

The Christian Visitor.

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New Series,
Vol. II., No. 30.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1864.

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THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
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The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

For the Christian Visitor,
Saint John Building Society and Investment
Fund.

Mr. Estlin—Having fully explained how provision may be made for children, for middle age, and for old age, and that upon a safe, more convenient, and a more economical system than has hitherto been presented to the public. To prove that this is so, all that is necessary on the part of those interested is to make themselves conversant with the various ways in which money may be placed with the Society, and to elucidate this will be the object and purpose of the following remarks, from which it will be clearly seen that the benefits foreshadowed by a recapitulation of the operations of the Society are within the reach of all who can save one dollar monthly, i. e., from the industrial laborer to the capitalist who may be seeking safe investments. First, then, if one dollar is invested monthly for one hundred and twenty months, the member receives in return \$200. Instead of investing by monthly instalments, if \$100 is paid in one sum, on the expiration of one hundred and twenty months from the date on which the transaction took place, the investor will also be entitled to receive \$200. The capitalist will please make a note of this mode, as peculiarly suited to his means and ideas of business. Some of the members of this Society commenced by investing \$5 monthly, and as the business of the Society increased, the \$5 was increased to \$10, and now some members have gone on increasing their shares until they have thirty shares on the register, on which they are paying \$30 monthly. The members who are investing on thirty shares are securing to themselves a gain of \$2,400 at the end of the term for which they entered. This also merits attention, and a place in the notebook of the capitalist. Deposits are received of sums of \$4 to \$20, on which five per cent. per annum is paid—this class of deposits may be withdrawn without giving notice of the intention to withdraw. Interest on sums of \$20 and upwards is paid at the rate of six per cent. per annum, subject to a notice of thirty days on withdrawing. In all cases interest is paid from the day on which deposits are made until the day on which they are withdrawn.

This Society develops the only safe mode of carrying the "co-operative principle" into profitable operation; the investing member can at all times control his investments; if he wishes to withdraw, he has only to give thirty days notice, he runs no risk from speculative operations—nothing of a speculative character can be entertained by the Board of Management. All the operations of the Society are founded on improved and "improving" Freehold and Leasehold properties. It is worthy of remark that the system of monthly repayments adopted by the Society are the most profitable feature of the Society's business operations. The intelligent capitalist will note that every repayment is promptly converted into productive capital, by being again re-loaned. This system deserves a chapter of explanation by itself, but it will be correctly understood to be conducted on the principles of progression. Trusting to pay my respects again shortly to your intelligent readers, through the medium of your valuable paper.

I remain, very truly and respectfully yours,
THE SECRETARY,
Society's Office, July 28, 1864.

From the Revival.
THE POOR IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoreth Him hath mercy on the poor." The prices for the poor work at the East end of London will scarcely be credited by those who have not the sorrowful experience of witnessing their privations. Again and again have I seen the single room occupied by a large family crowded in every direction by materials for lucifer match boxes, and many pairs of little hands working incessantly all the day, and the mother far into the night, to complete the order which must be finished at a certain time. For twelve dozen, if a simple box and lid, they will receive 2d., for the sliding box 2d. The materials are of course provided, all but the paste.

I have seen a poor widow with two daughters (both on the verge of decline through want of air and food) employed in making the smallest sized dolls arms. They had to find all the materials—calico, leather, paste, sawdust, and sewing cotton—and for twelve dozen pairs were to receive 1s. 6d. While her husband was dying the poor woman was sitting up all the night at this work, and contrived to earn 2s. 6d. a week. In the house of a weaver, helpless from paralysis, I have seen his three poor daughters, one of whom is in a consumption, and another had recently recovered the sight of one eye, all three working by the light of one candle, toiling late into the night to finish an order for twelve dozen black silk buttons, elaborately ornamented with points and tassels of black beads. The materials were of course provided, but the labour, which is of the most trying kind for the eyes, was to be repaid by 1s. 6d. for the twelve dozen. Oh, that those who wear these ornaments recherché, as they are styled on the white and gilt cards to which I saw one of the poor girls affixing them, may remember the aching heads and eyes of the poor manufacturer.

