

He could tell them of a plot, formed at Washington, by leading politicians, to crush out the Temperance reform.

As soon as a man becomes a party leader he will betray you. You cannot trust to politicians. They are all alike.

The motion was then taken, and it passed without more than one, if any, dissentient voice.

We extract the following items of information MAINE.—The following, from the Portland Journal and Enquirer, of the 4th of December, is a sample of the sad effects of the repeal of the Prohibitory Law:—

Under the present free rum law, Intemperance flows on apace. For years, Portland has not seen so much drinking and intemperance. It is truly startling, and still there is nothing done by our city authorities to prevent it.

When urged to enforce the License Law, the Mayor said he could do nothing. The Temperance men would do nothing to assist in enforcing the present law.

The responsibility which rests upon the present administration is awful and vast. But the same will rest upon the friends of Temperance, if as soon as the Legislature meets, they do not cause to be enacted a law of downright Prohibition.

VERMONT.—The legislature of this State, at its late session, "tightened its screws" on the liquor traffic. They added three important sections to their already stringent Prohibitory Law. The first makes any officer who refuses to perform his duty in the way of executing the law, indictable in a sum from \$20 to \$100.

NEW JERSEY.—At the annual session of the Sons of Temperance, 22nd October, the G. W. P. said:

That the cause of Prohibition is receding or becoming unpopular we most emphatically deny, but we declare confidently, that in our candid belief, it is in reality taking a deeper hold on the hearts and consciences of the people than ever before.

CANADA.—The annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance, Canada West was held on the 22d October; sixty or seventy representatives present, representing 359 subordinate Divisions, and a membership of 10,065. The Division has money in hand, including investments to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—Of the restored license law, the Fredericton Reporter says:—"The records of the St. John Police Court, irrespective of Portland, exhibit a list of 32 cases of drunkenness, in 7 days! Is it too much to estimate that 5,000 persons were respectably drunk in Saint John during the same period? What a beautiful exemplification of the MORALITY of the License Law!"

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Privileges of Life Members and Directors of the American and Foreign Bible Society.

Each Life Member of this Society is allowed annually to receive from the Depository for the year current the value of one dollar, and each Life Director the value of two dollars and a half in Bibles and Testaments for gratuitous distribution.

This society does not engage in the indiscriminate circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. The thing we believe leads directly to a disregard of God's Word and in numerous cases, especially among Catholics, to its destruction.

The Board however have met with embarrassment in their endeavors to carry out their benevolent object. Those wishing to avail themselves of the privilege of the above rule were found in many cases to reside remotely from the Depository.

HORACE T. LOVE, Cor. Sec'y.

For the Christian Messenger.

Revival at Ohio, Yarmouth.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am happy to inform you, that the Lord has been pleased once more to visit my church with a gracious effusion of his Holy Spirit. During the last two months, we had lively meetings and some indications that the coming of the Lord was drawing nigh.

May the Lord continue to bless us, and may he be pleased to visit all the churches with a similar blessing. I write this notice, chiefly, to encourage my fellow-servants in the gospel.

I remain, Dear Brother, Yours in Christ, JAMES REID.

Ohio, Yarmouth, Jan. 20th, 1857.

For the Christian Messenger.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

PRISCILLA CHURCHILL.

MR. EDITOR,

The Village Grave Yard on this little Ocean Isle, is not without its loveliness. A little removed from the noise and the bustle of the village, contiguous to the New Chapel—both of which are surrounded by a beautiful grove of evergreens, which seem to be so many guardians around this congregation of the dead.

It matters little, however, where the body sleeps when its inhabitant is gone. The eye of Omnipotence will never lose sight of it, and the blast of the Archangel's trump, will not fail to reach it; whether it be laid away on the shelf of a vault, or whether it rests in the vast Catacombs of Egypt, or in the dead-pit at Naples, or in such a quiet shady spot as this. Still there is a

pleasure in the thought that the body to which we have become attached by long communion, sharing our joys and sorrows, will be laid away, not hastily, or rudely, but with solemn words, and sob, with bowed heads, and tears—not in a common grave-pit, but by the side of those we loved, under the shade of the trees where we walked and talked, and sat in life-time, and where the living will walk and talk of us, as they bend over our low graves.

Thus sleeps our gentle sister, Priscilla, by the side of a beloved parent and sister, who only four weeks ago preceded her to this last and quiet resting place, (a notice of which appears in your last issue) surrounded by dear relatives and friends, over whose graves, stand blocks of marble, as so many sentinels, to warn the survivors that this must ultimately be their resting place.

The remark is often made, and too frequently without any idea of its truthfulness, that we are the creatures of circumstances. In almost every character we may trace the effects of incidents in past life, and many inexplicable traits would be easily explained by their past history.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and eight children. Mr. C. for many years had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, and had acquired a competence for himself and family. But the destroyer, pulmonary consumption, entered that domicile, and the father fell a victim.

Our Sister whose name stands at the head of this memoir, was early in life brought under the influence of Divine grace, whilst the glow of childhood and beauty was yet upon her cheek, and the future of earth full of golden promises.

