## THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co..

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#### THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

From our English Correspondent. no teed represent the Liverpoot, July 8th, 1864. THE LIVERPOOL DOCKS.

Mr. Epiron-One of the chief objects of in terest in Liverpool is the long line of docks, brief account of which may be interesting to some of your readers. These wonderful structures originated here, as near as I can ascertain, about the first of the eighteenth century, and from that time to the present have been steadily advancing. with the increase of population and the requirements of trade, till for numbers, magnitude, and adaptation to the uses for which they are designed, they have no equal in any other part of the world. Like every other great work, they have reached their present perfection by frequent and gradual improvements. "In the reign of Queen Elizabeth," says one, "a mole was constructed to lay up vessels in the winter, and a quay was formed for shipping and unshipping cargoes. In 1709 as act of Parliament was obtained for the formation of a wet dock, afterwards called the old dock." To meet the advanced requirements of trade, another act was obtained in 1736, " for the plargement of the old dock, and for the formation of another called the Salthouse dock, and for rendering the harbour more secure by erecting a pier." In 1761, both the former were enlarged, a new one called the St. George's was formed, with additional piers, and two Light Houses. From that time they have been going on enlarging and increasing, till now they extend along the east bank of the River for a distance of over five miles. They are classified in the following order—1st, docks for large ships; 2nd, docks for steamers; 3rd, docks for coasting vessels; 4th, half-tide docks; 5th, graving docks. They are so arranged as to allow ships to pass from one dock to another, and into the graving docks, without going into the river. Between all the wet docks, underground communications have been established, by means of tunnels, so that one dock may wash or cleanse another. Each dock has a master, with an annual salary; his office is to regulate the internal decorum of the dock, assign to ships their positions for discharging or taking in their cargoes, direct the management of the flood-gate, and the docking and undocking of ships at the time of tide. The docks have watch, scavengers, and lamps, distinct from those of the town. No fires are allowed, and candles may not be lighted on board the ships, except when secured in lanterus; smoking is prohibited, and combustibles are not permitted to remain on the docks or quays at night. These regulations being strictly enforced, fires very rarely occur. "This wonderful line of docks," says one, "is the great boast of Liverpool. These inventions for commercial convenience originated with this town, and have been initiated all over the world. They are the proud memorials of building, I have, with due help and with admira-skill, industry, and enterprise, and have cost millions of pounds sterling in their construction."

MONUMENTS AND STATUARY. Statues and Monuments are neither few nor far between. Kings, conquerors, statesmen, and others, who managed to push their way into notoriety, have been immortalized by the sculptor. Amongst the most noticeable is the fine bronze monument of Nelson, in the centre of the Exchange area. Around the pedestal are four figures in chains, symbolical of this naval hero's four signal victories—the Nile, St. Vincent, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. Inscribed on the pedestal, nin letters of enduring brass, are the still more imperishable words, which passing from ship to ship, awakened the most extraordinary and enship, awakened the most extraordinary and enthusiastic valor—"England expects every man to do his duty." The figures on the pedestal represent Nelson, Victory, and Death. The Admiral in the centre of the group, is receiving a fourth naval crown on the point of his sword, which he holds in his left hand, having lost his right one at the attack of Teneriffe. Beneath the foldings of the enemy's flag is seen the lurking skeleton form of Death, with his outstretched hand fixed on the hero's heart. In the back-ground, an enraged sailor grasps his battle axe, and revenge frowns upon his brow. On one side is seen the of her son. The bronze alone weighs twentytwo tons. The whole cost nine thousand pounds. sterling, which large sum was defrayed by public subscription.

In an open square on one of the principal en-trances to the town is a splendid equestrian sta-tue of George III. The statue, pedestal and plinth, are thirty feet high. It was executed by Westmacott, a in imitation of the celebrated one to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, at Rome." The workmanship of the horse is much admired, and is said to be in the artist's first style. The figure sits easily, holding the reigns in his left hand, and his right hand is extended. When it was first set up, it is said that the countrymen who passed it on their way to market expressed great disappointment, and exclaimed—" You caunua be loike th' King; that maun be some feller fetching his orse fro' the smithie."

was intensely interested in them during my stay

# Christian. Disitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1864.

and rejoice with trembling;" Luther's "He that hath the Son hath life;" Wesley's and Whitfield's

"Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again." (Hear, hear.) The omnipotent

energy which accompanied the proclamation of

of the world a field of labour. Life became high-

er than polity, and Ryland and Newton, Scott

and Fuller, Butterworth and Wilberforce, with

an army of kindred souls, proclaiming in the pul-pit and in the senate that the day of action had

come, laid the foundations of those great mission-

ary institutions which form at once the safeguard

and the glory of this age. (Applause.) Grateful, however, as we must be, for the difference between

the 18th and the 19th century, we shall not, 1

trust, fail to perceive that that difference lays us

under proportionate responsibilities. This is a

period of vast wealth, of restless enterprise of

tation and soul-culture? With wider knowledge

of general literature, is it as much imbued as the

times which preceded it with that Book which is

alone the Most High speaks with authority? We

enjoy more religious liberty than eyer, but is the

charch more united than ever? Have we not

rather made so much of differences as almost to

justify the suspicion that we hold no truth in

common? If it is so, are we to wait until that union which we have failed to maintain while it

was only a duty shall be forced upon us by im-

perative necessity? Like the Greek states, which

never ceased mutual recriminations until the com-

mon foe fell on their coast and made combina-

tion essential to their existence, are we to wait

for the hour, apparently not far off, when ques-tions not of orders and sacraments, not of nation-

alism or independency, but of the existence or non-existence of a written revelation, and of the

existence or non-existence of a Christian church.

shall convince us that we must stand or fall to-

gether? Better comply at once with the com-mand of Christ, and yield to the instincts of the

new nature; and while each maintains firmly and

bless the church that shall here be formed that

it may enjoy the fraternal sympathy and co-operation of all the churches already planted in the

midst of this increasing population—(hear, hear)—and may we in due time, with them, hear the blessed words, "Well done, thou good and faith-

ful servants: enter into the joy of your Lord."

publishes fearlessly whatever he holds as truth

still in advance of every other, and in which

talers, and even Baptist ministers, if not openly opposed to, stand aloof from the temperance movement, and but few men of wealth, influence, and respectability give it a hearty support. The result is just what might be supposed, drunkenness with its inseparable concomitants of vice

and shame, rules with unmitigated sway, REV. H. S. BROWN. On Sabbath I went to hear the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown. He is a man of medium height, of rather more than ordinary physical proportions, heavy brows, sharp eyes, and countenance indicative of strong resolution and determination. His voice is loud and somewhat husky. He has a vigorous intellect, well cultivated, and especially remarkable for strong reasoning powers. His style is argumentative, and understanding his subject fully himself, he determines to make everybody else do the same. Lest a doubt of his orthodoxy should remain, he meets every objection that could possibly be raised, and with withering sledge hammer logic deals blow after blow, till shivered to atoms, a sudden dash of overwhelming satire scatters the remaining fragments to the winds. As a speaker, he is earnest and effective rather than eloquent; his tone is often monotonous, especially when reading the Scriptures-a very common and serious fault. His language is strong, but tolerably well chosen. His sermons occupy from fifty to fifty-five minutes, and his prayers, I thought, were exceedingly long. Altogether he is evidently an extraordinary man. He has acquired an immense popularity in Liverpool, and commands the respect of all classes. The Sabbath School in connection with Mr. Brown's chapel consists of several branches, comprising in all a membership of 1200, besides officers and teachers, and has a library of 2,000 vols. On the following Wednesday, at Mr. Brown's request, I attended the meetings in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the formation of the Baptist Church in Liverpool. In the evening a tea meeting was held in Mr. Brown's Church, Myrtle Street. The ten was very plain, and in the speeches there was little that would interest your readers, so I will not trouble them with any further account of it. The afternoon was occupied with the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel in the north end of the city. The exercises were, of course, in the open air, and the attendance very large. After singing and prayer by Rev. H. S. Brown, the trowel was presented with a neat speech by Rev. Mr. Robarts, who is to be the minister of the new chapel; the stone was laid

