

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,
FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.
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G. A. HARTLEY, Editors & Proprietors.

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A Hindoo Martyr.

Our readers cannot fail to pursue with interest the following narrative of Fatima, the wife of Wajayat Ali, a faithful martyr for Christ, last year in the city of Delhi, whose constancy in the hour of trial, and heroic death, is so touchingly narrated.

With a heavy heart, it is stated, she told her tale. But the recollection of the noble testimony which her husband had borne for Christ gave her at times an air of triumphant satisfaction, and seemed to quell the sorrow of a deeply-wounded spirit. She would wipe off her tears and say, "Well, why should I sorrow? He gave his life for Christ, who died for him, and he is now with Jesus."

Her narrative is given in her own words, as nearly as the translation will admit. The fact that she is a truly Christian woman, and a faithful character, so that we can take all she states as the simple truth, adds much to the interest of the narrative. It is a tale worthy of the best days of the Christian church.

"On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakur, of the Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutilated, and that the Mohammedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once, if possible, else we should all be killed. My husband said, 'No, my brother, the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' In the meanwhile fifty horsemen were seen coming sword in hand and setting fire to the houses around. Thakur said, 'Here they are come! now what will you do? Run, run! I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakur ran, and was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said—

"O Lord, many of thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please thee to help us to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation."

"Even to the death, oh! help us to confess, and not to deny thee, our dear Lord. Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory."

After we had prayed, my husband kissed us all, and said—

"See that whatever comes you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in him, and confess him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so if you can flee, do so; but come what will, don't deny Christ."

"Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, 'Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die, you die to go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish, yet Christ lives for ever. If the children are killed before your face, oh! then take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge; and now God help us!'"

"Some horsemen now came up, and the fakirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband—that he was an infidel preacher—and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers now asked him to repeat the Kalma (the Mohammedan creed), but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear, and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back door towards the house of Mirza Haji, one of the Shazadas (princes), who respected my husband, and who was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a fakir, and seemed partial to the Gospel. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, 'Don't kill him; Wajayat Ali's father was a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become

a good Mussulman.' Another trooper now asked my husband, 'Who then are you, and what are you?' He answered, 'I was at one time blind, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. Yes, I am a Christian, and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.' 'Ah,' said the trooper, 'you see that he is a Kafir (barbarian); kill him!'

Again he was threatened, with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the Kalma, with a promise of our lives and protection. My husband said, 'I have repented once, and I have also believed in Christ, so I have no need of further repentance.' At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, 'Let us run after these Feringhis first, then we can return and kill these infidels.' So they went.

"My husband now said to me, 'Flee, flee—now is the time—before they return. He told me to go to the fakirs' tukin, while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay's house to try to save him. I went to the tukin, but the fakirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Haji, the Shazada, who said to the troopers, 'This woman and her husband are my friends; if you kill them I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Haji told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband towards Mr. Mackay's house in Dyrnagunge. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes; some saying, 'Now preach Christ to me? now where is the Christ in whom you boast? and others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kalma. My husband said, 'No, I never will; my Saviour took up his cross and went to God; I take up my life as a cross, and I will follow him to heaven!'

"They now asked him mockingly if he were thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water?' He said, 'When my Saviour died, he got vinegar mingled with gall; I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear. But I won't. Your sword has no terror for me. Let it fall; and I fall a martyr for Christ!'

"Now a trooper came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian, who will not recant, so do you kill him.' At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, 'O Jesus, receive my soul!'

"I was close by under a tree, where I could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there, so I went back to the Chapel compound, when I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children to the house of Mirza Haji, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect that should any one be found guilty of harboring or concealing Christians, they would be put to death. The queen, Shant Mahal, had some fifty Europeans concealed, and she did in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gholur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Haji, and he reconnoitred with him and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Haji now told me that I must at once take one of two steps, either become a Mohammedan or leave his house. Both of them urged me to leave Christianity, saying that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees per month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, 'No, I can not forsake Christ; I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done.' I had now to go out with my seven children. A coolie (porter) who came with me, led me to the police station, and some Sepoys there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me. I now went about seeking for some place to dwell in, but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and no living hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict order given not to allow any woman to go out."

"On the 13th day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi, called Tulwari, where I got a room for eight annas a month. Six rupees was all the money I had, all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohammedans."

"When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position any thing but safe; for the Sepoys had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes. Cannon balls came near us again and again, and one day one even got into our room, but did us no harm."

"I heard that many people went to a place called Sunput, forty miles from Delhi, so I accompanied some people there. In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna (three half pence) for grinding nine sirs (18 lbs.); and in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day; yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve."

