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## Anecdote of the Late Judge Davis.

Not many months before the death of this great and good man, on the occasion of a dinner party at his house, at which Mr. Justice Story and other eminent jurists and lawyers were present, the conversation turned on the comparative advantages of the different periods of life. Some thought the seasons of youth and manhood were full of enjoyment, and others gave the preference for some attention, to the period of old age. Judge Davis did not state his opinion until he was invited to do so, and then in that calm and benign manner for which he was remarkable, he said: "In the warm season of the year it is my delight to be in the country, and every pleasant evening while I am there, I love to sit at the window and look upon some beautiful trees which grow near my house. The murmuring of the wind through the branches, the gentle play of the leaves, and the flickering of light upon them, when the moon is up, give me with indescribable pleasure. As the autumn comes on, I feel very sad to see these leaves falling one by one; but when they all go, and they were very green before my eyes; for I experienced a new and peculiar satisfaction as I pass through the naked branches at the glorious stars beyond." The following beautiful version of Judge Davis' anecdote on the autumn of life, is from the hand of Allen G. Spooner, Esq.:

Before my door in summer's heat,  
Frolics the elms their branches spread;  
Cool verdure sprang beneath my feet,  
And shadows played around my head;  
Joyful I passed the sultry hour,  
And mocked the sun's meridian power.

But when, with withering hand, the frost  
Shrivelled the leaves, and, gaunt and bare,  
Their naked arms the elm-trees tossed,  
While autumn tempests rent the air,  
I mourned the summer's glories fled,  
And copious tears of sadness shed.

When winter came, and cold and still,  
The ice-fog folded his frosty chain,  
And over snow-dusted vale and hill  
Midnight assumed her solemn reign,  
Forth looking from my window-lark,  
Through the stripped limbs I saw the stars.

"Thus earthly loves, like summer leaves,  
Gledden, but did not last;  
But when bereft the spirit grieves,  
And hopes are crushed and comforts few,  
Lo! in the depth of sorrow's night  
Beams forth, from far, celestial light."

Zion's Herald.

## Conviction of Sin.

The very first dawn of a good life is a conviction that we are not good. A consciousness of sin is the first step towards holiness. Inseparability is the lowest depth of guilt, quite on the brink of hell; but a knowledge of danger is one of the first symptoms of escape. It is a strange delusion that has got hold of many Christians, and that they were once unpardoned sinners, on the verge of endless ruin, and are now only pardoned sinners—a strange delusion, unless it be a fact. It is strange that men are capable of such an idea, if it is not true; strange, too, that all men now living sometimes have such a hold of their hearts, and that, in all generations, men have been subject to these thoughts. Let but a violent storm arise, and heathen men begin to fancy that God is angry with them. A pestilence will make any people tremble, and dispose them to fasting and prayer. Men need to be stirred in some way, and almost any violent commotion utterly independent of human conduct, will bring to the surface the concealed conviction that they are sinners.

It is unfortunate for a man not to have had this experience. Morally he is but an infant who has not felt it. There is no possible moral growth without a previous conviction of sin. Should any find himself far enough advanced to understand the subject, and never have felt that he was a sinner, the very fact should alarm him and drive to prayer.

Some men do not feel their sinfulness, because they have no high idea of life. They seem to take it for granted that as a tree is made to grow, a bird to fly and sing, so man is made to think and act in all generations, to study and toil through youth and manhood, to marry and provide for the children, to rejoice and weep over the vicissitudes of human life, to take them as they come and let them pass, and when life is over, be it at thirty or a hundred years, die and be forgotten—and use the common expression of these people, "it will be all the same a hundred years hence." Such persons have no idea of sin. To them there is but little difference between sin and piety. It is all a mere matter of habit or of taste. Some men are honest, some are rogues—what is the difference? Some men are simple, some are profane, what then? Some men think they love God and God loves them, others do not, what then?

What such men need is a shaking up, that shall show them what they are made of. They need to be convinced that they are not brutes. They need some spiritual looking glass by which they may see what they are—not merely what sinners they are—but how great and strong they are. To feel that we are sinners requires of course that we see that we can sin; that our conduct is of some consequence to some one, and for it we must be held accountable. It is no difficult matter to convince a man that he can sin. There is something within us that tells us that our conduct is deemed of some consequence even to God. It may be a matter of no consequence whether a brute be vicious or tractable, but when we read that God is interested in our character and conduct, our soul within whispers that it is certainly so.

