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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

## affords an excellent medium for advertising

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS. Again the New Year smiles upon the earth, Robed to receive her in all festal mirth; The old year steals in faded garb away. Yet turning, smiles back on this gala day

Oh, much within its closely clasped hand This smiling new-year holds to bless or ban; Its pages blank to our dim-seeing eyes. Are written close with varied destinies.

How many hearts would thrill and cheeks would

If we aside the shading veil could throw,
That hides these mystic lines from human ken—
Which Fate has written with the future's pen!

But neither seer nor poet's eye can see The hidden hand of guiding destiny; No passing glimpse rewards our earnest gaze, Save where the Past some guiding mark displays. For a brief hour, then, let us calmly look

Over the pages of that now closed book-The old year's annals; haply thus a clew Be found to guide our footsteps in the new.

And first we turn the brightest, dearest page, Brightest and dearest through each passing age— The page on which is written ENGLAND'S name In golden letters of undying fame! Oh, Mother land! to thee our fond eyes turn, With love for thee our ardent hearts still burn; Our loud acclaims float by on every breeze—

Hail, fair Britannia, mistress of the seas! Oh, land on which the sun's rays never set, May thousand years of glory wait thee yet, While million hearts rise up to bless thy name, Thou home of Truth, of Freedom, and of Fame

And thou, fair ruler o'er this happy land-Our gracious Lady—from whose gentle hand So many and so precious favors flow, Blessing, with equal love, the great the low—

Whose rule so gentle and so wise hath been: A Nation's blessing on thee, O, our Queen!
A blessing on the heart which prized above A crown, a grateful people's love!

And thee, fair flower of Denmark, which last year Hath twined in England's crown; how fondly dear Our proud love holds her! and our earnest prayer Is that benignant Heaven her life shall spare—

Her life to bless us; and from every ill And grief to guard and save her still; O, could our efforts shield from sorrow's darts, We'd pave her pathway with our faithful hearts!

On Continental Europe much of change appears: ce once more rises from her of Poland still quails before the Russian lance, And still Eugenie's flounces ruin France!

Our neighbors on this side the Atlantic's surge Still forward their unceasing warfare urge; Oh, sad the land that civil war embroils, But sadder still where SLAVERY winds its coils.

Slavery, envenomed serpent! mate for Ghouls! Whose food for ages hath been human souls! Strike, sister land, constant and fearless blows, To blot forever out this worst of sins and woes

Follow the steps our mother land hath trod: Enchain no more the handiwork of God: Say to the bound, "Be free! Be free!" O States, And break the fetters every Briton hates!

To our own Province with glad hearts we come And view the blessings of our own dear home; Her wide spread rivers, and her dimpling rills, The cattle feeding on her verdant hills;—

Her forests lifting up against the sky Their strong wide arms and leafy canopy; Her freedom from invasion's rude alarms,

Her smiling villages; her happy farms-

Where robust health sits jocund at the board With autumn's bounty richly, amply stored; With tales of the year's toil his time beguiles, And o'er his well-paid labor genial smiles.

While rustic beauty, busy at her loom, With fragments of some quaint song fills the

And at the chimney-side, the old grandsire Sits dozing o'er the blazing winter fire.

Nearer we come, to where our city stands, Aiding our commerce with her busy hands; And from her hills with pleased eyes, far away, Watches the ships go sailing down her bay.

The ships, deep laden, outward-bound which glide From her sate harbour o'er the tossing tide; And those from distant lands which, flying fleet, Deposit their rich burden at her feet.

The year hath blessed our city; Plenty stands With rounded horn, and overflowing hands, And words of thankfulness and hopeful cheer, To grace the feasts which usher the New Year.

Our busy streets with happy faces throng: Maids fair and gentle, young men brave and

re merchants prosper, our mechanics thrive, ccessfully for growth and wealth we strive. Bright are our hearth-fires; dear each happy

From them our leal and loving hearts ne'er roam And justice rules with kind and clement hand Over the people of this peaceful land.

Oh, ever while a single heart-throb beats, A single footstep press our city streets, We pledge our lives, our future, and our sod, Unto our QUEEN, OUR COUNTRY, and our God

PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.-No. 7.

