

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. J. E. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." C. R. BILL, PUBLISHER. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1858. VOL. XI.—NO. 97.

BAPTIST HISTORY Of these Lower Provinces.

CHAPTER XXIV. COUNTY OF DIGBY.

Mr. Randall's visit to Weymouth near the close of 1832, has been succeeded by interesting and important results to that special locality, as well as to a large extent of the surrounding country, which is thickly populated, and which exhibits a pleasing aspect of evangelical and social progress. A quarter of a century has rolled away since he became personally identified with the interests of Zion in that place. He was then young in years, as well as in the ministry. He was, however, possessed of zeal of a clear intellect—sound in his views of Bible truth, and animated by an indomitable spirit of perseverance in the work, to which he had solemnly consecrated his energies. Now, though only fifty-one years of age, and still physically robust—his head is already prematurely hoary, and he will soon be regarded by the rising generation as one of the Fathers. At this stage of his career in the ministry, he, in the vision of retrospection, may turn to the past, and feel thankful that his labours have not been in vain. He has had his hours of discouragement and trial; and he has had seasons of prosperity and rejoicing. It, at times, prospects have been perplexing and gloomy, he has, again and again, experienced deliverance at the hands of God. In his hours of darkness—and they have not been few—the promise of God to his servants has been as "a pillar of a cloud" by day, and "a pillar of fire" by night. With a wet fleece and a dry one he has tasted the faithfulness of Jehovah, whose covenant mercies are ordered in all things and sure. When his spirit has been sinking within him, he has heard "a still small voice" whispering assurance:—"Lo, I am with you always."

He had been preaching at Weymouth and its vicinity for several weeks; and about mid-winter, (1833,) he clearly perceived that many of the people were solemnly impressed; and that there were encouraging indications of an extensive work of Grace. At this juncture, however, he had such humble views of his own inefficiency as a servant of Christ, that he deemed it scarcely possible that God would work through his feeble instrumentality. He saw the whitened field around him; but longed for a more potent and experienced labourer than himself to enter into the harvest. The services of some one else, he thought, was needed—and only needed—to effect, by God's blessing, a marvellous change in the spiritual condition of the people. So fully was he impressed with this idea, that he actually mounted his horse, and started towards Nietaux, determined to prevail upon Brother Bill, Brother Vidtöe, or some other competent evangelist, to come and preach to a people, who were manifestly struggling and praying for a gracious day of deliverance. But he had only travelled twelve miles from Weymouth, when his journey was arrested by one of those severe snow storms, for which that year is memorable; and for three days, in a state of most distressing mental agitation, he could neither go backward nor forward. Providence, indeed, seemed to hedge up his way.

Perplexed, and scarcely knowing what course to take, he concluded to postpone his journey till the roads were more favourable for travelling. With a heavy heart, and distressing exercises of soul, he turned his horses head towards Weymouth. The next ensuing Sabbath, he preached from this text:—"Upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." That morning he addressed the people under severe trial, and with feelings of the most intense mental agony. He had, in fact, a terrible struggle with the demon of infidelity. During the whole discourse, he was overwhelmed with the crushing spirit of unbelief. He, at the time, was under the impression that he had never been savingly converted, and much less called of God to preach the Gospel. That he had deceived himself and had deceived others seemed certain; and while speaking, he was tortured with the idea that the whole congregation could perceive that he was a hollow-hearted hypocrite; and that all he said was mere pretence. Meanwhile, he spoke with unusual fluency, although what he uttered, as he conceived, was an abomination in the sight of God, because he was not speaking under a right influence. It was a severely cold day, and the meeting was held in an unfinished dwelling house. While preaching, he stood in an open entry, between two apartments, both of which were occupied by his congregation. Though his hearers were chilled by the severity of the weather, the perspiration, in large drops rolled down his face in profusion. The agony of his mind was indeed so intense, that it greatly affected his whole physical system. As he spoke, his tongue seemed to himself to be parched and swollen, and his voice to be grating and husky. In this trying exercise, body so sympathized with mind, that he scarcely knew which was the most intolerable source of suffering.

