

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES



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POETRY.

LABOR.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild curses that come o'er us;
Think, how Creation's deep, mystical chorus,
Uninterrupted, goes up into heaven;
Never the ocean-wave lingers in flowing;
Never the little seed sows in growing;
More and more richly the corn-heap grows glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is reaped.

Labor is worship!—the robin is singing;
Labor is worship!—the wild bee is humming;
Lest that eloquent whistler appearing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough soil blows the soil-reviving power;
From the small insect the rich moral lesson;
Only man, in the plain, abstracts from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water fabled;
Lives are ever despatched, howe'er late;
Keep the watch word, for the dark, rest-assault;
Flowers drop and die in the stillness of noon;
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt rule over Care's evening pillow;
Lies not the small insect the rich moral lesson;
Only man, in the plain, abstracts from his part.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from sin's petty vexations that meet us;

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GERMAN EMIGRATION.—The New York Herald of a late date says: "It was rumored some time ago that a German Society had been formed in N. York and other places, with a view of preventing the emigration of their countrymen to the United States; but if there is really such a body in existence, its movements are kept so secret that the public can never hear of them. Its origin was said to be owing to the Know Nothing excitement, and it was reported that it had caused the circulation, throughout Germany, of a large number of documents, tending to prejudice the people there against this country.

The number who have left this port for Germany, England, and other parts of Europe is estimated at 6,000, or between ten and fifteen per cent. on the total amount of emigration during the same time."

ASTONISHING ADVENT AND FEARFUL PREDICTION.—A child was born a few days ago in Pittsburgh, with a full set of teeth and a stiff, heavy beard. It immediately commenced a conversation with the astonished bystanders, telling them that the season had been unusually dry one but nothing in comparison to the drought with which they would be visited next year, and that the year following a fearful famine would devastate the country. It then ordered a barber and a dentist and had its beard taken off, and a tooth plugged, and bidding them all an affectionate farewell, died. This strange and wonderful prediction—has spread consternation throughout the whole country.—*Johnston's Echo.*

A LAST HOME FOR THE PRINTER.—The Savannah News says that previous to the death of the late Samuel Chapman, editor of the Savannah Journal and Courier, a few weeks since, that gentleman purchased a lot in Laurel Cemetery, to be appropriated especially as a place of burial for printers. The purchase was hardly completed when he himself was called to the mansion of the blessed, and his body became the first occupant of the tomb.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life.—*Dr. Young.*

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman, is generally a coarse profligate or a bigot.

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which mustadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—*Coleridge.*

What madness is it for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy for his joy at your death will be proportioned to what you leave him.—*Seneca.*

People who are jealous, or particularly careful of their own rights and dignity, always find enough of those who do not care for either to keep them continually uncomfortable.—*Barnes.*

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

A want of confidence has kept many a man silent. A want of sense has made many persons talkative.

The stability and permanency of our government depends on the integrity and morality of the people.

Of expectation fails, and most of these where most it promises.—*Shakspeare.*

As antiquity cannot privilege a mistake, so novelty cannot prejudice one.—*Sir T. B. Blount.*

Truth is born with us, and we must do violence to nature, to shake off veracity.—*St. Evermond.*

He will find himself in a great mistake, that either seeks for a friend in a palace, or tries him at a court.—*Seneca.*

Nothing like water for an honest thirst.

SELECTED TALE.

MARY MORGAN.

"FATHER! father!" The clear, earnest voice of Mary was heard, calling, "I'm coming," answered Morgan. "Come quick, father, won't you?" "Yes, love." And Morgan got up and dressed himself, but with unsteady hands and every sign of nervous prostration. In a little while, with the assistance of his wife, he was ready, and supported by her, came tottering into the room where Mary was lying.

"Oh, father!—what a light broke over her countenance!—I've been waiting for you so long. I thought you were never going to wake up. Kiss me, father."

"What can I do for you, Mary?" asked Morgan, tenderly, as he laid his face down upon the pillow beside her.

