

Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. JAN. 12, 1854.

"This Year Thou shalt Die."

This was God's fearful announcement to one of those false prophets who prophesied smooth things to the people, and the reason for the approaching death as assigned to the subject of it, the wretched Hanneh, in God's own language is fearful in its import to all in sacred callings, who are not faithful to Him to whom they must give an account: "Because thou hast taught the people rebellion against God." Who is sufficient to meet such a demand on the part of God, if his claim is, that all who have taught rebellion against God must die this year? Who of us will escape with our lives? Who of us can feel that we shall see the year's end upon which we have just entered in peace.

Yet how just every one feels it to be on the part of God to tell a wretched false prophet that he should die for his rebellion against God, and for teaching others the same. God appointed him to declare to the people His coming wrath and the desolation of their country. He did not like to meet their frown which he knew in waiting for the messenger of such fearful tidings. He thought to save his life but lost it. Right, you say. Very well.

The minister is appointed to tell the truth as it is in Jesus, that eternal life is possible; that it is in God's Son; that he that hath the Son hath what is in Him, eternal life; that he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. What then do you think of those who tell the people that they will all be saved whether they have Christ or not; that eternal life is safe to all men irrespective of the reception of Christ, which God commands. Do they not teach the people rebellion? Do they not on the principle by which Hanneh came to his death deserve a fearful doom. Is it not waiting to be received at the hands of the same God, though it does not fall this year in the same way it fell upon him.

But not only preachers teach the people rebellion against God, but likewise all who set the example of sin, of unrighteousness, of rejection of Christ. We may not die in body if we are thus guilty, but the fearful announcement of God is out against us: "thou shalt die" and at the commencement of next year or some other close at hand, the sentence may be in truth to our case be filled up with the other clause, "this year."

Since we are all rebels against God, or at least have been, since we all have been teaching rebellion against God, and therefore exposed to the penalty of God's law, let us appeal to mercy. "Have mercy on me, O God, be the prayer of every reader. Mercy is for you, but it is in Christ, not out of him: "He that hath not the Son of God hath not life."

"This year thou shalt die." How many whose eyes fall upon this caption are themselves the subject of it in the literal sense. The very eyes that read these words may be closed forever on all earthly things before this year ends! On some New Year's day, as before said, it may in truth be announced to us each. How would many tremble, if they could draw aside the veil that hides the future, should they upon so doing read the sentence, "Thou shalt die this year?" How many, who, nevertheless, have not taken pains to prepare against everlasting death! If you should read such a sentence pertaining to yourself, with a chance appended, "unless you go to my Physician," your first question would be, "who is God's physician?" You would follow it up till you learned his residence, his terms, and had really received his medicine. Oh what excitement to preserve your dying body! Whether "thou shalt die this year" or not, God knows, but if death is for you, dear reader, take this comfort, if you will take the pains to know your soul's state in the day of the Lord Jesus that you would preserve the life of the body in the case supposed "thou shalt be saved." Be wise.

Afflictions and their Use.

LETTER FROM ELDER D. ORAN.

Dear Brother McLeod.—The angel of death has again entered my dwelling, and removed another of my children to the "better land." Rachel Amelia, breathed her last on Wednesday morning the 20th ult. Her body reposes beside the other three, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. She manifested entire willingness to depart, an interest in the Saviour, and a hope of being with him forever. We mourn but not without hope. She suffered much toward her last, but no murmur escaped her lips; she "left the world without a tear; save for the friends she held most dear." I can truly say it is good to be afflicted—there is a benefit in affliction when it is properly received.

"Imperfect yet, we need the chastenings of paternal care, to save us from the wily blandishments of error, and to win our hearts away from the polluting, ruining joys of earth." The Christians may rejoice even when the clouds of adversity lower around, and the waves of contention rise in wild disorder; for these may be tokens of the peculiar favor of God. As man plucks up the weeds which have entwined themselves around the delicate roots of some esteemed flower, with such violence, that the latter is almost torn from its bed; so Providence deprives us of the pleasures and enjoyments of this world that we may not fix our affections entirely upon them, but that we may have a longing desire to participate in the pleasures of Heaven, to receive there a cherub's beauty, and to bask in the rays of glory that radiate from Jehovah's throne. Why then should displeasure darken our brows, under the experience of these afflictions that tend to purge us from defiling lusts, and such things as are pernicious to the immortal soul. They show us the vanity of all sublimity things, and the foolishness of reposing any confidence in them;—they put our faith, our patience, and resignation to the trial, and improve our graces to the honor of God, and to our own immediate advantage.

