

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men." EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Poetry.

Lines to my Step-Mother.

Thirteen years to-day, mother,
Since to our lonely hearth,
You came with smiling, glad smiles,
To wake our childish mirth,
I've often thought upon the time,
How half in love, half fear,
We both first nestled to your heart,
And felt your first warm tear!

Yours was a noble task, mother,
And yet a painful one,
To follow in another's steps,
To do as she had done!
'Tis hard for all the doubtful glance,
The slandering's venom'd dart,
But oh! they fall so piteously,
Upon a mother's heart!

Just thirteen years to-day, mother,
Since hopeful, loving, fond,
You came to guide the motherless,
Home to a rest beyond,
God kindly took our other one,
We miss her gentle face—
But oh! we can not strain too much,
The one who fills her place!

CAROLINE ELLEN
South Reading, February, 17, 1855.

Three Days in North Wales.

One fine morning in September, we arose at a seasonable hour, put some change in our pockets, flung a plaid over our shoulders, and in company with a young friend, marched down to the quay, where steamers leave Liverpool every day for Carnarvon. We sail slowly down the Mersey and look carelessly and almost contemptuously upon the light-houses, the buoys, the bathing houses, and the noble country-seats which a few days before had excited our admiration. Towards mid-day we pass the Great Orme's Head, and in a couple of hours more, enter the Menai Straits. Our passage through these straits is most pleasant. On our right is the Isle of Anglesey; on the left Wales. Here are beautiful vales, wooded hills, luxuriant meadows—there steep precipices and wild craggy peaks rising far on high. On either side are picturesque cottages and noble mansions. Those mansions are not costly piles of strange fantastic forms, perched on some lofty elevation, with scarce a tree or shrub to hide their nakedness; they are structures magnificent and comfortable, surrounded by noble trees and soft green lawns, which add greatly to the beauty of the scenes through which we pass. But there are objects before us more interesting than the cottage smiling amid flowers, or the mansion bathed in verdure. Those towers with their broken turrets and their robes of dark green ivy accord well with the character of the scenery and awaken thoughts of the olden time.

We pass down the Straits. Above is the Menai bridge; before us the Britannia tubes. We turn from the ruined tower to the airy, graceful structure beneath which we pass—to that marvellous triumph of engineering, the Britannia Tubular Bridge, and these are our thoughts. We think of the times, long gone by, when the Irish savage, in his light coracle, armed with leathern shield and flint axe, moved through these waters to plunder his brother Celt. We think of the days when the Roman soldier marched along these banks, seeking in this mountain-land some spot on which to erect his eagle. We think of days less remote when the Edward sought to extinguish the love of independence which glowed in the breast of every Welshman, and when he made these shores tremble with the last cry of many a high-souled patriot. We look on towers and castles erected by ruffian lords to defend themselves from the consequences of their villainy. We look on monuments which tell us that the days of plunder—of licensed violence, in these parts at least, have passed away for ever. There is the record of cruelty, tyranny, and fear—here the lasting proof of freedom, civilization, and national prosperity.

We are soon landed at Carnarvon. We look for a few moments on the old grey houses, and the half ruined towers which mark the course of the wall, and then we seek the castle. Soon the massive structure is before us, and we look on one of the most interesting and instructive ruins in Britain. The most which once separated the castle from the town has been filled up; the draw-bridge and portcullis have long since been removed, but the imagination can easily supply all deficiencies. There are still the massive walls, pierced with long narrow loopholes; and the huge towers surmounted with tall, graceful turrets seem as strong as when the Saxon first reared them.

"The battled towers, the Donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep
In yellow lustre shone."

Over the grand entrance we notice a statue of Edward the First. He sits under an elaborately chiselled canopy; a shield is at his feet, and his right hand grasps a dagger's hilt. Every human expression has long since been worn from his countenance. It may have been menacing, or it may have been conciliatory, but we know that it grievously insulted the conquered people. When the bard would excite to the highest pitch the feelings of his oppressed countrymen, he had but to point to this statue and exclaim, "Plwyn ydych i ple-mau Edward!"—Ye are led to see where Edward sits.