"Nothing, father. I don't wish for anything. I only wanted to see you."

"I'm here now, love."

"Dear father!" how earnestly, yet tenderly she spoke, laying her small hand upon his face.

"You've always been good to me, father."

"Oh no. I've never been good to any body," sobbed the weak, broken spirited man, as he raised himself from the pillow.

"Don't Mary, don't say anything about that," interposed Morgan. "Say that I've been bad, very wicked. Oh, Mary, dear, I only wish that I was as good as you are; I'd like to die, then, and go right away from this evil world. I wish there was no liquor to drink—no taverns—no bars—oh, dear! I wish I was dead."

And the weak, trembling, half-paralysed man laid his face again upon the pillow beside his child, and sobbed aloud.

What an oppressive silence reigned for a time through the room.

"Father," the stillness was broken by Mary. Her voice was clear and even. "Father, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Mary?"

"There'll be nobody to go for you, father."

The child's lips now quivered, and tears filled her eyes.

"Don't talk about that, Mary. I'm not going out in the evening any more until you get well. Don't you remember, I promised?"

"But, father,—she hesitated,—I'm going away to leave you and mother."

"Oh, no—no, no, Mary. Don't say that. The poor man's voice was broken. "Don't say that! We can't let you go, dear."

"God has called me."

The child's voice had a solemn tone, and her eyes turned reverently upward.

"I wish He would call me! Oh, I wish he would call me!" groaned Morgan, hiding his face in his hands. "What shall I do when you are gone? Oh, dear!"

"Father,—Mary spoke calmly again— you are not ready to go yet. God will let you live here longer, that you may get ready."

"How can I get ready without you to help me, Mary, my angel child?"

"Have I tried to help you, oh! so many times," said Mary.

"Yes—yes, you've always tried."

"But it wasn't any use. You would go out—you would go to the tavern. It seemed almost as though you could not help it."

Morgan groaned in spirit.

"May be I can help you better, father, after I die. I love you so much that I am sure God will let me come to you, and stay with you always, and be your angel. Don't you think he will, mother?"

until the tear gemmed lashes lay close upon her cheeks. Another period of deep silence followed; for the oppressed listeners gave no utterance to what was in their hearts. Feeling was too strong for utterance. Nearly five minutes glistened this, if possible, to discover who the beloved man was. The chapel is on the estate of Lord John Scott, who inherited it from his paternal grandfather, the Duchess of Buccleugh, daughter of the Duke of Montague, into his family. Nunciam Regis and other possessions in Warwickshire came by the marriage of his grandfather with the daughter of Lord Dunsmore, Earl of Chichester.

Morgan answered and bent down his head.

"You will only have mother left," she said—only mother; and she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to work," said Morgan, whispering to the child, "and I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes, you promised me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go the tavern again."

"Never!"

"No, never. And I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to drink a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"O father! dear, dear father!"

And with a cry of joy Mary started up, and flung herself upon his breast.

Morgan drew his arms tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lip pressed to her cheek, whilst she lay against his bosom, still as death. As death! Yes, for when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of the child was with the angels of the resurrection.

—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

MISCELLANT.

EMBALMED BODIES.

A writer in the London Notes and Queries furnishes the following interesting account—

"A few weeks ago, in clearing out an old chapel at Nunciam Regis, Warwickshire, which had been pulled down, all but the belfry tower, forty years since, we thought it necessary to trench the whole space, to see what we might certainly mark out the boundaries of the building, as we wished to restore it in some measure to its former state. It had been used as a stack yard and depository for rubbish by the tenants of the farm on which it was ever since its dilapidation. We began to trench at the west end, and came on a great many bones and skeletons, from which the coffins had been moved, very deep and discovered a leaden coffin, quite perfect, not a date or inscription of any kind. There had been an outer wooden coffin which was decayed, but quantities of the black rotten wood were all around it. We cut the lead and folded back the top, so as not to destroy it; beneath was a wooden coffin in good preservation, and also without any inscription.