Could we but lift the veil which is now impenetrable to the eye of mortal vision, and see the bright throng of those who smile in land blossoms to the Lamb, would we hear them complaining of the sufferings they endured while here below? No, the happiness they there enjoy has caused them to forget their memories.

And no one has ever reached the mansions of bliss who was not while here, obliged to meet and encounter some of the innumerable difficulties which present themselves to every one, that travels through the rugged path of life.

Welcome, doubly welcome then, should be even the piercing shafts of calamity, if they humble and fit us for the skies! Surely it were better for us if our eyes during our residence here, were continually overflowed with tears; that our every fountain of enjoyment was dried up, and that our every path, however flowery, should be strewn with thorns, then that we should sink irretrievably into misery, where nothing is presented to the eye but damned spirits, and where nothing is heard but the sighs of woe, and the shrieks of despair. Did this earth exhibit an appearance of perfect loveliness to the Christian. Heaven would cease to retain the most elevated place in his affections,—it would be divested of all its charms, and he would no longer render to its Ruler, the sacrifice of prayer and praise. It is often when the world casts its ungenerous scorn upon him, when its shafts of ridicule are aimed at him, or where he drinks the cup of sorrow, from the hand of his God, that he pursues his pilgrimage with a more heart-felt joy and brightening hope, that he makes greater advances towards the celestial gates.

One of the greatest advantages arising from affliction is, it leads us to pour out our souls with more earnestness and importunity to Him who has said, that he does not "willingly afflict or grieve the children of men." For instances of this, we need only revert to the Bible. There we shall behold with what earnestness the prayer of the Patriarch ascends; there we shall see, with how much greater strength, he strives to lift himself above the debasing objects of time and sense, when he is surrounded by trouble, and what a "stream of glory" is let down upon that consecrated hour. "No matter, how correct a person may be in his daily walk and conversation; with what scrupulous exactness all his duties may be performed, his devotions may yet be tainted with a degree of formality; and perhaps afflictions are the best means of re-kindling their ardor.

Considering then, how much benefit may result from adversity, with what sincerity it often inspires our confessions before God, and with what holy importunity it urges our supplication to his throne, ought we not, instead of permitting a murmur to escape our lips, to rejoice, and exclaim, "Lord it is good for us that we are afflicted."

Grieve not the Spirit.

The following which we copy from the *Canada "Casket,"* is not a solitary case of the kind, they are more numerous—both as relates to mother and daughter, than many are aware of. Alas! that a parent should be found to hinder the salvation of a child! That a child should be found that would rather Heaven for any object of earthly affections. Oh! did the young and gay know, at what a fearful price they are purchasing their gratifications, how would they flee from them! And how often it is, that they fail in obtaining as in the case that follows the very object for which they surrender their hopes of Heaven. Read and ponder!

During the gracious outpouring of the Spirit which the students of the Upper Canada Academy were visited in the year 18—, many, who had assembled from various parts of the Province, to pursue the path of science, were led to give their youthful hearts to the Saviour.

Among this number, must be named more pious sorrow for sin, or gained a stronger evidence of pardon, than Anna M.—a little girl of some eleven or twelve years old.

Filled with that love which casts out fear, she boldly testified, both in public and private, what God had done for her soul, and for a while stood firm, amidst the derisions of ungodly friends and associations.

But alas! for poor Anna, a stronger conflict awaited her. It suited not the ambitious views of an aristocratic mother that her daughter should become a meek and lowly follower of the Saviour. She designed her to figure in the circles of gentry and fashion; and Anna was peculiarly fitted to shine in whatever sphere she moved.

At first remonstrance and entreaty were the only means used to draw her away from the path of duty; but these proving ineffectual, parental authority was resorted to, and she was deprived of those means of grace which had proved the channel of rich and abundant blessings to her soul.

