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From the Morning Star.

PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS .-- NO. 24. Voyage from Naples to Egypt—Alexandria—Donkeys—Camels—Pompey's Pillar—Cleopatra's Needle—The Palm Bazaars—Mahometan Fast—The Palace—The Cotton Trade.

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, Feb. 23, 1864. On the 17th inst., at 2 P. M., in company with Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., Allen V. Lesley, M. D., of Delaware, and Levi Taylor, of Philadelphia, I set sail from Naples for Egypt, in the steamship Dalmation. Our passage was a delightful one. The weather glorious, "skies bright, seas calm." My old malady, sea sickness, assailed me the first day; but since then I have suffered but little inconvenienc. That first day must also be excepted when I speak of the bright skies, for it was rainy, and by its dense clouds, hid from our view two things we had desired to see-Stromboli and Ætna; the former being the only constantly active volcano in Europe, the latter the highest and most interesting.—But we saw neither the fires of the one nor the lofty top of the other. We did see Capræ, however, and saw distinctly the very spot from which the Emperor Tiberius (who once made this rocky island his stronghold), used to throw headlong the victims of his Imperial wrath down a carful precipice of .700 feet. One might easily imagine the moaning of the winds, as they break upon this rock, to be the wait of the ghosts which still haunt the

We saw the rocks of Scylla, at the entrance of the straits of Messina, and have reason to be thankful that we had no more jutimate acquaintance with this old terror of the mariners, A kind Providence saved us; and yet we came so near it as to be inspired with a deeper gratitude than we could have known otherwise. A little before reaching the point of danger the chain which held our helm gave way. A feeble link parted. Had the accident accurred but half an hour later, or in the night time instead of by day, as it pro-bably would, had not our starting been delayed five hours beyond the time expected, the results might have been sadly disastrous. But no accidents occur in God's government. A wise hand is over all. The rocks of Seyffa and the whirlpool of Charybdis are equally harmless to us, if the old Prophet hold them to their responsibility we be followers of that which is good. The sleepless eye was upon that frail link; and the same the flesh? eye of paternal watchfulness and love is over us ever. "Man is immortal till his work is done;" and when it is, he ought not to wish for longer

Passing through the straits of Messina, we saw on our left the old Rhegiam -now called Reggio. This is the point mentioned in Acts xxviii. 13hence we fetched a compass, and came to Rhegium: and after one day the south wind blew, and came the next day to Puteoli. This last day was a prosperous one for sailing in those days—for our steamer was sixteen hours in making an equal distance.

The third day brought us along by the side of Candia-the ancient Crete; and here again we were upon the track of the Apostle in his circuitous and eventful voyage to Rome. Acts xxvii. 7, 13, and 21, contain the ailusion to this island. After theu we had no sight of land until nearing Alexandria, and our view of the smooth sea -sometimes without a ripple, and constantly without waves—has been such as to inspire sincere gratitude for such a voyage in this ordinarily unpropitious month.

To day we came to port. And the scene which we met was one to impress a stranger unused to Oriental life. The mingling of men of all shades of color, and every variety of feature and attire, crowding about us, laying hold upon carpet bag and trunk, anxious to assist for a compensation, and asking for "buksheesh" if no assistance were needed, presented a new and striking picture. And in addition to the men, women and children, were the omnipresent donkeys (to which I have become quite accustomed in Italy), and the longlegged, loose jointed, awkward-looking, but most gentle and serviceable camel, to which this constitutes my first introduction as an every day acquaintance, but to whose straggling, swinging gait I may yet become accustomed, not only by sight but by a closer experience.

The donkeys are a contemptible looking animal, but even in Italy, and much more so here.

