SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1849.

THE Weekly Chronicle

Volume 14. "Nec Metus, Nec Popularis, sed Utrique." Number 9.

THE SAINT JOHN CHRONICLE,

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DURANT & Co., at their Office in the Brick Building of L. M. Dewber & Son, west side Prince Wm.-st.

☞ Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental,) Handbills, Blanks, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

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Chronicle Office, Saint John, N. B.

Weekly Almanack.

[The time of high water here given is for A. M.]

Oct.		H.	Sun. s	Moon s	H.	W.
27	Saturday,	6	38	4 49	1 35	8 3
28	Sunday	6	39	4 48	2 42	9 3
29	Monday,	6	40	4 47	3 47	9 48
30	Tuesday,	6	42	4 46	4 57	10 26
31	Wednesday	6	43	4 45	6 12	11 10
1	Thursday,	6	44	4 44	5 56	11 50
2	Friday,	6	45	5 42	8 42	0 13

Full Moon 31st, 0h. 20m. afternoon.

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February, 1848.

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St. John, Nov. 11, 1846. *Secretary.*

TAR.—20 barrels Riggers' TAR, ex Beverley from New York.

May 25. THOS. HANFORD.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from His GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* Mrs. ANN MITCHISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a Patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,

If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.

(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.

Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY'S Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.

Eaton Hall, Cheshire, Feb. 12, 1842.

This inestimable Medicine being composed entirely of medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substances. Benign to the tender infant, or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

Of the Thousands *cured by its agency*, many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period (by persevering in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

All Diseases (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

The Afflicted need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope, but let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

There should not be lost in taking this Remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
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Colics,	Piles,
Costipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
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In Boxes at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. each.

N. B. Directions, for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box

EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

(Concluded.)

On the morning of the Sunday following Edith's brief interview with my wife, and just as we were about to leave the house to attend divine service, a cab drove furiously up to the door, and a violent summons by both knocker and bell announced the arrival of some strangely-impatient visitor. I stepped out upon the drawing-room landing, and looking over the banister rail, curious to ascertain who had honoured me with so peremptory a call. The door was quickly opened, and in ran or rather staggered Mrs. Harlowe, with a child in long clothes in her arms.

"Shut—shut the door!" she faintly exclaimed, as she sank on one of the hall seats. "Pray shut the door—I am pursued!"

I hastened down, and was just in time to save her from falling on the floor. She had fainted.—I had her carried up stairs, and by the aid of proper restoratives, she gradually recovered consciousness. The child, a girl of about four months old, was seized upon by Mary and Kate, and carried off in triumph to the nursery. Sadly changed, indeed, as by the sickness of the soul, was poor Edith. The radiant flush of youth and hope, rendering her sweet face eloquent of joy and pride, was replaced by the cold sad hues of wounded affections and proud despair. I could read in her countenance as in a book, the sad record of long months of wearing sorrow, vain regrets, and bitter self-reproach. Her person, too, had lost its rounded, airy, graceful outline, and had become thin and angular. Her voice, albeit, was musical and gentle as she murmured, recovering her senses, "You will protect me from my—from that man?" As I warmly pressed her hand, in emphatic assurance that I would shield her against all comers, another loud summons was heard at the door. A minute afterwards, a servant entered, and announced that Mr. Harlowe waited for me below. I directed he should be shown into the library; and after iterating my assurance to Edith that she was quite safe from violence beneath my roof, and that I would presently return to hear her explanation of the affair, I went down stairs.

Mr. Harlowe, as I entered, was pacing rapidly up and down the apartment. He turned to face me; and I thought he looked even more perturbed and anxious than vengeful and angry. He, however, as I coldly bowed and demanded his business with me, instantly assumed a bullying air and tone.

"Mrs. Harlowe is here: she has surreptitiously left South Audley street in a hired cab, and I have traced her to this house."

"Well?"

"Well! I trust it is well; and I insist she instantly return to her home."

"Her *home!*"

I used the word with an expression significative only of my sense of the sort of "home" he had provided for the gentle girl he had sworn to love and cherish; but the random shaft found a joint in his armour at which it was not aimed. He visibly trembled, and turned pale.