Some men have no just idea of the intense evil of sin. They look upon it as men do upon what they call peccadillo, or little faults or errors. They invent smooth terms for it, and a multitude of excuses. State to them that any one moral law of God, unforfeited, would make a man miserable forever, and they sneer at it. Tell them that if there be any such thing as sin, and if God's law be of any value, human language is tattered in vain to express how terrible a thing sin is, and how bitter its eternal consequences may be, and they shrink back from the view. But, if they deny this view that is correct. Jesus Christ was sent for sinners, and he was sent for the whole world. Sin is not a trivial matter. God's commands are not mere words. His threats are not jokes, nor mere extravagance. They will be executed. And we need but reflect to feel their justice and their inexorable condemnation even of us. This is a terrible inward revelation when it comes home to man, that he is a sinner; but he who has not felt it is not a Christian. It is the first birth-pang of a full man. It is the beginning of a better life.

## The church is crowded with eminent examples of this experience, to a few of which we write your attention, and they are full of instruction.

St. Augustine, as he is termed, the celebrated bishop of Hippo, lived in the early part of the 5th century of Christ. This was an age of an expiring civilization, when pomp and luxury abounded; when, notwithstanding the growth of Christianity, infidelity was fast usurping the place of paganism, and leading the people rapidly to ruin.—Augustine had enjoyed the instructions and prayers of a devotedly pious mother, but plunged into the excesses of his time.—Afterward it pleased God to arrest his attention while reading a heathen work on Philosophy. His old Christian instruction was revived in his mind, and the first effect was deep compunction of soul. The complaints against himself are as pathetic as the Lamentations of Jeremiah. "Thou, O God," says he, "didst turn me about, and compel me against my will to look at myself, that I might see how base I was, how deformed and ugly, diseased and leprous. And I saw and shuddered, and would have fled, were it possible from myself." This is but a specimen of the deep conviction which bowed his soul in agony for many days.

As contrast to St. Augustine in many respects was the linker of Bedford, England John Bunyan, who, though living in a country now deemed the seat of civilization, was far inferior to Augustine in education, refinement, and luxury. He was rough, uncouth, untutored. But he heard the proclamation of the gospel and could read the Bible. And when by the reproof of one surpassing himself in piety, he was aroused and began to look upon his own soul, terrible were the revelations that met his gaze. The description he gives of the agony of his soul is thrilling. Speaking of his feelings when musing with himself on one occasion, he says: "After long musing I lifted up my head, but methought I saw as if the sun shined in the heavens did grudge to give me light; and as if the very stones in the streets and tiles upon the houses did band themselves against me. Methought that they all combined together to banish me out of the world; I was abhorred of them and unfit to dwell among them, because I had sinned against the Saviour."

Such is the entrance into the path of life. All may not experience a consciousness of sin of the same intensity, nor concentrated in the same space of bitterness, but all Christians can understand the great apostle who in his lucid description of a Christian life from the very beginning, says, "For the good that I would do, I find not that I do, but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more that I do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"—Zion's Her.

## Suggestion on Dress.

Dress is intended for warmth, decency, and comfort; not for gaudy show, nor to excite vanity and pride. Be careful, then, never to sacrifice health, decency, or comfort to a love of fancy. Bestow but a small portion of your time, money, or thoughts upon dress; there are many things of greater moment which demand the larger part. Also have something better to recommend you than the garments that cover your person. If these are your chief recommendation, it is a proof that they occupy the chief place in your heart; in other words, that you are vain and frivolous character. Dress is intended to be put into the extreme of rigid simplicity and singularity. The medium of propriety in dress may be expressed by the terms plain, becoming and dignified.

Let your dress be neat, modest, appropriate to times and seasons, and as far as is consistent with the foregoing cautions, agreeable to the associates you associate with. Mr. Hancock, wife of the Hon. John Hancock, of Boston, was remarkable, even to the close of her life, for the neatness and propriety of her apparel. She was accustomed to say that it was equally unpardonable in young persons to be too much pleased with their dress, or to take too little pains to please others.

