

morale were equal to those of this colony, under the pastoral care and guidance of the Rev. Father Chiquity. Other intelligent persons sojourning here a few days have made the same remarks to me.

DANIEL HELLIE.

Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., SEPT. 1, 1859.

Removal.

The Office of the *Religious Intelligencer* is removed to No. 28 German Street, one door nearer King Street than formerly.

The words "RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER" may be seen in the window.

Letters, Memoranda, &c., for the Editors, may be put in the LETTER BOX in the door, when no person is within.

Special Notice.

We have heretofore notified Subscribers of the time when their subscriptions expired by enclosing their last paper in a *Blue Wrapper*. We have found this not to be the best method, the notice being too short, and other causes rendering objectionable. Hereafter the number to which each subscriber is paid will be written in figures on the wrapper enclosing his paper, EVERY WEEK, so that persons will at all times know when their papers will run out.

New Mail Arrangement.

The Mails for Sussex, Salisbury, Moncton, and the other Eastern offices now close at 6 o'clock in the morning, instead of half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon as formerly. The *Intelligencer* for Eastern offices will, therefore, hereafter be posted so as to go by Friday morning's Mail. Eastern Subscribers will, by this arrangement, get the news up to Thursday evening, on Friday.

Backsliding going North.

The sun is never vertical beyond the tropics, nor the weather as hot in the Temperate as in the Torrid Zone. In the Frigid Zones the sun is always low, and the weather colder than in any other part of the earth. Going North is proverbial for going into coldness and barrenness. In the Polar regions ice and snow remain during the whole year, so that it is described as "the sheeted sepulchre of Nature deceased." Winter is almost unrelieved, and a dreary desolation is spread through the whole region, while for weeks the sun is not seen. There are no leafy forests rendered vocal by the warbling of the feathered songsters. No lovely mountains of beautiful green. No rich fields of corn waving before the summer's breeze. No rippling brook whispering gentle words as it winds its way through the valley. All is desolate and mournful. A cold, freezing, starving land. No signs of life in the earth. The Polar bears, with their thick hairy covering, only seem fitted for this desolate abode. Men sometimes go so far into this cold country that it is with difficulty, and only by extra exertion that they can keep alive. Indeed they frequently freeze to death there. A dulness and sleepy drowsiness creep over them, until they are strongly inclined to lie down, and unless when these feelings begin to come upon them, they energetically arouse and exert themselves, they are soon overcome and sink into a lethargy from which they never awake.

How very like this cold, dark, desolate, barren land is the climate and state into which the backslider from God wanders. The person who turns his back upon God, leaves the equator of holiness, the centre of christianity, the warm, fruitful, light zone of the Sun of Righteousness, and soon wanders beyond those tropics over which He never goes. Thus with his back upon Christ, and his eye upon some wandering star, he journeys from the land of light to that of darkness; from a fruitful, rich, warm country, to one where perpetual spiritual desolation reigns. Gradually and steadily he goes on in spiritual declension until he reaches a land more desolate, and is surrounded by a climate less genial than that of the Polar regions. No closet nor family altar is there. No singing the songs of Zion, nor attending the means of grace. A closed Bible and a forsaken Sanctuary, are exchanged for the company of the wicked and the tents of iniquity. No longer does his heart burn with love to God, and the tears of gratitude trickle o'er his cheeks. The thermometer of piety has sunk nearly to zero. But a few feeble, flickering rays of the Sun of Righteousness are to be seen in all that land. The sound of the voice of prayer, the joyful hallelujahs, the singing of praises to God, no more fall upon his lonely ear. Iniquity abounds and spiritual desolation and icebergs meet his eye in every direction, and encompass and chill his whole soul. Poor wanderer! He is a child from home, in a cold, dark, barren, inhospitable country, exposed to freezing. Already he is cold and chilly, and begins to feel as though his soul is stiffening with cold. No living souls are there. The only voice to be heard is the voice of him who "goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Satan only is adapted to live in this land of sin, and here he reigns as the prince of the power of the air. Watching, praying and following Christ is the only way by which any can enjoy the light, heat, beauty and happiness of the life of God in the soul. To keep near the Cross is to keep near the equator. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." The unwatchful professor has already turned his face Northward, and is in great danger of falling a prey to spiritual atrophy and indifference, after which sin's chilling influence will soon creep over him, and the life's blood of his religion be arrested in its course, when his whole soul will become so benumbed, that unless he arouses and turns his face Zionward, and earnestly calls upon God, he will be overcome and forever lie down in a state of lethargy.

