

## Gems for the Household.

The gratitude of some consists in flattering their benefactors in the hope that they will repeat their kindnesses.

O Christian! there is a rock for thy feet, and a staff for thy hand, and a pillow for thy head, and a song for thy lips, and a hope for thy heart and a rest for thy soul.—Christ's immutable love!

When you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

"Ma, is Mr. Thompson respectable?" "Certainly, my child; why do you ask that question?" "Because he wears such poor clothes." "You should not judge persons by their clothes; none but silly people do that." "Then everybody's silly, ain't they, ma?"

Genuine piety is always possessed of three kinds of knowledge:—1. The knowledge of one's sin and misery; 2. The knowledge of God's justice and mercy; 3. The knowledge of Christ's grace and all-sufficiency.

Never esteem any man, or thyself, the more for money; nor think the meanness of thyself, or another, for want of it; virtue being the real reason for respecting, and the want of it, for slighting a man. A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his going.—[William Penn.]

Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich, was fond of posing candidates for orders, by asking them what they would do in a parish where there were great many Dissenters. Of course the young men gave each their elaborate method of treatment, at the end of which the bishop would quietly observe with a chuckle, "Shall I give you my plan? Let them alone."

ORIGIN OF BLACK CLOTH COATS IN THE CLERGY.—In the year 1524 Luther laid aside the monk's costume, and henceforth dressed according to the fashion of the world. He chose black clothes, and consequently the colour has become the fashion of the clergy. His reason for choosing this colour was, the Elector of Saxony took an interest in him, and now and then sent him a piece of cloth, being at that time the Court fashion, and because Luther preferred it; so his scholars thought it became them to wear the same colour as their master. From that time black has been the colour mostly worn by clergymen.—[American Paper.]

Raise the Christian standard higher,  
Higher be the Christian's aim.  
And to nobler things aspire  
Than a mere professor's name.  
Always be a humble Christian,  
Never be a lifeless one.  
Imitate the bright example  
Of Jehovah's only son.  
Let your love be pure and active,  
And your zeal both bold and strong,  
Your devotion so attractive  
As to draw the world along.  
—[Christian Advocate.]

GETTING ROUND SUNDAY.  
In a dissenting chapel, near Bernard Castle, Britain, two farmers met. One of them, on his way to the chapel, had noticed a fine calf in his neighbor's field, which circumstance gave rise to the following conversation: Addressing his friend, in a tone he intended for a whisper but which was loud enough to be heard for several yards round, he said: "Tommy, supposing it was Monday, what day would you call it?" "Why," replied the other, "supposing it was Monday, it would be Tuesday." "Supposing it was Monday, then, you shall have it." The bargain was thus concluded, and the calf was duly delivered on the following day.

"TEMPERANCE is a mere secular theme," Paul was very indignant when he mixed up this subject with "righteousness and judgment to come."

"Wee unto him that giveth drink to his neighbor and maketh him drunken." In the next edition of the Bible, there should be added to the above, in italics, "he has a license from human government!"

"Prohibition is a failure, because the law is violated." The ten commandments are violated daily, are, therefore, a failure, and better never have been enacted. A judicious license system furnishing a revenue from iniquity, would have been better.

"Wine is a mocker." This declaration of holy writ is now ascertained to be a mistake. Its universal use will arrest drunkenness and introduce the millennium.

"When wine in, wit is out." True, when there is not wit enough in to keep the wine out.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hyrtl, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish in the darkest room, by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his class upon the possession of a drunkard's brain, admirably fitted, from its hardness and more complete preservation for the purpose of dissection. When the anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time he effects that object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From a soft, pulpy substance it then becomes comparatively hard; but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the indurating process before death—begins it while the brain remains the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer-like tissues still thrill with the pulse of heaven-born life. Strange infatuation, thus to desecrate the god-like! Terrible enchantment, that dries up all the fountains of generous feelings, petrifies all the tender humanities and sweet charities of life leaving only a brain of lead and a heart of stone.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.—When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says:— "I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position, and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a clergyman—he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer—a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, dancing, and flirting with me, left me. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him, and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."

