

pension of £100 a-year to assist him. Latterly he became so much worse that the doctors told him there was no chance for his recovery unless he gave up writing and studying altogether. It was thought that it might be better for him to go abroad, and some of his friends subscribed to raise the necessary amount of money, and last August he removed with his wife and family to a beautiful place in Germany, famous for its mineral springs. But his stay here was marked with severe trials. First his youngest child, an infant, died after five weeks' illness; and three weeks later, his eldest child, a daughter, who had been very delicate for some time, was taken from him. She was both good and highly gifted; but her parents were comforted in the midst of their deep sorrow, for they saw that she was resigned, that she was (to use her father's words) "Strong in the assured belief that to depart and be with Christ was far better for her than aught which life could have in store."

Dr. Kitt's own health suffered from these afflictions, but there was no marked change till the 24th of last November, when he felt very ill on awakening early in the morning. However, he went to sleep again, and rose as usual; but at breakfast was seized with giddiness, and became insensible. Medical advice was summoned, and different remedies tried—but in vain. Two or three times he said to his wife—"Tell me, is this death?" She replied that it was, but this did not trouble him. Throughout the day, which was one of intense suffering, he was generally conscious, though unable to converse; at its close he died. There is no need to mourn for him, for he passed away from a world where he had known much pain and sorrow, to a world where pain and sorrow may never come. Though he never heard the voices of his wife and children upon earth, yet he listens to the voices of his angel-children now—for he is no longer deaf. He is where all are healed of their diseases.—*Compiled from Excelsior.*

## Correspondence.

### New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—Home again from my Western tour I hope to be more regular in my correspondence.

One of the things which most impressed my mind during my absence was my visit to the grave-yard in the place where I have had my home for the greatest portion of my life since I was fourteen years. In my return to that place, after an absence of many years, I could but remark the great change that has taken place. Most of my play-fellows and school-mates for whom I inquired have gone to other places or are dead. Many I inquired about and the frequent response was "he is dead." But how many I had forgotten altogether till my associations were recalled by reading their names on the grave-stones!

I have before spoken of the great change produced in the price of grain by the Railroad which now penetrates the broad west. There are one effect in the habits of the people which has resulted from this change which I beg leave to mention. When grain was very cheap, much of it was distilled and "whisky" was to be had for twenty-five cents a gallon, or even at a less price. The consequence was that almost every farmer was accustomed to sulk in great evil. When grain increased so greatly in price the distilleries for the past went to decay for want of patronage. The influence has been excellent upon the habits of the people and conspires with the Main-law to the overthrow intemperance. I spoke of death's doing where I have visited and not less busy has been at home. At two unexpected points he has broken into the circle of my friends in the city in one depriving some of my Sabbath-school children of a dear parent, in the other, depriving a dear Christian family of a darling son. One by one we must go till the places that now know us shall know us no more forever. "One by one" I said, for the moment forgetting the great slaughters which our rail companies in their eagerness for money are so frequently causing. Though for many years I have travelled annually several thousand miles, by cars, I have never witnessed the slightest disaster, only now and then a person killed by the sheer carelessness or drunkenness on the part of those injured; yet I never take my seat in the cars without the impression that my turn has perhaps now come. Indeed, one parts with his family for a journey by cars, with much the same feelings with which a soldier takes leave of his friends when going to the battle-field. After all, what is life anywhere but a battle-field where the arrows of death are thick! What must be the guilty presumption of those who do not live in a constant state of preparation for an exchange of worlds.

Rev. S. H. Cone, of this city, the able leader in the "New Version" movement died on the morning of the 25th ult., aged over seventy. Mr. Cone had been teacher, actor, and politician before his conversion, and since he has been an able minister of the gospel. He will be greatly missed among his brethren and in the church generally. The following account from his own pen of his conversion and entrance upon the ministry, will interest your readers.

