

DRUNKENNESS AND DEATH.

A fire occurred in Calais, Me., on Sunday morning the 4th inst., by which two unfortunate creatures lost their lives. They had gone into a barn while in the state of intoxication, and after lighting a pipe with a lucifer match, they threw the burning remains among some combustible materials, and lay down to sleep. The fire spread, consuming the barn, and so severely burning the unfortunate victims that they expired shortly afterwards. The name of one was Slawton from Cornwallis, and of the other Nicholas L. nsden of Pictou, N. S. They expired about 1 o'clock on Sunday, having first given a relation of how the fire occurred. Four houses and three barns were destroyed. The Editor of the St. Stephens Patriot says, that on returning on Monday from seeing the corpses of these unfortunate creatures, he met *eleven drunken men* in the streets of that town! O young man taste not that poisonous cup.

PESTILENCE AT NEW ORLEANS.—A *New Orleans* Paper referring to the fearful mortality there says:—

"The deserted city wears the appearance of a city of death. No more fine equipages make the pavements re-echo, and deposit before the brilliant shops and elegant stores throngs of women, young, gay and adorned, breathing happiness and health. Alas! happiness, gaiety, freshness, and youth have fled far from us. Misery and disease—these are all that are before us. Instead of brilliant equipages, we see, moving slowly towards the field of rest the dead carts and gloomy vehicles which are no longer escorted even by ministers of religion or by friends. People die without noise and in silence, without the crowd knowing who has been cut off from the living; the dead have not even names, only a number is made in adding to the death list published every day."

The same paper, in speaking of the benevolence of some of the citizens, continues:—

"In presence of such calamities man finds a sort of consolation in contemplating the noble acts of charity which it gives birth to. Among all the associations which have been exhibited, since the epidemic began, the Howard Association must be mentioned. We have followed some of the members of this Society, and by them we have formed an opinion of the others. One must see the miserable dens where these heroes of charity penetrate;—must see the misery and wretchedness from which they rescue hundreds of unfortunate creatures, to transport them to the hospitals they have provided; must follow them to the horrible holes where men die without physicians, nurse or medicine, without a glass of water to appease a devouring thirst; must have gone with them in their pious visitations, in order to understand that, however disastrous the epidemic is, it would commit still greater ravages, but for the zeal, the courage, the indefatigable constancy of these Samaritans.

"Men for the most part habituated to a life of ease, have given up their homes and the comforts of their domestic circle, to take their post at the pillow of suffering—and what sufferings! The most repugnant duties, the most abject labor, check them not in their holy mission. At the corner of Victor and Marigny streets, there is a house which the passer-by looks at with a saddened eye, and from which are constantly heard cries and groans of agony. Before this house, every morning, stands a death cart, which never returns empty. The load which it brings is the dead of the day. The house is one of the hospitals established by this Society in our city.

"There, two men who have families and business to care for, but whom we shall not name for fear of wounding the sacred modesty which always surrounds true charity, have fixed their posts. The pestilential atmosphere of the house of death is the only air they breathe. Groans, complaints and cries are the only sounds they hear; grief and agony the most terrible the only sights their accustomed eyes have seen for a month. In the midst of this they live night and day, and we know that since the 21st of last month these two men have not slept one whole night—not indeed four hours—under their own roof. Night before last the nurses and servants, worn out with fatigue, had for the most part left their posts; but these men went bravely to work; running from one to the other, they were everywhere relieving the sufferings of each. Never was a Sister of Charity

more ready or more gentle. Then when it was necessary to carry new victims down to the chamber of the dead, it was they who bore them thither in their arms.

Correspondence.

[For the Religious Intelligencer.]

EARLY AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

A voice from the wilderness is heard, which falls in solemn accents on the listening ear. Day after day it comes with renewed vigour, and increasing solemnity. Amid the glare of sunshine, and the fainter beams of moonlight, it is wafted onward by the passing breeze; but alas! its awfully impressive message is heeded by few. Still it comes, in gentle whispers; nor on the listening ear alone exerts its influence;—it thrills through the secret recesses of the heart, causing each sensitive chord to vibrate in unison with its reiterated impulses. Who will not hear its pathetic accents? Who will not pause and listen, with the most profound attention, to its solemn admonitions?

