

"You perhaps, are not aware that Julia was this autumn to be married to a very superior young man, gifted intellectually and physically. He deserved to be loved, and Julia had given him her whole heart—she had that perfect confidence in his judgment—that respect for his opinions—and that devoted affection, which give promise of great happiness. The future to our dear girl was all brightness. One night last month, a ball was given to celebrate the birthday of her cousin, and Julia was the life of the party. Never was she so exquisitely beautiful—never so *very* gay. At a late hour she returned home, and after describing to the aunt with whom she resided, the enchantment of the evening—sank quietly to rest. As Mrs. Moressan went down to breakfast, she stopped at her niece's door and waked her. Julia threw her arms around her aunt's neck and said in her low, sweet tones—oh! dear aunt Rebecca, you disturbed such a sweet sweet dream,—is it morning?"

"Yes, dear, shall I send up your breakfast?"

"Oh! no, aunt, I will, dress directly," said she, springing up.

The breakfast hour passed, and no Julia appearing, Mrs. M. sent her maid to see what could be the cause. A loud shriek which echoed through the spacious mansion brought the breakfast party to Miss Moressan's dressing room. There lay the lovely girl upon the floor—her fair hair had been unbound, and floated around her head and neck in rich profusion. The gorgeous colours of the dressing gown which was thrown around her, contrasted with the marble paleness of her visage. The physicians were sent for, but it was *too late*. Julia was no more. She had evidently commenced dressing, and, intending to apply to her tooth some Kreosate, had, by mistake, taken a drop of Prussic acid, which she had, by her Aunt's request, purchased at an Apothecary's the preceding day. The cotton was in her tooth—the vial of poison unstopped, while the Kreosite vial stood closed beside it. In the midst of the confusion her lover called. Oh! the anguish of that moment, who can tell?

"Had I allowed you to continue your discussion," added my friend, "Julia might have been convinced; for, after you left us, she remarked that one of the arguments you used, had great weight in her mind, and she should have pleasure in renewing the subject when you met here. I could only reply 'whatsoever

thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

## MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

*From the Congregational Magazine.*

Our dear brother, Robert Moffatt, has presented the Christian Church with a delightful book—full of savage man, full of aboriginal life, full of the most romantic incidents, full of missionary toil, struggles, and dangers, full of the triumphs of the Gospel;—and all related with simplicity the most witching, and with poetical touches truly Ossianic. Indeed, these pages have often suggested to us, that had Mr. Moffatt attended to poetry instead of minding his great business, he would have been the Ossian of Africa. But he has done better things than writing Epics—he has saved souls from death.

He introduces his book into the world with the same modesty that he steps forward on a platform. Our readers shall hear him speak for himself:

"The writer has indulged but slightly in philosophical disquisition, as he deemed it his province principally to supply facts. He leaves it with men of leisure and reflecting habits, to analyze, compare, and deduce from those facts such doctrines as they supply. Indeed, little in this way can be added to the luminous works of Drs. Campbell and Harris, and Messrs. Hamilton, Noel, and others, by whom the subject of missions has been so learnedly and eloquently illustrated. He hopes no apology will be deemed necessary for any imperfections which may appear in the preparation of his narrative. The collocation of terms, and the polish of periods, have made but a small part of his studies. Such pursuits, he conceives, were not the objects for which he was sent to Africa; and they would have but ill comported with the circumstances in which he spent a large portion of his arduous life on that benighted continent. He feels confident that lettered men will look into the pages of an African evangelist for things far more substantial and important than the graces of composition—an accomplishment which the author much admires, but to which he makes no pretension. He makes his present appearance before the British public less in the capacity of an author than of a witness, who most earnestly desires to establish and to enforce the claims of perishing, and helpless, and all but friendless millions, for whom he has hitherto lived and laboured—whom he ardently loves, and with whom—all black, barbarous, and benighted as they are—he hopes to live, labour, and die"—pp. 5, 6.

PORTRAIT OF DR. VANDERKEMP.—The doctor in his cheerless abode was instant in season and out of season, eagerly embracing every opportunity of recommending the Gospel, and catching each little ray of light that beamed on his devoted path. He was a man of exalted genius and learning. He had mingled with courtiers. He had been an inmate of the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh. He had obtained plaudits for his remarkable progress in literature, in philosophy, divinity, physic, and the military art. He was not only a profound student in ancient languages, but in all the modern European tongues, even to that of the Highlanders of Scotland, and had distinguished himself in the armies of his earthly sovereign, in connexion with which he rose to be captain of horse, and lieutenant of the dragoon guards. Yet this man, constrained by the 'love of Christ,' could cheerfully lay aside all his honours, mingle with savages, bear their sneers and contumely, condescend to serve the meanest of his