### Dr. Cone's Conversion.

In the month of November, 1813, after breakfast, I took up the newspaper, and saw among other things a large sale of books advertised at Wood's Auction Rooms, and said to myself, I will look in as I go to the office, and see what they are. I did so, and the first book I took up was a volume of the Works of John Newton. In an instant, my whole life passed in review before me. I remember taking that book out of the College Library, while at Princeton, and reading Newton's Life to my mother. His dream of the lost ring, reminded me forcibly of my dream of the well, and I felt an ardent desire to own the book, and read the dream again. I left the Rooms, having first requested Mr. Wood, who was a particular friend, to put it up for sale as soon as he saw me in the evening, as it was the only work I wanted. He promised to do so, and I immediately went out towards our office, which was nearly opposite; but I had scarcely reached the middle of the street, when a voice,

"like the sound of many waters," said to me—**"THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!"** I trembled like an aspen-leaf—I felt myself to be in the grasp of the Almighty—and an earthquake could not have increased my dismay. Sermons heard when only eight years old, on The Balm of Gilead, and on the Lamb of God—the dream—all were painfully present, and I thought my hour of doom had come. I went to the office, took down the Day-Book to charge the new advertisements, but my hand trembled so that I could not write, and I put the book back in its place. I went out into South street—then walked up and down Market street in the crowd till dinner time, to drown, if it were possible, my thoughts and feelings. But all in vain. The sound still rung, not only in my ears, but through my heart, like the sound of a trumpet—**"THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING!"** I went home to dinner, endeavoring to conceal my feelings as much as possible from my wife. The day wore heavily away; I was at the Auction-Room at the hour; purchased the book that seemed to be strangely connected with my weal or woe; returned to my house immediately, and read Newton's eventful life entirely through before retiring to rest. There seemed to be some strong points of resemblance between us; he had been rescued from the wrath to come! what would become of me? I found that he read the Bible, and obtained light. I went to bed with the determination of rising early to imitate his example, and search the Scriptures. My dear young wife thought I was going mad. Oh no! no! I was not mad! He who had compassion on the poor Gadarene, was now bringing me to my right mind in a way that I knew not.

I commenced reading the Scriptures with deep interest, to find out how a sinner could be saved; and in two months, read the Psalms and different portions of the Old Testament, and the New Testament, I think, more than twenty times through. The Psalms, John's Gospel, and the Epistle to the Romans, were particularly precious. It required great effort to attend to domestic duties, and my business in the office; for I felt continually that it would profit me nothing to gain the whole world, and at last lose my own soul. I sought out preachers, and heard Mr. Duncan frequently; but could not learn from any of them the way of salvation. One evening, after the family had all retired, I went up into a vacant garret, and walked backwards and forwards, in great agony of mind; I knelt down; the instance of Hezekiah occurred to me; like him I turned my face to the wall and cried for mercy. An answer seemed to be vouchsafed in an impression, that just as many years as I had passed in rebellion against God, so many years I must now endure, before deliverance could be granted. I clasped my hands and cried out, "Yes, dear Lord, a thousand years of such anguish as I now feel, if I may only be saved at last." I continued to read, and whenever I could steal away unobserved into the garret, there I walked the floor, when all around was hushed in sleep; there I prayed and poured out tears of bitter sorrow. While thus engaged one night, the plan of salvation was revealed to me in the figure of Noah's Ark. I saw an ungodly race swept away with the flood, but Noah and his family were saved, for God shut them in the Ark. I felt that, as immediate and everlasting destruction was threatened in that in Christ alone I must be saved, if saved at all; and the view I at that moment had of God's method of saving sinners, I do still most heartily entertain, after thirty years' experience of his love. This was Saturday night, and that night I slept more sweetly than I had done for many weeks. Before daylight on Lord's-day morning I awoke, and went down stairs quietly, made a fire in the front parlor, and threw open the window-shutters, and as soon as I could see, commenced reading the New Testament. I opened to the 13th chapter of John, and came to where Peter said, "thou shalt never wash my feet?" "Jesus answered him, If I wash thee, thou hast no part with me. Simoa Peter saith to him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." At that moment my heart seemed to melt. I felt as if plunged in a bath of blood divine—I was cleansed from head to foot;—guilt and the apprehension of punishment were both put away; tears of gratitude gushed from my eyes in copious streams; the fire in the grate shone on the paper upon the wall, and the room was full of light; I fell upon the hearth rug, on my face, at the feet of Jesus, and wept and gave thanks; my sins, which were many, were all forgiven me; and a peace of mind succeeded, which passeth understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul! from that hour to the present, a doubt of my calling and election of God, has never crossed my path. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backslidings of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!"

