

# Religious Intelligencer

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—PETER.

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## How a Revival may be Secured.

We may expect a Revival of the work of God, I. When we are willing to confess our own sins explicitly, frankly, fully; and this rather than look upon other churches to discern their defects, or errors, or unfaithfulness as if to palliate our own;—or upon the errors and sins of our neighbors, in order to indulge a pharisaic spirit.—It is holier than thou. It does not require special gifts of discernment to see the faults of our neighbors; but it does require much love to cover them. A low state of grace in our own hearts will soon lead to fault-finding, self-justification, and recrimination; but more knowledge and goodness will lead us to condemn ourselves, rather than blame others. When we mourn apart, and confess and bewail each his own sins before God; the Minister apart, confessing his own defects and unfaithfulness; each member apart, acknowledging those sins which have prevented his own prosperity and usefulness, and by increasing the guilt of the church, have also prevented a fuller tide of Divine influence in the sanctuary: when we dare honestly take our besetting sin, and examine it by the light of truth: not dwelling upon lesser offences; and balancing even these with supposed excellencies or services; but seeing the Achan in our hearts in the midst of his spoils and security, and hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord,—then may we expect God to bless us. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee." "Give glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto him." "I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord: and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

2. We may expect a Revival when we become deeply anxious respecting our own spiritual attainments,—that our religion may be truly scriptural, progressive, lively, humble, exemplary, practical, influential; when we cease to give our exclusive or chief attention to those things in religion which are most pleasing to ourselves; and cultivate rather those duties and graces which are least agreeable to our constitutional bias, most difficult to nature, and least befriended, and forwarded by circumstances. To some it is easy to cultivate the passive graces, to live in retirement, and to let others do the work of the church in saving the world; and with others it is far easier to aim at the salvation of sinners abroad than to show piety at home! to attend exciting means of grace in rapid succession, than quietly to meditate and pray, and examine themselves. Some shrink from all efforts for the good of others, and are seldom abroad for that purpose; and others live in a perpetual bustle until they prefer it, and are seldom at home. It is possible for these to mistake feverish excitement for spiritual energy, and the honour and pleasure of being known as successful labourers for a deep and paramount concern for the glory of God; and it is equally possible for those to mistake their shrinking from public service for humility, and their quietness for a deeper sanctity. But nothing so greatly hinders, and so sadly mars, the work of God, as the mixture of earthly passions and motives with our efforts for its extension. We must be eminently holy, if we would be eminently useful; and be largely blessed, if we would be a large blessing. Then will the promise be fulfilled, "I will make them and the places round about My hill a blessing; there shall be showers of blessing." "Israel shall blossom and bud, and fill the world with fruit."

3. When according to our abilities, and grace and opportunities, we cheerfully labour to promote a Revival of Religion. All men cannot do the same work and yet all may promote the same end. Some have abilities for some service, who are but weak in faith; and some strong in faith who have only small gifts for edification. The temptation of the strong is to despise the weak, and of the weak to judge the strong; and the temptation with all is to overvalue their own gifts, and to undervalue the services of others. But while our religion produces zeal, let it produce humility; and let our love make us willing to be guided and directed by other, rather than fix our own station and regulate our own service. We must hold to the terms of our covenant engagement, that we be heartily content that Christ appoint us our work, and that He appoint us our station. And if we are forsaken or opposed, we may not retaliate upon the Church and work of God, for any offence we receive from our fellow-servants; for we profess to be serving, not ourselves, but a heavenly Master, under

obligations which we can never fully discharge. Surely we are not more troubled about our own personal interest, or reputation, or wounded feelings than about the cause of immortal souls, and the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer? Is our zeal only a painted flame, a human passion, a modification of selfishness running in a religious channel? The man who cannot work without having his own way, and the gratification of his own vanity, however plausible the pretext, shows that self, and not Christ, is his ruling motive.

