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A SERMON,

PREACHED IN "UNION CHAPEL," ON SABBATH MORNING. And published in the "Christian Visitor," by the special request of one who listened to it with much spiritual ed fication. "But Thomas.... was not with them when Jesus came."

It was on a Friday afternoon, you will recollect, that our Lord expired on the cross. On the Sunday morning following, at early dawn, he rose from the dead; and on the evening of that day -the day of our Lord's resurrection -the disciples, a flock without a shepherd, but still clinging together, gathered in some retired part of the city, seeking the comfort of mutual sympathy in their common bereavement. Few words probably were spoken. Their hearts were appalled by the calamity which had come upen them, and their sorrow was too deep for utterance.

But while thus assembled-like a silent group of orphan children around the lonely fireside their hearts were suddenly gladdened, the heavy cloud litted off, and their drooping faith revived by the appearance of their risen Jesus in their midst, "Then," says one of that little company, in relating the event, "then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." Oh, how do these words thrill the heart of the christian reader! How powerfully does the scene at that moment appeal to the imagination! a scene altogether beyond the reach of the loftiest conception of art. The change that came over their faces the cloud that was lifted from their hearts, at the sight of their risen Lord.

But, on this occasion, one of the twelve was absent. Thomas was not there.

Why he was absent, we do not know, and i would be the merest conjecture to attempt to assign the reason. But, in reading of this little gathering of disciples on that memorable night, and of the consolation and joy which was imparted to all present by the actual sight of the risen Lord, this mention in such a connection of the absence of one of the twelve is exceedingly significant. It seems intended to hint to us how much that absent one lost by not being there. And it would almost seem as if Thomas, naturally prone, as we gather from the Scriptural allu-sions to him, naturally prone to look upon the dark side, was, more than either of the others the very one who, for his comfort, and for the quickening of his hope and faith, most needed such a sight of his risen Lord.

Before the next appearance of Christ to the disciples, a week passed away. To the others, who were present on that Sunday evening, that appearance of Jesus to them, dispelling all doubt of his actual resurrection, had given an anchorage for their hearts, and the joy of that night extended through all the week.

But to Themas, it was, as the narrative itself shows, a week of deep darkness. He could not be made to believe that his Master was risen. He refused to be comforted. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." Oh, how dark and wretched a week that must have been to him! How much he lost by not being present at that evening gathering, and, indeed he himself seems to have feit this. For, on the next occasion, we find him present. "After eight days," says the sacred narrative, "again the disciples were within, and Thomas with them. Then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." Then saith he to Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing. And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God." In the absence of Thomas from this little ga-

thering of disciples, and the week of darkness occasioned by his absence—in what Thomas lost by not being there, we have, I think, a little parable, and one the application of which is not dif-

Aside from all considerations of duty, apart from that obligation, which rests on all who have enlisted in the service of Christ, to unite in maintaining in their highest efficiency the means of grace, the individual christian who absents himself from the place of prayer and christian conference, is a personal loser thereby. No christian, for the sake of his own religious happiness and religious growth, can afford to neglect the prayer

I presume there is no christian present who would advocate at all the idea of doing away with such meetings for prayer and christian con-ference. We all feel that this universal practice of our churches grows out of a universally existing and felt necessity; that such meetings are indispensable to the spiritual life and growth of a church. We feel that permanently to give up these stated meetings would be a mortal wound when learning dimly gleamed from g to any church. But the necessities of a church are only an aggregate of individual christian life. What a church needs, every member of that church needs too.

I presume, too, that in your ordinary thoughts, eminent piety is always associated with a love for the place of prayer. Go into a community of Losing the useful purpose, she consults which you know nothing, and enter there the In vain chimeras, and unknown results. prayer meeting of a christian church. The faces are all strange to you. You know nothing of the Whose wisdom shed its light on that dark age antecedent history of any present. But from finding them there you infer at once, do you not, that although probably a small fraction of the membership of the church to which they belong, they constitute a large part of its christian strength. You expect to find the working material of a church, its praying men and women, its spiritual pillars, its warm-hearted christians, its Thro' reverend trees, of ages growth, that made most reliable members and most useful labourers Around the pile a deep, monastic shadethis part of its membership you expect to find, The chaunted psalm, or solitary prayer, is do you not, largely represented in its prayer Such were the sounds that broke the silence