**FIRE.**—Last evening, about 9 o'clock, a fire suddenly broke out in some wooden buildings, used as Store-houses, in rear of Dock Street and adjoining the Dock Street Brewery. The flames burst out with amazing volume and fury, and at one time excited alarming apprehensions for the safety of the Brewery and the whole line of brick buildings on the east side of Dock Street. Fortunately, however, our admirable Fire Companies, with several powerful engines, were speedily on the spot; and with an abundant supply of water and manful exertions by the firemen, the damnable fire was confined to the buildings wherein the fire originated. Had the catastrophe occurred in the dead of night, its extent would probably have been vastly greater. So unaccountable was this fire, except by incendiaryism, that we understand His Worship the Mayor is determined rigidly to investigate the circumstances connected with it.—*Observer.*

**FIRE.**—A fire broke out about daylight on Sunday morning, in a barn belonging to the estate of the late Chief Justice Chipman, nearly opposite the Valley Church. The barn was filled with hay, and was totally destroyed. The fire was no doubt caused by an incendiary.—*Nbr.*

## Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. SEPT. 14, 1855

### "Order my Steps in Thy Word."

This is one of the prayers of David, recorded in that most excellent of all the the Psalms the 119th.—The steps of the King of Israel—a man after God's own heart as he was—still needed divine direction, and well did he know that a departure from the word of God would be attended with fatal consequences, and hence the breathing of his soul, "Order my steps in thy word." By steps we understand the Psalmist to mean his course of action, including the motions of the soul by which that course is influenced and directed. As much as though he had said, let my desires and conduct be in accordance with thy truth—let my life be that which thy word shall not condemn, but on the contrary sustain. But the Psalmist prays that God may order his steps. He does not pray that his course may be directed by any other than God—he wishes divine guidance, and he therefore prays for it. Order, that is direct, lead, guide me—or as he prays in another place, "Shew me thy ways, O Lord." That, however, which strikes us in this prayer as most peculiar, is how he wished his steps to be ordered—in thy word. He did not pray that he might have any new light—any revelation apart from that already given. He tells us in a former part of this Psalm, that he had hid this word in his heart, that he might not sin against God; and afterward exclaims—*thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.* And now, assured of this fact, there seems to be a propriety in his praying that his steps might be ordered in it. What a lamp and a light would be to his feet in a dark and untrodden way, the word of God would be to him in every course of action, and in all the way that he pursued through life. If his steps were ordered in it, it would become the man of his counsel—he would not dare to advance a step without consulting it—however reasonable, desirable, or expedient, any course might seem, he would still remember, *Thy testimonies are my counsellors, and in a multitude of these there is safety.*

It was doubtless this same experience for which David prayed that the disciples had when Jesus said unto them,—"now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you." He had given them the word of God, and they had received it; and as the entrance of that word giveth light, so had it illumined the disciples, and guided them in the truth, thereby preparing them for the fulfilment of the promise so bountifully bestowed upon them on the day of Pentecost. While the gifts and callings to God are without repentance, and while the word of God is afforded us, as a lamp and a guide in the way of life; the blessing of true justification, and the inward seal or witness of the Holy Spirit can only be given to those whose steps are ordered in God's word. To condemn or undervalue this—to set anything above it—to make anything a more perfect rule of conduct than the word of God, is to undervalue the Spirit that indited it, an deprive ourselves of His holy influences. How did the Patriarch of old—little as he had of it, value it—when he exclaimed, "I have esteemed the words of this law more than riches, and have preferred them above gold, silver, and precious stones." It is only by keeping his word—having our steps ordered in it—that the love of God can be perfected in us, and that we can know that we are in him. Reader, do you want the Spirit of God? Then keep the word of God—pray that your steps may be ordered in it; and this will require a daily searching the scriptures to know what they teach. If we would have knowledge, we must seek it as silver, and search for it, as for hid treasure (Prov. 2: 1, 6.) At what sacrifices men do this, is known to all.