Thus excluded from the society of God's people and surrounded by everything calculated to draw away her mind towards worldly pleasures and pursuits, she, by degrees, lost the witness of the spirit, and became a decided votary of the world.

A few years flew by, and brought with them their accustomed changes. The little school girl had become an elegant and accomplished young lady; her winning manners, and affectionate disposition, gained for her many friends, while superior musical abilities and attainments had secured to her, a widely extended popularity, as a Pianist. At the opening of the E. L. Academy she accepted the situation of Music Teacher. Often while listening to the soul-stirring strains of music emanating from the Piano, as if by magic at her touch, have I thought, O!—that such a heavenly bestowed gift might be consecrated to the service of God, and rendered subservient to his glory here, until called to mingle with the music of the skies.

But that heart, once the temple of the Holy Spirit, now appeared impervious to all its warnings and entreaties. During the first session of the Academy, many of the students were converted to God; and while the revival continued, meetings were held every evening for the benefit of those who desired the instructions and prayers of God's people.

Being detained one evening later than usual, I found on approaching the room where the meeting was held, a large number of students assembled around the door. Every countenance bore an expression of interest and surprise; even the most glibly and careless wore a serious aspect. The voice of one in deep distress, pleading with God for mercy, had attracted their attention; and the supplicator proved to be none other than Miss M. With much difficulty I gained admittance to the room, which was already crowded to excess. Never shall I forget the intense interest and anxiety of that hour. It seemed to be a crisis, upon the result of which consequences the most permanent and important influence seemed (humanly speaking) to depend.

Being detained one evening later than usual, I found on approaching the room where the meeting was held, a large number of students assembled around the door. Every countenance bore an expression of interest and surprise; even the most glibly and careless wore a serious aspect. The voice of one in deep distress, pleading with God for mercy, had attracted their attention; and the supplicator proved to be none other than Miss M. With much difficulty I gained admittance to the room, which was already crowded to excess. Never shall I forget the intense interest and anxiety of that hour. It seemed to be a crisis, upon the result of which consequences the most permanent and important influence seemed (humanly speaking) to depend.

blood. Having once tasted the pardoning love of God, she knew the blessedness of repose in Christ, and longed for its return. But doubts presented themselves as to her willingness to give up all for the Saviour. She had contracted a marriage engagement with one who neither knew nor feared God; and the command, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," stood forth in bold array. To a confidential friend she communicated her fears and sought for counsel and direction. But that friend was one who knew to well the uncompromising characters of the Divine requirements, to flatter her that the sacrifice was unrequited. She hesitated for a moment, and then replied with firmness, "My affections are placed on one whom I know would oppose me in serving God, I acknowledge the justice of the Divine requirements, but cannot yield. I am resolved to abide by the consequences, which I know will be eternal death. The interview terminated, and the Spirit so often cried, again departed, never more to visit that obdurate heart. For a few months she continued to enjoy what the world calls pleasure and then was called suddenly away to try the realities of eternity, without realizing the object for which she had relinquished heaven. May the blighting of Anna's hope, for time, and for eternity, prove a warning to those who love earth better than heaven; and may the cruelty of that Mother, who drew her away from the fold of Christ, never be practised by those parents who desire to save their children from the pains of eternal death.

THE MODERN CRUSADE; or the PRESENT RUSSIAN WAR: its cause, its termination, and its results, viewed in connection with Scripture Prophecy. By Rev. William Wilson, Wesleyan Missionary.

This is the title of a work which has been laid upon our table. Every thing relating to the position of affairs in the East is of great interest at present, because the future destinies of the world are deeply involved in the issue. We have no doubt but the events now occurring and to occur are carefully noted in the Book of God, and we do not believe that any thing is the result of mere chance, and hence the consolation of the Christian is that "THE LORD REIGNETH"—"let him do whatsoever he will." Mr. Wilson's book shows that he has given much attention to the subject, and events have transpired since it was written, which give confirmation to some of the views advanced by him. He understands Russia to be the "Gog" of Ezekiel, 38th and 39th chapters, and Turkey the land which was to be invaded by it. That neither Russia nor Turkey will be destroyed, but that the former shall be "turned back," losing five-sixths of her possessions, but her remaining sixth will continue an independent nation. Mohammedanism will cease, Eastern Missions be prosecuted without dread, and the predictions of the Prophets in relation to the progress of truth be realized. This book which contains much instruction, is for sale at Messrs. J. & A. McMillan's.

