### THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

From the Morning Star. THE CATACOMBS OF ROME. DESTRICT TORS VOL. Carleton.

There are few objects of more interest to me in coming to Rome than the Catacombs, in which the early Christians buried their dead, and met for religious worship during the times of persecufor religious worship during the times of persecution under Nero and his successors. I have visited two or three of these subterranean cemeteries, the most interesting of which are the Catacombs of St. Callixtus, which I think may be easily described so as to give to your readers an adequate concention of their converted are from the Suuday school. The fact is a deeply interesting one. It shows the direct efficiency of Sunday school labor, for one thing. But it also suggests a peculiar responsibility for the church and the pastors. When conception of their construction and arrange- such young persons come from the school into

whole of this region is volcanic in its origin, and aside from a thin soil on the surface, is composed entirely of the material which at some distant period has been thrown out from the crater of In the church they are to have that further insome extinct or slumbering volcano. The material thus thrown out is of various degrees of hardness. Some of it is the travestine of which St. Peter's, and most of the substantial buildings of Rome, are chiefly constructed. Some of it is what is called silicious tufo, and while it is hard enough to form walls as you dig through it, and even arches over your head, it is still not hard enough to make the labor of digging through it very onerous. It may be resembled to a very soft sandstone, or, for hardness, to what is called "hard-pan." But unlike sandstone, it is not in strata; and unlike hard-pan, it is quite free from moisture. some extinct or slumbering volcano. The mate- struction which will make known to them the

A mile out of the city you enter a strong gate. This is ordinarily kept locked, and can only be entered by permission obtained from a certain Cardinal. Inside of this enclosure you look around you, but see nothing different from what you might find in any other field, except a little frame stairway leading downwards. You pass down with your guide, and at the bottom of twentyfive or thirty stone steps a door is opened, through which you enter. There you halt to light your candles, one of which each member of the party. is supposed to carry. Our party, however, consisted of twenty persons, and there was ample light with a dozen of candles.

You are now at the entrance of this city of the dead. The streets are narrow, and have been head is the tufa, forming an arch. Suppose now that you have a street like this, twenty rods in length, eight or ten feet in height. This consti-tutes your cemetery. At the death of some member of your little community, a grave is dug out grave is dug in any of our American grave yards, encourage, engage, and thus exercise in service and the body is buried by being wrapped in a cloth and laid into the shelf which has been prepared. The opening is then closed by masonry

where a hundred persons may meet for prayer or preaching, by day or by night.—And in the walls of this little subterranean church its members may be buried. Or the room may be smaller, and constitute a family burying ground.—And thus you find street after street, and room after room—of various sizes, and with various adoruments in the form of frescoes.

This city may be extended without limit on the same level. Or by digging still lower there may be another similar arrangement below the first; and a third below the second, and so on. As a matter of fact, as many as five stories, one above the other, have been discovered in some parts of these catacombs.

A mile distant a similar excavation may be made, and you have the catacombs of St. Sebas-tian. Four miles in another direction, another, and there are the catacombs of St. Agnese. And it is estimated that not less than two hundred miles of these subterranean streets may be traced and that six millions of persons were buried along them. For two hours and a half our party roamed through the lanes, and streets, and avenues, and squares of St. Callixtus. It is a wonderful

And thus the early Christians buried their dead, in hope of the glorious resurrection. If anything prevented the extension of their subterra-nean city, by the removal of the material from below to the surface, it could be thrown back into some of the apartments which were already full of the dead; and new space thus found for others. This seems to have been sometimes done; for streets thus filled up have been lately laid bare. The strictest espionage and the severest persecutions, might sometimes have driven them to that

The inscriptions have nearly all of them been removed—some to the Vatican, some to the Lateran Museum, some to the churches. I observed a few only remaining. One was in the Greek, and contained simply the name and words, "in cirane,"—in peace. This is frequently the record in the Latin, " requiescit in pace;"—here rests in peace, &c." The frescoes are rude, but most of them quite expressive. The representation of the Good Shepherd frequently occurs. The picture of a dove, as a symbol of peace. That of a fish I observed often repeated. The meaning of the latter is thus explained: The Greek word for fish consists of five letters, which letters are the initials of the five Greek words which mean, "Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour"—so that the picture of a fish was in brief a confession of Christian faith.

