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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR is an excellent medium for advertising.

PATIENCE.

The penalty is borne, the ransom paid, or all thy sins full satisfaction made Strive not to do thyself what Christ has done, Claim the free gift, and make the joy thine ow No more by pangs of guilt and fear distrest,
Rest, sweetly rest!

Rest, weary heart, from all thy silent griefs and secret pain, Thy profitless regrets and longings vain; Wisdom and love have ordered all the past, All shall be blessedness and light at last; Cast off the cares that have so long opprest; Rest, sweetly rest!

Lie down to slumber in the peaceful tomb; Light from above has broken through its gloom Here, in the place where once thy Saviour lay, Where He shall wake thee on a future day, Like a tired child upon its mother's breast; Rest, sweetly rest!

In the green pastures of the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow can approach no more,
With all the flock by the Good Shepherd fed,
Beade the streams of Life eternal led, orever with thy God and Saviour blest, Rest, sweetly rest!

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the London Missionary Society was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday, under the presidency of the Right Hon. Lord Ebury. The wall was filled long before the hour for the proceedings to begin, and the platform became gradually crowded with ministers and leading supporters of the society, both of town and country. The proceedings were begun with the singing of the hymn, " From Greenland's icy intain," and prayer was offered by the Rev

mountain," and prayer was offered by the Rev. A. Thompson.

The Rev. Thomas Jones, of Bedford Chapel, Camden-town—"That this meeting devoutly acknowledges the special mercy of God, which has been ronchasfed to the London Missionary Society throughout the prolonged period of seventy years. The meeting ascribes to his power and grace the various endowments of the society's faithful missionaries, no less than the blessed results which have followed their abundant labours.

Tion of Jesus Christ from the dead. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Christianity, God's temple, consecrated temple, lighted up with the hopes of many ages, the house in which are heard the praises of ten thousand hearts.—If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Christianity, God's temple, consecrated temple, lighted up with the hopes of many ages, the house in which are heard the praises of ten thousand hearts.—If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Christianity, God's temple, consecrated temple, lighted up with the hopes of many ages, the house in which are heard the praises of ten thousand hearts.—If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

I find it asserted in a notorious book that the unbroken constancy of natural causes is a primary law of belief; that the inductive philosophy, by an immense accumulation of evidence, confirms faithful missionaries, no less than the blessed results which have followed their abundant labours in every field of effort. And in pledging itself with God's help to more earnest and enlarged exertions for the salvation of the heathen, the meeting exclusively depends for success upon the promised outpouring of the Holy Spirit in answer to the supplications of the Church." The report to have just heard is a faithful record of what who are interested in the apread of the gospel. dreamed of in the inductive philosophy. The

ks should be dull at ingly, humbly, but let not the youth make reckall, or why a dull speech should be delivered, a dull sermon composed, or a lifeless report written. There is a missionary report in the New Testament. It is the first record of missionary enterprise—the Book of the Acts of the Apostles. The records therein contained are beautiful as applea of gold in pictures of silver. Truth clothed in beauty is the characteristic of God's Book and of God's works. There is more than use in all things. There are wavelets on the lake; the fonntain sparkles as it springs; the brook murmurs as it flows; the sunlight plays on the autumn dew; the cold, wintry morning has a fringe of gold and fire. There are flowers in the field, and there are stars in the heavens; there is meliody in the human voice, and beauty in the human face; daisies grow on the church yard sod. why a dull speech should be delivered, a less assertions. In this grand creation, take time, man face; daisies grow on the church yard sod.
The world is very beautiful—O, my God, I thank the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, and seeing all the angles in creation will not make you believe it more strongly.

