

in Moncton, soon after it was first organised, in the year 1828, and continued a worthy and constant member during life. He enjoyed a good degree of the presence of the Lord during his last illness, and retained his faculties in their full vigour until the last. He was well grounded in his doctrinal views, and firmly trusted in the merits of his Saviour. A large number attended his funeral, and the mournful occasion was improved from that interesting saying of Job, chap. 14, 15, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." He has left a widow and family of children to mourn their loss. May the Lord support and comfort them under this trying and afflictive dispensation.

Died in Moncton, on the 4th of September, Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, in the thirty first year of her age, daughter of Mrs. Lydia Nichols, of Truro, Nova Scotia. Sister A. was baptized by Elder Samuel Robinson, nearly twelve years ago, and united with the 2nd Baptist church in Saint John, and after a time became a member of the Portland Baptist church. About three years ago, last June, our sister became a resident at the Bend, sometimes elapsed before she became a member of the Moncton church, as her husband contemplated returning again to Portland. However a year ago last winter, she united with us, and continued a valuable member. She ardently loved her Saviour, and delighted in his service. Two or three weeks previous to her death, she was seized with a bilious attack to which she had often been subject, but was rapidly recovering, and in a few days we fondly hoped she would enjoy her usual health, but on Monday morning, she was again taken ill, between eleven and twelve of the same day. I visited her, and found her placing all her trust and confidence in Christ. She said, "I have no one else in whom I can trust." The afternoon of the same day, her happy spirit was released from its clay tenement, and as we trust, was admitted through the gates into the city. Her unexpected removal has cast a gloom over the village, and caused many to regret her departure, tears were poured forth in abundance at her funeral, and the sorrowful occasion was improved from the Revelation, chap. 4, 10, "And cast their crowns before the throne, saying," &c. She has left a husband and four children, as well as a large circle of relatives to mourn their loss. May the Blessed Saviour impart consolation to their precious souls.

Died in Moncton, on the 15th of August, Nancy Harris, daughter of Mrs. Mary Harris, in her sixteenth year of age. Our young sister had been thoughtful for some time, but during revival season last winter in connection with our Methodist friends, she manifested a desire to unite with the people of God. She was somewhat delirious during her illness, owing to the nature of the disease, so that but little opportunity was afforded of conversing with her, but encouraging hopes are entertained that she sleeps in Jesus. This afflictive dispensation calls loudly upon the young, to prepare to meet their God.

Yours truly,

J. NEWCOMBE.

[FOR THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.]

#### DEATH OF MRS. FITCH.

How consoling, yea more, how transporting to see our friends, our loved ones, as they approach the solemn hour of dissolution, strong in faith, giving glory to God. Such was the case with Mrs. Fitch, wife of the Rev. W. D. Fitch, and daughter of Enoch Lunt, Esq., who died at Sheffield, on Sunday the 10th inst. The deceased, during her lingering sickness, appeared somewhat held in bondage, through fear of death, and upon some occasions expressed doubts respecting her acceptance with God, but previous to her departure every cloud was scattered, and as she neared the spirit world, her eye of faith looked across the abyss of death, and caught the glory of that "better land," to such a marvellous degree, that her pale countenance brightened with delightful anticipations. After bidding the weeping friends farewell, and talking with the utmost affection and solicitude about her little daughter—her only child, from her white cold lips dropped with low, but earnest tones, the delightful expressions, "I see heaven," "I'm going home," &c. Thus she expired. All who stood around her dying couch pronounced her death, as far as mor-

tal man can judge, wonderfully triumphant through faith in Christ. We deeply sympathise with Bro. Fitch, in his affliction, and likewise with the bereaved family, over whom the pall of death has been thrown three times during the last eight months. May the God of Providence sanctify these trials to their eternal good! The funeral sermon was preached at Canning, by the writer, to one of the largest congregations he has ever witnessed on an occasion of the kind.

R. H. EMERSON.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A Quarter of an Hour in the "Boston Five Cents Savings Bank."

"Hurrah, here's the place! Look sharp, now, Duffy! Be ready Pat!"

"All right, go a-head."

Three boys, crowding eagerly together, and earnest upon some expedition of moment, impeded our way before a door in School-street, this morning—Overhearing so much of their dialogue we looked up to read the "sign."

"BOSTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK."

Having been greatly interested in the project of this institution, and the efforts to secure its organization, we thought it a good time, thus arrested at the threshold, to look inside.