I know not how the inhabitants could live without them; for they expect them to perform large labor, with very little compensation in the way of grain or grass. To see a man astride one of these little fellows, with his legs so near the ground that he can even touch it with his feet and I have sometimes seen this-seems like an imposition, and an offence that ought to be punishable under the "statute for preventing cruelty to animals." Yet the quadruped makes no complaint, and worries his way along under such a burden from four to six miles an hour, if urged. Here you are assailed every few rods, if on foot, by some man or boy with, "Have donkey, sir?" "An American donkey, sir !" and all other sorts of applications and recommendations. If you take the donkey for your ride, the man or boy trots along behind you, or at your side, urging forward the animal, holding him when you stop, helping you into your stirrups when you resume your seat; and at the end of your ride taking the pay for it—always accepting readily the full price agreed upon, and almost invariably demand-

The natives often ride without stirrups, saddles, or anything else. The saddles used here would be a curiosity with us—the forward part, or pommel, constituting a sort of eamel's hump. They are not hard saddles to ride, however. The heavy loads of grain, or wood—or no matter what, for they carry everything, not excepting even stable manure, upon the backs of these faithful workers—is quite surprising.

And the camel, which is here found side by side with the little beast which he can bestride without difficulty, is subjected also to all sorts of prosaic work. His life here is not the poetical sort of thing which our associations with mena-

prosaic work. His life here is not the poetical sort of thing which our associations with menageries and zoological gardens would lead us to imagine. Instead of being dressed out with gay trappings, and taking a few turus with some aspiring farmer's boy, who thinks it worth his while to accept the invitation of the show-keeper, and thus have it to say that he had rode the camel, the meek but ungainly animal is the burden-bearer of all this East. Inst now one passed me with a quarter of a cord of wood on his back; another with two pieces of timber, each fourteen to eigh-

with two pieces of timber, each fourteen to eighteen feet long, and eight inches aquare—the sills or posts of a house or barn!

Besides the sights of the street, which in every new country constitute the chief interest to one who studies human life in travelling—I have been to see Pompey's Pillar. Cleopatra's Needle, the palm groves, an old but lately exhamed Greek church, the bazaars, the canal, the palace, and the fort. In general, everything is out of repair. The Pillar is a noble shaft of signific — oylindrical. It feet in length, and nearly it is corinthian, and measures 16 feet 0 for 100 good and way, it being square on the top.

"Ge entire height, including podes"

"A jewel from earth?"

"Earth! O how much I have heard of that little world since the Son, who is on the throne, went there to do his great work. I have never yet had the opportunity to visit it; but know all its history; and I have the promis that I shall go there some day before it is burne ap and destroyed. Perhaps I may be sent of tides who were created there, who came up to live with us in heaven. I have heard many song that note; to loud or so sweet as theirs. The single of the top. The capital is corinthian, and measures 16 feet 0 for 100 good and way, it being square on the top. The entire heart of the solution of the solution of the top of the street of the solution of the so



tal and capital, is 98 feet 9 inches. And yet, al-

though this pillar is the admiration of the world,

the foundation upon which it stands is allowed

to crumble, and a part of it, extending under the body of the shaft, has already fallen out.

"Cleopatra's Needle" is the name given to an

obelisk covered with hieroglyphics; but inferior

in size to some which are now found in Rome.

Indeed, other nations have long been making a

many-while Alexandria has only one, and Cairo

The old church, which has been discovered in

making some excavations within a few years, has

nothing of special interest about it, aside from

the fact of its having been so long unknown. It

was built in the volcanic tufa, and served as cata-comb as well as church. A considerable num-

ber of prepared burying places are found within it, and below it.

The groves of palm trees are glorious.—Growing up with a single majestic stock, from the top

palm is exceedingly picturesque. These leaves

are referred to in the scripture. "They took"

branches of palm trees and spread them in the

way." Botanically, they are leaves, and not

to trade. One is called the French bazaar, because there the French chiefly are engaged in business; another, the Turkish bazaar, and so on of

the rest. They are busy places; streets crowded, narrow, and full of life. This is now the great fast

of Mahomet, which continues for thirty days, or

during the month of Ramidan. It does not seem

much to interfere with the business of life; and

yet I am informed that it does greatly diminish

vivacity of the daytime, while it very much quick-ens that of the night. The taking of food is for-

bidden until after sunset; and the result is that

the daytime is given up to sleep and to rest; and the nights to feasting and frolic. Night is turned into day, and day into night. And yet according to the law of their religion, these faithful Ma-

hometans fast during all these days! Will not the old Prophet hold them to their responsibility

