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A Passage in the History of the Great London Plague.

The desolate and deserted appearance of London, while suffering under the scourge, is thus described by a late writer, in a work entitled *Cherry and Violet*. It must be remembered that Cherry was an inhabitant of old London Bridge.

As spring advanced, the plague came on amsin. Houses were shut up, some empty, some with infected people in them, under guard, never to be let out save in perfect health, or to be cast into the dead cart. Swarms of people hurried out of town, some in health, some already infected; never was such a blockade of carts, coaches, and horses on the bridge; and I was told that on the northern and western roads 'twas still worse. Every horse, good and bad, was in request, at enormous hire: as soon as they had done duty for one party, they came back for another, so that the poor things had an ill time of it. The court set the example of running away: the nobility and gentry followed it; the soldiers were all sent to country quarters; the tower was left under the guard of a few beef-eaters; all the courts of law were closed; and even the middle and lower ranks that could not well afford to leave their shops and houses, thought it a good matter to escape for bare life, and live about the country in re- moved places, camping in the fields and under hedges.

Thus the city, which had previously been so over- filled as to provoke the comparing of it with Jerusalem before the last passover, was in a manner so depopu- lated, that though vast numbers remained in by- streets and lanes, while rows of houses stood empty. These that walked abroad kept the middle of the streets for fear of infection; grass began to grow between the paving stones; the sound of wheels was scarce heard, for people were afraid of using the hackney coaches; beggars and street singers, and hawkers had altogether disappeared; so that there was nothing to break the awful stillness save the shrieks of dying persons in lone houses, or the rambles of the dead cart.

Meanwhile, though the distemper was raging on both sides of us and all about us, it came not on the bridge. Crowded assemblages of buyers and sellers at market, etc., being much to be avoided, we laid in as much stock as our small premises would hold and our small family required, of soap, candles, groceries, cheese, bacon, salt butter, and such like. And whereas the plague raged worse than any where among the butchers' stalls and low fishermen, we made a merit of necessity, and fasted from both fish and fresh meat, as well for our health as our sins, which, if sundry others had done in a proper frame and temper, 'tis likely they might have been spared.

Thus we kept close and went abroad little, except to public prayers; reading and meditating much at home, and considering as Noah and his family prob- ably did in the ark, that if our confinement were irk- some, 'twas a cheap price to pay for safety.

Meantime, though our bridge, by reason of its be- ing one of the great thoroughfares of London, could not well be shut up, yet the bridge warden took all the care of us as they could, keeping the gates with much jealousy, and burning large fires of resinous and strong smelling substances.

Shortly after the period thus graphically and affect- ingly sketched, Cherry's father, who was a hairdresser, went forth one morning in quest of a debt owed him by a person who, on the pretext of escaping the plague, was about to quit the country. He left his daughter in perfect health, but she never saw him again, and could never learn his fate. The anxiety, the distress, the wild inquiries and searchings for the missing parent, by night and by day, are most touchingly told. Here is an account of one of those visits, paid to the house of Mark Blerkinsop, who had formerly been an apprentice of his father's.

I darted through the toll gate the moment it was clear, and made for Cheapside. O! how awful the carnage, during a few weeks! Not a creature stirring, where lately all had been alive. At the turn of a lane I met a man wheeling a dead person in a hand-barrow, and turning his own head aside. Houses were deserted or silent, marked with the fatal red cross. Within one, I heard much wailing and sobbing. At length I reached Mark's house. 'Twas all shut up!—and a watchman sat smoking on the door step. He said, 'Young woman, what do you want?' I said, 'I want to speak to Mark Blerkinsop.' He said, 'Nobody must go out or in—the house is under visitation.' My heart sank when I remembered Mark's forbodings of himself, and I said, 'Is he dead?' 'I know not whether he is dead or no,' replied the watchman: 'a maid servant was put into the cart the night before last, and a pre- nce the night before that; since then they've kept mighty quiet, and asked for nothing, though I've rung the house-bell two or three times. But the night- watch told me that a woman put her head out of the window during the night, and called out, 'O! death, death, death!' three several times.

I said, 'Ring the bell again.'

He did so, and pulled it so violently this time, that the wire broke. We gave each other a blank look.

'See,' said I, 'there's a window open on the second story.'

'Tis where the woman put out her head and stretch- ed, during the night,' said he.

'Could you not get a ladder,' said I, and look in?' 'Well,' said he, 'I will, if you will stay here and see that no one comes out while I'm gone.'

