

ment to come to Christ. 'The Lord's own good time' is the present.—*Christian Journal.*

Rum-Seller's Advertisement.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS,—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I take this early opportunity of informing you that, on Saturday next, I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable portion of the community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing diminish the comforts, augment the expense, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with the greatest expedition, to prepare victims for the Asylum, the poor houses, the prisons and the gallows.

I will furnish an article that will increase the number of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless incurable.

I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, some of reason, some of property, and all of peace; which will cause fathers to be fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their suckling infants; virgins their priceless innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual, and eternal death, and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—Money.

The spirit trade is lucrative, and some professing Christians give it a cheerful countenance.

I have license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified, brought upon themselves or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of so doing.

Interesting Services.

A large number of persons assembled on Almy's wharf, Saturday morning, says the *Providence Journal* of the 10th inst., to witness the departure of the Rev. JAMES MCGREGOR BERTRAM and family, missionary for his station at St. Helena. The morning sun proved so warm that it was judged best to adjourn to the Pine-street Baptist Meeting-House, near by. The services were opened by the Rev. Mr. LEAVITT, of the Richmond-street Church, by reading a portion of the twentieth chapter of Acts. The Rev. Mr. FIELD, of the Pine-street Church, made some affecting remarks, and was followed by the Rev. Mr. BARNET, of Seckonik, who spoke particularly of the efforts of Mr. BERTRAM, the departing missionary, in the cause of the sailors who are constantly mooring at that lone isle of the ocean.

Mr. DOUGLAS, City Missionary, then made some effective remarks, and the Rev. Mr. BERTRAM addressed the audience in an impressive and

eloquent manner for some twenty minutes, in which he gave a brief account of his successful efforts in this country, to raise funds for the purpose of erecting two meeting-houses on the island of St. Helena. Mr. B. went some years since to St. Helena as an independent disciple, having no connexion with any missionary board or sect, and without funds, and has been enabled by the grace of God and the good people who have come to his aid, to build up the cause of his Master in that remote island, beyond the most sanguine hopes of his friends. In closing his remarks he wished to pour out his gratitude to the ministers of the American churches and to the officers and Christians connected with them, for their liberal contributions and kindly aid furnished him in his three years' sojourn in America, where he has visited more churches and preached more sermons than any minister of his age now living. He closed by thanking the owners of the bark Warren White for their liberality and kindness, and bidding the audience a kind farewell. The closing prayer was made by the Rev. Mr. LEAVITT, and the 1,068th hymn was then sung, when, after the benediction by the same minister, the audience dispersed. A number of the friends and acquaintances of Mr. BERTRAM sailed down the bay with him, and bade him farewell on board the bark, near Fields Point, where she was lying at anchor, ready for sea.

Mr. Bertram, during his visit to Toronto, preached in Bond Street, and gave a very interesting account of St. Helena, and of the success of his mission there.

Sights Below and Above Ground.

[EXTRACTS FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.]

Naples.—Pompeii.—Herculaneum.—Rome. St. Peter's at Easter.

The winter heat of Italy is pleasant enough—a most agreeable change from the rains and cold of Old England. It was becoming very hot when we left Naples, which was early in the month of April, far hotter than I ever felt it in England, but not the same oppressive, sultry heat, the extremely transparent and beautiful atmosphere, tempered with the sweet breezes upon the Mediterranean, made the climate at that season most enjoyable to me. It is glorious scenery at and all about the Bay of Naples; such as every lover of nature can appreciate but perhaps more particularly felt by the classical scholar. But there is food for minds in Italy. What can exceed the interest that rises on the mind on entering the desolate streets of Pompeii? I shall never forget my sensations on viewing the roofless, but otherwise perfect houses, the narrow streets just broad enough to admit the chariot, the mark of the wheels having furrowed the old pavement, giving it even now a look which speaks of life, though being quite deserted, it is as if a plague had swept off its inhabitants. We entered by the rich merchant Diomed's house, rendered famous by Lytton's description in his *Last Days of Pompeii*, and whose account is so true to the original. It is the first house in the Street of Tombs—so called from the beautiful tombs being on one side of the street, opposite to the residences of the families who owned them.—This was a strange custom—having the tomb constantly before you, the furnace, too, where the bodies had burned before being committed in ashes to the urns, which are still ranged in the interior of the tombs—being about nine in each.

