

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.

THOU WEEPEST NOT ALONE.

Joy and pain to all are given—
In the cup of human life,
E'en as in the April-heaven,
Smiles and tears are still in strife,
Think not that alone thou weep'st,
By some present grief oppress;
When unhappy dreams thou sleep'st,
Others and hearts long for rest.

If to thee thy brother seemeth
Naught to know of pain or care;
If the sunlight ever streameth
O'er his pathway bright and fair—
Envy not his joy and gladness,
He hath his own sorrows, too;
Oh! he weepeth tears of sadness,
As the summer skies the dew.

Happiness is all around thee,
If thou seek for it aright;
Darkness doth not so confound thee,
That thou canst not find the light.
If the humblest flower springs
In the pathway thou dost tread,
Unto thee some joy it brings—
Catch its fragrance ere it's fled.

Sadly when thy spirit sighs,
'Neath thy weight of anguish bowed
And upon thy heart these lie
The dark shadows of a cloud.
Look thou up in faith to heaven,
God will give thee strength to bear
All that unto thee is given
Of distress, and grief, and care.

When thy cup o'erflows with gladness,
Lift thy thankful heart above;
If oppress with fear and sadness,
Trust thy heavenly Father's love.
Thou shalt know each hidden reason
When time earthly work is done,
Praise him, then, in every season,
For the shadow and the sun!

—Home Journal.

Correspondence.

Reminiscences of the Past.

No. IV.

My Dear Brother,—After disposing of our furniture, and settling up our affairs, we proceeded to Liverpool, the place of our embarkation. I had already been there to see if there was any ship ready to sail for Saint John, N. B., and found two: a ship, the "Prince of Wales," and a brig, the "George," of Rothesa, Scotland, would sail in a week or ten days.

But here we were headed off by difficulties unlooked for. The emigration laws, in those days forbade any artisan, or mechanic, or manufacturer, to leave the country. After deliberating on the subject, and advising with some friends in Liverpool, we found a way to obviate the objections, and clear the Custom-house. One, our pastor, passed as a minister of the gospel; another hired himself to the minister, and passed as his servant; the other called himself a laborer, and obtained his permit.

On the 16th of June, I think it was in 1816 we set sail on our long, tedious voyage to America. We found ourselves on board a very small, clumsy, dull sailing, and quite uncomfortable brig, the aforesaid "George" of Rothesa. Our accommodations was a small room, twelve feet long and the width of the vessel. In this place were twelve persons. Six married persons, and six children. In this apartment we had to eat, and sleep, and dress, and do everything. But we were all friends and acquaintances. We had put ourselves under the care of Him who ruleth the seas and holdeth the winds in his fists. We could apply to him in sickness and peril, in shipwreck and even death; persuaded that nothing could separate us from Him.

We soon found that we had for a Captain, a crusty, drunken old Scotchman. Nothing polite or accommodating was to be expected from him. But to make up for this grievance we had one of the best of mates that ever sailed on salt water. The first annoyed us, and was as cross and unaccommodating as ignorance and rum could make any man. The next grievance less than this was the usual portion of sea sickness; but which has been detailed and lamented ten thousand times.—Suffice it to say, that I was the only one of our company exempt from the distressing sea-plague. One evil consequence arising from this, was, that having brought with us a large quantity of fresh bread and meat, the sickness deprived our company of the pleasure of tasting it. There hung the meat at the stern of the ship, day after day; and scarcely any of it touched. When our friends had sufficiently recovered, we enjoyed ourselves in all the various ways which landsmen are wont to enjoy a sea voyage.

The usual variety of grampuses, porpoises, sword-fish, and dog-fish, were seen, and amused us on the passage. On the Banks we had the terrible annoyance of fog, fog, continued fog. We saw several fishermen on the Banks, and came pretty near running some of them down. But the greatest wonder, and the grandest sight of all on our voyage was, several icebergs. I suppose that one which we came nearly in contact with, was of the largest dimensions and of the greatest height; as the descriptions which I have seen fall far short of the impression which the sight of this made on my mind.—Never shall I forget the awe and terror which it inspired; nor the reverence felt of Him by whose power it was formed.