(Cheers). Or, take another illustration. Interport? Shall we deliver lifeless sermons? Nay, creased knowledge in the science of numbers. report! Shall we deliver lifeless sermons! Nay, we will have truth wedded to beauty, truth bap tized with spiritual life; and then we hope our reports will be read. Get these two things, a vigorous missionary spirit in the country, and a noble report such as we have heard this morning, and then there will be many readers. This resolution calls for enlarged and more earnest exertion for the conversion of the heathen. Now that is general language; I wish to make it special. We have just heard that five missionaries have died during the past year, and some must come forward and be baptized for the dead. I am well aware that the prosperous and respectable professions, the delightful pursuits of att and science and general literature have vast charms for eduated young men; but I desire to see young men ated young men; but I desire to see young men of talent, education, undoubted piety, and aptiess to teach, present themselves for the service of Jesus Christ. I think I am right when I say hat the service of Christ in this most direct was of serving him, ought to possess the highest charm for the ablest young men in our churches. I admire the great statesman; I bow to the mighty poet; I pay homage to the great painter. Power, intellect, gifts Divine, I worship you any Nay, I mean to say it will not be a are into the hands of Christ, and they say every a cheerful day, for England, when the night and every morning, "Whom have I in heat a turn away from preaching the Gospel. but thee. I desire none on earth beside thee."

Joung men think of this subject, and ask Christ, thou art my all in both worlds. Here I selves whether it be their duty to offer them to Christ's service in England or abroad. It is the service in England or abroad. It is may say that the first of Divine love, but the happiest moment in even days is when I stand up on a Sundaying to interpret to my friends the secrets I heard during the week. I do like to go and, standing, as it were, on the threshold of God's truth, but God himself, into contact with the human mind.

it is realized. (Cheers.) and more visusones

THE SOURCE OF STRENGTH, THE le HE

from the supernatural. Do away with the super-

natural, and your Gospel is gone. It rests on a

supernatural fact; it is supported by supernatural power. The supernatural fact is the resurrec-

tion of Jesus Christ from the dead. " If Christ

eth sure, and there are many here resting upon it—the everlasting Rock of all ages. (Cheers). There was a third objection. As a matter of fact, it is not true that no inductive inquirer can

believe in a miracle. I mean to assert that there

There are many thing

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1864.

I don't believe much in it. (Laughter). And yet take arithmetic high enough, and there is a great deal of inspiration in it. For instance, £500,000 in our annual report—would there not is mentally greater than you are, he is king and a vest column of black smoke burst from the be poetry in that? Or, better still, the London Missionary Society's income - one million. I mean to say that that reads quite musical.-(Cheers and laughter.) A column of black smoke becomes transparent the moment it passes up into the saushine, and this dull column of contributions in our annual report would become perfeetly readable if inspired by twenties, hundreds, thousands, five hundred thousands, eight hundred thousands, and especially a million. Do not think I am speaking unwisely; I am not setting it at too high a sum. I am afraid we shall not do it next year, but, brethren, the time is coming when it will be done. O. England, it is nothing to thec! I read the columns of thy warlike expenditure. Thou canst, as it were, let down a spectral palace from the clouds in Kensington; like a plaything in six months thou hast means to take it in pieces, and let it down again on the beau iful hills of Surrey. O, England, it is nothing to thee! Thy ships plough the waves of every sea. Thy wealth circulates through the arteries of the whole of human society. O, England, shame! Thy little £81,000—shame! We are here not merely to say what we have done, but we are here to say what we ought to do; and I hope we shall go on towards the "ought" until The next thing in my resolution is that you recognize the power and the work of the Divine Spirit. We live in an age when it is thought more philosophic to go away from the spiritual and supernatural, and to become somewhat mate-rialized in our mode of thinking. What I want to assert is, that you cannot spread the Gospe which we want to preach to the whole world

power in the churches. Men were filled with the Holy Ghost. Ministers in England—we want power. Teachers in our colleges—ye want in spiration, not only to send forth scholars, but in spired young men. Deacons of our churches—ti is no time to sleep. Churches of the land—we want in things many of you are. We cannot afford to be weak. Power everywhere. Power in the spring, bursting through the great rock; power in the lightning flash; and shall the Church for weak. I see the siren pleasure, like another ignitiand, where so many of our youths are lost. Power enough hath the siren. Yes, brethren, power is everywhere—shall we be weak and feeble? Our fathers sleep—let not the thunder disconting the church and the church for the lightning flash; and shall ble! Our fathers sleep—let not the thunder dis-turb their slumbers—let not the lightning-flash wither the flowers in their grave. Brave men were our fathers. I like to shake bands with

lands. (Cheers.) I have spoken out brotherly on this subject. May God bless you all. May the power of the Lord God of Israel cluthe him

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEIL

and that religion is power.

