

somebody must be very much to blame for allowing it. It is a disgrace and a sin to any congregation if it is not soon corrected. There must be authority enough somewhere to compel those who are prone to transgress, to remain till the congregation is dismissed, and then to leave the house directly.—*N. E. Puritan.*

"PASS HER ALONG."

Extract from the Letter of a British Settler in America to his family.

"Mountimo, as you were satisfied with my last anecdote, let me give you another; which has nothing in it further than the elucidation of the fact, that the northern people are friendly to the 'Nigger.'

"We have occasional opportunities, on this main route to Canada, of affording to the slave, on his way to the provinces, that assistance which, if afforded to an enemy in time of war, would be treason. This, the United States constitution calls 'aid and comfort.' The fugitive slave not being, on these northern turnpikes, a public enemy, does very generally obtain this aid.

"Not very long since going to business after breakfast, in our good town of T——, I was 'holla'd' to from the other side of the street by Mr. B., a Methodist clergyman then in T——. He informed me briefly, that a coloured girl, about 17, had been brought from Virginia by a gentleman, whose wife could not dispense with her attendance; that, by virtue of threats if she dared to say she was not free, and the ever ready connivance of hotel keepers, they had held her during a month's stay at Saratoga, and had got as far as T—— on their way home. At the principal hotel here, black waiters are employed. One of those dusky gentlemen guessed that Leevy (Olivia) was not free; and, by dint of unwearied watching, a female servant got an interview with her sister in colour; soon wrung the fact from her; also that her mistress used to lash her violently, while the masters' familiarities were equally dreaded. Time being of vital importance, the housemaid, Dinah, took the matter in hand at once, ordering Leevy to strip herself instantly of every stitch of raiment, that no warrant might be got against her for larceny! She then borrowed a large rough overcoat from one of the servants, and, shoeless, hatless, shiftless, immediately conveyed her by the back premises out of the hotel.

"'Mr.——, you're genuwine English! aint you?' said Mr. B. to me.

"'To the back-bone, Mr. B.' returned I.

"'Well, I don't mind telling you, then, she is now in my garret; and, to divert all track of her, hadn't you better try to raise some clothes for her, while I keep quiet? We will then have her off to the Anti-renters in S—— till the fuss is over.'

"My wife, who had no dread of consequences, nor needed to have, called simply, and with perfect *sang froid*, upon the wealthiest ladies in T——; on Mrs. General——; also on Mrs. W., whose husband is owner of large southern plantations; and others; who smiled, shook their heads, and said she was a little English fool; but whose womanly hearts, touched with the poor girl's destitution, quickly prompted them to aid; and by the evening of the same day, she was comfortably clad, and safe from physical force among the farmers of R—— county. No legal coercion could be used against her, as in the case of a fugitive from the Slave States; she having been brought into a free state by her owner, there was no law for him to invoke against her. The hotel-keeper was in a terrific passion about it, and kept half a dozen low fellows hovering round S——, where she was; until the villagers gave some of them a hint of riding them on a rail over a duck pond.

"Leevy could neither read nor write, but has since been carefully educated; and is a good-looking, well-doing girl; and to complete *your* interest in her, I send you a book-mark, bought last week from the fancy fair in Washington-Hall, held by the coloured people for the benefit of the coloured Methodist church, which was made by her own dusky fingers."—*Cheltenham Chr.*

SCENE AT AN UNPREPARED DEATH-BED.

It was a bitter day in January, and I had laid my plan for a profitable and uninterrupted labour in my own comfortable study. The extreme severity of the weather compelled people to stay at home, and the luxury of a whole day of study unbroken by calls seemed fairly before me. An hour had scarcely passed, however, before a carriage drove up, and I was summoned to attend im-

mediately the death-bed of a young man, one of my parishioners, who, in the midst of life and health, had just been struck down by a violent kick from a horse, and was not expected to live more than a few hours.

Upon entering his chamber, I found him just recovering his consciousness. The blow had broken the skull bone, and cut out a piece as large as the palm of my hand, leaving the top of the mass of brain entirely exposed, the quivering pulsations of which were plainly visible, and presented a ghastly and horrid sight. The physician arrived in a few minutes, and did what he could for the sufferer, but intimated that the injury to the brain was so great that a favourable result could not be hoped for. Judging that the first want of the patient was repose, I suggested, after a few remarks suited to the occasion, that we should unite in prayer, and leave him undisturbed for a little season, to afford his system opportunity to rally from the shock of the accident.

"No, for God's sake, no;" exclaimed he, "do not leave me for a moment. I have but a few to live, and I dare not die as I am. Oh, what shall I do! Tell me quickly, before the light of reason forsakes me."

"James," said I, "there is but one way in which a sinner can be saved, and that is by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ—whether an hour only or years be allowed you, the only way for you to secure salvation is by casting yourself implicitly and unreservedly into the Saviour's hand. Only his blood can save you; and you are welcome now, this moment. All things are ready—come now."

He cast a look of anguish that startled me, and said, "Mr.——, do you remember when I was putting up those shelves in your study, eight months ago, that you asked me to stop while you talked with me about religion, and prayed for me. It was then that I felt that I was a sinner, and after going home, I endeavoured to pray for myself, and determined that I would seek religion. Two or three days these feelings continued, when, unhappily for myself, I took up a book which I had commenced reading before our conversation, and though conscience remonstrated, I went on and finished it. My feelings were much enlisted in the story, but when I got through I had no disposition to pray; and my anxiety about religion was gone. I resumed novel reading, of which I had been very fond, and compromised with my conscience by resolving that at the end of one year I would throw all such books aside, and seek the salvation of my soul. Only two thirds of that year are gone, and here I am, dying? Fool, fool that I was, to sell my soul for a novel—to prefer the excitement of an idle tale to the joys of religion. And now it is too late."

I remonstrated against that conclusion, and begged him whatever might have been his past folly and guilt, to look to Christ for the forgiveness of all. While I spoke, his eye became wandering and vacant, and his mind erratic and stupid. In a short time he was delirious. "Fool, fool," he would ejaculate at intervals, and this was all he uttered. Death, before many hours, ensued, and four months before the period he had appointed to seek religion, he had entered the world of spirits, and answered at the bar of God for the deeds done in the body. The improvement of this simple narrative will be obvious to every reader.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

BAD HABITS.

Have you any bad habits? Conquer them. It is hard we know, but it will be harder still to grow permanently old—to suffer in body and mind, and perhaps kill yourself by degrees. Thousands have within a few years past overcome the powerful temptation to drink ardent spirits. It was like cutting off the right hand, but they persevered and conquered it. For worlds you could not induce them to return to their old habits.

Have you no bad habits to conquer? Do you smoke or chew tobacco? Break the chain at once. From this time resolve never to puff a segar or chew a quid of tobacco. It is a bad habit and is offensive to many—especially to women.

Do you use profane language? You have no excuse for this. You hanker not after wicked words, and you feel no satisfaction after you have used them. If there is one sin, that calls loudly for reform, it is this. Think, young men, think before you speak, and never give utterance to a word that will pain a Christian heart.

Do you make use of indelicate words? Nothing is more offensive to the ear of modesty, or disgusting to refined society. Reflect on the injury you do yourselves, when you give currency