We had almost continual head winds; and several heavy storms. To us who had never seen a water larger than the river Severn, or a Mill Pond; the broad Atlantic in wild commotion was at first terrifying, and always grand and sublime, beyond expression. Our voyage was long and tedious. For six weeks we were out of sight of land. A tedious

time for such as we. But what added to our inconvenience was, we, the passengers, had got out of provisions. We were told by the captain that four weeks provision would be enough. We provided for six. And now at the end of that time we had eaten up every thing we had except a small quantity of pork; and not enough of that to supply our need two days. In our extremity we applied to the Captain; who answered us roughly, and for awhile refused anything. But we at last succeeded in obtaining some biscuit. But, though we had to pay an enormous price, we were little better off. The biscuit in the barrel where it was kept, was alive. And until hunger brought us to it, we would not eat a bit. The only way we could master it was to soak the biscuit in water; then bake it in the oven, with a small piece of salt pork, about the size of a dollar, placed on it to fry. We lived for the last six days on two of these biscuits a day for each person. Besides this, the water we had to use was a very stench in our nostrils. This was indeed a sad affair, to those who had been used to the roast beef of Old England! But this fare, with three ladies and six children on our hands required the patience of a Job.

After six weeks we made the land. And a welcome sight it was; though nothing was in view but the bare and rugged rocks of Cape Breton. From the time we made the land until we entered our port, was nine days more. We had pleased ourselves with the expectation that when we had made the land, our troubles would be all over; and that at most, we should be on shore in a day or two. But, how tedious and painful was this part of the trip, in our circumstances! As we coasted along the shore of Nova Scotia; and saw the mouth of the harbours of Halifax, Liverpool and Shelburn, how we desired to put in. Indeed we should have been willing to be landed on the roughest spot on the coast, and left to take our chance, with the beasts of the forest!

When we entered the Bay of Fundy, we were very glad; but that night we wished ourselves a thousand miles at sea again. About one o'clock in the night we fell in with a cluster of rocks; and past one and another every few minutes, while tacking ship. Every soul on board expected to perish, at the very door of our anticipated home. The next day we worked our way through a Bay of Fundy fog; and as we supposed we were as high up as our port, the vessel was worked over towards the north shore. About noon the vessel struck a rock, but past over. We then let go our anchor; and soon we found ourselves close under the land, off the harbour of St. John. We kept firing for a Pilot; and as the fog began to clear away, we saw one coming to our assistance. Never did a Pilot receive a more hearty welcome than Captain Reed received; especially from the females and children. Our voyage being over, I will close this account, by offering thanksgiving to Him who brought us safe to our desired haven. D. NUTTER.

BURTON, Nov. 8, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BILL.—A considerable time having elapsed since I last wrote, and having much at present that I would like to communicate, I am fearful were I to undertake to commit to paper a tithe of what has been interesting to myself, in connection with my mission, it would prove tedious to those who may read these lines. It must suffice, therefore, to notice a few of the most important particulars. It was gratifying to my mind while in Restigouche, to observe that there was manifestly an increasing attention on the part of the people to the word of life, and a deep solemnity on their minds. There too, I found some precious souls expressing a desire to follow Christ in the ordinance of believers' baptism, the fruits of brother James Bleakney's labors when last in that place. (By the way the people are anxious that brother Bleakney should visit them again.) There is an extensive field for missionary labour in these parts, there being a large extent of country comparatively destitute of preaching, and the consequence is, religion is, so to speak, at a low ebb. We could not calculate, however, upon a mission there sustaining itself at present; but the people seem willing to contribute to the extent of their ability.

The sale of books beyond Miramichi I found to be very limited yet I trust that in this respect my visit to that region has not been altogether lost, as thereby a door has been opened for future operations, and I confidently hope if spared to visit that region again the ensuing spring I shall be able to report a large sale of books.

On my return I visited Northesk, Miramichi, where brother Scott is laboring a part of his time; here I found a good demand for books, as also at Little South West, where there is a small Baptist church, which is almost wholly destitute of preaching, having had but three sermons during the summer. They are quite destitute also of a place to preach in, and when I was there they were obliged to congregate in a dilapidated school-room. They seem anxious however to have preaching and profess a willingness to contribute to the extent of their ability.

