

The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. E. McLeod,

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

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Religious Selections.

Prepare to Meet thy God!

Solemn admonition! To whom is it addressed? Reader, it is addressed to you. It may be the last that the God of infinite mercy will ever give you. He has often spoken to you before; sometimes in the language of threatening, sometimes in the tender tones of invitation and promise. He has addressed you by his word, and by his judgments, and by his mercies. His next call may be from the throne of judgment. O then, as you value your immortal soul, "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

Consider the certainty of the event. You must meet God. Other events may be doubtful; other meetings may never take place; but from this there is no escape: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God." Willing or unwilling, prepared or unprepared, you must appear in the presence of God.

This meeting may take place soon—it cannot be very far distant. If delayed to old age, it will soon arrive. The intervening years are lost in comparison with eternity. But you may never see old age; you may never see another year; nay, another day, another hour may usher your soul into the presence of your Judge.

Consider whom you are to meet. Not a man like yourself; not an angel, however exalted, but God! the infinite Creator and Governor of the universe: a Being whose majesty and glory fill the highest seraph with awe: a Being of perfect holiness, inflexible justice, unchanging truth as well as boundless goodness and mercy. Reader, he is thy God. Thou mayest never have acknowledged him as such; thou mayest never have chosen him as thy portion; yet he is thy Creator, thy Preserver, thy Benefactor, thy Sovereign and Judge. On him thou art entirely dependent; to him indebted for every blessing; and to him thou art accountable for the use thou hast made of all his gifts. Art thou ready to appear in his presence? He is coming to judgment. "The voice of the archangel and the trumpet of God" announce his approach. "Behold, he cometh with clouds." The startled world look up in amazement: the millions of the dead are waked and stand before the Judge in silent and awful expectation; and thou among them, reader. The books are opened, and the dead are judged out of the things that are written in the books, every one according to his deeds.

Say not with the cavillers of "the last days," "Where is the promise of his coming?" "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night." The day of death will be to you the day of judgment; the sentence of which will be confirmed amid the pomp and splendors of the final scene.

How fearful will be the consequences if found unprepared! What shame and confusion, what consternation and despair will overwhelm the spirit, as it is ushered into the presence of the infinite Judge, with all its neglected opportunities its unheeded calls and warnings and invitations full in recollection! What self-reproaches, what bitter regrets, what agonies of remorse will convulse and tear the soul! But the righteous sentence must be pronounced: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." O, what a pang of insufferable woe does this sentence strike through the soul! and yet it is but the beginning of sorrows. It is but a foretaste of the worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched. The sinner now finds himself in the hands of an omnipotent God beneath whose all-conquering wrath he must sink for ever. Resistance is vain; tears are of no avail. Repentance now comes too late. The day of probation is closed; his doom is sealed. And Oh, what a doom!

Banishment from heaven, and eternal misery in hell! Yes, the bright abodes of purity and peace, where angels and saints mingle their praises and joys in sweet and holy fellowship, shall never see, except "as afar off," and only to aggravate his pain. Separated for ever from the good and holy, his dwelling is amidst the "blackness of darkness," his companions devils and damned souls, destitute of every lovely feature, "hateful, and hating one another." Secure of horror and sounds of woe, the mournful fruits of sin, such as eye has not seen, nor imagination conceived, meet his eye and his ear in every direction: it is indeed "a place of torment." Hope, that sweet solace amid the trials of this life, now dies. Eternal punishment is chosen on all sides of this infernal prison, and is echoed in all the wallings of the lost.

Reader, is this to be your portion? It will be unless you listen to the gracious admonition now sent to you—"Prepare to meet thy God." Can you be so thoughtless, so rash, so hardened as to neglect it? Will you give heed to the admonition of an earthly friend, and not listen to "Him who speaks from heaven"? Will you prepare in summer for the desolation of winter; in health, for sickness; in youth for approaching age; prepare for every earthly contingency, and yet make no preparation for eternity? Will you prepare a habitation for the body, which must soon crumble to dust, and neglect the never-dying spirit? Will you prepare to meet the chief magistrate of the nation, and make no preparation to meet God, the Judge of all?