# YOUNG CONVERTS.

Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Yea, Lord, thou know-est that I love thee," "Feed my Lambs." That the Christian pastor loves his Master and loves nite, and that the power of the Spirit is infinite the Christian paster loves his Master and loves his flock is to be shown, first of all, by his care for those amongst them who are young and weak. We take it that this means not the young merely, but the young convert. No one who comes "as a little child" into the kingdom of Christ, but realizes that he needs a child's care, and guidence and help. It is beginning a the onds of the earth" (Issish siv, 28.) "Com



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

### New Series, () SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1864.

new life, and like life in every other respect the outset is in weakness and the necessity of

But we live in times when the word used by our Saviour on the occasion referred to may be yet more literally taken. It is often remarked, ment.

You will please bear in mind then, that the whole of this region is volcanic in its origin, and of which the church was in great part instituted. In the class they have learned the rudiments of the living faith, and have thus been led to Jesus.

they have sought, and warned, and led, have been finally brought into the church? No fold, let it be remembered, but the heavenly one, is perfect-ly safe. It is not to make salvation sure to have the name enrolled on the list of membership, to have been baptized, and to be admitted monthly to the Lord's table. No one thinks that this is work in the distance, which you find surrounds a salvation; and yet do we not all of us sometimes almost forget that it is not? Besides, the church itself is a school. Its aim, in this respect, is to give discipline, knowledge, exercise, drift. The older members need always to bear in mind that after a little time they will vacate their present places, and these younger ones will come in and till them. The future of the church is in the

young converts, to a very great extent.

It is often lamented that so large a proportion of every membership is inactive, and so small a proportion really and truly efficient in service. formed by digging out the tufa, so as to leave the walls on either side of you perpendicular, and the street itself three or four feet wide—sometimes Should there not be ways of calling out more of less than three, sometimes more than four. Over the young converts and getting them early achead is the tufa, forming an arch. Suppose now customed to the yoke of service? Should not special attention be given to this? Is it not one reason why in every flock there are so many "weak and sickly" that it is forgotten to feed the lambs? Should not preaching be more directed to the wants of the young convert? Should not of the side of the wall, of proper size to receive to the wants of the young convert? Should not work be organized more with a view to call out,

We have recorded in these columns the reports of numerous revivals. It is always a pleasure. brick laid in mortar to fill up the space even And yet it is often done with the query pressing with the surface; or a slab or marble, around the home whether all these new disciples will find in edges of which cement is placed so as to seal up the company of older ones just the influence they the remains in their stone sarcophagus. In this need; whether many of them will not prove in way the walls on either side are filled with the the end to be almost Christians; and whether bodies of the dead. On the marble slab is the inscription. Or a little slab is inserted just above stances, struggle long with the weaknesses and where the body lies. The street thus commenced may be extended fore they will become "strong in the Lord." Let indefinitely, or others may be made to cross it at it not be so, brethren. You welcome, always, right angles; or a large opening may be made at these young converts with joy. Do not forget the side of it and a room twenty feet square may be constructed, and the walls may be covered with plaster, and the plaster with freecoes; and bear it in the Good Shepherd's name. Love and there may be an arched ceiling to it; and an watch and foster these lambs of the flock; for he opening may be made to the surface above for the who called them into his church called you there, admission of light; and thus you have a place also, to take care of them.