As soon as the leaden top was rolled back; a most overpowering aromatic smell diffused itself all over the place. We then unfastened the inner coffin, and found the body of a man embalmed with great care, and heaped of rosmariny and aromatic leaves piled over him. On examining the body more closely, we found that it had been beheaded. The head was separately wrapped up in linen, and the linen shirt which covered the body was drawn quite over the neck where the head had been cut off. The head was laid straight with the body, and where the joinings of the head and neck should have been it was tied round with a broad black ribbon. His hands were crossed on his breast, the wrists were tied with black ribbon, and the thumbs were tied together with black ribbon. He had a peaked beard and a quantity of long brown hair, curled and clotted with blood, round his neck. The only mark on anything about him was on the linen on his chest just above which his hands were crossed; on it were the letters 'T. B.' worked in black silk.

On trenching towards the channel, we came on four leaden coffins, laid side by side, with inscriptions on each. One contained the body of Francis, Earl of Chichester, and Lord Dunsmore, 1653; the next body of Audrey, Countess of Chichester, 1652; another the body of Lady Audrey Leigh, their daughter, 1640; and the third the body of Sir John Anderson, son of Lady Chichester by her first husband. We opened the coffin of Lady Audrey Leigh, and found her perfectly embalmed and in entire preservation, her flesh quite plump, as if she were alive, her face very beautiful, and her hands exceedingly small and not wasted. She was dressed in fine linen, trimmed all over with point lace, and two rows of lace fast across her forehead. She looked exactly as if she were lying asleep, and her beauty was very perfect, even her eye lashes and eyebrows were quite perfect, and her eyes were closed; no part of her face or figure was at all fallen in. We also opened Lady Chichester's coffin, but with her the embalming had perfectly failed. She was a skeleton, though the coffin was filled with aromatic leaves. Her hair, however, was as fresh as if she had lived; it was long and thick, and as soft and glossy as that of a child, and of a perfect auburn color.

In trenching on one side where the altar had been, we found another leaden coffin with an inscription. It contained the body of a Dame Marie Browne, daughter of one of the Leighs, and of the Lady Marie, daughter of Lord Chancellor Brackley. This body was also quite perfect, and embalmed principally with a very small coffee-colored seed, with which the coffin was perfectly filled, and it also had so powerful perfume that it filled the whole place. The linen, ribbons, &c., were quite strong and good in all these instances and remained so after exposure to the air. We kept a piece out of each coffin, and had it washed without its being at all destroyed.

Young Lady Aubrey had ear-rings in her ears, black enamelled serpents. The perfume of the herbs and gums used in embalming them was so sickening that we were all ill after inhaling it, and most of the men employed in digging up the coffins were ill also. My object in sending this is, if possible, to discover who the beloved man was. The chapel is on the estate of Lord John Scott, who inherited it from his paternal grandfather, the Duchess of Buccleugh, daughter of the Duke of Montague, into his family. Nunciam Regis and other possessions in Warwickshire came by the marriage of his grandfather with the daughter of Lord Dunsmore, Earl of Chichester.

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—*Arthur's Home Gazette.*

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Cut out the following piece, and paste it inside the cover of your Testament. It is extracted from the preface to the sterling work, *Fleetwood's Life of the Saviour*. Read, and admire!—
EDITORS OF THE TIMES.

THE APOLLO BELVIDERE is said to exhibit one of the finest specimens of the perfection of the art of sculpture in existence. The stone so breathes, and speaks, as almost to cheat the beholder into the belief of its living reality. One of the most distinguished writers on the fine arts, after studying it with increasing admiration, thus recommended it to the attention of those who would become artists:—"Go and study it, and if you see no peculiar beauty in it to captivate you, go again, and if you still discern nothing, go again, and again, and again—until you feel it, for, be assured it is there."