So we entered—on the heels of "Duffy," "Pat," and their comrade. A pleasant and airy apartment, well fitted up for banking purposes—with massive folios, books of entry, ledgers, &c., already fast filling up, courteous and gentlemanly faces behind the counters, and a file of curiously mingled elements, moving up in a sidelong procession to the place of deposit.

We felt almost inclined to echo the exclamation that greeted our ears out the door—"Hurrah, here's the place!"

"Here's the place" where tattered idleness puts on the harness of gainful industry, stimulated by the novelty and dignity of being a "depositor."

"Here's the place" where the boys of the gutter begin to climb from the lowest round of fortune's ladder. Some of them, who know, from this first step to stand by and be quite at the top.

"Here's the place" where the first earnings of the young labourers, news boys, errand boys, pages of great mercantile establishments, apprenticed artisans, peripatetic venders of "loz-zin-gees," become the seed of future harvests.

"Well, Duffy," said we, accosting that important individual, "you are going to make a deposit, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Three dollars."

"Why, how did you raise all that?"

"Been at it a good while, sir,—get jobs—O, all sorts of jobs—hold a gentleman's horse—carry carpet bags from the depot—got some of it last winter shoveling snow from sidewalks."

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"Deposit—get more—put that in—by and by have something."

"And Pat here, how much has he?"

"Only five cents, but that's enough to deposit; they take five cents they do, that's to begin with. I never need to care—I didn't think about saving—bought marbles and peanuts and such stuff—sold out the marbles now, got these five cents for 'em."

"What's that other boy's name?"

"Tom."

"Yes, this is my second deposit—five cents this time—five last Saturday—run of errands and the like."

So we watch their countenances as well as we can, for they don't hold still long enough to be daugerrotyped by the nimblest sunbeam that ever took miniatures.

But no matter, here's another group to look at. Irish mother and five children, and a sixth child evidently of the same party, but a little apart from them, and of different blood, we guess.

"All going to deposit?"

"Yes, sir," in chorus.

"How much?"

"Five cents—mother saved it—gave us all alike—we are each going to have a book—one of them are blue ones that ye see there in a heap."

"O that's 'Joe,' Joe Fynnegan; he lives with us."

"Yes," said the mother, "he's an orphan boy. I took him in after his mother died; 'tain't much I can do for him. But Catherine Fynnegan's boy shan't want while I can earn bread. I take in washing and ironing. It's a good many mouths to feed—but they boys will begin to have a care of themselves shortly."

"And Joe has his five cents too, eh?"

"Jist the same."

And so they file along. And behind them came two chubby little girls—little palms filled with three cent pieces which "papa gave." And two young misses, well dressed, with fifty cents each to deposit, against some dim vision of a bridal day perhaps. And a little artificer, who works for his father at making baggage checks at regular wages. And a pedler of ten years old, who has got quite rich selling tooth-picks, and matches, and little pin cushions, and small almanacs in their season, and staggers in under the weight of eight dollars in specie. And a sturdy little chap who is errand boy to a tailor, can earn a dollar and a half a week, most of which goes to the family at home, for "mother is sick"—and mother is the main stay; only now that grave care has fallen upon the young boy—but he feels up to it—and has twenty-five cents over and above to lay up for a time of need. And several domestics with sums varying from five dollars to twenty—storing up till they shall have enough to import into the country a whole household left behind in the old country—and two young men, looking a little hard, as if now and then they "made a night of it," but their errand here redeems many a folly—it is to deposit in the name of their mothers in the country, each a "V."

A very youthful character interrogates us closely about the rates of increase on deposits, and is particularly anxious to know how much five cents, put out at the present time, would amount to by the fourth of July. He desires to be in funds on that day.

One boy, only one, of all with whom we exchanged words, has brought in his book to draw. He wants his dollar. He's got to buy a pair of pants. Those he has on are, as we say, beyond doubt "on their last legs," and these are his best. He is told he must give a week's notice—looks rather black at that—turns his eye down on the parti-colored rags fluttering around his knees—and seems to think it rather a question whether they will stand it for a week longer, and it does seem a little doubtful.