I have seen a poor woman, forsaken by her husband, left with a blind son (who suffers much from having been knocked down by a cart), and a daughter who, though consumptive, has been driven by want this winter to dance in one of the pantomimes, and when she returns has scarce anything but the bare boards on which to rest her aching limbs, for the poor mother works as a boot-closer, and receives sometimes 1s., and sometimes only 6d. a dozen.

I have seen a poor crippled weaver, in absolute rags, winding the most brilliantly beautiful silks, which are sold at 3s. 4d. an ounce. The winding requires great care, and he told me an ounce occupied him an hour and a half. For this he receives 1d. an ounce. But his wife said, "we are thankful if we can only get it to do"—for in all these cases it must be borne in mind that the work is not constant. Days and days are wasted in going to the warehouses to ask for work in vain, and then when an order is received it must be finished by the dim candle-light, late in the night or before daybreak.

At 5 A. M., all through the coldest mornings of this winter, one woman, aged 72 (who had been knocked down in the street and her shoulder dislocated), has stood with head and shoulder banded, in Spitalfields Market, and continued there until 12, to earn a few pence by watching the carts while the owners make their purchases. Another, upwards of 80, continues to go out the parish allowance of 1s. and a loaf weekly, by sitting with her tottering limbs up and down many stairs in Petticoat-lane, lighting fire for the Jews on their Sabbath-days, and attending them all day, for 1s. a fire.

With reference to the aversion manifested by

the poor to enter the union-house, I might just mention one fact:—A poor woman who had found shelter in one of the lowest lodging-houses in Whitechapel, having been taken seriously ill, was removed to the Infirmary of Spitalfields Union house. I was asked to visit her by a poor working man (once a thief, now struggling hard to obtain for himself and family an honest, but oh! how scanty, livelihood), and who spends the Lord's day always in making known to the poor outcasts in these dens of misery the faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, which has had the power to turn him from the evil of his ways, and the poor woman had been deeply impressed under his words. I went at the day and hour appointed for the inmates of the Infirmary to receive their visitors, and on the way was joined by the wife of an honest, industrious silk-weaver, whose son had been most fearfully burnt in a lucifer match factory, and, after many months spent in the London Hospital, had been discharged as incurable. The poor woman herself was far gone in consumption, and had broken down completely through the fatigue and distress of nursing her son, who was then sent to the London Infirmary. With difficulty she reached the door of the Union, and was informed that, as her son was no longer in danger, she could not be admitted—as she could not be allowed to see him more than once a month. Once more, I believe, she did see him, but she is now where the weary are at rest, and hear not the voice of the oppressor. With regard to the poor outcast woman, I was not permitted to see her, as I could not claim relationship with her.

Let me add one ray of light to shine through the gloom of one of these dark pictures. In a desolate garret, partly occupied by two broken unpaired looms, sat, by the scanty fire, a crippled weaver, with a young child on his knee, whose rags he tried to hide from me. He greeted me, as always, with some cheerful remark, and then added some information about the political events of the day, saying, "The Scriptures are fulfilling, the sign the Lord is coming. His fingers on the latch." Oh! how vividly does the "blessed hope" shine before him, and he is "occupying till the Lord come," for, unable to move from his comfortable abode himself, he has sent one after another to hear the words of salvation.

In another desolate abode, stripped of almost all furniture, the wall boasts of this inscription, "The glory which thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one as we are one."

NOTES FROM SPURGEON.
LABOR IN VAIN.

"Jonah said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you. Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them."—Jonah i. 12, 13.