"She has had time to tell you all then! But be assured, sir, that nothing she has heard or been told, however true it may be—*may* be, remember, I say—can be legally substantiated except by myself."

What could the man mean? I was fairly puzzled; but, professionally accustomed to conceal emotions of surprise and bewilderment, coldly replied—"I have left the lady who sought the protection of her true 'home' merely to ascertain the reason of this visit."

"The reason of my visit!" he exclaimed with renewed fury; "to reconvey her to South Audley Street. What else? If you refuse to give her up I shall apply to the police."

I smiled, and approached the bell.

"You will not surrender her then?"

"To judicial process only: of that be assured. I have little doubt that, when I am placed in full possession of the facts of the case I shall be quite able to justify my conduct." He did not reply, and I continued: "If you choose to wait here till I have heard Edith's statement, I will at once acquaint you with my final determination."

"Be it so: and please to recollect, sir, that you have to deal with a man not easily baffled or entrapped by legal subtility or cunning."

I ascended to the drawing-room, and finding Edith—thanks to the ministrations, medicinal and oral, of my bustling and indignant lady—much calmer, and thoroughly satisfied that no body could or should wrest her from us, begged her to relate unreservedly the cause or causes which had led to her present position. She faltteringly complied; and I listened with throbbing pulse and burning cheeks to the sad story of her wedded wretchedness, dating from within two or three months of marriage; and finally consummated by disclosure that, if proveable, might consign Harlowe to the hulks. The tears, the agony, the despair of the unhappy lady, excited in me a savageness of feeling, an eager thirst for vengeance which I had believed foreign to my nature. Edith divined my thoughts, and taking my hand, said, "Never, sir, never will I appear against him; the father of my little Helen will never be publicly accused by me.

"You err, Edith, "I rejoined; "it is a positive duty to bring so consummate a villain to justice. He has evidently calculated on your gentleness of disposition, and must be disappointed."

I soon, however, found it was impossible to shake her resolution on this point; and I returned with a heart full of grief and bitterness to Mr. Harlowe.

"You will oblige me, sir," I exclaimed as I entered the room, "by leaving this house immediately: I would hold no further converse with so vile a person."

"How! Do you know to whom you presume to speak in this manner!"

"Perfectly. You are one Harlowe, who, after a few months residence with a beautiful and amiable girl, had extinguished the passion which induced him to offer her marriage, showered on her every species of insult and indignity of which a cowardly and malignant nature is capable; and who finding that did not kill her, at length consummated, or revealed, I do not yet know which term is most applicable, his utter baseness by causing her to be informed that his first wife was still living."

"Upon my honour, sir, I believed when I married Miss Willoughby, that I was a widower."

"Your *honour!* But to prove that I do thoroughly know and appreciate the person I am addressing, I will not bandy words with you.—After that terrible disclosure—if, indeed, it be a disclosure, not an invention—— Ah, you start at that!"

"At your insolence, sir; not at your senseless surmises."

"Time and law will show. After, I repeat, this terrible disclosure or invention, you, not content with obtaining from your victim's generosity a positive promise that she would not send you to the hulks'——

"Sir have a care."

"Pooh! I say, not content with exacting this promise from your victim, you, with your wife, or accomplice, threatened not only to take her child from her, but to lock her up in a madhouse, unless she subscribed a paper, confessing that she knew when you espoused her, that you were a married man. Now sir, do I or do I not, thoroughly know who and what the man is I am addressing?"

"Sir," returned Harlowe, recovering his audacity somewhat, "spite of all your hectoring and abuse, I defy you to obtain proof—legal proof—whether what Edith has heard is true or false.—The affair may perhaps be arranged; let her return with me."

"You know she would die first; but it is quite useless to prolong this conversation; and I again request you to leave this house."

"If Miss Willoughby would accept an allowance"—

The cool audacity of this proposal to make me an instrument in compromising a felony exasperated me beyond all bounds. I rang the bell violently, and desired the servant who answered it to show Mr Harlowe out of the house. Finding further persistence useless, the baffled villain snatched up his hat, and with a look and gesture of rage and contempt hurried out of the apartment.