All may unite in this blessed service. Like Nehemiah, who privately inspected the walls of Jerusalem which were broken down, and the gates thereof which were consumed with fire, let us follow faithfully that which "God hath put in our hearts to do at Jerusalem;" and then, like the faithful and valiant people, let us repair, "every one over against his house," whoever may be "wroth," or "take great indignation," or "muck." Let us speak to sinners for God. Let us invite them to His house, and to unite themselves with His people. Let us distribute tracts or assist in the religious instruction of the children of the poor, or attend the vestry and cottage prayer-meetings. None are more richly blessed than they who aim to be the instruments of blessing to others. With many, much of the day is already spent, and the night is at hand; and how many of you are still in deep arrears of service of Christ, His Church, and His redeemed world! If each member of Society would heartily strive to bring one person to class during each quarter perhaps nearly all would succeed, and there are few who could not bring an additional hearer to our places of worship; and this would greatly promote our success.

4. Above all, we may expect a Revival of Religion when we duly connect prayer and faith with the use of means. We must feel ourselves obliged to use all ordinary means with diligence and perseverance; and all such special means as the experience of the church has found to be successful through the blessings of God;—but we must not depend upon them. How often have we been disappointed in these things because we have trusted in them,—have made "flesh our arm!" Use the means but no longer trust in them.

## Power of the Cross.

A martyr is going to the stake; the halbert-men are around him; the crowds are mocking; but he is marching steadily on.—See, they bind him, with a chain around his middle, to the stake; they heap fagots all about him; the flames are lighted up; listen to his words: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." The flames are kindling around his limbs; the fire is burning him, even to the bone; see him lift up his hands and say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though the fire devour this body, yet in my flesh shall I see the Lord." Behold him clutch the stake and kiss it, as if he loved it; and hear him say, "For every chain of iron that man girdeth me with, God shall give me a chain of gold; for all these fagots, and this ignominy and shame, he shall increase the weight of my eternal glory." See, all the under parts of his body are consumed; still he lives in the torture; at last he bows himself, and the upper part of his body falls over; and as he falls you hear him say, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." What wondrous magic was on him, sirs? What made that man strong? What helped him to bear that cruelty? What made him stand unmoved in the flames? It was a thing of power; it was the cross of Jesus crucified. For "unto us who are saved it is the power of God."

But behold another scene far different.—There is no crowd there; it is a sick room. There is a poor pallet, a lonely bed, a physician standing by. There is a young girl; her face is blanched by consumption; long hair the worm eaten her cheek, and though sometimes the flush came, it was the death-flush of the deceitful consumption. There she lieth, weak, pale, wan, worn, dying; yet behold a smile upon her face, as if she had seen an angel. She speaks, and there is music in her voice. Joan of Arc was not half so mighty as that girl. She is wrestling with dragons on her death-bed; but see her composure, and hear her dying sonnet:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high,  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last."

—Spurgeon.

## The Peril of Indecision.

What is it you are wavering between?—Dust and ashes, and "a crown of glory that fadeth not away." On your right hand is Christ, heaven, and an immortality of blessedness; on your left hand is disobedience, rebellion, discontent, remorse, despair, and an immortality of misery. Between these you are halting! While you halt, the "gulf" is forming that will soon be "fixed"; the character is deepening that will soon be stereotyped forever. Indecision becomes decision; you decide for hell while you waver about heaven. And how imminent the peril of those that are wavering! It is now, or it is never; it is here, or it is nowhere. The door will

soon be shut that can never be opened, and the dark abyss set that never can be crossed. O that I could bring home to every halting man that position that, as a sinner without Christ, he occupies!