by the Rev. Wm. Birrell, who has been for 22 years pastor of the Pembrook St. Baptist Church, after which he made a most interesting speech, of which the following is a verbatim report:-"The Rev. C. M. BIRRELL said-Ladies and ture to say that, although uninitiated in masonic mysteries, and totally unskilled in the art of believe also that you on your part, have joined in the earnest petitions sent up to Heaven that prosperity may attend the enterprise and showers of mercy come down on the congregations which may hereafter assemble on this spot. I hasten, my dear friend and brother, Mr. Roberts, not only to thank you for your too kind words, but to congratulate you on this step towards the re-alization of your wishes. Few men could have laboured with more patience, steadiness, and energy than you have done, under great disadvantages, for the last three years. (Hear, hear.) Your people too have bappily appreciated, and indeed largely shared, those very qualities; and I believe that your short time together in the desert will be found to have fitted von better than longer time in, a paradise for the work now opening upon you. (Hear, hear.) I have observed, ladies and gentlemen, that it has been usual on these occasions first to offer a defence for planting a new place of worship by the side of those already existing, and then to present some exposition of the polity of that branch of the Church of Christ to which it is particularly to belong. I hope it will not be counted disre-spectful if I deviate from that usage to-day. (Hear, hear.) If we had founded this edifice in a selfish or sectarian spirit, defence would have been impossible—(hear, hear,)—if we found it, as we certaintly do, with a view to benefit the world by the publication of the common salvation, defence is unnecessary. (Hear, hear.) The only defence which I can imagine at at all demanded, is a defence of our churches for having so delayed to do what they have done to day; for though they have increased their accommodation for public worship during the last 25 years in the proportion of three to eight, which is a slightly higher ratio than that of the population, I am not sure, considering their numbers and their latent power, that any attempt at vindication, except so far as it was founded on this symptom of amend-ment, would be successful. With respect also to the question "Who are you, and what are your principles," I shall be glad to take refuge in simiar brevity; for I may say, I hope, without arrogance, that we are not altogether of yesterday. A monument of Wellington, stands in Saint George's Square; but there is nothing remarkahis object it avecant a horse granite pillar rising to George's Square; but there is nothing remarkable about it except a huge granite pillar rising to an immense height, and mounted by a gigantic figure representing the great military hero, grasping a sword in his left hand, while the other is hanging carelessly at his side.

Parks, Cemeteries, Gardens—Zoological and Botanic; Public buildings, Libraries, and Museums I cannot take time to describe, though I the historical period, a very historical ancestry even in Everton. (Hear, hear.) We have been here before. We come back after an absence of well nigh 150 years. In the first summer of last

now flutters between my fingers in this summer majority is of no account, nor is the conversion breeze. (Applause.) The date of this little pa- of sunners of sufficient importance to outweigh breeze. (Applause.) The date of this little paper marks about the darkest moment: the streaks their personal interests. They must have a pasof dawn almost immediately afterwards began to tor that swits them, who will pander to their prestray over England. By the time that this house judices, and adopt their views and be governed hold company, after migrating to its small wooden and controlled by whatever policy they may inchapel—surrounded by the cemetery which the augurate; and the moment they ascertain that "beloved physician" added to his other benefactiheir pastor is unwilling to do this, that moment tions, and which now remains yonder, opposite their influence is exerted against him. They do not always come boldly and state their real objections—this would awaken the indignation of the modern one, his only visible memorial to the present times—was formed into a distinct church their brethren, and might even result in their ex-clusion from the church. And they resolve their with its ordained pastor on the 3rd of July, 1714, the morning was almost everywhere discernable. Those strains of Dr. Watts, which sounded a few objections into general statements, concerning his minutes ago as fresh as if they had been written ability as a preacher, his style of delivery, want yesterday, though cautiously published from time of adaptation to the place, want of power to into time, and at first far in advance even of the most spiritual nonconformist congregations, many of whom were divided on the propriety of singing at all, won their way and imparted strength and aginations may have conjured up, and scavengerat all, won their way and imparted strength and fervour to religious feeling when mere argument would have utterly failed. Matthew Heury, who linked the puritanic to the modern non-conformist age, had been gathered to his fathers in Chester just three weeks before, without having without the strength and aginations may have conjured up, and scavenger-like, pick up whatever bits of garbage others have dropped in their way. In a short time, they find themselves in possession of material in abundance, which not only warrants them in the conclusion that it is their duty to withhold their support, essed the broad daylight; but the men were but to induce as many as possible to join them in already born whom God designed to take up securing a change in the pastorate. those quaint rich commentaries of his and send All of this is frequently quite unknown to the them like sunbeams into ten thousand hearts.

