

The Christian Visitor.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
Peace, good will toward Men."
SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY JULY 20, 1859.

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SPURGEON'S SERMONS.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. G. H. SPURGEON,
AT SURREY GARDENS, LONDON, MAY 29TH,
1859. SUBJECT: A TRAIL OF REMEMBRANCE.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 JOHN IV. 16.

It is very pleasant to read descriptions of the Holy Land from observant travellers, who, in glowing language, have depicted its interesting scenes. I must confess, that all books which speak of the land where Jesus lived and died have an attraction for me; but how much more delightful must it be, to journey thence one's self, to stand on the very spot where Jesus preached and prayed, and to kneel upon that blood-stained garden of Gethsemane, in which he sweat that sacred sweat of blood. I can scarcely imagine what must be the sensation of a true Christian, when he stands on Calvary, that spot of all others most dear to the believer's soul. All the descriptions that the traveller can possibly give, can never awaken the emotions which would be felt, if we were there ourselves. Now, this law of nature I would transfer to matters of grace. Let me tell you this day what I may concerning the acts of God's goodness in the souls of his people my description will be dullness itself, compared with the glorious reality. If God should lend me help, so that I could, in glowing pictures, portray the amazing love of Christ Jesus to those who believe in him; if I could tell you of their matchless experience, their divine drinkings at the fountain of life and bliss, their heavenly feasting in the banqueting-house, all this would be nothing, compared with what you would feel, if you yourself could taste, and handle, and see, and know, and believe.

Let me add another figure to render this truth yet more apparent. Suppose an eloquent foreigner, from a sunny clime, should endeavor to appreciate the fruits of his nation. He depicts them to you. He describes their luscious flavor, their cooling juice, their delicious sweetness; but how powerless will be his oration, compared with your vivid remembrance, if you have yourself partaken of the dainties of his land. It is even so with the good things of God; describe them as we may, we cannot awaken in you the joy and delight that is felt by the man who lives upon them, who makes them his daily food, his manna from heaven, and his water from the rock. "His feeling," is actually receiving and enjoying, which is, after all, the highest oratory with which we can possibly explain to you the sweet and precious things of God.

Now, do you not see that John could specially speak with power, for he spoke from his own experience. And do you not perceive that his language cannot be understood, except we put ourselves in his position, and are able to echo his words, when he said, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us?" There are many here, I doubt not, who can join in this declaration of the apostle. And may the Holy Spirit help me, while I endeavor to draw out an expression of grateful thanks from those who have believed and known the love which God hath to them.

First, then, I shall look upon my text as being an abstract of Christian experience; secondly, I shall view it as the summary of Christian testimony; and after that, I shall regard it as the groundwork of Christian encouragement.

I. First of all, we have before us here THE ABSTRACT OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE: Some will demur to this. If you should bring some Christians up and say, "Come now, just tell us in a few words why you grow, and then with the slightest possible allusion to mercy they would pass on to describe their continued sorrows of soul, their deep afflictions, their desperate adversities, and their tremendous corruptions, and then they would cut with another groan. But I think the healthy Christian, if he is asked this question, "Now can you possibly give in one short sentence a statement of your Christian experi-

ence?" would come forward joyously. And say, "I will say nothing about myself, but I will speak to the honor of my God, and I am, sweetly constrained to affirm, that 'I have known and believed the love that God hath to me.'" That would be his abstract of experience, and the very best I am sure that any child of God can present. It is, true that we have our trials, but it is just as true that we are delivered out of them. It is true that we have our corruptions, and mournfully do we know this to be the fact; but it is just as true that we have an all-sufficient Saviour, who overcomes these corruptions, and enables us to tread the dragon beneath our feet. In looking back we dare not say that we have not passed the den of leopards. It would be wrong if we were to deny that we have floundered through the slough of despond, and have crept along the valley of humiliation, but we can say we have been through them; we have not left our bones bleaching in the burning sun, nor our bodies to be the prey of the lion. Our sorrows have been the heralds of mercies. Our griefs cannot mar the melody of our praise, for we reckon them to be the deep bass notes of our song. The deeper our troubles the louder our thanks to God, who has assuredly led his servants through all and hath preserved us until now. Our past troubles are not disturbers of our happy worship; they do but swell the stream of our grateful affection. We put down all our trials into the account, but still we declare our one uncontradicted avowed, that "we have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

You will observe the distinction which the apostle makes. I may not be able clearly to bring it out, but it struck my mind as being a very beautiful description of the Christian's two-fold experience. Sometimes he knows the love that God has to him, and at other times he believes it. There is a difference here: I hope I shall be able to make it plain.