Some will remember a touching tale mentioned in one of the little periodicals published for the laboring classes. It was published some years ago. It narrates how a poor man, on one of the rocky coasts of our country, that got his bread by gathering sea-fowls' eggs, went out one morning on his perilous adventure, and looking down a terrific steep, he saw midway a ledge abutting from the rock, covered with a cluster of the sea-fowls' nests. He fastened his rope to a tree above the cliff, and lowered himself cautiously down till he stood upon the ledge. In his eagerness to grasp the spoil he unwittingly dropped the noose of the rope by which he had descended, and it swung, as it appeared, far beyond his reach; and there he stood on that narrow ledge, above him a fearful height he had no hope to scale, below him a terrific precipice with the sea dashing at its base. It was a moment of unutterable anguish. In intensity of dismay, by a desperate effort, he sprang upward. He pleased God he should grasp the rope. He drew himself up to the summit, trembling with transport and terror. Every one of us can realize the peril of that fellow creature. But how akin to this, but intensely real, the condition of every wavering man! He stands on the narrow ledge of life; above him is the terrific mountain of his guilt that he has no power in himself to scale; below him is the fearful abyss of death, with the death that never dies. There is but the breath in his nostrils between him and the bottomless pit. O awake, fellow sinner, awake to thy true and perilous position! It is late, but not too late. There is yet the rope that hangs from the cross of Jesus, or rather from the throne of God; that rope can lift thee over the mountain of thy guilt, and land thee on the brink of the shore of eternal safety and peace. O leap, and live! "Fly for refuge, and lay hold of the hope set before you," and as God liveth, your soul shall live! He is "slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rather that he should repent and live. Turn ye, turn ye; for why will ye die?"—Rev. Hugh Stowell.

## Awful Occurrence.

In a village not far from Lynn, in Cheshire, Eng., lately lived a man and his wife, distinguished among the neighbors for the singularity of their respective characters. The husband was covetous, niggardly, avaricious in an extreme, and always complaining of poverty; he parted with money, to purchase even the common necessities of life, as though the blood had been extracted from his heart; and nearly starved himself, his wife and her mother, who lived with them. The wife was remarkably passionate, and when provoked, would pour out the most abominable wishes and horrid imprecations against the objects of her vengeance, particularly against her husband, who paid her with bitter lamentations and woe, which agitated his whole frame whenever any demand was made on his purse. Accompanied with volleys of oaths and curses, she often times rejoiced in the anticipation of seeing him stiff, hoped that death would not call at their house when he was from home, and frequently wished his soul in hell. In this unhappy state they lived several years; but both the avarice of the one, and the passion of the other, grew more powerful as they advanced in age, so that the last twelve months of their lives exhibited what has not unaptly been termed "a hell upon earth."

On the 9th of January, 1821, some new cause of difference arising between them, many angry words ensued, connected no doubt, with the common aggravation of oaths and curses. This was carried to such height, that the wife expressed her resolution to leave her husband; and on bidding him farewell she declared that she would never speak to him again while she lived.

Scarcely had she uttered this passionate determination, before her speech was taken from her; and shortly after she lost the use of her right side. In this state she continued three days, during which time little notice was taken of her, the family thinking that it was nothing more than a fit of silliness, of which she had previously given several instances. Finding, however, after this time had elapsed, that it was probably something more than hypocrisy could produce, they sent for a doctor, who on his arrival, informed them that he feared his assistance was called in too late. He, nevertheless, advised the husband to purchase a pint of brandy, and to get her to swallow a very large quantity. The husband, on hearing this, objected on account of the expense; intimating that half a pint would be sufficient, and this was actually procured, but not until he had repeatedly declared that he had no money, and had in vain solicited the landlady to give him credit for the amount. This circumstance had such an effect upon him, that on carrying home the brandy, he retired into the barn, and, putting a rope around his neck, terminated his miserable existence. The day after he was buried, the wretched woman, who had never spoken after her resolution, breathed her last, amid the most execrating sufferings, but apparently destitute of all recollection.

On examining the clothes of the unhappy man, after he was cut down, they found in

the pockets of his small clothes six notes, and twenty shillings in silver; and the day on which his wife expired, they discovered twelve notes concealed in the inside of his old waistcoat. The house was then examined, and ninety guineas in gold were brought to light, wrapped up in probably twenty parcels. Some were in old rags, others tied up in paper, and part in an old box among shavings and other lumber. This poor wretch has left behind him upwards of a thousand pounds in money, besides an estate that lets for forty pounds per annum, which property, as he had no children, is gone among his relations, to be, we hope, the instrument of new virtues, and not of additional crimes. We can scarcely anticipate anything more awful than the thought of two such spirits meeting so suddenly in another world.