We knocked for admission at the huge gate beneath the statue, and in a few moments the keeper of the castle appeared. He held out his hand for the fee, pointed out the Eagle Tower, and left us to ourselves. We entered the court-yard, and then looked around us. We could fancy ourselves transported back to the "good old times"; the warder might still keep guard "above the gloomy portal arch, and might almost see

The Eagle Tower, which occupies one extremity of the castle, is several stories in height, and surmounted by three tall and graceful turrets. One hundred and fifty steps lead from the base to the summit of the tower.—After a short ascent we came to a narrow passage leading into the chamber in which it is said the first English Prince of Wales saw the light. We have long since made up our minds to doubt no tradition, and though there is every reason to believe that this tower was not built till twenty years after the birth of the Prince, we notwithstanding accept the story with unfeigned faith, and gaze reverently around on the rough walls, the clumsy windows, and the huge fire-place of this royal chamber. We now ascend to one of the turrets by a narrow winding staircase. We look down in the castle yard, and behold the towers which "broke its lines quadrangular."—We can see the vast thickness of the walls and the corridors which served as channels of communication between the various towers. Beneath us is the curious old town of Carnarvon. The prospect around is of extreme beauty. The waters of the Menai, the rich green meadows, the thickly wooded hills, the wild and storm riven mountain peaks, all meet the eye, and, with the old town and castle, form a rich treat to the native of the new world.

(To be concluded.)

Written for the Christian Visitor.

An Exemplary Mayor.—The Maine Law.

Two years ago, while supplying, in the absence of the pastor, the pulpit of the Hammond Street Church, Bangor, we were for three weeks, the honoured guest of J. T. K. Hayward, Esq., of that city. We found our host to be an agreeable, enlightened, enterprising, and Christian gentleman; deeply interested in, and thoroughly devoted to the work of promoting the social, moral, and religious prosperity of the city. Of course, therefore, we found him to be one of the warmest advocates, and firmest supporters of the Maine Law. During our stay in the city, we had the pleasure of hearing the Hon. Neal Dow lecture on the Law, and our good host was unanimously requested by the meeting to preside on the occasion. His opening remarks as Chairman, although extemporaneous were very neat, appropriate, and impressive; and showed him to be not only easy and self-possessed on the platform, but also to be gifted with a considerable amount of effective speaking talent. Recently he has been elected to the Mayoralty of Bangor by a majority of six hundred over the opposing candidate pledged to the practical and thorough enforcement of the Maine Law. In a very able address which he delivered on his inauguration to office, he unhesitatingly and unmistakably informed those who might be disposed to infringe the Liquor Law, that, on their detection its penalties would be strictly executed. Shortly after his induction, (without fear or favour,) he and the other authorities of the city, as we learn from the *Temperance Telegraph*, ordained that no spirituous liquors for medicinal purposes should be sold by the City Agent to any citizen of Bangor, without the certificate of a regular resident Physician of the city. Subsequently, to their credit we speak it—at a meeting of the Physicians, they passed resolutions, that they would cheerfully co-operate with the government of the city in sustaining all existing laws to regulate the sale and use of intoxicating drinks; and that regarding both the welfare of the community and their own reputation, as also to protect themselves from imposition and the entreaties of those addicted to the use of liquors, they would only give prescriptions of liquors to patients and families under their charge, when they supposed them to be necessary, and would in every instance specify the quantity to be delivered. It will be seen from the subjoined letter of our respected friend Mayor Hayward, that our humble attempts at usefulness through the press are not altogether without effect abroad, as we hope they are not altogether without effect at home. We thank God and take courage. "There's a good time coming, only wait a little longer."

CHARLES MACKAY.

Mayor Hayward of Bangor's Letter.

Rev. and dear Sir,—Allow me first to acknowledge the receipt of sundry papers through your kindness which have been to me very interesting; the more so as they have treated upon subjects which have been prominently before my mind. The address on the subject of theatres was of interest from the fact that I had it before me to license one with us. We have had a theatrical performer with his company here every summer for several years, and he wished to come again. In order to perform, he must get a license from the Mayor. This he has always had heretofore, although our Mayors have been members of our churches. I never attended a theatre, and only knew of them through others which embarrassed me; and at the time, I was glad to see the communication referred to. You have been, I think, formerly quite familiar with these institutions, and though I have no doubt what your views would substantially be, if it would not trespass too much upon your time I should like to hear from you, stating what, from your knowledge, is the influence of the best conducted; and also of such as travel and would be likely to visit us. I may say I have declined to give a license this year, and do not think I shall have occasion to alter my mind. In matters of temperance the question has been for some years, Can you execute the