Berlin, Prussis, Oct. 31, 1863. What can one short letter say of a week's tar ore than half a million of people? I have long noe begun to realize the force of what General nont said just before I left New York. He

"Hold fast the form of sound words."-2d Timethy, 1, 12.

of St. Caster—the very church, by the way, in

t stands to the present.

The University of Berlin is the great centre of

in one letter of a University empleying nearly a

hundred and fifty Professors, and having almost

two thousand students in the different departments of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philoso-

You have known for years of the Baptist Mission in Germany, under the lead of Oncken, of Hamburgh, and Lehman, of Berlin. I have

formed a most pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Lehman and his son, who is also an ordained mi-

nister; and I am not a little gratified to hear Bro. Lehman say—"Bro. Oncken has always been a strict communionist: I am myself a free

communionist." The Baptist church here num-

bers about four hundred, and they have a very pleasant place of worship, seating about five

We have just received the news of the late elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and Iowa. Let me assure you that no victory of the battle

readers of the Star my scribblings from abroad, when the events of every week at home are of so

much deeper and more thrilling interest than

anything I can write from Europe? The call for 300,000 volunteers stirs my blood. Perhaps it is well for my prostrate nervous system that I am away from the field of contest. But even at this remote point I hear the "sound of the trumpet," and can only content myself to stay away from home by the conviction that this is the way of

home by the conviction that this is the way of

duty. So I keep quiet, and almost envy those who have vigor for the great struggle of freedom in which our nation is engaged.—We are living

in the midst of wondrous events.

But all words fail. I have not written a word

of my trip up the Rhine. I don't know that I

ever shall. It was ten hours of ecstacy, And

ever shall. It was ten hours of ecstacy. And it were worth a trip to enjoy it. But I cannot describe it, and shall not try. So of this mighty breaking up of the terrible slavery which has, like the ice of the Polar seas, so long invested our national life; it is terribly grand to see the ice-

bergs floating and the avalanches plunging, and

the whole sea foaming; but who will attempt to

describe it? It is my highest joy that God has

MY DOOM IS SEALED?

H—S— was the only son of a venerable minister of Christ, who was for many years the beloved pastor of a large influential church in the

beautiful village and surrounding country of G.—.

It was during a season of the special presence of the Holy Spirit, in which the writer was called to assist the good minister in his labors, that H— and his sister J—, a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and a fine cultivated intellect, became

happy convert to Christ.

With a view to give religious counsel to in-

From the American Messenger.

permitted me to see this day."

our anticles on "New Testament Studies," This fit

the state of the series of the

## SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1864.

tural beauty. The location was a bad one-flat. and nothing but sand. It is the general wonder of all who come here that such a city as this should have gone up in so unpropitious a loca-

It was originally a walled town. The wall for the most part still stands. And many of these walled towns present an odd appearance when you look down upon them from some height which enables you to discover the old wall in the midst of the present city. A twelve year old boy, with arms and legs protruding from the clothes made for him when he was six, would look about

It is said that Frederick the Great determined to have a city built worthy of his fame and his conquests, and accordingly built the wall, and ordered it to be filled with houses. So to fulfil the command with as much facility as possible, the houses were extended over a large space, making the streets wide, and the buildings low. The comfort of the wide streets is very obvious now; and the buildings are gradually growing to

a respectable height.

The public buildings are located in the same part of the city, and appear to good advantage.

The palaces, the arsenal, the hospital, the universe sity, the royal library, and the museum, are the

The Library is one of the largest in Europeover a half million books. The University Library has eighty thousand more.-In the Royal Library is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed—a venerable and really magnificent book. It is printed on parchment, is about equal in size to the largest pulpit Bibles which are now printed, and is said to be the first book on which movable type was used.

Among the curiosities which are shown here are Luther's Hebrew Bible—the copy from which he made his translation, with marginal notes in his own hand—and the manuscript of his translation of the Psalms, with his corrections in red ink. Also, the Bible and Prayer book which Charles I. carried to the scaffold.

The Museum is in many respects superior to the British Museum in London. The different parts of the building itself are finished in splen-did style—especially what is called the new museum—and it has an air of cheerfulness and beauty which the London building has not. It is, however, greatly inferior to that in its collection of antiquities. There are many things preserved here interesting for their association—as, for example, Luther's beer jug, which is certainly rather large measure for a reformer, and the hat which Napoleon wore when, pursued by Blucher, he himself made his escape, but so narrowly that his hat was left behind, and Blucher preserved it

as a trophy.

The collection of paintings is very fine—including, however, a few which, without being prudent or hypercritical, it is a great shame to common decency and morality, to exhibit in a public gallery. It is not that they represent simply the "in puris naturalibus," for on this ground half of all the pictures and statuary one sees in Europe must be condemned. But when the painter represents those whom he paints "in impuris naturalibus," we think common morality would everywhere indict them as a nuisance.

Several of the Palaces are open to visitors. But I will not waste my rhetoric in a vain attempt to describe the magnificence of these apartments, floors, walls, ceilings, furniture, paintings, and statuary. All vie with each other for the palm of superiority in beauty and splendor. Wall paper at \$15 a yard, is only a single scale from which your readers may construct the whole fish. Their skill in comparative anatomy will enable them to do its lay zoreans no value as At Potsdam are other palatial residences, seve-

ral of which I visited on my way to Berlin.

Near the "Sans Souci," which is the place where
Frederick the Great died, and where Voltaire
was entertained by his Majesty, stands a windmill, which I had as much interest in seeing as anything else about the premises. You remem-ber that this wind-mill has a history, which is peculiarly its own. -The King thought his grounds quite confined on that side (as indeed they are), and wished to buy the property and include it in his own garden, especially also as a wind-mill did not seem to be a suitable ornament for a palace. He made the owner an offer for the property. But he, wishing to make as much as he could out of his desirable location, asked more than the king offered. The king thought the price exorbitant, and refused to pay it; and finally after some unsuccessful bantering, took forcible possession. The miller only coolly said: "There are laws in Prussia," and proceeded to prosecute his Majesty before the courts, gained his case, and the king was compelled to rebuild the mill. This he maguanimously did, on a larger scale than the original one.—The property has since remained in the same family. Some years since the owner, who had received it as an inheritance, being embarrassed in his circumstances, they are), and wished to buy the property and heritance, being embarrassed in his circumstances, offered to sell it to the late king. His Majesty declined the offer, saying that the mill belonged to Prussian history, and was a kind of national monument. He relieved the owner's embarrass ment, however, by settling upon him an ample

The present king is not so popular a man with the people as some of his ancestors have been.
And just now the political waters are much disturbed. The king has wished to strengthen the military, and some time ago asked the grant of a large sum of money for that purpose. His House of Commons refused it. The King then assumed to expend the money without authority, and referred the matter back to the Parliament for approval. Again they refused to approve. He then dissolved the House, and called for a new election. That election has just been held, new election. That election has just been held, and the opposition party have triumphed by a very large majority. What course the King will take in the future remains to be seen; but an arbitrary course of procedure on his part may possibly result in a revolution. Only two things will prevent this:—first, the people are disposed to avoid war; secondly, the Prince Royal is a popular man, of liberal views, and does not support the measure of his father, whose crown he will soon take, according to the ordinary course of human events; the present king being upwards ents; the present king being upwards

Berlin has various intere-ederick the Great, a spler

alluded to my contemplated visit to Egypt and Palestine, when I observed with a Yankee inflection—"You have been to Egypt, I presume?"
"No," he replied; "we thought of it, but we found so much to see on the way that we never got so far."

I believe the General did not come to Berlin; if he had, it would have added still another obstruction to his progress toward the Nile.

This city has nothing to commend it in to see the second with them each is present. The description of the Great Elector, Frederick William, and many others.

The Mausoleum at Charlottenburg, containing two most beautiful recumbent figures of Frederick William, and many others.

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wreaths, hung up there fifty years ago, hang there yet—a touching memorial of the vanity of earth, as well as of filial love.

could not be concealed, instinctively rushed to him, took him by the arm, and in a gentle, sub-dued tone, said, "My dear brother, stop one

One meets ever and anon in European travel with similar illustrations of the vicissitudes of war. An amusing one fell under my observation at Coblentz, that great Gibralter of the Rhine. On a small open square in front of the eld church. Few words were added, when he tore away.

On a small open square in front of the old church, of St. Caster—the very church, by the way, in which the grandsons of Charlemagne met in A.D., to describe the feelings that pervaded the meeting must fall far below the reality. Prayer, fervent Fench in 1812. This monument is a fountain bearing an inscription which reads thus—This commemorates the memorable campaign against the Russians under Jules Dooran, Prefect." Not many months had this monument comment.

Russians, in pursuit of the scattered army of Nafor his sinking soul. As he wended his way topoleon flying from Moscow, arrived here on their wards his quiet home, nearly four miles distant, way to Paris. Their commander, St. Priest, most coolly and wittily caused the following words to be engraved below the first—"Seen and approved by us, the Russian commander of the village of Coblentz, January 1, 1814."—And thus approved by us, the Russian commander of the village of Coblentz, January 1, 1814."—And thus with the anguish that pervaded his immost soul, he sat down by the way side, expecting to die interest with me, of course. But what can I say there. But while there alone amid the quiet hush of the midnight hour, and with none but God to hear his bitter lamentations and agonizing phy ! Nothing to the purpose. I reserve the whole subject for some other time.

prayers, he made this last resolve: "I will, if die I must, cry, 'Lord, save, or I perish.' I yield myself to thee, O God. I yield, I yield."

There, like poor blind Bartimeus, he sat and begged and prayed until Jesus passed that way. He caught a view of him hanging on the tree, bleeding and dying to save the chief of sinners. He felt that Jesus in dying really fixed his pitying eye upon his own guilty soul, and could say Sure, never to my latest breath

Can I forget that look; and show some of its seemed to charge me with his death, and the spoke. "A second look he gave, which said, down 1x2//
'I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy renson paid; iterago wasn
I die that thou mayest live."

at I die that thou mayest live."

H-S- now saw that the only way to heaven was by the way of the Cross. He hastened to his welcome home to tell his anxious parents that field could have so encouraged the hearts and strengthened the hands of Americans, and their friends in Europe, as these victories at the ballot he had found the pearl of great price.

From this time on he was ready to bear his grateful testimony, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my

> THE YOUNG MANS PRAYER bas bole BY REV. C. H. SPUREEON. To MUSHIS OF

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days" (Psalm 20, 14). Every word here is significant. 4 O." ad This teaches us that the prayer is to be earnest. I will suppose that I have led some of you young people here now to breathe this prayer to God. Am I so unhappy as to suppose that none of you will do it? Are there not some who now say, "I will with my whole heart, God the Holy Spirit helping me, now in my pew offer this supplication to heaven." It begins with "O." Dull prayers will never reach God's throne. What comes from our heart coldly, can never get to Ged's heart. Dull, dead prayers, ask God to deny them. We must pray out of our very sonis. The soul of our prayer must be the prayer of our soul. "Q satisfy us." is Young man, the Lord is willing to open the door to those who knock, but you must knock hard. is fully prepared to give to those who ask, but you must ask earnestly. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence. It is not a gentle grasp which will avail; you must wrestle with the angel. Give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids, till you have found the Saviour. Remember, if you do but find him, it will repay you, though you shed drops of blood in the pursuit. If instead of tears you had given your heart's gore, and if instead of sighs you were to give the shricks of a marty, it would well recom-pense you, if you did but find Jesus; therefore, be earnest. If you find him not, remember you perish with a great destruction; the wrath of God abideth on you, and hell must be your por-tion; therefore, as one that pleadeth for his life so plead for mercy. Throw your whole spirit into it, and let that spirit be heated to a glowing quirers, and the more deeply to impress the minds heat. Be no satisfied to stand at the foot of the of the impenitent, we appointed a special meeting of inquiry, to which young converts and inquirers, with their former companious in sin,

O satisfy me; O save me." Such a prayer is

were invited to attend.

H—, the subject of our narrative, who for many days had been deeply impressed, and at times overwhelmed with a sense of his lost condition that had been deeply impressed, and at times overwhelmed with a sense of his lost condition that had been deeply impressed, and at it. "O satisfy us early !" I am glad to see among our young sisters in the catechamen class, many days had been deeply impressed, and at times overwhelmed with a sense of his lost cendition that bordered on deep despair, had become, strange to say, suddenly indifferent as to his eternal welfare. In a word, his heart seemed to be steeled against every appeal and every prayer offered in his behalf. Even the pious entresties of his former youthful companions failed to move his feelings, but he was provailed apon to attend the meeting of inquiry. On entering the house, he seated himself near me, but with no apparent anxiety as to his own spiritual state. As the meeting of inquiry. On entering the house, he seated himself near me, but with no apparent anxiety as to his own spiritual state. As the meeting proceeded, he very deliberately arose and proceeded to utter nearly the following words:—

"My young friends and companions, I have come here to tell you that my doom is sealed, and I am lest beyond the reach of mercy. I have sinned away the day of grace. I have slighted offered salvation, and done despite unto the Spirit of God. The prayers and pious counsels of parents I have treated with knowing neglect, sad with wicked contempt; and how can one so vile hope for pardon! That there is a reality is religion I am fully convinced; and though lost my self, I trust, when life's journey shall end, you may find a peaceful home in that upper and better world. Thave often mingled in your gay and joyons circles on earth, but I have no hope of ever mingling with you in the bright scenes of that heavenly world; and let me now exhert you as young Christians, to, be faithful to your Ged until death, that with all the redeemed you may find a home in the paradisa above. In common with others, I have been deeply impressed of late with the need of salvation, but now all is over with me. It only remains for me now and for with the need of salvation, but now all is over with me. It only remains for me now and for with the need of salvation, but now all is over with me. It only remains for me now and for

with others, I have been deeply impressed of late with the need of salvation, but now all is over with me. It only remains for me, now and for ever, to say, Farewell. I shall meet you at the judgment, but only to be separated from you and to remain so throughout all the unnumbered ages of a boundless future. This is no place for me. Adieu, my friends, adieu."

Sunting his action to the words, he with no little difficulty moved towards the door. As he did so, his sister, overwhelmed with smottone that

of salvation." I would to God we would not pray our prayers, meaning to have them heard so dued tone, said, "My dear brother, stop one to be one of the most magnificent gateways on the Continent, stands a splendid figure of "Victory," driving her car and four prancing steeds. It is a fine piece of statuary in itself, but it has a history that adds to it additional interest. It was one carried to Paris by Napoleon assa trophy of victory, but after the battle of Waterloo the Prussians recovered it, restored it to its place, and bestowed upon the goddess the eagle and iron cross which she now bears.

One meets are brother, stop one to the feels as if he could not rise from his knees till God has been favourable to him; and, mark you, when man has really come to that point, that he must be saved now or else he feels that it will be too late, then has come the solemn juncture when God will say, "Be it unto the and bestowed upon the goddess the eagle and iron cross which she now bears.

One meets ever and anon in European travel ate. Let it be "O satisfy us early." The man

brain distracted although the heart is warm. God knoweth, could I plead with the young I would do it even unto tears. I do feel it such a solemn thing for our country. Happy shall she be if her sons and daughters give their young days to God! It will be such a blessed thing for London, if our young men in business and our young women in families become missionaries for Christ. But what a happy thing it will be for them!
What joy shall they know! What transports shall they fee! What a blessing will they be to their households! What happy families they will be! Unconverted fathers will be made to feel the power of godliness through their daughers, and mothers who despise religion shall not dare to neglect it any longer, because they see it exemplified and illustrated in their sons. We want missionaries everywhere. This great city never can by any possibility become the Lord's except by individual action. We must have all Christians at work, and since we cannot get the old ones to work as we would; since preach as we may they will settle on their lees, we long for new recruits, whose ardour shall rekindle the dving enthusiasm of the senior. We want to see fresh minds come in all a glow with holy fer-vour to keep the fire still blazing on the altar. For Jesus Christ's sake I do implore you, you who number but a few years, offer this supplication in your pew. Do it now. It is a brother's heart that begs the favour.

## THE UNKNOWN PAINTER.

Murillo, the celebrated artist of Seville, often found upon the canyas of some of his pupils, sketches or specimens of drawing, imperfect and unfinished, but bearing the rich impress of genius. They were executed during the night, and he was utterly unable to conjecture the author. One morning the pupils had arrived at the studio before him, and were grouped before an easel, uttering exclamations of delightful surprise when Murillo entered. His astonishment was equal to their own on finding an unfinished head of the Virgin, of exquisite outline, with many touches of surpassing beauty. He appealed first to one see if they could lay claim to the choice but mysterious production; but they returned a sorrow

ful negative.
WHe who has left this tracery will one day b master of us all. "Sebastian" said he to a youth ful slave who stood trembling before him-" who occupied this studio at night ? not No one but myself senon Manos and thin a

Well, take your station here to-night, and if you do not inform me of the mysterious visitant of this room, thirty lashes shall be your reward

on the morrow."

He bowed in quiet submission and retired.

That night he threw his mattress before the easel and slept soundly until the clock struck three. He then sprang from his couch, and exclaimed: "Three hours are my own; the rest are my

naster's Peal and Jani " He then seized a palettee and took his seat at the frame to erase the work of the preceding night w With brush in hand to make the oblivi-

ous stroke, he paused. "Oh, those eyes," he said, "they pierce me through; that blood will run from those purple veins—I cannot, I cannot erase it, rather let me finish it." He went to work; and soon the slave—the darkened brow-the child of toil and suffering-

are merged into the youthful spirit, rising from the impetus of his own double energies, into a gladsome sphere of liberty and brightest beauty. A little coloring here, and a touch there—a soft shade here; and thus three hours rolled unheeded by.

"Oh, those beantiful eyes; those lips they will speak and bless me! My beautiful!-oh my

A slight noise caused him to look up. Murillo, with his pupils, stood around—the sunshine was peering brightly through the casement; while yet the unextinguished taper burned. Again he was a slave and the spirit's folded wing seemed to flatter. His eves fell beneath their eager gaze. Who is your master, Sebastian !"

out that any other meliones was said the "Your drawing-master, I mean?"

"I have never given you lessons."
"I have never given you lessons."
"No; but you have given them to these young gentlemen and I heard them.' "Yes, you have done better—you have profited by them. Does this boy deserve punishment or

reward, my dear pupils ?" "Reward, senor reward," was the quick re-

"What shall it be " done duch bees ad your of One suggested a suit of clothes - another a sum of money; but no cord was touched in the captive's bosom. Another said :

"The master feels kindly to-day—ask your eedom, Sebastian." He sank on his knees, and a groan of anguish burst from him. He lifted his burning eyes to his master's face-" The freedom of my father?" The death-chill had passed from his heart, and he breathed. Murillo folded him to his bosom.

"Your pencil shows that you have talentyour request that you have a heart; you are no onger a slave but my son. Happy Murillo-1 have not only painted, but made a painter."

There are still to be seen in classic Italy many beautiful specimens from the pencils of Murillo

Is there not a voice fraught with sweet elo quence from this little story, penetrating to the sanctuary of the heart, and awakening its holiest sensibilities? Is there not between the circum nices and trials of our little hero and the events that sometimes occur in the career of a Christian.

praised," or "God be thanked;" but to rememmends. To be thankful to God is certainly to love him, and to love him is to keep his commandments; so saith our Saviour, "If ye love me keep my commandments."

The natural tendency of our hearts is ever to confound the Church and the world, and to make the lines between the two indistinct. One great purpose of the Scripture, that we may be guarded against so at a mistake, is to make the distinction manifest.

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets.

Saint John, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

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It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

WAVERLEY HOUSE. No. 78 King Street, Saint John, N. B. JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor. Washington House. Washington House.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has recently fitted up the lotel on Water Street, EASTPORT, known as Washing-

on House," in comfortable style, where he will be happy to receive Permanent or Transient BOARDERS, at reason Aug. 13, 1863-v3m "NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE,"

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may 14.—vi GEORGE MORTON. UNION HOTEL, 112 Union Street,

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