## Religious Intelligencer.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., OCTOBER 5, 1860.

## THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

The scriptures in describing a certain class of people say of them, that they are men of the world who have their portion in this life; and of the same characters say that they are "without God, and without hope in the world." These are the ungodly. But the Christian is a widely different character. He has the promise "of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." He is the peculiar character spoken of in the Bible. Peculiar in his nature and even more so in his claims. When he claims his portion it is not houses and lands, nor silver and gold. He does not regard these things worth calling his portion. He looks beyond earth and worldly treasures. These he knows to be uncertain and of but little value. He claims nothing to be his portion short of the Infinite, Eternal Creator and Proprietor of all things. Not satisfied with the little streams and rivulets, he goes to the fountain-head. He does not stop with a mere cluster of the fruit of the tree of life, occasionally, but claims the whole tree to be his. The language of Jeremiah is the language of every true child of God, and when in the bitterness of his soul, he exclaimed: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul," he only said what it is the privilege of all the Lord's people to say. Indeed it is the very language of the heart of every believing soul. "All things are yours," says the apostle. There is no good thing that the Lord will withhold from those who walk uprightly. With Christ, He will freely give us all things. "The Lord is my portion." What an infinite possession! Truly the Christian's portion is inestimable. He himself can never know its value. It is a present, personal, satisfying, and eternal portion. The soul that finds the Lord to be his portion needs nothing more. It is perfectly safe and will have happiness under any circumstances. It neither lacks honour, riches, wisdom, strength, nor any other blessing. If the tree has become ours, we may with propriety claim our right to all the fruits—in possession of the fountain, we may call the streams our own. It is much more to say the Lord is my portion, than to say the Lord is my Light, my Guide, my Tower, my Strength, or even my Life. He is more than all these. He is our everything. Every need of the soul is supplied by Him. He is a spiritual portion, and satisfies our spiritual natures, those wants that earthly things cannot supply. The possession of all the world would not satisfy the soul. It is spirit, and can only be satisfied with spiritual things. It was a true and pious saying of one who loved the Lord, "As what I have offered to thee, pleaseeth thee not, O Lord, without myself; so the good things we have from thee, though they may refresh us, yet they cannot satisfy without thyself." So it is, all the good things of earth cannot satisfy the soul, without God. He does and must satisfy, for he is to us all that we need.

Bishop Beveridge says when the Lord speaks of himself with regard to his people, it is as though He set his hand to a blank, that His people may write under it what they please—and fill it out with whatever is for their good, as if he would say are they weak? I am Strength. Are they in trouble? I am Comfort. Are they poor? I am Riches. Are they sick? I am Health. Are they dying? I am Life. Have they nothing? I am All Things. I am Justice and Mercy; I am Grace and Goodness; I am Glory, Beauty, Holiness, Perfection, All-sufficiency, Eternity, JEHOVAH—I am whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions. Whatsoever is good and needful to make them happy—that I am. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as one universal Good, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires, by saying only in general—I AM.

DRUNKARD'S MADE SOBER BY FAITH.  
The most interesting accounts continue to be furnished from the New York daily Prayer Meetings. Remarkable cases of conversion are continually occurring, and new manifestations of the power of Divine Grace to save when every thing else fails, is being frequently repeated. The following from a report of a recent meeting, so graphically illustrates the efficacy of faith in Christ to deliver from the power of evil, that we transfer it to our columns. Truly in Christ is hope for the hopeless, and when every other means fail, we may lay hold on Him and be saved. We regard narratives like the following as the most interesting and profitable reading, and therefore make no apology for transferring this to our columns.

A request for prayer was read to the meeting, which moved all hearts. It purported to be from one there present, who represented his case to be hopeless to the last degree. He had become intemperate. So the writer says of himself. His friends had given him up for lost. He had given him over, and he seemed to be doomed to perish. No power but the power of God can quench this soul-destroying appetite for rum, by reason of which his very being was consumed. No tears, or prayers, or resolution avail anything for a single moment. They are all broken through by this terrible desire for rum. "Will you pray for me to-day in the meeting," says the writer, "that I may be delivered from the power of the destroyer before my eternal doom is sealed and I lie down in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?"

Very earnest prayer followed the reading of this request, in which it was asked that God would give the power, through faith in Jesus, to this poor young man, and by simple reliance upon him, to overcome and resist the temptation, and "bring his soul out into a wealthy place."