'So I said I would, but I should have been a sorry guard had any one indeed rushed forth, so weak was I, and trembling. I thought of Mark lying within, per- haps stiff and cold.

Presently the watchman returned with a ladder, but it was too short, so then he had to go for another.— This time he was much longer gone, so that I was al- most beside myself with waiting. All this time not a creature passed. At length a man came along the mid- dle of the street, holding a red rod before him. He cried, 'What do you there?' I said, 'We know not whether the family be dead or have deserted the house—a watchman has gone for a ladder to look through the open window.' He said, 'I will send some one to look to it, and passed on.

The watchman and another man appeared, carry- ing a long ladder between them. They set it against the window, and the watchman went up. When he had looked in, he cried out in a fearful voice, 'There's a woman in white lying all alone on the floor, seem- ingly dead, with a casket of jewels in her hand. Shall I go in?' 'Aye, do,' I exclaimed. The other man, hear- ing talk of jewels, cried, 'Here, come you down, if you be afraid, and I'll go in.' and gave the ladder a little shake; 'I'll, however, only made the watchman at once jump through the window. Then up came two men, saying, 'We are from my lord mayor, empow- ered to seal up any property that may be left, if the family indeed be dead.' So they went up the ladder too, and the other man had no mind to go now; and pre- sently the watchman comes out of the house door, looking very pale, and says he, 'Besides the lady on the floor, with all her jewels about her, there's not a soul alive nor dead in the house, the others must have escaped over the back walls and out-houses.'

Then my heart gave a great beat, for I concluded Mark had escaped, leaving his wife to die alone; and now all my thoughts returned to my father. I hasten- ed to one of two acquaintances of his, who, it was just possible, might have seen him: but their homes were one and all shut up, and, lying some way apart from each other, this took up much time. I now became be- wildered and almost wild, not knowing where to look for him; and catching like a drowning man at a straw, I went to Lane street. Here I went all up one side and all down the other, knocking at every door that was not padlocked. At first I made my inquiries coherently enough, and explained my distress and got a civil answer; but, as I went on and still did not find him, my wit seemed to unsettle, and when any one came to the door, which was often not till after much knock- ing and waiting, I had got nothing to say to them but, 'Have you seen my father?' and when they stared and said, 'Who is your father?' I could not rightly bring his name to mind. This gave me some sign of wild- ness, I suppose, for after a while, the people did not so much look strange as pitying, and said, 'Who is your father, poor girl?' and waited patiently for me to answer. All except one rough man, who cried fiercely, 'Is the dead pit in Aldgate, very likely, where only child will be to night.' Then I lost sense altogether, and shrieked, 'O! he's in the pit! Father! father!' and went running through the streets, a wringing my hands. At length a voice far off answered, 'Daughter! daughter! here I am!' and I rushed towards it, crying, 'O, where? I'm coming! I'm coming!' And so I got nearer, and nearer, till it was just at the turn of the next street; but when I gained it I came upon a party of disorderly young men. One of them cries, 'Here I am, daughter!' and burst out laughing. But I said, 'O, you are not he,' and broke away from him.

'Stay, I know all about him,' cries another; 'was he tall or short?' O, wicked, wicked men, thought I, 'tis such as you that break fathers' hearts!

'How I got back to the bridge, I know not. I was put to bed in a raging fever. In my delirium I seem- ed to see my father talking earnestly with another man whose face I knew not, and who appeared to hear him with impatience, and wanted to leave him, but my fa- ther had his hand upon his arm. Then the other, meth- ough, tucked a heavy bag from under his cloak, and cast it towards my father, crying, 'Plague take it, and you too!' Then methought my father took it up and walked off with it into the street, but as he went he changed color, stopped short, staggered, and fell. Presently I seemed to hear a bell, and a dismal voice crying, 'Bring out your dead!' and a cart came rumbling along, and a man held a lantern to my father's face, and without more ado, took him up and cast him into the cart. Then methought, a man in the cart turned the horse about, and drove away without waiting to call any where else, to a dismal, lone field, lying all in the blackness of darkness, where the cart turned about, and shot a heap of senseless bodies into a great yawning pit. . . . then that a few hours back had been strong, hearty men, beautiful women, smiling children.

As soon as Cherry had recovered from the fever, with a woman's undying perseverance, she recom- menced her search; and thinking that the Rev. Mr. Blower, a devoted minister in Whitechapel, who had formerly lodged in their house, might be able to give her some information, she sallied forth alone into the solitary and death-stricken streets, resolved, if possi- ble, to find her way to the east of London.