## ANECDOTE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The Emperor Charlemagne wore a simple dress, except upon public occasions, when the customs of royalty made it requisite for him to assume more pomp and splendor. In his attire of plain woollen cloth, with a blue girdle, and a mantle of otter skin, he was scarcely to be distinguished from the meanest of his subjects. His courtiers, however, were very gay and extravagant in their apparel, and he resolved to give them a lesson which they would not soon forget. One morning, when they came to make their customary obeisance, observing that they were decked out in costly and delicate robes, he, at the moment, proposed that they should immediately start on a hunting expedition. The invitation of a king admits of no refusal, and they were obliged to go habited as they were. The king himself had on his usual leather doublet which afforded but an effectual covering from a heavy fall of snow, that, most opportunely for his purpose, came on while they were engaged in the chase.—But the thin and gaudy mantles of his courtiers were rent with brambles, and wet through with snow.

On their return to the palace the monarch invited them to follow his example, and dry their garments by a large fire, which he ordered to be lighted for that purpose. The fire added to the disorder of their appearance, by shriveling and disfiguring their silken robes so as to render them a ridiculous spectacle. The emperor, after having rallied them on the absurdity of their conduct, observed, "You now see the difference between your luxury and my simplicity. My dress covers and defends me, and is not easily injured and destroyed; and even if spoiled or worn out, the loss is trifling; while your rich attire is of little use, easily damaged by accident, and amounts in value to a moderate fortune."

It would be well if the great and the rich, after the example of Charlemagne, always set an example of plainness and simplicity in dress; but since they do not, it is necessary to add this further admonition:

## Never make superiors in fortune the standard of imitation in regard to dress.

We will conclude this article with the remark of an elegant writer: Those are least in danger of permitting dress to absorb too much of their time and attention whose hearts are filled with the love of higher and better things.

## Must Die.

All will die! I am in a world of death; I am amidst the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles, that will not die—no man, no woman, no child; no bird, no beast; no plant, no tree. The eagle that out in air cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it; Leviathan cannot, with his great strength, struggle against it. The Christian will die; the sinner will die—yea the sinner! His wealth will not save you. Death cares for none of these things; they are all trifles—georgings beneath his notice. He no more "loves a shining mark" than an ignoble one; he has no more pride in cutting down the rich man than in the blanket of the savage. He has no more beauty and fashion than the daughter of ugliness and sin. He loves to level the thistle with as the rose-bud; the bramble as the magnolia; the briar as the cedar of Lebanon. He cares as little for the robes of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for your rich vestments and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage. You will die, and the fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is—pale, solemn, fixed, stern, determined on his work. He hears no cry for pity, he regards no shriek of terror. He comes steady, certain, unchanged and unchangeable in his purpose, to take you from your bed of down; to bury you away from your splendid dwelling; to call you out of the assembly-room—taking you away from your companions, that will miss you for a moment, and then resume the dance, that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing toward you ever since you began to breathe. He has kept on his way, always advancing, to meet you, while you have been asleep or awake; or if you have gone north, or south, or east, or west, he has always put himself into your path—how near or how remote, you have never known. Death will come. He has always been advancing, never receding; and soon his baneful shadow will fall upon your path; and that shadow will stand before you, and then his dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come—fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian—a awful, unexpectably awful if you are not.—Albert Barnes.

## I may be Holy now.

How encouraging it is to remember that inspired men have prayed for the accomplishment of this work in the hearts of believers. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." How bold is the request! How confident! Not the petition of doubt or fear, not based upon the supposition that it is a blessing to be desired, but not with expectation. It is not as much as to say, "It is to be regretted that you remain sanctified only in part. It would be glorious if the thing were possible, for you to be sanctified wholly. If I were not fearful that it is not in accordance with the divine will, I would really ask for you the blessing of entire sanctification." No, there is nothing doubtful, no hesitancy here. Promptly, boldly, reliably, I pray "the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." It is not said, I would ask the blessing, were I not fearful that if you were to experience it, you would soon lose it again; if I were sure there was any method of preserving you in that state, I should, at least, haltingly "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and preserve you blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." And then, that nothing might be wanting to ensure confidence and inspire faith, he adds "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Ours is the evidence is complete, and with humble gratitude, I assure my trembling heart that it is possible for me to be holy in this present life.—Central Idea.