## I FEAR I AM NOT ELECTED.

A careless old man, who had not attended a place of worship for twenty years, became very illow I went to see him, and found him alarmed and anxious. I told him of Christ dying for the angodly; that his blood cleauseth from all sin; and that whosoever believeth on him "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." For some time he continued anxious, but without getting that peace which flows from believing. One day I called, and after trying to show him that Christ had suffered enough to atone for sinners, and had invited him to accept that atonement as for his sins, I asked him why it was that he would not believe God, and take Christ as his Saviour, and be saved. With tears rolling down his cheeks, the old man said-"Sir, I need not hide it from you-I fear I am not elected." He

was thoroughly in earnest. Now, what are we to say to a man thus tempted ?

We are not to tell him there is no such thing as election, for there are scores of passages in the Bible teaching us that there is. Whether men like it or not, it is a doctrine clearly revealed. But we are to tell him something like the following. This is a temptation of the devil to keep you away from Christ; so be on your guard against it. Election is true; but it is a doctrine with which you have nothing to do at present. It belongs to God's people, and to them alone. It you would come into my house, and take away some of my goods, you would be taking what did not belong to you and into my did not belong to you: and just so, when you meddle with election, you meddle with what does not at present belong to you. What right has an unconverted man to think, or talk, or dispute about election? None whatever. When you hear such a one speak on the subject, look him in the face, and with astonishment ask-"Sir, are

you born again ?" What you have to discover, is, not that you are un elect saint, but that you are a lost sinner. When you have discovered this, and been enabled by divine grace to take Jesus as your Saviour, and thus made your calling sure, your election will be sure also. You will then be thankful for the doctrine; glad to think that God loved you with an everlasting love; and will have higher ideas of the "length" of that love which passeth knowledge. The truth is, as an old divine once said—"Election is against no man, unless he i against election." Rightly understood, it doe mary to no one, and does great good to God

Your rule of duty is not what is written in th Is it not a somewhat noticeable fact that when ur Saviour indicated so beautifully on a certain holy Word. "Secret things belong unto the claimed in this manuer to have hunted down holy Word. "Secret things belong unto the claimed in this manuer to have hunted down thirty-two young men, involving them in disgrace, crime, and ruin. Some of them had ended their hought of the "lambs" first? "Simon, son of vealed belong unto us and to our children" (Deut

that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out! (John vi. 37.) Believe these promises; take God at his word, and look unto Jesus; and you need ost because of your own unbelief.

But why should you think you are not elected ! of licentiousness. No human being out of hell can ever know that he is not; and when God's Spirit is thus striving with you, why not rather believe that you are ? You have as good a right to believe yourself one of the elect as any unconverted sinner that ever lived. You are somewhat like a man travelling to a railway station, intending to go by the train to a distant town. It occurs to him that perhaps there may not be a vacant seat, and he becomes afraid. But he meets one of the porters, who tells him that there are a great many carriages at the station, and that they will hold a wondrous number; and his fear is somewhat lessened. A little farther on, he meets the chief manager of the railway, whose word he cannot doubt, who nforms him that never once, during the many years since the railway was opened, was man, woman, or child left behind for want of room; and now his fear is altogether gone. Perhaps you can make your own application of the story. When God, who cannot lie, tells you that his elect people are no scattered few but a multitude that po man can number; and that since the world began, never one came to him through Christ, and was cast out, surely you will no. onger be alarmed by this groundless fear-What

Do as John Bunyan did when assaulted by the same temptation. "Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of Revelation, and see if you can find that there was ever one that trusted in the Lord and was confounded." Do as the old woman did, who resolved that if there were only three elect people in the world, she would strive to be one of them. "Be not afraid" of election; "only believe." -- Monthly Messenger.