Law? This we are answering here affirmatively. The public houses have ceased to sell and almost all other places; and those who still hold on to some extent must soon "cave in," and the entire business, I have no doubt, will be as thoroughly stopped here, as any other crime is stopped by law. It is already "the drest times" ever known here, and also the most quiet and orderly. Beer and cider are stopped. Some go mourning, but true temperance men rejoice. Our city Agent only sells for medicine, on the prescription of a physician. This has cut his jobs down over 90 per cent, and this when our Apothecaries who all sold more or less before, are cut off almost entirely. I mention this, not merely because you will rejoice, but the fact that the law can be enforced, and is enforced, I deem a most important one to make use of in all communities where the question is still an open one as it is with you. Allow me further to state, that, with very few exceptions, every one takes the course pursued (even those most affected by it) in good humour. I am glad the cause finds so vigorous a defender in the Province, as it has in yourself. May you be instrumental of much good, &c.

Yours very truly,
J. T. K. HAYWARD.

Another Exemplary Mayor.—The Maine Law.

As we are about to leave Saint John on a visit to the mother country, it occurred to us, on receiving the above letter from Mayor Hayward, that it might be useful to us in our advocacy of the prohibition of the Liquor Traffic, on the other side of the Atlantic, to be in the possession of a similar letter from our personal friend the Hon. Neal Dow, Mayor of Portland, and the distinguished, and far-famed author and champion of the Maine Law. Accordingly, we addressed a letter to him, requesting at his earliest convenience an answer to the following inquiries: Can the Maine Law be enforced? has it been enforced? has violent opposition in many instances been made to its enforcement? has the law greatly diminished poverty, pauperism, crime, and the other evils of intemperance? Has any blood been shed in the enforcement of the law? Is the recently more stringent law, generally approved of by the people?—Below we give our honorable friend's reply.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Mayor Dow of Portland's Letter.

Rev. Charles Mackay: Dear Sir,—Your favour of the 11th, is just received, and though pressed with many engagements, just now, I lose no time in making a brief reply to your inquiries; and shall be very glad if you may find my answer in any degree useful to you.

1. & 2. Everywhere in the State, the Maine Law can be easily enforced—and almost everywhere in the State, it is enforced; so that open rum selling is almost, if not quite unknown among us. Some low and secret grog shops remain, kept in the most clandestine manner almost entirely by Irishmen.

3. No violent opposition is made or even attempted, to the law,—nor indeed, is there any opposition to it, either violent or otherwise. Four years ago, some sailors on a Steamer resisted, but they suffered severely for it; and since, it meets general acquiescence.

4. The operation of the law has very much diminished crime, pauperism, and the other evils of intemperance, as you will see by Tract No. 1—and my Report 1851—and throughout the State the effect has been the same.

5. No blood has been shed; but in the Steamer case, alluded to, the officer was struck and hurt, but not dangerously. The sailors were imprisoned and the liquors destroyed, even in that case.

6. Our recently enacted and intensified law is approved by our people, and is now beautifully executed all over the State, and is having a wonderfully beneficial effect. As an evidence of the estimation in which the law is held by the people of Maine, I may add that, in every City in the State, (the annual elections occurring after the enactment of the Law) the government was put entirely into the hands of the friends of the Law, by whom it is executed vigorously and successfully.—Almost all yielding a ready obedience to it, without even attempting an evasion.

In this City the effect is truly wonderful. We have no noises at night—no liquors are any where to be seen or even heard of—for all we could hear of or find, we have seized—and even our enemies give it up, so that the law has met with a TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS, &c.

With great respect,
I am truly yours,
NEAL DOW.

With two such testimonies as the above before them—testimonies from the two Mayors of the two largest and chief cities in the State of Maine, well may the temperance community, and the friends of Prohibition take courage. Let the cry, by the Liquor Dealers in this Province, "The law cannot be enforced because looked at in the light of these testimonies. It is a mistake. The law can, and the law will be enforced in New Brunswick. Our Mayor has pledged himself to carry out the law, and we believe that whatever may be his own opinion as to its propriety, when it becomes law on the 1st January 1856 he has energy, courage, and independence enough to enforce it.