After prayer a young man arose and said: "I have been coming to these Meetings about two weeks, and for the encouragement of the young man who makes this request for prayer, I want to ask your indulgence a few minutes to tell you how the Lord has dealt with me. They have been two weeks of the richest experience of the divine goodness and grace. Two weeks ago I was a hopeless drunkard—a poor, lost man I was. My friends had made every possible effort to reclaim me, but with no avail. I had often resolved, with many tears, to break away from the cruel bondage in which I was bound. I took upon myself the solemn vows that I would reform. What were resolutions and vows before such an inexorable enemy as wine! I could not stand to them a moment. At last I gave myself up to perish. There was no hope for me. I was given up, too, of all the world.

"In this state of despair I went down to the Fishing Basin one day. There I was attracted by the pleasing countenance of a young man. I knew he must be a poor man and a fisherman by profession. He helped me to understand the art of fishing. There was a world of happiness in his face. I loved to look at it. At last, out of gratitude for the little favors which he showed me, a perfect stranger, I took out my flask of liquor and offered him to drink.

"No," he said, "I never drink intoxicating drink, and I ask the Lord Jesus to help me never to touch it."

"I looked at him with surprise, and inquired, 'Are you a Christian?'"

"Yes, I trust I am," he answered.

"And does Jesus keep you from drinking intoxicating liquor?"

"He does; and I never wish to touch it."

"That short answer set me to thinking. In it was revealed a new power. I went home that night, and said to myself as I went, how I know but Christ would keep me from drinking if I would ask him?"

"When I got to my room I thought over my whole case, and then I knelt down and I told Jesus, just as I would tell you, what a poor, miserable wretch I was; and how I had struggled against my appetite and had always been overcomers by it. I told him if he would take that appetite away I would give myself up to him, to be his forever, and I would forever love and serve him. I told him I felt assured that he could help me and that he would.

"Now I stand here, and I tell you all most solemnly that Jesus took me at my word. He did take away my appetite then and there, so that, from that sacred moment of casting myself on his help, I have not tasted a drop of liquor, nor desired to taste it. The old appetite is gone, and I tell you, moreover, that I gave myself to Jesus in that very hour, and I received him as a power in my soul against every enemy of my salvation, and he saves me in his infinite grace.

"I came at once to these meetings. I have been coming every day for two weeks, and oh! what happy weeks. I am delivered through the power of Jesus from the awful destruction which was before me. Such was the method of my relief."

The young man speaking was known to some in the meeting as belonging to a distinguished law firm of this city.

Another gentleman immediately arose and said he had a few words to say to the despairing young man in the meeting. I have been two years living by the power of Jesus against the same evils with which he was surrounded. No man was ever nearer hell than I was and yet escaped from it. Years and years I lay at the very mouth of the awful pit. I was given over to destruction by my best friends and by myself. We said, this trying to reform is of no use. It fails so often, that we must believe the failure final.

One day as I was working in the field to earn a little money to keep myself from starving, I took out my bottle without which I thought I could not live, as I said to some one for days I have not lived on anything only what I get out of this bottle. I cannot live so. I cannot live with this vile drink and I cannot live without it, and what am I to do? I should like to know that. What is a poor wretch like me to do?

Why do you not seek help from God? said one. I had never thought of it. It was like life from the dead to cast to myself on the help of Jesus I closed an agreement with him, by which he became mine and I became his. This was two years ago. What glorious change for me. What happy years have these been for me. My family are happy, my business prospers. I am now a member of a christian church. All my relations in life are changed, and all because I depend on Jesus. My love for liquor is gone; all is changed.

For a time my old companions in drink tried to win me back; but they have long since given it up, and I have won some of them to Jesus. I cannot tell how happy I am. All this comes by living in faith on Jesus.

This gentleman's voice has been often heard in prayer meetings, but until now he has never told the experience through which he had been called to pass, and the dreadful evils from which he had escaped.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—The October number of this valuable family journal is on our table. The articles are practical and useful, on the following subjects. Our Boys; Manual Labor Schools; Small Pox; Nervousness; Life Maxims; The Maxims of Life; Snapping Lips; Warning Houses; Children's Eating; Milk; Rearing Children; Over Eating; Apples; Electro Magnetism; Wearing Garters; &c., &c.

We are reliably informed that on the first of the present month, the Railway Police, under the command of William Scoullar, Esq., will be disbanded.

We also understand that in a very short time the Railway Commissioners, are to tender their resignation, and the sole control of the Railway is to be placed into the hands of the Board of Works. It is understood that the line will be completed during the present month.—[New Brunswick.]