## A FEARFUL RECORD.

The American Presbyterian and Theological Review, for October, has an article by E. C. Wines, D. D., LL.D., of New York, on the "Sources of Crime." Among them he specifies licentiousness, and gives the following: Translating

Mr. Gould relates the story of a fallen woman, whom he encountered in one of our penitentiary hospitals, which casts a terrific light upon the tendency of licentiousness to produce crime. She had been a woman of exquisite beauty and ele-New York, failed in business, and gave up everything to his creditors. She was reduced to the necessity of learning the trade of dress-maker to earn her daily bread. She became a proficient in the business, and her taste and skill commandfashionable life; and hope, which "springs eternal in the human breast," whispered that a fortunate marriage might yet restore her to the charmed circles, whose delights she had once tasted, and which she longed to enter. She used every effort by the charms of person, dress, voice, and manners, to attract the notice and win the love of eligible young men. At length she thought she had succeeded in her object; but the young man, a house of refreshment in the neighborhood of the city. He offered her a glass of wine, which she drank. The liquor had been drugged. A profound stupor ensued, and she awoke the following morning to find herself ruined.

nitude of the injury burst upon her. She instant-ly resolved upon revenge, and the plan for its ac-complishment flashed upon her mind with the suddenness and rapidity of lightning. She be-

The young man exulted in the ease and comeleteness of his victory; but from that moment she became the evil genius of his life. Professing the tenderest and most unselfish affection, she drew money from him continually, with which she hired sharpers to furnish him with provoca- and saving power of the gospel? tives to drinking, gambling, and all forms of vice and debauchery. At every rally of his better nature, by skillful alternation of persuasion, ban-ter, and menace, she choked the rising impulse of virtue, chained him to the car of dissipation, and

confirmed him in his career of vice. Full well did she know whither all this would lead him; nor was she disappointed in her malignant expectation. Drunkenness clouded his understanding; debauchery ruined his health; and gambling reduced him to poverty. Not until this point, the goal of all her prayers and efforts, had been reached, when poverty and disease had done their work, and he was unable to procure a wretched bed or a scanty meal, except through her charity, did she wreak upon him the full measure of her vengeance. Then it was her daily delight to visit him, to load him with reproaches, and to reveal to him, in bitter exultation, the whole scheme, so cunningly devised, and so steadily pursued, by which she had wrought his ruin. And when the closing scene drew near, she sat by his bedside, and mingled her execrations with the shrieks extorted by his dying agonies.

Nor was her vengeance even yet satisfied. Her varfare was against the whole sex; whom she rearded as accursed; and her insatiate revenge cried out for still other victims. Whenever she could fasten her fangs on a young man of a genteel family, whose unclouded prospects foretokened a brilliant career, she never relaxed her hold. She studied, with a keenness sharpened by experience, every point in his character— his tastes, his passions, his hopes, his fears, what-ever repelled him; and then, with an almost un-erring sagacity, adapting the means to the end, she seldom failed in her demoniac purpose. She claimed in this manuer to have hunted down

days in prison, and others, hopelessly fallen, were on the road to the felon's grave.

When asked whether all her sisters in infamy felt the same hatred to mankind, she replied that she thought the feeling to be general, if not universal, among them; adding that, when a woman had once fallen, she desired to revenge herself, not only on her seducer, but on all his sex; that no game was followed with greater reliab than that of involving all who came within their toils in crime and its consequent punishment; that

unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, most of them could number at least two or three and I will give you rest" (Mat. xi. 28.) "Him victims, whom they had rained, and that many of these victims went to the length of the actual

commission of crime quiso Now, when we remember that there are in the not fear election. It is a talse inference from the city of New York alone over twenty thousand doctrine that troubles you; and if you neglect sal-vation because of a decree which you do not un-other cities of the State, we may arrive at a proxderstand, the sin lies on your own head-you are imate idea of the amount of crime in the commonwealth, which is directly caused by the vice

### A CHRISTIAN GOVERNOR OF INDIA.

While England has been confessedly the foremost Protestant Christian nation, it has studiously abstained from recognizing Christianity in one of its principal dependencies, the land in which modern Christian missions were first introduced, and where Christian efforts have been most earnest to rescue from the power of heathenism and idolatry. The East India Company, that so long controlled affairs in India, was a purely mercantile company, and not only ignored Christianity, but often through the hope of gain, consider at, and even sanctioned and supported the cruel and idolatrous customs of the natives. It persistently opposed the introduction of the Bible into the government schools, withheld its sauction from he missionaries, and exhibited the humiliating spectacle to its heathen subjects of indifference or hostility to the spread of the religion in which ts officers professed to believe. Its Governorgenerals, though bearing names of illustrious onor, and adding to the lustre and dominion of England's crown, have not sought for the honor that cometh from above.