The men rowed hard to bring the ship to land. The Hebrew is, they "digged" hard, sending the oars deep into the water with much exertion and small success. Straining every sinew, they labored by violence to get the ship in safety to the haven. Brethren, no word in any language can express the violence of earnest action with which awakened sinners strive, and struggle to obtain eternal life. Truly, if the kingdom of God were in the power of him that willeth and him that runneth, they would possess it at once. Let us notice some forms of the fleshly energy, of men straining after self-salvation. The most usual is,

"It is marvellous how far men will push their reforms; and yet how little solid peace such purgings can secure. For what is the sinner after his reformation but the blackamoor washed clean, a blackamoor still? I would have the Ethiopian clean by all manner of means; but I would not let him fancy that the soap and the nife will make him white. I would have the leopard tamed and caged, but this will not remove his spots. Moral reforms are excellent in themselves, but they are dangerous, if we rest in them. Let even a corpse be washed, but let no man dream that the most careful washing will restore it to life. 'Ye must be born again,' rings out the death-knell of all salvation by human effort. Unless reforms are founded in regeneration, they are baseless things, which fall in the end for want of foundation. They are deceptive things, affording a transient hope, which soon, alas! must melt away. Ah! my hearer, thou mayst go on improving and reforming, but all thy present and future amendments can never wipe out the old score of sin. Something more potent than thy tears and change of life must take away the sins of thy departed years. Others add to their reformation a superstition regard to the outward of religion. Even in a Protestant church, men now very hard with multitudinous observances and superstitious performances, but when you get into the Romish church, the labor in vain comes to a climax. What with the views of poverty, celibacy, silence, passive obedience, and a thousand other tortures, if the Moloch whom they worship be not satisfied he ought to be. It is remarked of the Hindoos that they give vastly more to their idols than we bestow upon the cause of God, and I suppose it true; but then they also are rowing hard to get the ship to land. All they do is for themselves. Self is always a mighty power in the world. Do but teach men that they can gain their own salvation by their own doings, and mortifications, and offerings, and I would expect to see the treasury filled; I would expect to hear the whip constantly going upon the shoulders; but I should despair of seeing anything like holiness surviving in the land. Superstition is hard rowing, the ship will not come to the land thereby. Priests and their votaries may go on piling up human inventions ad infinitum, but they will forever fail to ease the conscience, or give rest to a disturbed soul. Man's awful necessities crave something more than the hooks of superstition. Perhaps, in this congregation, we have other subtle methods of endeavoring to do the same thing. The pastor has noticed that many are resting upon their own

INNOBENT PRAYERS.
Ah! my poor hearer, thou knowest thy need of something thou canst hardly tell what; thou hast heard the subject of salvation explained to thee a hundred times, and now when it comes to the pinch thou dost not understand it after all. I think God that thou hast learned how to pray; that thy sighs, and cries, and groans, come up before him; but I sorrow because thou trustest in thy prayers and restest in them. Remember that thou wilt not be saved for the sake of thy prayers that for the sake of thy good works. If thy knees become hard as the knees of St. James are said to have been, had like the camel's, through long kneeling; and if with the Palmist thou couldst say, "My throat is dried, mine eyes fail," yet all this, if thou lookest to it, and dost not look to Christ, will never avail thee. I know what it was for months to cry out to God, and to

find the heavens above me as brass, because I had not understood clearly the soul-quickening words, "Believe and live;" but dreamed that by praying I could get myself into a suitable state to receive mercy, or perhaps have the heart of God towards me; whereas that heart needed no moving towards me, it was full of love from before the foundation of the world. Pray, my dear brethren; let me never discourage you in that. But do let me beg you not to sit still, or recline upon your prayers; for if you get no further than your prayers, you will never get to heaven. There is more wanted than crying to God; more wanted than earnest desires, however passionately they may be breathed. There must be faith in Jesus, or else you will row hard with your prayers, and you will never bring the ship to land.