## Are you Happy—Fully Happy.

About five years ago, there was published at Lansanne, Switzerland, a pamphlet with the above title. It is constructed very ingeniously: a summary of its statements cannot fail to be instructive.

Eight gentlemen, old friends, enjoying a good reputation as honorable and upright men, are travelling together. While on their excursion, they address to one another this question. "Are you happy—fully happy?" Each one of them speaking from the heart with frankness, and without reserve; and the following are the answers which they successively give.

The Banker. I have acquired, by long and honest endeavours, a large and brilliant fortune. All my wants are easily satisfied without diminishing my capital or my income. I fear nothing for my terrestrial future. My funds are placed in stocks of a reliable and solid basis. The poor envy my lot, while the wealthy admire the success of my operations. I possess an amiable family. My wife and my children combine to spare me the least degree of trouble, and to render agreeable each way of my life. Nevertheless I am not happy;—no, my friends, I am not fully happy. There is one thing which troubles me, which empowers my joy, and which casts a funeral pall over the decline of my life; that one thing is the thought that all these goods, these riches, this dear family, these sweet affections, are transient, perishable, and that very soon I shall lose them for ever. My heart is sad and cast down.

The Colonel. I have known the glory of arms, and the intoxicating triumphs of war. How has my heart swelled with pride, when, at the head of my soldiers, I have prostrated the battalions and scaled the ramparts of the enemy; or when, after the victory, I beheld my name cited with honour in the bulletins of the Commander-in-chief! It seemed to me that no human destiny was more noble than my own. But now a terrible sentence re-echoes in my ears. One day, after a deadly combat, I walked over the field of battle. Seeing an officer weltering in his blood, I endeavored to lift him up. "Thank you," said the dying one in a languid voice; and turning his head he continued, "Thank you; but it is too late! We must all die: think upon it, think upon it." And with his last sigh he uttered this solemn sentence, "We must all die!" It has fastened itself to my memory like an implacable fury, from which there is no deliverance. I have some moments of joy; but alas! my friends, I am not fully happy.

The Diplomatist. Honours have been heaped upon me in my long career. My country, to which I have rendered some service, has generously recompensed the zeal which I have employed for its interests and dignity. Public gratitude has met me at every step; and the testimony of esteem is greater than I could have expected ever to merit. The poor have been the object of my charities. I have fed them, and clothed them; and they have not been ungrateful. Notwithstanding, I want something; I know not well what it is; but my heart is empty. Often I feel myself inquiet, oppressed, discontented, without any apparent cause for sadness. I have vague desires after an ideal something which I cannot reach, and all my honours are insufficient to cure the secret malady of my heart. No my friends I am not truly happy.

The Poet. In my youth the muses were prodigal of their sweetest smiles. I love to pursue my delightful reveries in the cool retirement of the leafy woods, or on flowery banks of the streamlet. I soared like an eagle above all the little interests and the frivolous passions of the world. My poetical inspirations were received with universal applause. My name was heard in the most obscure hamlets of my native land; and the fair and beautiful in the public places whispered as I passed, "It is the poet." Many, very many, assured me that my glory was immortal. But what is such an immortality? If there are dreamers, or rather fools, who demand nothing more, I leave them to their folly. I aspire to another immortality. The vain incense of men does not satisfy me. I look at the final result—the only true reality; and having no positive assurance of that final result, gentlemen, I declare to you with candour, I am not fully happy.

The Man of the World. For myself I have not such bitter complaints to make. I try to laugh at everything. My wisdom consists in looking on the bright side of things. It is true that I have sometimes the ennui; but what signifies that? I endeavour still to be gay. I go to the theatre, to balls, to con-

certs, and to all sorts of amusements which I find. The best philosophy is to amuse one's self as much as possible. "But," demanded the diplomatist, "when old age, sickness, and adversity come upon you, what will become of your pleasures and amusements?" "Then," replied the worldling, with evident embarrassment, "I will submit to my destiny." "But," continued the diplomatist, "in this uncertainty, are you fully happy?" "No," replied the gentleman of the world in a deep low voice; "and, if you absolutely wish that I should confess to you, I avow to you that I am not fully happy."