The palace of the Bashaw is far less splendid

than that of many of the little kingdoms of Europe. It has a few rooms that are richly carpet-

ed and furnished with fine mirrors and chande-

liers. But the walls are for the most part with-out hangings or ornaments of any kind whatever —being simply whitewashed—and there is not a

piece of statuary on the

you except two carved lions that crouch on the

pillars at the two sides of the main entrance. As

we dismounted from our coach at this gate, a

flock of goats passed in before us, seeming to be free-comers on the premises! And they were not the poetical goats, such as were made to frisk

and sport, and assume proud airs, and stand erect.

with rogaish looks, as if more than ready for a

challenge to a single combat—such as have been

the goats of my boyhood experience; nor yet the

useful, but rather good looking and ornamental quadrupeds of 49th street, New York; but the

ainest and homeliest goats that could possibly

enter into your imagination—kept for milk; and with dugs that reach more than half way to the ground. The Bashaw is welcome to them all.

From the fort is a splendid view of the city and its suburbs. And Alexandria is to-day a live

city. I had no thought of finding a harbour crowded with ships, as we found this to be. We met fifteen vessels, all of considerable size, that

had sailed the morning of our arrival. And there

are hundreds, apparently, now here, waiting to

get their loads and weigh anchor. The cotton

trade has become an important one. Cotton

that used to bring 8 cents, now sells for four or

five times that; and twelve million pounds ster-ling, or about sixty millions of dollars, has been paid for Egyptian cotton in the past year. Thus Africa is recovering somewhat, both here and in the Southern Contederacy, what it has lost by

American slaveholders.-Riches are flowing into

this country with such an unprecedented rapidity

that the very men who are growing wealthy scarcely know what to do with it. The com-

merce of Alexandria is well nigh ten times what

And a large amount of building is going on at

present. Rome is the stagnation of death compared with Alexandria at this hour. Thus the infatuation of American slaveholders, resolved to open anew and fully to legalize the African slave trade, is, in the wise and yet strange administration of Divine Providence, to be rendered, both at home and abroad, tributary to the interest-

and elevation of this portion, and we trust, by

and by, of other portions of this long despised

and downtrodden Africa. I will endeavor to

write you again from Cairo, after I have mad-

THE ANGEL'S TREASURE.

It was midnight when the angel of light spran, from the earth to go upward. There were solbings and groans as he left, for he came out of half-lighted chamber. Upward and upward here, and soon soared out of earth's night. The

noble beings paused to greet each other.
"To that far off world never yet pressed by

mind Joseph REV. JOHN TODD, D. Den at hor) wi

my pilgrimage to the Red Sea. (181 all E. B. F.

it was ten years ago, we series medit nerdis

The bazaars are the streets and courts devoted

which spread out long branching leaves, the

New Series, Vol. II., No. 18.

not any!

branches.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1864.

Control of the Land of the Lan

not hinder you, nor will I inquire further as to in the State Prison in Maine was 80; for several precious charge. Farewell!"
Farewell, noble one! May every blessing

attend you!" vens. As he entered the golden gates, all made way for him, for they saw that he had brought creased nearly one third. something very precious. No one stayed him to prey of Egypt—robbing her of some of her choicest relics. Rome has no less than thirteen of these Egyptian obelisks, Paris I know not how ask a question. Through the ranks of glorious countries. The closing of public houses on the ones he passed, till he stood before the great Sabbath in England in 1849 was followed by a white throne, where was light, greater than a reduction in the average arrests in Bristo', from thousand suns would emit. As he bowed in 4063 for the three years preceding, to 2903 for awe and love, a voice came forth, "Good ser-vant hast thou done thy errand?" Carefully and duction in Manchester, from 3609 to 1950, or gently the angel took from his bosom a beautiful thing. It seemed lighter than air, sweeter than the breath of morning, and seemed to float like "Suffer it to come unto me, for of such is the

