

# 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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## NEW BOOKS.

Published by SHELDON, BLAKEMAN, & Co.,  
and for sale at the Colonial Book Store:—  
THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR OR THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON:—

The subject of this popular book is divided into twelve chapters, and headed thus:—THE DESPISED FRIEND, FAITHFUL WOMEN, JESUS DESIRED, JESUS PARDONING, JOY AT CONVERSION, COMPLETE IN CHRIST, LOVE TO JESUS, LOVE'S LOGIC, JESUS IN THE HOUR OF TROUBLE, JESUS HIDING HIMSELF, THE CAUSE OF APPARENT DESERTION, COMMUNION PRESERVED. This book true to its title is full of Christ the "Saviour," Jesus is its Alpha and Omega. His person and work are here exhibited not in the coldness and barrenness of mere theory, but in all the warmth and fruitfulness of genuine Christian experience.

The following is a choice specimen relating to Mr. Spurgeon's personal experience of the amazing love and rich grace of the Redeemer as manifested to him after the terrible catastrophe at the "Surrey Gardens":—

"On a night which time will never erase from my memory, large numbers of my congregation were scattered, many of them wounded and some killed, by the malicious act of wicked men. Strong amid danger, I battled the storm, nor did my spirit yield to the overwhelming pressure while my courage could reassure the wavering or confirm the bold. But when, like a whirlwind, the destruction had overpassed, when the whole of its devastation was visible to the eye, who can conceive the anguish of my spirit! I refused to be comforted, tears were my meat by day, and dreams my terror by night. I felt as I had never felt before. My thoughts were all a case of knives, cutting my heart in pieces, until a kind of stupor of grief ministered a mournful medicine to me. I could have truly said, 'I am not mad, but surely I have had enough to madden me, if I should indulge in meditation on it.' I sought and found a solitude which seemed congenial to me. I could tell my griefs to the flowers, and the dew could weep with me. Here my mind lay, like a wreck upon the sand, incapable of its usual motion. I was in a strange land, and a stranger in it. My Bible, once my daily food, was but a hand to lift the sluices of my woe. Prayer yielded no balm to me; in fact, my soul was like an infant's soul, and I could not rise to the dignity of supplication. Broken in pieces all asunder, my thoughts, which had been to me like a cup of delights, were like pieces of broken glass, the piercing and cutting miseries of my pilgrim's life."

"The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe;  
My spirit laments, my heart  
Is desolate and low.  
With every morning light  
My sorrow new begins:  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins."

Then came the slander of many—barefaced fabrications, libellous slanders, and barbarous accusations. These alone might have scooped out the last drop of consolation from my cup of happiness, but the worst had come to the worst, and the utmost malice of the enemy could do no more. Lower they could not sink who are already in the nethermost depths. Misery itself is the guardian of the miserable. All things combined to keep me for a season in the darkness where neither sun nor moon appeared. I had hoped for a gradual return to peaceful consciousness, and patiently did I wait for the dawning light. But it came not as I had desired, for He who doeth for us exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think, sent me a happier answer to my requests. I had striven to think of the unmeasurable love of Jehovah as displayed in the sacrifice of Calvary; I had endeavored to muse upon the glorious character of the exalted Jesus; but I found it impossible to collect my thoughts in the quiver of meditation, or, indeed, to place them anywhere but with their points in my wounded spirit, or else at my feet, trodden down in an almost childish thoughtlessness. On a sudden, like a flash of lightning from the sky, my soul returned unto me. The burning lava of my brain cooled in an instant. The throbbings of my brow were still; the cold wind of comfort fanned my cheek, which had been scorched in the furnace. I was free, the iron fetter was broken in pieces, my prison door was open; I leapt for joy of heart. On wings of a dove my spirit soared to the stars—yes, beyond them. Whither did it wing its flight? and where did it sing its song of gratitude? It was at the feet of Jesus, whose name had charmed its fears, and placed an end on its mourning. The name—the precious name of Jesus, was like Luther's spear, bringing back my soul to its own right and happy state. I was a man again, and what is more, a believer. The garden in which I stood became an Eden to me, and the spot was then most solemnly consecrated in my most grateful memory. Happy hour! Thrice blessed Lord, who thus in an instant delivered me from the rock of my despair, and slew the viper of my grief! Before I told to others the glad news of my recovery, my heart was melodious with song, and my tongue endeavored tardily to express the