The old Lawyer. I have reached the age of three score years and ten. Health, fortune, reputation domestic affections—all these I possess. When I was in the midst of business, overwhelmed with continual occupations, and not having a moment, I sighed after the time when I might take repose. "Ah!" I often said to myself "what a sad life is that of the advocate! Always processes, always feverish excitement, and heavy labour! But patience and courage! I will acquire by my economies an easy fortune, and I will enjoy perfect contentment before the end of my career." Well my friends, I have reached the object of my desires: no more pre-occupations; no more fangled and painful cares. I have as much leisure as any one can wish; but notwithstanding, contentment is not my heritage. The hours seem to me so long; when I have read my books and newspapers two or three hours, I have enough of them, and I do not know what to do the rest of the day. My existence is monotonous, withered; and I should be telling an untruth in saying that I am fully happy.

The Religious Professor. For myself, I have sought my strength and my consolation in religion, I believe in the holiness of the Law; I believe in the justice of God; I believe in the final judgment. But my conscience is not tranquil; I do not possess the peace of the Gospel. Death which is stealing on, fills me with inquietude and fright. Every day I read my Bible, and pray with regularity. On the Sabbath my place is never empty in the house of God. I can assure you that I attend most faithfully to all the ordinances of the church. Nevertheless, trouble and anguish accompany me everywhere: I always see in God a severe and angry Judge; and the thought of appearing before His tribunal, with my innumerable sins, fills me with an insupportable anxiety. No, I am not fully happy; I am not happy at all.

The Christian Physician. My dear friends, your avowals have caused me no astonishment. The Bible and experience are unfailingly in teaching that neither fortune, glory, honours, genius, nor anything else of this world, can render us fully happy. God has created our hearts for Himself; and so long as they are not fully given to him, they are filled with uneasiness and anguish. I have gone through the same experience as yourselves. In my youth I adopted the principles of materialism, and notwithstanding the success which I obtained in my profession I tasted no happiness. But by the grace of God, I have been snatched from those degrading doctrines. The reading of the Scriptures showed me that I was a sinner; and this conviction was my first step in the new way. Since then I have turned my eyes to "Christ, and Him crucified;" and a penitent trust in my blessed Saviour has given me a peace, a contentment, a joy "which passeth all understanding." I fear nothing; I know the crown of righteousness is reserved for me in the heavens. "You are then fully happy," said one of the company. "Yes, my friend, I confide in the love, in the fidelity of God, who has given for me His Son, His own Son, in order that I might be rendered happy in this world, and in that which is to come." "You therefore do not fear the end," said the Colonel, "No my dear brother; for that which you call the end is for me the commencement."

## The Bosom Sin.

It scarcely matters whether the sin be small or great. It may be some passion, or habit, or interest, which holds but a small place in our lives, and may by the world be unmarked. If it exist within us, and we know it, no matter what otherwise may be our virtues, this one bosom sin will finally palsy our whole moral being. That one loose plank may sink the mightiest ship that ever floated on the seas. A man's first step onward must be over this sin of which he is conscious. It may be but taking a mote out of the eye, it may be cutting off the right hand, but that sin must be put away, or he will stand still in his Christian course. And worse than this, through the implications of society and habit, through the love of consistency, one such sin retaining its mastery, may drag the whole character down to its own level. If one purpose generally to be a good man, this sin will constantly recur to him, and will bring perpetual self-reproach. The thought of moral or religious progress will come to be associated with conquest over it. All else is easy. There must be the place of struggle; and if he fail there he yields up and is dispirited and lost. It is as with an army in a battle. There is almost always some point which is the key to the whole position, the loss of which decides the contest. It may be an eminence which the husbandman hardly observes as he passes over it with his plough. But around it the battle rages. There the veterans of a hundred fights are planted, never to retreat. The artillery of an empire is

pointed to sweep it with its iron hail, and squadron on squadron press on and are lost in the midst of the waving tempest of fire. Everywhere else the strife is nothing. The embattled ranks pause to witness how on that point goes the day. If the position is lost, from rank to rank, from squadron to squadron, follow dismay, and flight, and disaster. Such a contest must go on in the heart of every man who desires to be a Christian, and yet has reserved some bosom sin as an exception to his Christian life. That is the key to his character. If he finally yield there, and surrender so much of his character up to evil, he will be dispirited, his moral strength will be enfeebled, the next point of contest will be yielded, and finally nothing will be left but the show of such virtues as interest or the community exact of him.