After spending some ten days in the above places, including a visit to Williamstown, where I also found a ready sale for books, I proceeded on my journey toward Fredericton, endeavouring to dispose of books, and also to urge upon the people the necessity of personally attending to the concerns of their immortal souls. Upon arriving at Deshamps, a small village in the Parish of Blissfield, I

was made glad by meeting with a young brother Easterbrook, who is there engaged in teaching a school during the week and preaching on the Sabbath, with good acceptance. After spending some few days with brother Tozer's people, preaching to the people and disposing of a small number of books, I pursued my journey to this place, where, by the request of the friends, I have been induced to remain for a few days. There are indications for good here at present and I trust that ere long sinners will be seen crowding the gates of Zion. Brother Troop is here at present laboring indefatigably for the salvation of souls.

Since I left St. John on the 5th September I have travelled a distance of 755 miles; distributed 3524 pages of tracts, at the cost of 12s. 6d.; visited 210 families; collected for the Mission £3 17s. 8d.; received subscriptions to the amount of £1 11s. 3d.; granted books to the amount of 16s. 8d.; preached fifteen times; attended eight prayer and other meetings; received eleven subscribers for the "Christian Visitor;" sold upwards of thirty pounds worth of books. Travelling expenses have been considerable, amounting to four pounds six shillings and two pence.

But in view of the wide spread destitution of the means of grace that still prevails after all the strenuous efforts of the N. B. Home Missionary Society I feel there is an imperative need for more prayer, more laborers, more funds, and more knowledge of our accountability to Almighty God and of our responsibility to our fellow men. O may the Lord of the harvest, while pouring out the rich effusions of his grace upon the church, stir up the minds of his people to a more lively sense of their duty to give the bread of life to the thousands in our own province, that are perishing for lack of knowledge.—Dear Brother pray for me, and believe me, yours in Christ, DAVID BLEAKNEY, 3rd. Colporteur.

BOLESTOWN, Nov. 10, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER BILL.—I will just communicate a few words to you to let you know what I am doing. I am still labouring in this large and destitute field with rather encouraging prospects. Our meetings are well attended, and some of them are very solemn and encouraging. I have been from home some time visiting my old friends in the Northesk, and with brother Scott one Sabbath, also at our quarterly meeting at Keswick, so that our meetings have been somewhat broken, but since my return things appear more encouraging. We have, to all appearance, in our neighborhood the beginning of a revival, two have professed the faith of the gospel—we hope to be able to tell you of more soon. O Lord send now prosperity.

In the three months ending Oct. 20, I have preached fifty sermons, attended three funerals, and four prayer-meetings and collected in aid of the mission £3 14s. 2d., and a considerable amount is subscribed which is not yet collected, but which no doubt, will be in some way made available to the fund of the Mission. Money is very scarce but we expect much more done here this year than was done last. Pray for us. I remain, yours truly, JAMES TOZER.

For the Christian Visitor.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

Second Falls, St. George,

Friday, November 9th, 1855.

The Quarterly Meetings at this place commenced to-day at three o'clock, p. m. The number present was small.

One minister, Elder T. McGee, who opened the meeting by prayer, reading the Scriptures and making interesting comments thereon. A number of Brethren and Sisters occupied three hours in relating the exercises of their minds—their trials and seasons of darkness, and the foretastes of that rich and glorious reward of bliss which they at times are permitted in a measure to enjoy, to cheer and bless them on their way through this desert wilderness, to a Heavenly Canaan promised to, and purchased for them by Christ's death and resurrection.

7 o'clock, P. M. A goodly number assembled. During the intermission, Rev. A. D. Thomson arrived. He proceeded to open the services and announced the Text, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do."—Paul. The subject was pointedly and forcibly applied to the persons assembled. Reference was made to the 1st Quarterly Conference in this County, held eighteen years since in this house, and the blessed times then enjoyed. This service was followed by a touching address from Elder McGee.

Saturday, 11 o'clock, A. M. Elder Thomson, (after the meeting had been opened in the usual manner) referred to his anxious desire that God's Spirit and Grace might be manifest abundantly in their midst.

As the meeting progressed, the communications of the different persons who improved the occasion, became interesting, striking and happy. A young man referred to the influences that kept them from duty, one of which struck my attention, the remarks of an aged man who said "it is of little use for me to go to meetings to listen to boys' talk," when speaking of the social gatherings for prayer and exhortation, once common in this locality, but which, for some time past, have hardly had an existence. "This observation," at the time," said the young man, "produced a mighty effect, and has since often been used by the tempter to prevent me from performing duty."

