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Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth ce, Good Will toward Men."

For Terms see First Page

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The New Brunswick Baptist and Christian Visitor—For 1861, • ill be enriched by regular contributions from the pens of
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[From the Watchman and Reflector. SUNSET.

The night, with a noiseless footstep, Comes up from the beautiful vale, To the brow of the hill, where the sunlight Still lingers so loving and pale.

I watch the shadows that deepen, The shadows of many a tree
In the woodland that borders the meadow,

No longer the sound of the sickle
Comes up from the field as at morn;
The harvest lies low on the greensward,
And homeward the reaper has gone.

The wild bird has folded its pinion, The lily her petals of snow, And peace from a region celestial 1s tranquilly falling below.

I turn me to gaze on the sunset,
My spirit is thrilled to behold;
There are oceans of crimson and purple,
And rivers of silver and gold.

And anon, through the radiant vistas My spirit looks wishfully through; I see, far away in the distance, The beautiful, beautiful blue.

I think of the city celestial,
The city with pearls for its walls.
Where sunlight, nor moonlight, are needed,
And the shadow of night never falls.

The friends that have thither ascended,
The friends that I loved long ago,
The children that went in the winter,
When the landscape was covered with snow.

Oft-times to my spirit's wild longing,
Their vision a moment is given,
And they always seem nearest at sunset,
For sunset seems nearest to heaven.

Miscellaneous.

A "New Assortment" of Failings.

tion more by a thorough investigation of the lively oracles, and a proclamation of the rich truths of the Gospel, in their just and harmonious proportions, from the pulpit, rather than consume his time in extensive visiting among the families of his peo-

the parish that the pastor ought to visit too late in getting up; too late to business, more; that he was neglectful of his duties and too late to church; too late in prein this respect, and that the society was suffering in consequence of his failure in duty. Finally it was concluded that a for death. A writer in the Tract Journal broad hint be given the pastor, and he be gives a good illustration of this thought. requested to resign. And resign he did. He says :-In the course of a few months another

minister was called. The new broom sweeps very clean. There is not a store, or mechanic shop, or humble cottage in the outskirts of the village, but into it the new pastor finds his way. He soon becomes familiar with the dwellings of all his flock. You may see him from morning to night, and on almost every day of the week, passing around from house to house, entering at all times of the day the abodes of his people. How charming it all is, and what a treasure of a minister the church has now

got, so much superior to the former one! been prepared, have all been preached, and the minister has to fall back upon powers which have not been remarkably well disciplined, and he finds it hard work to study. Soon the more discriminating whirl the vehicle more rapidly round the the patient waiting for brighter ays. notice that there is a striking falling off in the ability and unction of the Sabbath services. There is a good deal of superficial preaching, of undigested thought thrown wharf, not more than "one minute" off, out, loose, careless statements are made, which lead to caviling and gainsying on the part of the enemies of religion. It is not long before men expression is given to until pastor number two thinks it best to

Such might have been the history of two pastors of the good deacon's church. They plaints had a pastor with one set of faults. They exchanged him for another pastor, who had another assortment of failings, and on as if nothing had happened. the whole very little was gained by the

If the plea for pastoral permanency is a good one from this point of view, so it is worth while for pastors to consider if it is not a good one from another point of view, and that point which probably occupies a special prominence in their thoughts. They look at the churches. Each church has a sort of organic life, and peculiarities which give it a certain individuality of character, by which it is distinguished from all other churches. A man finds himself the pastor of a people who are fond of excitement, who think that religion can be making no progress unless the church is periodically in the midst of a revival. They think much of measures which are adapted to awaken the feelings and kindle up the emotions. They are ardent, zealous, warm-hearted, and resort to what, to him, look like exceptional methods to get up an excitement. He sighs to be over a church more quiet, more conservative—a church that thinks more of carrying the vital principles of re-ligion into every-day life, and training up a harmonious, well-developed Christian discipies of the Saviour.