It affords us much pleasure to announce that the Quebec and St. Andrews Railway Company have made such arrangements as will enable them to recommence operations on that line forthwith. We are informed that it is to be completed as far as Woodstock, in November, 1861. Messrs. Walker & Co., have got the Contract.—[Id.]

A copper mine has been discovered at North Joggins, in this parish. A company of men are now at work, under the directions of an experienced miner, and have already sent off eleven barrels. The vein runs east and west, and is plainly indicated for about a mile from the shore. It promises to be a prolific source of wealth. We understand that the gentlemen alluded to above, say that appearances in the same vicinity plainly indicate the presence of iron.—[Borderer.]

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SPECIAL MISSIONARY REPORT.

MOUTH PRESQUE ISLE, Oct. 1st, 1860.

DEAR BRETHREN:—According to previous announcement, in company with brother Barnes I started on Friday the 21st for the protracted meeting to be held at the mouth of the Presque Isle. We were exceedingly unfortunate in being obliged to face a cold, driving rain—and notwithstanding the utmost precaution on our part, with the aid of boots, umbrellas, &c., we were unable to prevent being pretty thoroughly drenched before reaching our destination.

Our meetings commenced on Saturday with a prayer meeting at 10 o'clock, A. M., and conference at 3 o'clock, P. M. They were very well attended, and of some interest. On Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock, we met for the purpose of invoking God's blessing upon our efforts for the advancement of the interests of this cause, preaching at 10 o'clock, A. M., and at 3 and 7 P. M., to large and attentive audiences. It was a season of comfort and profit, and we were encouraged to believe that the Lord would graciously manifest himself unto us, in breaking to the hungry the bread of life, and in giving the thirsty a foretaste of the waters of that "river the streams whereof make glad the city of God." On Monday we had a glorious meeting; God was with us of a truth; Saints were enabled to rejoice in his love, and with filial confidence claim him as their Father and rely upon his promises. In the evening we had the pleasure of listening to a sermon delivered by the Rev. John U. Parsons, of Bristol, (Maine) Congregationalist Minister, from the last clause of the 17th verse of the 4th chapter of 1st Peter. The deepest solemnity seemed to pervade the minds of the congregation, while with fervid eloquence and pathos he reasoned on a "judgment to come." So close was the reasoning and so inevitable the conclusions, that those who listened to him could not avoid being convinced of the immediate necessity of "obeying the gospel!" by seeking an interest in Christ. The meetings through the week were of an unusually interesting character. We generally held two each day, and notwithstanding the busy season of the year, we have had a large attendance. In answer to prayer God is at work in the land; very many sinners are troubled on account of sin, and a number have found peace in believing, and are enabled to rejoice in that God who still has power on earth to forgive sin. Yesterday (Saturday) four young converts publicly dedicated themselves to the service of God, by following him in his ordinance. It was a good day, and we are still encouraged to labour on, praying that this may be but a drop before a more plentiful shower.

I ever entertained a doubt in reference to the propriety of holding protracted meetings, I should now feel constrained, from a knowledge derived from actual experience of their beneficial tendency, to acknowledge their usefulness, and would earnestly recommend our people to convene them as often as practicable—especially in places where religious interest is low, and the cause of God is in a languishing state. By such meetings being appointed, a sufficient notice being given, and Ministers from a distance invited to take part in the services, and the members of the Church where it is to be held, making special prayer for the outpouring of God's Spirit—I firmly believe that eternally alone would disclose the inestimable good that would result. Such meetings would meet with a hearty response from the people; and they would, by a general attendance and candid attention, evince their appreciation of such special efforts made for their welfare. I would also have the effect to secure the attendance at our meetings of a class of persons who are scarcely ever seen at the house of God, and consequently on whom the ordinary means of grace would have no effect. And it has often been the case, that while they put themselves in the way of listening to the Gospel, it has proved to be to them "the power of God unto salvation." God will own the earnest and honest efforts of his people to advance his cause.

We were much disappointed in not having the assistance of brother Bell as anticipated, he being, by sickness, unable to render us any assistance. Elders McNeill, Sigrell and Wormwood were present on the first Sabbath, but remained only a short time; however we do not feel that we have laboured in vain, or spent our strength for nought. The Lord has given us to see some immediate result, and we have faith to believe that there will be "bread sent after many days," and when the angels receive the order to gather my "sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth," that there will be many who, through the influence of these meetings, were made the chosen of the Lord, who can with confidence and joy will join in the glorious shout of "harvest home," and shall rest forever in the Kingdom of God.

