

missed from the Sardinian service for base and ungentlemanly conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and dissipated his resources in a career of vice and extravagance. This desperate youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him, unless he would immediately advance him 500 crowns. The General, though a brave man, well knew what a desperado he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time expostulating freely with him for his conduct. The young madman rode off triumphantly with his ill-gotten acquisition. In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he determined to call on him, and began with informing him what General de Gons had done, and as a proof, exhibited the draft under de Gons's own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at it with astonishment. Then, after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said, "It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method, and in honesty I cannot return it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation." The nephew's pistol was immediately at his breast. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty power, nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation that his uncle de Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother:—"Afraid of death!" rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think I have been twenty five years the minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No, Sir, it is for you to fear death; you are a gamester and a cheat, yet call yourself a gentleman! You are a seducer of female innocence, and still say you are a gentleman!

You are a duellist, and for this you style yourself a *man of honour*! Look there, Sir, the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us—tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body, and punish your soul in hell." The unhappy man turned pale, and trembled alternately with fear and rage; he still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus menaced, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape; he calmly conversed with his profligate relation, and at length perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in language truly paternal, till he had fairly disarmed and subdued him. He would not return his brother's draft, but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief; he then prayed with him, and after fulfilling his promise of his assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other. The power of courage, founded on piety and good principles, together with its influence in overawing the wildest and most desperate profligacy, was never more finely illustrated than by this anecdote. It deserves to be put in the hands of every self-styled "man of honour," to show how far superior is the courage that dares to die, though it dares not to sin, to the boasted power of a mere man of the world.

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To the Editor.

DEAR BROTHER,—A Christian Brother, travelling during last summer in the Upper Province, came to a place where was a Baptist Church, the members of which were all asleep in Divine things; and when that brother reasoned with some of the leading members on this unnatural state of things, they said they were only taking a "*Spiritual nap*," and that they would awake up presently and go on their way again. Activ