## Canada Correspondence.

Cobourg, March 26th, 1858.

Mr. Editor.—Parliament is taking a fortnight's holidays. Business will be resumed on the 7th April. The Upper House has passed a Bill authorizing a majority of nine jurymen to render a verdict, and it is hoped that it will become law in spite of Government opposition. The failure of justice through the factious stand taken by an ignorant, or perhaps bribed, jurymen has been often remarked; and some measure which will at the same time protect the criminal or the debtor, and destroy the power of one or two jurymen combined to defeat the ends of justice, is a real desideratum in Canada. Election petitions in incredible numbers have been brought before the House, and great complaint is made against the Government for its mode of procedure respecting them.—It is easy to understand its position. The returned and sitting members are generally Government supporters; their votes are good for the ministry, if they hold their seats: displace them, and each displacement is a loss of two votes, for it gives one to the opposition, and lessens the ministerial supporters by one. Hence, if the ministry is fairly accused of foul play, there is motive enough on selfish principles for their proceedings.—Certainly some of the cases of fraud equal if they do not surpass Kansas rascalities.—As an example, take the case of O'Farrell, returned for the County of Louth, C. E., the counsel for the murderers of Corrigan at St. Sylvester. Your readers remember this murder. The township of St. Sylvester, recorded votes nearly equal to the entire population, and with so much carelessness that many names had no candidates name recorded against them, and all these were counted for O'Farrell! To the honor of the House be it said, that the Government suggestion to refer the case to the Election Committee—a quiet mode of postponing action indefinitely—was not accepted, but the Returning Officers and Poll Clerks are to be brought before the bar of the House to answer for their conduct. An example or two of well-merited punishment would have a salutary effect.—Society gains nothing by omitting to punish the violators of law. They are more truly merciful who insist upon the administration of justice in such a spirit as will prove a terror to evil-doers, and evil-thinkers. Much evil will terminate in mere conception if this course were adopted.

Toronto has been disgracing itself in connection with St. Patrick's Day. All the accounts which came under my notice represent the Orangemen as moving first in the matter. You may be sure that whiskey was at the bottom. A company of Romanists was celebrating the day by a supper. Hard by a party of Orangemen was occupied in a similar manner. The former, apparently in good will, sent a friendly message to the latter, which, it is said, was well received by their countrymen, and drew forth a friendly response. From some cause unexplained these messages of good will were soon followed by an attack upon the hotel where the Roman Catholics were feasting, by the Orangemen to whom the kindly greeting had been sent. Did we not know that drink transforms men into demons, and makes them fancy themselves insulted when they are complimented, it would be impossible to understand so unprovoked and malignant an attack. So furious were these Orangemen that such men as Ogle R. Gowan found it impossible to prevent the tumult. It is not surprising that the "True Witness" takes advantage of the circumstance to repeat his attack upon the Orange Institution, and uses the facts just related against it. What he charges upon Protestantism, lies justly at the door of bigotry, which, whether baptized by the name of Catholic or Protestant, is hateful, malicious, and cruel.

Give us something better than nominal Christianity. Some better bulwark of our civil and religious privileges than brawling and drinking to the memory of a million departed heroes. What advantage can spring from perpetuating our nationality in a new country, especially when it divides the people on a religious question? If British America is to become great let us become British Americans. I have inverted the order time in referring to the attack upon the hotel. A riot attended with fatal results took place on the morning of St. Patrick's day. The particulars are variously given, but this much may be relied upon. The Irish Catholics were walking in procession through the streets of Toronto, and "a serious fight took place"—to