> ten thousand voices broke forth into songs of awake, and the daughters of music came forth dealers. from every quarter, and attered his praise. For through all the courts the tidings spread that might also have a converting power. another jewel had come to shine in the eternal

crown of Christ. On earth there was a funeral. That night the nother dreamed that her little one was with her, its bosom. The whole house was in deep mourn- risome. ing, for the sunbeam had been quenched. The mother sobbed and kissed the cold face of her D., a young woman about her own age, who was child, and called it dead. And she thought of far more weary than herself-weary of her life it as dead. She could not realize that Christ of toil and hardship, weary of her cares and trials, could love her child more than she did; or that but above all, weary of her own sinful heartanybody could take care of it as she could; or weary without any hope or prospect of rest in that any other world would be as good a place to this life, or that which is to come. Arrived at educate and train it as this; or that any bosom the small church they found it closed. It was could shield it as could hers; or that it was far the pastor's summer vacation, and no supply had better off than to be here. Will she ever meet been obtained. Numbers turned away, sadly to it again? Will she know it among the angels pursue their walk homeward under the rays of of day when she next sees it? Will it have any the fierce noontide sun, and Emma, as she turned thing about it by which any one would know caught a glimpse of Mrs. D.'s sad, careworn face, that it was earth-born? Will it be her child to and thought she detected more than ordinary refondle and love? Who can tell? Ah! mother, gret at the disappointment. In an instant she if you are a Christian, when you come to see as was by her side. Their way home was the same, you are seen, and to know as you are known, and Emma resolved that Mrs. D. should not reyou will see and feel that this removal of your turn without a friendly invitation to come to child was all right, and just as you are glad to Jesus, have it. Dry up your tears, then, and trust all deemer .- Sunday School Times.

POWER OF PRAYER.

In descending by one of the passes of the Alps into the lovely valley of the Saarnen, the traveller may notice on the right hand of the path a pine tree, growing in extraordinary circumstances. Enormous masses of heary rock lie scattered in the bottom of the ravine; they have fallen from the crags which form its stupendous walls; and it is on the top of one of these, a bare, naked block, that the pine-tree stands. No dwarf, mis-shapen thing, like the birch or mountain ash on an old castle wall, where the wind or passing bird had dropped the seed; it is a forest giantwith rugged trunk, and top that shoots, a green pyramid to the skies. At first sight one wonfers how a tree, seated on the summit of a huge stone, raised above the soil, with no apparent means of living, could live at all; still more, grow with such vigour as to defy the storms that

sweep the pass, and the severe long winters that reign over these lofty solitudes. A nearer approach explains the mysterv. Finding soil enough on the summit, where licheus had grown and decayed, to sustain its early age it had thrown out roots which, while the top stretched itself up to the light, lowered themselves down the naked stone-feeling for the earth and food. Touching the ground at length they buried themselves in it, to draw nourishment from its unseen but inexhaustible supplies, to feed the feeble sapling into a giant tree. So we thought, as we stood looking on this natural wonder, the believer grows. Tempest-tossed by many storms, but like the pine-tree with its gnarled roots grows into mighty cables, firmly moored to the Rock of Ages, he also raises his head to the skies, and through his prayers draws spiritual nourishment and growth in grace from the inexhaustible supplies which lie hidden in Jesus Christ, and are provided for all such as love him. Often placed in circumstances not less unfavorable to his growth than that naked stone to the growth of the pine perched on its summit. his prayers, like the roots that descended to the soil, and penetrating it, brought up its riches to feed the tree, form a living communication between him and God. Thus his life is sustained

INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME. The following facts in regard to the intimate relation between intemperance and crime are vouched by reliable, and in most cases official testimony. Of 1707 persons who were arrested by the police in Albany during three months, 1300, or more than three-fourths, were known to be of intemperate habits. Of 1125 convicts in the penitentiary of the same city, 1013, or 90 per cent., were notoriously intemperate. A gentleman who has visited most of the prisons in the United States, and had much personal conference with the prisoners, says he has not found more than twenty who did not acknowledge that they had been addicted to the use of strong drink. Of pirits. An official visitation of the county jails

State of New York was convicted of crime, while only one cut of every 661 sober men was guilty of a breach of the law. The 60,000 intemperate persons in the State committed more crimes, by above 200, than the 2,540,000 tamperate persons. In the ten counties of New York where crime most abounds there is one grog-shop for every 240 inhabitants; whereas in the ten counties where the fewest crimes are committed there is one for every 266.

years after it was 60. The number of convicts diminished one fourth. In Vermont the reduction was greater still. In the Eastern Peniten-So they separated. Then upward still darted tiary of Pennsylvania the average number of conthe angel, straight towards the heaven of hea- viets for six years previous was 387, for three

> Similar results have been observed in other nearly 50 per cent.
>
> The Maine law went into effect in that State in

1851. At the March term of the police court in music. The everlasting arms were stretched out to receive it. It was the soul of a little child I. At the corresponding term the following year but one indictment was found, and that proved to be a case of malicious prosecution. During the nine The beautiful little thing uttered no sound, but months preceding the operation of the law 279 it seemed to thrill with joy unutterable. Then persons were committed to the jail in Portland; during the nine months subsequent to its operapraise, and all the harps of heaven seemed to tion there were but 63 committed, besides liquor

These are convincing facts; would that they

A WORD IN SEASON.