## Pleasant Words.

What sound is there so sweet, so graceful to the ear, as the music of pleasant words? We list to it as we would to the ripple of the waves, to the murmur of the wind, or the song of the birds. It steals over our soul with a soothing influence, and awakens responsive echoes in our breasts. Pleasant words! they are more precious than diamonds; they are sweeter than the minstrel's lyre, or the Æolian harp, swept by the breath of evening! What power, what magic they possess! What wonders they perform! They dry the tears of childhood; they revive the spirits of the drooping invalid; they bring a smile to the lip of the weary and weary, and a light to the eye of the aged. "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb." Then let us scatter them lavishly wherever we go. We can dispense them beautifully, and not be impoverished, for our supply is exhaustless. We need not fear that they will be despised; for every living thing by which we are surrounded appreciates pleasant words. They confer happiness even upon animals, and oftentimes they are the most precious gift which we could bestow upon our friends and fellow creatures. Perhaps they may sometimes be the only treasure which we possess; if so let us remember that the poor mendicant at our gate is not in possession of their power. Pleasant words! there is healing in them; they are balm to the wounded heart; they are water upon anger's flame; they are the delight of children; they encourage youth; they strengthen manhood; they sooth old age; they scatter blessings innumerable around and fill our hearts with unalloyed happiness. Then let us strive for pleasant words. Let them be ever upon our lips, and we shall find our reward upon earth and in heaven.—Observer.

## Letter from Rev. Dr. Tyng.

A week in Athens! How much it furnishes for the eye, the mind, and the memory! Few of the places of antiquity so completely retain the outline of their history in their geography. The hills of Rome are comparatively indistinguishable. The sacred places of Jerusalem are the subject of discussion. But about the localities of Athens there can be no dispute. They need no guide or Cicero. The classic visitor feels perfectly at home. The schoolboy even realizes an identity which it is impossible to deny or overlook. The moment you come upon the beautiful plain on which the city stands, the glorious Acropolis is before you in all its grandeur. It crowns the scene with a splendor and a power all its own. There, opposite, Mount Sycabettus rears its majestic watch-tower. There is Hymettus, still sheltering its busy hive.—There is Pentelicon, with its marble of purest marble. There flows Ilissus on its rocky bed, and there its twin Cephissus, waters the plains and gardens on the other side.

First of all, a general view of all these monuments of memory presses itself upon your eye. You survey them alone and together, and realize the grandeur of the scene. The glowing sunset lights them all up with a peculiar illumination of beauty, and in the pureness of the atmosphere, in the golden and crimson hues which cover the mountain sides, you realize completely the beauty of Attic skies and Attic sunlight. This glorious scene I have enjoyed in its full, and have stood to see the glowing power in which this is displayed, with daily increasing delight. A week is all too little to contemplate even the outward general glory of the Acropolis.

But when you enter into a more minute survey, every visit of investigation and every stroll to the Acropolis, the power of the interest which the whole view produces. What can be more grand than the Acropolis? The Propylæa, the Temple of Victory, the Erechtheum, the majestic Parthenon, all reward abundantly every moment's observation. What a rich profusion of sculptured beauty is here scattered around! Enough to make an artist's heart ache. You walk amidst these ruins with amazement, and try to recall the wondrous history which has passed since they were piled up here in their majestic testimony. It would seem impossible that any eye should be blind to their beauty, or any heart insensible to their power of impression. All these wonderful monuments of antiquity, which stand before you, have an influence singularly mysterious. They take you away from the present, and place you in communion with the past, and you hardly feel, as you walk among them, as if you were really a denizen of earth in the nineteenth century of their Christian history.

Perhaps no spot knows exercises the same indelible power as the Propylæa, with its still smooth and stately plain, and the Bema, from which Pericles and Demosthenes addressed the gathered crowds of Athenians. Here everything remains in its original shape. There is an artificial plain on the hilltop, back of the Acropolis, which would have been a platform with steps out in the rock on either side, with its face perpendicularly resting on some two or three long stone steps or terraces, such as we have seen initiated a score of times in the platform of some modern American pulpit.—Here the orators of Greece stood. The ground of the Acropolis, and on their right the temples of Athena, and on their left the Plaines of Athens are spread out before. Never was there such a spot beside; and its wonderful preservation in its original form and aspect seems to give one of the most remarkable records of Athenian habit and ancient greatness. Immediately in front of the Propylæa, and in the middle of the Plaines of Athens, stands the Bema. Paul's discourse in the Agora, with the inquiring and objecting philosophers of Athens led to his required public appearance before the people as a body on Mars Hill.