1. Sometimes the Christian knows the love of God to him. I will mention two or three particular ways in which he knows it. Sometimes he knows it by seeing it. He goes to his house and he finds it stored with plenty—"his bread is given him and his water is sure." The secret of God is upon his tabernacle, the Almighty is with him, and his children are about him. He washes his steps with butter, and the rocks pour him out rivers of oil. His root is spread out by the river, and the dew lieth all night upon his branch; his glory is fresh in him, and his bow is renewed in his hand. He is blessed in his going out and in his coming in; he hath the blessings of heaven above, and of "the deep which lieth under." He is like Job; the Lord hath set a hedge about him, and all that he possesseth. Now, truly, he can say, "I know the love of God to me, for I can see it. I can see a gracious providence pouring forth out of the cornucopia of providence,—an abundance of all that my soul can desire." This, however, might not completely convince him of God's love if it were not that he has also a consciousness that these things are not given him as husks are cast to swine, but they are bestowed upon him as love-tokens from a tender God. His ways please the Lord, and therefore he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him. The man at such a time has a joyous spirit; when he reads the Scriptures it is one great transparency from beginning to end; when he meditates on its pages it is like a bracelet set about with the rarest jewels. He goes about his Master's service, and the Lord makes him successful. He sows and he reaps, he ploughs, and the furrows team with plenty; the sower overtakes the reaper, and the reaper overtakes the sower. God gives him many harvests in a year. The work of his hand is established, and his labor of love is accepted. The Lord hath made him exceedingly rich, he hath blessed him, and his cup runs over; he hath all that heart can desire. "Now," he says, "I know the goodness of God." This, truly, is a very easy work, and yet easy though it be, we ought not to forget that we have had such seasons, we have had many trials, but in the desert of our trial, we have had sometimes an oasis like this; we can look back to some sunny spot when we could say, "surely the arms of love are round about me both temporally and spiritually."

"He hath set me upon a rock, and established my doings." Then the Christian knows the love of God. Another time in which he knows his Father's love is, when he sees it after coming out of affliction. "He hath been sore sick, and while he has been in his bed he has been vexed with anxious thoughts concerning those he might leave behind, or even about himself. In the hour of languishing he cried to the Lord for deliverance; and at last he felt the young blood leaping through his veins anew. New health was restored to him, and he trod the green sward again with light, elastic steps, singing, "the Lord hath heard my cry, like Hezekiah, and has lengthened my days. Now I know the love which God hath to me." Or else he has incurred great losses in business. One after another the curtains of his habitations were rent, the cords were cut in twain, and all the tent pins pulled up by the invading enemy; he thought at last that nothing would be left him. "Surely I shall die in poverty," says he, for bankruptcy stares him in the face. But anon the tide is changed, the keel of his ship almost grated on the gravel, but now it begins to float, and boldly he spreads his sails, and gallantly he rides the billows; now

can he exclaim, "I know the love that God hath to me." He has brought his servant out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and hath again appeared to me in mercy and chased away my doubts and fears.

So also has it been with many a man when he has for years been laboring under a heavy trial, and at last escapes from it. Look at old Jacob. I believe that all his life long he would have put in a demurrer against what I have just declared, viz., that this is a summary of Christian experience. He would have said, "No, young man, I tell you it is not; my experience has been one of trouble and trial ever since I left my Father's house." And we could tell him the reason of it, too, if he particularly wished to know. But surely when at last he put his aged arms round the neck of his son Joseph, when at last he saw him ruler over all Egypt, and when his two grandchildren were brought to kneel before him to receive his blessing, the old man might have reversed what he said and no more have exclaimed, "Fow and evil," but, "Now I know the love that God hath towards me." As it was he did end his life with a song, and finished by praising the angel who had blessed him and kept him from all evil. Even Jacob is no exception to the great rule—that the life of God's people is a proof of the text. "We know and believe the love that God hath to us."