Ye thoughtless children of fallen Adam! listen a moment to languishing nature's plaintive voice, and turn your eyes seriously towards the adjoining forest. There her message to you is inscribed in plain and unmistakable characters—in characters which all may read. There she adumbrates the dread realities which shall ere long mark the termination of your terrestrial existence. There you may read a lesson to which it behooves you to take heed, and that without delay. Stern, inflexible Autumn has come; and even now his withering energies are silently exerted, in fixing an unavoidable and effectual blight on the gay foliage of Summer. With unwavering confidence you may now anticipate his speedy triumph over the vegetable kingdom; but death, unrelenting death, has nobler victims in anticipation, and he will not be denied.

Perhaps you may be disposed to think these remarks premature; and to say, as many have done, "The leaves will fall in October." But who is so thoughtlessly bold as to assure a single leaf that it will not fall sooner? Let such a person look at our wide-spread forest, and see the emerald green already assuming a dingy hue. Let him enter their silent recesses, and behold, even now, many a sere leaf scattered upon the ground. There they lie; no more to occupy their former conspicuous position; no more to adorn the face of Nature with their once boasted beauty. Thus, ye careless ones, shall your blooming beauty fade; thus you must soon fall before death's relentless stroke; and oh!—are you ready?

Solemn is the voice which addresses you; then pause a little while, and cast another glance at the blighted foliage of the forest. See, unsparing Autumn is no respecter of age or rank. His withering influence touch alike the victims; but his pestilential breath is inhaled by all, and there its secret working becomes the certain precursor of an approaching day, when they will be completely dissolved of all their gay adornings. Now gaze at the various ranks of frail mortality, and what do you behold? Your associates are dropping, one after another into the tomb;—the aged, the middle-aged, and the youth; no class or condition is exempt from the fatal stroke, as each populous grave-yard bears witness. How then can you cry "peace and safety" any longer? Even now the grim king of terrors has a mark set upon many of your number, on whom he will soon call, and will not be put off. Already the rosy hue of health in many a blooming countenance, shows unmistakable evidence of a change; already some secret, and perhaps some unsuspected disease, has commenced its fearful ravages in many a breast, still beating high with hope. But, alas, death's secretly working engine will eventually prove fatal—it is the inevitable harbinger of approaching dissolution; and no human precaution can evade the dread summons, or induce the inexorable monarch to grant one moment's reprieve.

Again, behold the perishing glories of the vegetable kingdom, and mark one impressive fact. The blight of Autumn is as plainly perceptible on the trees which have not born fruit as on those which have. There you cannot fail to see, that no distinction is made. Thus death, conducts in the selection of his victims. One who is reconciled to God is called; another is taken away in his sins. One dies happy in the love of Jesus; the other dies without a cheering ray of hope beyond the grave. Oh, ye careless, inconsiderate souls! who are near the verge of eternity, and yet have not your peace made with God; who know not how soon death's implacable messenger may call upon you, with whom no compromise can be made; while you have already lost so many who were once your daily associates; does not even the approach of Autumn remind you of the close of life? and does not the rustling of the falling leaves reverberate that solemn impression of our Lord, "Be ye also ready?"

But see! here and there are a few scattered trees which look more lovely since the chilly winds of Autumn have sounded through their branches. On them the pleasing tints of varied green, have not at once been changed into a disagreeable sombre hue; but into the richer and more lively colours of purple, crimson, and light carnation. Still the change betokens the last stage of their existence;—they must soon fall, and lie scattered upon the earth. Here another impressive lesson is given, to those who are disposed to think seriously on the close of life. Its glorious counterpart has been seen by all, who have had the privilege of witnessing the last hours of one who loved God. Oh say, ye bereaved relatives of the departed saint! was not that countenance lovely, even in the agonies of death? Do you not now recollect that sweet tranquility of expression, which you cannot describe; that exultation, which seemed almost to unveil the transcendent glories of a blessed immortality?