We are informed upon reliable authority that notwithstanding all that has been done by the friends of God and humanity to check the swelling tide of intemperance, that there are at present THREE HUNDRED liquor shops in this City of Saint John. And shall these shops,

declared by the Board of Health last summer during the period of Cholera to be a nuisance be tolerated any longer in our midst? Shall the traffic which is evil, and only evil, and that continually be permitted a longer existence in our community? Shall any of the teachers of Christianity, the lovers of morality, the friends of social order, be found longer endeavoring to take neutral ground on the question of the day which is second only in importance and beneficial effects to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, namely, the question of the annihilation of the liquor traffic by the enactment and thorough enforcement of a Prohibitory Law? In the name of Christianity, philanthropy, patriotism, morality, social order, personal and domestic happiness, national prosperity, and even HUMANITY we say, God forbid!

CHARLES MACKAY.

Canadian Correspondence.

St. Catharines, May 19, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BILL.—At last, the long looked for spring rain is slowly falling, gentle as the dews of Hermon and musical as the murmur of the summer leaves to the long pent up heats of nature's living drapery as well as the stern wintriness which has longer than usual wrapped nature's folds.

Our winter has been unprecedently severe—and faithfully retained his chilling hold upon hills and vales for at least a month beyond his right.

What a blessing is the law of compensation,—never was spring welcome with greater joy. It is so with earth and heaven. The darker, the fiercer, the stormier, winter of earth's trials, sorrows, and tears only incarnate a more glorious heaven spring.—"Work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." What a ground for faith and hope—what encouragement to patient continuance in well doing—what a glorious stimulant to godly heroism in struggling against the world's cares and sins, and lifting a vice crushed humanity from the degradation of sense and passion.

I am rejoiced to hear of the progress of truth in your Province, and the ennobling effects of that truth in the conversion of the enemies of God to love and consequent peace—"Peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Many of our Churches are rejoicing in happy additions, and our whole denomination, in a long prayed for state—harmony and unity of effort for the advancement of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the proclamation to the desitute of the Gospel hope.

We expect in a few weeks to open the Theological School in Toronto, having secured—which for eighteen months every effort has been made to secure—a Professor. This will be a new era in the history of the denomination. Our great want has been an educated ministry—we have been destitute of facilities to meet this desideratum. Many of our young men who were desirous to obtain the qualification necessary for the times, sought the boon in American Schools, and nearly all possessing commanding talents have remained in the United States. We hope now to educate them in the field, where their labours are so much required.

The hopes of the lovers of peace, order, virtue, morality, and true prosperity have again to complain not only of grievous disappointment but gross injustice. The law, upon the passage of which, so many hopes were built and so many lives depending, has been lost not defeated—but by an outrage upon our rum-cursed country; and the rights of Canadian freemen, who boldly and fully expressed their wishes to the Legislature,—thrown under the table by a power assumed by the speaker on the ground of some informality in introducing the measure into the House.

The upholders of the traffic and its horrible train of evils, gloat over the success of this dastardly trick, for such it is—the defect was never mooted until the Bill came up for the third reading—which had been staved off until the last of the session, in order to prevent—for want of time—the re-introduction of the Bill this Session. But woe to the tricksters—for it is certain that the great majority of the people and a sweeping majority of their representatives in the house are bent upon securing the passage of the measure and whatever underhanded measures, the supporters of Canadian crime, immorality, misery and death, may adopt to embarrass the success of the measure, it must pass and be enforced. All their opposition, only strengthens the hands of right, gives vigour to those who have laboured and must bring into the field new champions for our country's good.

J. E. R.

The Retreats of the City.

There are three lovely retreats in the City of St. John to which her citizens and denizens may repair, two in which to a legal extent recreation may be enjoyed, recreation not of an uproarious, boisterous and rule-defying character, such of course could not be recognized as such, but of a nature calculated to neutralize the corroding or oxidizing unsocialness of business and bustle, and to permit the mind to relax itself into freedom. Where the men behind the counter may forget that in dealing with their fellow men (such is the opinion of the prudent and money accumulating wise ones of the earth) they must consider them as so many things, by the proper use of which they may be enabled to add somewhat to their Profit and Loss account, but that they may believe in sober reality that their customers are creatures of flesh and blood, possessing feelings and sympathies to such an amount and

of such a character as to justify the conclusion that after all—"a man's a man for a' that," whether behind or before the counter: "where the hard working, hard fisted sons of toil, the real bone and sinew of society, where all may meet in democratic felicity, have a seat or a walk of a beautiful spring evening and discuss the latest arrival from other busy scenes, the merits of some new mechanical invention, or the results of Mayor Smith's election. Where also our musical friends vocal and instrumental may discourse sweet melody, attracting thereby to join the joyous throng, the more lovely, more gentlemanly portion of the population of St. John, that they may add to the joys of the occasion, and be welcomed to partake of the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." We may easily imagine a great amount of good to arise out of such visits to the Squares, not the least of that amount, good feelings of man to man, and we may be allowed to suppose a little sympathy for the modest fair. To retire with such feelings, how natural shall we say, to think of God the source of all good feeling, and with thoughts of God in our heart and our affections right towards our fellow men, how pleasing to devote ourselves to refreshing slumber and to the sweet influence of dreams delightful, both of which so necessary for the refreshing and invigorating of the wearied frame for the toils and troubles of another day. Sweeter are these pleasant spots, these rural remembrances to the reflective mind, to the student of humanity, sweet in themselves, but more so by association.—In these days of temperance guardianship how sweet to have a substitute for the more objectionable haunts and resorts so numerous and seductive, even here, in this temperance city of St. John. Were we in the mood we would now call upon our public men, our men of spirit, to embrace the present opportunity afforded them in consequence of the strong current of temperance feeling, of impressing upon the minds of the right seeing, and something to please the ear seeking people, ideas of a reformatory and elevating character.—for depend upon it, a breakwater is as necessary to the people of this Bay, as it is to the people of any other. This may be accomplished by lectures upon pleasingly popular subjects, exhibitions of collections of things natural and artificial, antiquated, and of yesterday, foreign and homespun, something of this sort is needed, and now is the time. The attraction of the squares should be by and become stale, and the tide of our youth be drawn off to mingle in scenes by no means conducive to their present, far less to their future happiness. Meantime visit these squares, make them popular by your presence, there witness the efforts of young spring to engage your attention, by presenting to your eye her verdant robe, bedecked with pretty flowers, modestly lifting their heads among the grass so green, and breathing fragrance to perfume the air and let your soul sympathize with their new born joy. For there is a joy and a music in nature, eye in one little flower. We would that the young trees of these squares were old, that they among their leafy boughs might afford shelter to the little birds that sing among the branches. So much the more attractive would they be, and the more likely to cheer the heart of the listener and to lift his soul to God. The third retreat shall next be considered by

A STRANGER.

Another Abjuration.

The following letter translated from the "Semeur Canadien" affords further evidence of the good work going on among the Canadian French, and supplies an additional stimulus for sustaining our own French Mission.

BELLE RIVIERE, April 29, 1855.

To M. Vincent Plinguet, Cure of St. Scholastique Parish.

REV. SIR,—I address to you the present to inform you officially that I and my family retire from Romanism, and as a consequence, from the flock that you lead.

In leaving you, sir, I cannot refrain from writing to those Canadians who may be able to read these lines, that they may take care of their souls by placing themselves under the light of the Gospel; yes, sir, that Gospel which you have presumed to tell me was not necessary to salvation to know.

When I commenced to read it, I did so that I might seek there for some proofs for repelling that which I then believed to be falsehood; but the light which I there found, instructed my mind and exhibited to me the manner in which you abuse the poor Canadians in placing before them your pretended authority and take, without fear, the place of God in presuming to say that you speak by the Holy Spirit, whilst at the same time you forbid the reading of the Word of God; it is evident your profound darkness fears the light of the Gospel. I ought indeed to say, that even to an infant in the faith, as I am, you have not been able to present one argument conformable to the Word of God.

It is with profound grief that I see my parents and my countrymen remaining yet in a society that is as far from the truth as the blackest darkness is from the light of the sun, nevertheless I know that since God has found me and made me believe in his love, which he shewed when he gave to us Jesus, he is able also to take away unbelief and ignorance from all those who belong to him.

I am, Rev. Sir, Your servant,
OCTAVE CARRIERE.

Death of John Huss.

When John Huss, the Bohemian Martyr, was brought out to be burnt, they put on his head a triple crown of paper, with painted devils on it. On seeing it he said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, for my sake, wear a crown of thorns; why should not I then, for his sake, wear this light crown, be it ever so ignominious? Truly I will do it, and that willingly." When it was set upon his head, the Bishops said, "Now, we commend thy soul to the devil." "But I," said Huss, lifting up his eyes to heaven, "do commit my spirit into thy hands, O Lord Jesus Christ; to thee I commend my spirit, which thou hast redeemed." When the faggots were piled up to his very neck, the Duke of Bavaria was officious enough to desire him to abjure. "No," said Huss, "I never preached any doctrine of an evil tendency; and what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

Felix, the Martyr.

The most excruciating tortures were frequently inflicted on many of the ancient Christians, who refused to deliver up their copies of the Scriptures to the heathen; but all kinds of suffering, and even death itself, were nobly braved by many Christian worthies, to whom the Book of God was more precious than life. Felix, an African, being apprehended as a Christian, was commanded, by the civil magistrate of the city, to deliver up all books and writings belonging to his church, that they might be burned. The martyr replied, that it was better he himself should be burned. The magistrate therefore, sent him to the Pro-Consul at Carthage, by whom he was delivered over to the prefect of the Pratorium, who was then in Africa. This supreme officer, offended at his bold and candid confession, commanded him to be loaded with heavier bolts and irons; and after being kept in a close and miserable dungeon nine days, ordered him to be put on board a vessel, saying, he should stand his trial before the Emperor. In this voyage he lay for four days under the hatches of the ship, between the horses' feet, without eating or drinking. He was landed at Agrigentum, in Sicily, and when brought by the Prefect as far as Venosa, in Apulia, his irons were knocked off, and he was again asked whether he had the Scriptures, and would deliver them up.—"I have them," said he, "but will not part with them." On making this assertion, he was instantly condemned to be beheaded: "I thank thee, O Lord," exclaimed this faithful and heroic martyr, "that I have lived fifty-six years, have preserved the gospel, and have preached the faith and truth. O my Lord Jesus Christ, the God of heaven and earth, I bow my head to be sacrificed to thee, who livest to all eternity."

Testament and Halter.

When King Henry VIII. had allowed the Bible to be set forth to be read in the churches, immediately several poor men in the town of Chelmsford, in Essex, where the father of William Malden lived, and where he was born, bought the New Testament, and on Sundays sat reading it in the lower end of the church. Many flocked about them to hear them read; and he, among the rest, being then about fifteen years old, came every Sunday to hear the glad and sweet tidings of the gospel. But his father, observing it once, angrily fetched him away, and would have him say the Latin matins with him, which much grieved him. And as he returned, at other times, to hear the Scriptures read, his father would still fetch him away. This put him upon the thought of learning to read, that he might search the New Testament himself; which, when he had by diligence effected, he, and his father's apprentice, bought a New Testament, joining their little stocks together; and to conceal it, laid it under the bedstraw, and read it at convenient times.

One night, having discarded the act of bowing down to the crucifix, in conversation with his mother, she was enraged, and went and informed his father, who, inflamed with anger at hearing that his son denied that worship was due to the cross, went into his son's room, and pulling him out of bed by the hair, beat him most unmercifully. The lad bore all with patience, considering that it was for Christ's sake, as he said, when he related the anecdote in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Enraged at this calmness, the father ran and fetched a halter, which he put round his son's neck, and would have hanged him, but for the interference of his mother. Such scenes, doubtless, occurred in many families.

The Dying Soldier.

In the memorable conflict at Waterloo, a soldier, mortally wounded, was conveyed to the rear, by a comrade, and at a distance from the battle was laid down under a tree. The dying man requested to have his knapsack opened, that he might obtain from it his Pocket Bible. He then requested his comrade to read to him, if but a small portion of it, before he should breathe his last. He was asked what passage he would have read to him, and he fixed upon John 14: 27, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Now," said the dying soldier, "I die happy, I desired to have peace with God, and I possess the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

A little while after one of the officers passed near, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, asked him how he felt. He replied, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and then expired.

If you know any thing that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it; and if it is something that will only cause a sigh, bottle it up, bottle it up.