pastor, and also to the great majority of the society, who are laboring with him with commend-Whitfield, who studied Henry on his knees all able efficiency for the advancement of the cause. through life, was on that morning a babe of twelve It is not long, however, before he becomes painmonths in his mother's arms in the inn at Gloucester, and Wesley was a bright boy of twelve fully conscious of the fact that there is an unde-years, filling the old rectory of Epworth with his finable something standing directly in the way of glee. The English race little dreamed what God his usefulness, and gradually alienating the hearts was about to do for it through these men-children. of the people from him. But, charitable to the (Hear, hear.) Different parts of truth, I need not very last, he, perhaps, attributes it to a want of observe, have been made prominent at different spirituality on his own part, and endeavors to consecrate himself afresh to his work, and reperiods. The devout writers of the early church arged the necessity of a spiritual life until relidoubles his exertions to win souls to Christ. But gion came to be regarded as a perpetual pursuit he is rowing against wind and tide. Disheartened and discouraged at finding it impossible to secure the hearty co-operation of those who ought to stand firmly by him, he at length determines to seek another field of labor, to the great grief rather than an actual attainment; the reformers enforced the possibility of immediate salvation through the offering of the Son of God, until that in a cold age degenerated into a dogma; the Methodists—embracing in that name the host of the majority of both church and society. His opponents look calmly on, rejoicing in view of which awoke the 18th century—insisted that rethe change, although very careful to give no expression to their feelings, lest they bring upon igion was not so much a thing of aspirations and creeds as of divine life in the soul. In one word. themselves the heavy censure of those whose hearts are thoroughly sickened by the process. Augustine's text was, "Serve the Lord with fear,

The process now commences to get a man who will suit the minds of those who were so com-pletely dissatisfied with the former minister, and after quite a protracted period of candidating, all these truths together, in their just relations, one is obtained in whom they profess to have the gathered thousands to the cross, and infused such most unbounded confidence. It is not long, power into the church that when, at the close of however, before they discover a deficiency either the century, there came down that storm of revo- in his doctrinal views, style of delivery, pastoral lutionary violence which swept over Europe and labors, style of dress, or household arrangements. made both our liberties and our faith bend to He is subjected to a process similar to that which cleared and the sun broke out again she saw in he too takes his leave, and with him quits a numevery Christian a brother, and in every country ber of his influential friends, who either stay at home or go to other places of worship on the Sabbath. Thus the process is repeated every year or two, until nearly every reliable man is sent away, and the entire management of affairs is left in the hands of the clique who have kept the society constantly harassed, and have been the chief means of destroying its prosperity.

The society has now become so weak that it is impossible to sustain preaching of any kind, and recourse is had to the State Convention, and by means of certain plausible statements its patronage is secured, and a nominal existence is kept up, but the community becomes still further prewidely diffused intelligence. But is it a period judiced, and the denomination disgraced, until, of deep moral life for Is it distinguished for medi- having destroyed the confidence of every one, it loses all patronage, and is actually blotted out of existence by the hand of Jehovah as a mere nuisance and a stench in his nostrils. Had its leading members understood the first principles of the gospel of Christ, and been actuated by those high and holy motives which should have governed them, it might have remained for ages, bright and shining light in the community.-Christian Era.

# "I AM A POOR SINNER."

A poor man named Tom -, got his living by selling pies. In this way he used to visit the ow public-houses and other wicked places, and there became the sport of the drunkard and the vile, drinking and swearing with them. As he was one day selling his pies, passing through the low and wretched alleys, he entered the room of a poor dying sailor, and heard him as he entered,

# "I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all.

The words struck him. He stood still and listened again, and the same words were the only ntterance of the poor sailor. They so deeply entered poor Tom's heart, that as he went along he was constantly repeating the stanza to himself.

He wondered in what book they could be found, and was determined, if possible, to find them; and for this purpose, as it sounded like poetry, he borrowed a hymn book from some Christians who had taken an interest in him; he searched, and searched, but could not find them. He next took up the New Testament, and there, Christ. to his great astonishment, found the substance of what he sought; he was deeply moved by what he read, and it seems that it was here that the Lord revealed himself to him.

In the course of his reading, he came to the institution of the Supper of the Lord, and found it was the command of Jesus, that his disciples

should observe it in remembrance of Him who was their all in all. This rested in the bosom of this poor man, and he went to the Christian friends who had lent him the book, and told them his thoughts. They were struck with the carnest desire of the poor man to honor Christ by coming to his table. He said, "I was conscious of a divine Presence with me, and believed that the holy light which had entered my soul, came direct from heaven. Christ from that moment became the great central object of my contemplation.

How sad to think that I have read so much about him with the veil upon my heart, and have never seen his glory as a Saviour till this blessed hour! I now wished that every one could see the Lord as I saw him. I wondered that they did not, and I thought I could point him out to them so clearly and distinctly, as made of God unto us 'wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,' that it would be impossible for them not to believe in him, receive him as theirs, and be filled with heavenly jov."

Vol. XVII., No. 32.