Our Saviour has said-a promise which seems to have a special pertinence to these little gather- Twas here when his rites sacerdotal were o'er, ings of the people of God—" Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." I have no doubt that there Resigning to thought his chimerical brain, is more of meaning in promises of this kind, and He formed the contrivance we now shall explain is more of meaning in promises of this kind, and more of reality in the presence of Christ through the Holy Spirit in christian assemblies, more than our conceptions grasp. But we all feel that there is such a thing as the special presence of the Holy Spirit in the place where prayer is wont to be made. We all believe that the place where we now shall explain; But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers We know not, indeed 'tis no business of ours—Perhaps it was only by patience and care, At last that he brought his invention to bear. In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and grey; But success is secure, unless energy fails, And at length he produced the Philosopher's scales. here, within these walls, on these seats, influences that ces have been felt which in their origin were not of earth. And to absent ourselves from the prayer meeting is to deprive ourselves of these influences.

Scales.

What were they? you ask—you shall presently soe,

Those scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea;

of such meetings as an aid to christian life comour thoughtful convictious, that I



Christian Visitor.

Hold fast the form of sound words."-2d Timothy, i. 13.

New Series, Vol. II., No. 39.

plate permanently absenting themselves from the places of prayer. But after a time, suffering some really slight excuse to keep them occasion ally away, these occasional absences become more and more frequent. The prayer meeting retires more and more into the back ground of their thoughts, and at last, like an absent friend, 1s forgotten. The return of the stated night ceases to emind them of the place of prayer, and they settle down into an entire neglect of this means of grace-a course from which all their early

houghts and early purposes would have recoiled. Perhaps, however, in urging upon the members of my church, the importance of these stated weekly meetings, as an aid to their own spiritual life and growth, the argument that will really have the most weight, will be an appeal to the consciousness of all those who have fallen into the neglect of this means of grace. In years past, in the early years of your chris-

tian life, you were, it may be, an habitual attendant at the prayer meeting. If so, I may assume, that you then loved the place of prayer. It was often a privileged spot to you - sometimes none other than the house of God, the very gate of heaven. You can recall, perhaps, many an occasion, still fresh in your memory, when the exclamation of Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration, 'It is good for us to be here," was the spontaneous language of your heart, and not only was the hour of prayer oftentimes a privileged one. but also, as you felt at the time, and as you now feel in your thoughtful review of the past, profitable in its influence over your christian character and christian life. Many a quickening thought was suggested to you, and many a holy promise brought home to your heart. There many a testimony from the warm christian experience of your brethren in Christ has proved to you a word fitly spoken," and many a fervent prayer from other lips has helped the utterance of your own devotion. There many a discouragement has lost its magnified proportions, and many a burden been left behind. There many an impulse to christian labor, and many of your most ruitful resolves of holier living have had their birth. As by the mingling of coals the heat of all is increased, so there in the commingling of christian experience, your own heart has often been warmed and strengthened. You feel that your attendance on these meetings then served to break in on the current of the world, and check its momentum. You feel that again and again. returning from the place of prayer, you carried home a blessing with you. You feel that these meetings did feed your piety, and help your christian life. In thus appealing to your own consciousness, I touch, do I not a chord in your

And if once an habitual attendant on such meetings, you have fallen now into the habitual neglect of them, what is the testimony of your own consciousness with regard to the influence of such a course over your own spirituality and christian life? Do you take the same interest as formerly in the spiritual prosperity of the church to which you belong? Is its welfare as much in your thoughts, or on your heart, as before? Have you not lost interest in your christian brethrenost in some degree that fraternal sympathy and fraternal affection which you once felt? Withdrawing from the place of prayer, have you not thereby shut off from yourself the currents of christian fellowship, and, to your injury, isolated your christian life? Do you not stand more aloof than before from christian labor? Have you not lost the heart to work-lost the tongue of fire-lost ground in your christian life-lost the enjoyment of the still hour? Have you not become more worldly-minded? And is not this injury to your christian character the result in part of your neglect of a means of grace which you once prized? Does not the thought sometimes press itself on you that the secret of this drifting away on the tide of worldliness is, in part, the loss of that anchorage which the prayer meet-

ing once gave you? Christian brother, christian sister, is not this neglect of the prayer meeting withering and drying up your piety? Have you not-I appeal to your own consciousness-have you not made a serious mistake? . With regard to the culture of your own heart, apart from all considerations of duty, apart from that obligation which rests on you as an enlisted member of the church of Christ to unite in sustaining in their highest efficiency the means of grace-can you, with reference to your own christian life and christian growth, afford to habitually neglect the place of

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES. EXTRACTED FROM AN OLD ENGLISH MAGAZINE OF 1819, BY

A PRIEND, AND SENT TO THE 'VISITOR' FOR PUBLICATION. When learning dimly gleamed from grated cells, When wild astrology's distorted eye Shunned the fair field of true Philosophy. And wandering thro' the depths of mental night Sought dark predictions 'mid the worlds of light: When curious alchemy, with puzzled brow, Attempted things that science laughs at now.