There are other ways in which God's children know their Father's love. Besides what they see there is something which they feel. There are times when the father takes his child into his arms, presses him to his bosom, and kisses him with the kisses of his lips. These are the fond expressions to set forth the tender communion which God hath with his children. John could say, "We have known" for he had laid his head on Jesus' bosom. "He had been with him in the garden of Gethsemane, he had been with him on the mount of transfiguration, he had been with him, too, when he worked his special miracles, and therefore, from the fact that he had communion with Christ at the supper, and in his sufferings and his miracles John might say, "We know the love that he hath to us." And have not you and I—let us now speak from personal experience—have not we had fellowship with Christ? There have been times when we were not nearer to ourselves than we were to God, when we were as assured that we were having fellowship with him as a man talketh with a friend; as sure, I say, as we were of our own existence. Bitter though we sometimes find that our lives have been, yet have there been periods in them akin to heaven, when we can say, "If this is not glory it is next door to it. If I am not on the other side of Jordan, at least my Master is on this side of it. If I have not yet been permitted to walk the golden street yet these very streets on earth have been trod by heavenly footsteps while I have walked with God." Times there have been when a Christian would not have changed his best estate for an angel's wing of fire. He has felt that he was with Christ, and was as certain of it as if he had seen his pierced hands and his feet. Then he can say, "Now I know the love that God hath towards me."

And at times, too, there has been another knowledge, not so high perhaps, as communion bringing with it less of rapture and ecstasy, but not less of solid consolation: I mean the infallible testimony of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirit, that we are born of God. I am no believer in those dreams and visions with which many persons mark their experience. I do not believe in those tales I hear people tell about hearing a voice, or seeing an angel. Such things happen now and then, and then; but when we are overdone with them, we begin to suspect them to be utter falsehood. But I speak not as a fanatic or enthusiast when I testify that there is such a thing as an express revelation, made by the Holy Spirit to the individual man. Besides, this written Word of God, which is that on which we rely, as a sure word of testimony, whereunto ye do well to take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place. There is, besides this, say, another a distinct, decided, infallible utterance of the Holy Spirit in the soul of man, when he beareth witness with our spirit that we are born of God, and at such times—and I will not stop to explain how it is, for the natural man would not understand me—let me say that the spiritual man knoweth already at such times the believer says, "Now I know the love that God hath to me." If the devil himself in earnestness and power. On Thursday he intended person should meet the believer when he hated, according to previous arrangements, to return this witness, and tell him that God did not love him, but a circumstance seemingly the most him, he would call him a liar to his face, and I myself detained him. At dinner a remark was "The Spirit of God had told me so, and I will believe the Spirit of God, and I will not be deceived if they had a good place to bathe there. They, thou far from the beginning, thou father! Being answered in the affirmative, he concluded lies." So now this is a very joyful part of the believer's experience, that both by sight and by feeling, and by distinct inward witnessing, he had been in the water for a time he made motion to those who were on hand, but he knew him to be an expert swimmer, they thought God was amusing himself. Soon, however, he neither sun nor moon appears for many days sunk to rise no more. Thus died the young, when the tempest rages exceedingly, and twalented, the useful, the beloved Nott. His sudden death was a season of removal has cast a gloom over nearly all the Christian, disarmed and dismantled the city ministers and churches, for he was widely known and as generally beloved. The circumstances of his death were so similar to those of the death of the youthful Thomas Spencer, who was drowned in the Mersey, August 5th, 1811, that if one has heard of them he cannot call them to mind. The one on the Sab-

and I about him everything frowned dismay. At such a time, noble is the Christian who can say, "Now it may be I do not know the love that God hath to me, but I believe it. Now I believe it," said he: "Yes, roll on ye waves; I me that ye shall engulf me, but I believe in you. He who hath promised to preserve me—I believe, and on his love will I rely, for though now I see no proof of it. Now, our vessel, drift before the storm; and you, ye rocks, roar yonder with your sounding breakers; but I fear not you, for I believe the love of God towards me. I cannot be wrecked completely. Driven before the storm I may be; half a wreck and tempest tossed I am, but wholly lost I never can be; and now this day, in the teeth of evidence, in opposition to everything which goes against it, now I believe the love which God hath for me."