At the close of the sermon, he would fain have proclaimed to the people that he had preached his last sermon; but he had previously made an appointment for the evening, and he came to the determination to get through with it as well as he could, and the next day, to quietly leave the place. So far as he was personally concerned,

he would have preferred to frankly avow the exercises of his mind with regard to his views of himself; and he would have done so, had he not feared that such an avowal would injure the cause of religion, which he loved too well to rashly subject it to contumely through his means. Between the morning and evening services his mind was overshadowed and oppressed by the powers of darkness. In attempting to pray, his spirit seemed bound by the iron chain of unbelief. His words were smothered into groans. Distinct articulation, as he bowed his knees before God, seemed impossible. The Adversary, for the time, had obtained the mastery over him. In the evening, he preached from these words:—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." His mind had been somewhat relieved in the opening prayer; and when he began to desecrate upon the text,—light and joy broke in upon his soul—the coffin of the day was over,—and he felt ineffably happy in delivering God's message to the people. At the close of the meeting, instead of announcing, as he had intended in the morning to withdraw from that field of labour, he made appointments to preach several times during the succeeding fortnight. He was indeed greatly encouraged by the sweet freedom which he felt in preaching that evening; and felt assured that the sermon would prove a special blessing to his hearers. Soon after this trying day, a number of precious souls were converted; and in Zion were heard songs of joy and deliverance.

Brother Randall was still unordained; and as the new-born babes in Christ were desirous of a name and a place in the visible Church, the Rev. Henry Saunders, who then resided at Nietaux, was sent for to administer ordinances. In compliance with the request made to him by the Sissiboo Church, he visited it in March, and baptized twenty-eight willing converts. When they came forward to state their religious exercises, hopes, and grounds of belief to the Church, Brother Randall listened with open ears, sanguinely expecting to hear some of them refer to the evening sermon, of which he was so happy. Strange to say, however, not one of them mentioned it at all; but all of them, who came forward during that revival, and who had listened to the sermon, which, under the severest trial, had been delivered on the morning of the same day, spoke of it as a special means of blessing their souls. This, to us, is an interesting fact. God's servants are not always prepared to judge aright of their own labours. Our Great High Priest was made "perfect through suffering," and his servants are often most efficient while in the hottest furnace of trial. They who would "reap in joy," must "sow in tears." God's ministers—aye, and God's people too—if they are useful in the Church, will in vain hope for exemption from fiery trials, similar to that mentioned in the case of Bro. Randall. Men must be stripped—thoroughly stripped—before they are fully prepared to "put on the whole armour of God," and enter into conflict with the powers of darkness. The soul struggle—the inner warfare—the spiritual trials of a genuine minister of Jesus Christ are little known to those, who are mere spectators of Zion's aggressive operations against the spirit of the world.

On the 11th of July 1832 Brother Randall was ordained as pastor of the Sissiboo Church. At the Council called to advise and assist in thus setting him apart to the full work of the ministry, a number of clerical Brethren were present. Among them was the late Father Munro of Onslow, whose preaching, advice and admonitions on the occasion, were highly appreciated by his junior brethren in the pulpit, and listened to with deep interest by those who occupied the pews. It was just one of those religious gatherings—one of those solemn services,—when a number of Christian Ministers meet, and make a salutary impression on each other's minds, as well as on the minds of the people; and then part, with strength renewed, and more than ever confirmed in the faith of the Gospel.

From this time, Brother Randall continued to preach and administer ordinances to the Sissiboo Church, which then was spread over a large extent of country. From Digby Joggin, including all the back settlements, into the Township of Clare, were his church and congregation scattered; and he devoted almost his whole time in labouring from one end of his circuit, (thirty miles in length,) to the other. Nor did he labour in vain. In 1837, at one end of his circuit, (Digby Joggin,) there was an interesting work of Grace, and a number were baptized, and received into the Church. Among them was an aged female—an invalid, who had been bed-ridden for years. She, however, was a believer, and longed to obey and follow her Lord in submitting herself to the appointed ordinances of his Church. Worldlings and cold-hearted professors thought it would be wrong, in her present feeble and helpless condition, to baptize her. Some indeed averred that it would be cruel, if not impious. Brother Randall, however, left the matter wholly to herself, using no means to bias her inclinations. The love of God was burning in her soul, and the path of Gospel obedience looked too attractive to be neglected. "I must follow my Lord," said she. On her bed, she related her christian experience; and was carried to the water in a chair, in which she was baptized. She emerged from the liquid grave rejoicing. The performance of this Gos-

pel rite on the infirm sister in question, instead of injuriously affecting her health, proved to her a physical, as well as spiritual blessing. "The way of duty is verily, the way of safety."

Thousands remember—and will eternally remember—the soul-searching and extensive Revival of religion, which prevailed in the western counties of Nova Scotia in 1842. In that mighty exhibition of divine grace and power the Sissiboo Church largely participated. Early in the year, it was clearly discernible by Bro. Randall that solemn influences were operating upon the people; and that the prayers of his brethren were unwontedly earnest and importunate. It had been a season of spiritual drought; but like the prophet's servant, standing upon Carmel, he described "a cloud as a man's hand," which betokened "abundance of rain." The divine shower, hoped and prayed for, at length, with all its sweetly refreshing influences, descended; and more than one hundred were added to the Church. It was indeed a glorious day of God Almighty's saving power among the people.