music. Then did I give to my Well-Beloved a song, touching my Well-Beloved, and oh! with what rapture did my soul flash forth its praise! but all—were to the honour of Him, the first and the last, the Brother born for adversity, the Deliverer of the captive, the breaker of my fetters, the Restorer of my soul. Then did I cast my burden upon the Lord; I left my ashes and did array myself in the garments of praise, while he did anoint me with fresh oil. I could have given the very firmament to get at Him, to cast myself at his feet, and lie there bathed in the tears of joy and love. Never since the day of my conversion had I known so much of his infinite excellence, never had my spirit leaped with such unutterable delight. Scorn, tumult, and we seemed less than nothing for his sake. I girded up my loins to run before his chariot, and shout forth his glory; for my soul was absorbed in the one idea of his glorious exaltation and divine compassion. After a declaration of the exceeding grace of God towards me, made to my dearest kindred and friends, I essayed again to preach. The task which I had dreaded to perform was another means of comfort, and I can truly declare that the words of that morning were as much the utterance of my inner man as if I had been standing before the bar of God. The next selected runs thus:—Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

## The Spotted Face, and the Night in the Death Prison.

The "Judson Offering," intended as the token of Christian sympathy with the living, and a memorial of Christian affection for the dead. Edited by Rev. John Dowling, D. D. This is a choice production, replete with the most impressive incidents in the life and missionary labours of Dr. Judson and his companions in toil and suffering. The following touching extract cannot fail to impress our readers with the preciousness of this little book:—

"Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:  
Life, with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While thy love is left to me;  
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with thee."

In a suburb of the vast capital of the Burman Empire, Ava, amidst the multitude of idol worshippers, who thronged the temples of Gaudama, a little company of the friends of Jesus had assembled for prayer and praise. It was the morning of the Lord's day, May 23d, 1834; and the little band of Christian worshippers had met in the house of the missionary, Price, at Saguin, on the bank of the Irrawaddy, opposite the "golden city." The rumors of war had already reached the devoted missionary band; and aware of the suspicious and despotic character of the Burman government, they could not but feel somewhat alarmed at the probable trials and sufferings that awaited them. They had met to comfort one another in their sorrows, and to commend each other to that God and Saviour in obedience to whose command they had come to that heathen land to labor and to suffer, and if He required of them the sacrifice, to die.

They had just concluded worship, and felt strengthened to bear whatever God might see fit to lay upon them. The visitors were about dispersing to their homes, when a messenger, with alarm and anxiety depicted on his countenance, came to announce the astounding intelligence that had just reached the capital, that twelve days before, Rangoon had been taken by the British troops! The news could not but add to the apprehensions for their personal safety, already entertained by the missionaries, and the other few foreigners residing in Ava; and as they gazed through the multitudes of dark-browed idolaters that crowded the streets of the "golden city," conversing on the alarming intelligence, and fevered with excitement and rage, casting upon the white-faced strangers many a suspicious glance, or contemptuous scowl, they felt they needed all that grace, and all that strength, for which they had just been praying. The fears of the missionaries were, however, soon partially allayed, by a reply made by the king's brother to a young English merchant, named Gouger, who afterwards became the companion of Judson in suffering, "that his majesty had said the few foreigners residing in Ava had nothing to do with the war, and should not be molested."

Two more weeks passed by, and the missionaries were still at large; yet harassed and alarmed by the dark suspicions and rumors that rapidly gained ground in the city, that the white foreigners were spies, and in the pay of the invading foe. This painful uncertainty, however, was soon to be exchanged for still more painful reality.

It was on the morning of Tuesday, the 8th of June, that the beloved Judsons, with the two little Burman girls whom they had taken under their protection, were preparing their frugal dinner, when a company of fierce-looking Burmans rushed into the apartment. The leader was an officer, holding a black-

book in his hand, and the spotted face of another, told, alas! too plainly, that he was the executioner, "the son of the prison."

"You are called by the king," said the man with the black book.