On the 24th of August, A. D., 79, when Titus ruled over the Roman Empire, a town was basking in the bright sun upon the shores of the lovely Bay of Naples. Its inhabitants were following heir different callings, buying and selling, feast ing and mourning, fitting out their galleys for discrowded markets, and eagerly preparing for new shows and gladiatorial fights after the long interdict against such theatrical amusements under which Nero had placed their town. Wealthy Roman patricians, weary of the great city, and seeking a cooler and more wholesome air, were enjoying a grateful repose in the gay villas which covered a mountain slope amidst vineyards and gardens, and which were so thickly scattered that they seemed to form but one continuous city. Sixteen years before, indeed, an earthquake

extraordinary violence had shaken to their foundations the temples, the forum, and other publibuildings, had overturned their statues, had thrown down the walls of many an humble dwelling, and had even upset parts of the more solid defences of the town. The inhabitants of Pompeii had then fled in terror from the falling edifices; but, lalled into security by a calm of several years, they had now returned to their homes. They were busy repairing their shattered dwellings, replacing the fallen statues upon their pedestals, and ornamenting afresh their public monuments. The terrible mountain which hung over them was silent. Those who lived at its foot had innerated no other traditions from their forefather concerning it than those which extolled the fertility of its soil, the exquisite richness of its vege-tation, the luscious nature of its wines, and the

believe in a miracle. I mean to assert that there are hundreds of men in England who are not strangers to Bacon's method of philosophy—men who have looked on her beautiful face and been thrilled by the wonderful influence that goes forth from it. They believe, for instance, that Christ died on the cross 1,800 years ago, rose from the dead—that he is to day living in heaven; and, more than that, they trust all that they have and are into the hands of Christ, and they say every night and every morning. Whom have linear beauty of its flowers.

The deeper student of nature read in this very soil the history of the mountains itself. It told him of fires once active, and that in some distant age that quiet, verdure-clothed summit was a destructive volcano, which had overwhelmed with lava and ashes the country at its foot

Pompeii had been founded long before the Roto communication and extended their empire to the Tiberian to communications. It might have been built by the Oscans, or and written. Sea. It might have been built by the Oscans, or by a colony from Etruria, or even by the more polished Greeks. They have each their advocates. But like most of the cities on this coast, it had fallen into the hands of the Samuites. Although it had become a Roman town, it had retained up to the time of the great earthquake much of its early character, and a large part of the population may still have spoken the Oscan tongue. The inhabitants, proud of their Roman town, and more good done than in many a pression, and more good done than in many a pression, and more good done than in many a nore worthy of its imperial connection, had eized the opportunity when restoring its crumbling buildings, to introduce the new fashionerom the capital, to ornament their dwellings nore after the Roman taste, and to decorate their with the human mind. A very able American with the human mind. A very able American writer has said that if one of the planets become prodigal, and broke away from its orbit, nothing could bring it back from the winter of wight but the going of the ann to fetch it. He would have to go and throw his long arms of gravitation around the unwise young comet, and thus he would carry it back. (Hear, hear, and laughter). public edifices with greater luxury and splendor. The streets, too, worn into deep ruts by the rude mpassable for the elegant chariot of the Roman patrician. The ancient pavement was about to be removed, and the fresh slabs to replace it had been cut from the bardened lava-streams which were found in the immediate neighborhood.

is mentally greater than you are, he is king and you are the subject. You may robel against it, but still you know, as I know, you must bow, Eloquence is a power in the church. We are at the mercy of the eloquent speaker. We are belpless in his hands. We are the instruments; he is the player. He is Moses; our hearts are rode, with his mystic rod he touches them one after the other, and the water gushes forth. But it is not by intellect, it is not by eloquence, it is by my power and my Spirit, asid the Lord of Hosts. And let me say there have been days when the Church was a power in the earth. We read of the heroic days. They are praised by the old poots as the beautiful and distant age when fact and myth embrace, where history and tradition meet—when tradition melts into history, and his tory, like another colour in the rainbow, melte back into tradition; in that beautiful period they have placed the heroic ages when giants and Titans lived on the earth, and not small being such as we are. Brethren, this is tradition, and myth, and pootry, but there have been real heroic ages in the Church of God, when Moses communed with God on the trembling brow of Sina—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when David composed the spiritual hymns which thrill our hearts in the nineteenth centure—when be doubted the temples of Greece—when St. John saw vision struggled—when martyrs died—then there was ing which way to go, they were overcome by the power in the churches. Men were filled with the sulphurious vapors, and, sinking on the highways,

