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

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. affords an excellent medium for advertising.

> a hactaband eroug in From the British Messenger. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Bishop of London, on the evening of the first Sabbath of the year, addressed a most seasonable discourse to a vast congregation, gathered beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. He met and repelled that particular heresy which has lately been developing itself, namely, the denial of the supernatural in religion, and consequently the impossibility of a miracle. His sermon was founded on the words of the apostle Peter, as re-corded in Acts ii. 22. Dr. Tait would up with the emphatic words, "I warn my hearers to beware of the old fallacy of assuming that miracles are contrary to men's experience. . . Vain must be the attempt to give any other view of Christianity. It is not a mere philosophy. It is a re-ligion and a gospel. It begins with the stupen-dous miracle of God becoming man in the person of Christ. It shows how the early life of the God-man was marked by perpetual signs, that while descending to dwell with man, he had not parted with his divinity; and it closed with the miracle of his resurrection, which proved that he was the conqueror of death, and liveth for evermore."

THE WEEK OF PRAYER, at the beginning of the year, was devoutly ob- whom had walked many miles that day as served in London. It was preceded by appropriate sermons in various places of worship. The principal meetings were held in the Freemasons' Hall, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Drs. Cumming, Osborne, and King, Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, C. D. Marston, and Newman Hall.
There is a danger of attaching to special services of any kind such an importance, that when the "special" season is over, lassitude may succeed, of any kind such an importance, that when the "special" season is over, lassitude may succeed, and indifference may be indulged. I trust that many readers of the Messenger are more and more disposed to continue in prayer all the year round.

There are confessions which we need always to offer, and pleas and petitions which we should always present. As long as the "migodly" abound and the "afflicted" are many; Jews in darkness, and heathen and Mahometan nations are deceived; while slavery remains, and war is waged; while nations own not their rightful King, and his name is blasphemed, let us conti-

nue in prayer. A striking illustration of speedy and specific answers to united prayer, came under the writer's notice, on the closing Lord's day of 1863. After attending the Presbyterian church in George's Street, Edgeware Road, and hearing a most impressive discourse from the Rev. W. Chaliners, on "the mercies, the privileges, and opportunities, and the sins of the year;" we repaired in the afternoon to that well-known scene of blessing, twelve months, the lamented Henry Hull had occupied his usual place as president and leader of those Scriptural studies, which, continued for several years, have been constantly attended with present blessing. But now—Mr. Hall, four months ago, having gone to his rest—another faithful and humble servant of Christ fills his place. The Bible class is over, but one or two parting words are spoken, both to the young men who, earlier or later (a goodly band, and by far the majority) have here found Christ, and also to the unconverted. One of the speakers lifts up as he stands beside the desk two parcels of manuscript; one, the larger, is a collection of "requests" and entreaties for special prayer for relatives or acquaint-auces; the other, the smaller packet, contains a series of invitations to "praise" from the persons who asked prayer for others, each with the jubi lant call, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." And what made the case more gladdening and faith-inspiring, was the fact that the "requests" had been only asked for within the last few weeks, and that "praise" and "thanksgiving" for souls delivered from guilt, misery, and darkness had quickly followed. It was, indeed, a vivid illustration and striking fulfilment of the gracious words, "While they are yet speaking I will hear." How could a second speaker help calling on the assembled band, whose hearts God had touched, to mark well, not only in these particular cases of conversion, by which the year was being crowned, but also in the uninterrupted showers of blessing that had centinued to fall after and since the death of their former leader—the spiritual father of many of them— how while men die, Jesus is the Living One, and how while men die, Jesus is the Living One, and how, as a Sovereign, he takes away one servant, who might have become an idol, and proves by other agency, as truly and largely blessed as ever before, that the glory and the grace are indeed all his own. And so all present were urged to take as their motto for the coming year, "Christ only, Christ entirely, and Christ forever."