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS.

The vast Empire of Brazil, in South America, occupies nearly one half of that entire continent. Its area—four millions of square-miles—is greater than that of the United States! It is bounded on the East, South-East, and North-East, by the Atlantic Ocean—on the North, by French, Dutch, and English Guiana, and Venezuela—on the West, and South-West, by Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Its entire coast line is three thousand and seven hundred miles.

The Government of Brazil is Monarchical, Hereditary, Constitutional and Representative. The established religion is Roman Catholic, although other religions are tolerated. The unrestricted communication of thought, either by words, writing or the press, exempt from censure is guaranteed by the Constitution, with the condition that all who abuse this privilege shall become amenable to the law. The privileges of citizenship are extended to all free natives of Brazil, to all Portuguese resident there from the time of the Independence, and to all naturalized strangers. The highest offices of State are open to every citizen; and all privileges, except those of office, have been abolished. The Legislative power is vested in a General Assembly, which consists of two Chambers, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The Senators are appointed for life; the members of the Chamber of Deputies hold their office for four years only. For the opinions uttered during the exercise of their function, they are inviolable. The number of Senators is fixed at one-half that of the Deputies. Senators must be upwards of forty years of age. The members of both Chambers are chosen by Provincial Electors, who are themselves elected by universal suffrage. The Senators are nominated in triple lists, from which three candidates the Emperor selects one, who holds office for life. A veto is conceded to the Emperor; but it is only suspensory in its nature. In case three successive Parliaments should present the same project for the Imperial sanction, it is declared that on the third presentation it shall, under all and any circumstances, be considered that the sanction had been conceded. The ordinary annual sessions of the two houses of Legislature are limited to the period of four months. Each province of the Empire has a legislative Assembly, for the purpose of discussion on its particular interests, and the promotion of projects of law accommodated to its localities and urgencies; but these Assemblies are not invested with any power excepting that of proposing laws of provincial interest. The Presidents of the Provinces are nominated by the Emperor; but their privileges, qualifications, and authority are regulated by the Provincial Assemblies. The provincial system in Brazil reminds us of our State and Territorial governments.

The judicial power is declared independent.—For all abuses of power the judges, as well as the other officers of justice and to be held responsible. The Emperor of Brazil, DOM PEDRO II, was born Dec. 2, 1825. At six years of age, he was proclaimed sovereign, and at fifteen was invested with all the prerogatives of his Imperial throne. The titles acknowledged in the Constitution as appertaining to Majesty are "Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil." He was not a mere boy Emperor. The young monarch was very tall for his age and his mind was of a mature cast. The personal rule of the Emperor commenced under auspicious circumstances. He was the object of an enthusiasm which has never waned. In 1843 the Emperor married, Donna Theresa, sister of the King of the two Sicilies. By marriage the Emperor is related to the Royal families of England, France, Russia, Spain and Naples. His father, Pedro I, was a Branganza; his mother, Leopoldina, a Hapsburg sister of Maria Theresa, the second wife of Napoleon I. He speaks six different languages. His library abounds in the best histories, biographies and encyclopedias. "There is not a session of the Brazilian Historical Society from which he is absent; and he is familiar with the modern literature of England, Germany, and the United States, to a degree of minuteness absolutely surprising."

Rio de Janeiro, the principal city of Brazil, is at once the commercial emporium and the political of the nation. "It is the largest city of South America, the third in size on the Western Continent, and boasts an antiquity greater than that of any city in the United States." Its harbor is situated just within the Southern borders of the Torrid Zone. The entrance is so safe as to render the services of a pilot unnecessary.—The Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople, and the Bay of Rio de Janeiro, are always mentioned by tourists, as pre-eminent for extent, beauty and sublimity of scenery.

The surface of Rio de Janeiro, is diversified by hills of irregular but picturesque shape, with flat intervals between. "Along the bases of these hills, and up their sides, stand rows of buildings, whose whitewashed walls and red-tiled roofs are in happy contrast with the deep green foliage that always surrounds and often embowers them." The city of Rio Janeiro, contains three hundred thousand inhabitants. The suburbs extend about four miles in each of the three principle directions.