Whose wisdom shed its light on that dark age A monk he was, immured in cloistered walls, Where now the ivey'd ruin crumbling falls : 'Twas a profound seclusion that he chose, The noisy world disturbed not that repose The flow of murmuring waters day by day, And whistling winds, that forced their tardy

O no—for such properties wondrous had they, That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could

Together with articles small or immense, am persuaded few, very few, at the outset of their From mountains, or planets, or atoms of sense; christian life, and in the warmth of their early Nanght was there so bulky but there it could lay, love, in laying their plans for the future, contem-

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.

And naught so reluctant but in it must go, Which retained all the wit that had ever been

As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;

One time he put in Alexander the Great, With a garment that Dorcas had made, for

And though clad in armour from sandals to crown, The hero rose up and the garments went down. A long row of Alms' houses, amply endowed By a well esteemed pharisee, busy and proud, Next loaded the scale, while the other was press'd By those mites the poor widow threw into the

Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce, And down, down the farthings worth came with

Again he performed an experiment rare-A monk, with austerities bleeding and bare, Climbed into his scale, in the other was laid The head of one Howard, now partly decayed; Million Dollars. He is conciliated, he is respect-When he found with surprise, that the whole of his brother

Weighed less by some pounds, than this bit of the other. By further experience, no matter how, He found that ten chariots weighed less than

plough; A sword, with gilt trappings, rose up in the scale, Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail; A shield and a helmet, a buckle and spear, Weigh'd less than a widow's uncrystalized tear. A lord and a lady went up in full sail,

When a bee chanced to light on the opposite Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl, All heaped in one balance, and swinging from

Weighed less than a few grains of candour and sense:

A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt, Than one good potatoe, just washed from the dirt: Yet, not mountains of silver or gold could suffice, One pearl to outweigh, 'twas the " pearl of great

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the

With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight: When the former sprang up with so strong a re-

That it made a vast rent, and escaped at the roof, When balanced on air, it ascended on high, And sailed up aloft-a balloon in the sky: When the scale with the soul in so mightily fell, That it jerked the Philosopher out of his cell.

Dear reader, if e'er self-deception prevails, We pray you to try the Philosopher's scales-But if they are lost in the ruins around, Perhaps a good substitute thus may be found: Let instice and conscience in circles be cut, To which strings of thought may be carefully put; Let those be made even with caution extreme, And impartiality serve as a beam: Then bring those good actions which pride over-

And tear up your motives in bits for the weights.

WARNING TO STRAY HEARERS.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I am aware that I have many here on Sabbath mornings who never were in the habit of attend ing a place of worship at all. There is many a gentleman here to-day who would be ashamed in any society to confess himself a professor of religion. He has never, perhaps, for a long time heard the gospel preached; and now there is a in the bottom of the morning glass.

One Sunday, at church, a startling announcestrange sort of fascination that has drawn him here. He came the first time out of curiosityperhaps to make a joke at the minister's expense; ne has found himself enthralled; he does not know how it is, but he has been all this week un-easy, he has been wanting to come again, and when he goes away to-day, he will be watching for next Sabbath. He has not given up his sins, but somehow they are not so pleasurable as they used to be. He cannot swear as he did; if an matter. oath comes out edge-ways, it does not roll out in the round form it used to do; he knows better now. Now, it is to such persons that I speak.

My dear friends, allow me to express my heart hope that you are here for the purpose you do not as vet understand. God has a special favor to you, I do trust, and therefore he has brought you here. I have frequently remarked, that in any revival of religion, it is often not the children of pious parents that are brought in, but laugh, and saw drunken men come reeling out of those who never knew anything of Christ before. the br-room.

