

and its government is not of a high order. The robbery of territory is looked upon with no particular aversion, and marauding expeditions are not unfrequently infested with a character of heroism. What is to be the end of such glaring immoralities? Will not the God of the whole earth, although he long forbears, visit them at length with his marked displeasure?—*Presb.*

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
IN THE CITY OF ST. JOHN.

And to all others who may be willing to take a little friendly
advice from me.

DEAR BRETHREN:

During a rest of two days in my Visitation, which I have obtained by indisposition, I think that I cannot employ my time better than in writing a few words of advice and consolation under the heavy calamity with which it has pleased God to visit your City. As this scourge cannot now be averted, it becomes us all to consider, in a manly and cheerful spirit, how it may best be borne; how its further ravages may (as far as we are able to check them) be stayed; what means may be used to lessen the evil in case of its recurrence; and above all, how we may turn it to our spiritual good. You have had some very sound advice from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and others, which every one must wish had been more promptly followed; and medical men of eminence are directing all their energies to assist and encourage you. My remarks, therefore, on this part of the question, may seem not needed, and must necessarily be brief. But I would earnestly entreat all our citizens to remember—not now only, but when the disease has abated—that Cholera is the scourge with which Providence visits the evils of filthiness and intemperance; and if no adequate means be taken to remove these two nuisances, the calamity will appear again among us in all probability, and will visit those whom it has at this time spared.

It is not enough considered, that religion abhors material as well as moral filth, and that uncleanly habits are as inconsistent with piety as intemperance itself. Our Saviour's judgment on the Gadarenes teaches us, that those who live like swine, soon learn to have swinish hearts, and are hurried into the deep of sensuality and greediness. In my journeys through the country, I have often observed the extreme neglect of common decent habits, in respect of the ordinary necessities of life, and how frightfully is this evil aggravated, when whole streets are in a constant state of unhealthiness, and their inhabitants are hourly drinking in material poison. Nor will any man be able to convince me that such habits are not irreligious. Piety does not consist in uttering groans and performing penances, or turning up our eyes to the Almighty; it lies in the strict discharge of the duties, and in the cultivation of the deonencies of life, we are to "think on and do, not only whatsoever things are just, and honest, but whatsoever things are pure and lovely."

Now, surely our wealthier citizens could not have a more noble and glorious mission, than in thus clearing St. John from its material impurities, and by these means leading others a step towards moral cleanliness. Are there none amongst us, possessed of respectability and vast wealth, every year swelling their incomes by accessions, which a gracious Providence pours abundantly into their lap, but of which, for the improvement of the City, they make no use whatever? In ancient times, when merchant princes acquired vast riches by commerce, they employed them to the benefit of the cities where they resided. Their names have come down to us endeared by the grateful recollections of a thousand hearts, some, as founders of hospitals; some, as erectors of aqueducts and fountains; some, as providing asylums for the old, colleges for the young, places of refuge for the destitute or distressed, the foundling, the orphan, the widow, the deaf, or blind, or idiot child. Wealth was looked on by them as an enormous gift, unless dedicated to the glory of God, and the good of posterity,—and it was considered that God gives great wealth to some men, that they may have the happiness of enriching their fellow creatures, not by small subscriptions to benevolent objects, but by vigorous, well combined, and immortal works. Did Pagans erect fountains and aqueducts which promote the health of cities, and are Christians to leave these good works to them? Is Pagan darkness more fruitful than Christian illumination? In former times, Pagan wealth was placed in the hands of a few, who possessed all the means and all the power. Now, multitudes are comparatively wealthy, and might unite with richer ac-

quiescent and humanizing our City. Of what use will extravagant wages and costly dress be, when one stroke of the pestilence which filth engenders, tramples them in the dust!

Thousands, with a very pardonable terror, have fled the town, and sought a purer air. But recollect the evil remains behind. As long as they are in the pure air they may be well; but the unweaned streets, the uncleaned houses, the dirty cellars, the filthy back lanes—all remain behind. And as the weather gets colder, they must return to them, and begin to drink the hourly poison again. The true method of cure is to improve the place where you live, not to leave it to improve itself. Nor indeed is the country wholly safe. Not only is the state of the atmosphere at present favourable to disease, but people also take bad habits along with them, make the country less safe for themselves than it was, and poison the purest air.

Here, therefore, allow me to caution the indiscreet against several errors which aggravate the disease, or pave the way for it. *Panic fear is one of these errors.* Are we not all Christians; and as Christians, do we not know that all curses and all scourges are in His wise and gracious hands, who can give us comfort and confidence in the time of trouble? When the battle rages, and the storm of shot and shell falls fiercely around, men are found in abundance, who risk their lives for their country, and if they fall, fall bravely, with their faces to the foe. Let us not be less cheerful even in prospect of a less glorious end; but let us use all the means which God has provided, to baffle the pestilence, and not give way to panic fear, which only deprives us of the power to resist. Let me also implore all persons to desist from the habit of using remedies for the Cholera, before the premonitory symptoms appear. Hundreds thus drug themselves with opium, or bad brandy, and predispose their bodies for the attack. Surely those who make a profit of the fears of their fellow creatures, by selling them what they know to be vile trash, not resembling the name it bears, deserve to have their names exposed as poisoners of their fellow men. It is also much to be deplored, that instead of this scourge of God having checked drunkenness, it is generally agreed that there never was so much drunkenness amongst us, too many having drowned their fears and their consciences in this horrid sin. Yet from all I can gather, the absolute prohibition of fermented liquor, without an incessant hourly tyranny, to which no body of men will long submit, would be insufficient to check the evil. Be this, however, as it may, for I am anxious not to tread on controverted ground, an immense responsibility must rest on the heads of those who aggravate the evil by the sale of adulterated mixtures.