The Brazilian mother almost invariably gives her infant to a black to be nursed. "As soon as the children become too troublesome to the mother they are sent to school. "Accustomed to control their black nurses, and to unlimited indulgence from their parents, they set their minds to work to contrive every method of baffling the efforts made to reduce them to order. This does not arise from malice but from the want of parental discipline." French, and Italian, Music and Singing are readily acquired.—Their literary stores consist mostly of novels. Brazilian ladies rarely take wine or any stimulant. Wives in Brazil do not suffer from drunken husbands. The Brazilians have large families, and it is not an uncommon thing to find ten, twelve, or fifteen children to a single mother. "I saw a gentleman," says Rev. J. C. Fletcher, "a planter, in the province of Minas-Geraes, who was one of twenty-four children by the same mother. I afterward was presented to this worthy matron at Rio de Janeiro." There is much of the home-element among the Brazilians. Birthdays are celebrated with enthusiasm. The standard of general morality is very much lower than that of the United States, and England, and above that of France. The education of the Brazilian boy is better than that of his sister. At an early age he is sent to a Collegio, where he learns the rudiments of education in the Portuguese language, and acquires the French. He learns to write a good hand, which is a universal accomplishment among the Brazilians. Most of the boys of the higher classes are good musicians, become adepts in the Latin, "and many of them are taught to speak English with creditable fluency. The English language has become such a desideratum at Rio, that every Collegio has its professor of English."

There has been a great improvement in the Collegio as well as in the public schools. The educational authorities have taken under their control both public and private academies. This educational innovation at the capital is owing to the energetic measures taken by the Visconde de Itaboraay, and Dr. Manuel Pacheco da Silva, who is at present the President of the first classical institution of Rio de Janeiro, the Imperial College of Dom Pedro II. There is a common school system throughout the Empire, more or less modified by provincial legislation. The General Government during the years 1854-55 educated 65,413 children. There were probably as many more educated by private tuition and under provincial authority. When, therefore, we consider the number of slaves and Indians in Brazil, and also when we reflect that the common school system in its infancy, it is an encouraging proportion. There are great defects in these elementary schools, but each year they are improving.

In Rio Janeiro there are five thousand scholars in the private schools. In the Collegio de Dom Pedro II, there are eight or nine professorships. Its statutes provide expressly for the reading and study of the Holy Scriptures, in the vernacular tongue.

The Imperial Academy of Medicine in Rio de Janeiro, is attended by more than three hundred students. The different chairs are occupied by eminent Professors, several of whom have been educated in Europe.

The great interests of Brazilian commerce draw an immense number of vessels from all portions of the globe. Brazil itself possesses the second navy of the Western world, and her steam-frigates, and her sloops-of-war rendered essential service in the overthrow of Brazilian arms, of the noted tyrant Rosas, at Buenos Ayres, in 1852. Since 1838, Brazil has had steamship lines running along the whole of her four thousand miles of sea-coast; but it was not until 1850 that steam communication was established with Europe. It was then that the Royal British Mail Steamship Company, whose vessels start from Southampton, began their monthly voyages; and now Brazil has no less than eight different lines of steamers, connecting her with England, France and Hamburg, Portugal, Belgium and Sardinia. The United States, hitherto the great commercial rival of Great Britain in Brazil, has not a single line of steamers to any portion of South America; and while England is reaping golden harvests, the balance of trade is each year accumulating

against us. In 1856, the United States imported from Brazil \$19,292,657, and exported to Brazil only \$5,094,904, leaving against us the cash balance of \$14,167,753, which we had to pay at heavy rates of exchange. England in 1855, sold Brazil \$23,000,000, and bought of her only \$15,000,000, thus leaving the latter her debtor.—B. F. Magazine.

Some of the choicest lessons of wisdom and morality are taught by incidents which occur in man's history, and illustrate our duty, and God's care over those who love him.

It was a practice with Lavater to read, every morning, several chapters of the Bible, and select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! How difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for Divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day.

"Give to him that asketh of thee; and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," was the reply.

"And how is this to be understood?" said his wife.

"Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," are the words of him to whom all and everything belongs that I possess," rejoined Lavater. "I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him that would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I had two coats, I must give one to him that has none; and if I had food, I must share with him who is a hungry and in want. This I must do without being asked. How much more, then, when asked?" This, continued Lavater in his diary, appeared to be so evidently and incontrovertibly the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth. My wife made no further reply, than she would take these things to heart. I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak with me, and she was shown into my study.—"Forgive me, dear sir," she said; "excuse the liberty I am about to take. I am really ashamed; but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars. I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny I could save, I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars are yet wanting, and to-morrow is term day." Here she opened a parcel, which she held in hand, and said; "This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married." It is all that I can spare of the few articles I possess, and it is to part with it. I am aware it is not enough, nor do I see how I ever could repay. But, dear sir, if you can, do assist me."