The Special Services Committee have issued their report on the result of the fourth course. During this series, 115 services were held in the theatres and halls, attended by above 161,800 persons, making in all, from the commencement of this effort, 559 services, attended by 865,100 persons. The committee were enabled by three grants of tracts, and by publications purchased at subscribers prices, to distribute in all 368,000 handbills, containing, with a notice of the services. handbills, containing, with a notice of the servi-ces, a brief statement of some leading Christian trnth. On the evening of the 13th December the Rev. Newman Hall preached to an immense con-gregation in the Britannia Theatre, on whose besides, a peterious prize-fighter showed himself "in the dress on which he had conquered on the field of battle." The theatre was put to the vilest



tropolis, droves are turned away every night from

want of room. Mr. Carter has been for three

years "ploughing through this vast underlying

stratum of society." He lately gave a tea to vagrants and outcasts. On the ticket of admis-

sion were the words—"No person of good character will be admitted." Nevertheless, 500 sat

down to tea, and very many went away disappointed, as they could not get in. Famished

with hunger, and most of them walking the streets

all the previous night, the warm tea and the sup-

ply of food were engerly received; many of the poor creatures, at the close of an address that fol

lowed the tea. came up with tears, declaring that they had no shelter for the night. Mr. Carter is

now founding an institution in South London, with a three-fold object in view-to provide a

night refuge for outcasts; to provide a temporary

home for penitent thieves who desire to reform,

and to establish a soup kitchen for the destitute.

This is indeed a Christ-like enterprise, and Chris-

tian merchants and others heartily endorse it. Of the need of more such refuges, I have had

most painful evidence from a personal visit to the

Field Lane Night Refuge for the Homeless. It was the evening of the Sabbath—I found about twelve men anxiously seeking admittance. But the door was shut. I knocked, was admitted,

and interceded for these poor creatures-some of

"tranips" coming to London. One was an old

man whose accent was Scottish. He, alas! had

been brought that low by intemperance, and he

said, "As I sowed so have I reaped." All these were denied admission from want of room.

after, do working-men, and especially young work-

The Rev. Samuel Garrett, in a paper on "The Rise and Fall of Revivals," very forcibly points ont that "every great revival of religion has be-

gun with the more distinct utterance of great

troths," but that "it has failed with the sinking

of its tone in that respect. And not only does he refer in proof of this to the days of Luther,

and "to the awakening connected with the names of Whitfield and Wesley," but he says of a work

with which he has been intimately associated since his visit to Ulster in 1859—"As far as I

know, the revival of the last four years was marked

in its commencement by statements of doctrine, which to many Christian men appeared too strong

and foo definite. They were spoken—I have heard them spoken by men whose names are known in all the churches; and it was while these

added—and let all who speak and labor for Christ and souls, both in and out of London, ponder the

words—"I gather from these facts that when God revives his churches, the first step is the

fresh grasp of truth and its heartfelt burning ut-

terance, and that a diminished sense of the value

of it, or the sacrifice of it, even for peace sake, is

SPURGEON'S TESTIMONY.

Is religion declining in London ! Is it declin

ng-as contrasted with recent times of quicken-

ing—throughout the land! I believe that answers apparently contrary can be given to these ques-

tions, both as to London and the kingdom at

large. First, let Mr. Spurgeon be heard in his address in "Spargeon's Almanac," to the people of God in Great Britain and Ireland:—"The

present state of our churches fills me with alarm.

The gracious revivals of the last few years were

indications of the Lord's readiness to work in the

midst of our land. Had the auspicious season been zealously improved; had our ministers caught more generally the revival spsrit; and had our church-members bestirred themselves to indi-

vidual effort for the good of souls, we can ima-gine no reason why the day-dawn should not by

this time have brightened into morn. . . . . As a watchman on Zion's walls, I must utter my

warning note. It is true that in many quarters

there is more Christian industry and more gracious success than of old. The watered gardens are not few. . . . But with all these exceptions, the rule is far from pleasing. The church was asleep ten years ago, and godly men knew it; she is asleep still, but the glory of a few local awakenings has dazzled the eyes of the saints,

and they imagine that the whole body is

To all this the writer, as far his knowledge ex-

ends, is obliged to assent. He feels that ever

the facts stated from mouth to month—very cheering and glorious, and showing how out of every class in London, from the highest to the lowest, God Las been, and still is, gathering a people for his name and praise—may have sometimes—dazzled" his own eyes even while a witness of their reality. They may also have let Christian

of their reality. They may also have led Christians at a distance to consider that London was

therefore with all my heart I say with Spurgeon, let us "repair at once to the mercy-seat. Let heart-searching be much in exercise. What opportunities have I lost? How much have I

added to the general chill? How far am I responsible for the departure of the Spirit of God? How can I assist in rousing my neighbourhood, bestirring the saints of God, and warning the ungodly? Whatever may be the answer in the

Lord's sight, let us now bow the knee and vow to the Lord, in the presence of his Spirit, that we will at once do our utmost to spread the kingdom

And yet I may not, I cannot close this paper

And yet I may not, I cannot close this paper with sadness. Beyond and beside, as well as within many of the churches, there are tokens of reviving grace; and there are instrumentalities at work, plied with faith and prayerfulness, which are attended even now with rich largess from the hand of him who sits enthroned at the Father's right hand. I see many ministers of various churches very earnest both in town and country. I hear indeed sometimes a "negative" voice, and

I hear indeed sometimes a "negative" voice, and "moral" preachers too, who leave men immoral as before, because they know not how true are

Talk they of morals, O Thou bleeding Lamb,"
Thou Maker of new morals for mankind;
The true morality is love of Thee."

But I hear also the ring of the pure gospel, and I

ore awake to eternal things than it is; and

a sign or cause of the blessing ceasing."

ing men, give ear to the truth.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1864.

of grace among cabmen and their families.

Upwards of 1000 Jews have received the New restament from the hands of a Jewish convert at the Bible-stand during the year 1863; not less than 3000 portions of Scripture have been taken away by Spaniards, besides whole Bibles and Testaments. Many Italians came, and manifested a liberal spirit. On one day seven Italian priests received portions, 217 Frenchmen have accepted gifts of this kind—many of them, however, manifesting "indifference." Some Swedes and Danes have appeared at the stand, and the suite of the Princess Alexandria (in March, 1863), cordially of that sacred book increased, so did my peace wifts of this kind-many of them, however, manireceived portions in the Danish language. The Germans in large numbers reverently receive the word of God. The Bible-stand was visited by the Prince of Hesse, husband of the Princess Alice, and he expressed his high approval of the work. Even "the inmates of the palace," attendants at the stands, &c., have received a blessing -" arrested by the texts written on the stand, and "a deep impression has been made even upon the shareholders who visited the palace."

This new method of sowing the good seed pegan at Cromwell Road, Kensington, in June, 1862, and was continued till the Great Exhibition opposite the stand) was closed. It was resumed after five weeks' interval at Sydenham, and we see from the foregoing list the glorious result of less than one year's labour. It is Gon's Word and from pure love to men of all nations. May we not therefore expect a rich harvest? The first-fruits have already been gathered. Every week fresh evidence is furnished of the fulfilment of the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void." Surely then—as a constant observer of this work, and seeing, moreover, in other quar-ters how the written word is being specially concred by the Divine Spirit, at the very time when it is fiercely assaulted by new foes-I may conclude this paper by summoning the children of God, not to mourning and weeping, but rather to a song of holy thanksgiving "To HIM WHO ALONE DOETH GREAT WONDERS; FOR HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER."

### THE YORKSHIRE WEAVER.

It was my happiness to spend a week in the beautiful vale of Todinorton, Yorkshire, England, preaching daily in the surrounding chapels. On one occasion I spoke of the various methods which God is pleased to bless in bringing sinners to himself, and raising up missionaries; and in particular mentioned family prayer. This led he interesting individual, whose short history I am about to relate, to call on me. He was a plain, sensible, kind-hearted man, and spoke the broad Yorkshire dialect. I'do not know if he is vet alive; but when I saw him, his hair was as black as a raven, his cheek bloomed with health, and his eye was like a rainbow-the tears and the sunbeams sparkled in it.

ous subjects, at my request he related the follow-

"I hardly knew what to do, and I went to Led as usual—without prayer. But it was the last night I ever did so. Almost the first thing that came into my thoughts when I awoke, was my neighbour's family prayer. At the proper hour I went to my loom, and commenced working, but I could not go on. I felt as if my heart would break; and I was forced to cover my work with a handkerchief, least the piece which I was weaving should be injured by my tears. I longed for night to return, that I might go down to my neighbour's house, and see the family prayer. I did so; and as a kind Providence would have it, my neighbour again asked me to stop to the family prayer. This was just what I wished. Nothing on earth would have pleased me so much. So the great book was brought, and the good man read, and they all fell upon their knees. I did not now kneef with them; but O, what I felt! As soon as they rose I immediately left the house, without saying a word, and hastened home. As I was going up the hill I felt as if I must pray that moment; but there was no shed into which I could enter and kneel down, and the snow was thick upon the ground; so I walked with a handkerchief, least the piece which I was the snow was thick upon the ground; so I walked