J. T. PARSONS.

## CANADA CORRESPONDENCE.

COBURN, September 28th, 1860.

"The Annual Show. The members' day. Unprecedented sale of Tickets. Six thousand people on the ground. The Show a great success. More grain, more animals, more implements, more fruit, more everything than any previous occasion."—Such is the heading of a leading Toronto newspaper by which it would direct its readers to the account which is given of the Upper Canada Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, held at Hamilton last week. The following extract tells the story of progress:—

"In every respect, this exhibition exceeds those which have gone before it. The Prince's presence, the fine weather, the prosperity which is dawning upon the country after a period of depression which seriously affected the shows of the last two years, combined to produce this result. It is indeed delightful to observe the wonderful progress which Canadian agriculture is making, as illustrated by the Annual Exhibitions. It is fifteen years since the first was held, and who that recollects that meagre gathering in 1846 can fail to look with pride and pleasure on that of 1860. Recall the wretched shambles of agricultural instruments, ill-planned, ill-constructed, and badly finished, and compare them now with those splendid implements, embracing every modern improvement, original and imported, well-made, and finished with a taste and skill unsurpassed anywhere. Contrast the half dozen Durham which used to be shown among the mass of grades, with these immense ranges of Durham Devons, Herefords, Ayrshires, and, latest improvement of all, Galloways. The breeders could then be counted on the fingers of one hand, now they are too numerous to be named even in these long columns. Look at the sheep and pigs, poultry, cattle, cheese, grain, roots and fruit, and see how Upper Canada has made progress. We have cleared a great deal of land in these fifteen years, but we have done more; we have improved the products of the land which was cleared before. If we continue to advance, we may well

hope that Upper Canada will not only excel all America in agricultural skill, but count at the palm with England herself."

"The king himself is served by the field." Be this an excuse for putting Agriculture before Royalty. The bountiful harvest with which God has blessed us, will do more good, a thousand times told, than the visit of all the princes of human origin now existing. His Royal Highness has passed into the mighty Republic. The Colonies have done their best, I suppose, to honor him, and on the whole, loyalty has been triumphant. What with arches, addresses, balls, shoutings, and crowding to see the son of England's Queen, we have proclaimed our attachment to British Institutions. It is libellous to assert as has been asserted that this visit was undertaken by the Home Government to serve the waning loyalty of the colonists. The substantial and the thoughtful are intelligently attached to British rule; and the events of later years in the abject Republic, have only confirmed them in their preferences. Judging from the reports of the visit of His Royal Highness, he has had better opportunities for seeing the falls and its neighbourhood, than any other section of the country some rudeness is reported, in which the reporters of the American Press are involved, such as intrusion into the Prince's carriage, but such incidents are to be expected occasionally, while ignorance exists, unquestionable conduct will be exhibited. Among the most interesting events of the Canadian visit is the reception of an address from the surviving veterans of the war of 1812, on the very battle-field where they triumphed, and their commander fell. About one hundred and fifty assembled, and doubtless fought their battles over again. They little imagined in the midst of the bloody fray what time would effect, and while proud of the honor of receiving the congratulations of a friend after the lapse of so many years, some sad thought must have gained admittance. The reply is subjoined, and is happily received:—

"GENTLEMEN:—I accept with mingled feelings of pride and pain the address you have presented to me on this spot—with pride in the gallant deeds of my countrymen, with pain in reflection that so many of the noble band you once belonged to have passed away from the scenes of the bravery of their youth, and of the peaceful avocations of their riper years. I have willingly consented to lay the first stone of this monument. Every nation may without offence to its neighbours commemorate its heroic acts, its deeds of arms; its nobleness. This is no taunting boast of victory, nor revival of long past animosities. A noble tribute to a soldier's fame is the more honourable, because we readily acknowledge the bravery and chivalry of that people by whose hands he fell. I trust that Canada will never want such Volunteers as these who fell in the last war, nor her Volunteers be without such leaders. But none the less and most fervently pray that your sons and grandsons may never be called upon to add other laurels to those you have so gallantly won. Accept from me in the Queen's name my thanks for your expressions of devoted loyalty."

The ceremony alluded to in this reply was the laying of the foundation stone, to mark the spot where Gen. Brock fell. Perhaps you would like to see the response to the last address—that of the Hamilton City Council. It also deserves a careful perusal.