Is the happiness of the immortal soul of so

little value, that you can afford to part with it for the few uncertain and short-lived pleasures of this life? Are they sufficient to counterbalance the endless pains of the second death? Oh, no, you cannot say this, you do not believe it. Why, then, not awake immediately to your peril and your duty? God is now calling upon you; the Saviour extends his compassionate arms; the Holy Spirit, it may be, is striving with you; Christians are praying for you; the angels are waiting to rejoice over you; and are you only indifferent?

Do you plead your pressing engagements? What engagements can you have so important as this? This is the prime business of life—the only thing worth living for; and this neglected whatever else is attended to or obtained, life is spent in vain; life is lost; all is lost for ever.

Are you waiting for a more convenient season? What reason have you to believe that you will ever see such a season? The present is all the time of which you are sure, the future may be in eternity. If not, it may find you surrounded with more hindrances, and more callous to every impression of truth. God, in his righteous anger, may withdraw his Spirit, give you up to your own lusts, and swear, in his wrath, that you shall never enter his rest.

O, how many beacons warn you of the danger of delay! How many blighted hopes and ruined souls admonish you to prepare now to meet God! It falls from the gasping lips of the dying sinner, and comes up in tones of anguish and despair from the bottomless pit: "Prepare to meet thy God." It is echoed from heaven and earth, from time and eternity, and from the voice of your own conscience within, "Prepare to meet thy God." Now, in this accepted time, this day of salvation, make your peace with God.

I will indulge the thought that your careless mind at length begins to think, and your hard heart to feel, and that you begin to inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Most gladly will I endeavor to answer the question. If, then, a single serious thought has arisen in your mind, cherish it. As you value your immortal soul, let it not go till it has led you to peace and safety.

Now form the purpose at once, that preparation to meet God shall, from this moment, be the great business of life. Look up to God to confirm this purpose. And now, think what you have been doing all your life. How have you lived without God; how ungrateful have you been for all his mercies; how disobedient to his plain commands. How have you lived wholly to yourself in the gratification of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." How has your life been full of sin; what an awful weight of guilt rests upon you. Fall at once before God, and with a broken and penitent heart confess your sins, and resolve, in his strength, utterly and for ever to forsake them. Implore his forgiveness, and yield yourself up to him to be his servant for ever.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Without him you are lost. "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Trust in him with all your heart and you are safe. "His blood cleanses from all sin." Guilty and hell-deserving as you are, you need not fear to go to him. He himself has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Go, then, at once and commit your condemned and polluted soul to his hands, and you will find "how freely Jesus can forgive." You may have a title secured to you of an interest in the everlasting inheritance, and a hope full of immortality.

And now, my friend, what is your decision? Whatever it is, it is recorded in heaven, and you will meet it at the last day. Will it be with joy or grief?

The Evangelical Alliance.

On the occasion of the General Assembly of the Evangelical Alliance, on the 22d of Sept., at Geneva, an excellent little work was issued under the title of *Qui sommes nous?* (Who are we?) by M. Tissot, setting forth the objects and the history of the Evangelical Alliance. The contents of this work have a special interest just now, when for the fourth time a meeting of the leading representatives of nearly all the evangelical denominations is attracting the attention of Protestant world.

To the question proposed on the title of page the book, *Who are we?* the answer is given. The Evangelical Alliance is the Representative of a Great Idea. It aims to be a realization of the unity of all Christians, for which the Lord prayed shortly before his death, and which the Apostles' Creed enumerates among the cardinal points of the Christian system. This unity, it must be confessed, had no external expression in the Protestant world, before the formation of the Evangelical Alliance. Compulsory decrees of Churches and States had proved entirely incapable of achieving an object which ought to be dear to every Christian. The Evangelical Alliance sought to pave the way for it by means of a voluntary association.