The ordinary means are usually blessed to those I uged my who constantly attend them; but the express effort, and the extraordinary influence of the Spirit, reach those who were outside the pale of nominal Christians, and made no profession of religion. I am in hopes it may meet you. But if you should despise the word which you have heard; if the impression that has been made—and you know it has been made-should die away, one of the most awful regrets you will ever have when you come to your right sense and reason in ano in, til there was a fair house-full. All were you come to your right sense and reason in ano ther world, will be the feeling that you had an opportunity, but that you neglected it. I cannot conceive a more doleful wail than that of the man who cries at last in hell, 'The harvest is passed—there was a barvest, the summer is out ed—there was a summer—and I am not saved. To go to perdition in ordinary times is hell; but to thealtar and took their seats. All eyes were to go from under the sound of an earnest minis- fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed try, where you are bidden to come to Christ, where you are entreated with honest tears to come to Jesus-to go there after you have been warned, is to go, not to hell merely, but to the very hell of hell. The core and marrow of damnation is reserved for men who hear the truth, and feel it too, but yet reject it, and are lost. Oh, my dear reader! this is a solemn time with you. I pray that God the Holy Spirit may reman. His broad deep chest and unusual height mind you that it may be now or never with you. looke giant-like as he strode slowly up the aisle. You may never have another warning, or if you His hir was white, his brow deep, seamed with have it, you may grow so hardened that you may furrow, and, around his handsome mouth, lines have it, you may grow so hardened that you may laugh at it and despise it. My brother, I beseech thee, by God, by Jesus Christ, by thine own imlaugh at it and despise it. My brother, I beseech thee, by God, by Jesus Christ, by thine own immortal welfare, stop and think now whether it be worth while to throw away the hallowed opportunity which is now presented to thee. Wilt thou go and dance away thine impressions, or

your seat, friend, before you go; make a blood-All which some examples more clearly will show. red strain across it that next time we come here The first thing he tried was the head of Voltaire, we may say, Here a soul destroyed itself.' But I pray thee rather that God the Holy Spirit may sweetly whisper in thy heart, 'Man, yield, for Jesus invites thee to come to him.' Oh, may my Master smile into your face this morning, and When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell say, 'I love thy soul; trust me with it. Give up That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the thy sins; turn to me. O Lord Jesus! do it; and men shall not resist thee. Oh, show them thy love, and they must vield! Do it. O thou crucified One, for thy mercy's sake! Send forth thine Holy Spirit now, and bring the strangers home; and in this hall grant thou, O Lord, that many hearts may be fully resigned to thy love, and to thy grace!

MR. MILLION DOLLARS.

The following from the address of Henry Ward Beecher, at the recent meeting of the Tract Society in Boston, is characteristic and pertinent:

A man may make a million dollars and be-a man. For a man who has got a million dollars, you know, is a man-in New York, and, I suppose, in Boston. Everybody takes his hat off to Mr. ed; and if there is any prospect that the dew will be shaken off his branches he is invited everywhere. If a man has a million of dollars he is a man; but he dies, and his million dollars is cut into four quarters, and four persons carry it off their several ways. Mr. Million Dollars, after an appropriate funeral, is buried, and here he lies; and in a few years nobody talks about him, nobody hears about him. In fifty years the shrewdest man might go and read his gravestone, and find "Mr. Million Dollars." "Who was he, and where is his money?" And it would puzzle an antiquary to tell what those four heirs did with it. It puzzlod them after a few years to tell where it had gone to. He made his money; it gave him power and influence; he distributed it among his heirs; yes, he distributed it, and they squandered it; he died and went to dust, and that was the last of him, so far as this world is concerned; I don't know what became of him beyond.

But suppose that instead of that he had made himself his own executor, and had put fifty thousand dollars behind a printing press and said-"As long as interest lasts on that fifty thousand dollars work, press, work!" Suppose he had taken some treatise written for liberty, based on the Bible, and carrying out the vital power of the gospel, and had taken another fifty thousand dollars and put it into the hands of the Tract Sothat money as long as it can bear interest. Sup-pose he had taken five hundred thousand dollars and appointed them his sentinels—stationing fifty thousand dollars there, and there, and therethey would go on working until the last trump sounds; and when a hundred years had passed over his grave his name, through that society, would still be fresh, and his influence still be potent for good. Every tract would bear his name upon its imprint, and a million tombstones could not make it so illustrious.

Family Reading.