Emma C., an earnest young Christian had reand stretched out her arms to take it, and it was turned from school, where much religious interest not there, as she awoke in tears. The little coffin existed, to her country home to spend a summer held the beautiful body. Friends had put white vacation. It was a sultry Sabbath in August, flowers in the waxen hands, as they lay folded on and the long dusty walk to church was very wea-

Toiling ug up the hill before her, she saw Mrs.

To her surprise she found her more than will- But ye, ye are changed since ye met me lastng anxious to learn the way of life. Emma pointed her to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world. As they parted she said, "now my dear Mrs. D., go to your room and leave it not until you have resolved to cast your soul upon Jesus, and I will spend this Sabbath in prayer that you may be accepted, When they next met this was the language of Mrs. D.'s heart :

And her subsequent life proved the reality of the change. She gave herself no rest until her sisters were also brought into the fold, and both Mrs. D. and those sisters are now rearing their families "in the nurture and admonition of the

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they shall be alike good."

A TRUTHFUL STORY,

At a town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question once came up whether any person should be icensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, and physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when, all at once, there arose from one corner of the room, a miserable female. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment of silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her a shi and our all and our

Yes ! she said, "look upon me, and then hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking of Alcholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon ME. You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the township. You all know too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all thus he grows in grace—green and fruitful while others wither, and living where others die.—Dr. WHERE ARE THEY NOW ! Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in younder churchyard pallevery one of them FILLING THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was rafe, excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted You, and You, and You, pointing with her shred of a finger to the Priest, Deacon, Doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and prospects, with dismay and horror ;-1 felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common rain-I tried to ward off the blow, I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell—in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and boys was a good creature of God : the DEACON 158 convicts in the Connecticut State Prison, 134 (who sits under the pulpit there, AND TOOK OUR or 85 per cent, were in the habit of using ardent FARM TO PAY HIS BUM BILLS) sold them the poison; the Docros said that a little was good, in New York in 1856 showed that in forty-seven and excess ought to be avoided. My poor husof them at least three-fourths of the prisoners, band, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and were by their own admission intemperate. In they could not escape; and, one after another, the judgment of the visitors, two-thirds of the remainder were really so, making eleven twelfths drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably of the whole. The conclusion from an examina-tion of the Providence jail, the Eastern Peniton-I have dragged my exhausted frame from my tiary of Pennsylvania, and the Auburn Prison in present home—your poor house—to warn you all New York, was that in each case more than —to warn you DEACON!—to warn you, FALSE EACHER OF GOD'S WORD, and with her ar In 1850 one out of every 15 drunkards in the high flung, and her tall form stretched to its ut-State of New York was convicted of crime, while most, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch-

pervaded the assembly—the Parast, Deacon, and Physician, hung their heads—and when the president of the meeting put the question, and Shall any Liouses as granted for the one for every \$96.

The Washingtonian movement for the reform of drunkards began in 1842. For several years sale of Spirituous Liquous ? the response was before that does the average number of convicts unanimque . NO ! Samily Reading.

is the test of the second seco

THE VOICE OF SPRING

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I come. I come! ye have called me long; I come o'er the mountains with light and song Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth By the winds which tell of the violet's birth, By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut little help from them, when they are old enough flowers

By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains; But it is not for me in my hour of bloom To speak of the ruin or the tomb.