The profession of a barrister necessarily begets habits of coolness and reflection under the most exciting circumstances; but I confess that in this instance my ordinary equanimity was so much disturbed, that it was some time before I could command sufficient composure to reason calmly upon the strange revelations made to me by Edith, and the nature of the measures necessary to adopt in order to clear up the mystery attaching to them. She persisted in her refusal to have recourse to legal measures with a view to the punishment of Harlowe; and I finally determined—after a conference with Mr. Ferret, who, having acted for the first Mrs. Harlowe, I naturally conjectured must know something of her history and connections—to take for the present no ostensible steps in the matter. Mr. Ferret, like myself, was persuaded that the sham resuscitation of his first wife was a mere trick, to enable Harlowe to rid himself of the presence of a woman he no longer cared for. "I will take an opportunity," said Mr. Ferret, "of quietly questioning Rickards: he must have known the first wife; Eleanor Wickham, I remember, was her maiden name; and if not bought over by Harlowe—a by-no-means impossible purchase—can set us right at once. I did not understand that the said Eleanor was at all celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, such as you say Miss Willoughby—Mrs. Harlowe I mean—describes. She was a native of Dorsetshire too, I remember; and the foreign Italian accent you mention is rarely, I fancy, picked up in that charming county. Some flashy opera-dancer, depend upon it, whom he has contracted a passing fancy for; a slippery gentleman, certainly; but with a little caution, we shall not fail to trip his heels up, clever as he may be."

A stronger wrestler than either of us was upon the track of the unhappy man. Edith had not been with us three weeks, when one of Harlowe's servants called at my chambers to say that his master, in consequence of a wound he had inflicted on his foot with an axe, whilst amusing himself with cutting or pruning some trees in the grounds at Fairdown, was seriously ill, and had expressed a wish to see me. I could not leave town; but as it was important Mr. Harlowe should be seen, I requested Mr. Ferret to proceed at once to Fairdown House. He did so, and late in the evening returned with the startling intelligence that Mr. Harlowe was dead!

"Dead!" I exclaimed, much shocked. "Are you serious?"

"As a judge. He expired, about an hour after I reached the house of *tetanus*, commonly called lockedjaw. His body, by the contraction of the muscles, was bent like a bow, and rested on his heels and back part of his head. He was incapable of speech long before I saw him; but there was a world of agonised expression in his eyes!"

"Dreadful! Your journey was useless then?"

"Not precisely. I saw the pretended former wife: a splendid woman, and as much Eleanor Wickham of Dorsetshire as I am. They mean, however, to show fight, I think; for, as I left the place, I observed that delightful knave, Richards, enter the house. I took the liberty of placing seals upon the desks and cabinets, and I directed the butler and other servants to see that nothing was disturbed or removed till Mrs. Harlowe's—the true Mrs. Harlowe's—arrival."

The funeral was to take place on the following Wednesday; and it was finally arranged that both of us would accompany Edith to Fairdown on the day after it had taken place, and adopt such measures as circumstances might render necessary. Mr. Ferret wrote to this effect to all parties concerned.

On arriving at the house, I, Ferret, and Mrs. Harlowe proceeded at once to the drawing-room, where we found the pretended wife seated in great state, supported on one side by Mr. Richards, and on the other by Mr. Quillet, the eminent proctor. Edith was dreadfully agitated, and clung frightened and trembling to my arm. I conducted her to a seat, and placed myself beside her, leaving Mr. Ferret—whom so tremendous an array of law and learning, evincing a determination to fight the matter out *a l outrance*, filled with exuberant glee—to open the conference.

"Good morning, madam," cried he, the moment he entered the room, and quite unaffected by the lady's scornful and haughty stare: "I am delighted to see you in such excellent company.—You do not, I hope, forget that I once had the honour of transacting business for you?"

"You had transactions of my business!" said the lady. "When, I pray you?"

"God bless me!" cried Ferret, addressing Richards, "what a charming Italian accent; and out of Dorsetshirre too!"