THE ONLY ARGUMENT.
Various are the shapes which this carnal energy assumes, I have met with many who are in this kind of case. They are constantly starting objections to their own salvation and trying to answer them. They have comfort for a moment, and they say, "Yes, this is very sweet, but—" and then they will spend a week or two in trying to split up that "but." When they are rid of this "but," a more will come to them from another quarter, and they are sure to meet it with, "Ah blessed be God for that but—" They are always pulling away at these buts; these big waves come sweeping up to the side of their vessel, and they try to dig their oars into them. Friend, if you are never saved until you, an unpardoned sinner, have answered all objections, you will never be saved, because there are a thousand objections to the salvation of any man, which can only be met by one argument, and that is the blood of Jesus. If thou wilt go here and there seeking answers to the devil's suggestions of unbelief, thou mayst travel the whole world round, and end thy fruitless task in despair. But if thou wilt come to Jesus, if thou wilt see Him like another Jonah thrown out of the ship for thy sake, if thou wilt but see Him lost that thou mayst be saved, then a peace which passeth all understanding shall keep thy heart and mind by Christ Jesus.

From the American Messenger.
THE TWO STRANGERS IN CHURCH.

"Who are those two young ladies dressed in mourning who sat in the corner near you?" inquired Mrs. Ashby of an acquaintance who passed her pew just as the Sabbath morning service was closed. "They seem to be strangers," she continued, "and I haven't seen any one speak to them."

"They are not exactly strangers," said Mrs. Ashby's friend, "though I dare say they were never in church here before. Don't you remember a small, thin-faced woman who sat in that corner for a few Sabbaths some three months ago, and always looked so forlorn and timid? She was their mother, and the name of the family is Hill. She's dead now, I hear, and better off, I've no doubt. These girls and their father feared her to death, it is said, about her religion and church-going, for she would always come to church as long as she was able. But she's gone at last, and I wonder what sent her here."

"Perhaps the Lord has sent them," thought Mrs. Ashby, as her informant hastened down the aisle, and left her still standing at the door of her pew. She recalled the pale face of the mother, to whom she had once or twice spoken a kind word, and whose absence from church after a few Sabbaths' attendance had been accounted for by her reported removal from that town.

Mrs. Ashby looked again at the strangers; they were lingering, while all around them were fast leaving the house. No one seemed to care for them, and they looked as if almost doubting their right to be there. She felt as if some one ought to welcome them to the sanctuary; and so with a heart full of love, she went and took them by the hand. Calling them by name, she told them that she remembered their mother, and was grieved to hear that they had lost so good a parent. She added that she was glad to see them at church, and hoped they would continue to fill their mother's place. Then she inquired their residence, and giving her own name, said that with their permission she would call upon them in a day or two. They were too much affected to reply, except by the brief assurance that they should be glad to see her.

Sickness in Mrs. Ashby's family prevented her from calling on Sarah and Ellen H. that week as she intended. But when the following Sabbath came, she was glad to see them again in their mother's seat. She gave them a pleased look of recognition before the services commenced, and as soon as they were ended she went directly to them. Greeting them cordially, she explained the cause of her failure to call upon them, and told them that she particularly regretted it, because she was anxious to secure them as members of a young ladies' class which met weekly at her own house for prayer and the study of the Scriptures. She asked them to think of the proposal for a day or two, and she would see them about it during the week if Providence permitted.

To Sarah and Ellen, Mrs. Ashby was the good Samaritan. They had been trained by their father in his own hard and bitter unbelief. The sorrowful and feeble mother whom they had just buried, was scarcely a parent to them, she having married their father after they were nearly grown to maturity. She was a Christian, but too timid by nature and soon too ill to make her influence for good decided and efficient. The father and daughters laughed at her Bible-reading and psalm-singing, and utterly refused to join her in attendance at church. Finding herself sorely disappointed in the character and temper of the family with which she had too hastily connected herself, she soon sank into the grave.

Not till then did those thoughtless girls realize what they had done. The fear and hesitation of the hitherto timid woman, in her dying hour gave place to Christian fortitude and even triumph. Her eyes saw truth with gospel clearness; her lips were fearless in declaring and enforcing it. The hitherto deluded daughters were touched at once with conviction and remorse. Under the influence of these feelings, they readily promised their dying mother to attend on public worship, and to seek their own salvation and that of their father.