### Destructive Conflagrations!

One of the most terrible conflagrations which have occurred in our city for several years, commenced its fearful work of destruction about 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening. At that hour precisely, an alarm was given, and it was soon known to proceed from the premises owned and occupied by Mr. D. Whalan, Coach Driver, Waterloo Street. At the time of our reaching the scene of conflagration which was but a few minutes after the alarm was given, the flames had completely enveloped Mr. W.'s large barn which we learn had a considerable quantity of hay and other dry material in it, and his house, and the one adjoining it, occupied by Mr. B. J. Underhill were also on fire, with several other buildings. It was at once evident that a calamitous fire would take place, and the rapidity with which it spread, every thing being very dry, soon confirmed it. The engines were early on the spot, but the want of water—the pipes not being laid yet in this part of the city, prevented our active and energetic fireman from accomplishing at once what they otherwise would. By the time the hose were attached to the plugs at a distance, and the water obtained from them, the work of destruction was well advanced, and the tury and extent of the flames seemed for a little while to mock the skill and courage of the firemen.—At this period great fears were entertained that the whole block of houses would be destroyed, and also that it would extend across Waterloo and Exmouth Streets, and do its work of destruction on both sides. Our own premises we considered in imminent danger; and the Free Baptist Meeting-house which our house adjoins, appeared at one time, to us, to be doomed to the flames. Such is the approximation of our own premises to it, that in case of its destruction, ours could not have been saved. The flakes of burning fire, composed of shingles and other dry materials from the burning houses filled the atmosphere for a great distance, and these falling like showers upon all the buildings in the neighbourhood, threatened to multiply the work of destruction at several points at once.—The activity and energy of our firemen, aided by an over-ruling Providence, after about one and a-half hours great labour, began to give evidence of victory; and between eight and nine o'clock the flames were subdued, so that no fears of any more houses being consumed were entertained. The suddenness of this

fire, and the rapidity with which it spread, created such consternation among the occupants of the dwellings, that probably not as much furniture and other goods were saved as might have been. Some valuable furniture was much broken. The whole number of dwelling houses consumed is twelve. They were owned and occupied, as nearly as we can ascertain, as follows:—

House and premises in Waterloo-street, where the fire originated, owned by Mr. D. Whalan, Coach-driver; occupied by himself and Capt. Hanberry. Insured we learn for £300, much less than the value.

Next house north in Waterloo-street, owned by Capt. Akerly; occupied by Mr. B. J. Underhill, and his son J. D. Underhill. No insurance.

Next house north, in same street, owned by Mrs. Lawson; occupied by Mr. Campbell as dwelling and School-house. No insurance.

Next house, south of Mr. Whalan's in Waterloo-street, owned by Mr. Moses Brundage, also three others adjoining it, all owned by Mr. B., and tenanted as follows: the first by Mr. Wm. Fox and Mr. McLaughlin; the second by Mr. Nelson and Mr. Henneberry, and the third by Mr. Bowes, the fourth, in course of building, not finished, all consumed. No insurance.

Next south, in this street, owned by Mr. Crothers, occupied by himself and Mrs. Lockade. Insured. Also a bake-house on the same lot.

In Richmond-street, one house owned by Mr. Mitchell, and occupied by Mr. Haly. We understand not insured. In Exmouth-street, one house owned by Mr. Hicks, blacksmith, and occupied by himself and Mr. Wetmore. No insurance. We learn that Mr. H. was offered £400 for his premises a few days since.

Next in Exmouth-street, owned by Mr. C. Hunt, occupied by himself and Mrs. Fletcher. Not insured.

Next house, we learn, belongs to the estate of late Mr. Smith, occupied by Mr. Longmuir, and Mr. C. McDonald. Not insured.

These comprise the number of dwellings wholly consumed; others are damaged very much, and will require a heavy expense to put them in repair.

