## NEW-BRUNSWICK BAPTIST AND CHRISTIAN VISITOR .-- WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1861.



For the Baptist and Visitor. The New Year Bells.

Nor for conqueror crowned with laurel, Not for victor from the fray, Not for glory of a people Comes the voice from tower and steeple-Speaking in the bells to-day.

Listen as they ring their story, Ye who hear the chorus sweet; Listen with the heart and spirit, Give the praise their tale doth merit, Then with joy your loved ones meet.

Once again the golden circle Of the year hath closed its round. Many are the words unspoken, Many a heart lies cold and broken ince the last year's sound.

Friends have vanished from our vision Gone are some we used to love, Now, we hope, with joy they're singing, Where the golden harps are ringing, High in Heaven above.

Some have lives with sorrow clouded, Others tread a pleasant way, Some with sad but sweet forewarning, Looked their last this glorious morning, On a New-Year's day.

Have you spent the old year's momenta With a purpose good and true; You shall feel the love of Heaven, By the great Creator given, To commence the new.

If in deed, or thought or action, You this year have gone astray, Strive anew with zealous ardor. Struggle more when 'tis the harder, For the better way.

Listen now, and heed the lesson Which our notes would tell, Till you join the good in story, Up in yonder world of glory, And with Jesus dwell.

Shouts of praises now ascending, Fall upon the listening ear, While from every clime and nation, Men with joyous acclamation Hail the New-born Year.



[From the Wisconsin Chief.] CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY T. W. BROWN.

CHIME FIRST .- BRIDAL DINNER.

Clear, cloudless, and singularly beautiful, the sun rose over the range of hills which lay eastward of the valley of -----; first young heart, and had triumphed. While glinting upon the hemlocks as it leaped intoxicated with the sudden fame his eloto the opposite range; then sinking until quence had won him and the noisy homage it tipped the bent spire of the old village of the populace, the temptation had been church with a flash of flame; then the placed to his lips. On the evening in queslows until they glowed with burning tion, he had returned from a celebration gold; finally flooding the whole valley with over the victory of his party, a good deal the baptism of beauty, the snowy fields intoxicated. His face was flushed, his dazzling with their myriads of frost crystals, speech rude and faltering, and his manner and the smoke from the chimneys curling silly. His step was unsteady as he crossed up like fleecy banners in the still, cold at- his threshold, and appeared before his mosphere. The trees were white with the young wife reeling. The fact, long strugheavy frost, each branch and twig glitter- gled against by the true and clinging heart ing with the jewelry which the magical of woman. burst upon her in all its stunworkers of the night had wrought out and ning reality. We have often wondered fastened there. Such a morning, with the associations of a day; God only knows how they survive the day, seemed to fill all hearts with the for years and each hour drink to the dregs, sunshine of gladness, and out upon the air the draft in the bitter cup. Yoked to the burst the cheery voices of happy exhube- living dead, and with each new day feeling rant childhood. "Merrry Christmas!"-Out it came from the open door ; from the windows as vellow locks were thrust into the sunshine ; from over the fences where merry groups were shooting on runners scalding agony wear their channels over down the hard crusted slope; from the the cheek. mill-race where the skaters were already sweeping; up and down the streets, around corners, the shout was beat like a shuttle, back leaping from lip to lip, and drawing nearer in the web of kindred joys the hearts where the wish had deep and full gushing founts. All night long, and while the children had been dreaming of the morrow and what they should find in their stockings at break of day, the jolly god with his steeds had been skimming over the earth, and stealing down the chimneys his loads of gifts to all. Even into late homes where the firelight had gone and the sleepers were hauntan ed by the nightmare of want-of hunger even-he emptied parcels and baskets, chuckling to himself as he thought how weary eyes would first open wide with as-tonishment, kindle with the breaking light of hope, and then flood with gratitude to the unseen giver. And so the good angels were all busy in thousands of human hearts scattering joys thickly by the hearthstones where children eagerly waited their coming. Clear, yet as sweet as the low rush of waves on the beach, the bell rang out from the old stone church, and in waves of medy chased each other away across the alley and over the white hills. It was a Amiderry chime; gentle too; tremulous and touching with the voices of s hundred We years; stealing down into the hearts withn hearing where events joyous and sad had been sacredly garnered; memories of the marriage and the death; of the cradle and the bier. Up by the tuft of hemlocks where a broad rift had gashed the rugged hill, was a farm house; old, weatherbeaten, and the chimneys falling away, but still substan-tial looking and surrounded by evidences of wealth and comfort. The orchard had for half a century given its golden crops to the press and cellar; almost as long had the red cock on the barn turned to the wind, and the swallows worn the half-moon which thronged by, and her weary and wind, and the swallows worn the half-moon doorway in the gable and nested under the Large, tall, and their unks covered with moss, the old poplaties a column of knights, sentinelled i arm, and stood by the gate where the n, and stood by the gate where the ten path went up to the stone steps at front of the house. They had looked mence their journey of life together; I cast their shadows upon the children phy as happy years went and came; The wife, he made some light remark and phy as happy years went and came; The state of the wife, he made some light remark and the wife, he made some light remark and the state of the wife, he wi