'It was now late in September. His parish was one of the worst in Whitechapel; he lived in a roomy, gloomy old parsonage-house, too large for a single man, in a street that was now deserted and grass- grown. The first thing I saw was a watchman asleep on the steps, which gave me a pang; for, having heard Master Blower was so active in his parish, I some- how had never reckoned on his being among the sick, though that was a very just reason why he should be. I had thought so good a man would lead a charmed life, forgetful that in this world there is often one event to the righteous and to the wicked, and that if the good always escaped, no harm would have befallen my father. However, this sudden shock, for such it was, brought tears into my eyes, and I began to be at my wit's end, who should tell me now where to find my father, and to lament over the illness of my good and dear friend, Master Blower. Then I bethought me,— Perhaps he is not in the house, but may left it in charge of some woman, who is ill; if I waken the watchman, he certainly will not let me in; the key is grasped firmly in his hand, so firmly that I dare not try to take it, but yet I must and will get in.

'Then I observed, that in carelessly locking the door, the lock had over-shot it, so that in fact the door, instead of being locked, would not even shut. So I stepped lightly past the watchman, and into the house, and the first thing within the threshold was a can of milk, turned quite sour, which showed how long it must have stood without anybody's being able to fetch it. I closed the door softly after me, and went into all the ground-floor rooms. They were empty and close shut, the notes dancing in the sunbeams that came through the round holes in the shutters. Then I went softly upstairs, and looked timidly into one or two chambers, not knowing what ghastly sight I might chance upon; but they were tenantless. As I stood at a pause in the midst of one of them, which was a sitting-room, and had one or two chairs out of their

places, as if it had been never set to rights since it was last in occupation. I was startled by hearing a man in the room beyond, giving a loud, prolonged yawn, as though he were saying, 'Ho, ho, ho, hum!' Then all was silent again, I thought it must be Master Blower and went forward, but paused with my hand on the lock. Then I thought I heard a murmuring voice within, and, softly opening the door and looking in, per- ceived a great four-post bed, with dark green curtains drawn close all around it, standing in the midst of a dark oaken floor, that had not been bespoken recently enough to be slippery. The shutters above were partly shut, admitting only one long stream of slanting light, over against the bed; but whether any one were in the bed, I could not at first make out; for all was as still as death. Presently, however, from within the cur- tains came a somewhat thick voice, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my heart is ready, my heart is ready! I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have! Awake, lute and harp! I myself will awake right early!'

Here the dear good man fell a coughing, as if something stuck in his throat; and I tip-toeing up to the bed-side, withdrew the curtains and softly said, 'Master Blower!'

'Never shall I forget my first sight of him! There he lay on his back, with everything quite clean and fresh about him, his routed and tumbled as most men's would have been, but as smooth as if just mangled—his head, without e'er a night cap, lying straight on his pillow, his face the mirror of composure and peace- fication, and his great brown eyes glowing with some steady, not feverish light, turned slowly round upon me, as if fresh from beholding some beatific sight.

'Why, Cherry,' says he, looking much pleased as you come to look on me before I die? I thought I had taken my last sight of all below!—and reaching out his hand to me from under the bedclothes, I was shocked to perceive how it was wasted; every knuckle a perfect knob.

'Dont touch me!' cries he, plucking it away again, and burying it out of sight. 'I forgot you had'n't had the plague. What a selfish fellow I am! How's your dear father Cherry?'

'I could not withhold myself from weeping, and was unable to answer.

'Ah! if I see how it is,' says he kindly; 'poor Cherry! poor Cherry! the righteous perish and no man layeth it to heart.' I heard a voice say, 'Write: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit for they rest from their labors.' I shall see him before you will, Cherry. Go home, child, go home; this air is fraught with danger.'

Visiting on the Sabbath.

In no form, perhaps, is the day of the Lord dishon- ored with so little consciousness of criminality as by MAKING VISITS AND CALLS AMONG NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS. Even professors of religion seem not suffi- ciently aware of the evil of the practice; and it is well, if in some places the prevalence of the custom does not blind the eyes of ministers of the Gospel, and deter them from giving the instruction and reproof which so injurious a practice demands.

As a dissuasive from such a violation of the divine command to "remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy," let me urge, that visits exert an injurious in- fluence on YOURSELF and YOUR OWN FAMILY.