So it was that they came to the house of God; it was indeed "the Lord" who had "sent them." But the preaching they heard that first Sabbath was little calculated to stimulate or encourage them. The cold, lifeless sermon fell like lead on their awakened consciences. And when they met from those around them in church only an indifferent glance or a curious stare, they were ready to say, "No man careth for my soul." They would have gone home repelled and discouraged, but for the Christian faithfulness and sympathy of Mrs. Ashby. The tender love which gladdened in her eye and made itself felt in the pressure of her hand, her unobtrusive interest in

their welfare, and the almost motherly kindness of her manner, went directly to their hearts.

She visited them as she had promised, and soon won their confidence. They joined her Bible-class, and diligently studied the word of God. It was not long ere they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion; and now, under the wise training of Mrs. Ashby, who has become their trusted household counsellor, they are seeking, by the beauty and order of a Christian home, as well as by direct prayer and effort, to win their father to the Saviour.

God bless the disciples who "care for souls," and multiply their number an hundred fold.

A PEACEMAKER.
BY THE REV. STANLEY HARDY.

I will give you another example, for I could occupy four hours in giving a rapid narrative of cases in which I have been engaged. Some time ago a gentleman of large influence and large wealth called upon me, and said, "I wish to see you respecting a relation of mine, who has run through £10,000." I said, "Send him here on Monday morning." "Oh," he said, "I do not think you will get him to speak to you—he is very reserved." I said, "Let me try." On Monday morning the young man came, a young buck about eight and twenty. He made a bow to the last joint of his vertebrae to me, as much as to say, "I am here, but if you think I am going to kiss your shoes you are very much mistaken." I think God has taught me a way that I have of taking to lay hold of the fellows, to touch them, and I said, "Sit, let us sit down," and I got him by the hand, and we sat down together. I put my face right up to his so that it nearly touched, and I said, "I know exactly where you are; it is despair. You break out, and you are angry, and denounce others, and so on, and get into a rage when we speak to you. The real fact is you are in despair you have fought your battle, you have fought ten thousand battles, and it has always been too strong for you; you have resolved, and you have struggled and vowed but when the moment has come you have been carried away. I saw it was impressing him—the feeling that I understood him—sympathy, that is all, that is the only weapon we have, it is the mightiest power in the world. I saw the tears begin to gather in his face, and when I went on to describe that it was possible for him, by taking a prescription which I was going to give him soon, but which I had not given him yet, and said, "Under the influence of that prescription it is possible for you to stand and look me in the face, and smile upon all the world, and say, 'I am a free man.'" He bounded up from that sofa, clasped his hands with agony, and cried out, "My God! it is too precious to be true." What interest it gives one to help poor agonized souls like these, to go healing their wounds. For an hour and a half in that room it was just this; I was endeavoring to persuade this man, in some way or another, to get the belief into him through the power of my own warm, prayerful sympathy and brotherly love towards him, that he had never conquered it because he had never looked to the stronger than the strong man armed. Sir, it was like a hand-to-hand battle of man and the devil in my dining-room for an hour and a half. Down we went upon our knees. I said, "Now, try to pray." "I cannot pray," he said. I said, "I will pray for you, now try and pray," and again and again I saw the strong man armed, the giant keeping his palace, and his goods in peace; there was no danger of his coming forth—he was too strong. And then we got to the stronger than he coming down upon him, taking his armor from him wherein he trusted, and dividing the spoils, and I said, "You shall not perish at twenty-eight years old, you shall be redeemed yet by the power of Jesus Christ!" The poor fellow trembled under it all, for one gets earnest—I admit I get passionately in earnest about these poor fellows, and cannot let them go. What did I find? Again and again I saw that young man, and heard the whole story of his life. When he first came to me he would lay his trembling hands upon me, and I felt he was in my hands like a bit of plastic clay, and I believe he loved me as a brother, and he would say to me sometimes, "You are the truest friend I have got up on this earth." It is very simple, is it not? At length I took this man home to his wife. We went in a splendid carriage. We had many miles from London to drive, for the house had been broken up. He showed evident excitement before we got there. When we arrived I was introduced to a most sweet and gracious young thing of twenty-four, and four little children, and I was bringing these together again. Imagine what a scene it was! I thought I must now go to the very bottom of the hearts of both these people if I am to reconstitute these together, and bring this holy bond in all its beautiful sweetness in which it was at first; because you know hearts were torn asunder, heart from heart. I sat down between them, and I took her hand, and I said, "Let me speak to you as a father. I took her hand, and I said, 'I wonder whether his neglect of you, and his scorn of you, has crushed all the love that you once had for him out of your heart; and when I went on thus speaking, she sprang to her feet and clasped him in her arms and covered him over with kisses, as if there was not a man on earth worth looking at besides her own husband; and then I asked her, there was a little bit of craft about this. 'Be good enough to let me have the children in.' The eldest little chap came in, and I took the little fellow on my knee, and he looked at me with comical gravity, and I began to talk to the father through the child. 'Oh,' I said, 'when thou growest up to be a man, will it ever shame thee to say 'Father'?' Will there ever be some dark place where thy young feet may stand and look and say, 'He lies here?' and the poor fellow laid his hand on his shoulder, and was sobbing his heart out. He said, 'Do forbear.' I said, 'Can you come together again?' and before me, hand to hand and face to face, I believe that as pure a kiss did he implant upon her face, and she on his, as ever was given by man to woman and woman to man. Then down we fell at that table, and I could hardly speak, and they could not speak. After an hour and a half I left that house and saw them standing at the window whilst I got into the carriage, he with his arm about her neck, and she with her arm about his waist, and so the home was reconstituted. Did not I, as I said back, almost overcome with emotion, lift my heart in a joy that none of you have ever felt that have not been abstainers, and bless God that I was one.—Speech in Exeter Hall.