How many there are who once were happy in that holy, lovely place—the church of God, who now are starving in that sterile North country. The days of faith and prayer are numbered with the times that are past. Christian reader! Be as tenderly admonished you to never go North. Fearful are the tales told by those who have returned from that land, and lamentable and dismal indeed must be the death of those who die there. Follow the Saviour wholly, and never, no never turn thy face Northward.

Correction.—In the extract from a letter from Elder Taylor in last week's paper, for "when she gave me the money I was greatly afflicted," read "I was great affected."

The "Globe" and Letter Advertising.

The following paragraph is from an editorial in the *Morning Globe* of Saturday last:—

We would suggest that in future the anomalous system be discontinued of sending the lists of unclaimed letters round some six or seven newspapers, and that none but the *Morning* and *Commercial* papers receive them, as it can be of no possible benefit to the public to have them advertised in the religious weekly papers, which are chiefly circulated in the country; very few, if any of that class for whose benefit the publishing is intended ever see them at all.

We reply to the above as follows: 1st. Some of the religious papers have, we believe, as large a circulation in the city as some of the "morning and commercial papers" have. 2nd. Many persons reading in the city, whose letters are advertised, do not receive the *Morning* or *Commercial* papers; those who are interested in this, generally call at the post office too frequently to admit of their letters being advertised.

There are hundreds of families in the city into which a *Morning* or *Commercial* paper does but very seldom enter; into many of these some one of the religious papers is received weekly. Many households have their family (religious) newspaper, and look for no other, and it is generally to such as those that advertised letters are addressed. Quite frequently also it happens that letters are addressed to St. John for persons residing in the country, the exact address of such persons not always being known to their friends writing; to exclude the advertising of such letters from the weekly papers would prevent such persons from obtaining the knowledge of letters lying in this office for them, and hence prevent their being received. 3rd. To exclude weekly newspapers from advertising patronage because of their religious character would be unjust. The religious papers of St. John are newspapers in every sense of the word. They generally contain as much news in a single issue as some morning papers do in three; they contain editorials on current events, express opinions freely, and if we mistake not, do their share in influencing public opinion. True, they treat matters from a religious standpoint, and treat them in their relation to morality and religion; this surely should not make them less valuable. Divorce this feature from them, and cover their first and last pages with old and useless advertisements instead of valuable religious and secular reading matter, and then according to the *Globe's* category they might rank with commercial papers, and be worthy of advertising patronage.

We grant that advertisements intended for commercial men only, are more likely to meet the eye of such in morning and commercial papers; but it is well known that such never have their letters advertised. We remark also that if any just complaint could be made by persons residing in the city, on account of their not seeing the religious papers, it is obviated by the fact, that a considerable number of bills containing the list of unclaimed letters, are also posted on many of the public walls and places in the city.

We can see no just reasons for the suggestion of the *Globe*, and regret that the writer has allowed himself to interfere in a matter which certainly is not detrimental to the public interest, but on the contrary, an accommodation to some of our fellow-citizens, and especially to many of the readers of the religious papers. In conclusion we remark, that for many purposes, including much of the Governmental advertising, the medium of the religious papers is equal to any other papers published in the Province, and superior to some.

"A Universalist" Explanation.

The readers of the "Intelligencer" will remember that several articles signed "A Universalist" have appeared in our columns during the summer. The author of these articles is the Hon. James Brown. The first was written in answer to an editorial which appeared in the "Intelligencer" of May 27th, under the heading of "Saved through Christ only." This editorial was not addressed to "those who believe in universal salvation, and pretend to assign reasons why they believe God will save all mankind," but was intended for "those persons who do believe in future rewards and punishments just as we do." This we explained to "A Universalist" in our "Remarks" which we appended to his first letter. Two more articles were subsequently received from Mr. Brown, and published with brief remarks on each. Two more were received, which upon mature reflection we declined to publish for the following reasons:— 1st. Because we did not think they would substantiate the cause of truth. 2d. We did not wish to enter into any controversy with our respected friend on that subject. 3rd. We had nothing to say upon it, but what has been often said before, and which we supposed Mr. Brown has heard or read many times. 4th. We felt quite sure that a controversy on the subject would not be edifying nor agreeable to our readers, and therefore would not benefit them. We accordingly wrote Mr. B. a private note informing him as politely as we could of our decision not to continue the publication of his letters, and at his request returned the unpublished articles. We intended no disrespect to Mr. B. or his peculiar views, but of course acted upon our own right to decide what would be most conducive to the usefulness of our paper.

In the *Morning News* of Wednesday Mr. Brown comes forward over his own proper name and refers to our refusal to publish his letters; he also publishes his first private note to us, and his first letter signed "A Universalist," and part of our "Remarks" with which we accompanied it in the "Intelligencer." And if we properly understand him, he intends to continue the letters in the *News* which were sent to the "Intelligencer." To this we have no objection. We only wish to remark further, that for Mr. B. personally we entertain the highest respect, and believe him to be a sincere friend of religious liberty. But we regard his peculiar religious views as altogether unsound and dangerous, (which will be easily seen if his letters should be published,) and we deeply regret that a gentleman so generally correct on all political matters, should make so great a mistake in his religious faith, which involves so valuable an interest as the soul's eternal well-being.

Things About Rome.

The following extract from Mr. Abbot's book, which we have formerly noticed, does not give a very flattering account of the influences of Popery upon the prosperity of a country, as illustrated in the vicinity of the city of Rome. This author, though himself a zealous Romanist, believes the Pope is a miserable Sovereign, and that he has no right to secular government. He thus describes the desolations which he witnessed:—

"The capital is girt by a belt of uncultivated but not unfruitful land. I used to walk in every direction, and sometimes for a long distance; the belt seemed very wide. However, in proportion as I receded from the city, I found the fields better cultivated. One would suppose that at a certain distance from St. Peter's the peasants worked with greater relish. The roads which near Rome are detestable, become gradually better; they are more frequented, and the people I met seemed more cheerful. The monks become habitable, by comparison, in an astonishing degree. Still, so long as I remained in that part of the country toward the Mediterranean, of which Rome is the centre, and which is more directly subject to its influence, I found that the appearance of the land always left something to be desired. I sometimes fancied that these honest laborers worked as if they were afraid of the sun, by sunning the soil too deeply and too boldly, they should wake up the dead of past ages."

"But when once I had crossed the Apennines, when I was beyond the reach of the breeze which blew over the capital, I began to enshrine an atmosphere of labor and good will which cheered my heart. The fields were not only dug, but manured, and, still better, planted and sown. I had never met with it on the other side of the Apennines. I was delighted at the sight of trees. There were rows of vines winning around elms, planted in fields of hemp, wheat, or clover. In some places the vines and elms were replaced by mulberry trees. What mingled rice was here lavished by nature! How bounteous is the earth! Here were mingled together, in rich profusion, bread, wine, shirts, silk gowns, and forage for the cattle. St. Peter's is a noble church, but, in its way, a well-cultivated field is a beautiful sight!"

"I traveled slowly to Bologna; the sight of the country I passed through, and the fruitfulness of honest human labor, made me happy. I retraced my steps toward St. Peter; my melancholy returned when I found myself again amidst the desolation of the Roman Campagna. As I reflected on what I had seen, a disquieting idea forced itself upon me in a geometrical form. It seemed to me that the activity and prosperity of the subjects of the Pope were in exact proportion to the square of the distance which separated them from Rome; in other words, that the shade of the monuments of the eternal city was obnoxious to the cultivation of the country. Rabelais says the shade of a monster is fruitful; but he speaks in another sense. I submitted my doubts to a venerable ecclesiastic, who hastened to undeceive me. 'The country is not uncultivated,' he said or if it be so, the fault is with the subjects of the Pope. This people is indolent by nature, although 21,415 monks are always preaching activity and industry to them!'"

CANADA CORRESPONDENCE.

The Starr Case—Abundant Harvest—Education—Nova Scotia Politics—Crimes and Murders—Blondin, &c.

COBBOURG, Aug. 26th, 1859.

Permit a word of explanation for devoting so much space to the Starr case in former communications. In the writer's judgment it was desirable that the readers of the *Intelligencer* should have everything which would throw light upon the latest noted revelations of the workings of the Papal system. The facts elicited confirm Protestants in the conviction that Rome is what she was: crafty, apparently pious, heartless, unscrupulous, setting at naught the commandments of God that she may keep her own tradition. We have no quarrel with Romanists personally; but we would rejoice in the overthrow of her religious system. We believe it to be evil, and regard the developments connected with the adventures of Miss Starr as furnishing additional and unexceptionable proof. We leave the truth to make its own impression, and turn to other subjects, of which there are many, and some of them much more pleasant.

The harvest claims the first place. God has been very merciful. Everywhere we see proofs of his goodness. The fruits of the earth are in some departments unusually abundant. We have the prospect of cheap bread, with its attendant blessings, and it is pleasant to notice the frequent allusions to it in our meetings for prayer, as well as in common conversation. Many are hoping that in this we have a token for good, and that God is preparing us for the outpouring of His Spirit. He sometimes exceeds His promises. Let the people praise Him: let all the people praise Him, and then shall the earth yield her increase, when praise was by no means general. Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all that is within us, bless His holy name.

College endowments continue to agitate the public mind. The University of Victoria College, through its President, is leading the way, supported by the vote of the Wesleyan Conference, and the communications of Dr. Ryerson, the general Superintendent of Common Schools. On the other side we have communications from prominent persons, and the editorials of several religious papers. My sympathies are decidedly in favour of those who seek to exclude denominational schools as such from participating in the public funds. It is to be regretted that the controversy has assumed too much the cast of a political contest. Personalities are not excluded, and the display of cleverness seems to be one object before the minds of the prominent combatants. Truth is not elicited in this way with any degree of pleasure to those who are in search of it, and care for nothing else. Many are wondering where this thing will grow—May we be spared the infliction of State-religiousness!

In the absence of anything very exciting in the political life within our borders, our papers are reproducing and commenting upon the correspondence in which the Hon. Wm. Young has taken a prominent part. So far as the writer has had opportunity of ascertaining the Canadian view, it is decidedly against the course pursued by Lord Mulgrave and his advisers. Papers of all shades agree in condemning the present Government of Nova Scotia. Even where they differ as to the application of the principles involved, they are of one mind in denouncing the procedure.

I am well aware that till recently few letters of mine have been without some allusions to cases

of murder, but at the risk of creating a smile over a subject which rather calls for tears, I cannot close this letter without alluding once more to the crimes which have been brought before the public since my last notice of a similar kind. The following have transpired within a fortnight. Edward McIldevery stabbed John Purden thrice in a saloon in St. Catherine's. William McVeigh came to his death in consequence of wounds inflicted by Thomas FitzMorris in a saloon at Hamilton. James Devlin struck Samuel Patterson a blow in a tavern at Stratford, which resulted in the death of the latter, who was intoxicated, and provoked his assailant.

I include in the list of crimes the following, which some would enter under the head of accidents. They also occurred within the period specified. William Collins, being intoxicated, fell out of his buggy near Wright's Corner, Augusta, and was killed. Michael Handron was found dead near the bottom of the bank of the Niagara River, having evidently fallen from above in a fit of intoxication. I pass over the death of two men who fell from the branches of a tree into the gorge of the same river while watching Blondin cross on Wednesday week. Going further back in point of time we have a horrible case of rape perpetrated by a coloured man upon a respectable married lady, whose husband, it is believed, the wretch afterwards attempted to poison, by rubbing a plug of tobacco with arsenic. This occurred in East Dover, near Chatham. We have also the elopement of a Miss Blewitt, on the morning of the day appointed for her marriage to a Mr. Henry Locke, of Yarmouth Township, not with her betrothed, as happens in most cases of elopement, but with her sister's husband! It is not easy to fancy the feelings of the deserted wife. As to the deserted lover, it is to be hoped that thankfulness swallowed up all mortification, for assuredly he had cause for gratitude. In a month's time the runaway returned, each telling a different story. Miss Blewitt's brothers executed their vengeance upon Gilbert, her guilty partner, by shooting him. But enough of this; the heart sickens at the recital of crime.