The houses are completely empty of their articles of daily use; all of these being in the immense museum in Naples, together with the jewels taken from the skeletons and every thing else that you can imagine—the articles in beautiful design and workmanship—worthy indeed of being imitated as they are at the present day. Two or three of the large wine jars are left in the cellar of Diomed's

house, where also is the last evil mark against the wall when the family fearing destruction from the burning ashes have fled and been smothered, the forms being distinctly visible. But I am wearying you with this relation, as I have little doubt you are familiar with it than any poor words of mine can make you; yet I must say that with Vesuvius frowning above, and beholding, as Dickens says, "the destroyer and the destroyed," it is altogether a scene never to be forgotten. Herculaneum too is equally curious, but totally different. Little comparatively has been excavated, as having been buried by a rolling sea of lava, this has hardened like marble and has rendered the work more tedious and expensive; still there is much to be seen open to the daylight, and the frescoes on some of the walls are quite bright, the subjects being as clear as if painted yesterday. The theatre you see with torches those parts that have been excavated, and in one part there is an impression in the ceiling of a mask, which has doubtless been worn by a performer and which has floated over the lava and been found and taken off. It has the most hideous grin on its countenance, or rather on the impression of it. As you are surveying the dungeon-like theatre, you hear the roll of the carriage wheels above your head, for a thickly populated town is there, built on the old Herculaneum, as if Vesuvius were removed, and there were no possibility of another eruption, so great is the security in the minds of these people. In fact the base of the mountain for miles is but a continuation of town and villages, stretching in suburbs all the way from Naples, as if there were not room for the dwellers, who in truth are too numerous, judging from the crowded streets, where reside a population exceeding that of Liverpool by some thousands. You would be convulsed with laughter could you suddenly be transported there. After all you have seen I think you would say the out door scene of Naples exceed all for drillery and for dirt. The cart of the country people is a most extraordinary vehicle—fancy the skeleton frame of a cart, like—I don't know what—just four spars of wood. Slung about the middle of it is a rude sort of gig, upon which about three sit (for in numbers the Neapolitans are not particular) one of these standing or sitting, drives an animal you can almost see through. Before the gig two or three hang on behind, stand sit or hang about the same number; and underneath nearly touching the ground a net containing individuals also, who ride there almost smothered by dust, laughing, shouting or singing, as they proceed and at such a random pace that you wonder how the one unfortunate horse can possibly go. Such a sight I should say can only be seen at Naples and there is such multitudes, that at last you pass them unobserved, for these people walk as little as they can help, being so lazy that an exertion is evidently irksome.

I ought not to omit telling you we stayed three weeks in the "Eternal City"—one being the Holy week. So we witnessed many of the ceremonies there. The Pope in this week represents our Saviour; washes the feet of twelve, (the Apostles) and afterwards waits on them at a meal—representing the last Supper. But turn with me to St. Peter's, which as a magnificent building is far beyond my powers of description. I was so over-awed on entering the vast edifice that I assure you the effect completely turned my head light—you are struck with wonder and amazement and what looks very beautiful round the High Altar, the confessional of St. Peter, where he is said to be interred, burn 150 golden lamps, which in the distance look like so many stars; but the splendid Mosaic and other pictures, the vast quantity of monuments by Canova and others, the masses of marbles of different colors, the bronze, the gold, and in such an enormous building, altogether present such a coup d'œil as never I hope will be effaced. We saw the building outside illuminated as is the custom of Easter, when after what is called the silver illumination of one hour, as the clock strikes eight, it all changes in a few seconds as if by magic, to a perfect blaze of gold, showing