I have looked on the hills of the stormy north, And the larch has hung all its tassels forth: The fisher is out on the sunny sea, And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free And the pine has a fringe of softer green, And the moss looks bright where my foot hath

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing them laid on a dying-bed to-morrow. Promise

And called out each voice of the deep blue sky From the night bird's lay, through the starry

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime, To the swan's wild note by the Iccland lakes, When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the

They are sweeping on to the silvery main, They are flashing down from the mountain brows, They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs, They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves, And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness come ! Where the violets lie may be now your home. Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly With the lyre, and wreath, and the joyous ray, Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men The waters are sparkling in grove and glen; Away from the chamber and sullen hearth, The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth: Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains, And youth is abroad in my green domains.

here is something bright from your features pass'd:

There is that come over your brow and eye Which speaks of a world where the flowers must Ye smile, but your smile hath a dimness yet;

O what have you look'd on since last we met. Ye are changed! we are changed! and I see not

All whom I saw in the vanish'd year. There were graceful heads with their ringlets

bright Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light There were eyes in whose glistening laughter lay No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps that flew o'er the cowslip's head As if for a banquet all earth were spread: There were voices that rang through the sapphire

And had not a sound of mortality. Are they gone? is their mirth from the moun tain passed?

Ye have look'd on earth since ye met me last.

know whence the shadow comes o'er you now Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow, Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace, She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race, With their laughing eyes and their festal crown, They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair; But I know of a land where there falls no blight. I shall find them there, with their eyes of light. Where Death, 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell.

tarry no longer-farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft wings borne; Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn; For me, I depart to a brighter shore— Ye are marked by care, ve are mine no more. go where the loved who have left you dwell,

And the flowers are not Death's-fare ye well,

From the Sunday School Missionary NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

Some little girls were singing together in beautiful yard, full of shrubbery and flowers,

"There is no place like Home." "Well," said Susan A., "I declare I don't be-lieve that there is any place like my home. It is nothing but work, work, all the time. The moment that I get inside of the door, mother says, Here, Susan, tend the baby-or here Susan set the table or here, Susan, do something else and I can't get a chance to play at all, unless I slip away when mother is busy, and does not notice me."

"And I believe that my home is worse even than your's," said Clara B., "for it's nothing but scold, scold, from morning to night. As soon as I open the door, it is, 'Clara, bless me! what has kept you so long? Why, Clara, where on earth have you been? And then in a minute it is, fear in your heart? Did no startling visions Clara, you are always in the way! I wish you seem to visit your eyes? Was there no movewould stay out of the house, if you can't behave ment of conscience reproving you for your evil

some time; at last she spoke timidly. "O girls, if your mothers should die, you know of ourselves or of another world before life would not think as you do now about your homes. and immortality were brought to us by the Word I used to think that my mother was very strict of God?" It was amid a flood of tears that the and cross, and often I would say so; but when I converted heathen laid down the testimony, and saw her in her coffin, and remembered how kind added, "You found us beasts, not men." she had been to me, how much she had done or me, and how often I had been cross and dis obedient, and grieved her, O, how unhappy 1 was! It seemed to me as if I would give both The miserable female vanished—a dead silence
The miserable female them. They had a great deal to do for us when we were helpless infants, and when we grow big enough we ought to do all that we can for them.

O, girls, I hope you may never suffer as I have, for not obeying your mothers."

THE OFFICE OF THE

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

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

Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B. Che Christian Visitar

is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, Reliefous and Secular.

The girls all looked quite thoughtful then, and Susan said, "I do believe that Ellen is right. I know that my mother has a great deal of work to do, and all the smaller children to look after, and that often the baby is sick, and keeps her up half of the night; and yet she wants to keep me at school, and she sews late in the evening, to keep my clothes in order. I ought to be glad to do all I can while I am at home. And I don't wonder she is sometimes cross when I slip off without obeying her. It must be hard to have so much trouble with children, and then get so

to help."
Class did not say anything; but she looked as if she was ashamed of her complaints about her mother, and the other girls looked so too. And then Ellen said with her eyes full of tears, Girls, I want you to promise me something.

"What is it?" they all said; for they loved the gentle young orphan.

will you ?"

"Promise me that you will think, as you go home, what a gloomy place it would be if there was no mother there—promise me that you will love and obey your mothers, so that you would have no cause for self-reproach, if you should see me that you will treat your mothers as you yourselves think you ought to, when you remember

what your mothers have done for you!"

