

and he died. The effect of these anecdotes, as told by the speaker, was such that but few people of weak minds could withstand them; and when the speaker had worked the feelings of his audience to the highest pitch of excitement, there was enough in the scene to drive even wise men mad. Having requested the gas-keeper not to turn on the gas till he gave orders for it, the sepulchral-like gloom, as night came down, was made a great deal of. This period was devoted to the exercise of devotion, in which the speaker called upon all who were impressed to follow him in his vow to "renounce the world, the devil, and the flesh;" and after a while the gas was turned on, when a shout of exultation, praising God that he had illumined at the same time the minds of people present, closed this service. Then followed a repetition of the scenes enacted in the afternoon, and we believe, with the same similar effects. From this description of these meetings, does it not appear remarkable that with all our boasted intelligence, there should be still so much superstition and prejudice amongst the people? It is no defence of these unnatural and unseemly exhibitions to say, that the chief actors are sincere, nor that in many instances good has thus been done. That may be quite true: but sincerity, without reason and intelligence to guide and controul it, is a motion that as readily impels to evil as to good.

MORALS OF YARMOUTH, N. S.

The Yarmouth Herald of the 14th instant, gives a most favourable report of the moral condition of that county. The May term of the Supreme Court was commenced and ended on the 12th instant; Judge T. C. Halliburton congratulated the Grand Jury of the county, on the fact, that there was not a single case of those serious offences, which sometimes disturb the peace of society, to lay before them. "This is the fifth time (said his Lordship) I have visited this county in the capacity of a Judge, and during that period, only one indictment has been opened." In calling over the docket of civil causes, it was ascertained that there were none to be tried that session, and the Judge proceeded to close the Term. He said he must again congratulate the Jury, not for what they had done, but for having nothing to do. There had probably never before been such an occurrence in Nova Scotia as a Term of the Supreme Court without any business for the grand jury, or a single case to be tried; and while this happy state of things could not fail to be peculiarly gratifying to the people in general, those gentlemen (pointing to the lawyers) have some claims to commiseration. (A laugh.) Thus ended the Term in less than one hour after it was opened.—*Morning Herald.*

LITERATURE.

Tales from the Canon Schmid,
AUTHOR OF THE WOODEN CROSS.

The Fire.

A TALE.

In five Letters addressed by Lewis May to his Mother.

LETTER V.

Continued.

I write to you once more, dearest mother. If my former letter affected you, you will be overjoyed by this one, for I have a very agreeable occurrence to tell you.

Yesterday morning as I walked into the breakfast-room, my master and his wife saluted me, with even more than ordinary kindness; and Amelia's features, as she bade me good morning, beamed with the tenderest affection. We breakfasted together; for, since my return to the house, I always breakfast with the family.

"I am quite out of temper with you," said Mr. von Walther, with a good-humoured look. "Why did you never say a word to us, of all that Madam Bellini told yesterday evening?"

"Indeed it was not friendly in you," said his wife, "not to tell us any thing of so noble an act."

"Oh!" said I, "our left hand should not know what our right hand does. I never spoke of it to any one. I only wrote an account of it to my mother."

"Well," said Madam von Walther, with peculiar emphasis, "you must henceforth consider me as your mother."

"And me," added her husband, "as your father!"

Hardly daring to think what joyous meaning these words might bear, I hastened away to my business. As it was a busy post-day, and as we were to have such interesting guests in the evening, I was anxious to be ready early with my letters, so as to have the evening free, and to be able to enjoy their society without interruption. I did not go to dinner, therefore, contenting myself with eating some little thing in the office.

When I went into the supper-room, in the evening, there was no one there but Signor Bellini and my master. They were earnestly engaged in conversation; and the ladies had withdrawn to another apartment. Signor Bellini immediately ran up to me, embraced me as the deliverer of his children, and expressed his thanks in brief, but strong language.

"You cannot think," added he, "what pains we took to discover your name and residence! I