The terrible spotted face produced the instrument of torture, a small cord for pinning prisoners—violently threw the unresisting missionary on the floor; and, with hellish cruelty, proceeded to tighten the torturing cords around his suffering victim.

"Stay!" exclaimed the agonised and suffering wife; "O, have pity, and loose that torturing rope! Stay! and I will give you money!"

But mercy dwelt not in the breasts of those savages. A scowl of terrible ferocity fell from the dark brow of the cruel persecutor, upon that weeping suppliant woman, as he yelled out in tones of dreadful rage: "She! she also is a white foreigner! Tie her too!"

At these terrible words, the tortured husband forgot, for a moment, his own sufferings, in the fearful apprehension that like indignities and cruelties were to be inflicted on his meek and gentle wife, and implored, in impassioned tones of tenderness and anguish, that they would let that beloved one remain till further orders.

They turned away from the imploring wife, who still continued begging them with all the eloquence of a woman's tears, and a wife's entreaties, to loosen the cords; but in vain. The horrid spotted face, as though the infliction of pain was a greater pleasure to the terrible man of death than even the acquisition of money, spurned the offer of the silver; dragged the suffering missionary from the house, and then at a quarter of a mile's distance, threw his helpless prisoner on the ground, and placing his knee on his victim's back to increase the purchase, drew the cords with the utmost of his strength, so as almost to deprive him of the power to breathe.

"Now give us silver," said the spotted face, "and the cords shall be loosened."

A Christian native stepped forward and offered to go back for the money; but the anguish of the almost fainting sufferer was so great that he could hardly endure it for the brief interval that elapsed before the return of the messenger.

"Is there no one who knows me?" exclaimed the tortured missionary. "Is there no one who will be my security for the money till the messenger returns? Is there no one who pities me? I am a priest, and though a foreign one, deserve not such indignity, such torture."

But there was none to pity or to interpose on his behalf, and the cruel spotted face persisted in tightening the cords till the arrival of the messenger with ten talis of silver.—The arms of the sufferer were then somewhat relieved so as to allow him to breathe more freely; he was then hurried forward a distance of nearly two miles; the order of the king was read to him, three pairs of fetters were placed upon his limbs, he was fastened to a bamboo pole with the other unhappy foreigners, and the doors of the terrible DEATH PRISON were closed upon them.

How dreadful now was the situation of these victims of heathen cruelty and oppression? Enough, one would think, to appal the stoutest heart, and to drive the most sanguine to utter despair. But even in this dark and miserable death prison, the religion of Jesus sustained his suffering servants, and like Paul and Silas, in the prison at Philippi, whose feet also were made fast in the stocks, "at midnight they prayed, and sang praises to God." Price, the beloved fellow missionary of Judson, who was also seized and imprisoned, has left on record the sad story of the first night in the death prison, and we will permit him to tell it in his own words:—

"I was carried," said Mr. Price, "to the Yongdau or court-house, to listen to the laconic royal order: 'Price and Judson, catch, and put in prison.' My heart sunk at the appalling words—still they seemed repeated: again and again I repeated them to myself, till the town clerk roused me from my reverie, by diving into my pockets, and securing everything moveable about me. I was now led at a quick pace across the street, ushered into a small compound or yard, and ordered to sit. I made towards a bench, but was pushed off it. I then seated myself on a small stone slab, which I soon found was meant for another purpose. For while undergoing an examination as to my name, place of abode, occupation, &c., a man with his hands full of iron came forward, and rudely shoving me off the stone, seized one of my legs, and began knocking on one pair of fetters after another, until I thought he was never going to stop."

My heart now died within me. I looked around; all was gloomy and dark and silent, except the dull clanking of chains. My three pairs of fetters were no sooner well fastened on, than I was ordered roughly to go in. A little bamboo door opened, and I rose to go towards it. But oh! who can describe my sensations! shackled like a common felon, in the care of hangmen, the offscouring of the country, turned like a dog into his kennel; my wife, my dear family, left to suffer alone all the rudeness these wretches are capable of.

