

New Brunswick Baptist,

AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick Baptist Associated Churches.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

VOLUME XV.

ST. JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1862.

NO. 28

Poetry.

THOUGHTS.

Spring is lavishing her soft caresses
On the sader earth;
Trees have shaken loose their wayward tresses,
Beauty hath its birth;
Hearts rejoice, and young eyes watch the showers,
And the blossoms grow,
But there is no lasting joy in flowers—
For loved ones are below.

Summer cometh—with the green boughs waving
In the sun all day;
O'er the pathway, which the grass is paving,
Gleaming shadows play;
But the boughs wave over cold eyes sleeping
In a narrow tomb;
And the shadows fall on dim eyes weeping
In the mournful gloom.

Autumn cometh, with its generous pleasures,
And its ripened grain;
And glad eyes are gazing on the treasures
Of the field and plain.
Mellow fruits are falling late and early,
Scattered rich around;
So the human form divine as surely
Drops into the ground.

Winter cometh, with its snow-wreaths hoary,
And its icy gems,
Drooping from the trees that flash a glory
From their diamond stems;
Glittering like the frostwork hopes of morning,
That like dreams depart,
And in flitting leave a first cold warning
To the glad young heart.

So we, with the sunlight on our faces,
Venture hopes as bright;
Remembering not that in its angel traces
Surely cometh night.
Still we will enjoy the light of heaven,
While we live, may;
For as sure comes on the storm-wrapped Even,
And at last—the Day.

DAYBREAK.

BY MRS. C. H. GILLESPIE.

"Died, half an hour after daybreak, Mr. Elizabeth, daughter of Florence."
The morning blushed out from the heart of the sun,
And rippled its rosiest over the world;
It dawned where the shadows slept under the morn,
Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beads of bowed barley,
And rippled its breath over billowed white seas;
Oh! never a day has scooped o'er us so fairly,
With peace in its sunshine and balm in its breeze.

The core of the year with its affluent gladness,
Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn,
Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sadness;
For she, our Queen Quenee, went up with the morn.

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain,
And wraped its grieving face in a sorrowing spray;
Exhaled the last heart-drop from pesty's fountain,
When she sang with angels at breaking of day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar,
And well for the temple her life had been long;
When liberty chanted, her voice did not falter;
Transfigured, God made her Archangel of song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping,
The scepter of poets, the crown she has won;
When liberty chanted, her voice did not falter;
The form of tyrants, the singer of truth.

Be hers in Valhall, the throne-room of glory,
The scepter of poets, the crown she has won;
The purple of spirits; and ours be the story,
The sweet rhythmed life which at morning was done.

Miscellaneous.

The Anabaptists of the Vosges.
The following account of these simple-hearted Christians appears as a leading article in the New York Examiner of the 17th inst., and it has so deeply interested us that we are induced to give it to our readers in full. It is lengthy, but will amply repay a perusal:—
"Among the Vosges, a mountain range in the eastern part of France, a little community of Anabaptists, or Mennonites, has dwelt for the last three hundred years, retaining the simplicity of faith and life of the primitive times. In the charming work with the above title, by Alfred Michiels, an account is given of this interesting people, which, if not recognized by us as fully of the 'same faith and order' as ourselves, we need not be ashamed to own as near kindred. They, like us, repudiate the name of Anabaptist, as unjustly associating them with the insurgents of Munster, with whom they have nothing in common. The work has not yet appeared in English, and the following extracts, translated for the Examiner, cannot fail to interest its readers:
"If, in an epoch so greedy of show, of luxury, of lucre, of material enjoyments, of false splendor, false glory, false happiness, if to a nation restless, agitated, full of desires and chimeras like our own, it should be reported that there is, in France, a community which is opposed to luxury, sensual pleasure and ambition, which flies place and honor, which has reduced life to its simplest expression, and enjoys a perpetual calm—it would be thought an improbable fiction. Nevertheless, such a population does exist. I have myself seen

these peaceful and happy people. I have sat at their tables, I have slept under their roofs, I have heard them explain their principles, and their mild, upright, benevolent and charitable sentiments have produced on me the effect of those grand sheets of water which reflect the heavens, and glide from a mountain imperceptibly towards the sea—an effect so well described by Wordsworth:

Oh, glide forever, lovely stream,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds forever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing!