But I come now to the higher ground. Is not this scourge of God an appointed punishment, not only of our neglect of ordinary social duties, but of all our other sins? There was, I fear, no very hearty response in the public mind to the day lately set apart by public authority for general humiliation. By multitudes it was observed as a day of pleasure. And now this grievous scourge, the effects of which are only beginning to be felt, which not only desolates our homes, and strikes terror into our hearts, but paralyzes the industry of our city, and strikes a blow at all our home comforts,—this fatal avenger of our neglect of God can no longer be contemplated at a distance. Twenty years since, I believe, it appeared, and very slightly visited us, as if gently to admonish us rather than to chasten us severely. And how have these subsequent years of peace and plenty been spent? Cannot the most virtuous see in his own life so much which he would amend, in his own words, so much which he must regret, that he must ascribe his exemption from this disease solely to the mercy and forbearance of God? But how many are there among us who cannot be called even by that "charity which hopeth all things," virtuous, much less religious men? How many regardless of their baptismal vow to "renounce the world, the flesh and the devil," forgetful that they are the sworn soldiers of the cross, have trampled under foot that very blood which would have saved them?

They have been enriched by God's harvests, walked on this earth, have seen, have felt, tasted all the joys which His kind hand has vouchsafed—yet the great Author of all has been as much forgotten as if he were not the Maker of the World? How many hundreds are there every where who systematically break the rest of the Lord's day, and seldom and at long intervals enter a place of public worship, and what kind of worship is ours? So cold, so indifferent is our performance, that when we see Christ coming in the clouds of Heaven to judge us, we shall seem like persons who never believed the vast truths which His

life, death, and resurrection place before the world. Nay, are there not in city and country, persons who systematically assault the Christian faith, and building on the unhappy divisions of its advocates, would soon convert the world into a mass of shapeless rain? Men like these may well tremble now, for they have no hope beyond this world, and when it totters under them, their lamp goes out in darkness. They are the greatest enemies of mankind, who would take from us our hope in the hour of adversity, and reduce us to the level of the savage, who knows no difference in respect of immortality between men and brutes.

Let us all, then, see this fearful scourge, a call to immediate and lasting repentance. Let the better disposed of our citizens cease to encourage the open and notorious sinner by occasional excesses, by frequent neglect of known duty. Let them seek out the worst of their acquaintances, reason with them, persuade them, cheer them by their own example, and lead them on to a more religious course.

Fathers! I beseech you no longer to indulge your children from their infancy in greedy desires, never instilling in them the truths of our holy Religion, but letting them have their choice, (and a bad choice they generally make,) but training them up in self-denial and obedience, and "in the nurture of the Lord."

Mothers! I intreat you not to indulge in the reckless desire for dress and ornament which is the mark of high wages and great profits. One day may strip you of it all—then where will be the toys which you have provided?

Husbands! I implore you by your love for your offspring, by your desire for their eternal well-being, to remember that one day may make their home desolate. O leave behind you a name that will be precious when your body sleeps in the dust.

Men of Wealth—and (comparatively speaking) you are many—the time is short in which you can hold it; it is slipping from your hands—lay it not out in enriching your houses, in acquiring new estates, but on enduring interests, and the welfare of future generations and immortal souls. Give God a tithe of all He gives to you. Look on the ships that bring you wealth not as your own, but God's. Set apart this portion of all the profits which you acquire. It may now seem much, but it will seem little enough at the Day of Judgment. I do not dictate to you the method of employing it, but I earnestly recommend to you the right use of it.

Intemperate Men! Alas, I fear, you will neither read what I say, nor give heed to it, if you should read. Ye, as you are very many, and as your number is not confined to the ignorant and illiterate, as it is just possible that, by the mercy of God, some poor sinner may read, may give heed to the warning, and it is equally my duty to give it, whether you heed it or not.—O think for once, how possible it is, by God's help, to draw back from the dreadful gulph into which you now plunge yourselves. You are the very victims which the scourge first seizes, you prepare your bodies for this attack by daily poisoning yourselves. But this is the least of the evils which you suffer. The remorse which you occasionally feel, the homes and hearts which you make desolate, are only faint images of the ruin which is about to engulf you. When you are launched into Eternity, how will you meet your Saviour and your God? With what eyes look upon Him, who for your sake was beaten, bound, spit upon, reviled, scourged, crowned with thorns, and nailed to the accursed tree? Every drop of the sacred blood shed at Gethsemane and at Calvary, every wound of the Holy Lamb, whose blessed body was for hours wracked by the lingering agony of the cross, will have a voice to pierce and transfix your soul with anguish, at the thought of having despised mercy so boundless, love so amazing, and so painful. Yet this voice is still heard in accents of tender compassion even for you. "Spare them," he cries to the avenging scourge. The avenger of blood has his arm uplifted to strike. O be persuaded to renounce this loathsome sin, and cut it off at once and forever. Happiness unspeakable will be yours. Happiness and satisfaction such as you have never known, peace in your conscience, love from all the virtues and good, joy among the angels, nay, even in the heart of the Almighty himself. It is true, you are powerless, but like the poor man who had the withered hand, do what you can, make the effort in faith, and lo! a strength beyond your own will be given you. The way of repentance and salvation is still open to you, if you will embrace it.

It is with the liveliest satisfaction I have heard that some fearless citizens have devoted themselves to the work of attending and helping the sick in this hour of