The worst, however, was yet to come; for making the best of my way up the high step, I was ushered into the grand apartment; horror of horrors, what a sight! never to my dying day shall I forget the scene: a dim lamp in the midst, just making darkness visi-

ble, and discovering to my horrified gaze, sixty or seventy wretched objects, some in long rows made fast in the stocks, some strung on poles, some simply fettered; but all, sensible of a new accession of misery, in the approach of a new prisoner. Stupified, I stopped to gaze, till goaded on; I proceeded towards the further end, when I again halted. A new and unexpected sight met my eyes. Till now I had been kept in ignorance of the fate of my companions; a long row of white objects, stretched on the floor in a most crowded situation, revealed to me, however, but too well, their sad case, and I was again urged forward.

Here, side by side, we were allowed the only gratification left, of condoling (in the Burman language) with each other. "Now you are arrived and our number is complete; I suppose they will proceed to murder us," was the first thing suggested, and no one could say it was improbable. To prepare for a violent death, for immediate execution, was our consequent resolution. And now we began to feel our strength, our stronghold, our deliverer, in this dark abode of misery and despair. He who has said, "I will never leave you nor forsake you," manifested his gracious presence; a calm, sweet peace succeeded to our hurried minds, and alternate prayer and repeating of hymns, soon brought our minds to a state of comparative gladness and joy. We became lifted above our persecutors; and the hymn containing the words,

Let men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine;  
They are peculiarly applicable and refreshing—Now ye scoffers, say what you will, here is a triumph you cannot attain. Religion! Oh, the sweets of religious communion with God! Let them now, even now come, we said, we are prepared for the worst you can do; you cannot deprive us of our hope in God, our sweet peace of mind." Thus we whiled away the hours of that night. Nature shuddered, but the soul was unshaken; our confidence was in the Rock of ages.

Thus did the consolations of the gospel sustain these suffering servants of God, and enable them, in the words of the heavenly minded Samuel Pearce, to sing, though in a dungeon and in fetters,

"In the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er us roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports our fainting souls.  
Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,  
Thus to bring our Jesus near."

## Progress of Missions in India.

The "Friend of India," a paper of high standing, published in Calcutta, thus speaks of the progress and influence of Christian Missions in India:—

"We do not often notice missionary efforts, and our silence is deliberate. The oak can grow without watering, and we see little use in perpetually calling attention to the number of its rings. It is time, however, to mention a few plain facts. We are tired of listening to nonsense about the small results of missionary work, the enormous revenue expended, the inadequate return secured. In the midst of the mighty events now passing over Asia, though every throne is rocking, every dynasty crumbling into dust, though the Tartar lords are passing from the face of the earth, and the great struggle of the North and South seem rapidly approaching, there is no event more wonderful than the progress of the mission power. Within one poor half century, the unregarded efforts of a few fanatics, with a 'missionary cobbler' at their head, have become the strongest of social levers. If a third of the human race are now in unregenerate struggle among themselves, it is because a missionary instructed a poor Chinese lad sick in his hospital. Dr. Livingstone has done more to open up Southern Africa than ten expeditions could possibly have accomplished. He has revealed the great fact that far beyond the wild tribes who fringe our Southern Colonies lies a great black race, gentle, and with that capacity for a low civilization which all negroes seem to possess. Dr. Krapf has opened Eastern Africa, and Europe hears from a missionary for the first time of cities like Abokura, where great and prosperous communities dwell without knowledge of any world beyond. We have Sir H. Rawlinson's word that a missionary saved 30,000 Neserians from extermination. We say nothing of their success in the Southern Seas. It appears to be the will of Providence that the Anglo-Saxon race, the ploughshare of the Almighty, should erase those tribes to fit the soil for nobler seed. Another generation and the civilized and the Islanders, will alike belong to history alone."

It is, however, in India that we are told that nothing has been done. Is it true? Is it nothing that one entire race shortly to people an entire province, eagerly embraces Christianity, maintains its own pastors, builds its own churches, and when called upon to suffer for the cause, dies calmly with Christ upon its lips? Those who know the Karens know that they have done all this. Is it nothing that at this very moment, in the jungles of Chota-Nagpore, among a race wild as our painted forefathers, three thousand men have declared their eagerness to be baptized, that government, with another wild race to tame, and that recently in rebellion, can find

no civilizers so efficient as Christian missionaries? Is it nothing that among one of the worst and most degraded populations in Asia, the Parish of Lower India, one hundred thousand men have embraced the faith, and do, so far as the human eye can see, live according to it? Their Christianity may, in too many cases, be of a frightfully low order. What sort of a grade in the scale does the mass of our own population occupy? But the converts still are Christians, some of them are real Christians, and there is this vitality in genuine Christianity, that the world, sensual and lazy as it may be, always looks to that as its ideal, always half unconsciously strives toward it. The English moral standard is high. Is it the great mass of respectability that goes to church and sands the sugar that keeps it so? Or is it the few in whose word every man can trust, who are the living incarnate consciences of the mass?