Two years ago, while wandering in the solitudes which surround the Donon, seeking the heights where the wood-choppers fell the ancient firs, and the sledge-drivers descend with incredible difficulty towards the lower valleys, my companion, an old keeper of the Strasburg forests, took me, in passing, into the house of a friend of his who was an Anabaptist. We were on a plateau called the Salm, which had long been cleared, and was one of the cases, formed by intelligent culture, in the midst of woods and indolent precipices. We had just emerged from dense thickets, when our vision, hitherto limited by the objects immediately around us, was allowed to extend itself at pleasure, and embrace the entire clearing.

Eight dwellings showed their roofs above the fruit-trees. That which we were to enter stood in advance of the rest. It was composed of two stories, surmounted by a granary. A casing of red sandstone decorated the door and windows; the posts and lintel of the former exhibited some slight carvings. The house was solidly covered with tiles, being thus protected against the rains of autumn, the snows of winter, and the fury of the equinoctial winds. The extreme neatness of the interior inspired the wish to remain forever, in the enjoyment of solitude and repose. The white-washed walls, the beech-wood paneling, the floor of fir, on which not a spot could be discovered, the benches and the table, polished by frequent scouring as with pumice stone, the whiteness of the curtains at the back of the alcove, the clearness of the window-panes in their leaden sashes, spoke volumes in praise of the housewife. The master of the habitation himself came forward to receive us. He was an old man of small stature, with handsome features, and an air calm and sweet. His ruddy complexion announced a good constitution and pure blood. I was struck by the tranquillity of his countenance and the simplicity of his dress.

"I have come," said I to him, "to study your principles, your customs, and your religious ceremonies. Perhaps my purpose may not be agreeable to you. In that case, the object of my journey will have failed. I can learn nothing, unless you communicate to me your books of doctrine, and give me *via voce* all necessary explanations."

"We have no need of disguises," replied the Mennonite. "Why should we make a mystery of our opinions and our worship? The Word of God is our only guide; we follow, point by point, what he has himself prescribed, without suffering ourselves to be turned aside by the false interpretations of men, by the arbitrary ideas which they have attached to his teachings. The gospel offers us the example and the instructions of Christ and his Apostles, and should not that suffice?"
"But," said I, "on a great number of questions, the gospel embraces only the premises; from these have been extracted a code of metaphysics, of morality, an anthropology, a whole system of 'invisible things, as of things which fall under our senses. With these deductions, more or less rigorous, has been constructed the scaffolding of a society."
"This," he replied, "is precisely what we disapprove. The human race has no need of these wearisome subtleties. We give them the go-by, and live all the better for it. Our Confession of Faith occupies only thirty-one pages; in its clearness, its simplicity, it furnishes us all needed light."

"But you have no learned, and complicated hierarchy, the numerous personnel of the Catholic Church?"
"This pompous and expensive organization seems to us contrary to the spirit of the gospel, in opposition to Christian humility. We have no clergy, properly so called. Each of us may in his turn exercise the functions of pastor, if the community judges him fit for it, and makes choice of him for that purpose. For this reason, we hold annual elections. Every one votes, women as well as men, by being our equal before God. We alone, then, have established universal suffrage, for your law proscribes half the human race. Our assemblies name a religious chief, to

whom we give a title not adapted to nourish pride; we call him only the *servant of all* (*der vollige Dienir*). He administers baptism, and the communion, marries the betrothed, pronounces excommunication, and preaches on solemn days.

"The second servant has for his special charge the explanation of the sacred books, and of the various articles of our Confession. He may also preside in our assemblies, when the pastor is absent."

