

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
GEO. W. DAY, Printer. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1855. VOL. 8.--NO. 27

Poetry.

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let not future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready be to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begins again.

Every hour that flees so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours depend!
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Bre the pilgrimage be done.

Household Words.

British Military Hospitals at Scutari.

Different Hospitals—Special Instances of God's Mercy—Condition of the Wives and Widows of Soldiers—Kain of Moslemism.

SCUTARI, Feb. 14, 1855.

DIFFERENT HOSPITALS.

I have been surprised to find so many soldiers in hospitals from seventeen to twenty-one years of age. Many of these appear to have left home against parental wishes; and several instances have occurred here of men dying who had false names, and were of superior extraction. Two or three touching cases have occurred, under my own observation, of deep regret and repentance by some of these poor young fellows, but they have died before I could pay them more than one or two visits. There is something inexplicably sad in the occurrence of such instances when pressure for time prevents you being able to enter fully into the details. But interesting as such inquiries might be, the mass of sickness and suffering, and the hurry of death, absolutely prevent minute observation. Bear in mind that we have in the "Barrack Hospital" here about 3,000 cases. For these there are four chaplains; but then many other duties divide the attention of these four clergymen besides their daily walk in their division of this hospital. One of us sits up at night in rotation, which comes every fourth night. Then there is an hospital over a stable in the vicinity, which contains (in round numbers) 100 men, and has to be attended to in rotation. There is another hospital at a palace of the Sultan, about a mile or two distant, which contains about 400 men, and has to be also visited in rotation. The other large hospital near, called "the General Hospital," contains about a thousand men, and has two chaplains to attend to it. Up the Bosphorus there is another at Kulukske, containing about 12,000 men, which now has also two chaplains, but until lately it had to be visited by ours in rotation. The funerals here are fifty daily on the average and this service also is distributed similarly; and two ships in the Bosphorus, full of convalescents and sick, have to be likewise so attended to. All these interruptions of the regular attendance on our divisions of the Great Hospital are great evils, not avoidable at present. But I have not been without evidence that in the midst of these evils, by the providential guidance of God, there are visible often His own mysterious doings.

SPECIAL INSTANCES OF GOD'S MERCY.

Very frequently when I have been inclined to grumble at the interruption of my regular work, I have been rebuked by finding some special instance of His mercy to some poor soul. The Baptist about whom I made mention, was one of those who, by a shifting of wards in the hospital, had been transferred to my division the very day I saw him. And yesterday, when I visited in my turn the Palace Hospital, I was led to speak very seriously to a poor young man, who told me he had prayed all night to God to send him some help. I found him in a religious frame, but ignorant of Christ and His salvation. I opened to him the simplicity of the Gospel and he took it in. I happened to have a bundle of that valuable little book entitled, "What is the Gospel?" in my pocket, and I gave him one to read, along with a Testament and several other books. When I had gone round the room and was come back to where he was lying, he beckoned me to him, and with streaming eyes said, "O, Sir! this is a beautiful book; it is just what I was wanting. I did not know what was the way of salvation, but I believed that God was a Father, and was everywhere present, and would hear prayer; and I now think he sent you here this day to tell of Jesus and salvation." I could multiply many instances of the triumph of the simple Gospel here. I verily believe that God is doing a great deal more than we imagine; and I feel great lightness of heart when I have visited a new ward and spoken to every man in it, and left it full of little books and tracts that go directly to the point of Christ's finished work and complete salvation, ready for the clothing of the sinner believing. Depend on it, there is no time here for anything else; and well that it is so, for nothing else will do anywhere.

WIVES AND WIDOWS OF SOLDIERS.