On our first page we publish the *Duke of Newcastle's* speech in full, on the votes of thanks to the army and navy. It occupies considerable space, but we think it deeply interesting, like every thing else at present connected with the East. It of course will only be occasionally, when so much of our first page will be taken up with secular matters.

ORPHAN ASYLUM.—A public meeting will be held at the Mechanics' Institute, this evening, commencing at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of bringing the necessity of erecting an Asylum for Orphans in this city before the public. Addresses will be delivered on the occasion, one of which will be by Judge Wilmot, of Fredericton.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.—As the printing of this paper has been transferred to the office of Mr. G. W. Day, it is now issued from the same Press as the *Intelligencer*. Its appearance is much improved, and several writers are engaged for its columns.

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS.—At the suggestion of the Rev. Dr. Alexander of Glasgow, that a collection of hymn books, and other suitable books would be made for the use of the wounded soldiers in the Hospitals at Scutari, and the army in the Crimea, upwards of five hundred copies of the *Relief Hymns*, *Cowper's Poems*, Watts' Hymns, and other excellent works were landed in.

Religious Incidents in the War.

PRATEL FOR THE ARMY.

The most remarkable incident connected probably with the present war, and certainly the one which most affords the most satisfaction to every Christian heart, is one connected with the battle of Inkermann. That battle it will be remembered was fought on the Sabbath. It appears that on the day previous to a business meeting of the American Missionaries in Constantinople, arrangements were made for simultaneous prayer on the following day in all the Protestant congregations in that capital. And accordingly while the hostile armies were contending in the field, the Christians of Constantinople were engaged by "concert" in commending them to God. In the afternoon of the same day the Chaplain to the British Embassy held a prayer meeting on their behalf; and in all probability at the very hour when they most needed the care of Heaven, intercession was going up for them. Thus, in six different languages, during the entire progress of that conflict, and till victory turned on the side of the Allies, were they sustained by their fellow Christians in the capital of that Empire whose independence is at stake. When it is remembered that in addition to this, on that very day prayer was going up to God from thousands of Protestant places of worship in Great Britain, and other places, that he would defeat the efforts of the aggressor, and give victory to freedom, can we doubt but the result of that day was in answer to effectual fervent prayer.

Among the British officers and soldiers now in the Crimea, are said to be many devoted Christians, and the last act before leaving England of some of the regiments which have distinguished themselves in the campaign, was a united act of public worship. During the encampment of the troops in Turkey, officers and men took part in religious services; and in prospect of the battle of Alma, they committed themselves in solemn prayer to God. All these things considered, with the extraordinary distribution of the Word of God among the soldiers, may we not hope, that He will order all things to the promotion of His glory—the breaking in pieces of the oppressor, and the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS TO FRENCH SOLDIERS AND SOLDIERS.—Mr. B. Barker, who resided at Smyrna, has furnished a number of Bibles and Testaments to the French sailors of a frigate which had entered that harbour. Mr. Barker was favourably received by the captain, and the first lieutenant, both of whom applauded the Society's system of giving the pure Word of God to the people. The first lieutenant said to him, "Do not think that we are without any religion: we have, every day, prayers on board, and the crew will read the New Testaments with pleasure." Mr. Barker gave, likewise, eight New Testaments to as many sick soldiers in the French hospital, and one of them turned out to be the Duke of—, who enlisted four months ago as a common soldier; it being the rule, that all those who have not attended a military college have to serve a year in that capacity previous to being promoted as officers. He also distributed thirty New Testaments among a batch of 500 French soldiers who touched there on their way to Sebastopol. Half of these Testaments were in German, for he found that among the soldiers there were many who only read the German language.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN AT SEBASTOPOL.

The Rev. Geo. Lawless, A. M., assistant Chaplain to a Division of the British Army on the Crimea, thus describes what he witnessed on the day of the Battle of Inkermann.

