.

When, in Cromwell's time, the Vaudois lost everything by the cruel persecution of their enemies, he called for a collection for them in all the churches of the Puritans and Covenanters in Great Britain. So heartily was this responded to, that a considerable surplus was left after their necessities were met, which surplus remained in the British treasury, and was applied to the general purposes of the kingdom for a considerable period. The fact having been at length brought to the knowledge of the government, it was agreed that the funds, being no longer needed for their original purpose, should be set apart for the support of the Vaudois pastors. Accordingly, each one of them, sixteen in number, receives annually £40 sterling from the bank of England. The source of another part of their support is even more singular. When Napoleon conquered Italy, he confiscated certain properties belonging to the church of Rome, and made them over to the Vaudois. By the treaty of Vienna, after Napoleon's overthrow, it was guaranteed that this arrangement should