I wish to mention something of the state of the soldiers' wives out here, which is a disgrace to the army, to England, and to the Christian name. I do so the rather because we are informed that the root of this vast evil is at home, and we hope by directing attention to it, to have some reform and remedy perhaps effected presently. Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Bracebridge having their hands already overful with the sick soldiers and the nurses, and feeling that something ought to be done for the poor wives and widows of the soldiers out here, who amount to about 200, asked Lady Alicia Blackwood to undertake this work, which she willingly assented to. But I fear you will have to tax your powers of imagination and credulity to form any idea of their misery and demoralised and degraded condition. Very many of them drink habitually, not a few are thieves, and vice, and filth, and vermin, and horrors surround their whole condition and character. They dwell in rooms underneath the hospital wards of the Barracks, which can only be appropriately described as "dens." In one of these, of rather moderate extent, you will find forty-five married women, with the husbands of many of them, and fifteen children, all sleeping together on the floor, without a bedstead; very few with any mattresses or beds except a bit of matting, and with no partition except lines on which their rags of clothes are hung up! In another sick ward we found four women ill with fever and other complaints, lying on the floor without bedsteads or beds, on a piece of matting filled with vermin. So low is their character, and so degraded their whole condition, that every one to whom application was made scouted the idea of doing anything for them or with them, and only loaded them with epithets of abuse. But *cui bono!* This is not the way either to alleviate misery or ameliorate character. Kindness I believe to be the only efficient instrument for raising the lost; but, alas! this principle has but little *locus standi* in military quarters. However, I feel confident it will not be tried in vain on the part of these dens. Already the Gospel has been preached, and tracts distributed in the dens, and already appearances improve.

But whatever be the result of these evangelical and other moral appliances (of which I have no doubt that some good will come), I wish to lay before our friends and the English public the degrading and degraded condition of these poor companions of our poor soldiers in their hard endurances for England's cause. If they are degraded, who is to blame? I am informed that married soldiers and their wives live very similarly in barracks in England. Is this so? And if so, are the people of England aware of the fact, and agreed that it ought so to be?

I recollect seeing an almshouse at Norwich where a very simple and nice arrangement exists, whereby under one roof the married inmates live in quite separate domiciles. If soldiers' wives are to be admitted to barracks, either at home or abroad, surely it would be worthy even of Lord Shaftesbury's zeal and attention to endeavour to see that they are treated as women and as Christians, and not as slaves or worse. And if such arrangements can be made in almshouses as are quite efficient and simple, I believe no great difficulty would be encountered in providing for the married soldiers similarly in barracks.

At all events, the present state of things here has been, and is, very disgraceful and heart-rending to behold. And as to the medical attention or neglect exhibited towards these poor women, I cannot trust myself to write on the subject. It is headless, heartless and indescribable. It is enough to bring down a chastisement from offended Heaven on the system, and the men who can permit or endure such flagrant inhumanity. No gentleman in England would permit his dog or his horse to be dealt with in their anguish as I have known these poor neglected beings to have been in this "barrack hospital. And writer remonstrances and personal remonstrances by Lady Alicia herself to military and medical authorities have failed to procure the timely attention or relief which often extreme illness and suffering imperatively demanded. In not a few instances has she been compelled to walk home from the hospital and make up medicines from our own chest, and go back and administer them herself, because there was no other way of getting it done *certainly or in time*. In fact, this is, however, but one symptom of the necessity of that entire and sweeping and radical reformation which the whole medical system of the British army demands, and must surely receive. The only palliation for the dreadful neglect of these poor sufferers, often in extreme need, is the fact that the medical staff here is utterly inadequate to the need of the soldiers; and therefore their wives, as being of the less worthy gender, must suffer and perish. In fact, this was plainly alleged by one chief medical officer as the reason wherefore he could not satisfactorily respond to Lady Alicia's remonstrances. However, some of the authorities are at length aroused as to a part of the case, and a house is about to be procured for the sick women, where they may have proper attention. This is a step in the right direction so far.

RULIN OF MOSLEMISM.

It is not a remarkable fact that here, in Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, Jesus and the resurrection are now so preached as never similarly before? Our chapel in the Barrack Hospital is in the Sultan's quarters! I preached at Kulukske, also in the Sultan's Serai. And our dead are buried here, where the Moslems bring over their own dead, as to

sacred ground. It seems as if the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ was somehow mysteriously to make its way here amidst these desecrations. In any case the ruin of Moslemism is apparent. Whoever shall rule on this queenly site of empire, the day of the Turk is rapidly descending to the eternal shades.