"I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you," I said, and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, said I to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty—she requires six—besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, "Have you no friend, no relative, who could give you this trifle?"

THE SILVER CLASP AND THE GOLD RING.

"No; not a soul! I am ashamed to go from house to house; I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness; if, however, you cannot assist me, you at least will forgive my intrusion, and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixty-sixth year!"

At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered I was ashamed and vexed. Gladly would I have sent her away, for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." She came up to me and said, with much sweetness—

"This is a good old woman. She has certainly been ill of late. Assist her if you can."

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said, in a whisper, "and she requires six. I'll give her a trifle in the hand, and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm, and smiling in my face, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied, with some little vexation, "Would you give your ring for the purpose?"

"With pleasure," answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

The poor widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone I asked my wife—

"Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly. How can you doubt it?" she said.

"Do you think I would trifle with charity?" Remember, what you said half an hour ago. "Oh! my dear friend, let us not make a show of the

Gospel. You are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you now find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? And did you not know there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?" She then added, with much feeling, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheeks. "Thanks, a thousand thanks for this humiliation."

I turned to my desk, took from it six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow. All darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh! thou false tongue, thou false heart! If the Lord should mark iniquities, O Lord! who shall stand?"

"Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow. At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived I had given her the whole sum, she could not find words to express her feelings. She cried—"Dear Sir, I cannot repay it. All that I possess is this little book, and it is old."

"Keep your book," I said, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me, for verily I deserve no thanks, after so long having refused your entreaties. Go in peace and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled and said—

"Do not take it so much at heart, my dear. You yielded at my first suggestion; but promise me so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger (and you know that I possess several besides), you will never allow yourself to say to any poor person, 'I cannot help you.'"

She kissed me, and left the apartment. When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary.

"Of all characters in the world, there is none I would more anxiously avoid being than a hypocrite. To preach the moral law, and fulfil only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father! how must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession!"

THE WORSHIP OF "RESPECTABILITY."

It seems to me that the greatest of all crimes in this country—perhaps in most other countries, too—is poverty. Society can overlook and forgive many things; but poverty is the unpardonable sin. "Money answereth all things," says the wise man, and verily it does. Not long ago, there appeared a regular report, week by week, of the numbers of the aristocracy, who attended the ministry of a popular preacher in the metropolis; and it was announced once by way of attracting extraordinary attention, that the Lord Palmerston intended to be present on the following Sunday. Even Christian philanthropy is often exceedingly offensive, exceedingly snobbish in its expressions. It too, talks of the masses, and the "lower orders," and talks of them as though they were peculiarly and specially degraded, and it is greatly delighted when it can parade a large number of titled and fashionable folk as presidents and vice-presidents of its societies, and when it can put a live lord in the chair. Now I really think that the masses would be justified in getting up a society for the conversion of the upper class—for the conversion of such persons as the directors of the British Bank, and such a person as John Dean Paul, and the manufacturers of accommodation bills. House-to-house visitation is an excellent thing; but let us have fair play, why should the poor alone have the benefit of this agency? Why not have town missionaries whose special object it should be to inculcate the principles of integrity amongst the commercial classes? Tract distribution, by all means; but let us not only have tracts entitled "The Drunkard's Grave," "The Honest Waterman," "The Dairyman's Daughter," but tracts with some such titles as "The Bubble Blower," "Kite-Flying," "The Honest Bank Director," "Don't Salt Your Invoices," "The Sin of Using False Weights and Measures," "Eighteen Pence in the Pound; or, Considerations addressed to a Bankrupt," "William Palmer; or the Sporting World Unmasked," "The Christian Duty of Paying Tradesmen's Bills with Punctuality," "The Remarkable History of a Gentleman of Fortune who made a Correct Return of his Income to the Income-tax Commissioner," "The Awful Death of an old Miser," "Physician, Heal Thyself; or, a Word of Advice from the Lower Orders to the Higher," "Six of One, and Half a Dozen of the Other; or the Moral Balance of the Rich and the Poor," "Honesty is the Best Policy; or, Serious Advice Addressed to a Member of Parliament," "Thou Shalt not Steal: Dedicated to a Clergyman who Prigs all the Sermons he Preaches."

Such publications, would, I know, be deemed excessively impertinent; but they are quite as much required as the tracts which abound in advice, expostulation and warning to the working classes.—Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown.