

The Christian Visitor.

Hold fast the form of sound words. 2d Timothy, 1, 13. SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1864.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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SUNDAY.

[Our readers who love poetry wedded to piety will thank us for the following from the pen of the good George Herbert, who lived in the times of James I. It is quaint, and occasionally obscure, according to the fashion of the poet's day.

Make-up, most saint, most bright! The fruit of this, the next world's bird; The indorsement of supreme delight; Write by a friend, and with his blood; The couch of dark; here's balm and bay!

The other days, and then, Whose face thou art, Knocking at heaven with thy brow; The weary days are the back part; The burden of the week lies there;

Man had straightforward gone To endless death; But thou dost pull And turn us round, to look on One, Whom, if we were not very dull,

The Sundays the pillars are, On which heaven's palace arched lies; The other days fill up the spere; And hollow come with vanities.

Our great Redeemer did remove, With the same shake which at his passion Did the earth, and all things with it, move.

Thou art a day of truth; And when the week-days trail on ground, Thy flight is higher, as thy birth.

Man knows - Will you have the goodness to allow me to present the claims of this Society to the attention of the public, through the columns of the Visitor, my object being to disseminate information which will be found useful and interesting.

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THE MODEL PREACHER.

The following sketch is from life. It is nevertheless given without hesitation to the press; first, because the original has never filled a conspicuous place in the public eye, and is not, therefore, likely to be recognized; secondly, because it presents an attainable standard of excellence, below which no honest occupant of the sacred office can fall; in any essential particular, with a conscience void of offence.

The intellectual gifts of this type-man are fair and well balanced. With no claim to genius in any respect, or to those qualities of mind and character which stamp a man with leadership, he would yet have been recognized in any sphere he might have chosen, as a thinker and communicator.

His brain is one which, by its own law, is a working brain; a brain which must set on all subjects placed before it as to satisfy itself in regard to their reference to general principles.

Another of his mental gifts, not like the first, indispensable to the upright discharge of his duty as a preacher, but yet a most important auxiliary to it, and hardly separable from a large measure of success, may be called practical imagination.

The highest gifts of genius are not out of place in the Christian ministry; but the Scriptural ideal of the office may be fully relieved by one who, to average mental abilities, adds the entire consecration, the honesty, and the moral earnestness, imperfectly depicted in this sketch.

The close observer soon notices a painful deficiency in the green and smiling Mormon settlements. Everything has been done for the farm, nothing for the home. That blessed old Anglo-Saxon idea seems everywhere quite extinct.

Sometimes we passed a fence which guarded three houses instead of one. Abundant progeny played at their doors, or rolled in their yards, watched by several unkempt, bedraggled mothers, owning a common husband - and we could easily understand neither of them should feel much interest in the looks of a demagogue held by them in such unhappy partnership.

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AMONG THE MORMONS.

The close observer soon notices a painful deficiency in the green and smiling Mormon settlements. Everything has been done for the farm, nothing for the home. That blessed old Anglo-Saxon idea seems everywhere quite extinct.

The fields are billowing over with dense golden grain; the cattle are wallowing in emerald lakes of July grass; the farms are substantial; the family windmill buzzes merrily on its well-oiled pivot, drawing water or grinding feed; the fruit trees are thrifty - but the home is desolate.

Sometimes the services of an evangelical clergyman were secured by the settlers for these Sunday meetings. Sometimes the minister of Christ who had occasion to pass through the country, would pass a night with the settlers, and speak the word to them in a log school-house.

Of this last class was L., a man of middle age, with a family. He lived within a mile of the school-house, but seldom attended the meetings.