They keep you from reading the Bible, and the other duties of the closet. These duties, which are indispen- sable to the maintenance of religion in the soul, and should receive special attention on the Sabbath, can nowhere be so well performed as at home, where every one has a right to have a place for retirement. Even on a visit to our nearest friends, you will be expected to mingle with the family in which you are, and will hardly be disposed to seek a place of seclusion, adapted to the serious performance of private religious duties.

The habit of visiting keeps you from the house of God and the Sabbath-school. No Sabbath visitor will be found uniformly in his pew at church, or at the head of a class, or scrupulous in the performance of the other appropriate duties of the day.

If you are the head of a family, that portion of it which remains at home is left without your guidance.— The duty to sanctify the Sabbath extends not only to yourself, but to your children and your household. What- ever directions to observe the Sabbath you may give on your leaving home, they will be apt to disregard; especially since they see you transgressing the very command you require them to obey. Besides, by your absence you leave your household exposed to the temptation of going themselves from home; visiting, rambling, playing, if not practising grosser forms of violating God's holy day. You leave them, moreover, exposed to the visits, evil example, and pernicious in- fluence of intruders from other families. In short, you will have every reason to fear that in your absence the Sabbath will be shamefully violated by these of your own household, and by "the stranger within thy gates."

Your visits occasion yourself, your beasts, or domestics, unnecessary and unlawful labor on the Sabbath-day.— You are not only to abstain from labor yourself, but you are required to see that your household and your beasts do the same. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle." No matter whether the amount of labor is more or less; it is clearly forbidden by the law of God.

This habit is equally injurious to THE FAMILY YOU VISIT.

It gives them additional labor on the Sabbath. Often the Sabbath is thus made a day of feasting. What- ever may be the wants of the visitors, there will be, even among their poorest friends, more preparation, and of course more sinful labor, for the entertainment, than if the family had been alone.

The Family you visit are also hindered from attend- ing to their proper Sabbath employments. How can the head of the family find opportunity for instructing his household; and how can he or they suitably engage in the reading of the Bible, or private prayer and medita- tion, when they are encumbered with visitors, even to instruct the Sabbath-school class, or attend to other appropriate duties of the day.

Too often you also introduce into the family you visit worldly and unprofitable conversation. If you do not do this yourself, you tempt them to do it. They will hardly suppose that you have left your own family for the sake of spiritual discourse at the house of another, and will not be likely to intrude such discourse upon you. Do not facts warrant these inferences? Were a man to treat his Sabbath visitors with religious con- versation, or with reading the Scriptures, how long would his house be thronged with them? What more effectual, and I may add, what more proper expedient can be adopted by any family to rid themselves of such intruders? In view of this subject, I remark,

children, are for the most part attended with the same evils as visit to others.

2. Visits made by leaving home on Saturday and re- turning on Monday, are liable to most of the objection to visits which are begun and ended on the Sabbath.— There may be a little less of labor on the Sabbath by the beasts that carry you, but the labor of the family you visit is increased; they are more or less hindered in their proper Sabbath employments for the whole day; that portion of your family which you leave at home is without a guide in their Sabbath duties, or any one to lead them in family worship; and your seat is vacant in the house of God, where you ought every Sab- bath to be seen, for the encouragement of your min- ister and Christian friends, and as an example to your children and others.

3. Visits or calls on the Sabbath are often made un- der the pretence of visiting the sick. When this is done with the design of giving such relief to the bodily pains and wants of the sick as they will not be like- ly to observe it from your visit, then you perform an act of mercy, and hence it is not only lawful but com- mendable. But to visit or call on the Lord's day mere- ly because there is a sick person in the family, is a most weak apology for the crime of Sabbath-breaking. If the family deem it a kindness it is only because it is customary, and therefore expected, and because the family have inadequate views of the sanctity of the Lord's day. By such visits or calls, the sick, as well as the rest of the family, are really incommode. The Sabbath is often a hard day in the house of the sick, when friends and neighbors come in throngs, merely or principally because they are unwilling to spare time for their purpose on other days.

4. Visits or calls made on the Sabbath because you are unwilling to spare time for them on other days of the week, are utterly inexcusable. God has consec- rated the whole day to his worship and service, and we may not do our pleasure therein. You need all your time on that day to learn the will of God, to wor- ship him and to perform acts of mercy and benevolence, which you cannot neglect without incurring guilt.