The friends of her childhood remember her devotion to Christ. A bright sky overspread her childhood and youth; for no cloud lingered there which affection could dispel. All that she required of earth was hers, and in view of her eternal home well might she have asked, "What, all this and Heaven besides?"

"Let sickness, blast, and death devour, If heaven may recompense my pain, Perish the grass and fade the flower If firm the word of God remain."

She was wonderfully sustained during her whole illness, and frequently spoke of her exit as the consummation of all her hopes, and whilst contending with the king of terrors, requested her friends to sing that favourite melody,

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we go, Bound for the land of bright spirits above, Pilgrim and stranger no longer I roam, Joyfully, joyfully, shall I go home."

As they were not able to sing she commenced and sang herself, "Friends fondly cherished have passed on before, Waiting they were ch me approaching the shore, Singing to cheer me through death's chilly gloom, Joyfully, joyfully, shall I go home."

She gave directions concerning her funeral, requesting the Choir from Lewis Head Church, to sing at her funeral, which request was acceded to by them. The mournful occasion was improved by the writer, from the 2 Peter, 3, 14, "Beloved seeing ye look for such things be diligent—to a very large and solemn congregation, the new chapel being quite full.

WILLIAM HOBBS.

WILLIAM E. SMITH, AGED 22.

"The grass withereth and the flower fadeth." In the bright spring time of youth we strew the long life path with fairy flowers; our ever soaring imagination brings to us, health, happiness and joys untold; whilst wealth and fame are to wreath their mystic laurels around our brow.

William Edward Smith, the subject of these lines, was the eldest son of Mr. W. B. Smith, of Nictaux. He spent the days of boyhood, as that period is too often passed, "without God and with-

out hope." In the winter of 1854, God in his infinite love was pleased to send his reviving grace to the church at Nictaux. The humble cry for pardon through Christ the bleeding Lamb, echoed through the valley, and reached the mountain top. The deceased was among those who felt the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and rested not until the still small voice whispered to his heart "peace be still." On the 5th March, 1854, he with twenty-one others, was led down into the liquid wave, and baptized in the likeness of their great Redeemer.

About midnight Dec. 21st, 1856, the spirit gently passed to its home in the skies. To "the city where there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine on it: for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Deceased was happy in the prospect of death, why was this? he had many ties to bind him to earth. Methinks it was that peace in the soul,—those abundant promises left on record for the child of God,—a foretaste of those joys which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard" with God laid up in store.

Yes, he was prepared to die! Youthful reader let me ask—are you? The swift winged messenger may already have received his commission to thee! This night the solemn truth that thou must die, may fall on thine ear! Are you living in readiness? If not, Oh delay not, haste to the Saviour; with outstretched arms he is inviting you to come: Grieve not the Holy Spirit.

Sinner, it was a heavenly voice: It was the Spirit's gracious call; It bade thee make the better choice, And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

Nictaux, Dec. 29th, 1856.

MRS. ANDREW KNIFFEN,

Died, at New Albany, on the 26th ult., in the 79th year of her age, leaving an aged husband, a large family of children, grand-children, and other relatives to mourn their loss.

Mrs. K. in her youth professed religion and united with the Baptist Church at Nictaux, then we believe under the pastoral care of Rev. T. H. Chipman, and has ever adorned that profession by an upright walk and conversation. For many years she had great difficulty in conversing with others, having lost her hearing. It was still a great satisfaction to converse with her on the subject of religion. She was always ready when asked to give a reason of the hope within her with meekness and fear. Religion was the theme on which she loved to dwell. Christians could not be in her company long without being convinced that she lived near to God in prayer and meditation. She was often seen apparently holding communion with her Saviour, without noticing those around her. The writer has often listened with great satisfaction to her heavenly conversation. The word of God was to her a sweet solace and comfort. Often, while plying her needles would she draw refreshment from that Divine source, and could say it was meat and drink for her soul.

There in her home of sweet repose, Where storms assail no more; The stream of endless pleasure flows On that celestial shore.

Her mortal remains were conveyed to the narrow house appointed for all living on the 28th, there to wait the morning of the resurrection, when soul and body will again be reunited, and stand among those who shall hear that welcome plaudit, "Come ye children of my father inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

The solemn occasion was improved by Rev. W. G. Parker, the present pastor of the church. Communicated by Mr. John Whitman, Dec. 25th, 1856.

Goodness its own End.

If thou wast to ask the sun, "Why shinest thou" he would say: "I must shine and cannot do otherwise, for it is my nature and property, but this my property, and the light I give, is not of myself, and I do not call it mine." So likewise it is with God and Christ, and all who are godly and belong unto God. In them is no willing, nor working, nor desiring, but has for its end, goodness as goodness, for the sake of goodness, and they have no other wherefore than this.

A Good Reply.

A carman engaged in loading furniture was asked by a rough clerk from the Emerald Isle, whether he was a Catholic? "Yes," replied the carman, "I am a Catholic?" "What father do you confess to?" asked the Irishman. The carman then distinctly replied—and his answer is worthy of consideration—"I am a Catholic; but I confess to God without the help of any other priest than the great high priest, our Saviour. I am too much of a Catholic to be a Roman Catholic."