THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

"HOLD FAST THE FORM OF SOUND WORDS"—Paul.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Foreign Mission Society of the Upper Provinces, is reported by the Secretary, to be $2,200 in debt.

IN South Carolina there are 58,000 white, and from 75,000 to 80,000 colored Baptists. 4000 were, added by baptism last year to the white churches.

REV. JOHN MCLAURIN reports having reached Poona, India—a town 120 miles south-east of Bombay, on the line of the Madras and Bombay Railway. He and family were in good health, and eager for their old loved work.

TWENTY-SIX converted drunkards were brought into the Clarendon St. Church, Boston, through the labors of Moody and Sankey. Eighteen live exemplary lives. Three had stumbled once or twice. Three have been excommunicated. One is lost sight of. One died a triumphant death.

THERE are 364 colleges in the United States. Of these, 41 are Baptist; 53 Methodist; 36 Presbyterian; 17 Congregational and 10 Episcopalian. The total of their property is $80,000,000. About one-tenth of this belongs to the Baptist institutions.

ANY person having copies of the *Youth's Visitor* for November 1880, January 1881, February 1881, and October 1881, will confer a favor by sending them to the VISITOR office, or informing us on what conditions they will part with them. We need them to complete files. 3t

SINCE January, 27,000 people have gone to the North West. Applications have been made for 23,000,000 acres of land for colonization. 21,000 people came into Canada in 1881. They brought with them $4,000,000 in money and effects. Property in Winnipeg has increased one hundred per cent.

WE direct attention to the Article of Henry C. Vedder, in the last No. of the *Baptist Review*, which we reproduce in the place of the sermon in this issue. It is worthy of careful study. The letter: "Missionary Dawn," which takes the place of our Serial, will repay reading; and no Bible student ought to miss the study of our S. S. Lesson by Dr. Clarke.

THE *Canadian Record* for April contains a cut of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, St. John, and many interesting articles calculated to stimulate work in the church and Sunday School. Terms 50 cents a year. It is the best Sunday School paper to be had anywhere for adult classes in our Maritime Baptist Sunday Schools, and in clubs of five or more can be had for 30 cents each. 2t

GREAT excitement, according to the *Lancet*, exists in London among the beer-drinkers (which include the majority of the people) over the discovery—the result of twenty-four analysis—that salting beer is becoming a common practice of the trade. The object of the salting is to increase thirst, so that the drinker of the first glass will be sure to want more. This is a direct attempt to promote drunkenness.

MORE kindly references to our associate appear in recent issues of the press. We extract a few.

The Rev. E. M. Saunders, of this city, is now associated with Rev. J. E. Hopper in the proprietorship and editorial management of the CHRISTIAN VISITOR, of St. John. Probably no man in the denomination would do better service in this new position than Mr. Saunders. His connection with the VISITOR will no doubt increase its popularity in Nova Scotia.—*Wesleyan.*

JOURNALISTIC.—Rev. E. M. Saunders, late of Halifax, has become part proprietor and associate editor of the CHRISTIAN VISITOR. The VISITOR may now expect to be better than ever. We congratulate Bro. Hopper on having secured so able a fellow-laborer.—*Intelligencer.*

HON. A. MCL. SEELY, President of the Legislative Council, who has been in poor health for some time, is now confined to his room dangerously ill.

WE are glad to note that the gallant services of Captain Fritz, Jr., in rescuing the crew of the *Ben d' Or*, have been recognized, and that he has been presented with a gold chronometer watch and chain by the Imperial Board of Trade.

—Dr. J. Wheaton Smith said, not long since, in the Philadelphia Baptist Ministers' Conference: "It is as much a principle with me to hate Good Friday and Easter, and all that, as it is to love the Sabbath."

To all this the VISITOR says: Amen, and extends the hand of cordial greeting and endorsement to Dr. Smith. We want no ecclesiastical calendar. We are willing that Rome have a monopoly of her own.

THE endowing of colleges in the United States has been chiefly done by a few rich people. The belief is now spreading that people of moderate means should come forward and help in this work. The popularity of the colleges is thought to depend upon a larger number of contributors. When the few give the many are not interested. In these Provinces the Baptist College has not, as yet, been helped much by the richest men. The many have been giving. They now begin to feel that our few rich men should come forward and make some handsome donations. They are much needed.

REV. A. MCDONALD has resigned the pastorate of the Winnipeg church, to accept the position of Financial Agent of the Baptist Convention of Manitoba, and the North West. The VISITOR readers are not unacquainted with the brother, as he has frequently given us facts concerning the North West, under the *nom de plume* of "Borealis." We are expecting to see him at our Maritime Convention in this city, in August. There is also talk of organizing a second Baptist church in Winnipeg. We hope our brethren in the Lower Provinces are thinking of the needs of the Great North West, and becoming ready to devise liberal things in relation to it.