Weary with his situation, at length he resigns his pastorate, and in due time he is called to a church which he judges comes nearer to his ideal standard than the one he has left. But a brief period elapses, before he finds that he has got in his new church only a new assortment of failings. The people are unduly sensitive on the subject of revivals, and so far as deep, earnest emotion is concerned are apparently lifeless. Few, comparatively, are constant attendants on the usual religious services of the meetings for prayer and conwarm religious feelings which now and then will gush up from his heart in his Sabbath ministrations. They are united; but he sometimes thinks they are frozen together rather than welded together by the burning warmth of Christian love, and he almost longs for one of those earnest, glowing, refreshing meetings, which he used to enjoy among his old friends. As these

a church. They had had a minister who let them endeavor to rouse them up to roused to seek after the salve of my caims upon living human hearts. I feel was a man of excellent intellectual abilities. Of my caims upon living human hearts. I feel was a man of excellent intellectual abilities. effort, and briefly urge them to duty. If poor soul. He brought to his people from Sabbath to Sabbath the beaten oil of the sanctuary granted that both and the sanctuary of care, a place to make home what it should be—a place to make home what it should be —a place to make home what it should be—a place to make home what it should be —a place to make home what it should be —a place to make home what it should be —a place where the make home what it should be —a place where the make home what it should be —a place where where the make home where He took large and comprehensive views of truth. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and the people could see that he Christian of the Bible and the people could see that he Christian of the Bible and the people could see that he desired to advance the cause of Christ, by granted that both pastors and churches are overjoyed to hear the young meonfes-Christian effort and holy living, the relation spoken in due season, how good between ministers and their flocks would be more sacred, and less liable to rupture.

ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

ple, he had devoted himself to the labors is nothing like being up to time, always of the study, and the proofs of his toil were seen as he stood up in the sanctuary just at the right moment. But there are ing scenes of poverty, in their ver's long some who are always a little too late in illness, a firm and unwavering for had upcomfortable spirits began to whisper about every thing. Too late in going to bed, and and too late to church; too late in preparing for life, and too late in getting ready

As I was traveling a few days ago, a scene occurred which, though not unusual in itself, suggested more vividly than usual some thoughts which may illustrate the familiar words at the head of this article. I had just gone on board a steamboat which had been previously advertised to leave her wharf at a certain hour. Many others had done the same. The bell was tolling away the minutes that remained. The panting family, and perform sick-room dries at the engine seemed restless for the journey, and all were in a state of expectancy. At length the signal was given, the plank was house, and just wood enough tobuild one it been a matter of life and death, the fices that oppressed his wife, h saw only horses could hardly have been made to the smiles, the industry, the necess, and be unkind in the captain to leave them, and, in no gentle mood, uttered their com- sun shone again upon that hous

up," and the boat went quietly on her way,

Should not such an incident admonish the delaying sinner? Let him remember that the season for

entering upon the journey heaven-ward has Let him remember that there is such thing as being too late to enter upon it.

Let him remember that one minute too late is as fatal as a thousand. Let him remember that when the ample tered, as to counteract entirely its intended season which God, in his infinite mercy, has given for this important business, is in the correction of the child, not objeccarelessly suffered to pass unimproved, God will be deaf to his calls and his complaints, and that, without the least com-

A Swearer alone with God.

promise of either his justice or his truth.

his mercy or his grace. Oh, sinner, be-

ware of being even " one minute too late !"

We heard once of two profane young men who were cured of their wicked habit. by going aside one day from their work to and sentences. It is the sound which devote a few moments exclusively to swear- strikes its little ear, that soothes and coming. The practice looked to them so foolish and useless, as well as wicked, that character in those who profess to be the they abandoned it ever afterwards. The following anecdote illustrates how a little thoughtfulness may lead to a reform of this

A carrier in a large town in Yorkshire heard his earter one day in the yard swear- ing rude in manner, and boisterous in ing dreadfully at his horses. The carrier speech? I know of no instrument so sure was a man who feared God, spent his Sabbaths as a teacher in a Sunday school, and endeavored to promote the spiritual good of his fellow-creatures. He was shocked to hear the terrible oaths that resounded through the yard. He went up to the young man, who was just setting off with his cart to Manchester, and kindly expostulated with him on the enormity of his their hearts respond to the outpouring of sin, and then added: "But if thou wilt swear, stop till thou get through the turn-

The poor fellow cracked his whip, and pursued his journey; but he could not get his master observed him in the yard, and are facts; and not merely drafts on the was very much surprised to see him so fancy, what is the practical lesson to be altered. There was a seriousness and was very much surprised to see him so quietness about him which he had never seen before; and he often seemed as if he the pastoral relation so solemn and so permament a one, that nothing but the clearest intimations of Providence shall lead to its dissolution. Remember that changes ter personal lead, as a general thing, to the get-

The Mother's Faith--A I.
"I should like to know we mother thinks of the Lord, now!" clined a little boy of ten years, as a groof half-How many in all the business and rela-tions of life are one minute too late. There for school, without a breakfas bitter

held their praying mother. Brow when the last fire had been made, a the last frugal meal of baked potatoes eat and her own frail form was sinking bend its bur-den of work and sorrow, the clin seemed reached. "What does mother ak of the Lord, now?" fell upon the ears one of the loveliest women I ever met. I was from the lips of her first-born, her cling, for whose submission to God shead ever been hoping and striving. Theords fell upon her heart like lead. It is a new test of her sorely-tried faith, new drop

added to her bitter cup. "A long and severe sickness her husband had reduced them to extrem poverty. and with no resource but the nelle, it had been difficult to meet the demand of a large same time. When this eventh morning proaching. Had not the destitution, the toil, the self-sacri-

and we could easily see the passengers of known only to the toil-worn and working the coach, and hear their voices as they disciple. The answer came, The Lord called out to the captain to return and take is good, his mercy endureth foreger." Her them also. They evidently felt it to be a heart responded, and as she rais if her eyes never more did Henry say, "I wonder But it was all in vain. The "time was what mother thinks of the Lord, now."-The Principia.

Power of the Voice over Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uteffect. Or the parent may use language tional in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since in heaven; her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection; so also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose; it is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllables, poses it to sleep. A few notes, however unskilfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growto control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does not give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are liable to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions

of the child, it serves directly to increase them Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. swear, stop till thou get through the turn pike on S— moor, where none but God and thyself can hear." He then put "The Swearer's Prayer" into his hand, and left him.

The poor fellow cracked his whip, and So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address them .- Christian Register.

Home Attractions.

Heaven's blessing upon the one who inkept at home, over which the allurements of the outside world can avail nothing. He is a benefactor to the race. As much as it Watchman and Reflector a plea which a worthy deacon of one of our churches was said to have vurged in favor of greaters prescribed. Thore are austerities and ashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything. "Ah! mashim if he wanted anything." The heart indications and conventions and to me conventions and to is sung and played, home is not always "sweet home" to the degree that it is described. There are austerities and as-

of happy abandonment of care, a place wherein the soul can act itself in the ligh of innocent cheerfulness. The man who published a book of Parlor Games has been of more benefit than many sermonizers,-No good is lessened by its teachings, no frivolity is inaugurated. It opens up a new avenue to happiness. It is the new emotion that the monarch longed for. Enlightened parents understand the necessity of enlisting all attractions, and in those homes where they practice in this light, there is no discontent, no discordance, and every one is happy. There is a gentleman n town who has a large family that has ong acted on this plan of home amusement. Instead of setting up as the father of his boys, he abandoned that idea at their welfth birth day, and became their companion-playing with his boys and dancing and singing with his girls, till his severe neighbors cannot show such children as his. They are always at home, always happy, always contented. The rigid neighbors complain of noise that they hear at times, but it is not the noise of strife. It is of merry voices full of home harmony.

A NEW YEAR IN HEAVEN. The last hour of the old year was rapidly passing away forever! In a lovely village, quietly the sunbeams fell upon an even sheet of snow, which was spread out far and near, as though it would fain be a spotless shroud for the dying era. The wind spoke in soft whispers, and soothed, with its cadences, the heart of the year whose last pulse was soon to beat. A pale wo-Time passes on. The few sermons which under advantageous circumstances have heep prepared have the property of the form the many glided the boat "like a thing of life." But no sooner had we toasted for the sick man, and his pillowed window, gazed out upon the night. With parted from the wharf, than we discovered, chair drawn before the last fire. He knew a sigh, however, she quickly drew the curtains together, and seating herself, wearily sion into the communion of plied her needle. An open Bible rested eyes upon it, she read aloud this beautiful

"For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face. Now I know I am known."

Mrs. Grayson proceeded to fold up her children, if the grace of God sh

work; and, having finished, she crossed the them in early years! room to where the old fashioned time piece stood, and remarked, as if to herself: "Tis almost twelve o'clock. Am I nearer heaven than I was a year ago? ill-I mean so seriously ill as to be con-God grant that it may be so."

Upon a low couch in a corner of the to make some relation or friend come at apartment, a little girl was reclining. Her all sacrifices to be with you. The writer lustrous eyes and dark hair were a striking contrast of the palid hue of her face, while her emaciated frame, and lifeless position, were the sure evidence of disease. Again she addressed her parent. Each word was stances which make days in bed, when uttered distinctly yet so slowly as to indicate that she exerted herself to speak;

"Mother, has the old year gone?" "Not yet, my daughter; but he will soon breate his last.'

"Then come and read to me quickly; I will be in heaven when the new one comes." "Nellie, would you leave your lonely

"To make a home in heaven!" she replied, in a thrilling voice. "You would not have me stay here, when I could be so much happier there-would you mother?" she added, in a pleading tone, her "face expressing all the spirit felt."

" No, no, my darling child; but it would bereft of you?"

"God will love you when I am gone, and He will be your friend. Put your trust in Him and He will keep you.'

"Are you not afraid to die, my child?" "No mother; 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.' But read to me quickly; I must begin the new year

in His own house." Mrs. Greyson seated herself on the side of her child's dying bed. Re-opening her Bible, she read, in trembling accents, the 67th Psalm. As the concluding verse fell upon the ear of her child, she murmured, "Amen," and closed her eyes as if in slumber. A moment passed—the striking of the clock aroused her. Throwing her arms upward, raising her eyes, to which the

"The old year is gone! The new one finds me at home-in heaven!" Falling back upon her pillow, as the last words escaped her lips, her spirit breathed its last, and the realms of bliss contained an angel more.

The new year in heaven-bliss divine?

hour, nor a day, nor a year, but for eterni-No stain, no sin, no fell-joy untold! The new year on earth is but a span; in heaven it is never ending. Enter, then, into that "City of our God," where Time cannot rob the soul of its bloom, the lips of their praise; but where happiness is immutable—the song of love and adoration never ceasing .- Press Herald.

TATTLING .- The Western Methodist Protestant, Springfield, Ohio, gives, among other good things, the following recipe for making tattlers: Take a handful of the vine called Run-about, the same quantity of the root called Nimble-tongue, a sprig of the root called Back-bite, at either before or after dog-days; a spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Tea-table. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little jealousy; then strain it through the rag of Misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of Street Yarn, shake it for a few days, and it is fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

So MANY YEARS LOST.—It is a sad reflection to those who begin to serve God late in life, that they have wasted the best part of their earthly existence, and can never recall or redeem the past. The Christian Intelligencer says :-

There is something very touching in this statement, made by a clergyman who recently had two female applicants for admisn part; but then shall I know even as also she rehearsed the story of Christ's love and suffering, the lady was observed to be She had not removed her eyes from the weeping. When the maiden had finished blessed page, when her attention was at- her story, the lady could not refrain from tracted by hearing a childish voice exclaim: approaching her; and bending over her. she greeted her with an affectionate kiss,