Chilist and the second of the

catastrophe returned, after the eruption had ceased, to the site of their buried homes. Many dug into the ruins to find the property they had abandoned in their flight. That which was most them across the ages. They did their work valuable was thus, in many cases, recovered. At nobly; they crossed the stage and were hurried beyond the scene into the darkness of death.

above the surrounding soil. Its raine lay deep eath the cultivated fields, and Pompeii sle nard, harsh, sceptical age, that God is in Israel, of lava-mud and ashes. And so it remained, forsaken and forgotten, until the middle of the last

century.

It may be well, before proceeding further, to remind the reader how Pompeii was buried. It is commonly but erroneously supposed that the town was overwhelmed by lava ejected from the crater of the volcano. Such lava streams, like proad watercourses of black rock, may be traced down the sides of Vesuvius; some may be of the date of the great eruption which destroyed the town: but it is certain that none of them reached the town itself. Pompeii owed its destruction to two causes. Ashes and small pumice stones, like white cinders, were thrown out of the crater and fell in dense showers over the surrounding country. These were probably carried to a considerable distance by the wind; but the greater part seems to have fallen on the coast between he foot of the mountain and the sea on which Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ stood. The Italians call these pumice stones " rapillo," or lapillo;" in the earlier records the former word is used. In addition to the "lapille," torrents of mud, formed by ashes, lava, and other volcanic matter, mingled with water abundantly ejected

from the crater, rolled down the mountain-side, and spreading in broad streams as they reached the lower country, completely covered everything within their reach. This thick mud, called by the Italians "lava bavosa," accumulated wherever it was checked, and penetrating into every nock and cranny, soon hardened and encased every ob-ject with which it was brought into contact. In its hard state it is called "tuono" - From the Quarterly Reviewed as said L. It said to sund

are mernifleenest ened, and the geenery. EXTEMPORE PREACHING.

A cold heart, and pride, and sloth are the only formidable impediments to extempore speaking where there is common sense and common powers. of elecution cultivated by a liberal education. I would by no means give up the pen, and then application to study which if it can be, never will be without writing. But I strongly believe that the man who can write well and speak well with-out writing is much more thoroughly furnished to every good work than the man who ventures to communicate only what is both premeditated

pression, and more good done than in many a discourse in which there is not a single blunder.

I mean not that a man may not extemporize with grammatical correctness; but the fear of and neglects opportunities of inestimable importation, and more of the love of Christ and of

Vol. XVII., No. 26

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS. BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

Mamily Reading.

Silent and lone | silent and lone ! Where, tell me where are my little ones gone, That used to be playing about my knee, With their noisy mirth and boisterous glee? Who littered the carpets, misplaced the chairs, And scattered their playthings all unawares: Who called for their suppers with eager shout, And while they were getting it ran in and out Who kept all the apples and nuts from spoiling, And never saved jackets and pants from soiling; Who had ever a want, and ever a will, That added a care to my heart until I sometimes sighed for the time to come When they'd all be big and go out from home.