"What a Sunday! I set out this morning from Balaklava, hoping to attend Sunday service in the camp. My friends on board cautioned me about danger from the Russians' fire across the road; on landing at Balaklava I was told from an early hour there had been firing close to the town, and when I got close to the outlet of the town, leading to the camp, Col. Devereux, the commandant, happened to be there, replied to my inquiry, 'is the road open?' 'I cannot answer, or I rather fear not.' . . . I had barely arrived at the rear of the English camp, when I found that the field hospitals of the second division had retired to this spot from their former position, where the enemy's fire had come most formidably. Oh, what a sad spectacle was now before my eyes! Groups every moment increasing of wounded men and officers of the several regiments of the division spread upon the ground, their respective surgeons with gory hands busily and anxiously performing the labours, many of the poor sufferers consoling themselves as they best could for the shattered parts which had just been amputated, some others clamoring to have a tortured limb cut off; but the great majority making little of their own wounds by comparison with the worse cases they saw around them. Many a one seemed to 'have an ear to hear,' and joined fervently in prayer, some that, if spared they might realize the blessing of 'entering into life unimpaired.' Several, while conscious that their wounds were mortal, expressed the greatest patience under agony, and exhibited meek and humble, but cheerful and hearty faith in their Lord and Saviour.

After two or three hours spent in that assemblage of the wounded, Dr. Lightwood, (who so carefully attended me in Bulgaria,) urged me to leave the spot, and I thought it time to visit some of the other sufferers who were in various parts of the camp. They were so distant and scattered I could not find them all. Poor Col. Carpenter of the 41st was dreadfully wounded. He received me most warmly. He told me all that had befallen him. He appeared quite aware of the dangerous condition he was in, and gave utterance to a long and fervent prayer. I could not restrain him from speaking. At last he seemed exhausted, and the surgeon, who just then came, evidently considered him dying. Next morning I was surprised to hear from the surgeon that he was better, but in the course of the day he died. . . . Maj. Powell was killed in the trenches a few days ago. Poor Major Dalton was pierced through the stomach. He was very weak, expressed anxiety about his 'poor wife and children.' He joined fervently in prayer, casting his care upon God, and declared his trust in the Saviour. He was calm and resigned, but in extreme pain. He did not survive many hours. . . . I went in quest of General Adams, and found him in great pain from a musket wound through the ankle. He bore the pain, and expressed himself a Christian. . . . I found poor Col. Blair in great pain, and breathing with difficulty, not expecting to survive the night. He had been wounded through the stomach. He was in deep concern for his soul, and timidly desirous to lay hold of the hope for sinners. He joined earnestly in prayer. Oh! how solemn to witness the soul's anxiety in its fast ebbing moments! and how anxious the ministerial task (in so sudden a call) to guard against a false peace, and yet not withhold the free promise of perfect peace through Christ.

ANNA DONNER.

In the account of the wreck of the Arctic, as given by Capt. Luce, may be found the following touching incident.—Says Capt. Luce:

"About half an hour before the vessel, sunk, I went below. Upon looking around, I discovered the stewardess of the vessel, Anna Donner, who was the only person below, working at the pumps with all the power she could command. I told her to come up; that she was only exhausting herself, and that it was as useless for her to attempt to pump out the ship as it would be to pump out the ocean." "Captain," said she, "I am willing to pump as long as I can work my arms."

The conduct of this humble woman is enough to move any heart, or bring a tear from the eye that is a stranger to weeping. Anna Donner did her duty—she died doing her duty—a watery grave received her working "with her arms"—she went down pumping. About the time of the sad fate of Anna Donner, we were blessed with one of Paul's "light afflictions;" but we said involuntarily, as we read of her end: "I, too, will go down pumping"—"if the ship of Zion goes to the bottom, I will go with her." "I will die trying to save the church"—"though others may leave her I will not."

This is good resolving if we can only keep it.

ed me to converse with him. On doing so, I learned that for two years he had hoped he was a child of God. I asked him why he had not told his mother. He said he had wished to do so, but could not communicate freely to her his feelings. At my request he promised to take up his cross, as he termed it, and talk with her. What advancement he might have made in the divine life, if he could have had the encouragement and advice of his mother during those two years, is not mine to say. I believe his light would have shined more brightly, his mother's life been happier, and her faith stronger.

Mothers! make your children feel that you are their best earthly friend, who will always sympathize with them in sorrow or joy. You will thus secure a greater influence over them, and they may sooner sit with you in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

II.—WHAT A MOTHER MAY DO.

