

frantic with excitement and intoxication, were uttering wild outcries and pursuing in every direction their terrified victims. Women and children in their night clothes, having just sprung in terror from their beds, were fleeing, covered with wounds and uttering fearful shrieks, from their pursuers. Corpses of the young and of the old, of male and female, were strewn along the streets, and the pavements were slippery with blood. Loud and dreadful outcries were heard from the dwellings, as the work of midnight assassination proceeded, and struggles of desperate violence were witnessed as the murderers attempted to throw their bleeding and dying victims from the high windows of chambers and attics upon the pavement below. The outcries of the pursuers and the pursued, the shrieks of the wounded as blow after blow fell upon them—the incessant reports of muskets and pistols, combined to create a scene of terror such as human eyes have seldom witnessed. In the midst of ten thousand perils the young man crept along, protected by his priestly garb, and frequently seeing his fellow-Christians shot and stabbed at his very side. Suddenly, in turning a corner, he fell into the midst of a band of the body-guard of the king, whose hands were dripping with blood. They seized him with great roughness, when seeing the prayer-book which was in his hand, they considered it a safe passport, and permitted him to continue on his way, uninjured. Twice again he encountered similar perils, as he was seized by bands of bloody men, and each time he was extricated in the same way.

At length he arrived at the College of Burgundy. And now his danger was increased ten-fold. It was a Catholic college. The porter at the gate absolutely refused him admittance. The murderers began to multiply in the streets around him, and to assail him with fierce and threatening questions. Maximilian, at length, by inquiring for LaFaye, the President of the College, and by plating a bribe in the hands of a porter, succeeded in obtaining admission. La Faye was a humane man, and strongly attached to his Protestant pupil. Maximilian entered the apartment of the President, and found there two Catholic priests. The priests, as soon as they saw him, insisted upon cutting him down, declaring that the king commanded that not even infants at the breast should be spared. The good old man, however, resolved, if possible, to save his young friend, and conducting him privately to a secure chamber, locked him up. Here he remained three days in the deepest suspense, apprehensive every hour the assassins would break in upon him. A faithful servant of the President brought him his food, but could tell him nothing but deeds of treachery and blood. At the end of three days the poor boy, who afterwards attained great celebrity as the Duke of Sully, the minister and bosom friend of Henry, was released and protected, through the massacre continued through the provinces of France for more than a week, and it is estimated that not less than eighty thousand Protestants were the victims of this awful butchery.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR STUART.—This veteran in the service of religion and learning died at Andover, Mass., on last Sunday night. He had attained the mature age of 71 years. Moses Stuart was born at Welton, Conn., on the 26th of March, 1780; and after graduating at Yale in 1799, acted as tutor in that institution for two or three years. Like the majority of our distinguished divines, he abandoned the profession of law for that of theology, and was settled in 1806 as pastor of a church in New-Haven. Four years later he was chosen to the chair of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary; then recently established, and continued to fill that position until the year 1818, when age and infirmities obliged him to retire. Few men have required a wider or more enviable reputation. A large number of elementary works for the Hebrew student; valuable philological aids to the orientalist; unnumbered contributions to the *Biblical Repository*, and other criti-

cal and literary periodicals, will be found to constitute but a portion of his indefatigable labours when they come to be collated. The name of Moses Stuart is foremost in the ranks of American erudition, and will always be memorable and venerable.

THE FEARFUL FUNERAL.

It was on the morning of a cold, chilly day in the month of April, that I was thus interrupted in my studies by one of my children; "Pa, there is a queer looking man in the parlour who wants to see you." On entering the room my eye lit upon a man whose dress, face, and whole appearance proclaimed him a drunkard. He rose on my entering the room, and thus addressed me:

"I come, sir, to ask you to attend a funeral this afternoon."

"Who," said I, "is dead?"

"A friend of mine," he replied, "by the name of S——."

"Where did he live?" I again asked.

"Why," said he, "he lived no place in particular, except at the grocery of Mr. H——." This Mr. H—— was the keeper of a groggery of the lowest character.

I again asked, "of what disease did he die?"

"Why," said he, lowering his voice, "I hardly know; but he was a pretty hard drinker."

After a few more inquiries, I dismissed him, promising to attend the funeral at five o'clock.