IRELAND is in a sad state. Some American Suspects have been for some time in prison. An application has been made by Minister Lowell to have them tried. Most of them have been released. The remainder are permitted to go in case they will leave the country. Assassination continues. Murderers lie in ambush, and shoot down unprotected men as they walk the streets. The Government is greatly at a loss to know how to grapple with the evil. The secrecy of the deeds of darkness, makes it imsible to convict the guilty. There is so much sympathy with the crime, and so much dread of being known as helping to unearth the perpetrators that the law is almost powerless.

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J. E. Hopper.

99 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

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TRAILING ARBUTUS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring-flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower, I bent,
I thought of lives thus lonely, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

*VIA SOLITARIA.**

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own,
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June;
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray,
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station,
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh vision of delight!
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when thou makest,
The parted—one.

September 18th, 1863.

*Now that our best and sweetest Poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been a sacrilege before, the following touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife, in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart he has waited at the "station," till now, at last, the "parted" are made "one."

H. M. GOODWIN.

Olivet College, Mich.

—*The Independent.*

Literary Notes.

Any Book or Magazine noticed in this column can be ordered through VISITOR Book Store, at cost, plus the duty if imported.

The American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal.—Published by Jameson & Morse, Chicago. Price $3.00 a year. This monthly occupies a sphere peculiarly its own and is helpful to those who are interested in Antiquarain research. Its contributors belong to all nationalities. Already it has made itself a reputation in both hemispheres.

British Columbia.—Rand, McNally & Co, Chicago, have published a pocket map of British Columbia which is a useful reference pamphlet. Price 50cts.

The first Edition of *Plain talks about the Theatre* by Rev. Herrick Johnson, having been exhausted within a few days of the date of issue, the publisher F. H. Revell, Chicago, has issued an enlarged edition containing in addition to the contents of the former issue, the pointed controversial correspondence between Dr. Johnson and Hon. E. C. Larned, and also Dr Johnson's latest and strongest arraignment in reply to Mr. J. H. McVicker and others. The price of the volume (50 cts.) is not increased, notwithstanding the matter in the new edition is double that of the first.

The Great pyramid.—kev. S. H. Ford, D.D., LL. D, of St. Louis, in response to the many requests that have come from friends of all denominations, from ministers of the gospel, and professors of Colleges, and representatives of all classes who have heard his "LECTURES" is preparing for the press a work on "THE GREAT PYRAMID" of Gizeh which will embody the Scientific, historic, masonic, and prophetic disclosures, embracing all recent investigations and discoveries, of this *wonder of the ages* which seems to have been designed to confront the scientific atheism of the present day. The work will soon be issued from the press. It will be fully illustrated with accurate engravings.

The Report of the Lunatic Asylum St. John, N. B., shows that the number of patients has been larger the past year than ever before. The Superintendent makes a suggestion that suitable accommodation might be provided on the new Stock Farm for male patients, who could work and be the better for it. During the past year an addition to the buildings has been erected for females, some 123 feet long, and varying in width from 27 to 50 feet, having a basement and two stories. Dr. Steeves is a progressive man, and is to be congratulated upon the important improvements made in the institution, since he assumed the superintendency.

The Dying Indian's Dream, a poem by Rev. S. T. Rand, Mic-mac Missionary, third edition with some Latin poems. Brother Rand has some true poetic fire, and he who procures this little pamphlet, will enjoy a literary and christian treat. The poetic Latin translations are really good, and show that the missionary has not forgotten the old classics, in acquiring the new, peculiar to the aborigines of this country. Price 10 cents, to be obtained of the author. Hantsport, N. S.

Report of the Board of School Trustees, St. John. This is a poorly printed pamphlet, as every *cheap* job must be, but shows that progress is being made in the common School department.

ORIGIN OF SOME OF LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

The "Psalm of Life" came into existence on a bright summer morning in July, 1828, in Cambridge, at a small table in the corner of his chamber. It was a verse from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished for a long time. It expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he had it in his own heart for many months. The poem of "The Reaper Death" came without effort, crystallized into his mind. "The Light of the Stars" was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The "Wreck of Hesperus" was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the "Hesperus" came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but could not sleep, and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly cost him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On a summer afternoon in 1349, as he was riding out on the beach, "The Skeleton in Armor" rose as out of the deep before him and would not be laid.

The single word "excelsior" happened to catch his eye one autumn even in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, "Excelsior" differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush, a glow worthy of its author. The story of "Evangeline" was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl.—*J. T. Fields.*

WHY NOT GIVE YOURSELF TO CHRIST NOW?