To every one who takes up this volume, and who is anxious to see if there is any beauty or excellence in the character and life herein delineated, we would say:—"If you discover it not at the first glance, look again; and if you still discover it not, examine once more, and renew your investigations again and again, for, be assured it is there!"

In the life before you will be seen what can nowhere else be found—unlimited beauty without pride; unrivalled benevolence without ostentation; love without selfishness; fortitude without repining; purity without a stain, and a sun without a spot!

You open this volume, not to gaze on a picture of fallen greatness; not to view the trophies gained—the triumphs secured, or the degradation accomplished by the might of a human arm; not to behold the mind of an archangel, either in its lofty aspirations, or in its train; but to admire intellect and power, wisdom and goodness combined, in the production of results the most happy and glorious; to admire simplicity in its grandeur, and grandeur in its simplicity; to cherish a taste for mental and moral beauty, and a love for whatsoever things are lovely.

History is the philosophy of life. It develops the grand principles on which man acts. It shows man as a sinner ruined, or as a sinner reclaimed.

The *Life of Jesus Christ* is the philosophy of true religion. It exhibits the principles of Christianity in their life and vigor. It is perfect excellence personified in miniature—in miniature, that the little mind of man may grasp it and be changed into the same image from glory to glory. It is unlike all others—so sublime as to excite the admiration of an angel's mind, and so simple as to be intelligible to the feeblest intellect. While it is a perfect example to be imitated by all, it also affords to the sanctified scholar a lesson of untiring and unending interest. Does he admire magnanimity? No where does he find such a specimen as in the forgiving spirit of Jesus. Does he admire sublimity of thought, and grandeur of conception?—He sees it in the description of Jesus coming to judgment—a God in glory, and a world on fire! He is touched and thrilled by the magic of eloquence?—While he listens to Jesus, he is constrained to acknowledge, *never man speaks like this man*. Is he enraptured of the beauties of style?—No where can he find a richer feast than in the clearness, unity, strength, and harmony which characterize the sermon on the mount.

Has he an eye to relish the beauties of painting?—Jesus, as a moral painter, spreads before him meadows of greenness and fields of lilies. Has he a taste for scenes of tenderness; for descriptions which stir the heart, and open the fountain of feeling?—He has only to behold Jesus weeping over Jerusalem, and listen to his lamentation. He has only to read the story of the Prodigal Son. If he admires courage—let him go with Jesus among those who had converted the temple into a den of thieves;—*fortitude*—let him follow the MAN OF SORROWS into the garden, or stand by him on the cross;—*condescension*—let him dine with him at the table of the publican, and witness his marked attention to little children; or *humility*—let him stand by, and behold him wash his disciples' feet.

Is he, in a word, charmed with the exhibition of a character, distinguished by purity of motive, piety the most ardent, by principles the most heavenly, and an example the most praiseworthy? He finds all these excellences resplendent in the life of him who went about doing good—feeding the hungry—instructing the ignorant—healing the sick—casting out demons—causing the dumb to sing, the deaf to hear, the lame to leap, the blind to see, the dead to live;—pardoning the penitent, and turning the mourner's sorrow into joy.

On the whole, it is believed that the pious reader will come to the perusal of the *Life of Christ*, as he would have welcomed an invitation to the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee. And as he drinks into its spirit, and is refreshed, will be constrained to admit that the best wine has been kept even until now. Whatever is pure in purpose, praiseworthy in conduct, or excellent in character, will be found shining like so many burnished orbs, attending the sun on his brilliant career.

Let then his life be read, studied, felt—his example followed—his commands obeyed—his spirit breathed—his image borne—his glory sought, and his praise sung here; and the earth will resound with immortal strains of *Glory to God and the Lamb forever and ever!*

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

MACAULAY ON CATHOLICISM.