The first position, that of knowing God's love, is the sweetest, but that of believing God's love, is the grandest. To feel God's love, is very precious, but to believe it when you do not feel it is the noblest. He may be but a little Christian who knows God's love, but he is a great Christian who believes it, when the visible contradicts it, and the invisible withholds its witness. No one so grand as that prophet, who sees the olive wither, the fig tree blasted, the vines devoured by the caterpillar, the stalls emptied, and the flocks destroyed, who sees famine staring him in the face, and yet rejoices in the Lord. Oh, that is honoring God. Ye that believe him in the sunshine, ye offer him praise; but ye that believe him in storm, ye pay him pounds. No revenue so rich as that which comes from the fat yet seemingly barren land of affliction; God gets no honor greater than that which he receives from the trustful faith, of a cast down but not destroyed believer. Blessed is he who is perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, who is poor, yet by his faith, maketh all things; who hath nothing yet possesseth all things; who cries, "I can do nothing," and yet can add, "I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me."

And now, do not these two states make up a summary of Christian experience? We know and believe the love that God hath to us." "Ah," says one "we have sometimes doubted it." No, I will leave that. You may insert it in your confession, but I will not put it into my song. Confess your doubts, but write them not in this our psalm of praise. I am sure, in looking back you will say, "Oh how foolish I was ever to doubt a faithful and unchanging God." Bring all your doubts and fears this day; how them in pieces like Agag before the Lord, let no one escape; take them and hang them up upon a tree till evening, and then take a great stone and set it at the mouth of their sepulchre that they may rise no more. Oh for grace from this day forward to say, "When I know not my Father's love, I will believe it, and when I have his presence, then will I sing aloud 'I know that love which he hath towards me.'" This, then, is my first head.

For the Christian Visitor,
28 Charlton street, New York,
July 11th, 1859.

Dear Brother:—Since I last wrote, but little of interest has taken place. The 4th of July was celebrated in the usual manner, by the firing of guns, ringing of bells, marching of troops, and exhibitions of splendid fireworks. Serious accident however, occurred, sufficient it would seem to cast a gloom over many a household. The wearer of late for the most part of the time has been very cool, almost like Autumn, but it is thought that August and September will make up it.

Yesterday it was my sad privilege to attend the funeral of Rev. A. Kingman Nott, pastor of the Baptist Church of this city. Nearly two years ago he succeeded Dr. Cone in the pastorate, and at that time he has laboured with wonderful success. In 23 months he baptized more than 300 converts. He was young—only 25 years of age at his death—talented, useful, beloved, and exceedingly popular. A week ago yesterday he preached to his people in the afternoon, and baptized three of his congregation. On Wednesday—and I will not stop to explain how it is, for the natural man would not understand me—let me say that the spiritual man knoweth already at such times the believer says, "Now I know the love that God hath to me." If the devil himself in earnestness and power. On Thursday he intended person should meet the believer when he hated, according to previous arrangements, to return this witness, and tell him that God did not love him, but a circumstance seemingly the most him, he would call him a liar to his face, and I myself detained him. At dinner a remark was "The Spirit of God had told me so, and I will believe the Spirit of God, and I will not be deceived if they had a good place to bathe there. They, thou far from the beginning, thou father! Being answered in the affirmative, he concluded lies." So now this is a very joyful part of the believer's experience, that both by sight and by feeling, and by distinct inward witnessing, he had been in the water for a time he made motion to those who were on hand, but he knew him to be an expert swimmer, they thought God was amusing himself. Soon, however, he neither sun nor moon appears for many days sunk to rise no more. Thus died the young, when the tempest rages exceedingly, and twalented, the useful, the beloved Nott. His sudden death was a season of removal has cast a gloom over nearly all the Christian, disarmed and dismantled the city ministers and churches, for he was widely known and as generally beloved. The circumstances of his death were so similar to those of the death of the youthful Thomas Spencer, who was drowned in the Mersey, August 5th, 1811, that if one has heard of them he cannot call them to mind. The one on the Sab-