There is on the whole a good deal of life in a Savings' Bank. The same institution is admirably modeled—fairly at sea now—capitally officered in all its executive departments—and beyond many a more distinctive charity, a blessing to the whole community.—Though it is called a "Five Cents Saving Bank," and gathers therefore the juveniles about its doorway—it receives deposits as high as \$1000. There is no better place for young men, for our small farmers from the country, for country clergymen, if it ever happens to them to have \$5 to spare, to lay up their hoards. Within the first three weeks of its life time, its deposits amounted to more than twenty-five thousand dollars, from something less than two thousand depositors. Long life to it—and great success!—*Congregationalist.*

#### The right kind of a Wife.

A New York editor says he had an introduction last week to the heroine of the following sketch:—Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in rather an extravagant style, was in the habit every Monday morning of giving his wife a certain sum of money for the table and other household expenses; he never mentioned his business to his wife, and she deeming him sufficiently capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them. About five years after their marriage, through some mismanagement and the rascality of his clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his fall was mentioned "sympathizingly" on change, and like all such matters, there all sympathy ended. The merchant kept the affair a secret, and the first intimation his lady had of it was a news paragraph in the "Ledger." Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlour a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned with a splendidly bound

Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband she said, "George, the day after our marriage you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and as a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its pages have been precious to me—and as your brow looks sad to-day, I now return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in the hour of gloom." She then left the room. The merchant opened the book carelessly, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and looked at its face—it was a 10 dollar bill.—He opened the book again, and another note of the same amount was before him. He opened it at the first page, and continued to find a note between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the Book of Revelations. He was saved—could recommence business, and had a capital of 9,000 dollars to start with. He rang the bell—a servant appeared. "Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant. The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a smile and a tear. "Kate! Kate!" where did you procure all this money?" "This is the weekly saving of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten out of the twenty dollars which you gave me into our Bible bank, that when a day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf." But why put it in the Bible, Kate?" "Because it is a good bank, one which will not suddenly break," replied the lady. "You are an angel, Kate," cried the delighted husband, clasping her to his heart. And so she is.—Does any one doubt it? There are thousands of such angels, despite the railings of miserable women-slandering bachelors.

### HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT



A PERSON 70 YEARS OF AGE CURED OF A BAD LEG, OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. William Abbs, Builder of Gos. Ovens, of Rushcliffe, near Huddersfield, dated May 31st, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I suffered for a period of thirty years from a bad leg, the result of two or three different accidents at Gas Works, accompanied by scurvy symptoms. I had recourse to a variety of medical advice, without deriving any benefit, and was even told that the leg must be amputated, yet, in opposition to that opinion, your Pills and Ointment have effected a complete cure in so short a time, that few who had not witnessed it would credit the fact.

(Signed) WILLIAM ABBS.  
The truth of this statement can be verified by Mr. W. P. England, Chemist, 13 Market Street, Huddersfield.

A MOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF BAD LEGS, AFTER 43 YEARS' SUFFERING.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. William Galpin, of 70, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth, dated May 15th, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY,

SIR,—At the age of 18 my wife (who is now 61) caught a violent cold, which settled in her legs, and ever since that time they have been more or less sore, and greatly inflamed. Her agonies were distracting, and for months together she was deprived entirely of rest and sleep. Every remedy that medical men advised was tried, but without effect; her health suffered severely, and the state of her legs was terrible. I had often read your Advertisements and advised her to try your Pills and Ointment; and, as a last resource, after every other remedy had proved useless, she consented to do so. She commenced six weeks ago, and, strange to relate, is now in good health. Her legs are painless, without seam or scars, and her sleep sound and undisturbed. Could you have witnessed the sufferings of my wife during the last 43 years, and contrast them with her present enjoyment of health, you would indeed feel delighted in having been the means of so greatly alleviating the sufferings of a fellow creature.

(Signed) WILLIAM GALPIN.  
The Pills should be used conjointly with the Ointment in most of the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Chieffo-foot	Sore-throats
Bad Breasts	Chilblains	Skin diseases
Burns	Chapped hands	Scurvy
Bunions	Corns (soft)	Sore-heads
Bite of Mos-	Cancers	Tumours
chetoas and	Contracted and	Ulcers
Sand-Flies	Stiff Joints	Wounds
Blisters	Gout	Glandular Swell-
Lumbago	Piles	ings
Rheumatism	Scalds	Sore Nipples
Coco-bay	Elephantiasis	Yaws

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. TILLEY, Provincial Agent, No. 15, King-street, St. John, N. B. A. Coy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alex. Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Potts and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each box.