of six and seven day cabs, up to the close of 1863. There are now not less than 1923 six-day cabs. Mr. Hill says, "I am thankful that God things was so great, that I knew not what to do. has put it into the hearts of so many masters to I had not been a drunkard, nor a swearer, nor change the seven-days' for the six-day plates; had I kept company with loose young men; but and not only for this, but that they are beginning I had been living without God. All my plans, and habits, and thoughts, and desires, had been about this world, and never rose higher; but now all things were become new. I was afraid to open my mind to any mortal about it, but I could tell my Saviour; yea, I could tell him all. My father had a barn, that became my favourite retreat. That was my house of prayer, and it was indeed the gate of heaven to my soul. Often, often have I entered into that barn, and shut the door, and kneeled and prayed to the Father who seeth in secret, and the Father who seeth in secret hath richly rewarded me. My enjoyment was very great; sometimes it was joy unspeakable and full of glory; but it was not always so. No, there was sometimes much darkness in my mind, and Satan took advantage of it,

> and joy; and I have often thought, that God intended, by bringing me through these deep waters, to prepare me to speak a word to heavyladen sinners. It often falls to my let now in my visits to the sick, and in conversing with candidates for admission into the church, to meet with people under 'soul-trouble,' and I have always a word for them; for I never meet with any so completely dark as I was."

I had heard from his minister of his knowledge of the Scriptures, and of his gift in prayer; and now, as I heard from his own lips his insight into the devices of Satan, and his intimate acquaintance with the human heart. I could not but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in raising up men in every station of life to direct the anxious, inquiring sinner to that Saviour who that is distributed. The work is done in faith, says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Family prayer was a duty he often inculcated; urging those who felt its importance, but feared to engage in it, to begin, relying on divine aid, for then obstacles vanished. This service also constituted the charm of his own domestic circle. for he had conscientiously regarded the apostolic injunction to "marry only in the Lord." O hours when a family bow at the altar of God: the mother reads, the children sing, the father prays, and all devoutly join in worship! "'Tis like a little heaven below."

We commended each other to God by prayer, and shook hands and parted, in the joyful expec-J. W. tation of meeting again in beaven.

Reader, are you training up a family for the judgment without family prayer? Do you regard the eternal welfare of the souls

of domestics under your charge!
Are there those far from God around you. and can you not, by inviting them to join in family worship, or by other means, do something for their salvation !- Richard Knitt.

# THE GUTTA PERCHA TREE.

The tree called the Isonandra Gutta, which furnishes the gutta percha, is a native of the In-dian Archipelago and the adjacent lands. A few years since this substance, now of such widely extended use, was totally unknown in Europe, for though from time immemorial the Malays employed it for making the handles of hatchets and creeses, it was only in the year 1843, that Mr. Montgomery, an English surgeon, having casually become acquainted with its valuable properties, sent an account of it, with samples, to the Royal Society, for which he received its gold medal. The fame of the new article spread rapidly throughout the world; science and speculation seized upon it with equal cagerness; it was immediately analyzed, studied, and tried in every possible way, so that it is now as well known and as extensively used as if it had been in our possession for centuries. The Isonandra Gutta is a large, high tree, with a dense crown of rather mall dark green leaves, and a round, smooth trunk. The white blossoms change into a sweet fruit, containing an oily substance fit for culinary use. The wood is soft, spongy, and contains longitudinal cavities filled with brown stripes of gutta parcha. The original method of the Ma-lays for collecting the resin consisted in felling the tree, which was then placed in a slanting position, so as to enable the exuding fluid to be collected in banana leaves. This barbarous proceeding, which, from the enormous demand that suddenly arose for the gutta, would soon have brought the rapidly rising trade to a suicidal end, fortunately became known before it was too late, and the resin is now gathered in the same manner as caoutchouc, by making incisions in the bark with a chopping-knife, collecting the thin, white, milky fluid exuding in large vessels, and allowing it to evaporate in the sun, or over the fire. The solid residuum, which is the gutta percha of commerce, is finally softened in hot water, and pressed into the form of slabs or flat pieces, generally a foot broad, a foot and a half long, and three inches thick. Gutta percha has ing completely insoluble in water, tenacious but not elastic, and an extremely bad conductor of caloric and electricity. The uses of gutta percha, as is well known, are manifold. It serves, among other purposes, for the insulation of telegraphic wires in submarine cables: and also for waterpipes; for vessels fit for the reception of alkaline or acid liquids, which would corrode metal or wood; for surgical implements, for boxes, baskets, combs, and a variety of other articles.