Several large barns, with a great quantity of hay were also consumed, and out-houses, with Mr. C. Hunt's carpenter's shop, having a considerable quantity of finished work in it. Different statements are made in relation to the origin of this conflagration. That which seems to us to approach nearest the truth is that it occurred from the use of a tobacco pipe in Mr. Whalan's barn. We believe it is quite certain that the fire was first discovered there. We trust the Mayor of our city will not fail to have it investigated; the great number of fires occurring the present season in St. John, have become alarming, rendering property and life unsafe, and certainly call for the most rigid investigations of their origin, and the adoption of measures for their prevention if possible.

### YET ANOTHER.

Scarcely had the noise and confusion of the foregoing appalling scene died away in the darkness and stillness of the night and the immense conflagration, when another retired to muse on the uncertainty of human things, or to rest from the excitement and toil of the evening, when the startling sound of the "fire bell" was again heard, and the cry of "fire—fire"—brought into the streets the second time, the thousands of human beings whom slumber forsakes on occasions like these. It was soon ascertained that a fire had broken out in the premises of Mr. Harris, carpenter, situate in Germain-street, east side, between Market and Union-streets. The rapidity and fury with which the flames seized the adjoining out-houses, and dwelling of Dr. Livingston, were similar to the evening before, and by the time the water was fairly pouring upon it, the fire was well under way. The premises of Dr. L. were rapidly consumed—time was not had to save his horse and carriages from his stables; the Stone Cutting Yard of Mr. McKim suffered much; the brick house of Mr. Creir, next north to Dr. Livingston, in Germain-street, prevented it from extending in that direction; it also caught in Mr. T. Crozier's premises fronting on Union-street, and destroyed them. We learn that Dr. L.'s premises were insured, and that Mr. Crozier's were partially insured.

Mr. Harris and Mr. McKim are considerable losers by this conflagration. We learn that there is every reason to believe that this fire was the work of an incendiary; some shavings had been thrown out of the shop the day before, and the fire was first discovered in them.

**THE FIREMEN AND OTHERS.**—The promptness and energy of the Fire Companies on these occasions, as well as on all other similar ones, are beyond praise; and to their perseverance principally, with God's blessing, we feel that we owe the safety of our premises, and the Free Baptist Church in St. John are indebted to the same source for the safety of their place of worship. To the kind friends whose personal aid was afforded us on Wednesday evening, we tender our sincere thanks. May God reward them.

**INVESTIGATION.**—We cannot close our long notice of these conflagrations, especially when we remember that two others occurred since our last issue, notice of which may be seen in another column, and also the repeated and frequent alarms which have been given during the present season, without urging on the proper authorities the rigid investigation of their origin. Let it be ascertained as nearly as possible how every fire originates, and the best precautionary measures adopted to prevent its recurrence by the same means, and soon the alarms will be less frequent, and property much more safe. Some very excellent remarks on this subject were made by the editor of the *Observer* in this week's number of that paper, which was issued previous to the two last conflagrations. We hope they may be pondered in the right quarter.

**WATER.**—The importance of having every part of our City well supplied with water, is another fact which has pressed itself upon our citizens by the recent calamity in Waterloo Street. Had the water

been as convenient there as in some other parts, no doubt but the flames would have been much easier and sooner subdued, and thereby considerable property saved from destruction. We hope to see both water and gas along the whole line of Waterloo Street before long.

### Missionary Meetings at Oromocto.

We attended the meetings at the Oromocto, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, according to appointment, in company with Elder W. E. Pennington, in order to bring the objects of our Missionary Society before the people and solicit their sympathy and co-operation. The attendance was very large, and the attention good, the result in funds is below. In consequence of our minutes of Conference not reaching the people on the North Branch before the meeting there, we apprehend they were not as fully prepared to take hold of the enterprise as they otherwise would have been, not having obtained a perfect understanding of the matter. We have no doubt but they will hereafter do their part in this work, and quite equal either of their sister churches. The three churches on the Oromocto are without a settled minister, and are looking to our Missionary Board to supply them; and we are happy to say that brother Pennington has agreed to labour with them awhile under the direction of the Board, and will commence his labour in about two weeks. A notice for a protracted meeting may be seen in another column. At the Patterson Settlement we found a people loving and serving the Lord. We had two meetings with them of deep interest, and their liberality to our missionary cause gave evidence that they "loved not only in word and in tongue but also in deed and in truth." We have no doubt but a little labour there would promote an extensive revival of religion. The following are the sums collected, and subscribed—a part of which was also paid—in the different places of worship:—