There stands the rocky eminence, with its ascending steps cut in the face of the rock, where the Apostle stood, "in the midst of Mars Hill." What a place it is to read his noble address! On his side, the glories of Athens, with all its wealth and power, stand before him, and on the other side, the Minerva standing in full view, while he declared that the God whom he proclaimed dwelt not in temples made with hands, nor was worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything. All this material splendor, thus fresh in all its richness, was nothing to the mind that apprehended the unseen but all-wise God, and realized the power and reality of the judgment which he had commanded. The reading of this matchless address on the spot where it was delivered, clothes it with an energy entirely its own; and we realize that, great as was the oratory of Demosthenes when he stood immediately behind his exalted Bema, it was as nothing in its subject, in its real power and reality of the judgment which he had commanded. The reading of this matchless address on the spot where it was delivered, clothes it with an energy entirely its own; and we realize that, great as was the oratory of Demosthenes when he stood immediately behind his exalted Bema, it was as nothing in its subject, in its real power and reality of the judgment which he had commanded.

## Truths Worth Remembering.

1. Emotion and faith are essentially different from each other; and the faith by which we are justified is not always and necessarily succeeded by rapturous joy.
2. Faith itself is more than an assent to divine truth, yet even if that truth has reached the Saviour's person: it is *trust* in His Blood.
3. The consciousness of our being in the Divine favor, is not to be inferred from the previous consciousness of our having faith; but to be immediately received by the testimony of the Spirit, which is the Comforter.
4. Although none but the penitent can be subjects of pardon; yet, in them, penitence has no share in meritoriously procuring their pardon, and in all cases where it leads from sin and to Christ, it is deep enough to answer, at this time, its intended purpose.—Holy Living, Rev. A. Barrett.

## Letter to a Deist.

CAIN, EVANGELIST, AND INTELLECT.  
No. II. (Continued.)  
I AM, I have pondered on your statement recently made—that "God, who spoke unto the prophets in times past, has in these last days spoken to us by His Son." I have considered the evidence, I have weighed the probabilities for and against that wondrous doctrine, and I am inclined to believe it to be more than a human fiction. The evidence accumulates to an inevitable demonstration; and one would be wilfully shutting out the truth if he refuses to admit it. But I am bewildered, and derive no comfort from that admission. I am like the man who is adrift upon the ocean without helm or compass.

Even—Said I not unto you that the mere adoption of the doctrine by the understanding will be ineffectual in producing a change of nature. I asserted in unmistakable language that unless the doctrine be a matter of direct revelation, it will not, under any other circumstances, promote holiness, or produce love and reverence for the Supreme God.

Intel.—There I must differ with you. In vain do you tell me that I must substitute the bewildered visions of an excited imagination for the well-grounded deductions of my understanding. You tell me in the one case to believe in something unsubstantial as the wind that blows; in the other, I find a resting place for my feet in the solid and broad foundation afforded by intellectual investigation, and the deductions of reason. Shall I shut my eyes, and walk safely in the dark?

Even.—Nay, as regards Divine things, you are walking in the dark when you say that "you see." You are truly walking in the light when you have shut your eyes to the mirage of human reasoning, and believe what God has revealed merely on its own evidence. You say that the doctrine of faith is unsubstantial as the wind that blows; even so: that is the figure employed when the change is adverted to. When the Saviour declares of whom we are speaking, "Except ye are born of water, and of the spirit, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Intel.—May I not believe much that is speculative, as you term it, and yet have this faith, and be saved?  
Even.—Explain your meaning more fully.  
Intel.—May I believe that the universe is an emanation from God—a part of Him—that the Divine mind can only be manifested by matter, which is the visible embodiment of the separate existence of spirit, and yet so believe in the historical narrative regarding the man Christ Jesus as to be saved by faith?  
Even.—I replied to a question substantially the same as that one, which was put by Cain. I replied in the negative. He is a Deist, and he is not a Christian. You are a Pantheist, and would turn the universe into a god. To both I make the same answer, "That there is no name given under heaven whereby man can be saved but the name of Jesus Christ."