J. S. BLACKWOOD.

Evangelical Christendom.

The Bible in the Family.

An incident has lately come to our knowledge which strikingly illustrates the influence of the daily reading of the Bible in the family upon the conscience and the moral affections of childhood. In the ordinary course of family worship, a Christian father read the 32d Psalm, accompanying the reading with such brief and simple remarks as would make plain the meaning of the Psalm to all the family. "Now children," said he, "you see that David had done wrong and tried to hide it. But he knew all the while that he could not hide his sin from God. He was troubled and unhappy. His conscience gave him pain. Sometimes the thought of the wickedness he was trying to conceal would trouble him so that he could not sleep. His bones ached with the pain that he felt in his heart. At last he made up his mind to confess his sins to God; and no sooner had he done this, than he felt relieved and happy, for God forgave him. Let us learn from this, never to hide our sins; but whenever we do wrong, to confess our sin and to seek forgiveness of God."

These remarks were not called forth by any incident in the family, but grew naturally out of the Psalm itself. When prayers were over, one of the children, a little girl some eight years old desired to speak with her mother alone. "My dear mother," said she in tones of deep sorrow, "I told you a falsehood once, a great while ago, and I have never confessed it. I have felt sadly about it a great many times; and sometimes when I went to pray, I could not because I kept thinking of that lie. It has made me very unhappy. So to-night, when father was reading, I made up my mind that I would tell you all about it."

On recalling the incidents, the mother remembered that she suspected the child of an untruth at the time, but having no means of detecting it, had let the matter pass. The lie was told about some little thing more than a year ago. The child was suspected of some slight misdemeanor; and on being asked kindly about it, had denied the fact. The subject was never referred to afterwards. Yet for more than a year that little heart had borne the burden of that falsehood. At length, hearing an exposition of the duty and blessedness of confession, she determined to open her whole heart to her mother, and to seek forgiveness of God.

What a testimony is this to the power of the Bible as an educator of the heart and conscience. And yet how little do parents realize in the daily reading of the Scriptures in the family, that they are addressing to the susceptible minds of children truths adapted to quicken their moral nature, to develop in them a sense of their responsibility to God, and to educate their whole being into holiness. How often is the reading of the Bible in the family a mechanical process, a dull formality, upon which children are expected patiently to wait, but in which they are hardly imagined to feel a present interest. Yet in this daily reading of his Word, God has permitted to parents a power over the delicate, sensitive, thoughtful, impressive soul of childhood, which is beyond comparison the most potent of all moral influences, in forming that soul unto a holy character. Let the thought of this invest the daily reading and exposition of the Scriptures in the family, with the momentous import of a personal address from the living God, to souls made eager and susceptible by his quickening Spirit. Let the parent by his own earnest and believing attention to the truth, ever make it manifest to his children that this is indeed the voice of God. Why should we wait for children to grow up into open enemies of God, before we think of them as proper subjects of his renewing and sanctifying grace? Why look so eagerly for tokens of the Spirit at missionary stations, and in revivals at home, when the Spirit is waiting upon our daily ministry in the household, if only we have faith to seek his blessing, or to discern his presence.

Friends in Heaven.

When the thought of separation from those we love comes with resistless power, like some mighty avalanche, threatening to crush the beautiful fabric of social intercourse, and with it all the bright prospects, the cherished hopes, and the sacred pleasures that ever cluster around the union of kindred hearts; and when the spirit, conscious of its weakness, feels its utter inability to stay the hand of the destroying angel; how oft, in the first moments of anguish, do murmuring thoughts arise like demons, and take possession of the soul, and with all the energy of despair rise against the thought, exclaiming, in the bitterness of grief, "It must not be."