The Alliance is now no longer a mere idea, but it has become a fact. In 1845, the preparations had been so far matured as to justify the convocation of the constituent assembly at Liverpool, when three hundred Christians, of more than twenty different denominations, met and agreed upon a preliminary statement of the principles which were to form the basis of

the Alliance. In the following year, 1846, a large assembly, counting no less than nine hundred delegates, from England, North America, Germany, and other countries, met at London, and, under the presidency of Sir Colling Eardly, ratified the basis of union provisionally adopted at Liverpool.

England was the first country in which the Alliance obtained a thorough and extensive organization, especially through the Conference at Manchester, (1847). In France, it was organized the same year; principally owing to efforts of one of the most distinguished French divines of modern times, the late Adolphe Monod. Soon after, Switzerland, Belgium, America, Germany, the British Colonies, Sweden, Africa, and other countries, followed. Thus the bond of union gradually embraced the entire Protestant world, and countries and churches which formerly had been separated from each other by manifold prejudices, began to understand and to love one another.

Already, though only twelve years old, the Alliance has had a glorious history. It has held four Great Assemblies of delegates of all Evangelical Churches, which well deserve to take rank beside the Oecumenical Councils of the Ancient Church; the first at London, in 1851; the second at Paris, in 1855, simultaneously with the Great Exhibition; the third, on the special invitation of King Frederick William IV., at Berlin; and more recently, the fourth in the city of Calvin. The influence of these assemblies, especially on the Churches of Continental Europe has been very great. They have everywhere strengthened and encouraged the Evangelical School in those State Churches in which Rationalism is still a power; they have awakened a new and universal interest in the missionary work, and a retrospect of the last fifteen years reveals the significant fact that while 15 years ago, a number of countries were almost entirely destitute of missionary agencies, now there is at least a beginning, and a promising progress in each.

The greatest distinction has been won by the Alliance in behalf of Religious Liberty. Wherever, since 1845, flagrant cases of religious intolerance have occurred, the Alliance has interfered in behalf of the victims, and in some instances with signal success. In 1852, when the Medici were imprisoned at Florence for having read the Bible, it was the Alliance that sent deputies from England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to ask for their release. When, in 1855, the massacre of Christians in Turkey, called attention to the existence of a law by which conversion to Christianity was punishable with death, it was the address of the Evangelical Alliance to the Christian governments, and to that of Turkey, that gave the first impulse to the celebrated law, from which dates the beginning of religious toleration in Turkey. It was the Evangelical Alliance that brought the case of the Spaniards, who were more recently imprisoned for having avowed Protestant principles, to the knowledge of the Christian nations, and that has made the greatest efforts for their deliverance. These noble services in behalf of religious liberty have not been confined to Protestants. When Sweden re-enforced the intolerant laws of former centuries against its Roman Catholic subjects, it was the Evangelical Alliance that made the most energetic remonstrance against a procedure so inconsistent with one of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. The organization of a prayer-union throughout the Protestant world, in the month of January, which promises to become one of the strongest bonds of sympathy for Protestants of various denominations, has also been chiefly its work.

The Alliance, undoubtedly, is only in the first period of a brilliant history. As its objects come to be more widely known and better understood, and as the participation in it on the part of the greater Christian denominations becomes more general and lively, it cannot fail to accomplish still more. Meetings like that now held at Geneva, and books like that of M. Tissot, will greatly promote this result.—[The Methodist.

The Revival of 1735.

The following account of the commencement of the great revival, which began under the preaching of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards at Northampton, Mass., in 1735, will be read with interest:

The work commenced at Northampton, in the conversion of a gay young woman, described by Mr. Edwards as "one of the greatest company-keepers of the town."—Presently upon this, an earnest concern about the great things of religion and the eternal world, became universal in all parts of the town, and among persons of all degrees and all ages; and the noise among the dry bones waxed louder and louder; all other talk but about spiritual and eternal things was soon thrown by; all the conversation in companies, and upon all occasions, was upon these things only, unless so much as was necessary for persons carrying on their ordinary secular business. Other discourse than of the things of religion, would scarcely be tolerated in company.

There was scarcely a single person left in the town, either old or young, that was left unconcerned about the great things of the eternal world. Those that were wont to be the vainest and loosest, and to speak lightly of vital religion, were now generally subject to great awakenings.