"When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the City people, many of whom came into Sunput in a great terror, I left with two other women who went in search of their husbands. I again came to Tulwari, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fever and cold, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a farthing to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the end task myself. They said indeed that if I would become a Mohammedan they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked me why I was crying so. I told them, and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and looking up to heaven, I said—

"O Lord, Thou hast been pleased to call to Thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if Thou shouldst call one of the big ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of Thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to Thyself the mother with the children!'"

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"Now I was anxious to get into the city, and sent a message to a native Christian, Hira Lal, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. I got Hira Lal to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our missionaries might be alive; and when you wrote back I cried for joy, and thanked God; for I now knew that what my dear husband said would be fulfilled—that if our missionaries should be spared I and the children would have friends."

—English Magazine.

The First Step Awry.

Many years since, while travelling with a young friend through an Indian wilderness, the road diverged very slightly, but seemed to make only a little island, and we felt sure that we would meet again a short distance ahead. He took the left. I kept the main path. First moments, then miles passed, and dark night came on, rainy and cold and drear enough, but we met no more! Thus it is in the world of mind. A man sets out in the vigorous pursuit of truth, all fresh with youth and hope and energy. But he comes to a point in his progress where the road separates, ever so slightly it may be, seeming more apparent than real, and relying on the seeming, rather than the sure, the wrong path is taken. A false conclusion is adopted, every succeeding step is but a further divergence from the right, until truth is lost sight of, the mists of error hang thick on every side, and that mind goes out in the darkness of delusions worse than death.

Precisely so in the moral world. The conscience, so tender of wrong, when its possessor first breaks away from a blessed mother's sight and voice and influence, starts almost at its own self, awakes voice. But as the day of life wears on, it loses its extreme sensitiveness, and while the young man "would not for the world" do what was positively forbidden, circumstances sometimes occur, where action is required without an express "thus saith the law," or a decided forbiddance; or if there be the slightest misgiving of a probability of wrong, there is a treacherous feeling that "it will all come right again," by prompt action, if circumstance require it; or that it will be rectified before it can be noticed. But "the first step awry" gives direction to a second still more diverging, till in the course of weeks or months, or weary years, the man is waked up to the startling truth, that he is at a returnless distance from home and heaven.

In the pursuits of literature, there are similar resemblances. The young at first read books of a standard character in science and in morals. Then come temptations to swerve from this straight path, and equivocal volumes are gingerly handled; next, those which they would not exactly care to be seen perusing. By degrees the tastes are vitiated, and they return no more to safe and solid reading, but go farther and farther away from purity and truth, and they feed on the trashy monthly, the Sunday newspaper, the low love storied weekly; and going further down, revel in "yellow covered literature," the infidel magazine, the ribald novel; and last of all, books on "physiology" and "marriage," fill up the measure of moral corruption and ultimate bodily disease.

In the simple habits and practices of youthful life, we grow up to tastes and appetites healthy and safe; but once turning aside to indulgences, irregularities, stimulations, and pampering, before he is aware of it, the unconscious victim has lost his relish for all that is simple, and safe and pure, and good; and tobacco and wine, and seasoned food, and unbridled lust for more animal gratification, disease the body, impair the intellect, debase the heart, and to simplicity of life and purity of taste, and their al-

most infallible attendant, glorious, joyous health there is a return, never!

In mind, in morals, and in medication, let all beware of "the first step awry." Its beginning is doubt. Its progress is in misgiving, first; then, intoxication; its end, the irretrievable ruin of intellect, and heart, and body; for all together go down in the night of mental error, of moral degradation, and of physical death. Hence we repeat with an emphasis, Beware of "The first step awry."—Hull's Journal of Health.

Voices from the 'Austria.'

HOW AN INFIDEL DIED.

On board the "Austria" there were but few Christians, probably not more than twenty-five. There were some bold, wretched infidels. I saw the boldest and most heaven-defying of them all perished. The day before the disaster, tracts were distributed among the passengers, and were kindly received by most of them; but this man's depravity was not satisfied to receive one and destroy it before our faces, but he stealthily gathered as many as he could from the passengers and feasted on his shame that he had destroyed them. He was as bold as a lion when there was no danger near; but when God spoke the following day, he trembled at the alarm, and was scarcely able to move.

I saw him go overboard. He threw out his arms as he lay upon his back on the wave, his eyes seemed as if they would start from their sockets, the writhings of agony were seen in his features; and as he was sinking, the last I saw of him was, he clenched his hands, wringing them in agony, and he just leaving earth for—oh! for what?

A moment more, and could we have stood on the other side of the river of death, we might have heard the despairing cry, "Oh that I had been wise!" I wept when I saw this.

Though so subdued as he seemed in that hour, and, with Voltaire, would have given all that he was worth for a short reprieve, yet had he been rescued he would probably like some others that were humbled when death threatened, to be the same heartless monster when the rescue came. Some who prayed when the flames were rushing on them, cursed when they were delivered. How mysterious! What unsearchable mercy is mingled with God's judgments?