# Mamily Beading.

This is a popular hymn, sung often in Germany by the whole congregation as they leave the hurch, at the close of divine service. The melody is our own "Home, sweet Home," with some modifications .- Methodist.

Oh, where shall the soul find her rest and her home ? Whose wings will protect her? How long must

she roam? Does not the world offer one city of peace," One spot free from sin, where our labours may

No, No, No! Far out of sight, Beyond is our Home in the kingdom of Light.

We'll leave, then, the world in its darkness be

And walk in the light, if our home we may find The great New Jerusalem God has prepared, His Word has been given-His counsel declared. Yes, Yes, Yes! Yonder must be Those mansions made ready for you and for me.

And Jesus our Saviour our Brother is there-No sin shall oppress us, no death, pain, nor care, But melodies sweeping in an angel harps, roll A welcome of triumph to each ransomed soul. Rest, Rest, Rest! There we may rest For ever with Christ in the home of the blest.

For we, who have loved His appearing below, By faith—then by sight our Redeemer shall

In garments of holiness, free from each taint, Shall worship before Him the lowliest saint. Free, Free, Free! Freed from our sin-From fightings and temptations within.

Dear Saviour, our hearts burn within, and we

To join in the angels' victorious song. Hallelujah to Him who hath bought us!-they

The Lamb who hath loved us, who reigneth on Wait, Wait, Wait! Soon shall we hear

The voice of the Master who bids us appear. Then courage, our souls! for the warfare is short, Our armor is strong, and secure is our fort; And when we have triumphed, and each has hi

At the feet of the Lord we will cast them down. Joy, Joy, Joy! Safe home at last-The battle is over—the peril is past.

# HOW TO BE SAVED.

'What is that little girl crying about?' 'My dear, she is very much distressed.'

But, mother, what distresses her ?' 'Why, Francis, she is sorry because she has

ound out something about herself." 'It must be something very bad indeed, moher, or she would not weep so.'

Yes, Francis, it is something very bad.' "Mother, tell me what she has found out."

My dear, she has found out that she is a siner. She has been reading in the Bible, and she has learned that God is angry with the sinner every day. She knows that God is angry with make myself sick."
her. That is what makes her sorry.' 'Mother, am I a sinner?'

'Yes, my dear Francis, you are a sinner too. You have never loved God with all your heart. You love to please yourself more than to please

Then little Francis looked very sad. He went into a room by himself, and thought how bad he had been.

'Come here. Francis. What have you been thinking about in the other room? ' Mother, I have been thinking about my heart.

know my heart is bad. It will not love Christ. Oh mother will you pray for me? Then his mother kneeled down, and prayed that the Lord would give him a new heart and

forgive all his sins. Then she said to Francis, 'My dear son, I am glad that you think of these things. Do you

wish to know how to be saved?" Oh, ves, dear mother, I do indeed.

and you shall be saved. Christ died on the cross to save sinners. He is able to save the chief of to be an admired and intelligent woman, one sinners. He is willing to save you. He is willing to save you now. Believe this. Trust in 'The blood of Christ cleanses from all

God loves Christ and hears him. God will love you for Christ's sake. Believe this. The moment you truly believe, your soul is safe."-

# SURPRISED BUT READY.

The clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour ton, I. L, then an ont-of-the-way isolated place, before with confident hopes of his speedy recove- far behind the age. There was no carpet in the ry-hopes which were shared by the surgeon and town; all the floors were sanded, and some of the wounded man himself. But a sudden change them worn through. The doctor, in conversation had taken place, and the surgeon had come to with his family, said-

message. The dying man, however, quickly read oils, with a border all around it, and bunches of the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chap-roses and other flowers over the centre. She

As he had before expressed his hope in Christ, the chaplain replied,

"You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river."

wooden chairs and painted them, and cut out figures of gilt paper and glued them on and varnished them. They were really quite pretty. Old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me, stopped at the parlor door, and seemed afraid to come in Walk in, deacon, said I.

"Yes; but this is so awfully sudden—so awfully sudden—so awfully sudden!" His lips quivered; he looked up grievingly, saying—"and I shall not see my mother."

"Walk in, deacon,' said I.

"Why, I can't," said he, 'thout steppin' on't.'
Then, after surveying it awhile in admiration, 'D'ye think ye can have all that and heaven too?"

THE OFFICE OF THE

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#### SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL.