"We name in the third place the *deacon* or *servant of the poor*. The purity of the doctrine is committed to his charge; he exercises an oversight of the discourses of our orators, lest any false idea should slip in, any principle in disagreement with our views. He also is to take care of the poor, to visit them, and to collect alms for their relief. We formerly had deaconesses, with the same duties as in the primitive church; but there are so few indigent among us, that they had nothing to do. The maintenance of our faith forms, in reality, the only occupation of the deacons."

"Do you compensate in any way your elective priests?"

"No, we do not give them one farthing. They live like the rest of us, by the labor of their hands, and wear no distinctive badge."

"Your worship has at least the advantage of being simple and cheap," I replied. "perhaps, too, you save your resources still more, by building no temples or chapels."

"An article of our creed expressly says, 'All things come from God, subsist by God, and live in God.' Is it not then a useless labour to raise splendid monuments to him, as if he needed shelter? The world is his abode, his work, and his glory; his sanctuary in the heart of the just man; and the gathering of the faithful constitutes his true church. Has he not himself said: 'Where a few of you are gathered in my name, there will I be with you?'"

"But some place is necessary wherein to celebrate your services."

"Any one suffices us; an apartment in our farmhouses, a hall a little larger than the ordinary rooms, so that all the members of the community may assemble in it."

"You at least decorate it in a manner which shows its purpose?"

"We do not put on it the most simple ornament."

"Still I cannot but think you must have on the Salm, a room consecrated to the ceremonies of worship. Show it to me, since you judge all reserve useless and inconsistent; that will be worth much than explanations. The heavens have ceased to mutter, to weep like a naughty child; see how it smiles across the broken clouds. We may go abroad without fearing a new fit of anger."

"Come on, then," said the Mennonite; "the more readily, as we shall not have to go far."

The hall, in fact, was in a side building attached to his own house, so that we had only to take a few steps to reach it. We ascended a flight of stairs, and a simple swing-door introduced us into the interior of the sanctuary. As the old man had said, it was nothing but a rustic hall. The projecting beams of the ceiling, the white-washed walls, the fir-wood floor, of the style universal in the mountains, testified to the modest tastes, the patriarchal manners of the sectaries. A dozen benches formed the entire furniture.

"What!" said I to my host, "have you neither pulpit nor altar?"

"Of what use would they be? Our preachers rise and pronounce their sermons from the place where they may chance to sit. Is anything else necessary? Is it the pulpit which we regard, or the word which is spoken from it? Is it the pleasure of the eyes which we seek, or the interpretation of the divine law, the paternal counsels teach us how to conduct well here, in order to obtain after death the felicity of the just? Did not Christ instruct the multitude just where he found them?"

"But you have no learned, and complicated hierarchy, the numerous personnel of the Catholic Church?"

"This pompous and expensive organization seems to us contrary to the spirit of the gospel, in opposition to Christian humility. We have no clergy, properly so called. Each of us may in his turn exercise the functions of pastor, if the community judges him fit for it, and makes choice of him for that purpose. For this reason, we hold annual elections. Every one votes, women as well as men, by being our equal before God. We alone, then, have established universal suffrage, for your law proscribes half the human race. Our assemblies name a religious chief, to

whom we give a title not adapted to nourish pride; we call him only the *servant of all* (*der vollige Dienir*). He administers baptism, and the communion, marries the betrothed, pronounces excommunication, and preaches on solemn days. We re-entered the house, and by question on question, I learned a multitude of details which show the respect felt by his brethren for the gospel, and the slight importance which they attach to the various structures erected professedly on that primitive rock. They follow the precepts and the example of the Master with the utmost rigor. No circumstance is omitted, changed, or modified. Thus the three evangelists, St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke agree in saying that, in the institution of the eucharist, Jesus broke the bread (*accessit Jesus panem, et benedixit ac fregit*). The bread therefore must be broken, according to the Anabaptists, and must be real bread, common bread, however coarse it may be, to substitute for it the white insipid paste, known as the *host*, is wrong. There is, they say nothing to authorize this arbitrary change. Accordingly, the Mennonites cut their slices of bread, like those used to make sandwiches, and the officiating pastor breaks them into three parts, giving one to each of the faithful. They then drink out of the same vessel and this vessel is a simple mug. So far do they carry their contempt for all luxury and elegance.