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IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF AN INFANT. Peaceful and still thy gentle spirit's parting, No cry of pain escaped thy lips, O child, Though thy poor mother's bosom feels the smarting,

Was it an angel's step thou heard'st approaching, Or seraph's voice that summoned thee away? And dost that lingering smile speak soft reproaching,

To those who grudge thee to the realms of day? O'er her can we forget that fearful waking, When from the wanted stillness of thy bed,

Her little footsteps point the way before us, To join the trysting of the heavenly throng; Her lips, now silent, swell the full-toned chorus,

Full well we know she is not dead; but sleeping, Her very dust is to her Saviour dear; Yet still our anguished nature claims its weeping,

Oh, thou, the refuge of the broken-hearted, Take pity on our misery, we pray; Fill with thyself the place of joys departed,

Thyself hast trod the path of deep affliction, Thyself hast wept beside an open grave; And when'er thou wounded our affection,

And oh! when through the maze paths bewildering, Of troubled life, no comfort we can see, Be ours the faith of thy confiding children,

And when'er thou wounded our affection, Thyself hast trod the path of deep affliction, Thyself hast wept beside an open grave;

FIXED FACTS IN AGRICULTURE.

1. All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied.

2. All permanent improvement of lands must look to lime as its basis.

3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefited by applications of phosphate of lime, and it is important whether the deficiency be supplied in form of bone dust, guano, native phosphate of lime, composts of fish, ashes, or that of oyster-shell lime, or marl - if the land needs liming also.

4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

5. Marle is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composts rich in the elements of mould.

6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by admixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

7. Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil, that is not wet.

8. Sub-soiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is eminently conducive to increased production.

9. All wet lands should be thoroughly drained. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

BUYING A WIFE.

We copy the following from one of President Fairfield's letters in the Morning Star, dated Cairo, Feb. 27th.

Speaking of marriage recalls a tale with our dragonian, wretchedly on one way to the Pyramids - W. W. M. I said to him, 'I see all the women have their faces covered; how do you arrange the matter when you think of getting married? Did you ever see your wife's face till after she was your wife?'

'No, sir, not till I was married; but when I thought that perhaps I would like to marry her, I sent my mother or my sister, you know, to see her; and if my mother or my sister told me she had a big neck, or an ugly face, or is too fat, or is deformed, or is not any good looking, then I don't marry her, you know. But if they tell me her good-looking, and is all right, then I ask her father if I may have her, you know; and if he can agree on the price, all right; I marry her, you know.'

But what about her own consent? Did any body ask that? 'O, no, compell her; if her not willing her father not force her, you know.'

The following fact, communicated by a foreign correspondent, shows alike the blessings of Sunday-schools to children and the influence which even these 'little ones' may exert upon others for good.

In the city of London, there lived a little girl, who attended for three years, and by steady teachings of a Sunday-school. Coming under the saving influence of truth, she became concerned for her father - a noted infidel, and active opposer to Christianity. She obtained a Bible, but knew not how to put it into his hands; for she feared his displeasure, and dreaded any prohibition which might deprive her of the prized advantages of the Sunday-school. She retired, to seek divine guidance. Her father, passing the door of the apartment, heard the voice of his child; it was the voice of prayer - she prayed for him. He became affected, agitated, distressed.

After a little, the family assembled at the table; the beverage was handed round, but he could not partake.

'Is there a Bible in the house?' he said. 'My dear,' replied his wife, apprehensive of the purposed repetition of the act, 'did you not burn every Bible that we had, not leaving so much as one?' 'Is there any good book then?' he inquired. His little daughter, thinking that God might be answering her prayer, arose, took him by the hand, asked him to go with her, and when they had left the room, looking into his face, said, 'Father, your won't be angry with me; come with me and I will get you one.' And she brought him and gave him the Bible, which for this very purpose she had procured. He felt deeply, and trembling while he handed it back to her, said, 'Tell me, my child, where did you get this book, and how did you obtain the knowledge of it?'

She told him all, how she attended the Sunday school, the effect upon herself, and how she became concerned for her salvation. That very evening she accompanied her to the chapel. As they entered, the minister was engaged in prayer, in a manner and address made a powerful impression on her father's mind, for he seemed to walk with God; the sermon added in deepening the impression; it was an interesting sight when two or three Sundays afterward, that father appeared in that chapel with his wife and nine children, and openly renounced his infidelity. That was the Weigh House Chapel, the minister, Thomas Binney; and that infidel, reclamed through the influence of Sunday-schools, on the heart of his child, was the celebrated author of the 'Everyday Book.'