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# Che Christian Bisitor

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steadily upon the wings of prayer, the counten-

ance grew calmer, the lips steadier; and when

the eyes opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.
"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry and full of the last anguish of earth-"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father I am glad he gave his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the

passing soul, and that I wish him to give my tes-

timony to the living, that nothing is of real

worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will

you pray with me?" With emotion, the chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon his beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from his father and mother, as well as himself. So thought, perhaps, the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty, as he said, "Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out; go to your rest.'

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around the room. There were hurried steps overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, and encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "Gone." Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.—Christian Memorials of the War.

## " NO PAINS, NO GAINS."

"Good morning," said Jane Carson, as she entered the room of her class mate, Anna Loring. They were about of the same age, and both in the senior class. "Good morning, Jane," said her friend in a

lively voice. "Know your philosophy?"
"No; I should think not, and I don't care

either. I'm not going to wear myself out just to learn six pages of such nonsense. I have not looked at it. "O Jane, then you don't know how very inte-

resting it is?" "No doubt you found it so," retorted the other."

"Yes, and you would find it so too, if you would only take the trouble to study it." "O, well, if I did study, I couldn't understand

"Well, but, Jane, don't you see"-

"No. Miss Anna I don't see the use of spending one's best days where she is obliged to study, and to do everything that she does not wish to do." And with these words she left the room. "How careless she is," said Anna's room-mate.

"She never knows her lessons-never pretends to know them, and yet she manages to keep up with her class. But hark! the school bell! Come! It was evening when Jane met her friend Anna in the hall and said, "Anna Loring, how do you ever get vour lessons ?"

"By study of course. How do you learn vours ?"

"Well. I read mine till I'm tired, and then if I miss in class I don't care. If I could learn my lessons as easily as you do, I know I should never miss them."

"But, Jane, I am quite sure you could learn as easily as I, if you would try. Certainly it takes time, patience, and self-denial, but you know we are here to learn." "Yes, I know all that. When I came to school

father gave me a long lecture, the substance of which was, that I must apply myself diligently to my studies. But he would not want me to "O no, dear Janie."

"Well, I will be sick if I am for ever bending over my books. I do want to learn, but I should like to know things without so much study." "O," said Anna, "there's a little maxim which

says, 'no pains, no gains.'" "Now don't lecture, please."

"Well. Jane, you don't care now whether you learn anything, but you will care sometime, per-

Many young girls think it a cruel imposition o send them where they are obliged to study. They do not think that when they enter society. duties will be imposed upon them which their friends have a right to expect of them, and which they would be able to perform, if their school days had been well spent.

Let us glance upon our two young acquaintances after the lapse of four years. They have met at an evening party for the first time since leaving school as graduates. After the usual Listen then : Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ joyous greetings, the once giddy Jane draws her old school-mate aside. Anna Loring has grown whom to know is to respect and love. "O, Anna, I am so miserable! I don't know

a thing that I am expected to know, I am always afraid, when an intelligent person addresses me, that I shall display my ignorance. If I had only listened to you at school, I'm sure it would not be. But I wanted an education without study, and now, too late, I find that knowledge never comes unsonght."

FIRST CARPET IN EAST HAMPTON .- Lyman Beecher's first pastoral charge was at East Hamp-

"Your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money, and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it and had it woven; then she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in went to New York for colors, and ground and mixed them herself. The carpet was nailed down on the garret floor, and she used to go there and paint. She also took some common wooden chairs and painted them, and cut out

"There is a pleasure in extracting matter of jest from discomfort and bodily pain; it is a wholesome habit when it extends no further, but

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement was too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted neelf up stronger and more

original Corinthians. "I'or," gara

Having now completed, as far as I have time to do so, my rambles in Liverpool, and having during that time enjoyed the kind hospitality of George Roberts, Esq., and his excellent family, I shall prepare to leave for Manchester as early as Very truly yours, J. C. Hurb.

DRUKTAIDS.

There is one thing to which I must refer, and which came despete the total power and the first summer of the state of the power man to honor Christian which came despete the total power and the surgeous had come to which walks the streets of threepool day or right, and or that it the amount of druktanges, debandens, and the control of the state of the power man to honor Christian for the country a least and one that it the amount of druktanges, debandens, and the country a least and the country are and degradation, which falls forth in all their hiddones seasoning, and militage in a man could like before the country at least the begin in the country at least the power of the country and the country at least the control of the country at least the control of the country at least the country at least the country and the product of the country at least the country at le GETTING RID OF MINISTERS. To one who is well acquainted with the duties

#### doing all in a spirit of love, without groundless suspicions or unmanly jealousies. (Hear, hear.) And now may he from whom only all blessing comes grant his sanction to this work, and so