But when the first burst of grief subsides, there comes a calm, when the voice of faith, the sweet angel of consolation, whispers in the ear the thought of a reunion with the spirits of those we loved on earth; and aids the imagination as it strives to follow the departed spirit, soaring to the throne of the Eternal and there beholding it in all the purity of the redeemed, in an immortal form of youthful vigor, with a crown of un fading glory, and a golden harp sweetly attuned to the min-

trally of heaven; beholding the serene happiness, and perfect joy of the sanctified spirit, as it enters the presence of the King of kings, as it meets the benignant eye of Jesus, and falls adoringly at the feet of Him who has redeemed it with his own blood; and listening to the joyous song of praise, sweetly blended with the glad notes of love and adoration, as it bursts in heavenly strains, from the golden harp, that echoes forth spontaneously, the emotions of the soul.

When the bereaved spirit catches thus a brief glimpse of the spirit land, how does the brief space of earthly existence, with its joy and grief, its pleasures and its pains, sink down into utter insignificance; as it reaches forward in hope, to that happy home, where hearts, severed by death, will be reunited, never again to endure the agony of separation. Then it is, that holy, chastened sorrow, and mournful pleasure take the place of anguish, and the subdued spirit reposes confidently in the tender care of the Shepherd of Israel, whose way is perfect.

And when it returns again to the duties of life, a holy smile of resignation rests upon the brow. Although the unthinking world may exclaim—"How soon are the dead forgotten," yet the dear departed ones are not forgotten. Their memory still lives, enshrined as a precious treasure, in the most sacred recesses of the heart; ever acting as a high incentive to holy efforts, and noble deeds; and a voice is heard, softly whispering,—Live to do good; live to extend the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the earth; live to fulfil the high destiny of an immortal being; live for God; and when the brief period of earth's dream-like existence is passed away, thou shalt hail with joy the bright dawn of an eternal existence, in the home prepared for you by Him who has said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

"Though all earthly ties are riven,
Let thy spirit not despair;
Raise thy downcast eyes to heaven,
And behold thy treasure there.

MONTANA.

From the Recorder and Register.

The Aged Christian.

It is a rare and precious privilege to sit down and listen to the language of a Christian pilgrim who has walked with Christ many years, struggling through trial and temptations, sometimes almost despairing, sometimes rejoicing in hope, always trembling lest he should not be among the number who endure to the end, but at length brought safely forward to the threshold of the heavenly kingdom. With what calm, deep-toned gratitude does he survey the past! It stretches away dim and distant to the retrospective view, but it is far from being a trackless waste.

Here and there, through all the course, Ebenezer arise and greet the sight, "Like stars on the breast of the ocean," awaking fresh gratitude, and hope, and trust, and enabling the spirit to say, "Thou wilt guide me unto death, and afterward receive me to glory." Glory! ah, what does it mean? An endless existence at the right hand of God. Fulness of joy. The pilgrim in the early and the midway path obtains but few and faint glimpses of his future inheritance. His "Father's house on high" seems far away; he has yet much to do with earth and its inhabitants; he must still be girded for the conflict, and be ever on the standing watch.

To the privileged one who is *surely* near the goal, the noise and turmoil of life have passed away. The hopes it once inspired have long since departed. He looks on infancy and childhood with a placid smile and says, "I shall soon know what the childhood of a new existence is,—on youth and says, "I shall soon put on immortal youth,—on manhood and says, I shall soon attain to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. Oh, to Him who hath loved me, and hath given himself for me, to Him be glory now and evermore."

"Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.

Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey."

Well Answered.

We clip the following from the occasional correspondence of the Evangelical Lutheran. It contains a hint which may be useful to more than one smart young man.

One of our smart ministerial youngsters had a church to dedicate, and wrote to a venerable brother inviting him to preach the sermon on the occasion. He used language something like the following:

"We expect great things of you; load your heaviest piece of artillery, give us a regular 48 pounder; let your shot be heated to the intensest white; ram all down with a handspike, and let there be such a report as will exceed an Alpine avalanche in thundering roar; blow your loudest trumpet; beat your biggest drum, let your steam whistle give out its most piercing scream. The Methodists and Presbyterians have lately had their big guns here; I want one of ours to be fired off too. Now, mind, every one will be on tiptoe, and we shall be disappointed if you do not make a most decided hit. The extent of our collection will depend upon your effort, and if you do not come up to the expectation of the people, we shall not do much. All the lawyers and doctors in town

will be there, and you must come well prepared." &c.

The venerable minister answered somewhat after this fashion:

"I never was a soldier, and do not understand artillery tactics; I never blew anything but a tin toy-trumpet, and that only when I was a child; I have not beat a drum since I used to hammer my mother's brass kettle with her rolling-pin, and for this I got beat myself; my jaws have grown stiff, and I cannot whistle any more at all, much less do it after the locomotive fashion. I am neither a big gun nor a little gun, though I do sometimes shoot at simple people. You see, then I am not qualified to perform your service, and you must get some other brother to do your firing, drumming, trumpeting, and whistling. I am sure the lawyers and the doctors would be disappointed, for people usually are, where the highest expectations have been cherished; and as, according to your own owning, the collection would be small in consequence, I will not be the cause of it, and hence must decline."

"Died Yesterday."

Every day is written this little sentence, "Died yesterday, so and so." Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home, a jewel stolen from some treasure of love. Each day from the summer fields of life some harvest disappears; yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write, the funeral procession of one who "died yesterday," winds like a summer shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday." Who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in a bower of roses; whose little life was a perpetual litany, a May time crowned with passion flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous—one whose path was hemmed with flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted after communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for gerudons in the distance. But that heart of his is still now, for he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." A young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her forehead, was stricken down as she stood at the altar, and from the dim aisles of the temple she was borne to the "garden of the slumberers." A tall brown man, girt with the halo of victory, and standing at the day's close under his own vine and fig-tree, fell to the dust, even as the anthem trembled upon his lips; and he too was laid "where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." An aged patriarch, bowed with years and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for the coming of the angel host, sank into the dreamless slumber, and on his doo step was next day written, "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women, and children, are passing away; and hourly, in some graveyard, the sod is flung over the dead. As often in the morning we find that flower, that blushed so sweet in the mellow sunset, has withered up forever, so daily, when we rise again from the bivouac to stand again at our post, we miss some brother soldier, whose cherry cry, in the sieges and struggles of the past, has been a fire from heaven upon our hearts. Each day some pearl drops from the jewelled thread of friendship; some lyre, to which we have been wont to listen, is hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the pearl and the music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the earth, and death be a triumph and a gain.

Hired to attend Meeting.

While engaged a few weeks since, in a series of meetings in a neighborhood in E—, C— county, New York, I was forcibly struck one evening with the thought, that but few who have passed the meridian of life repeat of their sins and are saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ. Before me were a large number of aged persons who were yet in the gall of bitterness and under the strong bonds of iniquity.

The next evening, to my surprise, an old man aged seventy years begged the prayers of God's people. After a season of prayer, he rose with trembling limbs and said, "I am now seventy years of age; and have spent all of that time in sinning against God and man. I have indulged in profanity, and have loved the intoxicating cup, and now am near my end, and justly merit the wrath of God. All of you must have been astonished the first evening I came here to hear the gospel preached. This is not what I came for at first. Neighbor T— invited me to come to meeting. I declined. He finally said he would give me five dollars at the end of two weeks if I would come regularly during that time, and should say that I was not benefited One week," said he, "is not yet gone, and thank God," (with streaming tears), "the debt is paid. I should soon have been in hell, had I not been hired to come within the influence of the Spirit of God."

He sat down. You can imagine the stillness that pervaded the meeting. All eyes were filled with tears.

After a few moments the silence was broken by the voice of his wife, who arose and said, "I have been an opposer of religion all my days; but, thank the Lord, my husband was hired to come to meetings, and I was persuaded to accompany him. I trust that the Lord for Christ's sake has pardoned my sins."—*American Mess.*

Written for the Christian Visitor by a traveller. CHICAGO, May 9.

Mr. Editor,—I feel impressed with an idea that in all probability I have occupied too much time in speaking of the natural scenery of the country through which I have passed—and too little of the moral—in the estimation of some of your readers. I knew there were a people who lived in our world, not a great many years ago, and perhaps they have not all "passed away" yet, that were strongly opposed to anything like *natural* descriptions, and especially by a man calling himself a minister of the Gospel, if he could find anything moral to talk about. And if at any time a minister stretched forth his hand, as did the prophets of old—to gather illustrations of Christ's glory and beauty—from the heavens above, with all their grandeur, the earth around with all its vanity—or the sea beneath, with all its wonders, he was desecrating the "sacred desk," dragging "swines flesh" upon the Altar of the Lord, and offering to Jehovah the "broth of abominable things," but I feel happy in saying, Sir, that this lean, meagre, beast of *superstition*, has been almost entirely "swallowed up" by the "fat kine" of *knowledge*. One reason why a person, while travelling, will appear more impressed with nature, than with religious subjects is the following: in Christendom there is almost no moral variety as it regards locality, wherever you go, into whatsoever city, town, or village you enter, you observe, upon the whole, demonstrations of the same human nature, fallen humanity, and grades of moral character, so that one from his very youth, is sadly accustomed to this sickening sameness. But on the other hand there is much variety in the natural world, many scenes of delightful and varied interest, over which the eye is cast, that are calculated to move deeply the human heart. In fact, I believe, no man can "leave the grey fields, and leafless forests, of old New Brunswick at this season of the year, travel south or west, and pass through a country whose fields are covered with grass and grain—whose forests are clothed with the richest foliage,—whose orchards are scented with the sweetest blossoms—and whose hills and valleys are fanned with the soft, balmy, winds that blow over these western prairies, without enjoying a feeling of pleasure analogous to that experienced by those happy beings who are slowly making their delightful way toward some scene of glory to another of still greater up towards the central throne, as described by Judge Edmunds, in those absurd *post mortem* revelations of Immanuel Swedenborg and Lord Bacon. It must be acknowledged however, that with respect to being impressed by scenery, very much depends upon the natural bent of the mind—our tastes differ widely—as an illustration of this, I was told at Niagara Falls that two men once stood side by side, and looked upon the Falls and the basin below for the first time, one was a tailor and the other a man of literary habits. While the latter was giving vent to his wonder and admiration in sublime exclamations, he was at once interrupted by the tailor—who by this time had got his soul fired up with the following great thought—"oh! sir, what a capital place to sponge a coat." Now this was not because he was a tailor, but because their cast of mind was different, the poor fellow was no doubt thinking upon his cooped up situation, in some dry, dusty city, where he was compelled to buy even the water with which he sprinkled his garments. Of course I am not prepared to vouch for the correctness of the above anecdote.

But where have I got to? Really I have digressed a long way from the object I had in view when I first took my pen. Oh! how true it is (as Martin Tupper says, in his almost matchless poems) that there is "no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray." Let me then hasten back to my object, which was to tell you that I left the City of Detroit, yesterday morning, (I do not care about talking much of cities, as there is so much sameness connected with them) passed through the State of Michigan—part of Indiana and soon into Illinois—and arrived at Chicago last evening. We had a lovely time, and excellent company. Dr. Cone and Son, Bro. Wycoff, Bro. Buckbee and Wife, Bro. Kallouch, from Maine, and a host of other brethren too numerous to mention, were on the cars—all on their way to the meetings. The country through which we passed, Mr. Editor, is certainly one of the finest I ever saw—I never imagined anything to be compared with its mellow, rich soil, and beautiful forests.—And still the railway passes through the most uncultivated part of it, as I was told, which I believe is frequently the case; but I shall tell you more about this Western World at another time. I expect to remain in this city during the Anniversary Meetings, and in all probability my subsequent letters will contain information relating to a subject of more importance—namely, the interest of the kingdom of Christ. No more at present.

Progress.

The Little Sweep's Prayer.

A certain pastor relates the following fact: "I like to repeat the answer a little sweep gave me, the other day, in a Sunday School. Knowing that all the children of my class were constantly occupied during the week, I feared that the duty of prayer was sometimes neglected. I insisted that day on the importance of prayer. At the close, I asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a master sweep, 'And you, my friend, do you ever pray?' 'Oh yes, Monsieur.' 'And when do you do it?' 'You go out very early in the morn-