without cloud and left a benison of crimson and gold like a kiss of happy promise to the bride, and the fire burned brighter for the beach. Prayer, such as only the drunk-sharp, but he did not seem afraid, And the shadows creeping in, and the old walls ard's wife can put up; holy ministerings when late in the evening they reached home such as she alone can give; tears scalding wet and tired, he would not be undressed voices, the two entered upon their journey and bitter as only she can shed, were all together. Will the sun always set as cloud- in vain. Farther and farther away the lost kind Father in heaven for taking care of less?

CLOUDS. "Well, Mattie, what's the matter now?

You look as though you hadn't a friend in the world-seen a ghost eh?"

It was Guy Moore who spoke ; bantering his young wife upon the cloud which, like that of a summer day, had so suddenly set-Twice, the wife had hunted him out and tled down upon her countenance- But his light words and manner, and the kiss he gave her as he somewhat roughly caught whenever he was in her presence.

her in his arms, failed to chase the shadow away. As he held her in his arms, and looked steadily in her face, her lips quivered with some deep sorrow, and tears slowly pushed out between the lashes which had been closed as if to shut out some horrible dream. Guy pinched her cheeks and patted her under the chin, and laughed loudly but the tears still dropped steadily down blight. The fields had run to waste : the and the throat worked as if choking with barns were dilapidated and the fences bropainful emotion. At last she impulsively ken down; the fertile farm overgrown with fiung her arms over her husband's neck. weeds. Like frost-work under the sun, all thrift had vanished—the flocks and herds also. At last, the homestead itself went kissed him with a quivering lip, and burst into a fit of weeping as she fied up stairs. The darkness found her weeping still as she remained upon her knees and her face from the Moores, and while the fall winds were sighing and sobbing around the corbowed in her hands. Throwing herself ners, and the leaves falling in the walks, upon the bed, she wearily sank to slumber and the rain weeping from the old eaves, with the tears drying upon the flushed and and the lone, leafless branches of the old feverish cheek. Oh, that the prayers poplars, the family, writhing under the which burn their way up from the fiery brand of poverty and sorrow, with a few effects, went out from under the old roof furnace of affliction where poor hearts are giving way to the rending shaft, could be The Eden had had its tempter, and they heard; how many erring ones would be were driven over the threshold, into the world which was as cold and dreary as was brought back to the shelter of their change-

less love !

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the day. The spell of the tempter was upon Guy Moore. Young, noble hearted, gifted intellectually, and highly educated, he yet "A LETTER FOR YOU !" was crossing the first circles of the mael-"A letter for you !" It must be a cold strom, and drifting more swiftly towards heart which does not bound at such an anthe fatal center. A strong man, richly

nouncement. dowered by God, rich in worldly means, A letter ! penned by the hand of an abloved by a noble woman, and respected by sent loved one, and speaking out the soul's all, he was already a slave to a foe cruel thoughts in such a manner that our friend and remorseless. The badge of the terriis before us. ble vassalage was upon him. The charm A true letter is a daguerreotype of the of the glittering eye under the bubbles of oul, in the one phase of feeling and cir-

the wine cup, was working its weird insumstance in which it is penned, else it cantations, and while the captive was revelmight as well be written by another. ing in a world of beauty and song, the What a mighty power has the pen! How deadly folds were reaching towards him and much happiness and how much anguish is the ready fangs bared with a hiss of trithus scattered through the earth! And, dear young Christian, what a field for

Guy Moore had engaged in the exciting doing good is here spread before you ! Is political canvass with all the ardor of his t not true that absence makes the heart more tender? We forget the faults and emember only the virtues of each dear one from whom we are separated. Every letter is eagerly perused, and the very spirit of the writer seems in communion how the wife can live under such blows for again the ragged iron in the stricken heart they still live and suffer ; watching, and praying by the broken shrine ; weeping as Hope and Faith give way and the tide of Guy Moore returned to the village, and until a late hour, engaged in the exercises of the celebration. The affair dwindled into a revel, and nearly every one present, became more or less drunken. After midnight, Guy was carried to his dwelling, ' dead drunk." The presentiment of the wife proved true. After awaking from the slumber of the early evening, she had returned to the sitting room, and there awaited the passing of the weary hours, expecting her husband, and yet shuddering in dread of his coming. As she heard footsteps without and a rap or the door, her heart ceased to beat. and there was that strange suffocating sensation which heralds some terrible trouble. As she opened the door and the light of the lamp flared out over the group, the flood went back to the heart, and left the features bloodless, looking ghastly with woe as she saw the form before her. She uttered no sound; wept not, while the abashed companions bore the body into the hall, and calmly closed the door as they turned away. She even placed the lamp on the mantel. Then closing the door, as S. Times. if to shut in the darkness with her own night of woe, she staggered to where her husband lay, uttered a low wail as if the heart had broken under the blow, and sank sobbing by his side. And while that pure and holy love burned in the long, clinging kiss, the leprous tauch of the wine-cup answered back from the lips of the husband. Poor heart! How many are feeling the same torture in our christian land.

until he had kneeled down to thank his him. That boy was happy, because he had one drifted, reckless of all human obligations, and oblivious to the love of those who learned to love and trust his ever-present clung more closely as the way grew more Friend.

thorny and the night more dark. Friends May every one of you so learn to love turned away from Guy Moore when properand trust Him. Come to Him just as you ty, and reputation, and manhood were his are. no more, and the now besotted drunkard "Weak and sinful, Jesus will forgive ;" spent the most of the time in the dramshop. and then each day and hour as you try to

do His will, ask Him to be with you and led him home, but it only aggravated the help you Often you will be tempted to abuse which was now heaped upon her sin, but remember the words of the hymn which I am sure you have all heard : And the old mother of Moore-poor

"Oh do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your friend, He will give you grace to conquer and keep you to the end." stricken one !- how her head drooped and the old eye grew dim in tears, as she sat in the corner and moved her lips in whisper-Thus happily you will go through life and reach the happy land at last. ings as she watched the embers waste into ashes, like the hopes around her.

The homestead, under the accursing hand -Standard-Bearer. of intemperance, had become smitten with

### KIND ECHOES.

M. A. H.

There is a very pretty little saying, which, if not very common, is, I am sure very true. It is this : "If we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes !"

"How is this, and what does it mean ?" fancy I hear a little child exclaim, Suppose were to put you in a deep valley between two high hills, or put you in some little nook between lofty mountains, or if I could place you in a boat on the lovely waters of our quiet lake, and then bid you shout your name with all your might, you might hear it repeated once, twice, av, and several times, growing fainter and fainter each time, till it died quite away upon your ear.

You might think that only you had spoken and yet several seem calling. Surely it is some one mocking ; but no ! it is only you yourself, with your own little voice. doing it all ; so there is no need to be offended. You see what a wonderful power you have of making yourself heard. This, then, is the echo. If you were not to speak, you would hear no echo. God has kindly made all these wonders, and they ought to teach us a useful lesson, if we would only think about everything we see and hear. Kindness is like a sweet soft echo: if little children speak loving words to each other, loving words come back again to them ; and if they do kind actions. kind actions come back again. I suppose I must add a little tale by way

of illustration : so here it is :

There was once a little girl at school in France, a great many years ago, and she was walking out one day with her companions in some beautiful large gardens. post, he begged the young ladies to be so follow as a matter of course, and contain no asual rates. The

ind as to bring him a little water.

away.

## Agriculture.

The following observations are very appropriate at this season. They are from the pen of a gentleman connected with the agricultural press of the United States : and contain some rather startling facts upon the benefit of-

DRY WOOD VS. GREEN.

FUEL .-- Every farmer knows that a gree stick of wood is much heavier than a seasone one. If a stick of beech or maple, or of any other wood commonly used as fuel, be weighed when first cut, and again when thoroughly sea-soned, it will be found to have lost about one third of its weight, which is, of course, the water in the wood, evaporated by drying. How much water is there, then, in a single cord of wood? There are 128 cubic feet; deducting two-fifths for the interstices between the sticks. leaves 77 solid feet of wood. One-third, or 26 cubic feet of this is water, which is equal to more than six barrels, the quantity in every cord of green wood. The teamster, then, who draws in one winter, a hundred cords of wood to market, loads, draws, and unloads, more than 600 barrels of water, which he need not have done had the wood been cut a year sooner and properly seasoned. How much would be charge for drawing these 600 barrels, in water, separately?

separately? Again—In burning green wood, the water, in the wood, being cold, is heated from freezing to boiling. In the consumption of every cord of wood, therefore, six barrels of water are thus made to boil, the heat of the wood passing into the water, instead of being liberated and be-coming available, as would be the case if the wood was dry, and no water to heat. Many of our villages, containing two or three thousand inhabitants, consume each year five thousand cords of wood the-third of which, at least, or sixteen hundred, is green. Hence, the people of such village are at the needless expense of boiling about ten thousand barrels of cold wa-

boiling about ten thousand barrels of cold wa-ter yearly. How many village taxes would the expense of doing this, pay? Again—It is ascertained that the heat re-quired to evaporate a barrel of water, after it is heated to boiling, is more than five times that required for the heating. That is,—if a vessel of cold water be placed over a fire, and a half hour be required to heat it from the freezing to the boiling point,—then it will be found to require five more half hours to evapofound to require five more half hours to evaporate all the water. Consequently, in burning a cord of green wood, the heat required to drive off the six barrels of water in steam, which must be done while the wood is burning, is five times as great as the mere boiling of the water. or equal to heating thirty barrels to boiling .--Hence, the farmer who burns twenty cords of green wood in a winter, as many do, also performs the needless task of evaporating sixty barrels of water, which is equal to heating to the boiling point no less than six hundred bar-

Is there any mistake or error in these calculations? Then let it be pointed out. The weight of water in a green stick, may be easily known by first weighing it, then seasoning it by the stove a few weeks, and weighing again. In this way the quantity of water in a cord Paper-issued on may be determined without mistake. The Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, It happened that a poor soldier was there heat required for evaporating can be ascertain-on duty, and not being able to leave his ed by experiment. All the other calculations stores and residences of City Subscribers, at the material error. Now is the time for every one

#### Prospectus. THE "COLONIAL EMPIRE." A Political and Commercial WEEKLY, SEMI-WEEKLY, & TRI-WEEKUY

NEWSPAPER. publi hed in the City of Saint John, N. B.

Commencing January 21st, 1861. A MONG the k ad ng objects of Advocacy conten plated by this Journal, are:

A plated by this Journal, are:
UNION OF THE COLONIES, —Involving Inter-Colonial Free Trade, a Uniform Taria, Currency, &c., &c.
RAILWAY EXTENSIONS,—Inter-Colonial, and connection with the United States.
EDUCATION, —A Liberal and comprehensive system of Education adapted to the wants of the Country.