"Dorsetshire, sir?" exclaimed the lady.

"Ay, Dorsetanire to be sure. Why, Mr. Richards, our respected client appears to have forgotten her place of birth! How very extraordinary!"

Mr. Richards now interfered to say that Mr. Ferret, was apparently labouring under a strange misapprehension. "This lady," continued he, "is Madame Gioletta Correlli."

"Whe-e-e-w!" rejoined Ferret, thrown for an instant out off his balance by the suddenness of the confession, and perhaps a little disappointed at so placable a termination of the dispute—"Gioletta Correlli! "What is the meaning of this array then?"

"I am glad, madam," said I, interposing for the first time in the conversation, "for your own sake, that you have been advised not to persist in the senseless as well as iniquitous scheme devised by the late Mr. Harlowe; but this being the case, I am greatly at a loss to know why either you or these legal gentlemen are here?"

The brilliant eyes of the Italian flashed with triumphant scorn, and a smile of contemptuous irony curled her beautiful lips as she replied,—"These legal gentlemen will not have much difficulty in explaining my right to remain in my own house."

"*Your* house?"

"Precisely sir," replied Mr. Quillett. "This mansion, together with all other property, real and personal, of which the deceased Henry Harlowe died possessed, is bequeathed by will—dated about a month since—"to this lady, Gioletta Correlli."

"A will!" exclaimed Mr. Ferret with an explosive shout, and turning to me, whilst his sharp grey eyes danced with irrepressible mirth—"Did I not tell you so?"

"Your usual sagacity, Mr. Ferret, has not failed you in this instance. Perhaps you will permit me to read the will? But before I do so," continued Mr. Quillet, as he drew his gold-rimmed spectacles from their morroco sheath—"you will allow me, if you please, to state that the legatee, delicately appreciating the situation of the widow, will allow her any reasonable annuity—say five hundred per annum for life."

"Will she really though?" cried Mr. Ferret, boiling over with ecstacy. "Madam, let me beg you to confirm this gracious promise."

"Certainly I do."

"Capital!—glorious!" rejoined Ferret; and I thought he was about to perform a saltatory movement, that must have brought his cranium into damaging contact with the chandelier under which he was standing. "Is it not delightful? How every one—especially an attorney—loves a generous giver!"

Mr. Richards appeared to be rendered somewhat uneasy by these strange demonstrations. He knew Ferret well, and evidently suspected that something was wrong somewhere. "Perhaps, Mr. Quillet," said he, "you had better read the will at once."

This was done: the instrument devised in legal and minute form all the property, real and personal, to Giuletta Correlli—a natural-born subject of his majesty it appeared, though of foreign parentage, and of partially foreign education.

"Allow me to say," broke in Mr. Ferret, interrupting me as I was about to speak—"allow me to say, Mr. Richards, that that will does you credit; it is, I should say, a first rate affair, for a country practitioner especially. But of course you submitted the draught to counsel?"

"Certainly I did," said Richards tartly.

"No doubt—no doubt. Clearness and precision like that could only have proceeded from a master's hand. I shall take a copy of that will, Richards, for future guidance, you may depend, the instant it is registered in Doctor's Commons."

"Come, come, Mr. Ferret," said I; "this jesting is all very well; but it is quite time the farce should end."

"Farce!" exclaimed Mr. Richards.

"Farce!" growled doubtful Mr. Quillet.

"Farce!" murmured the beautiful Giuletta.

"Farce!" cried Mr Ferret. "My dear sir, it is about one of the most charming and genteel comedies ever enacted on any stage, and the principal part, too, by one of the most charming of *prima donnas*. Allow me sir—don't interrupt me! it is too delicious to be shared; it is indeed, Mr. Richards, and you, Mr. Quillet, will you permit me to observe that this admirable will has *one* slight defect?"

"A defect!—where—how?

"It is really heartbreaking that so much skill and ingenuity should be thrown away; but the fact is, gentlemen, that the excellent person who signed it had no property to bequeath!"

"How?"

