

POETRY.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

Along the smooth and slender wires.
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun:
No peals or flashes heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are quickly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course;—
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
The rough wave's sweeping force;—
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord,
Of him who, taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though no outward wish is breath'd,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven:—
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stay,
But Faith's last word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

The Boys that Loved the Saviour.

Instead of telling our young friends a story this month, we will give an account of the death of two very dear boys. They were good children, and much do we wish all of our readers would live as well and die as happy as they did.

On Sabbath morning, the 9th of August, 1847, a little boy came as usual with his father and youngest brother, to the Sabbath-school of the First Associate Reformed church, in Philadelphia. His name was Robert C. Huey, and he was in the eighth year of his age. He loved the Sabbath-school, and was always anxious to be there early. He had learned "Brown's Short Catechism," several Psalms, and a good many chapters of the Bible. All of these he loved to repeat and to talk about, and often he would speak of the poor heathen that have no such things to learn, and say that if God pleased he would like to be a missionary, and go and tell them about Christ, and about being saved. If he ever thought he had grieved his parents or any of his friends, by anything he had said or done, the tears would come into his eyes, and he seemed very much pained. He was very kind, too, and did many things to make all around him happy. He would often talk about heaven, and how pleasant it would be, to die and go and be with Christ. In the Sabbath-school that morning, he was very happy, and looked very well, and having said a good lesson, went into the church. During the sermon he began to feel unwell, and that afternoon remained at home reading his Sabbath-school book. In the evening he grew worse, and soon afterwards losing his senses, as the disease was in his brain, he just lay tossing in his bed until about four o'clock on Monday afternoon, when he broke out in a very sweet strain of singing, and shortly after died. His countenance was calm and happy, and he looked as if he was "asleep in Jesus." Oh! if any of our little readers should die as suddenly and out of their mind too, could their friends think they died as safely and as happily?

The name of the other little boy was William Stevenson. He was nine years and three months old, and had been sick a long time. He, too, had been in our Sabbath-school, and loving it very much, had learned many good things. After he had become too weak to attend the school or the church, he desired to have the prayer meeting at his father's house, and though very sick and full of suffering, would sing,

"The Lord's my Shepherd—I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie," &c.

One day his minister called to see him, and after talking about Jesus, and what he had done to save sinners, "William, you may never get well again—would you be afraid to die?" "No," he mildly said, and then whispered as he looked up, "Jesus loves them that love Him,"—and then, after a little time, said,

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet I will fear none ill,
For thou art with me, any thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

At another time, putting his little arms around his pastor's neck, he said, "Pray for me;" and when asked for what things he would like to have prayer offered, he whispered, "Pray that Jesus would give me a new heart and make me his child, and when I die, take me to be with him in heaven,"—and then waiting a moment, he said again,—"Pray that God will take care of my father and mother, and little sisters."—Just before he died, he said to his mother, "Do not cry: God will take me to himself. Pray, mother, pray, and God will bless you and take you to heaven too." He said a great many things to comfort his parents, and was very patient in his sufferings. At length, on the same day that Robert died, and about two hours after, he quietly sunk away as if into a gentle sleep, and the pleasant smile which came on his poor pale face, seemed to say to his friends, weep not for me.

O children, would you love to be happy while you live, and happy when you die, then love the Saviour—for He says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." *Christian Instructor.*

Something more Wonderful than the Magnetic Telegraph.

George and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the telegraph office. They had heard of the strange doings of this wonderful machine, and had often stood and looked at the wires stretched along from one high post to another, seeming like cobwebs in the air.

One day, as they were thus occupied, George asked Thomas how it could be that on those wires unseen messages were passing to and fro. "I don't know how it is," replied Thomas; "father says it is by means of electricity, and lightning is electricity, and that is the reason news travels so quickly by the magnetic telegraph."

One day, after school, these boys went into their father's store, which was just opposite the telegraph office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention.