REV. DAVID WALKER AT THE WEST.—He said, on his dying bed, "I am not an infidel, though they take it away! Jesus, by His Spirit, Ask him; I believe in religion; was once anxious; went to a place of prayer; saw one kneeling beside me who had wronged me; rose and left the house. From that hour the Holy Spirit left me. And now I am dying, not an infidel, but a believer in religion with no religion."

THE BLACK SPOT.

One day a man suddenly thought to himself, "I would like very much to eat an apple." So he went to the basket containing a large number, and picked out the largest, finest-looking one among them. Seating himself again in his chair, he looked at it and said—"Who ever saw a finer apple than that? Large, red as the cheek, and bright as the eye of a little girl. Not a spot or defect on it."

By this time his knife was ready, and off came a slice large enough for a good mouthful, and lo! the whole inside of this beautiful apple was black and bitter! "Now," said he, "this is too bad! But I know that this apple did not become bad all at once. First, there was a little spot in the centre, and it began to work out, and out, and out. By-and-by one half of the apple was spoiled, and at length it was nothing but one mass of bitterness and blackness, covered up with a beautiful skin."

Now, I have sometimes seen groups of beautiful children! Such eyes, and cheeks, and such merry, prattling tongues! And then I have opened the Bible, and what do you think I read there? "The heart," that is, the human heart, man's heart, woman's heart, children's hearts, all hearts, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." O, what a black spot on every, every heart!

"But, may be," says Hettie, "may be it will not grow any bigger." Ah! but it will! It is growing bigger all the time. And what awful work it makes when it has polluted everything within!

There was once a sweet little baby, and as he lay on his mother's knee she thought he was so beautiful and lovely! Years after I saw a most wretched looking man. His clothes were ragged and filthy; his face was red and bloated; he could hardly walk, and as he staggered along he muttered curses and blasphemies! O, children, this man was that sweet little baby grown up! And the black spot done it all!

Some time ago a man crept into the bedroom at midnight where an old man slept, and killed him! It was the black spot in the heart that was the cause.

In the prison you may find men, women and children. Some have been sent there for stealing, some for fighting, and others for other crimes—but the black spot in the heart is at the bottom of all.

All the swearing and drunkenness, all the gambling and Sabbath-breaking, all the lying and cheating in the world comes from this black spot in the heart.

Yes, and all the anguish in the pit of woe among lost souls comes from the same source.