As Christ, after the Supper, washed the Apostles' feet, the Mennonites observe the same ceremony. Buckets of fir or beech wood suffice for the purpose. One half of the number kneel before their brethren, who in turn do the like for them, the men for the men, the women for the women.

The Communion has not, however, the same importance for them as for Catholics. The consecrated bread is not, in their opinion, the Messiah's flesh; the wine does not become transformed into his blood. Both are merely commemorative signs; the aim and significance of the sacrament is to recall that the Saviour's flesh has been broken, has been offered as sacrifice; that his blood has been shed to secure the eternal happiness of men. The eucharist ought, moreover, says the Anabaptist, to be a confession of faith, to stimulate us to love our neighbor, to forgive each other as Christ has forgiven us, to promote harmony among all citizens, among all classes, among all societies.

Confession does not, among the Mennonites, precede the communion. They do not attribute to their elected ministers the power of absolving from sin. It is God who estimates actions and motives, who effaces sins, or leaves their stain on the guilty. They do not confide their secrets to any other arbiter, or humble themselves before his greatness and mercy. The Father of men alone appears to them worthy to hear their confessions.

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LATER FROM ENGLAND!!

Arrival of the Ena.

ST. JOHN'S N. F., July 24, 1862.

The Ena from Liverpool 16th. Queenstown 17th. Arrived at Cape Race on Thursday evening.

The Times again depicts new American tariff, predicts far greater injury to America herself than to any one else.

Fighting before Richmond is eagerly canvassed. Some of the journals regard it as a great reverse for the North and reproach the American government for treating it in any other light. Others contend that McClellan has sustained no serious disaster, is indeed, practically nearer Richmond, and may congratulate himself on accomplishment of a great and most successful operation.

Hopes are freely expressed that more pacific councils will soon prevail at Washington. The Times is particularly bitter and sarcastic. It treats the matter as a decided Confederate victory, thinks there are good evidences in North that the beginning of the end is not far off. In another article it denounces the insolence of Gen. Butler in his intercourse with the Confederates, saying it is not the way to conciliate neutrals, and suppers should consider whether he is not doing more harm than good to Federal cause.

The Morning Post says affairs approach a crisis which will necessitate some decided course on part of the Federal government. Neutrals cannot much longer remain passive spectators, and great question is, when shall the South be considered to have vindicated its right to recognition? It points to past policy of England in recognizing successful opposition, and says if North would take initiative and sail with current, which it cannot, neutral States might be saved disagree-

able necessity of discharging a most disagreeable duty. The Daily News points out what would be the feelings of England if situated like the North, and argues that secession will be crushed at all hazards.

Parliamentary business unimportant. Foster, in House of Commons, gave notice that when Lindsey's motion for recognition of South comes up he will move an amendment pledging the House to sustain Government in its policy of non-intervention.

The increasing distress in manufacturing districts in England is engaging the attention of Parliament.

It is denied that the Prince of Wales will visit Russia.

Palmerston in a speech before the Volunteers spoke impressively, and some say significantly of the importance of maintaining the efficiency of the movement.

Paris Patrie says an interview between the Emperors of France and Russia and King of Prussia will take place in September.

Bourse closed heavy—68.50.

In the Italian chamber, the Ministry explained Garibaldi's course at Palermo, regretted his attack on France, and said his journey was without official sanction.

Prussian Ministry introduced a bill providing credits for increased navy.