DANIEL'S REWARD. - When Belshazzar, the sacrilegious idolator, was alarmed at the mysterious writing upon the wall of his banquetting-room, he promised Daniel that if he would make known the interpretation of those words which the miraculous hand had inscribed, he should be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold on. But my conscience would not let me proceed. A voice seemed to say, 'Go to prayer, seek the Lord; cry for mercy; begin at once!' So I pulled a large stone from the hedge, and placed it on the snow; and there, on that stone, I first kneeled down and called upon God."

Reader, look at him for a moment. There he is on his knees. "Behold, he prayeth! Yes, with the snow for a carpet, and a stone for his cushion, and the heavens for a canopy, and the moon for a witness, and angels for his attendants—there, he first cried, "Lord have mercy on my son!!" Oh, what a night was that for my friend! It will be remembered with rapture after the moon has been turned into blood, and the stars have withdrawn their shining.

From that day the weaver became a praying man; and when I first knew him he had been twenty years a deason of a Christian charch; and was well known as one of the most active, and realous, and exemplary servants of Christ in all the neighbourhood. THE OFFICE OF THE

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REV. LE. BILL.

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### Che Christian Bisiter

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

Many another tale it telleth, too-of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above You feel -oh; how often-that the grave cannot keep

#### NOT PREPARED. Seldom have I heard a more affecting incident

han that related by a country physician, He was called to see a lady who had been sick but three days. Her husband took him into the next room, and asked what he thought of her case. He said it must terminate fatally. When they came back to her bedside, she saw something in their counténances which leddher to say, & Doctor, what have you been telling my shusband? Did you say I could not live?" The doctor, with ex-treme reluctance, felt obliged to say, "Yes." Instantly she threw out her arms towards him, and setting her anxious, glazed eye upon him, exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, you must not let me die. You must keep me a little longer in the world, for I have made no preparation." He carried the story no farther, except to say that it made an impression on him which he hoped would never be effaced.

I remember a case much like it: that of a bright, attractive young lady, amigble and much esteemed; to all appearance "gay and happy," and without the least inclination to religion. She was healthy and of a good constitution; but sickness came, and ere she was aware the hand of death was upon her. Feeling very strangely, she cried to the lady who sat by her, "Is this death? Oh, I cannot die, I cannot die!" and immediately

I ask myself, Shall I be in this awful conditions when my hour comes? Oh, God forbid, And that I may not, let me be prayerful and careful now while death is not quite in sight.

one must become as a little child in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. Here is a Leantiful record of childhood's faith. "What do you do without a mother to tell all vour troubles to?" asked a child who had a

SIMPLICITY OF FAITH .-- The Saviour said that

mother, of one who had not; her mother was dead. "Mother told me whom to go to before she

died," answered the little orphan, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was mother's Friend, and He's

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; He is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely He can stop to mind

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "All I know is, He sugs he will, and that's

enough for me."

A SECRET FOR MOTHERS! - Mr. and Mrs. Ashton. with their numerous family of sous and daughters, came to the Lord's table, an unbroken circle. I never witnessed the blessed sight without asking myself, What secret family influence has been owned of God by these precious results?" One day I said to the youngest daughter, a child of twelve years, "Do you ever forget Jesus?" "On no!" she replied. " We can none of us at home ever forget Him; for mother talks to us of Jesus every day. He is ever O mothers! take to your hearts the precious secret

of that family's bliss. The mother, ever abiding in Jesus, made his name a household word, His presence ever acknowledge l. ever felt. "She talks to us of Jesus every day." Mother

is it true of you? Do your lips and life daily, hourly, breathe the knowledge and love of Jesus into the hearts of the little ones at your knee? Is Jesus a name which your baby often hears, and carly lisps ? Trust not that formal counsels, invitations, and prayers will be owned, and blessed of God in the salvation of your children. The ever abiding, ever pleading, outbreathing, out-speaking love of Jesus, alone shall prevail. Giving yourself, and your little ones, unto God to be saved by the blood of Jesus alone, according to His everlasting covenant to you and to your children, trust Him unwaveringly to His word. So shall you be sustained in your work of Christian nurture, not alone by hope and faith, but by the blessed assurance that God will mike your labors effectual unto salvation, by his converting and saving

THE SEA OF GALILEE .- How sacred are its many associations? We wander along its silent shore; we gaze around on the beautiful scenery that envirous its peaceful bosom. The fig tree bends over the projecting rocks; the glittering sprays sparkle on the smooth sea; and we almost hear the soft ripples of the rolling waves. We are filled with emotions of joy and gratitude, and our thoughts arise to Him "whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known."