"GENTLEMEN:—This is the last of the very numerous addresses which have flowed in upon me from the Municipal Authorities, as well as other bodies throughout the Queen's dominions in North America, which I have now traversed from East to West, and I can say with truth that it is not the least fervent in its declarations of attachment to the Queen, nor the least earnest in its aspirations for the success and happiness of my future life and its prayers that my career may be one of usefulness to others and of honour to myself.

"You cannot doubt the readiness with which I undertook the duty which was entrusted to me by the Queen of visiting in Her name, and on Her behalf these possessions of Her Crown.

"That task is now nearly completed, and it only remains for me to report to your sovereign, universal enthusiasm, unanimous loyalty, all pervading patriotism, general contentment, and I trust no less general prosperity and happiness.

"I can never forget the scenes I have witnessed. The short time during which I have enjoyed the privilege of associating myself with the Canadian people must ever form a happy epoch in my life. I shall bear away with me a grateful remembrance of kindness and affection which, as yet I have been unable to do anything to merit, and it shall be the constant effort of my future years to prove myself not unworthy of the love and confidence of a generous people."

The secretaries of the French Canadian Missionary Society have issued an appeal to the Christian public. They report a debt of over two thousand five hundred dollars. The society has employed during the year, fifteen colporteurs and catechists, seven teachers, and four ordained ministers. There are five organized churches connected with the mission. Father Chiniquy—now in Great Britain—has given addresses of much interest detailing the steps in his conversion, "It is the Lord's doings and marvellous in our eyes," that in Canada itself he would raise up some chosen instruments from within the Church of Rome, who will prove mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan.

The Hon. George Brown, has been delivering an address before the Reformers of the South Riding of Waterloo, at their request. The speech was intended for eyes as well as ears, as speech often are, and is reported at length in the paper of which he is the proprietor. Mr. Brown is a statesman—and his address bristles all over with facts, and, for an oft-told tale, has considerable freshness.

Corrections or contradictions of current stories concerning the conduct of our late visitors are appearing daily. It would seem that the Duke of Newcastle did not select Roman Catholic priests subjects of peculiar favor at Carillon, as was reported. This is a reliable correction, as it comes from the Protestant minister said to have been overlooked. It was stated that Ottawa was disgraced by its excessive and extensive drunkenness on the occasion of the Prince's visit.—Gentlemen residing in Ottawa pronounce the report untrue. The True Witness had an account of the deference paid by His Royal Highness to the orphan children of a Catholic Institution.—Persons who were present say that the True Witness does not verify its name in this instance.

SERIOUS FIRE.—We regret to learn that two large barns filled with all the harvest produce of Hugh McMonagle, Esq., Sussex, were destroyed by fire on Monday last—uninsured. The loss will be very heavy.

No man of this age seems destined to play more "character"—if we may use the language of the actress—than Signor Giuseppe Garibaldi. First he was cabin-boy in his father's sloop, having no other ambition than to be one day the captain of a felucca, and possibly of a big ship. That respectable post in due time he reached.

After a variety of fortunes in the Mediterranean sea, he betook himself to South America where he spent some years, first in helping the people of Uruguay, of which Montevideo is capital, to recover the possessions of the Province of Rio Grande from the Brazilians.

Peace having at length been made by the very unequal belligerents, Garibaldi turned in and helped Montevideo against Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres. In these two wars Garibaldi fought in the sound cause of liberty, or thought he did. He spent not more than fifteen years in South America, where he married, in the early part of the war with Brazil, a lady who was a native of the province of Rio Grande, who bore him several children, two or three of whom still live. This heroic woman was the constant companion of all his subsequent adventures and perils, as long as she lived.

In 1848 Garibaldi returned to his native city of Nice, then in the kingdom of Sardinia. He was coldly received by Charles Albert, but this did not prevent him from offering his services, and doing what he could to save his country from the calamities and disgrace which the battle of Novara (in March, 1849) brought upon it. After this event, we find him at Rome, where he distinguished himself greatly in the struggle in the spring and summer of 1849, between the Republic and the Papal troops, the French, and at the last, the Austrians. Driven from the "Eternal City," he conducted his army as well as he could across the Apennines, northward, hoping to meet Venice, which still held out. But he failed; his army was scattered to the winds by the Austrian legions, and to fill up the cup of his misfortunes, his noble-hearted wife, his cherished Anna, died of excessive fatigue, and want of food, and left him a lonely exile at the mouth of the Po. Making his way into Tuscany, he was arrested and banished by the Sardinian Government. Coming to New York (in 1850), he nobly supported himself for some time by making soap and candles on Staten Island.