Steamer Edinburgh leaves Liverpool 17th for New York, to accommodate cargo shipping in anticipation of New Fair.

MARKETS.—Cotton Markets buoyant—advanced 1/4. Breadstuffs downward tendency. Flour dull. Wheat steady. Corn declining. Consols 93 a 93 1/2.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.—The following, from The Court Journal, will prove interesting to our lady readers:—Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Hesse's bridal dress was of crystalline silk, with a deep flounce of Honiton guipure lace, trimmed at the bottom with orange blossom and myrtle; the veil of Honiton guipure, and a wreath of orange flowers and myrtle. His Royal Highness Prince Louis was dressed in plain clothes with the Riband and Star of the Order of Louis. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Helena, Louise, Beatrice and Princess Anna of Hesse, wore dresses of spotted net over very white glaze silk, trimmed with ruches of grey riband; head-dresses to correspond.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—At the International Exhibition held in London, the Province of Nova Scotia has been awarded nineteen Gold Medals, and obtained 'honorable mention' in eleven other departments. The Halifax Colonist says, "more medals have been awarded to Nova Scotia than to the three Provinces of New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island." The inhabitants of Nova Scotia may feel proud of the splendid display made by their Province.

New Brunswick was awarded nine Gold Medals and eight certificates of "honorable mention."

DEATH OF LORD CANNING.

(Morning Post, June 18th.)

[Lord Canning's achievements in India. Death of Lord Canning. He arrives in England. By his death, the life becomes extinct. The Canning family. His official career, and his Indian reforms.]

It is our painful duty to-day to record the death of one who bore an illustrious name, and who, only recently arrived among us from the far East with the renown of great deeds and achievements, might have reasonably looked forward to a long career of honour and usefulness on his return from his Indian Vicereignty. This was not to be. Lord Canning, like his predecessors, and like many other civil and military servants, impelled by a sense of public duty, had remained one year too long in India, and the result was that he lost towards the close of last year, the beloved partner of his bosom, a daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, who had gone with him to the East, and who for a period of three-and-twenty years had never been a day separated from him. The sorrow which this death caused in Calcutta was deep and universal amongst classes to whom the noble lady was but slightly known. Among those who enjoyed her intimacy, or profited by her bounty, the feeling was deeper and more profound, and by her surviving husband the loss was felt with an intensity of grief, not the less poignant because it remained publicly un-demonstrated. But it was evident to the observing eye of officials, even in the multiplicity of business which Lord Canning had to despatch between his bereavement and his departure from India, that he was oppressed by a secret sorrow which would have bowed him to the earth had he not been engaged by the imperious urgency of public business. Relieved of the responsibilities of office, and returned to his native land, it was hoped that change of scene and of climate would have operated favourably on a constitution good in itself, though not of the strongest. But the hopes of attached friends, the fervent wishes of official colleagues, and the aspirations of that greatly observant class who watch the career of our public men, were doomed to be disappointed; for since his arrival in Europe the health of Lord Canning has continued to sink day by day, till at length exhausted nature ceased to struggle yesterday. Scarcely two months have passed since the Attorney General of the Prince of Wales, Sir William Alexander, proceeded from London in *Passion-week*, to meet the late Viceroy of India at Marseilles, where he arrived in Easter-week. But, although then feeble and suffering from extreme debility, no one supposed that the career of Lord Canning was to be so suddenly and so prematurely in-

terrupted. On the contrary, hopeful friends and admirers look forward to the successful Governor-General of India occupying a high post, perhaps, in the existing Ministry. The noble earl dies without children, and the name of Canning, as connected with the great orator and statesman, his father, is now extinct. An unhappy mortality seems to have swept across the race, mowing them prematurely down with an unspringing scythe. In his nineteenth year the eldest-born of the great Minister and statesman passed prematurely away. He was a youth of the greatest and fairest promise, full of learning, grace, and amability, yet was removed, as his parent beautifully expressed it:—

"Pure from all stain (save that of human clay, Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away), By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd, Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest; While I, reserved, our nature's kinder doom, Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb."