But alas! how changed the scened Dark thunder-clouds are hovering over its waters. Angry gusts of wind lash into fury its former peaceful waves. By the lightning's glare, we discern a frail bark struggling for life amid the foaming billows; and, as its flashes lighten the gloom, the affrighted disciples watch the Form that is securely and serencly walking upon the watery waste towards their sinking bark; but when they hear the well-known accents of the Saviom's voice, "It is I be not afraid," their four gives way to emotions of confidence and jove And thus it is in all our afflictions. If we keep our mind fixed on Christ, we will not sink beneath?

WHEN DOES EDUCATION BEGIN? - When is cha-

racter formed? Is it not during the first third of of human life? How is it formed? Is it not by education? This education begins with the life of childhood. Parents are its first educators. "We must begin the education of our child cur-The refusal of that mother to relight her lamp began the training of that child's will and the There is no white arm over your shoulder, no sparkling face to look up into the eye of love; effect, until the bent of the new grown-up child no trembling lips to murmur, "Oh, it is too is fixed, and his character determined.

There is so strange a hush in every room; no light footsteps passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and ticks—it was such music when she could hear it! Now it seems a knell on the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock reposts that old story.

ONE STANDARD OF HAPPINES.—Some people place their ideas of happiness upon one thing and so no upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dimier she said, "I have been to see Mrs.—" "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose their ideas of happiness upon one thing and so no upon another. A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dimier she said, "I have been to see Mrs.—" "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose ought to be; she has a came a hard the could be a strike.

And every day the clock reposts that old story.

Family Reading.

Old Series Vol. XVII., No. 13.

WILL IT EVER BE LIGHT?

"Will it ever be light?" said an unfortunate

wife of a drunkard; " will the heavy shadows ever break away from the mountain tops of hope? Will the stars ever appear in the sky? Long have I lived in the darkness of midnight, and long have I prayed that it might be morning.—But the darkness still lingers and no day star arises. The music and the synshine seem to gladden the hearts of thousands, but over my way there breaketh no light. For years I have wooed the sunshine and wooed it in vain. Sometimes I have caught glimpses of starlight, but alas I midnight soon again returned. L have inquired for the light, but received

cold and discouraging answer to my interroga-

tion. I have inquired of my friend, the minister,

if he could not see the coming of day; and he replied by repeating an encouraging passage of God's word, and offering a fervent prayer in my behalf. This seemed to give me momentary relief, but then the overshadowing presence of the thought, that I was a drunkard's wife, and that the dear little ones by my side, were drunkard's children, cast a withering gloom over all my young hopes. I asked him to tell the people upon the next Sabbath, of the fearful influences strong drink. Tell them to "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colorin the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for at last it biteth like a scrpent and stingeth like an adder." Warn the people of the blackness and darkness of life, where wine has been permitted to revel. Picture the drunkard's home. Trace his footsteps downward. Tell, O tell the peopleof the specious fascinations of wine. You may lift away the heavy darkness, for God blesses the labors of the faithful. Zell young men of the imperative dangers of moderate drinking; warn them to shan the social glass. Point them to the hydra-headed monster which lies coiled in the ale and the beer. Amid all the abodes of human wretchedness, there are none so completely desolate as those where intemperance reigns supreme. I asked the man of God if he would tell the people this; and he told me he hardly thought his people would stand temperance sernons, just now. It would make a terrible storm should I preach to my people what I feel and know to be the truth in the case. Many of them sip their wine and ale, and think it no harm. They would at once think me personal, and I am fearful I should drive some away from meeting. The good man said he knew that "Strong drink was raging," but then public opinion would hardly ustain a radical exposition of the matter. must wait in prayer and hope, until popular opinion would favor such doctrine. Captive soul waiting for public opinion to bid you preach—with a soul full of truth which your lips dare not utter. The seal of divine condemnation rests upon those who dare not speak what they know to be important truths, for fear of public disfavor. The intelligent minister, whose soul is imbued with an ardent love for mankind, is one of the appointed leaders of public opinion. O, thought if every Christian pulpit in the land would ing with denunciations against all that leads to lrunkenness -if they would do this once a month.