Above it was stated that two men lost their lives on Wednesday while watching Blondin cross the Niagara river. This fool-hardy rope-dancer continues to perform very wonderful feats over the foaming river, each successive performance being more wonderful and more foolish than the last. Since my former notice he has trundled a wheel-barrow before him from shore to shore, and on the day named above carried a man across upon his back! It was intimated that he would wheel a cooking stove before him last Wednesday, and cook omelets for the passengers of the steamer plying beneath. Since writing the foregoing, I have read the account of its successful performance. He did not wheel the stove before him, but carried it on his back to the centre of the rope, and there for half an hour did that he had promised, to the great excitement of the steamer's passengers.

We close this week's communication by giving one or two instances of the productiveness of the current season. The *Ontario Observer* states that a farmer in Reach had a field of fifteen acres of wheat which did not appear to be unusually heavy while standing, but after threshing he found himself the possessor of a yield of fifty-seven bushels to the acre! The *Chatham Planet* says that Mr. James Smith, of Chatham Township, gathered from less than two acres of land between 120 and 130 bushels of barley. The Lord make us truly thankful for all his mercies.

HALI'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH for September is received. The following are its articles, all fresh and vigorous:—Disease and Suicide; The Sabbath; Nose-ology; Preservation of Food; Autumnal Diseases; Clerical Mortuary; Drinking Ice Water; Just about Right; Dysentery; Tomatoes; Bad Plans; Notices, &c.

REVIVAL RECORD.

THE IRISH REVIVAL.

From a deeply interesting narrative of the Revival of Religion in the North of Ireland by one of the Editors of the *Scottish Guardian*, and published in supplement form with the *Montreal Witness*, we select the following extempore address delivered by a young, unlettered convert in all the freshness of the first love of a newly born soul. The words were:—

"Dear friends, I was a great sinner, but Christ has been a great Saviour to me. Thanks be to God, He has brought me from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. If there be an unconverted soul before me, I would just ask you to seek Christ this night. Let it not pass without finding Him. Oh, let it not pass without finding Christ to be precious to your souls, for oh! He is lovely, altogether lovely to them that find Him. Ah, what is hindering you from finding Him this night? What is hindering you? Is it not your unbelief? Will you not believe Christ's word? He says, 'Come to me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' Ah, yes, the burden of Jesus Christ is easily borne; ah, yes, it is easily borne, dear friends, besides the burden of sin. Ah, yes, some of us here felt the burden of sin, and we know the change now, God be thanked. I would just ask you this night to seek him who can take away that burden of sin, who can enlighten your minds, and bring you from Satan's bondage, and set you free. Is there any one here this night who would refuse Christ's offer? Ah, I think not. Surely I do not look upon one who would say, 'I refuse Christ, Christ is all and in all to them that believe. I would ask you to come while it is day, for the night comes when none can work. Work now, come now. Do not wait till to-morrow; perhaps to-morrow will be too late. The devil's time is to-morrow; he told me to-morrow, and he is telling many here that you are too young to come to Christ, that there is time enough yet. But oh, friends, heed not the devil. Seek Christ, seek Christ this night; seek Him, for He is precious, He is precious. Oh, my friends, how long will you be slaves to sin? How long, Oh, think for a moment what it is to be under Satan's power. Will you not turn from your evil way, and seek God? Will you not turn? 'Turn ye, turn ye,' says the Lord, 'why will ye die?' Will you choose to die, and go down to destruction, rather than seek God and go to happiness? There are two classes of people here, the believers and the unbelievers. Ah, think of this, think of this. And there are two places we must go to, just

of murder, but at the risk of creating a smile over a subject which rather calls for tears, I cannot close this letter without alluding once more to the crimes which have been brought before the public since my last notice of a similar kind. The following have transpired within a fortnight. Edward McIldevery stabbed John Purden thrice in a saloon in St. Catherine's. William McVeigh came to his death in consequence of wounds inflicted by Thomas FitzMorris in a saloon at Hamilton. James Devlin struck Samuel Patterson a blow in a tavern at Stratford, which resulted in the death of the latter, who was intoxicated, and provoked his assailant.