3 o'clock, P. M. A solemn and attentive

congregation had assembled. Elder McGee read a portion of Scripture followed by a few short and pithy remarks. Elder Thomson also gave a striking, impressive address, both of which told with effect. Several hours were happily spent, in communing with each other, and each others' God, during which Elder Thomson spoke several times and seemed to have his spirit stirred within him. He had resolved in coming to this meeting he said, to work for God.

7 o'clock, P. M. House lighted; congregation in attendance. Text "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The discourse delivered with pathos, energy, and an anxious desire to do good was listened to with apparent interest and attention. The waiting assembly aroused with emotion as the speaker went on; irresistibly and forcibly elucidating his subject, pausing now and again, to question his auditors, wrapped in the interest of the occasion. "What doest thou here, Preacher?—residents? stranger? careless professor, and those prayerless Christless sinners?" Each was struck with the conviction that the question pointed directly to himself. As the benediction was pronounced, a voice from the congregation was heard "appoint a prayer meeting" which was accordingly done.

Sabbath morning—The sun rose beautifully in a cloudless sky; the air, soft, verdant, and whisperless. The clear, placid stream, fringed by the falling mantle of the stately forest trees, rolls noiselessly past the clustering silent village, decorated with one lone Chapel, painted white and neatly finished, situated on a plot of ground, from which you have a fine view of the river, in its winding course. You cast your eye along the even surface of the crystal stream, one-fourth of a mile up, when your attention is attracted by the water fall of some 18 or 20 feet. At nine o'clock, in the forenoon, a few assembled for prayer. As the hour for the more public services of the day approaches, the house fills, a large congregation has gathered. The silvery locked man of three-score years and ten, and of four-score, too, the middle aged, in the prime of life and vigor of health, and muscular power; the kind and affectionate mother who has seen sleepless nights in the care of her family; and who has spent many hours wrestling with her God in secret, for her children's conversion and Zion's welfare; the young man of noble mien, "comely to look upon," with a large benevolent heart, and whose talents sanctified would be honored and loved by the pious and the good; the young lady of twenty sunny summers, whose rosy cheeks have added a new tint of beauty, whose sparkling eye is lit up by a "sun-like radiance" and whose countenance beams with holy joy. These are the auditors, assembled to hear the "Man of God" thoroughly furnished, dispense the word of life. Text "And sitting down they watched him there." At three o'clock in the afternoon the house was well filled. Elder Thomson again preached from Matthew 13 44. He commenced in a moderate easy tone of voice, as he passed on opening up and applying his subject in his own masterly manner, he became more earnest and pathetic and the congregation spell-bound.

An interesting meeting for prayer and exhortation was held in the evening, and did not close till 10 o'clock, p. m. Arrangements for good were thought so favorable that another meeting was appointed, to take place at nine o'clock, a. m., on Monday, which accordingly was held. Some thirty or forty attended, most of whom spoke to edification, three of whom offered themselves as candidates for baptism. It is expected the ordinance will be administered on Sabbath next, 18th instant. This last meeting was said to be the crowning one of this happy season. H.

Mr. Robert Sear's Books in England.

The following flattering commendation of Mr. Sear's works is from the pen of Rev. Thomas Timpson, said to be an able and pious minister in London, the author of many valuable theological and other works, and a gentleman, who has distinguished himself as the originator of several benevolent movements in that great metropolis. We publish it for the twofold purpose of bringing the valuable works of Mr. Sear to the notice of our numerous readers, and at the same time giving publicity to the high encomiums bestowed by a talented English gentleman, upon one of our fellow colonists, whose devotedness to the duties of his profession, associated with a benevolent spirit, and an upright, godly life has given him a prominent position in the religious world. Young men, if you choose, you can find lessons of instruction, which will be of priceless value to you in the example of Robert Sear, once a printer's boy in one of the printing offices of Saint John, N. B., now in the enjoyment of a competency of the good things of this life, and exerting an influence in the world of mind, which will bless generations yet unborn.

LONDON, (Eng.) March 22.