There is not, and never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization: the old institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the altars, and when the camelopard and tiger bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. This line traces back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the next dynasty extends, that is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice is next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antiquity, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Egypt with Augustus; and still conquering heathen kingdoms with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extended over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population more numerous than the whole of Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the days of the British Empire—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she will still exist in an undiminished vigor, far more venerable from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favourable to Protestantism, and unfavourable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. We wish we could see great reason to believe that this is a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has not only grasped every branch of natural philosophy—that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life—that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been greatly improved, and that the progress of science, and law have been improved, though not quite to the same extent. Yet we see that during these two hundred and fifty years, Protestantism has made no conquests worth speaking of. Nay, we see that the Catholic Church has been a change, that change has been a constant addition to the stock of truth. In the inductive sciences again, the law is progressing. Every day furnishes us with new truths nearer and nearer to perfection. There is no chance that either in the purely demonstrative, or in the purely experimental sciences, the world will ever go back or even remain stationary. We have seen a reaction against Taylor's theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood.

But with theology the case is very different. As respects natural religion, the world is being brought to a point where a philosopher of the present day is more favourably situated than the philosopher of antiquity. He has before him just the same evidence of the structure of the universe which the early Greeks had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell. The reasoning with which Socrates, in Xenophon's hearing, confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's "Natural Theology." Socrates makes use of the same use of the statue of Polydeus and the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question—the question, What becomes of man after death?—we do not see any prospect of a European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted, without the help of revelation, to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably.

Then, again, all the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The faculty of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound them. The wisdom of Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them. It is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculations touching the Divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any degree of high intellectual culture. Such speculations, in the contrary, are in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and of uneducated men. The number of boys is not small who, at fourteen, have thought enough on these questions to be entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zelig. If an ignorant or ignorant man has a data long ages; c'est-a-dire, peu de chose." The book of Job shows, that long before letters and arts were known to Ionia, those vexing questions were debated.

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But with theology the case is very different. As respects natural religion, the world is being brought to a point where a philosopher of the present day is more favourably situated than the philosopher of antiquity. He has before him just the same evidence of the structure of the universe which the early Greeks had. We say just the same; for the discoveries of modern astronomers and anatomists have really added nothing to the force of that argument which a reflecting mind finds in every beast, bird, insect, fish, leaf, flower and shell. The reasoning with which Socrates, in Xenophon's hearing, confuted the little atheist Aristodemus, is exactly the reasoning of Paley's "Natural Theology." Socrates makes use of the same use of the statue of Polydeus and the pictures of Zeuxis which Paley makes of the watch. As to the other great question—the question, What becomes of man after death?—we do not see any prospect of a European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences in which we surpass the Blackfoot Indians throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after the animal life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted, without the help of revelation, to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably.

Then, again, all the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The faculty of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound them. The wisdom of Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them. It is a mistake to imagine that subtle speculations touching the Divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obligation, imply any degree of high intellectual culture. Such speculations, in the contrary, are in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and of uneducated men. The number of boys is not small who, at fourteen, have thought enough on these questions to be entitled to the praise which Voltaire gives to Zelig. If an ignorant or ignorant man has a data long ages; c'est-a-dire, peu de chose." The book of Job shows, that long before letters and arts were known to Ionia, those vexing questions were debated.

It is not, and never was, on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization: the old institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the altars, and when the camelopard and tiger bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of Supreme Pontiffs. This line traces back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the next dynasty extends, that is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice is next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antiquity, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Egypt with Augustus; and still conquering heathen kingdoms with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extended over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population more numerous than the whole of Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the days of the British Empire—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she will still exist in an undiminished vigor, far more venerable from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

We often hear it said that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that this enlightening must be favourable to Protestantism, and unfavourable to Catholicism. We wish that we could think so. We wish we could see great reason to believe that this is a well-founded expectation. We see that during the last two hundred and fifty years, the human mind has been in the highest degree active; that it has not only grasped every branch of natural philosophy—that it has produced innumerable inventions tending to promote the convenience of life—that medicine, surgery, chemistry, engineering, have been greatly improved, and that the progress of science, and