

true, is necessary for the traveller, food for the hungry, and rest for the weary: but can you not procure the needful refreshment, food, and rest, at your own home, which it should be your object to render comfortable for the sake of your family? Besides, there is great danger of sitting in the houses of public entertainment, and in the company of sots." "Thinks I to myself, that's true: the company of my Madge and the children is better than the company of all the sots in all the public houses in our town, and I will keep from the public house."

Then the man went on. "My friends," said he, "resolve this night never more to taste spirituous liquors, except as a medicine, and join the Temperance Society by signing the declaration—'We agree to abstain from distilled spirits, except for medicinal purposes, and to discountenance the causes and practice of intemperance.' You will not only benefit yourselves by acting on this principle; but you may by your example induce others to do the same."

"Thinks I to myself, So I will; and away I went and signed my name, and I hope to be true to my colours. I know this, that ever since I signed, Madge and the children have been all better off, and had many more real comforts, and we have begun a little store in the Saving Bank against a rainy day."

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS WIFE—A BELFAST TRAGEDY.

An alarm was created in the neighbourhood of North-street by a report that a pensioner and old clothes' dealer, named Neal Hillan, had killed his wife on the preceding night, in a narrow court leading from a thoroughfare. This rumour having reached the police, its correctness was proved, when, on searching the miserable dwelling of Hillan, the corpse of his wife, a woman evidently upwards of 60 years of age, was found stretched on a bed, shockingly disfigured by cuts and bruises. The aged victim of the crime had apparently been dead for some hours. The floor and the bed were stained in several places with blood, and a boy of 12 years of age was standing over his murdered parent. Hillan and a grown up daughter were also in the house, the former having made no effort to escape, although quite sober when apprehended. It seems that the deceased and her husband were occasionally in the habit of drinking to excess; and that, on Saturday night, when the woman was inebriated, a quarrel arose, during which Hillan knocked her down repeatedly, kicked her, and afterwards stabbed her in the face with a knife. An inquest was held on the body, and Hillan has been committed to Carrickfergus gaol for trial at the spring assizes.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER UPON HIS PEOPLE.

The following communication met our eye in the columns of one of our exchange papers—and we could not but feel that it addressed a striking call to many of our congregations, in reference to a most obvious duty.

A few weeks ago the inhabitants of Yerplank's Point, and its neighbourhood, were thrown into a state of uncommon excitement, by the falling in of the wall of a well: burying a workman below, at the depth of about forty feet. Twenty feet of wall had fallen from the bottom;—seventy feet from the mouth was entire but resting as it were, upon nothing!—This soon fell! But the well digger at the bottom:—ah, he is dead no doubt! crushed by the falling well or smothered in the treacherous quicksand, which gave way, and converted the protecting wall in which the labourer confided, into a confused mass: prepared as it were, for destruction. The consternation around the mouth of the horrible pit was indescribable. Imagination was wild; and painted the wretched well-digger in a thousand flights. Death is certain! Yet he must be alive. His wife must not thus be widowed, and his children become orphans! Who will descend to the rescue?—who can tell;—God is wonderful in his ways; and his hand may now cover the wretched man. Hark! there's a voice from below—"O God, I am caught!" He is alive! cried a hundred tongues in a moment. But

nothing short of omnipotence can save him. Still God will not work a miracle; he must be saved, if saved he may be, by our instrumentalities. At this moment a lion-like man sprang forward, and exclaimed—"Here am I, let me go!" As his companions lowered him down the awful chasm, another string of his benevolent heart vibrated as he seemed to take a last look at the light of the world, to which in all human probability, he might be lost in a moment; and those melting words fell on the assembled crowd, "take care of my wife, take care of my children!" *He will! we will!* rent the air. The husband's love, and the father's tenderness, mingled with the disinterested feelings of the philanthropist; he worked, the Almighty protected and blessed his labour, and the well-digger was brought unhurt from the very jaws of death.

The Christian minister says, *Take care of my wife, take care of my children*, while I go to the rescue of men, in a horrible pit and in the miry clay. And shall the church of Christ be less feeling and less faithful, than a promiscuous crowd assembled around a well's mouth?

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Lord Chesterfield's remarkable testimony to the wretched inanity of a worldly life has been repeatedly quoted: it is not therefore merely for its own sake that I propose to you to bring it forward once more. I offer it as the most suitable companion that imagination could conceive, to another picture of precisely the same subject, drawn by a no less masterly hand but under the influence of as opposite feelings as could exist in a being of the same species.