HOW A CHRISTIAN DIED.

From behind the ragings of those flames, there comes the "still small voice" of consolation. Allow me briefly to narrate the Christian scene. At the time of the alarm, my travelling companion, H. Schiebe, of our Theological Seminary, and myself, were conversing in the cabin, and found our means of escape through the sky-light. When we reached the deck he was exhausted; and while I was attempting to find out some means of safety, I left him giving consolation to those who so much needed it. When I found all hope of relief for the vessel gone, I returned to him with a life-bow for each of us. As I approached him the following beautiful little incident occurred. A forlorn female came to him in the greatest agony, wringing her hands, and bemoaning her fate, and asked him, "What can I do?" He replied, "Trust in the Saviour, he is merciful and kind, he will hear you." "Oh I can't pray," she answered. Then said he, "I will pray with you," and he did so. He then left her and came to me. We bid each other farewell, and stood conversing during the few moments that remained to us on the wreck. We delivered our farewell messages, each to the other, so that either were saved our dear friends would know they were not forgotten by us, in bidding adieu to earth. And I will repeat to the Christian world some of the testimonies that he left behind. As he looked around at the hastening flames, and then at the distant sail, "If it is God's will, we will be saved—we may be, but I think not, he knows what is best, Brother," said he, "my only hope is in the Saviour, how precious he is! Tell my friends if you are saved, I die happy. Oh, my poor father and mother! write to them, will you not?" At that moment we heard a fearful shriek at our feet, and on looking down, saw a poor creature, screaming wildly, with his head from a port-hole, and the flames encircling it. "We must soon go," he said; precious brother, farewell! in a few moments, and we will meet in heaven." As we had before agreed, we leaped into the ocean at the same time. That leap parted us. He has gone to a higher service, but left me here to plod on in this "vale of tears," a little while longer.—Letter in Episcopal Recorder.

A Wife's Influence.

Judge O'Neil tells the following of Judge Wm. Smith, of South Carolina: He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best women whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In his worst days she never upbraided him by word, look, or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course humbled him, and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it hoped will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named; and to those who knew the stern, unbending character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told us.

The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York District, a client called with fifty notes to put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree—then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes, and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in "riotous living." At daylight, on his way home from his carousal, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table, and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes. This bowed the strong man; he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. This promise, says my friend Col. Williams, "he faithfully kept," and said the Judge to him, "from that day everything which I touched turned to gold." "His entire success in life," says Col. Williams, "he set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise."

No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband.

Fashions for Sunday.

A poor woman, with several children, who supported her family with her needle, unable to afford the style of dressing to which she had formerly been accustomed, and which was common of church-goers, stayed away from the house of God. Another widow has recently assigned a similar reason for never going to church. And an entire family of six persons—respectable people—live near the writer, who absent themselves from the sanctuary, because, in the depths of their poverty they have to dress in the cheapest attire. Probably every one who is at all acquainted with the annals of the poor, knows of instances of the same kind. The feeling of aversion to appearing at church in their cheapest garb, is especially strong in those "who have seen better times." It is readily granted that the feeling is a wrong one; but it does exist, and does keep many persons, especially women and children, from the house of God. Now what is the best way for removing a difficulty which keeps, perhaps, several thousands of persons in our country, from attending church, though they live quite near enough to go? In a few instances, the hand of benevolence might give the clothing desired, but to many such a gift would be offensive. The best way of meeting the difficulty, is the plan adopted in one of the cities south of us.

The fashion of dressing very plainly for the sanctuary is being introduced. Some of the ladies "of the first circles" go up to worship dressed in plain calico. How appropriate such a style as this (which the poor and rich alike can adopt) for the house of God, before whom all classes are on a level! How much better suited to the Sanctuary, where we go to confess that we are spiritually poor and needy, than the richer attire which is so often the exhibition of pride and vanity. How much more truly and delicately do we express a brotherly and sisterly feeling for God's poor, by adopting a style which poorly compels them to adopt, than by sweeping past them in costly plumes and flashing silks to our pews. Should their plain, cheap style of dressing for the sabbath become general, it will be comparatively easy for the poor to provide themselves with sabbath clothing, without making them the recipients of charity. And if those in easier circumstances should give to the treasury of the Lord the difference between their present wardrobe expenses and what their expenses would be on the plan suggested, a large army of missionaries might be sustained from the funds thus saved. We commend the whole subject to the prayerful consideration of christian ladies.—Morning Star.

Building on the Sand.

Can you tell me the meaning of the last verse of Christ's sermon on the Mount?—What does building on the sand mean? Read it over again, and I will tell you.