I include in the list of crimes the following, which some would enter under the head of accidents. They also occurred within the period specified. William Collins, being intoxicated, fell out of his buggy near Wright's Corner, Augusta, and was killed. Michael Handron was found dead near the bottom of the bank of the Niagara River, having evidently fallen from above in a fit of intoxication. I pass over the death of two men who fell from the branches of a tree into the gorge of the same river while watching Blondin cross on Wednesday week. Going further back in point of time we have a horrible case of rape perpetrated by a coloured man upon a respectable married lady, whose husband, it is believed, the wretch afterwards attempted to poison, by rubbing a plug of tobacco with arsenic. This occurred in East Dover, near Chatham. We have also the elopement of a Miss Blewitt, on the morning of the day appointed for her marriage to a Mr. Henry Locke, of Yarmouth Township, not with her betrothed, as happens in most cases of elopement, but with her sister's husband! It is not easy to fancy the feelings of the deserted wife. As to the deserted lover, it is to be hoped that thankfulness swallowed up all mortification, for assuredly he had cause for gratitude. In a month's time the runaway returned, each telling a different story. Miss Blewitt's brothers executed their vengeance upon Gilbert, her guilty partner, by shooting him. But enough of this; the heart sickens at the recital of crime.

Above it was stated that two men lost their lives on Wednesday while watching Blondin cross the Niagara river. This fool-hardy rope-dancer continues to perform very wonderful feats over the foaming river, each successive performance being more wonderful and more foolish than the last. Since my former notice he has trundled a wheel-barrow before him from shore to shore, and on the day named above carried a man across upon his back! It was intimated that he would wheel a cooking stove before him last Wednesday, and cook omelets for the passengers of the steamer plying beneath. Since writing the foregoing, I have read the account of its successful performance. He did not wheel the stove before him, but carried it on his back to the centre of the rope, and there for half an hour did that he had promised, to the great excitement of the steamer's passengers.

We close this week's communication by giving one or two instances of the productiveness of the current season. The *Ontario Observer* states that a farmer in Reach had a field of fifteen acres of wheat which did not appear to be unusually heavy while standing, but after threshing he found himself the possessor of a yield of fifty-seven bushels to the acre! The *Chatham Planet* says that Mr. James Smith, of Chatham Township, gathered from less than two acres of land between 120 and 130 bushels of barley. The Lord make us truly thankful for all his mercies.

HALI'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH for September is received. The following are its articles, all fresh and vigorous:—Disease and Suicide; The Sabbath; Nose-ology; Preservation of Food; Autumnal Diseases; Clerical Mortuary; Drinking Ice Water; Just about Right; Dysentery; Tomatoes; Bad Plans; Notices, &c.

THE IRISH REVIVAL. From a deeply interesting narrative of the Revival of Religion in the North of Ireland by one of the Editors of the *Scottish Guardian*, and published in supplement form with the *Montreal Witness*, we select the following extempore address delivered by a young, unlettered convert in all the freshness of the first love of a newly born soul. The words were:—

"Dear friends, I was a great sinner, but Christ has been a great Saviour to me. Thanks be to God, He has brought me from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. If there be an unconverted soul before me, I would just ask you to seek Christ this night. Let it not pass without finding Him. Oh, let it not pass without finding Christ to be precious to your souls, for oh! He is lovely, altogether lovely to them that find Him. Ah, what is hindering you from finding Him this night? What is hindering you? Is it not your unbelief? Will you not believe Christ's word? He says, 'Come to me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.' Ah, yes, the burden of Jesus Christ is easily borne; ah, yes, it is easily borne, dear friends, besides the burden of sin. Ah, yes, some of us here felt the burden of sin, and we know the change now, God be thanked. I would just ask you this night to seek him who can take away that burden of sin, who can enlighten your minds, and bring you from Satan's bondage, and set you free. Is there any one here this night who would refuse Christ's offer? Ah, I think not. Surely I do not look upon one who would say, 'I refuse Christ, Christ is all and in all to them that believe. I would ask you to come while it is day, for the night comes when none can work. Work now, come now. Do not wait till to-morrow; perhaps to-morrow will be too late. The devil's time is to-morrow; he told me to-morrow, and he is telling many here that you are too young to come to Christ, that there is time enough yet. But oh, friends, heed not the devil. Seek Christ, seek Christ this night; seek Him, for He is precious, He is precious. Oh, my friends, how long will you be slaves to sin? How long, Oh, think for a moment what it is to be under Satan's power. Will you not turn from your evil way, and seek God? Will you not turn? 'Turn ye, turn ye,' says the Lord, 'why will ye die?' Will you choose to die, and go down to destruction, rather than seek God and go to happiness? There are two classes of people here, the believers and the unbelievers. Ah, think of this, think of this. And there are two places we must go to, just