Nor was this the only grief of the family. The second son, a captain in the navy, was drowned in 1826; and the third and last dies without posterity, so that the name of Canning, as connected with the earldom, becomes extinct. But though Canning, the orator and statesman, has left no posterity, now that his youngest son dies without issue, yet his name will live for evermore in the history of England, and the name of his third son and successor, who attained the dignity of an earldom, will also shine forth not less resplendently than his own. As an orator, writer, and leader of men it may be conceded that Earl Canning was inferior to his sire; but as a great governor, as a great ruler, posterity will pronounce that he equalled, if he did not surpass the great politician and party leader. Like his father, Earl Canning was educated at Eton and at Oxford, where he graduated in first honours in 1832 or 1833. In his twenty-fourth year, in 1836, he was returned to the House of Commons as member for Warwick. The death of his mother in 1836 raised him to the peerage, so that henceforth his sphere lay in the House of Lords. He attached himself to the political fortunes of Sir R. Peel, and when the right hon. baronet entered office in 1841, Lord Canning became Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He held that office till 1845, and performed his duties with eminent ability. In the course of 1846, however, he was promoted to the Chief Commissionership of Woods and Forests. In this position he exhibited eminent ability, and continued to grow in public favour till his political principles retired from office. In 1852, when the Peel party again came into power, Lord Canning accepted the Postmaster-Generalship in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen. In this office he displayed those talents of energy, discrimination, judgment, and zeal which he more conspicuously evinced on the greater field of India. So favourable was the impression produced by his conscientious and energetic action at home, that when the Marquis of Dalhousie resigned the Government of India in 1853 Lord Canning was appointed a successor to a Governor-General who, in the estimation of most men, then, stood in the rank of a Warren Hastings or a Wellesley.

With the fearful and unexampled mutiny in 1857 and 1858 Lord Canning, inexperienced and wholly unaided, had to cope; and, unappreciated amidst the panic and timidity of the British inhabitants of Calcutta, he boldly faced the danger, and after nearly three years of sanguinary struggle he put an end to the most formidable and fearful rebellion which has ever prevailed in India. This was a great military achievement no doubt, and merits such praise as was conveyed to the great Proconsul of a former generation. But Lord Canning's merits do not end in the military triumphs. He was not only a great military but also a great civil governor and administrator of India. He established the principle of succession by primogeniture; he introduced a measure for the sale of waste lands; the redemption of the land revenue; and above all, a measure for giving the permanent aristocracy of the country connected with the land that legitimate influence which was their undoubted due. These men have since shown a disposition to cling to Great Britain, and henceforth they will be numbered as amongst the steadiest and nearest friends of British connection. It is to the eternal praise of the deceased statesman that after six years of unexampled anxiety he left India in peace, and we may say in prosperity. Law and order were and are vindicated, the visitation of famine was thoughtfully provided against, schools and educational institutions for natives were encouraged, and contentment and prosperity were growing apace. These things were all due to Lord Canning; and, considering that he had put down the most formidable of rebellions between 1857 and 1859, it is a proof of his wonderful acuity and statesmanship that in 1860, he had restored confidence and placed India in a position to take a leading part in her own regeneration, and in other social, moral, and political improvements. But he, who could renew the existence of a great empire, was powerless to preserve his own. It is now, as it ever has been—the most brilliant human career terminates at last in the short step by which time merges in eternity.

Steamship Edinburgh, which arrived off Cape Race Saturday night, brings news of the same date as the Ena, but direct from Liverpool instead of by telegraph to Queenstown. The news is generally unimportant. It is reported that 116,000 bales of cotton had been shipped from Bombay in one week in consequence of a slight rise in the Liverpool market, and it is expected that the recent advance will induce much larger shipments. The Edinburgh left Liverpool six days earlier than her regular day to accommodate a cargo shipping in anticipation of the new tariff.

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