The work of conversion was carried on in a most astonishing manner; it increased more and more; and souls did, as it were, come, by flocks to Jesus Christ.

This work of God, as it was carried on, and the number of true saints multiplied, soon made a glorious alteration in the town; so that in the spring and summer following, the town seemed full of the glory of God. There were remarkable tokens of God's presence in almost every house. It was a time of joy in families, on account of salvation being brought into them, and parents rejoicing over their children as new-born, and husbands over wives, and wives over their husbands. Our public assemblies were then beautiful; the congregation was alive in God's service, every one intent on the public worship, every hearer eager to drink in the words of the minister as they came from his mouth; the assemblies were, in general, from time to time in tears while the word was preached; some weeping with sorrow and distress, others with joy and love, others with pity and concern for the souls of their neighbors.

From the Methodist.

The London Watchman publishes the "Annual Address" of the Wesleyan Conference to its people. It reports, for the last year, an increase of 9471 members of Society, with a reserve of 23,271 persons on trial for church-membership. The increase of chapel and school accommodations has been most encouraging, and it is affirmed that never were the evangelical labors of the denomination brought to bear upon so large a proportion of the population of the country. The increase in the number of children in the day-schools is 4533, and in the Sunday-schools, 19,485; making a total of more than 500,000 young persons under regular religious instruction.

The Address is in the genuine style of primitive Methodism—quickening in its fervid appeals, evangelical in its views of the appropriate work and wants of the denomination. As an index to the present temper of the Wesleyan ministry it is most encouraging. It says:—"The great and acknowledged need of our times is a continuous Pentecost. To the need of some extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Ghost all Christian people are now shut up. In all churches alike, the spiritual results are not commensurate with the religious agencies employed. In our own Church which employs a more numerous and diversified body of laborers than any other, the disproportion is all the more obvious and painful. It is in so vast and complicated a machinery that the need of a corresponding motive power is most evident. Unless we are constantly pervaded, in all departments of evangelical labor, by the presence and influence of the Holy Ghost, our very organization will be our weakness and our ruin. We want for our Sunday-school Teachers a power of the Holy Ghost that shall enable them to communicate living lessons to their scholars every Sabbath. We want for our Class-Leaders such a power as will kindle a flame of divine love in the midst of their members every time they meet. We want for our Local Preachers a power that shall awaken sinners under every sermon they preach. For ourselves, we want a baptism of fire that shall make our every ministration mighty in spiritual results, and shall make our intercourse with the officers and members of our Societies instinct with spiritual power. What do we want, for all our people, but the same glorious baptism of the Holy Ghost? Is there any evil amongst us of which this would not be the adequate remedy? Is there any defect about us which this would not supply? Is there any obstacle opposed to us which this would not remove and sweep away? Have we not read this lesson in the history of the past? And is not this same great truth taught us in the most recent dispensations of God to his Church? In America, in Sweden, in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Wales, the revival of religion testified that in the most unlikely places, and by the most unexpected means, the face of the Church and of the surrounding world may be changed, as in a moment, from desolation to beauty, by the descending grace of the Holy Ghost. Let us, then, afresh, learn this lesson, and practically exemplify it—that our dependence for all good, in all means, and through all instrumentalities, is only upon the help of the blessed Spirit. Shall we not seek this help? Let us do so as we of this generation have never done before. Let the great work of the year upon which we are entering be that of PRAYER FOR THE HOLY GHOST."

Restitution.

"The doctrine of restitution is too much forgotten. When men have done wrong to their neighbors, and on true penitence God has forgiven them, it is yet but just that they should make reparation to the injured party, in all cases where it can possibly be done. This justice requires, and God demands. When a soul is converted to Christ, he will of course mend his ways; and if there are remembered instances of insult or injury, whether recent or more remote, when he can repair the wrong, he is to do it; and it is the best evidence that God has forgiven his sins, and his heart has been renewed, when he confesses also to men, and hastens to repair the wrong he has done."

The above, which we copy from the Morning Star, is sound Christian doctrine. A good illustration of it has lately come to our knowledge.