of murder, but at the risk of creating a smile over a subject which rather calls for tears, I cannot close this letter without alluding once more to the crimes which have been brought before the public since my last notice of a similar kind. The following have transpired within a fortnight. Edward McIldevery stabbed John Purden thrice in a saloon in St. Catherine's. William McVeigh came to his death in consequence of wounds inflicted by Thomas FitzMorris in a saloon at Hamilton. James Devlin struck Samuel Patterson a blow in a tavern at Stratford, which resulted in the death of the latter, who was intoxicated, and provoked his assailant.

I include in the list of crimes the following, which some would enter under the head of accidents. They also occurred within the period specified. William Collins, being intoxicated, fell out of his buggy near Wright's Corner, Augusta, and was killed. Michael Handron was found dead near the bottom of the bank of the Niagara River, having evidently fallen from above in a fit of intoxication. I pass over the death of two men who fell from the branches of a tree into the gorge of the same river while watching Blondin cross on Wednesday week. Going further back in point of time we have a horrible case of rape perpetrated by a coloured man upon a respectable married lady, whose husband, it is believed, the wretch afterwards attempted to poison, by rubbing a plug of tobacco with arsenic. This occurred in East Dover, near Chatham. We have also the elopement of a Miss Blewitt, on the morning of the day appointed for her marriage to a Mr. Henry Locke, of Yarmouth Township, not with her betrothed, as happens in most cases of elopement, but with her sister's husband! It is not easy to fancy the feelings of the deserted wife. As to the deserted lover, it is to be hoped that thankfulness swallowed up all mortification, for assuredly he had cause for gratitude. In a month's time the runaway returned, each telling a different story. Miss Blewitt's brothers executed their vengeance upon Gilbert, her guilty partner, by shooting him. But enough of this; the heart sickens at the recital of crime.

News of the Week.

The following notice from the Chief Superintendent of Schools appears in the Royal Gazette:—

Teachers who have been Licensed after attendance at the Training School, are notified, that their claim to Board Allowance under the Regulations, cannot be paid, until they forward to this Office a certificate from the Trustees, that they are duly authorized, and are actually engaged in Teaching.

DANGEROUS "EXPERIMENT."—As the steamer *Emperor* was undergoing a painting on Monday, she did not leave for Digby; and the small steamer "Experiment," which plies between Digby and Annapolis, undertook, to bring over the passengers from Digby to St. John, numbering upwards of 40. When about four miles out it was discovered that she had sprung a leak, and the water was making rapid progress into her, and within a short distance of the shore, which had it reached, fatal consequences might have ensued. The vessel was at once put back and ran ashore at Digby Neck, just in time to prevent her going down. Had she been a few miles further out in the Bay, in all probability she would have foundered, and lives would have been lost. Now, had Nova Scotia a Steam Boat Law, similar to our own, such a Steamer would not have been permitted to leave port with passengers on board. —*News.*

Gurney Division passed a Resolution last Thursday evening, conferring Honorary Membership on the Rev. Mr. Gurney, as shall be notified to the Order. By this vote, they are admitted without the payment of initiatory fees or monthly dues, and, though not entitled to the Benefits in case of sickness have otherwise all the privileges and immunities of full membership. —*Temperance Telegraph.*

BRIDGE SURVEY.—Mr. James R. Hartley, Deputy Surveyor has been engaged recently in making a preliminary survey for a Bridge across the river at this place. —*Woodstock Journal.*