Twoughts on Sickness .- It must be

dismal thing for a solitary man to be taken

fined to bed, yet not so dangerously ill as speaks merely from logical considerations; happily, he never experienced the case. But one can see that in that lonely life there can be none of those pleasant circumacute pain is over or the dangerons turning-point of disease is happily past, as quietly enjoyable days as any man is ever likely to know. No one should ever be seriously ill (if he can help it) unless he be one of a considerable household. Even then, indeed, it will be advisable to be ill as seldom as may be. But to a person who when well is very hard-worked and a good deal worried, what restful days those are of which we are thinking! You have such a feeling of peace and quietness. There you lie in a lazy luxury when you are suffering merely the weakness of a serious illness, but the pain and danger are ing served by one of her own sex, rather past. All your wants are so thoughtfully than by a broad-shouldered specimen of be so hard to give you up. Who would and kindly anticipated. It is a very delove me? who would be my friend, were I lightful sensation to lift your head from the pillow, and instantly to find yourself giddy and blind from loss of blood, and just drop your head down again, It is not a question, even for the most uneasily exacting conscience, whether you are at work or not; it is plain you cannot. There is no difficulty on that score. And then you are from them. Woman, that finds both her weakened to that degree that nothing wor-ries you. Things going wrong or remain-permitted, in consequence, to exercise it. ing neglected about the garden or the stable, She often acts as ticket-dispenser at railwhich would have annoyed you when well, cannot touch you here. All you want is to lie still and rest. Everything is still. You tables of the reading-room. The watchfaintly hear the door-bell ring; and, though maker consigns to her delicate touch the you live in a quiet country house where finer parts of his mechanism, and the jewthat phenomenon rarely occurs, you feel eler the setting of his costly gems; the not the least curiosity to know who is there. wood-engraver expects his most delicate You can look for a long time quite conten- and tasteful cuts from her; and the pictedly at the glow of the fire on the curtains ture-dealer invites her to plant her easel in and on the ceiling. You feel no anxiety the Louvre or Luxembourg, to reproduce, light and purity of eternal love had been about the coming in of the post; but when as she well can, the master-pieces of angiven, she exclaimed in a low, thrilling your letters and newspapers arrive you lux- cient or modern art. Nor is the mallet of uriously read them, a very little at a time, the sculptor considered to disgrace the and you soon forget all you have read. You hands of a princess—one of the noblest turn over and fall asleep for a while; then you read a little more. Your reviving appetite makes simple food a source of real ing the production of a daughter of the enjoyment. The children come in, and tell late Citizen King. The individual and tle subdued at first, but soon grow neisy, as usual; and their noise does not in the least usefulness; and many a young female who

How to Keep Men at Home. There would be fewer wretched mar-

riages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty which devolves on them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace-to make them feel that in the busy world is noise and confusion-that at home there is order and repose-that their "eyes look brighter" when they comethat the smile of welcome is ever ready to eccive them, the books are ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure: they would find amusement then at home, nor strive to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught-it should be lesson instilled into the minds of allhigh and low, rich and poor. Fewer heart-broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the doors of public houses, to lead the unsteady steps of their drunken husbands home, if that home had offered a room as cheerful, a tire as bright, welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent. Duty has seldom so strong a hold on a man as woman; they cannot, will not, for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, or ill-managed, quarrelsome home, but leave it to find elsewhere the comfort and amusement which fails them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters, who have done so little to make them otherwise, are

Home Conversation.

pitied for their bad husbands and brothers.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same the church words uttered. An audience will listen closeplied her needle. An open Bible rested which he served. One was a girl of sixupon the table at her side, and casting her teen years from the Sabbath School; the which not one in twenty of those present teen years from the Sabbath School; the other a sober, matronly lady, of about sixty years. As this young girl was relating the experience of her heart, her belief in her acceptance of her great Saviour, and as she rehearsed the story of Christ's love and the framework of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and vouth, the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people.

Let parents, then, talk much, and talk well, at home. A father who is habitually silent in

for their own household. Ireland exports bee and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companions abroad, and keep their dull-ness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children, and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers, or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN IN FRANCE. The great social problem which at pre-

sent is engaging the benevolent of our own country how shall we find employment for those of our female population whose condition places them above menial service ?-has long and successfully been solved in France. It is considered there that when a lady goes to purchase a dress or a pair of gloves, a trinket for herself or a toy for her children, she will prefer bethe other. So long as the soil demands cultivators, the country soldiers and mechanics, merchants and artizans, such as only the brain and strength of manhood can supply, it is thought an ungallant and unseemly invasion of the rights of the you wonderful stories of all that has hap-pened since you were will. They are a lit-thus paid to labor brings are incalculable.