A man from New England, now at work in the California mines, lately, through the influence of preaching, was brought to see his sinfulness, and to seek forgiveness, but could find no peace for his soul till he disclosed to the minister that some time ago he defrauded three men in Boston of small sums of money, and resolved if God would spare him long enough to earn the money by his daily labor, and restore it. We received the first installment, fifty-five dollars, a few days ago, and after some hours of searching, found two of the parties, and gave them their share. One of the men on receiving the money was affected almost to tears, and was evidently strongly impressed with the genuineness of that kind of religion. May it do him good. The other had died, but his widow was in need of money, and was profuse in her expression of gladness and admiration of the man's conscientiousness, though to neither could we disclose the name of the penitent. The third party we have not yet found, but the money will be expended according to the directions. Though it has cost us some labor, we shall not refuse at any time to carry out such practical demonstrations of true Christianity.—[Zion's Herald.

Opportunities, and how to use Them.

Such was the title of the subject for conversation at the last early breakfast meeting at St. Jude's, Whitechapel. The opener, Mr. Kirkham, said the design of the subject was to stir up Christian men and women to activity in the Lord's vineyard, not so much in official Christian work, as in seizing opportunities for usefulness, or making them when they did not occur. He considered this was taught in the passage under consideration, Gal. vi. 10—"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." He wanted all present to have impressed upon their minds the quaint inscription on one of the public buildings in Shrewsbury:

"For our Lord Jesus Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
By all the means you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as you can."

To whom ought good to be done? To all men, to their bodies and souls. When ought it to be done? As opportunity offered. Bond had said, "Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain when opportunity is gone." Doing good involved reproof direct and indirect, and self-denial. Much depended upon how an opportunity was used when placed in our way. It requires much wisdom, love, earnestness, promptness, and prayer. Examples were brought forward. A man was passing down a street, and seeing a man selling some articles while mounted on a barrel, the man offered the salesman a shilling to allow him to occupy the barrel for an hour. It was agreed to, and at its close the salesman said, "Sir, you had better go on; you are doing more good than I am." A lamp-lighter was engaged in cleaning his lamps. Over the way was a drunkard. The man felt a desire to speak to him. He did so, and the drunkard wept. Missing the man afterwards he neglected to inquire after him; and when he did so, he found he had been dead some days. That was an illustration of an opportunity seized, and one lost. A watchmaker puts in every watch which passes through his hands, in addition to his name and address,—

"Behold, O mortal man,
Thy life is but a span;
How swift thy moments fly,
Remember thou must die,
Go to the judgment seat beyond the sky."

A young baker lays traps upon his counter, and writes over them "God is love. Take one." Several young people write a short sentence on a tract, and another inside the envelope in which they enclose it; such as "What has Jesus done for me?" "Remember the day of judgment." These are distributed. Another prepares a card on which is printed, in clear, bold type, "Do you know that you have eternal life? If not, why not?" This is shown to persons with the question, "Can you answer that?" A conversation ensues. A boy has a small bill prepared—"Is your soul saved? If not, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" The first evening he distributes them, a young man is saved. After referring to other incidents, Mr. Kirkham said he felt the subject as important that he could not do justice to it. His own mind was deeply impressed with it, but he could not give utterance to his feelings.

A thought for the Rich.

The following paragraph, from an English paper, may possibly have some application to the rich Christians of this country:

"What an awful thing it is to die rich!—Imagine the Master auditing the account of a servant who has left behind a million! If that poor wretch who had but one talent was cast into outer darkness because he laid it up, instead of using it in his Master's service, what will be the doom of those who, with their half-millions and millions (while giving, it may be, a few thousands for decency's sake) have, year after year hoarded up countless treasures which they never use?"

Think of the poor saints pinched with cold and hunger! Think of the Redeemer's cause languishing for the want of that filthy lucre which they hold with close-fisted selfishness! Yet listen to their talk! "I am but a stow-

ard." "I am not my own." "Every believer in Jesus is my brother or sister." What a mockery! Will not this be the Master's language to many a professor: "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee?"

The above remarks are equally applicable to many persons who do not possess such gigantic fortunes.