Their father assented, always glad to gratify his children, and to add to their stock of useful information, and at once they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys asked their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington, but the little machine was so busy that the agent could not gratify them for some time.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By and by it ceased for an instant, but just as the agent was going to put in his claim, it began again.

That is B for Buffalo, said the agent, we must wait till the message is finished. As soon as the sentence is written, there was an A. U for Auburn, and then a U for Utica; and the boys were almost out of patience, as little boys are apt to be, when their wishes are not immediately gratified.

After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and "ay, ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to, and the message was sent.

Returning home the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the magnetic telegraph. "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas. "No," replied his father, "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?" "Yes, I have, my son."

"And receiving an answer as quickly?" added George. "Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?" "I never was more in earnest, my son, than I am, when I say 'yes' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph." "In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while the others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"So that is an improvement," said George, "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak: and what is more wonderful than all is the fact, that you need not even express the nature of your communication, as, before you do so, your answer may be returned, though it is quite necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favorable reception for your request. Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others, from the fact you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert—on the trackless ocean—in the crowded city—on the mountain top—by night or by day—in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas. "Yes, there is, my son; it is to be found in the Bible."

"In the Bible, father!" exclaimed both the boys. "Certainly, my sons, and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the 24th verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows:—"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Next George found and read the 9th verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, 9th chapter, verses 20, 21, 22, 23." "And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God: 'yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee, &c.'"

"I see, father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer." "And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with Heaven is more wonderful than any other; for by these means our desires can be immediately known to our Heavenly Father and we receive an answer."—*London S. S. Magazine.*

AGRICULTURAL.

THE CRITERION OF A GOOD COW.

She's long in the face, she fine in the horn;
She'll quickly get fat, without oats or corn;
She's clear in her jaw, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin;
She's broad in her rib, and long in her run;
A straight and flat back, with never a hump.
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes;
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs;
She's light in her neck, and small in her tail;
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin;
She's a grazer's without, and a butcher's within.

"Snow is the Poor Man's Manure."

This is an old saying, and the following extract from one of Prof. Johnson's lectures, shows that it is not destitute of truth:

"Snow has been supposed to be beneficial to winter wheat and other crops. That a heavy fall of snow will protect the soil and crop from the destructive effects of any severe cold which may follow, there can be no doubt. It defends the young shoots, also, from those alterations of temperature to which the periodical return of the sun's rays continually expose them; and when a thaw arrives, by slowly melting, it allows the tender herbage gradually to accustom itself to a milder atmosphere. But some believe that wheat actually thrives under snow. On this point I cannot speak from personal knowledge, but I will here mention two facts concerning snow, which may possibly be connected with its supposed nourishing quality.

Snow generally contains a certain quantity of ammonia, or of animal matter, which gives off ammonia, during its decay. This quantity is variable, and occasionally so small as to be very difficult of detection. Liebig found it in the snow

of the neighborhood of Giessen, and I have this winter detected traces of it in the snow which fell in Durham during two separate storms. This ammonia is present in the greatest quantity in the first portions that fall and lie nearest the plant. Hence, if the plant can grow beneath the snow, this ammonia may affect its growth, or when the first thaw comes, it may descend to the root and may there be imbibed. Rain-water also contains ammonia; but when rain falls in a large quantity, it runs off the land, and may do less good than the snow which lies and melts gradually.

Another singular property of snow is the power it possesses of absorbing oxygen and nitrogen from the atmosphere, in proportions very different from those in which they exist in the air. The atmosphere contains 21 per cent. of oxygen by volume, but the air which is present in the pores of snow, has been found by various observers to contain a much smaller quantity. Bous-singault obtained from air disengaged by melting snow, 17 per cent. of oxygen only, and De Saussure found still less. Whether the air retained among the pores of the snow which in severe winters covers our fields, be equally deficient in oxygen with that examined by Bous-singault, and whether, if it be, the abundance of nitrogen can at all affect vegetation, are matters that still remain undetermined."

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