he morning might dawn. But alas, policy must

be the governing principle, and a policy far in ferior to the real interests of man. Will it ever be light? Will the morning ever I besought my kind neighbor to use his infuence to prevent the sale of strong drink. Will you not speak to the man who is the main cause of all my trouble, and ask him not to sell my husband any more liquor? My neighbour expressed a wish to favor me, but said he was really afraid of the ill-will of the liquor dealer, and did not desire to incur his malice. I spoke to the vender himself. He said every man must be his own judge. He was not the censor upon any one's appetite. Besides, he must support his family, and he could not abandon his means of support. And so there seems to be ro hope, no ght. The darkness gathers thicker and blacker. A wife's tears and pleadings avail not. The cry of innocent children do not prevail. The darkness yet continues and the stars of morning are still buried in the dark unknown. O, my God! when will the morning dawn, and when will my soul be let out of this prison-house into the light! The echo comes over the dismal scenery, like the sad moanings of the November night wind-But a light dawns !

I can see Woman arising in her majesty and night. I can see her standing, in her strength, under the cloud and shadows. She is no longer the angel of patience and forbearance. She stands the fair dictator to man. She does not go to the dwarfish, drivelled-souled rumseller and plead, but bids him desist. She commands, and he obeys. She no longer pines under deep de-pression, but from the angel of patience, she emerges into a form of might and power. What a grand and formidable phalanx it would form, when woman, the keenest sufferer from strong drink, marches in united column against her dire ful foe. Then will the light come.

# THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife t she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an ambercolored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering over-head. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands ly," said a gentleman to his wife, when their heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear heart that lay upon But she is dead! The dear heart that lay upon fourth it was extinguished, and the child benay unwillingly bave planted. Her noble, tender first-born was three or four months of her lis low of clay. The hands that have ministered so came restless and clamorous for the light.—
untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath

The quick eye of the mother saw that her child the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat noticed; willed, cried to accomplish its desire. ed an eternity of love lies under your feet. above her in tears, shaking the dew from their formation of its character. Thus from the first petals that the verdure around her may be kept its character is formed chiefly by the parent. In due time the teacher also becomes its educator,

The state of the s Hold fast the form of sound words." 2d Timothy, i. 13.

to be Sabbath-keepers, instead of Sabbath-breakers. Some I have known to be great swearers, drunkards, prize-fighters, and the worst of characters, but now they are renewed in the spirit of their minds." From Mr. Catlin also, at the Missionary Rooms and Cabmen's Club, King's Cross, I have also learned delightful facts as to a work

London, S. E.

After we had conversed for some time on vari-

"I was born near the edge of yonder lofty hill My father occupied a small farm, on which the family used to work during the summer months, and in the winter we all wove cloth, for our own use and for the market. There was no church near us, and we grew up in great spiritual darkness. The Sabbath was our holiday, which we generally spent in playing at cricket and football. In this state I remained until I was about twenty years of age, when one winter evening I rambled down from the edge of the mountain, to call on a neighbour who lived a few fields below. He was a man that feared God, and was accustomed to have morning and evening prayer with his family. When the usual hour arrived for the household to assemble, he said to me, in our dialect, 'John, hu mun stop to family prayer?' I consented. A chapter was read, and he and his wife and children fell upon their knees, while I, as it was no business of mine, sat still and looked on. But I assure you, sir, I felt very strangely-I never felt so before. As soon as it was over, I left them without saying a word, and walked to my father's house; but the scene I had witnessed could not be forgotten. I was struck to the heart. As I ascended the side of the hill I thought, this must surely be the worship of God. This is what I have never done, but it is what I ought to do.

on. But my conscience would not let me proceed. A voice seemed to say, 'Go to prayer, seek the Lord; cry for mercy; begin at once!' So I pulled a large stone from the hedge, and placed it on the snow; and there, on that stone, I first kneeled down and called upon God."