Children, that spot is in your heart. Every cross word you speak comes from it; every act of disobedience or disrespect to your parents; all dislike of your Bible, or the Sabbath, or prayer, comes from it.

Do you wish that spot to grow and grow until it covers all your heart, and pollutes all within you? If not, it must be taken away. Who can take it away? Jesus, by His Spirit. Ask him; pray to him. Give your heart to him and he will make it pure and holy. Those who keep their spot till they die, go down among the devils; those who have it taken away, go up among the angels. Whether do you wish to go.—Sabbath School Visitor.

Family Reading.
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
From the Asandian Recorder.

I WOULD I WERE A CHILD.

I would I were a child again,
A merry, careless child—
Relieved from social dire restraint,
And free as nature's wild.
I fain would climb the grassy slope,
And wade in shallow stream,
Or lie beneath the wildwood shade,
Of future years to dream.

Of future years! Youth's fertile brain,
Impatient for the goal,
Invested them with colours bright,
Bedeck'd with fancy's veil.
And time, with rapid flight passed by,
And brought them in its train—
Life's hopes and fears and manhood's cares
And sordid love of gain.

How changed from all our childish views
These future years appear,
How vain manhood's after life
With youthful joys compare.
The busy world is full of trials,
And life a constant toil,
From which in fancy's halcyon dreams,
The heart would quick recoil.

I would I were a child again,
A merry, careless child,
With heart yet free from worldly guile,
By guilt yet undefiled.
Oh! oft in memory's dream again
We ramble mid the past,
We view again the scenes of youth,
And joys too deep to last.

For the Christian Visitor.
A SKETCH.

How lovely! Like a broad mirror the waters seem; deep in their crystal depths are reflected fleecy, floating clouds, and huge dark masses with silvery lining resting against the deep blue sky; while trees gracefully drooping, tremulous with young beauty, are sketched in nature's glass truer than by the artist's pencil. But yonder is the "King of Day" stepping from his brilliant, burning throne to his couch in the "crimson west"—floods of glory are bursting upon the rapturous scene—the clouds are bathed in burnished gold from the radiance circling his crown, and the waters are blushing scarlet beneath his last ardent glance. The evening star comes peeping through gorgeously tinted drapery, and smiles upon the fairy realms, seemingly resting in liquid beauty, while the sunset's rich glow is gradually fading from water and sky. Shadowy twilight, with her pale brow spangled with stars, slowly retires through the portals of the West, and Night advances in gloomy grandeur to sway her sceptre as empress of darkness, her mantle decked with jewels rare, "her waist with azure zone." The young May Moon is floating in the "upper deep," now bride-like veiling her peerless beauty in gossamer clouds, now beaming with undimmed splendor, her silvery radiance sweetly pictured 'mid the golden lamps, snowy curtains, and rich blue hangings of yon mermaid's palace. Can Art, with her most delicate touches, create such a picture of exquisite loveliness? No! Nature, thou art in every charm supreme.

THE BLACK SPOT.

One day a man suddenly thought to himself, "I would like very much to eat an apple." So he went to the basket containing a large number, and picked out the largest, finest-looking one among them. Seating himself again in his chair, he looked at it and said—"Who ever saw a finer apple than that? Large, red as the cheek, and bright as the eye of a little girl. Not a spot or defect on it."

By this time his knife was ready, and off came a slice large enough for a good mouthful, and lo! the whole inside of this beautiful apple was black and bitter! "Now," said he, "this is too bad! But I know that this apple did not become bad all at once. First, there was a little spot in the centre, and it began to work out, and out, and out. By-and-by one half of the apple was spoiled, and at length it was nothing but one mass of bitterness and blackness, covered up with a beautiful skin."

Now, I have sometimes seen groups of beautiful children! Such eyes, and cheeks, and such merry, prattling tongues! And then I have opened the Bible, and what do you think I read there? "The heart," that is, the human heart, man's heart, woman's heart, children's hearts, all hearts, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." O, what a black spot on every, every heart!