THE OLD MAN'S STORY. A THRILLING SKETCH.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, of some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their child. Wine was very often on the table, and both my father and my mother gave it to me

ment was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be well to pursue in the

The subject of the meeeing came up at our table after the service, and I questioned my fathe about it with all the eagerness, of a child The whispers and words which had been dropped joy that you are here, and let me also express the in my hearing, clothed the whole affair with great mystry to me, and I was all eagerness to learn of the strange thing. My father merely said it was ome scheme to unite the church and state.

The night came, the groups of people gathered on the tavern steps, and I heard the jest and the

I uged my father to let me go, but he at first refused. Finally, thinking it would be an innocent gratification of my cursosity, he put on his hat, and we walked across the green to the churc. I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind d an exhibition was to come off.

In the corner was the tayern keeper, and around him a number of his friends. For an curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole it and took his seat behind a pillar under the galery, as if doubtful of the propriety of betug metho church at all.

wo men finally came in and went forward throu hout the house.

Themen were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in his build, and the other tal and will formed. The younger had the manner and doss of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quit good natured look as he leisurely looked aroun over the audience. Bu my childish interest was all in the old

of can and touching sadness. His eyes were

laugh them out of thy soul? Ah, man! thou mayest laugh thyself into hell, but thou caust not laugh thyself out of it.

There is a turning point in each man's life when his character becomes fixed and settled. That turning point may be to-day. It may be that there shall be some solemn seat in the hall, which, if a man knew its history, he would never the word, and shall say, 'I will not yield; I will resist the impression; I will despise it; I will have my sine oven if I am lost for them.' Mark

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to catch every word.

his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his hard, and a silence like that of death throughout my knife severed the wrist!"

that peculiar eve lingered and kindled for a mothen in low and tremulous tones commenced.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling on his. weetness and pathos which riveted every heart "It was morning when I awoke, and the storm a the church before the first period had been had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first seas any that I ever witnessed.

and weary wanderer,"

The speaker's voice was low and measured, but a I know not what became of my brave boy," tear trembled in every tone, and before I knew | Again the old man bowed his head and wept,

I am a vagrant and a fanatic. I am not. Ah, "I was arrested, and for long months I raved ciety, saying, "I consecrate to the printing of God knows my own heart; I came here just to in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to pri-that book this fifty thousand dollars; work with do good. Here me and be just." son for ten years; but no tortures could have

of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my God, no! I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed one. But while I live, let me strive to warn over a beaconless ocean, and all life's bright others not to enter the path which has been so hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, dark and fearful a one to me. I would see my home or kindred on earth, and look with longing wife and children beyond this vale of tears." to the rest of the night of death. Without friends. kindred or home! I was not once so !"

ed of my own.

over the dark waves which have wrecked my

hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and a tear fell upon the old man's paper. home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines now mine no more!" The old man seemed looking away through the

vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his fingers extended. I involuntary turned in the direction where it was pointed dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving. red and a death-like paleness. "I once had a mother. With her old heart

crushed with sorrows, she went down to the grave. l once had a wife—a fair, angel-hearted creature is the name of my own brave bov. as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a poble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of that their souls would grow and mingle into one. his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he There was a weeping in that church, and I turnyet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet tender ed bewildered upon the streaming faces around blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it me. lives with one who loveth children."

turns to virtue and honor. The angel child visits homes, as loth to leave the spot. me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave his grandchild on the knee, as his evening sun boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing went down without a cloud, will never be forgotold man for the treatment which drove him into ten. His fanaticism has lost none of its fire in the world and the blow that maimed him for life. my manhood's heart. God forgive me for the ruin which I have brought upon me and mine."

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a strange intensity, and countenance pale and excited by some strong

"I was once a fanatic and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured so deeply."

"I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. left her alone amid the wreck of her home of idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children went hungry for bread."

"One New Year's night, I returned to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none, I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek."

At this moment the child in the cradle awoke

and sent up a famished wail, starting the despairing mother like a serpent's sting."

"We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the babe. My once kind husband, must we starve?"

THE OFFICE OF THE

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets SAINT JOHN, N. B.

REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor.