bath discoursed with unusual sweetness and beauty about the glories of heaven, little thinking that before the close of the following day he would be realizing those joys which he was then trying to describe. The other spoke of the advantages of being reconciled to God by faith in Christ, and the pleasure of meeting them in glory, little supposing that on the next Sabbath his lifeless body would be borne to the place where he then stood, and his freed spirit be admitted to the presence of his Saviour and his God. Like his Divine Master, his last act among the people of his charge was to commemorate the sufferings and death of his Lord, and give them his blessing. What better thing could he have done? His text on the occasion was Ezekiel 16: 63. "That thou mayest remember, and be confounded and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done, saith the Lord God."

The discourse at his funeral was immense. It is supposed that between four and five thousand persons were in the church, and there must have been three times that number who sought admittance in vain. About thirty ministers of different denominations were present, several of whom took part in the services. The Rev. Dr. Robinson of Rochester, delivered the funeral oration. As we saw the crowds rush forward to get into the house, and the many tearful eyes, we could but say, "Behold how they loved him!" And as we gazed on his youthful, manly form motionless, and his pallid features, we asked ourselves the questions, Is death a gain? Is the dispensation wise—is it right—is it good?—Yes; death is a pain to the Christian, and when sudden is a peculiar privilege, for sudden death is sudden glory, yet few desire to be called suddenly away. We were left to think that there was nothing so like the translation of Enoch and Elijah as the sudden death of the Christian. How great the transition—how wonderful the change—One hour with men, the next with God. One moment struggling with inbred corruption, the next perfect and happy. One hour engaged in a sphere of labour on earth, the next enjoying his reward and rest in heaven. Is sudden death a gain to the Christian? Yes, surely. He escapes from the infirmities of the flesh—the trials and sorrows incident to our present state of existence, to the perfection—the repose—the joy of an unchanging world. In sudden death the believer has no fear of dying. By times the king of terrors is an object of dread to us all, or at least we tremble at his approach. But when he comes unexpectedly, we hear not his footsteps and consequently fear him not. Diseases are the instruments of death, and sometimes they are torturing, but when he comes suddenly they are not used, for he snaps asunder the ties which bind us to life, at once and for ever. But death himself shall die. One circle he never can enter, one home he can never invade. Be it ours then to look towards that world, where the sun shall no more go down, nor the moon withdraw itself from shining, where the Lord is our light and glory, and the days of our mourning shall be ended.

But is there no lesson for us to learn from the early death of the righteous? A grand and important one there is, that God is supreme, and can carry on his work independent of the instrumentalities on which men rely. The children of God by times look upon some of their brethren as agents almost indispensably necessary in his cause. And the servants of Jesus often think themselves to be of considerable consequence, and cannot see how the ark of the Lord could go forward without their aid, but God has all resources at his command, and when one labourer falls in his work, he knows where to find another. "He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." The sorrowing church returned from the burial of Moses with mourning, lamentations and woe, but there was Joshua to lead on the hosts of Israel. And as Elijah was taken up, he exclaims, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof," but his mantle falls upon Elisha, and a double portion of his spirit. When the beloved Chipman and Very were taken so suddenly then from us, we thought the Baptist interest in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had received a fatal blow, but no such thing. The work of God goes on, for he is supreme—he is wise—he is good.

Let us then not misplace our trust for God says, "from all your idols will I cleanse you," but let us be followers of those who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promised, that when the star of our existence shall set "it may set as does the morning star, which goes not down amid the clouds and darkness of a western sky, but melts away into the brightness of heaven."

PATIENCE OF GOD.—BEECHER.
When I think that in the dungeons of Italy, where the Lord seems to be about to send earthquakes, and where I hope war will be purification, the fairest and noblest men, the truest scholars, the wisest philosophers, the loveliest fathers, and the best citizens, have been deprived of all the joys of life, have been kept confined till their bones have felt the very iron, and their minds have reeled, and have been let out only because it was safe to let idiots out; when I think that if you could raise up the mass of men who have thus suffered in Italy in years and gener-

rations that have passed, there would have been more than enough of them to match the whole population of Italy at the present time,—when I think of these things, my soul is ploughed to the very foundation.