5. The habit of visiting on the Lord's day must al- ways keep professors of religion who indulge in it un- instructed, worldly-minded, and unfruitful. They mis- spend the time specially given them to read and meditate on the truths of religion, and to attain a spiritual frame of mind. If you inquire after well-informed, diligent, spiritual and fruitful Christians, you will find them among those who perform on the Sabbath its ap- propriate duties, and scrupulously abstain from what they fear to be a violation of its sanctity; who "exer- cise themselves" on this subject to maintain "a consci- ence void of offence." On the other hand, those who are less scrupulous in the observance of the Sabbath, will be found to be less employed on other days of the week in prayer, reading the Scriptures and other du- ties.

6. Visits on the Sabbath, by professors of religion, tend to your contempt upon this institution of God, and upon the Christian name. The due observance of the Lord's day is the great means of preserving the fear and worship of God in the world. Let the sanctifica- tion of the Sabbath be neglected by Christians, and the world will soon forget that there is a Bible; the duties enjoined in it will not be practised nor its re- quirements obeyed; and the ordinances of religion, and even the name of Christian will become a reproach.

7. Long continued custom can no more justify Sab- bath visits than any other vicious practice. It is very easy to slide into the general practice of what is in- expedient and injurious. Mankind are not apt to reflect seriously upon their conduct when they see the same course pursued by others. We deem it the imperative duty of all, especially of every preacher of the Gospel, to consider, steadfastly to resist, and fearlessly to ex- pose the evils of Sabbath-breaking in all its forms; and we venture to affirm, that where the practice of visit- ing on the Lord's day prevails, it furnishes a satisfactory reason why efforts to promote the cause of enlighten- ed, spiritual, and fruitful religion, have been attended with so little success.—Am. Tract.

Jerusalem as it is to-day.

'Formerly, the traveller to Jerusalem had no choice but to put up at one of the convents, his servant pro- viding his meals, or to take a lodging in some private house. At this period (1853), there are two inns, the "Mediterranean" and the "Maltese," where rooms and fare are to be obtained, at an average charge of thirty-five to fifty pence per day, according to rooms and table, including a supply of table-wine made in the neighborhood; the best quality of which is really excellent. To ensure comfort in a place like Jerusa- lem, this charge cannot be considered exorbitant. Bottled ale and porter with wines and spirits, may either be had at these houses as extras, or bought at the stores near the Jaffa Gate, and in Pattiarch Street. These inns are often crowded in the winter and spring.— Travellers desirous of greater privacy, or making a lengthened stay, may obtain decent lodgings without much difficulty,—certainly the most economical plan. Some persons still prefer to put up at the Casa Nuova, or new building erected at the Latin Convent for the accommodation of all comers; where the rooms are said to be clean and comfortable. There is no fixed price, but an English traveller is expected to give a rather handsome compliment for the accommodation thus afforded.

The foregoing facts will serve to shew, that while other cities in the Turkish empire are falling to ruin and decay, being depopulated and barbarized, Jerusa- lem is rapidly springing up into new life. European manners and European wants are bringing in civilization and industry. There are shops where all kinds of European goods find a ready sale for their commodities, carpenters, watchmakers, blacksmiths, glaziers, tin- men, dyers, laundresses, shoemakers, &c., exercise their various callings. There are three flourishing European tailors. The daily markets are supplied abundantly with good mutton, and poultry, and eggs are cheap. Many hundred goats are kept for the sole purpose of supplying the city with milk; and of late cows' milk is to be had. Fruit and vegetables are abundant, and good bread is made by several bakers. New houses spring up on every side. By new houses we mean new fabrics on old foundation; for as yet the waste places are not reclaimed, and one-half of the ancient city is a desolation, while other parts are over- crowded. The Frank quarter is chiefly from Mount Zion and the Jaffa Gate to the Damascus Gate; but of late years, a good many houses have been taken in the Moslem quarter, between the Damascus and St. Ste- phen's Gates. It is remarkable evidence in the de- crease of Moslem fanaticism, that single ladies are per- mitted to live quietly in the heart of the Moslem quar- ter, without any man-servant or other protector. And even during the present excitement about the war with Russia, no insult has been offered even in the most crowded bazaar to any person, even ladies and chil-

dren pass to and fro as usual;—and this at a time when the native Christians made no secret of their (very needless) dread of a Moslem rising to massacre them- selves. The Moslem population is decreasing in num- bers, as well as in fanaticism.—Bartlett's Jerusalem Revisited.

Not Saved.