"Not a shilling's worth. Allow me, sir, if you please. This piece of parchment, gentlemen, is, I have the pleasure to inform you, a marriage settlement."

"A marriage settlement!" exclaimed both the men of law in a breath.

"A marriage settlement, by which, in the event of Mr. Harlowe's decease, his entire property passes to his wife, in trust for the children, if any; and if not, absolutely for herself." Ferret threw the deed on the table, and then giving way to convulsive mirth, threw himself upon the sofa and fairly shouted with glee.

Mr. Quillet seized the document, and, with Richards, eagerly perused it. The proctor then rose, and bowing gravely to his astonished client, said, "The will, madam, is waste paper. You have been deceived." He then left the apartment.

The consternation of the lady and her attorney may be conceived. Madam Corelli, giving way to her fiery passions, vented her disappointment in passionate reproaches of the deceased; the only effect of which was to lay bare still more clearly than before her own cupidity and folly, and to increase Edith's painful agitation. I led her down stairs to my wife, who, I omitted to mention, had accompanied us from town, and remained in the library with the children during our conference.—In a very short time afterwards Mr. Ferret had cleared the house of its intrusive guests, and we had leisure to offer our condolence and congratulations to our grateful and interesting client. It was long before Edith recovered her health; and I doubt if she would ever have thoroughly regained her old cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, had it not been for her labour of love in superintending and directing the education of her daughter Helen, a charming girl who fortunately inherited nothing from her father but his wealth. The last time I remember to have danced was at Helen's wedding. She married a distinguished Irish gentleman, with whom, and her mother, I perceive by the newspapers, she appeared at Queen Victoria's court in Dublin, one, I am sure, of the brightest stars which glittered in that galaxy of beauty and fashion.

THE CHOLERA—DAY OF HUMILIATION IN ENGLAND.

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

THE REV. J. F. DENHAM, M.A., F.R.S.