The name of Richard Baxter is doubtless known to all your serious readers. With natural powers of mind far superior to those of Lord Chesterfield, he was not seduced by their splendour either to over-estimate or misapply them. His truly great soul bowed low before the Saviour, and therefore he was enabled to rise high above the world.

"It is," says Richard Baxter, "a dreaming and distracted world. They spend their days and cares for nothing, and are as serious in following a feather and in the vain pursuit of that which they confess is vanity, and dying in their hands, as if indeed they knew it to be true felicity. They are like children busy in hunting butterflies, or like boys at football, as eager in the pursuit, and in overturning one another, as if it were for their lives, or for some great desirable prize; like to a heap of ants that gad about as busily, and make as much ado for sticks and dust, as if they were about some magnificent work. Thus doth the vain deceived world lay out their thoughts and time upon impertinencies and talk and walk like so many noctambulos in their sleep. They study, and care, and weep, and laugh, and labour, and fight, as men in a dream. And will hardly be persuaded but it is reality, which they pursue, till death come and awake them: Like a stage-play, or a puppet-play, where all things seem to be what they are not, and all parties seem to do what they do not, and then depart, and are all disrobed and dismasked; such is the life of the most of this world who spend their days in a serious jesting and in a busy doing nothing!"

—*The Reasons of the Christian Religion*, pp 244--45. Let us now hear the melancholy, but wonderfully concurrent evidence of Lord Chesterfield.

"I have run," says he, "the silly rounds of business and pleasure, and I have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth, very low; whereas those who have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare. But I have been behind the scenes; I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machine. I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration, of an ignorant multitude. When I reflect back, upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry, and bustle, and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed, as one of these romantic dreams which opium constantly oc-

casious, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream.-- Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or no. And I think of nothing but killing time, now he is become mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage the remainder of the journey."

ST. JOHN, N. B.—We find in the *St. John Courier*, this additional and gratifying item on Church matters:—

At a meeting of the rector, Church-wardens and Vestry of Trinity Church, in the Parish of Saint John, held at the Vestry on Thursday, 28th May, 1840.

Read a letter from the Honourable the Attorney General, as follows:—

"Fredericton, 18th May, 1840.

"Gentlemen,—Having this day seen in the last *Saint John Courier*, the result of a meeting of the members of the Church of England, in the Parish of Saint John, called to take into consideration measures for providing suitable Salaries for the Clergymen of the Parish; and having long entertained an opinion, that the Spiritual Pastors and Teachers of the Episcopal Church, in that flourishing and populous City, as well as in all other large and prosperous communities, within this Province, should be maintained and supported in their holy calling, by the members of the Church without extrinsic aid; and feeling much gratified that a measure so deeply connected with the welfare and prosperity of the Church, to which from Gospel principles I belong; and having by the blessing of Providence on my exertions been placed in a situation in my temporal concerns to enable me so to do; I now propose, in furtherance of that christian spirit which so eminently manifested itself at that meeting, and having a large number of children and grand children, whose spiritual welfare I consider most intimately connected with upholding and supporting the Church of God, as apostolically established through the Redeemer, I beg leave to add my mite, in aid and encouragement of this first and good essay towards its independent establishment, by a subscription of the annual sum of Ten pounds; and to secure the payment of the same, I shall transfer by assignment to the corporation of the Church, a Lease of property paying that rent, for the Term of Twenty-one years.

"I have the Honor to be,

"Your obedient servant,

CHARLES J. PETERS."

"To the Rector, Church-wardens, and Vestry of Trinity Church, in Saint John."

And thereupon Ordered, That the same be published in the *Courier*.

Extract from the Minutes.

GEORGE WHEELER,
Vestry Clerk.

The Rev. Dr. Warren, formerly a distinguished preacher in the Wesleyan connection, received Episcopal ordination at the cathedral at Chester, by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, on Sunday se'night. It is stated that the reverend gent. will receive the appointment to the church now in course of erection at Manchester, the foundation stone of which was laid in October last by Sir Oswald Mosley Bart.—*Ars's Birmingham Gaz.*

Rev. Dr. Chalmers.—This celebrated minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, is now 62 years of age. At the anniversary of his birth-day, about one hundred of the students of the University of Edinburgh gave a public breakfast to his honour; and a congratulatory address was presented to him on the afternoon of the same day.—*Chron. of the Church*.

The Bible has been translated into one hundred and twenty-five different languages.—*Id.*