At the hour appointed I went to the house of death. There were ten or twelve persons present, and, with two exceptions, they were all drunkards. I went up to the coarse pine coffin, and gazed upon a corpse not pale and haggard, but bloated, and almost as black as the raven's wing. There were two brothers present, both inebriated, and as unfeeling as if the body of a beast lay dead before them. From the undertaker I gained the following narrative of the deceased:—

He was the son of respectable, but irreligious parents. Whilst yet young he joined profane companions—acquired the habit of drinking; and at mature years he was a confirmed drunkard. His parents died, and the property that fell to his lot was squandered. "And for years," said my informant, "he has been drunk every day."

"He usually slept in a garret over the groggery. Yesterday he was taken very sick in the grocery; Mr. H——, instead of giving him a bed, turned him out of the house. He was taken into a hut and laid on the floor, where he died in less than an hour. This poor but pious family, hearing the circumstances, took the corpse to their house, and have made these preparations for its burial."

I read a portion of the Scriptures, and for a few moments dwelt on the fearful effects of intemperance. But there was no feeling. I prayed with them; but there was no reverence. They all gazed with a vacant stare, as if their minds had evaporated, and as if the fiery liquid had burned out their consciences. They were obviously past feeling. The coffin was closed and placed in the hearse. We proceeded with a slow and solemn pace to the house appointed for all the living. The coffin was carried by four drunkards to a secluded spot in the graveyard, where, without a tear being shed, without a sigh being uttered, it was covered up under the cold clod of the valley; and the two brothers went back to the house of death, the grog-shop, to drink, and die a similar death, and go early down to the same ignoble grave. The others, after lingering for a few moments, as if arrested by the thought that the grave would be soon their house, followed. I stood for a short time over the grave, after all had retired, pondering the deeply impressive scenes through which I had so rapidly passed. "And is this," said I to myself, "the grave of the drunkard?" And the prayer, almost unconsciously, rose from my heart to heaven, "O God save my children's children to their latest generation from making such a contribution as this to the congregation of the dead."

As I retired from the graveyard the following lessons, suggested by this narrative, were deeply impressed on my mind:—

1. How great is the responsibility of parents! With what moral certainty they form the character of their children after the model of their own! Were the parents of this young man, who was laid down in a drunkard's grave, on which no tear of sorrow has ever fallen, truly and consistently pious, how different might have been his life and death! How many parents lay the foundation for the temporal and eternal ruin of their children!

2. How sad the effects which usually follow the habitual violation of the Sabbath! Had this young man been brought up to "remember the Sabbath day," he might have been saved to the cause of virtue and usefulness, and from an early, ignoble, and unknown grave. The due observance of the Sabbath is alike necessary to the attainment of temporal and spiritual good.

3. How selfish and hard the hearts of those who live by rum! It is a base business to sell it for the sake of making a living. If a man of kind and generous nature engages in it, his heart soon becomes a heart of steel. There is not a class of men upon earth who deserve so little at the hands of their fellow men, as do these sellers of liquid death.

4. How degrading is the vice of intemperance! By elevating appetite above reason, and conscience, and judgment, it degrades man to the level of the brute. And for this degradation which it brings on the body, it is an immutable law of Jehovah, that no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of God.

O reader, beware of drunkenness: it is a damning sin. If you have already acquired a relish for it, resolve now never to taste again the fiery liquid. Remember the fearful funeral of the drunkard.

MARRIED.

On Christmas Day, at the residence of P. W. Dayfoot, Esq., Green Mountain Cottage, Georgetown, C.W., by the Rev. J. Clarke, Mr. Benjamin Haganan, Bronte, merchant, to Miss Almira Ann Harrod, of the former place.

On New Year's Day, in Toronto, by the Rev. Mr. Harper, Mr. David J. George, merchant, Bradford, to Miss Isabella Donaldson, of Toronto.

On the 31st Dec. last, at the house of the bride's father, in Pickering, by the Rev. D. S. Starr, Mr. Wm. Starr of Whitby, to Miss Harriet Vardon of Pickering.

By the same, Jan. 1, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Sylvester Boyce of Pickering, to Miss Louisa Woodruff of the same place.

DIED.

At Napoleon, Michigan, Dec. 12, 1851, after three days' suffering of croup, Ardella, youngest daughter of Deacon Joseph Wilson, formerly of Newmarket, C.W.

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Toronto, February, 1852.

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JAMES PYPER,

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