Picture to your mind a young mother with her little boy, her only child. She lifts him from his bed in the morning, talks to him of the good Father in heaven, and of that dear Son of God who came to bless the children, and bids him kneel in prayer by her side. He drops upon his knees, and, with clasped hands and closed eyes, prays, "Our Father," &c. Then, with her hands resting upon his head, and a heart full of a mother's love, she breathes a prayer for God's blessing upon the young child. Sweet is the air of that chamber; holy feelings swell the mother's bosom; obedience and love and joy bubble up in the heart of the little boy, as he kisses that beloved parent when their morning prayers are over. Evening witnesses the same hallowed scene; and thus, day by day, this pious woman strives to bring down a holy influence upon the child.

When the child is seven years old, this mother is called home to heaven; her earthly work is done; her earthly care is ended; to other hands she leaves her boy; she commits his eternal keeping to her own God. The boy grows up, and goes to sea. He is thrown into the company of Sabbath-breakers and swearers, and bad men of all descriptions. Early impressions wear away, and he is a bold and hardened leader of his wicked companions; he makes a mock of sin, and his blasphemy terrifies even the old tars in the fore-castle. Oh, what a painful contrast to the gentle and loving child! And is this pious mother's influence lost? Have her prayers been all in vain? Let us look a little further.

When he was a little past twenty, the vessel of which he was mate, on a return voyage to England, met with a succession of terrible gales, which made her almost a perfect wreck. For four weeks she was at the mercy of the winds and weather, and the men were constantly at the pumps to keep her from sinking. Provisions grew short; and had no bread, hardly any clothes, and the weather was very cold. Then the bold heart of the sailor quailed at the thought of meeting that God whom he had rejected and blasphemed. "Oh, God, save me, or I perish!" was his agonising cry. "The God of the Bible forgive me, for thy Son's sake," was his constant prayer. "My mother's God, the God of mercy, have mercy on me." The vessel at last made an Irish port.

But though the temporal danger was over, the young man's sense of danger to his soul did not pass away until he found peace in the Saviour Jesus Christ. A thorough change came over his character; his consecration to his mother's God was entire and universal; and finally, after a few years, he became an eloquent and devoted minister, an author, and a sacred poet. Through him, Scott the commentator was led to Christ, and his good and great commentary of the Bible became the work of his life. Another of his converts was Wilberforce, the champion of African freedom, and the author of that "Practical View of Christianity" which brought Leigh Richmond into the ministry of Christ. Through his labours, Claudius Buchanan was converted, one of the first missionaries in India, and whose writings first aroused the attention of our own Judson to the wants of India.

The little boy, the sailor, and the minister, was the Rev. John Newton. Was that mother's influence lost? Did that little seed, planted by a mother's love in the heart of her child, and watered by a mother's tears, die out? For nearly twenty years it was, indeed, to all appearance, dead in his heart. But it sprang up at last, and bore fruit, abundant fruit, blessed fruit, for the great Lord of the harvest. Mother, pray; mothers, teach, train up your little ones for God, and your labours shall not be in vain.

A RECITE FOR HEALING DIFFICULTIES.—A person came to Mr. L.—one day and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied, "you are my best friend. If I could but engage all my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper; but if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God on our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong?"—[Cong. Journal.]

THE PATRIOTIC FUND.—SINGULAR LIBERALITY.—A poor woman, named Jennie Haseltine, 70 years of age, of the village of East Hardwick, near Peterborough, and who for a great number of years has sold spice, while her husband has been breaking stones upon the road, had saved 130 shillings, which no persecution could induce her to part with. She has now presented them to the Patriotic Fund. It is said that she is a lineal descendant of the famous Col. Gardiner who was killed at the battle of Preston Pans, and whose son, the grandfather of the present donor, was wounded at the battle of Minden. It seems the old lady yet retains the blood of her forefathers.

INBERMANN, sometimes called the City of Cavers, is a Roman built city, in whose vicinity the white rocks are on an cavern of an extraordinary character, in some instances into chapels, monasteries and tombs. These caverns overlooking the bay of Akbar, are by some supposed to have been the retreat of early Christians. The town was founded about 1790, and is now in ruins.