"Let go the Twig."

During a revival in Scotland, a lady was awakened, and went to a minister and told him how unhappy she was. He said he was glad to hear it. She told him how she had read and prayed, and yet could find no peace. He told her it was not by anything she could do, but what Christ had done long ago, and finished on the cross, she could be saved. Nothing relieved, she went to a recently converted friend, and said, "What have you done to get peace?" "Done!" said her friend, "I have done nothing. It is by what Christ has done, I have found peace with God." In yet greater distress she went home, shut herself in her room, resolving not to rise from her knees till she had found peace. Long she remained so, till, worn out, her poor body fell into a slumber. And she dreamed she was falling over a frightful precipice, but had caught a twig by which she hung over the gulf. "Oh! leave me," she cried; and a voice from below, which in her dream she knew to be Christ's, said, "Let go the twig, and I will save you." "Lord, save me," again and again she cried, and again and again the same answer was returned, "Let go the twig, and I will save you." She must perish she thought if she let go the twig. At length he said in tones most solemn and tender, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." She let it go, fell into her Saviour's arms, and in the joy of feeling herself safe awoke. In her sleep she had learned the needed lesson. Her own doings were the twig. She saw she must let these go, and fall down into the arms of her Redeemer. She did so, and had peace.

Dear reader—"Let go the twig." Learn by heart this hymn, and make the language of it your own:—

"Rock of Ages cleave for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin a double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling—
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Guilty, to the fountain fly;
Wash me Saviour, or I die."

The Death of Mirabeau.

"Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, surround me with music, that thus I may enter upon eternal sleep!" were the last words of the dying Mirabeau. Fit valedictory of so ignoble a spirit, to the fearful scenes over which, like an arch-demon, he hid so often and successfully tyrannized.

Gifted with a versatility of genius that placed him on an equality with the most prominent public men of his country, Mirabeau might have wrought out for himself a monument lasting as the political annals of France, and been instrumental in leading that ill-fated kingdom to a retreat, secure alike from the despotism of a court, and the blighting anarchy of an infuriated populace. Possessed of an influence grasping alike the power of the palace, and the cot of the artisan, he ruled both king and subject. Noble by birth, the royal household appealed to the pride of that nobility as a defence against the jeers and assaults of a reckless people. A republican by profession, the revolutionists, the concordant acclamation of a million voices, constituted him a mediator between themselves and the throne. Recruct to his king, the royal prerogatives were publicly sold in the market place of the mob; and deluding with deceitful hopes the people, their just rights were scornfully satirized in the audience chamber of the king. Eulogizing every virtue, he revealed in every vice; grasping at every merit, he embraced every defect; bowing down with the devotion of an idolater at the shrine of every glory, he burned unholy incense upon the altar of every disgrace; aspiring to the most daring yet successful political leadership of the Revolution, he wallowed in the vilest kennel of profligacy that ever reeked upwards from the streets of abandoned Paris. Guided by no fixed principle of right, he basely stooped to gather the emoluments of every wrong; prompted by no holy impulse that might have made him a patriot or a martyr, he deemed it no villany to betray a party or abjure a faith. Looking not beyond the present hour: that hour animated by no existence wedded to a thought, save his own; and that existence wedded to the gratification of every sensual appetite, even to satiety—he crushed within him those aspirations, which in the quiet of his youthful student days, pleaded with angel eloquence for the actual glories of a future, nobler life; and wrote over the entrance to his chamber, "Death is an eternal sleep!" Every goblet of pleasure he had drained to the lees, every golden-lured fruit he had plucked from the tree of sensual life; and now in the hour of death, when every sense was silently yet securely being sealed forever, Mirabeau raised himself, all loathsome and deformed, through licentiousness, from his couch, and in tones undisturbed as those which he had ere-while spoken in thunder accents from the Tribune of the Assembly, demanded the vestments for this last sacrifice—"Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, surround me with music, that thus I may enter on eternal sleep!" A shadow stole over his black brow; a tremor shook his frame, and the sensual Mirabeau awoke in calmness his death sleep.—[Christian Chronicle.