MR. ROBERT SEAR:—My Dear Sir,—I am constrained, by a sense of obligation, to testify to you on the part of myself, my sons and my daughters, the inexpressible gratification that we feel in the possession of the sixteen volumes of your beautiful works which now adorn my library with their elegant bindings. I look at them with astonishment, as I reflect on their having been the production of one individual—comprehending as they do, so large a variety of the most important subjects, and compiled, as their valuable contents show, from a vast number of

the best publications, and by a gentleman otherwise engaged in an extensive business! Having been honored with the commission to offer a set of them to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain—and which she has graciously accepted—I examined these volumes more particularly; and I feel admiration of their excellent and useful information, their pure and Christian morality, and their truly scriptural theology. I may justly apply to you, what a reverend doctor of America once said to me, after examination of my rather numerous publications.—I have not observed a line of all your writings, which you may wish to blot out when you come to die. I considered that a very high compliment from such a judge.

By your publications, you have made all classes through the whole community in the United States very greatly your debtors.—These they are in some good measure, as I perceive, by the large and increasing demand for your valuable works; but the man who has placed in their hands illustrated pictorial volumes, relating to such a variety of that which is wonderful in nature, art, and mind, so much that is instructive in biography and history; and what is most divinely consoling in religion and the oracles of God—in forms well adapted to promote the edification of all classes, especially those in the peculiar condition of the millions so widely scattered as the people of your vastly extended Union, cannot easily be remunerated for the requisite expenditure of mental and physical labor, with the large amount of property employed in producing these works.

"The Pictorial Family Instructor," the "Wonders of the World," the "History of the American Revolution," and "Information for the People," must be invaluable treasures to the rising members of thousands of families throughout America; especially because of the necessarily limited sphere of observation on men and manners existing in the "Old World," while the "Description of Great Britain and Ireland," will afford them the most ennobling ideas concerning the people, the riches and glory of their "fatherland" and the "mother country." For this good service we are indebted to you as Britons.

Your "Bible Biography," "Pictorial Sunday Book," and "History of the Bible," cannot fail to be highly prized by those of a more religious or established Christian character, on account of the precious stores of pure divinity which they contain, and the concentration of the rays of heavenly light which they throw upon the Scriptures. You cannot wonder that I rejoice to see my name and labors so prominently placed in one of your volumes, with my "Thirty Dissertations" on the Scriptures, from my "Key to the Bible," in your "Bible Biography."

It is natural for you to wish my judgment—as that of an Englishman more particularly—upon your "Description of Great Britain and Ireland." Regarding this work especially, as I am acquainted with most parts of this country, I beg to assure you that it does very great credit to your talents, research, and industry; the information, I perceive, is derived from the best sources, and the pictorial representations are good—many of them equal to those of the same kind published in England. You have done wisely giving so extended an account of London, our wonderful metropolis; for, though Edinburgh and Dublin are truly splendid cities, as the ancient capitals of the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland; and, while Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, are really magnificent provincial boroughs, great manufacturing centres and emporiums of trade—London, with its sister-city of Westminster, is the seat and source of intelligence, commerce, wealth, legislation, and government of the vast British empire. The palaces of the sovereign and the mansions of the nobility are grand. No language of pictorial description can, however, adequately represent our mighty metropolis to a stranger; yourself, on a personal survey, will be like the queen of Sheba in her visit to King Solomon and Jerusalem.

"One word as to the spirit of your writings. I admire exceedingly the benevolence, liberality, and enlarged philanthropy which they all breathe, indicating the author to be in the best sense, "A citizen of the world." I cordially delight in the unsectarian Christian spirit which pervades those that are religious: this is worthy your profession as a follower of the world's Redeemer, and as to your work on "Great Britain and Ireland," I tender you my warmest thanks for the noble sentiments it expresses. I cannot look upon the Americans but as our own brethren. As an Englishman I feel the full force of the significant expression uttered by some of our profound worldly politicians—"England and America against all the world!" but as a minister of the blessed "Prince of Peace," the Redeemer of all nations, I would rather say, what in my judgment your work is happily designed and adapted to promote, and the whole body of British Christians would joyfully echo my words—"England and America for all the world!" May we continue increasingly to co-operate, by the Bible, Missions, and Commerce, in promoting the intelligence, liberty, and happiness of every people!

"I am convinced that the two countries are deeply interested in the prosperity of each other. Our people are one in blood, one in language, one in science and art, and one in religion. Ourselves mutually united in the bonds of peace and friendly intercourse, both must prosper, and essentially serve each other; increasing in population, by our moral influence, our intelligence, religion, liberty and commerce—all improved and perfected—we may be the means of removing the ten thousand evils of despotism, superstition and false religion, which afflict the great nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and many parts of Amer-

ica, and of regenerating the world, under the gracious providence of God.