Silent and lone! silent and lone! Where, tell me where are my little ones gone? There are no little faces to wash to night. No little troubles for mother to right, No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep, No little playthings to put up to keep, No little garments to be hung on the rack, No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack, No little trundle-bed, brimful of rollick, Calling for mamma to settle the frolic, No little soft lips to press me with kisses-(O, such a sad lonely evening as this is!) No little voices to shout with delight. Good night, dear mamma, good night, good

night.' Tay Silent the house is: no little ones here. To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone ! silent and lone Where, teleme where are my little ones gone? It seemeth but yesterday since they were young Now, they're all scattered the world's paths

Out where the great rolling trade stream is flow Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping

Not to be comforted-weeping, still weeping: Out where the high hills of science are blending Up mid the cloud-rifts, up, up, still ascending, Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain, Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain; Out in life's thoroughfares all of them moiling; Out in the wide, wide world, striving and toiling Little ones, loving ones, playful ones all, That went when I bade, and came at my call, Have ye deserted me! Will ye not come

Silent and lone! silent and lone! Where, tell me where are the little ones gone? Useless my cry is. Why do I complain? They'll be my little ones never again ! The broad rolling stream flow back to the burn The mother call childhood again to her knee, That in manhood went forth the strong and the ted in the choice in a mind earlines

Back to your mother's arms—back to the home

Her work nobly done, their firm tramp on life

track Will come like an organ note, lofty and clear. To lift up her soul and her spirit to cheer! And tho the tears fall when she's silent and lone She'll know it is best they are scattered and gone. Silent and lone! silent and lone! Thy will, O Father, not my will be done

THE UNSPOKEN WARNING

I am no believer in the supernatural. I never saw any ghosts; never heard any strange noises none, at least, that could not be accounted for or natural principles, I never saw lights round the bed or heard knocks on the head-board which proved to be "forerunners" of sickness or death I never had even dreams "come to pass," and to spirits, in the common acceptation of the term, since the days of the Fox girls my very presence has been always a damper. I am not one of the sort who are always on the look-out for signs and wonders; and if want of faith in spiritualism or supernaturalism is a sin, I ought to have been the last one to look for so marked a-you may name it what you please, I call it Divine interposition as the one I am about to relate, all the witnesses to which and they are not a few are would never open it. One bitter cold day in winter a merry party of

us, nestled down under furry robes, went to meet an appointment with a friend living a few miles distant, with whom we were to spend the afternoon, and in the evening attend a concert to be held near by. The sleighing was delightful, the air keen and inspiriting, the host and hostess ga nial as the crackling fires in the grates, and the invited guests, of whom there were many besides ourselves, in that peculiar visiting trim which only old-time friends, long parted can enjoy. Restraint was thrown aside; we cracked jokes; we chattered like magpies, and not a little of the coming concert, which promised a rare treat to our nasophisticated ears. All went merry as a marriage bell, and merrier than some, until just before team when I was seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to go home, accompanied by a dread

of the disappointment of those who came with me to give it up, and running over in my mind the condition in which things were left at home, could find no ground for alarm.

For many years a part of the house had been rented to a trusty family; our children were often rocked in the same cradle, and half the time ate at the same table; locks and bolts were things angsed, and in deed as in word we were neigh-

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REV. I. E. BALL. Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business

Che Christian Bisitor

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

boy to mind, will do nothing in our absence that he would not do if we were there, and is enjoying himself well at this moment, I'll war-This answer was brought to me in triumph and

I resolved to do as they said, "not think about it. But at tea my trembling hand almost refused t carry food to my lips, and I found it utterly impossible to swallow a mouthful. A death-like chill crept over me, and I knew that every eve was on me as I left the room. Mr. A rose saying, in a changed voice and without ceremony. Make haste; bring the horse round as we must go right away. I never saw her in such a state before : there is something in it." He followed me to the parlour, but before he could speak i was pleading as for dear life that not a moment be lost in starting for home; "I know," said I,
"it is not all imagination, and whether it is or
not, I shall certainly die if this dreadful incubus
is not removed shortly."

All was now confusion; the tea table deserted

the meal scarce tasted; and my friends, alarmed

as much at my looks as at my words, were a anxious to harry me off as they had before been to detain me. To me those terrible moments seemed hours, vet Lam assured that not more than half an hour elapsed from the time my fears first found expression before we were on the road towards home. A horse somewhat noted for fleetness was before us, and with only two in the cutter—the rest staid to the concert, and made Mr. A—— promise that if nothing had happened we would return—we went over the road at a rapid pace. I knew from the frequent repetition of a peculiar signal that the beast was being urged to his best, yet I grew sick with impatience at the restraint. I wanted to fly All this while my fears had taken no definite shape out only knew that the child was in danger, and felt impelled to hurry to the resene. Only once was the silence broken in that three-mile journey, and that was when, on reaching an eninence, from which the house was in full view, I said, "Thank God, the house isn't on fire."