The tide rolls on; great crimes and great hypocrisies every now and then startle mankind. A popular preacher lusts for gold; a pious banker swindles a country; and faith has discredit among fools. The heaven works in deeper for all that. Why it is not forty years since Englishmen were doubtful whether slavery were wrong! It is not thirty years since men and women, starving with hunger, were sent wholesale to the gallows for petty pilfering. It is not twenty years to go to bed sober, except in a minister, a mark of a miserable spirit. It will be the same in India; though, with an inferior material—a race steeped for generations in the foulest faith man ever yet invented, a faith to which Greek worship was refined and Feticism is pure—the process will be slow. It is none the less as inevitable as that flame should ever struggle upwards. Nor is this all. It has been evident for years to all men with eyes, that the old fabric of Hinduism is breaking up. In the Arctic Seas, before the ice cracks, a low, steady murmur is heard, never ceasing; springing, no one can tell whence; yet always, in the midst of the vague terror it suggests, announcing the approaching deliverance. The ice has not cracked, but the murmur which precedes it is on the air. Who believes in Hinduism? Some few Europeans, the Court of Directors of the British Parliament, but certainly not the Hindus. Suttie and widow celibacy are abolished; polygamy is doomed,—and what Hindoo, knowing all this, raises a hand? There is no heart left in the creed, and though it may exist for generations yet, as the corpse of the Roman paganism did, its downfall is assured.

This has been accomplished by missionaries, and is not the greatest of their achievements. For years their influence and that of the class which supports them, has been permeating Indian society. That society is, consequently, utterly changed. The godless, dissipated, drinking fathers of dark children, who in Europe were a by-word, have become at least quiet, at least observant of the outward forms of decency, at least equal to the average of men at home. The tone of the official world has utterly changed.—The dignitaries who, in 1810, endeavoured to drive the "fanatics" from the country, in 1856, even while refusing their requests, admit that much is due to their earnestness and experience." The avowed support or opposition of the body is as potent as that of any other single class. Is this nothing to have achieved? We have not spoken of souls saved, for we are not writing to religious men, who know these things without our guidance. We address those who will look only at the social aspect of the question, and we ask them whether the result does not justify the cost?

We believe these things are beginning to be felt in Europe. In 1832, there were twelve missionaries beyond the Kurumassas. There are now one hundred and two. Within the last year four new bodies have entered the field, the Swedish Missionary Association, the Moravians, the American Episcopal Methodists, and the Canadian Presbyterians.

There is more wisdom shown, too, in the selection of men. Special missions are to be organized to the half educated class which calls itself, and perhaps is, the hope of Bengal. Dr. Pfander, long engaged in efforts among the Mussulmans of Upper India, has been selected for the Mussulmans of Turkey. The patient, simple Germans, with their handicraft and medical skill, are selected for the Jungle missions. All these are symptoms alike of increasing strength and increasing wisdom. England, too, awakes at last, not only to the importance of India, but to its size. The religious world begins to perceive that it may be well to concentrate the reapers in the richest field: to leave the dying races alone till another, with untold numbers and a permanent vitality, has been fairly civilized. But the great hope of all remains in this. Our schools and colleges, among the thousands they turn out, may yet produce a native Apostle. He will ring the knell of Hinduism. We chatter about caste and prejudice, as if Chaitanyas had not flung caste to the winds, and died with eight million followers. A Christian Chaitanyas, with the clear brain of a Bengalee, the knowledge of the West, and a faith tending to asceticism, would have thousands round his feet. We have ourselves seen two thousand natives losing all their apathy, jumping, screaming, gesticulating, at a song. The power of preaching among such a race has yet to be understood.