A new Governor-general, however, has recently been appointed, one of whose distinguishing excellences is, that while he is in all respects fitted for the exalted and conspicuous station, he is a fearless and consistent Christian, known to be in favor of active measures for the propagation of Christianity in India. Sir John Lawrence, the new Governor, has been long in India, and during the time of the mutiny, ruled the province Punand so admirably as to secure noble testimonials from the British government, and an enduring place in the affections of his countrymen.

Shortly after the mutiny was quelled, a dispatch of Sir John Lawrence was pullished on the Christian duty of England in the government of India, which contained thoughts most gratifying to the hearts of Christians in India and England, but which had seldom been uttered by those in high places of power in the East. He advocated the introduction and teaching of the Bible in the government schools, and closed his dispatch in which his earnest convictions were expressed with Christian boldness in these words:

"Sir J. Lawrence had been led, in common with others, since the occurrence of the awful events gant culture. Her father, a wealthy merchant in of 1857, to ponder deeply on what may be the faults and the shortcomings of the British as a Christian nation in India. In considering topics such as those treated of in this dispatch, he would solely endeavor to ascertain what is our Christian in the business, and her taste and skill commanded duty. Having ascertained that, according to our ed liberal wages, which enabled her to provide an ample wardrobe for herself. She had been out to the uttermost, undeterred by any consideintensely devoted to the glitter and gaity of a ration. If we address ourselves to this task, it may, with the blessing of Providence, not prove too difficult for us. Sir John Lawrence does entertain the carnest belief that all those measures, which are really and truly Christian, can be carried out in India, not only without danger to British rule, but on the contrary, with every advantage to its stability."

It is certainly most encouraging that the pow-

erful Viceroy of one hundred and fifty millions of whose affections she dreamed that she had won, men, is one who seeks only to know, and undeproved to be a cold-hearted villain, who was in terred, will follow what is Christian duty. "When putsuit only of amusement and gratification for the righteons are in authority, the people rejoice," the passing hour. One evening he invited her to and India will see the benefit of a wise Christian ride. Driving into the country, he slighted at policy, as contrasted with the course which not only would not recognize the teachers or the principles of our sacred religion, but expressly instructed the officials to treat the Hindoo idolaorofound stupor ensued, and she awoke the fol-owing morning to find herself ruined. The seeds of Christian truth, sown in so much among the Hiudoos, a sudden recognition of trayed no emotion. She uttered no reproaches, being wrong, or not quite right, and a desire to She treated what had happened as a harmless jest, advance to new things under cover of old names; and blandly invited a continuance of the inti- a sort of shame faced reformation, tending away from idolatry and towards Christian belief, through the half-way house of Christian morals. Missions in India have begun to tell." Is there not a call for earnest prayer that the wide realm over which

PUT DOWN THAT GLASS!

this Christian ruler is to exercise his viceregal

sway, may, in his time, come under the purifying

Young men! Stop! Drink no more liquid fire! Last week the papers recorded the rapid increas-ing degradation of George D. Prentice, from intemperance, and now they tell a sadder story of William H. Graham, formerly proprietor of Graham's Magazine. For more than a year he had been loading round the corner of Theatre Alley and Ann street, and, notwithstanding the exertion of his friends, continued to descend in the scale of humanity, until he became an object of dis gust to all who knew him. His insane love for intoxicating drinks soon reduced his strength, and for months previous to his death, was a confirmed consumptive. He was found wandering about by a person who had known him in better days, in the most pitiable condition at the time, his clothes being soaked with the rain, and his appearance denoting poverty and wretchedness.