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday last, as the morning train was proceeding to Truro, a young man was walking on the track of the Railroad near the narrows. He was called to by persons near to get out of the way. The driver used every effort to stop the train, but the man either from deafness or indifference remaining too long fell just as the train came up to him. The train passed over the unfortunate man and fearfully mangled his body so that he died in a few minutes after. —*Ch. Messenger.*

DISSATISFACTION IN CANADA.—At the time of the union of the Provinces, the debt of Canada amounted to only six millions of dollars; now it is sixty. The expenditure then was \$1,320,000; and year it was \$1,500,000. The expenditure was the general purpose of government was \$5,621,248, being an increase of \$3,500,000 in five years. The interest on the public debt (not including sinking fund) was in 1858 \$909,535; in 1859 it amounted to \$2,088,335. The result is that the expenditure originated to conciliate localities and to assist speculators, has imposed so intolerable a burden upon the people that they begin to talk of repudiation. —*Morning Star.*

A man named Mullen was recently executed at New Orleans, who exhibited a singular concern in regard to his awful position. After he had become convinced that there was no chance of escape or reprieve, he became quite cheerful, eating and sleeping well, and receiving the visits of his friends with evident pleasure. He prepared for death with modesty and attention to details, even decorating his cell and coffin.

An immense crowd gathered to see M. Blondin cross the Niagara upon his tight rope with a man upon his back, on Wednesday the 17th. The venturesome individual who trusted himself upon Blondin's shoulders for the great performance, was Mr. Henry Colcord, Blondin's agent, a man weighing about 136 pounds. The apparatus by which he was supported by Blondin consisted of a belt passing around the waist, supported by straps over the shoulders; from the side of the belt projected iron bands bent and padded, to support the head of the knee of the rider. M. Blondin carried his balancing pole, a usual one of ours, of copper five times in crossing, and each time Mr. Colcord dismounted, and again resumed his position. He had his arms around M. Blondin's neck, and his legs rested on the iron bands. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a straw hat. About twenty minutes were occupied in accomplishing the first half of the rope, and the balance in twenty, making forty-two minutes from bank to bank.

On reaching the landing, M. Blondin was much flustered and appeared very much fatigued, while Mr. Colcord was pale, but did not betray any signs of fear. —*Ad. Herald.*

For some time past a man has stood upon a street corner in Chicago, with a screen over his eyes, and a placard upon his breast, upon which was set forth, in pitiful words, an account of his blindness. A few days since, a benevolent policeman restored him to sight, by simply removing the screen, beneath which he found a very servicable pair of eyes.

A BAD CASE.—The husband of Rosa Toy, a Philadelphia, a young married woman about 25 years of age, recently deserted her, leaving her in extreme poverty, whereupon her husband ordered her out of her house. On Tuesday the poor woman, in a fit of despair, administered a dose of laudanum to each of her two children, who are aged respectively four and six years, and then swallowed a quantity of the drug herself. The condition of the family was discovered by the neighbors during the day, and every effort was made to counteract the effects of the poison. The mother died about 8 o'clock in the evening, but strong hopes are entertained of saving the children.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—Capt. Miller of steamship America reports to the Merchants' Exchange, that when he left Liverpool tickets for passage by the Great Eastern to Portland were issued at £42 for the trip out and back—passengers to have the privilege of living on board the ship during her stay at Portland. —*Boston Journal.*

The amount realized by the Wesleyan Festival at Fredericton on Wednesday last was £280. —*News.*

The *Calais Advertiser* says:—We understand means are on the way from England to pay the liabilities on the St. Andrews and Quebec Railroad, and carry it on to completion, under new Directors. Operations to commence in the immediate made of a Railroad to connect Houlton with St. Andrews.

Rev. E. Dewhurst, late pastor of the Baptist church in Belfast, has accepted a call from the Baptist church in Penbrook.

RAILWAY IRON LOST.—Upwards of £500 worth of Railway Iron for our works, was lost in the Middleton, fully insured. We understand that the loss of this iron will not interfere with the Railroad being opened to the Vale at the time appointed. —*News.*

DISASTER.—Ship Middleton, of and for the port, from Liverpool, was abandoned at sea August 1st, lat. 49, long. 29. Crew and passengers arrived at Liverpool on the 13th, all well.