"That was my own thought," said Mr. A. but there was no slackening of speed. On nearing home a cheerful light was glimmering from Mrs. E window. Before the vehicle had fairly stopped we were clear of it, and opening the door, said, in the same breath, "Where's Eddie ?"

"Eddie! Why, he was here a little while ago," answered Mrs. E..., pleasantly, striving to dissipate the alarm she saw written on our countenances. "He ate supper with the children, and played awhile at marbles; then spoke of Libby Rose having a new picture book, and that he wanted to see it. You'll find him over there." With swift steps Mr. A --- crossed the street to the place mentioned, but returned with, " He has not been there." A Eddie was dremarkally fond of skating, and my next thought was the calmly, "We will go to the pond." I we feetly collected; I could have worked all without fatigue with the nerves in that state of tension, but Mr. A said, "No you must go in and he down. Eddie is safe enough, somewhere about the village. I'll go and find him." But

eassure me. As he spoke he crossed the hall to our own room, and turned the knob. The door was room, and turned the knob. The door was locked. What could that mean? Eddie was either on the inside or had taken the key away with him. Mr. A—— ran round to a window with a broken spring, which could be opened from the outside. It went up with a clang, but a dense volume of smoke drove him back. After an instant another attempt was made, and this time, on a lounge directly under the window he stombled on the insensible form of little Eddie smothered in smoke ! Limp and apparently lifeless, he was borne into the fresh, cold air, and after some

there was nothing in the tone as in the words to

rough handling was restored to consciousness.

From that hour I think I have known how Abraham felt when he lifted Isaac from the altar unharmed, in obedience to the command of the angel of the Lord. True, I had been subjected to no such trial of strength and faith; my Father knew I would have shrunk utterly before it; yet, if it was not a similar messenger that whispered to me in the midst of that gay party an hour previous, I have no wish to be convinced of it, and were the book placed in my hands which knew had power to rob me of this sweet belief, I

could never open it. and other elegable rates be Eddie said, on returning from school he made a good fire, and as the wood was snowy, thought he would put it into the oven to dry; something he had never done before. Then, on leaving Mrs. to see Libby Rose's picture book, and it seemed so nice and warm he thought he would lie down awhile. He could give no explanation as to what prompted him to turn the key; at was the first and last time; but this could have made no difference in the result, for no one would have discovered the smoke in time to save his life. The wood in the oven was burned to askes, but as the doors were closed there was no danger of falling embers setting the house on fire; and had we staid to the concert every thing would have been as we left it, except that little Eddie's voice would

minutes we should have been too late as proled made the return appear not a matter of choice, but a thing imperative. I tried to reason it away, to revive anticipations of the concert; I thought of the disappointment of those who came with me to give it up, and running over in my mind testation of this nature—to feel that as a father careth for his children, so careth He for us—"Deliver us from evil, for Thine is the power," meaning. - Springfield Republican.

never more have made music for our ears. Every

one said that with a delay of five or even three

GREAT SALT LAKE. The lake from which the city takes its name is about twenty miles distant bors. In their care had been left a boy of ten from the latter, by a good road across the level years, the only one of the family remaining at valley bottom. Artistically viewed, it is one of home, who knew that when he returned from the leveliest sheets of water I ever saw bluer school he was expected to bring in wood and than the intensest blue of the ocean, and practischool he was expected to bring in wood and kindlings for the morning fire, take supper alone or with little Clara E..., as he chose, and otherwise pass the time as he pleased, only that he must not go into the street to play or on the pond to skate. He had been left many times in this way, and had never given occasion for the slightest uneasiness; still, as this nameless fear grew upon me it took the form of a conviction that danger of some sort threatened this beloved child.

I was raing to go and ask Mr. A... to take me home, when some one said, "You are very pale; are you ill?"

than the intensest blue of the ocean, and practically as impressive, since, looking from the cally as impressive, since, looking the cally as impressive, since, looking the cally as impressive, si