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Progress, DEVELOPEMENT of our Mines, Minerals, and Fish in the time of a little

This Journal will be INDEPENDENT in the expression of its opinions, on Polical as well as on all other questions and while advocating enlarged and comprehensive views of Public measures, will ignore all Sectional, Sectarian and Political partizanship. BRITISH NORTH AMERICA is possessed of rast resources, has Geographical and Physical advantages which are unparalleled, and Political and Social immunities of which no other country can boast. Our own Province is in all these respects highly favored, and we need but a vigorous and enlightened public policy to effect a most progressive development. To continue in a course of narrow selfash partizanship, with no higher aim than the pretty aggrandizement or pecuniary gain of unprincipled politicians, must soon make shipwreck of all our best interests, if indeed it be possible to escape from the impending bankruptey and ruin which already stare us in the face. But we believe there is wisdom, courage, virtue—patriotism enough in our This Journal will be INDEPENDENT in the exdom, courage, virtue patriotism enough in ou country to save it; and while it will be our vocation

country to save it; and while it will be our vocation to sound the tocsin, and arouse the people to a sense of the dangers to which we have referred, we will al-so afford a rallying point for the good and wise of all parties and creeds, who desire the overthrow of a system of corruption and extravagance, and the establishment of sound Liberal and Progressive Political and Commercial principles. With full faith in these convictions and senti-ments—and believing that the heart of the country will respond to them—we run up our flag and nail it to the mast head, writing upon its ample folds our motto—

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THE TRI-WEEKLY

THE SEMI-WEEKLY

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1861.

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AND

CHRISTIAN VISITOR"

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(Tory.) The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting dur-ing the forthcoming year. They will occupy a mid-dle ground between the hastily written news-items crude speculations, and flying rumors of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future his-torian written after the living interest and excite-ment of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligible and addition to their well-established literary, scientific and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public. The receipt of Advance Sheets from the British insamuch as they can now be placed in the hands of subscribers about as soon as the original editions. TERMS (Regular prices)

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one year. As we shall never again be likely to other such in

Prematurely, and while the hour thick ened with gloom, the first-born of a happy bridal came to the old homestead and was placed in the arms of the half happy, half sorrowful mother. It was a boy, and while the mother kissed, and with warm drops, bloodless lips murmured to God in prayer. When the babe was placed in the arms of the father, the mother watched him with a steady gaze. Reaching out the hand, she caught his, and pulling him down, whisper-

the group who slowly hore out and turned away. The proud man did not turned away. The proud man did not ing else can give. The their rest upon the hill, the same dream that he was in danger, and felt griev. A little girl was coming hom

with ours, through the medium of the pen's tracery. How deeply we sympathize in the sorrows and trials of which our friends speak, and when they tell us that the hope of a glorious future illumines the cloudy present with a holy light, our hearts overflow in thanksgiving. We can bear reproof, listen to advice, heed warnings from the absent, as perhaps we would not from those very friends if they were present. What their letters are to us, ours are to them, and in this affectionate remembrance how much we may do for Christ! In this simple manner we may comfort the sorrowing. strengthen the faith of the faint-hearted disciple, and by the blessing of God upon our efforts, we may lead sinners to the Lamb of God." An affectionate appeal

TO BE CONTINUED.

from a beloved absent friend will do much for the soul, and a well-selected tract, or scrap of poetry slipped into the letter, will seldom give offence, and will be read for your sake, and may do much to deepen the mpressions made by your letter. It is not ecessary to fill a letter with an exhortation. A few brief sentences, plainly yet delicatey spoken, are sufficient. And these words should never be written from a sense of duty merely, they should be the outgush-

ing of a full heart. A cold form of dutydoing never converts souls. But an expression of interest, full and warm from the oul, must find its way to the heart, and is often the means by which God answers the petitions of his children. Let every letter of friendship, then, dear young disciple, be to you a sweet and holy

messenger of love, breathing out the tender solicitude of your heart, for your friend's spiritual welfare, and you will be surprised to find how God will give you access to the heart, and abundantly bless this simple

means of doing good. Only be sure to have your own heart so full of the spirit of Jesus, that the words of solicitude will really be heart-spoken .- S.

# Children's Column.

Lightly soars the thistle down, Lightly does it float— Lightly seeds of care are sown, Little do we note, Watch life's thistles bud and blow, Oh, 'tis pleasant folly ; But when all life's paths they strew, Then comes melancholy.

### HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Happy New Year! Happy New Year You and I have said that a great many times since this first of January dawned upon us, but how many times have we the plaster with tar, remove it in a few thought of what alone will make us truly days, and if protuberance appear in the happy? It is not the toys, or books, or wound, apply the plaster and tar alternately

many a person very unhappy who had all these. No ! the only thing that will make us truly happy at all times and under all

at the lo to have his wood cut a year in advance, and, if companions, however, heeded him not, expossible, two years, so as to season one year cept to say how exceedingly impertinent it We offer the following inducements :under shelter.

was of a common soldier to speak to them. Again-It has been found that in a common The little girl, however, had a kind and fire place, the loss of heat which escapes through tender heart, and could not think of leaving the chimney, is nine-tenths of the amount caused by the consumption of the wood; that a fellow-creature to want, when she might is, nine-tenths are lost. This has been deterassist him. She therefore ran and procurmined by comparing the quantity of wood ed some water, her companions meantime needed to heat the same room equally, where deriding her for doing so. When she a fire-place, and a stove with forty feet pipe, brought it to the poor soldier, he could not were each used. Hence, the village which burns a thousand cords of wood in fire-places. utter half his gratitude, he was so surprisexpends nine-tenths of this amount, or nine ed and thankful : but he asked her for her hundred cords, in heating the air above the chimney-tops. Through the chimney of a large fire-place, there is a current of hot air, a foot name and address, and then she went square, and moving four feet a second. That is, four cubic feet of hot air are sent out into Not many days after, a dreadful massa cre took place in that city, of all the Protestants, but the little girl was saved ; and the wide atmosphere every second, which is equal to eighty-six thousand cubic feet in how do you think ? The poor old soldier twenty-four hours, the amount which every farhad not forgotten his little benefactress: mer, who uses an open fire-place contributes to the kind action had gone down deep,

the winds. even into the heart of one accustomed to Now is the time to lay in a year's store ahead. scenes of cruelty or bloodshed, and the lit-We might take this occasiou to suggest the tle girl felt the glad echo amidst the sad utility of getting out a frame this winter for a wood-house. The pile of wood everywhere seen in farmers back premises, in the spring desolation and gloom of that very eventful and early part of summer, is proof that our suggestion is at least timely. On stormy days the wood-house will be the means of saving many a morning next summer, to be devoted Now go and practice my story, dear children, let your little lips breathe forth only gentle tones and words, and be ready at all times to do any act of love and kindto housing the cabbages, and exterminating weeds instead of swinging the axe.

Advertisements. AGENCY STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON. " Mother." exclaimed a little poet of four 4. JUDGE RITCHIE'S BUILDING, summers, "listen to the wind making music

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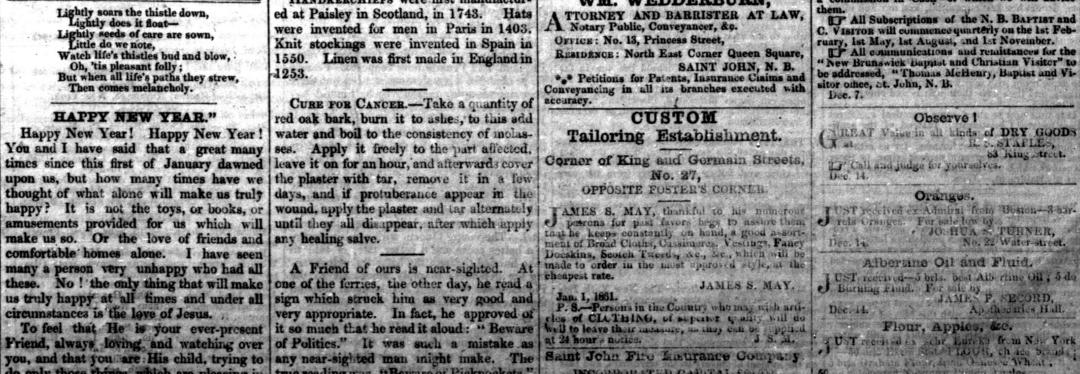
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