EVENING.—"In the day of adversity consider" (Ecclesiastes vii. 14).—The history of all nations and the experience of every man concur to show that in the present imperfect and probationary state some period inevitably occurs which may be called "the day of adversity." Owing either to the course of nature, or to our own conduct, or that of others, or to the inherent mutability of all earthly things, it seems impossible for a human being to escape a mixture of suffering in his lot. The certainty of its occurrence may have given its turn to the expression in the text of "the day"—the appointed season, which comes as a matter of course—of adversity. It is therefore only reasonable to expect that in our national and individual capacity we ourselves shall be called to pass under the cloud which, at some or other time, obscures the happiness of all men. This checkered experience of human beings is to be referred to the wise and benevolent will of the Almighty.—The wise man tells us in one part of his writings, that "God hath set, or literally made, the one part of it over against the other." Adversity is as essential as prosperity to promote the grand purposes of our existence. There are many faculties of the mind, and feelings of the heart, which would for every lie dormant were they not called into action by calamity. Many of the best parts of our character, which both fit us for our present duties and for our future happiness and employment, are developed and improved by affliction. The sacred writer in the text, in common with all the best moralists, bids his reader expect his share in this common lot of suffering, and well knowing their benificent nature, has given us his advice how to derive from them their full advantage, by saying, "In the day of adversity consider." Serious and rational reflection is, indeed, the origin of all moral and religious improvement.—Moses desires for the Jews in his time this disposition of mind as a germ of all others which he wished them to possess—"Oh that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end" (Deut. xxxii., 29); the absence of it is represented in the book of Job as the characteristic defect of wicked men—"They will not consider any of the ways of God" (Job xxxiv., 27); by Isaiah as the solution of an idolator's infatuation—"He considereth not in his heart so as to say, shall I fall down to the stock of a tree?" (Isaiah xliv., 19), and as the cause of Israel's impiety and transgressions—"My people doth not consider" (Isaiah i., 3). Although a reflective and considerate state of mind is at all times both truly useful and becoming, there are especial occasions which call us to a deeper and more collected exercise of meditation. Whenever our honourable undertakings are crowned with success, we ought to reflect on the goodness and faithfulness of God, who has thus illustrated in our experience his great law that his blessing attends man's virtuous self-exertion.—Seasons of prosperity also ought to be accompanied with a conscientious reminiscence of those good intentions or tacit vows, which he made during suspense of anticipation, and which we, perhaps, half dared to offer the Almighty as the condition of his granting to us a favourable issue: we ought also to contemplate the new and peculiar temptations with which an accession to prosperity is ever attended. But consideration is in many respects the peculiar duty of "the day of adversity." Such a time is also peculiarly fit for it. Then the desires and affections of the mind are drawn back to their source. Our thoughts, disappointed or alarmed at the outward state of things, revert to themselves. We call home the imagination as an unfaithful emissary, and prefer to listen to the faithful admonitions of the heart. Bereft of comfort and assistance in all beside, we seek it in the recesses of our own bosom. In this solemn occupation we retrace the path we have pursued, become more painfully aware of its deviations, and discern more clearly its termination in an approaching year. The consequences of our actions become fairly estimated, and we learn lessons of piety and humility not gained in any other school. The favourable tendency of adversity to promote consideration may be now seen around us; and has surely been experienced by every heart during the present season of calamity and alarm. Few, we would hope have been the individuals who have not trembled for themselves amid the fast-flying shafts of "the last enemy," which have spared no age or station! Scarcely any could have heard of the prevalence of a pestilence within the bourn of our city, or our own neighbourhood, or in an adjoining abode, without reflecting, to their moral and spiritual advantage, on their own imminent liability to be numbered among its next victims, and have not, under a deep conviction of helplessness turned an imploring eye to the aid of the Almighty, and bewailed the neglect and insensibility from which the spectacles or rumours of mortality have aroused them. At the same time the emotions excited by the visitations of adversity need correct guidance on our part, in order to the proper fulfillment of their intentions. You are prepared, my brethren, by our general condition, as well as to many of you by a near or remote connection with the cause of this day's special observance, to receive such advice as may either now, or before the final termination of the warning we have received, be peculiarly acceptable; or which may, at all events, be useful in regard to other too probable emergencies of human life.—Taking, then, the exhortation to "consider in the day of adversity," in its widest sense, we may remark on the advisableness under any calamity of preserving as much as possible a tranquil state of mind. Whenever affliction falls upon us we have need of all the aid of a collected state of the understanding, but which the shock of dismay is peculiarly calculated to destroy. It is well remarked by the writer of the Book of Wisdom, that "fear is but a betrayal of the succours which reason offereth," c. 17, v. 12; and by an ancient philosopher, that "fear is the chief thing in every calamity which we have most need to be afraid of." This must be true, because fear disables those powers of the mind in the right use of which we may find means of escaping an evil, or of mitigating its effects, or, if it be inevitable, of neutralising them by resignation. We all know, from observation and experience, that in rational presence of mind, and in those exertions it both prompts and enables us to employ, rest our most immediate and last resource in the time of trouble. How many have absolutely perished either because "they were afraid where there was no real cause of fear," or because, in the confusion produced by fear, they have neglected the obvious means of safety, or have even taken the most direct means of bringing on themselves the evils they would avoid. It is well known that among the various directions which have been given by medical authorities for shunning the inroads of the present epidemic, one, and in which they are all agreed, is, to "avoid fear, as being a powerful predisposing cause." At the same time let us remember that the best foundation of tranquillity in danger is the consciousness that we have not brought it upon ourselves by any neglect or fault of our own. A sense of rectitude is at all times the firmest basis of courage; whereas a consciousness of ill desert ever exposes the soul that feels it to the worst terrors of misfortune. This remark applies peculiarly to the fear of death. The best, the only way rather, of mitigating or exempting ourselves from it entirely, is to cultivate a habit of calmly contemplating the inevitable event, founded upon a consciousness that we are pursuing the path of rectitude and duty, under a reliance on the mercy of God in Christ for the pardon of our repeated sins, and the assistance and acceptance of our imperfect yet indispensable endeavours. It is described as the peculiar privilege of "the man that feareth the Lord, and delighteth greatly in his commandments, that he shall not be afraid