"Not saved!" Sin, suffering, sorrow, and eternal misery, are wrapped up in that alarming expression! Not saved! How miserable then must be your condi- tion! Guilty, polluted, exposed to the withering curse of a violated law! You are living without peace of conscience—without spirituality of a mind—without Christ, having no hope, and without God in the world! For you there can be no substantial and abiding enjoy- ment in this world; and your only prospect for the world to come is the blackness of dark ness for ever! No crown of life—no golden harp—no triumphal palm no celestial music—no pleasant companions—no place at the Lamb's right hand—no happy mansion in the heavenly city of the Great King! And why are you "not saved?" Why live a single moment in such cir- cumstances as involve the certainty of temporal misery and eternal loss? It is not because you have never heard of salvation, nor because you have had no op- portunities of being "saved." Many a harvest and summer have passed over you who have reached the age of manhood and womanhood, and more over you who are advanced in years. Perhaps in youth you kneeled beside an affectionate Christian mother's chair, and re- peated your infant prayer, and as you grew up were taught with all fidelity in the family, in the Sabbath school, and in the sanctuary, the greatest of all truths, that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Your heart was then tender, your mind was occupied with the business, cares and sorrows of life, and the voice of the vicissitudes of the Righteous One within you was distinct and strong. These were days of summer sunshine—seasons of harvest activity! And O, have you permitted them to pass away unimpaired? Alas, many a man who is active for time, is indif- ferent for eternity! The Lord's goodness may have been manifested to you to lead to repentance; and when that failed, he may have graciously changed the dis- pensation and sent adversity; but O, how many allow precious seasons both of prosperity and adversity to pass by, and leave them careless about their souls! Sabbath after Sabbath you have had with all their privileges, and frequently have been beseeched by ambassadors for Christ to become reconciled to God. "Thou art the man!" has doubtless, at one time or other, rung through every chamber of your soul. By the powerful application of the Holy Spirit, the Word has been made to act upon you like "fire and sword;" your flesh quivered; alarm seized you; your spirit was broken; the "dead sea" of dull-moving conscience was lashed into a terrific storm; you realized your dangerous con- dition; you felt as if you would cry out "with an ex- ceeding bitter cry," and you relieved your feelings by a flood of tears! Salvation was then pressed upon your acceptance—you were deeply impressed, and "not far from the Kingdom of God." But ah, that "harvest is past," that "summer is ended," and you are "not saved!" And what reason can you urge for remaining in your present unhappy and precarious condition in the midst of such a profusion of means and influences for compassing your salvation? Others have embraced this tide of mercy at the flood, and have been carried into the haven of eternal safety, and "compassed about with songs of deliverance." They can sing with intelligence and feeling, that joyous ex- perimental song, "The Lord is my light and my sal- vation," and you must wait until your bitter experience, "we are not saved." And wherefore is it so with you?

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there?" Ah, you know right well that there is a sov- ereign balm in Gilead—that there is a merciful Physi- cian there; that He "opened a fountain for sin and for uncleanness, that He "is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" and that his blood is all-sufficient to cleanse every sin- ner from every sin; you know, moreover, that he came "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." Surely in such circumstances, you must have been at inexpressible pains to remain "not saved!" You must have acted both vigorously and dexter- ously to shake yourselves clear of the cords of love, and hooks of mercy, which have been lowered so kin- dly and so frequently into "the horrible pit" on pur- pose to deliver you! O why will ye die? Why be at such pains to perish forever? It is solely on account of your own determination to walk in "the way of death," that you have still to exclaim, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Well, well, keep your resolution only for a few more summers, and a few more harvests—neglect "great salvation" only a little longer, and after that, "the dawn of sorrow," "where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched!" Nevertheless, be it distinctly known unto you, that if you "perish in your iniquity," your blood will be upon yourself, we are clear of it—God is clear of it—for we have warned you of your danger, and the Lord warrants us still to assure you that "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Bad Books.—Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither 'alimen' nor 'medicine'; they are 'poison.' Both intoxicate—one the mind, the other the body; the thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together, the soul. The makers and venders of each are equal- ly guilty, and equally corrupters of the community; and the safe-guard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.

Lord John Russell's new Bill.—"To promote Education in England," has been read for the first time, and printed by order of the House of Commons. It secures the reading of the Holy Scriptures in all the Schools to be established under the Act. Not however, as a "School lesson book," but devotionally, and as a national recog- nition of Christianity. It provides that no Roman Catholic or Jewish children will be obliged to be present at the reading of the Holy Scriptures.

A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times, states that rumors were gathering strength that a divorce is contemplated between the Emperor of France and the Empress, for high state reasons.