He was hardly able to speak when brought in, and after uttering a few incoherent remarks sank on the floor and expired. Mr. Graham was forty years of age, and was a native of Philadelphia. He was a man of fine literary talents, and con-tributed to some of the principal magazines in the country. He was very respectably connected, and by marriage was related to one of the first families in Philadelphia.

LADIES PASTETHIS ON YOUR MIRRORS .- "I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner on all and every occasion. Never forget then, that you are a gentlewoman, and let all your words and actions make your gentle. I never heard your mother-your dear good mothersay a hard or a hasty thing in my life. Endeavor to

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Mamily Beading.

ORTGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

That soothed me last when you fondly pressed

My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;

For I saw a scene when I slumbered last, That I fain would see again, mamma,

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,

And weep as you then did weep;

And gaze, and gaze 'till the tear be dry;

Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,

And I lived in a land where forms divine

In a kingdom of glory eternally shine;

fancied I roamed in a wood, mamma,

When near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,

And I chased it away o'er the forest wide;

But night came on, and I lost my guide,

And I knew not what to do, mamma,

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,

When a white-robed scraph appeared in the air,

And she threw back the curls of her golden hair,

Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me," mamma.

And we entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,

And we passed through a lonely vault of gloom:

They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed

While songs were heard and sunny robes blazed,

Saying, "Here ever blest shall thou be pretty babe."

And I saw as I roamed in the regions of peace,

The spirits who had fled from this world of distress,

Saying, "Here ever blest shalt thou be."

With seraphims and cherubs fair:

For they knew no sorrow there, mamma,

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,

And you gazed on that sad but lovely wreck,

But it lived and you still sobbed on, mamma,

But it lived, and you still sobbed on.

But oh! had you been with me, mamma,

Do you mind that poor old man, mamma,

And seen what I saw, you never had cried,

When they buried pretty Jane in the grave when

For shining with the blest, and adorn'd like a bride,

When the night was dark and the tempest loud-

And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,

As he told how he went to the Baron's stronghold

But the rich man answered, "Go sleep on the

Saving. "O let me in for the night is cold;"

Do you mind what a heavenly look, mamma,

While rain ran down from his thin white hair,

and he needed no alms in the mansions of light,

For he mix'd with the patriarchs, clothed in white;

And there was not a scraph had a crown more

For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest

While my spirit in the kingdom of light was

And the heart that has throbbed in the climes o

For the Christian Visitor.

REGENERATION.

Mr. EDITOR-The five words of our Saviour

spoken to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again," holds, I doubt not, equally true of every human

Ran down from his glist ning eyes, mamma,

Ran down from his glist'ning eye.

Flashed through each trembling tear,

As the good man sat in papa's old chair,

As fast as the tears of speechless care,

Well, he was in his glory too, mamma, As happy as the blest could be;

Or a costlier robe than he, mamma,

And dream as I dreamt before,

Or a costlier robe than he.

Then sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,

Can love this world no more.

Can love this world no more, mamma,

His heart was meek, as he trembling stood,

Ere the midnight watch was o'er. mamma.

Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And O! what a weight of woe, mamma,

For we shield no beggars here, old man, For we shield no beggars here."

Made heavy each long drawn sigh,

worldier

ento bright, di bas

In that land unknown to care,

My sister Jane was there, mamma,

Who came late to our door;

My sister Jane was there.

For they knew no sorrow there.

Lay dead a short time ago,

And wondering, around me gazed and gazed,

Then opened mine eyes on a land of bloom,

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,

And she kissed me softly ere I was aware,

Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me."

My fears and tears she quelled, mamma,

Till you lull me fast to sleep, mamma,

While slumb'ring on your knee;

Till you lull me fast to sleep.

That land again to see, mamma,

And I rested under a bough,

And I knew not what to do.

And I loudly called for thee,

And she led me far away,

And sky of endless day, mamma,

And sky of endless day.

And lovely angels bright;

All glorious in that land.

All glorious in that land, mamma,

Then came a shining throng, mamma,

That land again to see.