Not long afterwards, Garibaldi embarked in his old profession, and for several years commanded a vessel that traded on the Peruvian and Chilean coast of South America. In the year 1854, he returned to his native city of Nice, and remained there or in its vicinity for five years, engaged in trading or in the cultivation of his "insular acres." The stirring events of 1859 called him into the service of his country, and at the head of his Cacciatori delle Alpi (Hunters of the Alps), he formed the extreme left of the vast allied force and marching by the foot of the mountains he drove the Austrians from Varese, Lugano, Como, Bergamo, and was among the foremost to enter Brescia.

At the close of this brief but wonderful war, Garibaldi returned to his peaceful employments, until he was summoned to take the command of the insurgent troops in the Romagna, which he soon organized, and prepared to fight the army of the Pope on the Marches of Ancona, not far off. The Emperor of France persuaded Victor Emmanuel to recall his friend, in order to save a collision between the two armies, which had come almost face to face, in the neighborhood of the smallest of all republics of our times San Marino. Garibaldi obeyed the voice of his sovereign, and retired again to his acres on the sea coast. Quietly occupied there with his sons, cultivating his grounds, looking after his herds and flocks, his ear caught the sound of war, as it came over the sea from beautiful but enslaved Sicily. No doubt he received many messages from the struggling insurgents of that Island. He saw he was needed there and without delay, raised a volunteer force of 1200 Italian, and 500 Hungarians, and with that force he landed at Marsala, at the extreme end of Sicily on the 11th day of May.

But what need is there of words? On the 27th of that month the great battle of Mactusa, or Palermo, and by noon he possessed half of that beautiful city. Many lives were lost in that bloody affair; but Garibaldi triumphed. The Neapolitans, after much negotiation, gave up the fortresses as well as the city, and on the 19th of June the Royal troops were all gone, and gone too were the Neapolitan ships of war from its flag harbor.

Since that eventful day, Garibaldi has been performing the functions of a legislator. Supreme in his authority, he has been acting, as was proper he should, the part of a Dictator! He has had everything to do, a new civil government to create, with all its ramifications, for the whole island; troops to raise by a grand levy upon all who were of a proper age; money to procure to meet all these current expenses, and pay the interest due on the public debt, and the secret force of liberty to look after the worst of them (the Jesuits and Liguorians), to expel from the island. Verily his hands have been full.

## News Items.

The Board of Management of the Canada Foreign Missionary Society desire to acknowledge the receipt, (through the Rev. Professor Corbish), of \$583, collected in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and so gratefully to thank the friends of the society in those provinces for their generous contribution, which will in the main be applied to the support of the Labrador Mission. Papers in Halifax, Pictou, and St. John, N. B., will please copy.—[Montreal Witness.]

Eighty bodies have come ashore from the wreck of the Lady Elgin, and vessels report that they have seen over 100 bodies floating on the Lake. A steam tug has been employed to collect and bring them to Chicago. Among those recovered is that of Herbert Ingram, Esq., proprietor of the London Illustrated News, a gentleman who had a large fortune and was visiting America on a pleasure tour.—[Id.]

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, the only son of George S. Brown, aged 3 and a half years, was drowned in the artificial pond on the grounds of that gentleman. He was last seen in the garden about 4 o'clock—was soon after missed, and after a vigilant search his cap was discovered in the pond, and his lifeless body found at the bottom of the pond, where it was supposed to have lain nearly two hours. He was a fine interesting boy.—[Yarmouth Herald.]

THE SHOOTING OF WALKER CONFIRMED.—NEW ORLEANS, Sept.—28. The steamer Gladiator has arrived at Quarantine from Honduras.

Walker was shot on the 12th. Ten shots were fired and he died. He was interred by foreigners. Rudler has been sentenced to four years imprisonment.

THE RUM TRAFFIC IN BOSTON.—A recent letter of the State Temperance Committee to the inhabitants of Boston, says that there are two thousand places where liquor is sold in that city and while they urge the enforcement of the existing laws, they of course see no way in which they can be executed or they would do the work themselves. The result of liquor selling in Boston, as learned from official records, is that 43,019 paupers and offenders before the courts, 30,000 were brought to poverty and crime by intemperance; and out of 30,000, some 25,000 were residents of Boston.—[Newburyport.]