Many persons profess to believe to the Bible, in the excellence of religion and in Christ's ability to save, but think they are not ready to be saved now. They put off the consideration of the great question, or say they want to get ready before they yield, thinking that sometime before they die, they will give their hearts to the Lord. They are unwilling to believe that "now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

During the summer of 1881, I attended the funeral of a lady whose husband, with deepest sorrow, bowed over the lifeless body of a devoted wife. The stroke was heavy; but the bereaved husband struggled manfully to bear up under the heavy affliction. In a few days, he found his way to our house of worship. For months he seemed thoughtful and desirous of obtaining the favor of God. He felt his need of a Saviour, and the necessity of confessing Christ; but was unwilling to accept a free salvation. One day, I met him alone at his home, when I urged upon him the importance of an immediate surrender of his heart to God. He saw the necessity of such an act, but said, "not now." It was but an hour or two before our evening service, and I asked him, "Will you accept Christ to-night?" His reply was, "I cannot promise." I entreated him to do so and said, "Why not to-night?" When I saw he hesitated, I said "let us kneel down and pray." As he began to kneel, I was instantly impressed with the importance of an immediate decision, and said, "stop a minute before we pray. Why not give yourself to Jesus now? You ought to settle the matter now and forever." He stood by my side some moments like one who did not know what to do, but very anxious to do what was best. Again I said, "Why not give yourself to Christ now?" As if to get rid of a great responsibility, he inquiringly said, "Oh, wait till to-night." I told him that something might prevent him from being at meeting in the evening, and he thoughtfully said, "that is so." Silently asking the aid of the Holy Spirit, I finally pressed this question again with all the earnestness I could command, "Can't you give your heart to Jesus now?" After looking at me a moment, he said with great deliberation, "I think I can." We then dropped on our knees, and after asking the Lord for mercy, I called on him to pray. He began tremblingly to ask for help. There and then he yielded, and I finished the prayer by saying, "Amen." When we arose I asked if the matter was settled; and he said, "it is settled." After saying that he had given his heart to Jesus, he gave me his hand, saying, "it is settled forever." That same evening he came to the house of prayer, and when opportunity was given, he arose and said, "Christian friends, I have this evening given my heart to Jesus, and now have great peace and happiness. Pray for me, that I may be a faithful Christian." He obeyed the command, was baptized, and is an active worker for the Master.

A. J. FURMAN.

"THERE'LL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN."

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. she must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said, gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here—quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton, pompously; "there is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room," said the old woman, looking at her own sunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—"

But here the sexton took her by the arm and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and then she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but she arose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the space she had left vacant, she said, gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where in the last pew she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr.—preach for! She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent! The idea of her forcing herself into our pew. Isn't that voluntary lovely! there's Dr.——coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand!"

"Splendid! What a stately man. You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped, and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him retrace his way the whole length of the church to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon that struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered that functionary, in an injured tone.

"Why didn't she look like a Christian, if she expected to sit in the front pews? I hate to be imposed on,"

LO, I AM WITH YOU.

BY THE REV. T. A. HIGGINS, M. A.

We too frequently think, and speak of Christ as an absent friend, as one whom we hope and expect to see bye and bye; as one who will come in glory, and then reveal himself to us. While according to his promise, He is always present with His own; and all that is needed, is that our spiritual vision shall be improved, our eyes opened to see, and then we have a living, and almighty, and all-glorious Saviour present with us. In this case, it would not be necessary to go far to find him, nor to call aloud to fetch him, nor to wait till we go to Heaven to see him; but right here, and now we should know that God in Christ makes his abode among men, talks with them, guides, directs, and protects them. Let us make it our aim, to draw so near to God by faith, by prayer, by holy living, and a humble, self-denying and cross-bearing life, that this gracious promise of our Lord shall become as real to us as the works of nature around us. Is the air with us? We do not doubt it, when our lungs inhale the life-giving oxygen. Are the trees with us? We do not doubt it when we sit in their shade, or partake of their fruit. Is the light of the sun with us? O yes, we reply, when we open our eyes and see all nature flooded with his beams, and hill and dale painted with his matchless pencil. And what is the sun-light, and all nature's beauty and loveliness, but the faint reflections of the glory of God—not God manifest in the flesh, but God manifest in the unfolding flower, in the falling rain, the distilling of the dew, the floating cloud, the waving corn, the ripening grain, the revolving seasons, the summer's heat, and winter's cold? Are they not all so many tongues telling us that our God is not a God far away, but right here in our very midst; and that He through Christ Jesus, His own Son, may be a very present help in every time of trouble? Yes, God is everywhere present.

THOU GOD SEEST ME.

His all-seeing eye is turned directly upon each Sabbath-breaker, as he wanders through the fields and the woods. He notes each unholy deed, each cruel and selfish act. His ear is close to the lips that whisper scandal, or utter falsehood. The dishonest deed of darkness, and the immoral act in secret, are both alike, open and known to God. He also notes every act of self-denial, every deed of charity, every word of kindness, every labor of love, every cup of cold water given in his name, every prayer offered, every sigh after holiness, every honest effort put forth to help others, to rescue the perishing, and to advance His glory in the world. Men may measure our work by the result; but Jesus can measure it by the intent and the effort, because He is present to notice the difficulties, and to reward according to the honest intention.

THE GREAT EVIL.

Was any women, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? But how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? But who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of civilized nations; analyze with reference to this one cause of crime and misery the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this: pride and lust, and envy and anger, all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ, but they sell Him.—*J. Ruskin.*