Intel.—And why that dogmatic assertion?  
Even.—Because man is saved by a right, certain, not by a wrong, apprehension of the Deity. He must know the moral—not the intellectual character of God in order to be saved. His intellectual character may indeed be revealed by the material universe; but his moral character is only revealed by the cross. It is therefore a fair and true assertion that none can be saved only by the knowledge of God, which is drawn from the cross. And to this view agree the Saviour's statement agrees, when he says, "And this is life eternal (temporally) to know Thee who the true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Cain—And wherein am I in error when I state that I am prepared to assent to the account of the visit to earth of the Son of Nazareth; but fully agree with the intellect that faith cannot, and ought not, to be substituted for reason.  
Even.—Your statements are inconsistent with each other. If you admit the history of Jesus of Nazareth to be true in any sense, you must admit it to be miraculous, the account of the visit to earth of the uncreated and eternal Deity.

Intel.—Then, admitting this—and I cannot see my way plain to refute it—let me urge a few questions. Why in the propagation of this Divine religion do you confine yourselves to mere verbal human? Let me repeat, why do you depend on demonstration to the understanding, when you assert that it is miraculous and supernatural. If Christianity, as you assert, was a miracle, evidently it is a standing miracle still; for still in the world it exists. Why not then point to its existence as the best proof of its truth and ask in reply to questions from the sceptic—How comes it here? Why not point to the moral change wrought in the individual man by its influence? Why not point to the conformity of Christianity with means mental, and moral necessities as proof of its divine origin? The greatest mystery of all to me is that it is still existing.

Even.—And if you were as well acquainted with the evidences of Christianity as you ought to be you would know assuredly that the internal evidences to which you have adverted is one of the chief tests of proof admitted by the defender of Christianity. But I must not be held to rest not upon it, when I am so strong as it is to point to that which is so strong in a logical point of view, is yet

## more satisfactory to the individual; I mean the experimental evidence of the recipient of Christianity. It was stated at the beginning of the conversation that we could not safely rely for evidence on pictures evoked before the imagination, but rather we must look for proof in deductions drawn by reason.

Now let me close our conversation by an illustration which bears on that phase of the question; and thereby allow me to show you that the testimony which a true believer receives that he has become a recipient of Christianity, is of such a nature as to satisfy the judgment, whilst it warms the heart. You are inured, and will suppose from childhood, and the common lies across our path; "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might." In view of thy responsibility, of the redemption price, and of the claims of infinite love, thy purpose: "Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death. Whether it be the price of the master to encourage; "Strive and I will help thee, persevere and I will sustain thee, conquer and I will reward thee, be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

Corwallis, West, Sept. 17th.

## Obituary Notices.

### GILBERT WALL.

Died at the Emigrant Road, near Cape Tormentine, the 19th of August last, Mr. Gilbert Wall, aged, as is supposed by his friends, about 60 years. Mr. Wall was highly esteemed, and greatly beloved by many in the community in which he resided for more than 30 years. He was born in the County of Kerry, Ireland, and came to Prince Edward Island in 1819. He taught school in Cape Tormentine for 2 years, and then removed to Shepody, where he taught for 5 years, and then returned to the Cape, and was engaged as a teacher of youth to the end of his life. He taught for 38 years. He was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and continued to adhere to it until he became enlightened as Shepody, by the sacred Scriptures, and some books of an evangelical character. His concern for salvation becoming evident to a pious Baptist woman with whom he boarded, he received her urgent and good counsels, and sought the Lord with earnestness in private prayer, and soon obtained the evidence of his acceptance with God, as a pardoned sinner. Whilst partaking of some bread in the presence of school boys, he ardently felt that the bread of life was the one thing needful for him to seek; and immediately retired to pray for his communication to his hungry soul; and he did not pray in vain. He was made happy by the exercise of true faith in the atonement.

He became eminently pious, engaged in prayer meetings with the people of God, and made the acquaintance of the late pious amiable, and much beloved, Rev. Albert Des Brisay. He corresponded with him when he removed to Cape Tormentine, and always retained a great regard for that devoted minister.