## Amount and cost of Tobacco.

MR. EDITOR:—Hard times are not without advantages; they favor retrenchment in superfluities and useless habits—the use of tobacco for example. I have just been at a "satisfaction meeting," a meeting of a multitude of mechanics, gathered to lay plans to meet the severity of winter. It has shown by figures, indisputable figures, that not a red cent less than \$8,000 were annually wasted by that town of about seven thousand population, on this popular poison!

I sounded a note for reform; it was timely. I called on them to drop this destructive habit, to cleanse their mouths of this nuisance, assuring them, if they did, that every bowl of milk and every crust of bread would be twice as sweet, and twice as nutritious. I have the vanity to believe that my words were not altogether in vain; they were like oil on angry waters; the young men ceased pouring anathemas upon their employers, and not a few promised reform.

It is well for the common peace that the enormous tax paid for this article is self-imposed. If its victims were compelled to use it, and pay for it, the world would be filled with rebellion forthwith.

Many a young man in fashionable life, pays more for this than for his board-bill. Many a mechanic will die, and leave his family without a cent, who pays more for this than the cost of a Life Assurance \$2,000.

Reader, you pay, for example, six cents a day for cigars. Continuing this forty years, with interest, amounts to \$3,373.22. Or, you pay twelve cents a day,—this amounts to \$6,746.44.

Says Professor Fowler: "A young man from—, wished to purchase books on Physiology and Health, but said he was not really able. I asked him about his habits—if he chewed? No. Do you smoke? Yes. How much? He said, that formerly he smoked fourteen cigs a day, at about two cents for each, which made about \$60 per year, which he expended not only uselessly, but in those things that tended to shorten life, as well as to destroy his usefulness while he lived."

Says Dr. Alcott: "I have known many a poor family that consumed, in smoking and chewing, at least twenty five cents a week. This, in forty years, would amount to \$520; or, if placed at compound interest, from year to year, to more than \$8,100."

An editor of a public journal observes: "When we consider the universality of the use of tobacco, and the fact that some men spend \$10, \$60, or \$100, yearly, for cigars,—if this town uses twenty per cent. less than the average, \$9,000 is devoted to the weed yearly; about twice what we raise by tax for Schools; about enough to build the High School House, about which we tobacco-chewers have quarrelled so much; enough to buy a twenty-five cent deland dress for each adult female in town, a pair of boots for each lad, and a five-dollar bonnet for each lass in town; to pay the salary of all our ministers, and cover all our contributions for benevolent purposes."

The city of New York, according to the authority of McGregor, consumes \$10,000 a day on cigars, and but about \$8,500 on bread.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

It is stated by a recent medical writer that there are in the city of London twenty medical men of reputation, whose incomes range from \$26,000 to \$100,000 a year.

In Kansas itself, there is a highly excited state of feeling. The Free State men all over the Territory, are calling mass meetings to consider as to their course in the present emergency.

LUMBER TRADE OF CANADA.—Eight hundred ships are annually loaded in Quebec with lumber. The average value of each cargo is \$800, making a total of \$640,000.

TOILET FOR GENTLEMEN.—For preserving the complexion—temperance.

To preserve the breath sweet—abstinence from tobacco.

For whitening the hand—honesty.

To remove stains—repentance.

Easy shaving soap—ready money.

For improving the sight—observation.

A beautiful ring—a family circle.

For improving the voice—civility.

The best companion at the toilet—a wife.

—The total number of immigrants to Canada in 1857 has been 32,097, which is 9,958 more than last year. Of these, 11,098 were English; 6,119 Norwegians; 4,466 Irish; and about the same number of Scotch and Germans.

A DUTCHMAN thus describes the New Yorkers: "Fine people, says he, dey go about der streets all day, scheating each oder and dey call dat business."

During the last ten years, the public debt of England has been increased \$215,000,000.

The Milwaukee Sentinel estimates the wheat crop of Wisconsin at 18,000,000 of bushels for 1857, an increase of near six millions over 1856.

It is rumored that the Prince of Wales may possibly visit Canada in the course of the next summer.

An old advertisement of 1563 reads: "Wanted—a stout, active man, who fears the Lord, and can carry two hundred weight."

Kossuth has lately been lecturing in Glasgow, Scotland, upon the origin and plan