I do not know that I should want to curse a king. But I am sorry for the devil, and all that do wrong. I would fain have all do right. But when I think of the dreadful deed I have described, and think of the crowned heads of Italy as representing that deed, there is not a single power I have, either of conscience, of benevolence, of worship, or of the comprehension of truth and justice, that does not long and throbs to get at such an abomination as this. Earthquakes! Why, I think, sometimes, that my own heart would be earthquake enough to blow up a whole continent of such abominations. Nor do I think that I do demean my higher feelings by saying this, or that God disapproves so strong a hatred towards such great evils.

When, therefore, I think that God sits, oh, how long! seeing, every day as the great revolving wheel of human life turns before him, all the operations that take place in the thicket; all the operations that take place in the open field; all that is done under crowns and under democracies; all that happens in dungeons; all that transpires in the streets of commerce; when I think that he is cognizant of all the revolutions and scenes of blood which are carrying sorrow to so many of the helpless and innocent throughout the earth, and of all the other evils by which men everywhere are afflicted,—when I think that he sees and knows these things, and when I at the same time remember that he is the infinite and omnipotent God of the universe, I do not wonder when I read that his anger burns to the lowest hell; I only wonder that that anger is held back so long. It is God's patience which calls forth my warmest admiration. If I were to stand and put the crown upon the head of God, I should feel my soul swell in admiration for his attribute of patience, almost above all others; for it is that trait of his, which, more than any other, excites my wonder; and I would crown him with everlasting chaplets of undying flowers, saying, "Thou, that art long-suffering and infinite in patience, shalt reign God eternal."

LIQUID MANURES.

The Massachusetts Society for the promotion of Agriculture offered a premium of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best Essay on the Preparation and Application of Manures, and on competition the prize was awarded to Dr. Joseph Reynolds of Concord. The following brief extract treating on Liquid Manures, we find in the *New England Farmer*: "The saving and use of liquid manures is deserving of more attention than it has yet received in this country. It is easy so to arrange the stalls of cattle as to receive their urine into troughs under the floor, and to carry it into a cistern into the cellar, or outside the barn. This may be pumped into a water-cart to which a sprinkler is attached, similar to those used in watering the streets. If it is pumped in through a strainer, the sprinkling does not become clogged, and it may be rapidly conveyed to the field, and distributed as a top dressing upon grass or grain, with immediate effect. When the soil is not deficient in carbonaceous elements, there can probably be no better top dressing applied. It is not as permanent in its effects as the solid excrement, but more immediate, and it may only be applied twice a year upon grass, with less expense of labor than one dressing of solid manure. The cost of the necessary apparatus for saving and distributing it is small. As a top dressing for a field where turnips are to be grown, it is very excellent. As a top dressing in the spring, or during the summer, for pasture lands, it is perhaps superior to any dressing that can be applied. If the undiluted urine be thought too strong, it may be easily diluted in the field, if water is at hand."

A DOOR IN THE HEART.

J. B. Gough says:—"She was a stern woman! but away up a great pair of winding stairs in her heart was a door easily passed by, and on that door was written 'WOMAN.'"

"So it is with the drunkard, no matter how much he is degraded. Far away up, a great many pairs of winding stairs in his heart, is a door; on that door is written 'MAN.' It may be that we must knock at the door once, twice, three—seven times—yes, seventy times seven, that it may open upon us. Let us not be weary in our efforts to reach the door of the heart; for at last, when perseverance seems no longer a virtue, the magic chord may be touched—the hidden manhood may assert itself, and come out, reclothing the whole form with self-respect and dignity. Bad habits, like filthy garments, will fall from him, and he shall come up a new creature to bless and save the world. Brother! sister! the door in the heart is the warm sympathies and rich natural affections. The magic key is kindness—pure, Christian kindness: not hatred, nor scorn and contempt, but that forgiving gentle forbearance, that, after being rudely repulsed a hundred times, will again go to the poor victim of intemperance, (in some of his sane moments,) and plead with him to reform, as you would plead for your own life. Try it, and see if your efforts will not be blessed."

The London Times says that there are 9,000 miles of railway in Great Britain, which has cost £215,000,000, or \$1,375,000,000. The average interest which they pay is about 34 per cent.