On his return to the Cape, his religious experience was somewhat clouded by temptations, arising from occasional intercourse with some of his former associates, who endeavoured to entangle him in evil, by inviting him to partake of what was then considered the cheerful and social glass.—Being a person possessed of qualifications for friendly intercourse, and endowed with considerable conversational powers, he stood in need of much watchfulness and prayer to preserve him in a happy religious course. When the first Temperance societies were formed, he joined one at the Cape, and became a decided advocate of its principles.—He recovered from his religious declension when he decidedly refused the temptation, and soon joined the Methodist Church. He was a class leader until increased infirmity of body prevented attention to his duties.—His health was generally precarious and feeble, and several times he was brought to the borders of the grave.

He was taken ill the 11th of August last, and died the 19th. His illness he expressed his firm faith in Christ, and of his belief of the Protestant doctrine he had embraced. Many of the Roman Catholics residing in his neighbourhood, were much attached to him in affection, and frequently consulted him in the arrangement of the temporal affairs, for he was a man of sound judgment and expert in drawing up any needed articles in writing. They often expressed their belief, or hope, that he would ere death, or in his last moments, consult the priests of their church, and resume his former creed. But he was too well grounded in evangelical truth and christian experience to do this. He remained during his illness, calm, happy, and fully expecting of an admission, through the merits of his Redeemer, into the Heavenly world. His funeral was numerously attended by Roman Catholics and Protestants. The assembly evidently mourned for him as for a beloved, honored, and esteemed friend. He has left a large family to mourn their loss. He was a person of pleasing manners and extensive reading, which made his company desirable to the friendly and intelligent. The principal facts of his history were stored in his mind.—His knowledge of the Commentary of Dr. Adam Clark would have done honor, not only to a student of Divinity, but also to a Father in Israel.

The death of this estimable man has been universally regretted where he resided, and is looked upon as a public bereavement.—But he whose death is so generally felt, surely has not lived in vain. He has left the example of a pious virtuous life,—devoted to the instruction of youth, the welfare of his family, and the benefit of the Church. May the friends and relatives he has left, be permitted to resume their friendship with him in a world where friendship shall be as immortal as their existence.

T. H. DAVIES.

Point de Bute, N. B. Sp. 1857.

### JAMES INZER.

Died at St. Margaret's Bay N. S. of consumption, on Wednesday, August 19th 1857, James Inzer, aged 46 years. The subject of this brief memoir was the son of pious parents, who he believed endeavoured to train their children in the fear and favour of God. For many years the Wesleyan Ministers





Poetry.

From the National Intelligencer. A Hundred Years to Come. Where will the birds that sing...

While other birds will sing as gay, As bright the sunshine as to-day...

Miscellaneous.

The Indian Army and the Indian Insurrection.

A letter signed "Major," in the Times shows the writer to be well acquainted with the changes which time has wrought on the Indian Army...

The English Officer in India Forty Years Ago.

In the "good old days," when the pagoda tree bore fruit, and the voyage from England to India was a business of six to eight months...

The Officer of the Present Day.

Let the years pass, and look at the Indian officer again through the medium of the overland passage, the medium of quick and frequent intercourse with his mother country...

champagne, and partake anathema maritima breakfast and oyster sauce! The recent rapid increase of this class must have long struck the bigoted uneducated Hindoo...

MUSULMAN HATE.

As regards the Mussulman, who does not know that the followers of this persuasion have ever to a man burned with hatred against us, knows little of that portion of our Indian subjects...

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REV. JOHN ALLISON, A. B., Principal. Mrs. MARTHA LOUGHRAN, A. B., Preceptress. Graduation Course. English Grammar, Natural Philosophy, Arithmetic, Botany and Zoology...

Viscount Melville on the Indian Mutiny.

At a dinner given at Dalkeith, on the 4th, to Mr. Dundas, of Arnisdon, on the occasion of the birth of a son and heir, the health of Lord Melville was proposed in connection with the army...

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The Indian atrocities.

In a letter from the Rev. Dr. Duff to Dr. Tweedie, printed in the Witness, and dated "Calcutta, 7th July," we find the following: "The case of Jhansi, the capital of a petty State in Bundelcund, to the west of Allahabad, is one of the most deplorable...

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