"Wishing you success in your various noble, benevolent, and Christian enterprises, and that your life and health may long be preserved, to enjoy the fruits of your labors on earth, I remain, yours, in Christian esteem, "THOMAS TIMPSON."

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. 8.—NO. 47

ONCKEN AND HIS LABORS.

American Bible Union Rooms, 350 Broom St. New York, November 1855.

The signal manner in which God has blessed the distribution of the Sacred Scriptures in Germany, under the superintendence of Brother Oncken and his colleagues, has given Bible operations in that country a great and deserved prominence among the benevolent enterprises of the day.

There are some five or six thousand humble-minded Christians in different parts of Germany, walking in the ordinances of the Lord blamelessly, the greater part of whom have been brought to the knowledge of the truth through the instrumentality of Bible colportage.

Many of the same class have made our country their home, and are in various capacities, exerting a beneficial influence among their countrymen who have settled among us. Almost every day of the year brings to our shores German emigrants with the Bible in their hands and its truths in their hearts, who diffused among our immense population, constitute a part of that salt upon which, under God, we depend for the preservation of all our social and domestic blessings. Thus benevolence and patriotism unite to engage the hearts and the hands of all who love Jesus and His precious Word, in efforts to aid the Scripture circulation in Germany.

The latest letters from Brother Oncken to the Bible Union, show a great enlargement of the field of operations, with new and earnest calls for the Sacred Scriptures, and reduced means of supplying the demand. As the Union appropriates for this purpose only sums specially designated for it by the donors and as the amount of such sums has of late been extraordinarily small, we are obliged to make an urgent appeal to all who feel interested in the object, to collect and remit to us contributions to aid Brother Oncken and our colporteurs in Germany in the circulation of God's blessed Word.

We feel deeply concerned that the efforts should be prompt and energetic. Brother Oncken is depressed in view of the small assistance rendered to him, when the opportunities of doing good are so great and pressing. The work is inviting; the circumstances are favorable; the blessing of God attends the operations; and we beg our friends to help with a right hearty good-will.

Christian brother and sister pause, we beseech you, and look at this great work. Look at it deliberately, as you will have to do at the Judgment day. We appeal to each one of you—your prayers, your contributions, and your personal efforts, are needed for Germany. Compare what you have done with what Jesus has done for you. Let pity move you, the love of Christ constrain you, and a sense of responsibility urge you to lend a helping hand now. Should every one who reads this, immediately forward his mite to our treasury, we might transmit to Brother Oncken, on the first of January, a New Year's Present cheering to his heart, and enable him to prosecute with joy his toils in the distribution of God's precious Word. Affectionately, WM. H. WICKOFF, Corresponding Secretary.

When may Children come to Jesus.

They should come at once, for now is the accepted time; the Bible no where invites them to come to-morrow. To-day you may repent, and have your sins forgiven; this very hour you may become an adopted son or daughter of the Lord Almighty. Jesus Christ even now waits to receive and welcome you.

An old man, one day, taking a child on his knee, entreated him to seek the Saviour now, to pray to him, and love him. The child, looking up at him, asked, "But why don't you seek God?" The old man deeply affected, answered, "I would my child, but my heart is hard, my heart is hard."

An intelligent, well educated boy about twelve years of age, attending a meeting held for conversation and prayer with those anxious on the subject of religion, inquired of one assisting the pastor, what he must do to be saved. He was told to "go home and read the Bible, and pray to God for a new heart." "But," said the little boy, with deep emotion, "Sir, I am afraid I might die before I get home, and then it will be too late." The good man invited him to kneel at once and seek the forgiveness of his sins. The little boy complied with the last advice, and went home rejoicing in hope; and now, for over thirty years, he has been a constant member of the Church of Christ. Yes, children,

"Twill save you from a thousand snares, To mind religion young, Grace will preserve your following years, And make your virtues strong."

It is said that there die annually in the city of New York, about 12,000 horses, or 22 per day.—Each dead horse is considered to be worth seven or eight dollars and a half. His hide is sold to the tanners for one dollar and forty cents, his bones are burned and sold to the sugar refiners for refining purposes, and to the farmers for manure, his meat is pressed and the grease used at the soap and candle manufactory, the entrails and remnants are food to the hogs to make pork for home consumption.