The girls were deeply affected by Ellen's carnestness, and they promised. Perhaps some of them soon forgot it, and did just as they used to before; but all of them did not.

A few weeks after, Ellen and Susan were walking to school together. "O, Ellen," said Susan, "do you remember

that day when we were all talking about our mothers, and what we promised you?" "Yes," said Ellen; "and have you kept your

promise?" "I have tried to, and I find that I have got

one of the best mothers that ever lived," Dear readers, if you will make to yourselves the promise that the girls made to Ellen, and

will try and keep it, you will soon feel as Susan did. Your mother will seem to you the very best friend you have in the world, and your home the dearest place. Try it, and if it does not turn out so, it will be a great wonder to UNCLE JESSE.

GREAT PARKS OF THE WORLD. One of the most marked signs of a high order

of civilization in a country is the purchase by the government of large tracts of land, to be laid out in parks or pleasure-grounds for the people. The first English parks were royal grants of extensive wooded grounds to favourite noblemen, for the preservation of deer: but as civilization advanced? great public parks were prepared for the common people, who quickly became so tenacious of their rights therein that royalty dared not encroach upon them. The present largest park in the world is Queen Victoria's Royal Windsor Park, which covers an area of no less than three thousand eight hundred acres. The public are admitted to it; but it belongs to the Crown, not the people. Next in size is the great park at Richmond, with two thousand four hundred and sixty eight acres. Then comes Bois de Cologne. in the suburbs of Paris, two thousand lacres, and a magnificent carriage road, thirty-six miles in length. After this the Phoenix Park, of Dubling one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two acres. The English Park at Hampton Court is about the same size, perhaps larger. Next comes the famous Central Park, of which the New Yorkers' are justly boastful, and which possesses a total area of nearly 856 acres, and a carriage road nine miles in length. The celebrated Kew Gardens. in England, cover 683 acres. The city of London has a large number of parks. The largest of these is the Regent's Park, of 478 acres; next Hyde Park with 289; next Victoria Park, with 248; next Greenwich Park, with 185; next Battersea, with 175. Green Park and St. James' Park have little short of sixty acres each: Kensington has 35; and a multitude of other minor They are gone from amongst you, the young and parks, covering altogether about 12,000 acres.

The principal park in Prussia is the Thiergar-

ten, at Berlin, possessing two hundred and ten acres. In Russia, the Royal Park, or Garden of Tzarskoe Selo, has an area of three hundred and fifty acres. In Southern Europe, the most notable public resort of the kind is Villa Reale, of Naples. In fact, all the civilized countries of the world abound in splendid parks, while they are unknown among the despots and barbarous nations of Asia and Africa. In proportion as freedom increases with a people, their parks multiply, and there is no surer means of rightly judging the proportionate liberty enjoyed by the subjects of England, France, Germany, and Russia, than by reckoning the number of parks each land possesser. It is with liberty as with learning, the more perple obtain it the more they want, and a little it berty, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing.

But for the numerous parks of London, more than one revolution would have broken out in that city during the last seventy-five years. If the poorer masses of a vast city like London had no parks to resort to in their leisure hours, it would not take long for a morbid sense of restraint to work upon them, as the iron bars of a cage do upon the imprisoned tiger, urging them to frequent turbulence and disorder.

THE CONFESSION OF A CONVERT .- Not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance."-1 Peter 1: 14. ATE WOL A converted South African was once asked:-

How did you feel in your savage state, before the Gospel reached you? How did you feel when after secret or open sins you laid your head upon the silent pillow? Did you experience no deeds " "None," was the answer. " How Other girls made similar complaints. One of could we feet, or how experience fear? It never them, however, little Ellen C., said nothing for entered our minds that an unseen eye beheld us, and an unseen ear heard us. What could we

> A GEN FOR THE YOUNG.—Boast not in thy youth, nor fancy thyself secure from death. Remember thy Greator in the dawn of life, before the day is overcast with darkness, and thy sun hideth itself in the clouds. Carefully avoid the follies of others, and let not vice rules over thy heart; so shall. Virtue establish her empire in thy breast, and her Jominion shall be fixed forever. Shun the temptations that may offer themselves unto thee, and thy days shall be long and

happy, Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still;
Oh, that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.
Oh, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge decent,
Kor act the lier's part.