

sugar. He had wished to pay his addresses to a daughter of Flawitt, and on her father precipitously forbidding him, had threatened to take their lives and his own.

### WHY AM I UNHAPPY.

Reader, art thou unhappy? If so, may I not hope, that for once at least, thou wilt honestly ask thyself the question, "Why am I unhappy?" I will endeavor to answer the question.

Perhaps you are a professor of religion. What a professed disciple of Christ unhappy! Aye, indeed a mere professor of Religion is no guarantee against the invasion of wretchedness. Mere profession is as destitute of the joys and delight of true religion, as the "sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal." Think not, fellow immortal, to give rest to thy soul by merely taking upon thyself the vows of Jehovah. One might profess to be a prince, while suffering all the miseries and privations of abject poverty. So may one profess acquaintanceship and relationship with God, while living in "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity."

Then thou art a professed follower of Jesus, and unhappy! Tell me not that thou art acquainted with him! Thou mayest indeed have heard of him "by the hearing of the ear;" but thine eyes may never have beheld his beauty and glory. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." Think it not unkind if I tell thee, that thou art either unconverted, or else a backslider in heart. In either of these conditions there is room for unhappiness. The unregenerate heart has the elements of wretchedness within itself. Supreme selfishness being its ruling power, the slightest exercise of disinterested love is forever excluded. Hence, in the very nature of things, an impenitent soul must be an unhappy soul. True, it may succeed in so overloading itself with worldly and selfish aims and interests, as for the time to chase away unhappy reflections; but let this barrier to self-knowledge be removed, and its peace destroyed—its fancied joys are then found to be but one "baseless fabric of a dream;" and it is again thrown back upon its own secret communings, which, instead of bringing peace, are like scorpions upon his restless soul. Here may be the reason why so many who bear the name of Christian, are so destitute of enjoyment. Such professors say to the world in action, if not in word, "We have tasted of the waters of life, but they are not sweet and satisfying. We have trusted in Jesus, but he does not take away our sorrows. We cherish hopes of heaven, but there is no animating and holy joy in the prospect. We profess to be pilgrims and strangers here below, but we find ourselves ever and anon entangled, and borne away with the cares and interests of earth." Is it a wonder that such are unhappy?

But it may be that you belong to the other class. You may be a backslider in heart. That feeling within you, which once answered so quickly to the name of Jesus, has grown cold and insensible. That dear name may now sound never so sweetly, but no joy—no love is awakened. Your language now is,

—"What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still;  
But they have left an aching void,  
The world can never fill.

Much argument is unnecessary. The whole cause of your unhappiness is now perfectly plain. While you were "spiritually minded"—while your affections were set on "things above" your peace was "like a river." By the exercise of a living faith you rested in the foldings of divine compassion, and your gratitude, the while, to him who thus breathed his love upon you, flowed deeply and warmly through your heart. Oh, how surpassing sweet is the enjoyment of one who is thus carried in the bosom of fostering mercy!

But now how changed! The great adversary, taking the advantage of the weakness of your nature, lured you away from your "first love," until you have settled down in utter formality. Wonder not that you have lost your enjoyment. But rather thank God that he has so made you, that you cannot be truly happy while wandering away from him. Bless his holy name that he has made your highest happiness to consist in the exercise of the purest affections and desires. And while you thus reflect upon his matchless goodness, and your own weakness and folly, dedicate yourself anew in him, and resolve to live in the sunlight of his gracious countenance. *CLYMAS.*

—N. Y. Evangelist.

We are informed, says the *Globe*, that the Grand Trunk Railway, people have bought some eighteen acres of land in the eastern part of the city for the establishment of their terminus. The ground lies a little below Gooderham & Wort's mill, and has been in part occupied as a brickfield by Mr. Barnes. It lies very low being sometimes covered with water. The price is £1,800, which has been paid to several different owners. The land has been bought with a view to the road running along the esplanade, which is to be built in front of the city. The Company's agents wish the Corporation to give them forty-feet wide along the front without payment, insinuating that if their claim is refused they will make a route through the city, entering near St. James' Cemetery. The city authorities acknowledge the advantage of the railways passing along the esplanade; but they think that the Company should pay as much to them for the right of way, as they would pay for another track—a just and proper stipulation to which we are sure the Company will assent. In that case there will probably be machine shops and other works on the land just bought at the East, a passenger terminus near the centre, and the freight depot at the Queen's Wharf.

A HEROINE.—The life of a child was saved in Albany, on Friday, almost miraculously. It was left in a wagon in Broadway, while its careless parents went next door to do some shopping. During their absence something frightened the team, and away they went down the St. like a gale of wind. Just as they passed Herkimer St., a young lady saw the danger, and in an instant prepared to rescue the little fellow. Throwing her hat and shawl on the sidewalk, she made a spring at the tail of the wagon, just as it was darting by her, and, as good luck would have it, caught it firmly; the momentum of the wagon jerking her inside of the box. She immediately clasped the child in her arms, and seizing a favorable moment, sprang to the ground, without injury either to herself or the foundling. Such a heroine deserves celebrity.

PRAYER.—Sir Walter Raleigh, one day asking a favour from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" to which he answered, "When your Majesty leaves off giving." But think how much more bountiful God is, who did not give over granting Abraham his request for Sodom till he left off asking. And who can tell but that if he had gone on and prayed, that if five righteous persons had been found in Sodom the city might have been spared for their sakes, his request would have been answered? Can we think that God will turn his back upon the tears or stop his ears to the prayers of his own children, that cry unto him daily in the name of his dear Son, Christ Jesus? Never.

### BIRTHS.

In Toronto, on the 3rd ult., Mrs. John Carter, of a son.

In Toronto, on the 4th ult., Mrs. Jas. Lumsden, of a son.

### DIED.

At the residence of her son, in the Township of Bayham, on the 2nd of June, 1853, Phoebe Leach, in the 74th year of her age. The subject of the sketch was a member of the Second Baptist Church in Bayham, and has been a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus above half a century. She settled in this township near thirty years ago. Her husband, who died about nineteen years ago, was a Baptist preacher. She must have been the subject of a great many hardships; but she bore them all with true Christian fortitude, and she had kind children who rendered her all the attention that maternal love could command. In the presence of many children and grand-children, she, on the above date, calmly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered the long-sought rest,

"Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come."

Her lifeless remains were conducted to our place of worship, on the 4th instant, followed by a large congregation who all seemed to feel their loss. A discourse was delivered by the writer of this sketch, from Mark xiv, 6,—"And Jesus said, Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me." And truly we may say of sister Leach—she hath wrought a good work on Christ; "for," saith he, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me."

"Sister, thou hast gone and left us;  
Here thy loss we deeply feel;  
But 'tis God that hath bereft us;  
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,  
When the day of life is fled;  
Then in heaven, with joy to greet thee,  
Where no farewell tear is shed."

SIMEON ROUSE,

June 4, 1853.

New York Recorder please copy.

### Baptist Books and Tracts.

A LARGE SUPPLY of Denominational Books and Tracts can be obtained at the Store of B. M. CLARK, No. 87, Yonge Street, Toronto, Toronto, July 1, 1853.

### Meeting of the Missionary Board.

THE BOARD of the Regular Baptist Missionary Society will (D.V.) meet at the village of Drummondville, near Niagara Falls, on the Second Wednesday of July, the 13th instant, at Eleven o'clock, A.M.

JAMES PYPER,

Corresponding Secretary.

Toronto, July 1, 1853.

### NOTICE.

THE Johnstown Association will be held with the Church in Brockville, on Thursday, the 7th of July. Services to commence at 10 o'clock, A.M.

June 1, 1853.

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