"But, may be," says Hettie, "may be it will not grow any bigger." Ah! but it will! It is growing bigger all the time. And what awful work it makes when it has polluted everything within!

There was once a sweet little baby, and as he lay on his mother's knee she thought he was so beautiful and lovely! Years after I saw a most wretched looking man. His clothes were ragged and filthy; his face was red and bloated; he could hardly walk, and as he staggered along he muttered curses and blasphemies! O, children, this man was that sweet little baby grown up! And the black spot done it all!

Some time ago a man crept into the bedroom at midnight where an old man slept, and killed him! It was the black spot in the heart that was the cause.

In the prison you may find men, women and children. Some have been sent there for stealing, some for fighting, and others for other crimes—but the black spot in the heart is at the bottom of all.

All the swearing and drunkenness, all the gambling and Sabbath-breaking, all the lying and cheating in the world comes from this black spot in the heart.

Yes, and all the anguish in the pit of woe among lost souls comes from the same source.

Children, that spot is in your heart. Every cross word you speak comes from it; every act of disobedience or disrespect to your parents; all dislike of your Bible, or the Sabbath, or prayer, comes from it.

Do you wish that spot to grow and grow until it covers all your heart, and pollutes all within you? If not, it must be taken away. Who can take it away? Jesus, by His Spirit. Ask him; pray to him. Give your heart to him and he will make it pure and holy. Those who keep their spot till they die, go down among the devils; those who have it taken away, go up among the angels. Whether do you wish to go.—Sabbath School Visitor.

SALTING HAY.

Our great hay harvest is again near at hand, and it will be well for all who are engaged in it to ascertain what will facilitate cutting and gathering it, or preserving it in good condition after it is secured. For several years past a practice has prevailed to an extent which we believe has been injurious,—that of salting it.

Cattle fed principally on dry fodder will eat very little salt, voluntarily, during the time they are fed in the barn. If salt is freely applied to the hay on which they are fed, they are forced to consume a considerable quantity which they do not need, and which, to say the least, does them no good, if it does not induce actual sickness. Who knows but the disease which has been carrying off sheep by thousands, during the last winter, has been occasioned, in many instances, by over-salting hay? The use of salt for this purpose leads to the bad practice of getting in hay in a half-cured condition. The expression with regard to such hay is,—this will answer with a good application of salt. Hundreds of tons are thus got in under this soothing delusion, and the stock is obliged to eat it or starve!

In an article in the Country Gentleman, by S. Edwards Todd, on this subject he says—"Keep the salt off it. It does more hurt than good. There is a moisture in salt. And the idea is to keep as much moisture out of the hay as possible. Hay is not like flesh. Salt will preserve flesh from decomposition, but not plants. Indeed, it will only hasten their decay. Salt will not dry hay in the mow. It only produces dampness. Therefore, keep it away from the hay."

It is possible that two quarts of salt to a ton of well-cured hay might give it a pleasant relish, so that the cattle would like it better; we do not know that it would, but to put on half a bushel, or more, as is often done to a ton of damp hay, is wasteful and injurious, in our opinion. Such hay, certainly, cannot be wholesome as fodder.

Last year, a very large portion of the grass cut was wet before it was taken to the barn, and was injured, in greater or less degree, in every instance. In order to secure this valuable crop in good condition, we must avail ourselves of means, in one way or another, of protecting it from the rain, so that when bright suns return we can get it sufficiently dry, in a short time, to be housed. It is easier and cheaper, in the long run, to secure the crop by such means, though the outlay at first may be a little inconvenient.—N. E. Farmer.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

An eccentric clergyman in England, who was much beloved by the youth of his parish, called one day at the house of one of his congregations. The youngest son in the family, being told by the servant that the clergyman was in the parlor, hastened to the room and at once jumped familiarly upon the pastor's knee. The following conversation ensued, in which good advice was given upon a subject which by some of our readers is thought of with something of misapprehension and mistake:

"Well, Ebenezer, so you have taken your old seat; but how is it that my other knee is unfurnished? Where's Michael?"

"Oh, sir, Michael is gone to London."