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The Christian Bisitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

honored usages of good society, and injure the the door, and, as I lifted the latch, the wind burst business of respectable people. At the conclusi- in with a cloud of snow. With a vell of a fiend, on of his remarks, the tavern keeper and his I still dragged her on, and hurled her out in the friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling darkness and the storm. With a wild ha! ha! was evidently against the strangers and their I closed the door and turned the buttor, ber pleading moans mingled with the blast and the While the pastor was speaking the old man had sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not fixed his dark eyes upon him, and leaned forward complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my eldest son, and I snatched him from his As the pastor took his seat, the old man arose, slumbers, and against his half awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an chest swelling, as he inhaled his breath through agony of fear, he called me by a name I was no his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in there was something awe inspiring, and grand in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzithe appearance of the old man, as he stood, with ed grasp away, and, with the coolness of a devil, his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut as I was, shut the door upon the arm, and with

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his He bent his gaze npon the tavern keeper, and face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a stormment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and swept sea. My father had arisen from his seat, beneath his beavy brows his eyes glistened and and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodglowed like a serpent's. The tavern-keeper quail- less, and the large drops standing out upon his ed before that searching glance, and I felt a re- brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and lief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a I wished I was at home. The old man lookmoment more he seemed lost in thought, and ed up, and I have never since beheld such mental agony, depicted on a human face as there was

rounded. My father's attention had become fixed cured a drink of water, and then I looked in the ipon the eye of the speaker with an interest I accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for ad never before seen him exhibit. I can but the first time a shadowy sense of some horrible briefly remember the substance of what the old nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering man said, though the scene is as vivid before me mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the outside door with a "My friends! I am a stranger in your village, shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow and I trust I may call you friends. A new star burst in, followed by a fall of something acrosshas risen and there is hope in the dark night the threshold, scattering the cold snow and strikwhich hangs like a pall of gloom over our couning the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and With a thrilling depth of voice, the speaker I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was continued, "O! God, thou who lookest with -it-O God, how terrible!-it was my own incompassion upon the most erring of earth's frail jured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has ever true mother had bowed herself over the been lifted up upon which the drunkard can look | child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own and be healed. That a beacon has burst out clothes around it leaving her own person stark upon this darkness that surrounds him, which and bare to the storm. She had placed her shall guide back to honor and heaven the bruised own hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen to the white cheek. The frost was It is strange what power there is in some voices. white in its half-open eye and upon its tiny finger.

why, a tear dropped on my hand. The old man and all that were in the house wept with bim. brushed one from his own eye and continued: My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low "Men and christians, you have just heard that and heart broken pathos, the old man concluded;

"I am an old man standing alone at the end been equal to those within my own bosom. Oh,

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath No one could withstand the touching pathos of rested upon the audience. Hearts could have the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the been heard in their beating, and tears to the fall. lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt asham- The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and "No, my friends, it was not so once. Away snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment with the pen in the ink,

"Sign it-sign it, young man--angels would of the household idols that once were mine! sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times if it would bring back my loved and lost one.' My father wrote " Mortimer Hudson."

The old man wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with "'It is no it cannot be vet how strange

muttered the old man. ' Pardon me, sir, but that My father trembled, and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other's eyes, both

reeled and gasped-" My own injured boy !"

'My father!' They fell upon each other's necks till it seemed

Let me thank God for this great blessing, "Do not be startled my friends-I am not a which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul, murderer in the common acceptation of the term. exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down, pour-Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit ed out in one of the most melting prayers I ever mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal heard. The spell was then broken, and all eason. The wife smiles upon him again who re- gerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their

EPHESUS:

OR THE CANDLESTICK REMOVED OUT OF ITS PLACE. "I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, except thou repent." Rev. if ...

A late missionary traveller, speaking of Ephesus, savs : "The candlestick is out of its place. How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! The site of this once famous city is now covered with grass or grain. The church of St. John stands deserted and in ruins, having been occupied as a mosque, after the country fell into the hands of the Mohammedans. In this church are some immensely large pillars of granite, said to have been taken from the temple of Diana; having served successively as a Pagan, a Christian, and a Mohammedan place of worship. No human being now lives in Ephesus; a few miserable Turkish huts are alone seen in this desolate spot. The streets are obscured and overgrown; and a noisy flight of crows seemed to insult its silence. The call of the partridge is heard in the area of the theatre and the stadium. The pomp of its heathen worship is no longer remembered : and Christianity, which was planted and nursed by the apostles, no longer lingers in this once favored church. - Ladies Repository.

RESIGNATION.—A suffering but godly man was once asked if he could see any reason for the dis-pensation which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reasons .-- Sm