NORTH BRANCH—Subscription,	£7 15 0
Collection,	2 11 9
SOUTH BRANCH—Subscription,	13 8 6
Collection,	2 11 6
PATTERSON SETTLEMENT—Subscription,	* 12 5 0
Collection,	1 10 4
Subscribed by persons residing at other places,	4 0 0
	£44 2 1

**DOUGLAS VALLEY.**—We attended meeting at the Valley on Monday afternoon, and baptized six more persons. The cause there has prospered exceedingly, and the good Shepherd of Israel is gathering in to his fold such as we trust will be saved. Brother Davis, a lay brother, and brother Hamilton are still labouring there, and both are doing much good. We hope to see a large church gathered in Douglas Valley, and the region round about. We shall visit them again next week, if the Lord will, as see notice in another place.

### Dr. Cumming's Last Work.

We learn from an American Exchange that the last work of this distinguished writer entitled "The End" has been received in the United States, and is now in course of re-publication there. In this work Dr. C. gives his reasons for believing that Christ will appear the second time about 1865. Those who are familiar with his writings are aware of his peculiar views on this subject—present events, which the Dr. seizes, and makes use of to good advantage, gives unusual interest to his views, and will doubtless make this last volume much sought after. We find the following extracts from it in the paper referred to:—

"They that refuse to study prophecy on the one hand, and they who specify 'the day and hour' upon others, are equally guilty of irreverence to the sacred volume, as they equally plunge into extremes. If the latter, viz. specifying the day and the hour, as some have attempted, be injury to men; the other, or refusing to study what God has inspired for our learning, must be dishonourable to God. The times in which we live, the startling rapidity with which event thunders on even; the speed and splendour of those celestial and terrestrial phenomena that sweep through the sky and light up the wide world as with some mysterious moral and surely significant light, are attracting the attention of statesmen, interesting the public journalist, and awakening inquiries every where. And if these excite the interest of the world, and are regarded and pronounced on in the light that it is able to strike out, we cannot see why the Christian should be uninterested in what intensely strikes the world, and still less should ever come to the conclusion that this blessed book is an epitome of past facts without a present bearing, or that the world ever gets a head of the Bible, instead of the magnificent and just conclusion that the Bible is always in advance of the world."

"In the course of the following Lectures I do not pretend to find such irresistible proofs of the nearness of the end of this dispensation, that all shall be constrained, by the force of a logic that none can answer, to conclude that it is certain that the end is not far remote; but if I present the characteristics of the end as sketched by an inspired pen; and if I gather the facts of the day as recorded in every public paper and in authentic documents to which we have access; and if I contrast predicted and inspired characteristics with actual and current facts; I need not dogmatically infer it is absolutely certain, but I may give you data on which you can conclude whether my inference humbly think all men would naturally rejoice to have some intimation of the nearness of the end. People seem to be smitten with fear when you speak of this dispensation drawing to its close; they say, 'What an awful thing! how dreadful!' And yet the hope of the end is never so set forth in the Bible. Are you so enamoured of sickness that you have no longing in the resurrection body, no more the clinging garment of decay, but the beautiful robe of immortality and incorruption? Are you so enamoured of aches, and ills, and sorrows, and losses, and bereavements, and pains, and battle, and famine, and plague, and pestilence, that you do not wish them to be done with? Why, every statement in this blessed book leads us to the other wise, delightful conclusion, that the nearer the great issue comes the happier God's people should feel; for the sound that shall ring sweet and audible from the skies amidst the crash of nations and the overturning of thrones, and the dissolution of dynasties, and wars and rumors of wars, will be, 'Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.'"

"And if I should be able only to point out a few words floating upon the sea that indicate we are approaching the great continent of glory; if I should be able only to give an Alpine flower here and there however fragile, yet a sweet messenger of the coming spring, every true Christian ought to rejoice and be