In this country the rivers are mostly small streams, with beds nearly dry for eight months of the year, and then for four months during the rainy season, they are very formidable streams—rapid, deep, and broad. This river running by Soroor, the Gyoor river, is just such an one. Now it is shallow, and about as wide as the Onion river at Montpellier; but if a shower should come up, very heavy, and a great deal of rain fall, it will sometimes rise ten or twelve feet in a few hours, and then it cannot be crossed, save by a boat. Here is the sand—the dry bed of an eastern river. Now the houses here are generally built of clay and unbaked brick. They are small, have no up stairs, and are apt to wash down by the force of the rain. What a fool, then, a man would be to go and build such a house on the sand in the bed of the river! It would be washed away in a moment should rains descend and floods come. Now the "floods come" here, whenever the rain falls, in a different way from what they do in Vermont. The river rises very suddenly and sweeps away all that is in its course. Two years ago I went to Ahmednagar for two days, and returned at evening. I had not supposed there would be

much water in the river. But a sudden shower had come up at 4 o'clock, P. M., not where I was, but at this place; and when I came to the river's bank at 9 o'clock, it was swollen very much, and the (ferry) boat was just going back for the day.

During the dry season people raise a great many cucumbers, melons, &c., on the sand in the bed of the river; and they build their little sheds from which to watch the fields, to see that the birds do not eat the fruit, and that it is not stolen. These little huts stand after all the fruit is gathered and the field abandoned, till the "floods come" and sweep them away. This is the "flood" in a garden of cucumbers." Isa. 1: 8. Two or three years since a sudden heavy shower came up very unusually in the midst of the dry season, while the fruit was all growing on the river sand. The floods came, and the poor man's fruit, watch-house and all, were swept away. When the water then again subsided, no trace of gardens could be seen.

Would not that man be very foolish who should go and build a house on such sands?—Vermont Chronicle.

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 3d, 1858.

Before the close of November the severity of the weather, unexampled for duration it would appear since authentic records were kept, had passed away, and a rather opposite state of the temperature set in. We seem now to be destined to the cool open December season which is equidistant from either extreme. The tables of mortality show invariably the destructive effects of a heavy and steady fall in the thermometer, and the deaths in London according to the last weekly report of the Registrar-General were above 1800, somewhat exceeding the number of births, a circumstance of very rare occurrence, except during the prevalence of an epidemic. The tables of sickness and disease would no doubt reveal a similar augmentation if they were on a corresponding extensive scale. The young and old are necessarily the chief sufferers, but all ages have been seriously affected: colds of an obstinate nature have been all too universal.

Political parties are gossiping and comparing notes, and the probabilities strengthen that the next Reform Bill will give a very large addition to the voting constituencies of the country; but it is doubtful how far the government will freely concede, or the House of Commons extort, the security against intimidation which the friends of the Ballot desire. In the absence of more stirring events, a noise has been made respecting the publication of the despatches received by the Colonial Office from the High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. These were published by the "Daily News," and as they contained a remarkable suggestion of the High Commissioner for throwing over five of the several Greek Islands, and as Mr. Gladstone had first been sent on a Plenipotentiary mission with respect to this troublesome Protectorate of ours—it became a question how the despatches saw the light? It is pretty certain that they were stolen by a visitor to the sub-librarian, and were sent to the "Daily News" office in an official envelope by the thief. The government employee's will at last receive a lesson in carefulness from the disclosures which have been and will be made.

The Marchant divorce case has been concluded by the verdict of injury in the lady's favour, though the Judge in his summing up did not shower his smiles on either party. The respondent was formerly an Independent minister, but for a number of years his name was not printed, for some reason or other, in the list of London Congregational pastors: he married a rich Roman Catholic widow; and ever after he has been living a cat and dog life—he always semi-frantic, and she often semi-topsy. He has been found guilty of cruelty to her, so that she will probably gain a separation, but all through it seems to me that his poor children by a former wife have been the most to be pitied, on account of the worse than childish conduct of their father and stepmother.

The curious case of a supposed Welsh murderer, the murder dating back thirty years, has been disposed of by the release of the person charged. The story was that he had perpetrated the crime, and long after confessed it to a Methodist local preacher, a tradesman; that he had got into debt with this tradesman, who at length carried out his threat to expose the self-accused man. The legal evidence which he procured failed to satisfy the magistrates that the case would be sustained before a jury, and the prosecution dropped.

A society has been organised for arousing up the British people and government on the opium traffic question. At an interview with Lord Stanley lately, he referred to the analogous case of the spirit trade in this country. In casting my eye over the list of affairs, I see the names of several who have been opposed rather than friendly to the temperance movement; and it is not probable that their influence will go for much in the one direction, when they, by their influence in another direction, sustain a system which is more pernicious to England than the opium trade is to India or China.

A very interesting anniversary meeting took place the other day of the surviving officers staying in England who held a Lucknow residency against the mutineers until reinforced by