Still Autumn's devastating work is only commenced; but if she continues, chilly winds will blow, frosts will certainly occur, and "October" will soon come, when a general fall of leaves will take place. What a spectacle will then be presented! Then extensive forests of naked trees may be seen, completely despoiled of their bright Summer's attire. But when the desolations of Autumn shall have reached their limits, the wilderness will not yet be all a dreary waste. Then it will be perceived that there are, even in this inclement clime, some trees whose foliage is perennial, whose beauty will not decay, though enshrouded by the cold breath of Autumn, and the impetuous storms of Winter. Perhaps and the bloom of the Spring and Summer months, the unvarying sameness of their dress made them less esteemed than their deciduous neighbours; but at length a time of trial has come, and their superiority is decided. But a greater day of trial is rapidly approaching; when the everlasting destinies of the innumerable hosts of Adam's family will be irrevocably fixed. Then the most startling disclosures will be made—then all the inexplicable mysteries of time will be fully unveiled. Then those who loved and served God on the Earth, will be forever exempt from all the disesteem in which

they were held, on account of the unassuming and peaceable uniformity of their lives; while those who revelled in all the gaudy fashions of time, will be found without a garment to cover their nakedness. But O, how great will be the joy of those, whose earthly career is compared in the scripture to the "palm tree," the "cedar of Lebanon," or the "willows by the water courses;" who "flourished in the courts of the Lord's house;" who in youth were like "olive plants," and who "still brought forth fruit in old age;"—how inexpressibly great will be their felicity then, when they shall be transplanted into that Heavenly land, where they will "flourish in never-fading verdure to all eternity!"

Sussex, Sept. 6th.

G. M.

The following is an extract from a private letter to Brother B. J. Underhill, from Elder C. Knowles of Yarmouth. We presume our Brother K. will pardon the liberty we take in publishing it. Our apology is the great anxiety manifested by his friends in this Province to hear from him through *The Intelligencer*.—Ed.

YARMOUTH, August 24th, 1853.

Brother Underhill,—I suppose that you and my many acquaintances in New Brunswick have thought strange that you have not heard more from me of late. I wonder at it myself. I have thought much of writing to several especially, to Father Haden of Brighton. But my road for this some time past has been rather rough and dreary, and I have been wanting to get into a better state of feeling and to have something worth writing. But I seem to make but little progress and have concluded to drop you a line from my prison.

There has not been much revival in my field of labour since I left New Brunswick, and we have had some heavy trials. The death of Capt. Robert Sims was a heavy blow to me. I felt that I had lost my right hand man—some have forsaken us having lov'd this present world, and death has taken some of our dear young men,—and relations deeply mourn.—But my path has not been all thorns—we have had some good refreshing meetings and in some instances good revivals. But not what the necessities of the people required. At Carlton two or three Brethren got up a little prayer meeting and God blessed it to the conversion of quite a number. I baptized ten and Brother D. Oram baptized one. Also, at Cranberry Head had a little revival last spring—a few converted—I baptized seven. I also baptized five at Tusket. So you see I have found some bright spots along my path, but not—what something in me wants to obtain. I thought much of your yearly meeting and was anxious to be there, but was deprived of the privilege. Yes—that yearly meeting where many I have loved meet. O how I wanted to meet with them—to see—shake hands, and converse with Ministers—Brethren and those converts from JACKSON TOWN and vicinity which lay near my heart.—I felt disappointed in not being there. But I hope we shall all meet in the good place at last, and that will be best of all.—O that meeting, how the thought worms my heart.

As to the *Religious Intelligencer*, I am not so indifferent about it as my silence indicates. I am much pleased with it. I look for it at its regular visits as though I were looking for the return of a friend, and when it arrives, all other things must put up with a little neglect till the *Intelligencer* has had a hearing both in intelligence it brings and the causes it advocates.

CHARLES KNOWLES.

SEBASTOPOL, Sept. 8, 1853.

Brother M. Leod,—Sickness prevented the completing of our Meeting-House—on the west side of Bellisle, at the time we first anticipated. We now expect to have it finished by the second Saturday in October. On that day at 2 o'clock, P. M., we expect several Elders and friends will attend our Conference, and we anticipate a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We look forward with the expectation of greeting each other in the spirit of love, and hope not only to meet our beloved friends in Christ, but also the great Head of the Church. We anticipate our brethren coming up richly provided with interesting relations of the advancement in the christian life of the people of their charge, and the prosperity of the Churches of our Immanuel. And while we intend opening our house for the service of God, we trust that he will open our hearts and give us all grace and wisdom, that we may be workers together for him, and labour for those who are still in darkness and in the shadow of death.—In behalf of the Church

JAMES LAKE.