Then fix on me your glist'ning eye,

O cradle me on your knee, mamma, And sing me that holy strain,

That I fain would see again.

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Che Christian Bisitar Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

Religious and Secular. but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." A real thorough

change wrought in the heart, by the Spirit of the God of all grace, whereby the man is made a new creature. "The old man is put off," "the new man is put on." "Ye in me and I in you;" ye who sometimes were far offare made nigh by the blood of Christ." Those heaven-born souls now live by the faith of the Son of God. "I live, vet not I, but Christ liveth in me." In spiritual regeneration the soul is delivered from the reigning power of sin, and all its consequences, and is saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. Water baptismal regeneration leaves the sinner just where it finds him, with a heart at war with God and Christ under the curse of God's broken law, and unless grace prevent, doomed to hell. The man who asserts that water baptism "regenerates and makes a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven," furnishes a sad picture of his own spiritual condition. From such cark superstition "good Lord deliver us." They who are born of God, bear God's image, and they, and none else, have a right to the ordinances of God's house, as none but true believers ever did, do now, and ever shall inherit the king-And the world would I give, if the world was mine, dom of heaven. COUNTRYMAN. Douglas Harbour, March 28th, 1864.

#### THE LITTLE GIRL OF THE FROZEN LAND. The little girl of Greenland, or the frozen land,

has a strange name; it is Equrk, and her brother is called Awahtok. They live with their parents in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, which looks like an old brick oven. A house is called igloc in that country. It has but one room, and the people crawl into it through a low long passage on their hands and knees .-Within there is no fire place, no stove, no fire, not a chair, or table or bed.

Equrk's father chiefly spends his time in fishing, and carries his canoe or boat on his back to the water; or, when the ice is too thick to break for fishing, he hunts the walrus, a creature of the

How do you suppose Equrk's mother cooks her food? She boils it in a kettle over a lamp. The lamp is made of the shoulder-blade of the walrus, fifled with blubber, with a wick of moss. As for baking she never does that. Little Equrk never saw a slice of bread or a potato or an apple. She eats a steak of walrus, or some broiled blubber, or frozen liver; or sucks a bear's paw, or the rib of a seal. Never a stick of sugarcandy had little Equrk. If you gave her one, she would say, "Kuyanaka," which means "I

If Equrk goes out of doors, what does she see -green grass, and tulips and buttercups? No. A corn-field over the way? No. Currentbushes and cherry-trees, or oaks and elms branching overhead? No, no. On one side is a great ice mountain and fields of snow, snow, Their eyes looked bright, and their sweet lips snow; hardly anything but snow, with gray

rocks here and there. For they marvelled to meet with an earth-born A short time in the summer a little pale grass tries to grow in sunny spots, and a few small And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled, flowers smile by the gray rocks. Then the little girl must be happy, indeed. She laughs, and has her games of play like you. She has no little carriage to run on the smooth ground; but her Then I mixed with a heavenly throng, mamma

father makes her a sledge. He has no wood, for trees do not grew in that cold country; so he takes the bones of the whale and the walrus, and And theirs were the joys no tongue could express, fastens them together with seal-skin; and he makes a back to lean against, because it will go over some rather rough places. It runs very swiftly; for who do you think draws little Equik Not her father; he has gone hunting the great nannook, which is the white bear; not her brother Awahtok; he has his sledge; but a couple of brown dogs who are harnessed to the sledge, they With a full flood of woe that you could not check, And your heart was so sad that we thought it run and draw Equrk, and very much does she enjoy the drive.

> gloves, like our little girls? I will begin with her feet. Nobody knits in that frozer and; so she has no warm woollen socks like yours. Her socks are made of bird skins, with the soft down inside. Over this she wears seal skin boots. These keep her feet warm. Then she wears leggings of white bear-skin, and a jacket of fox-skin, This jacket has a hood to it; and the garment, jacket and hood together is called a jumper. his is the fashion of that country. It would look odd enough in our land. At first sight you would take little Equrk for a stray cub of the white bear. Sometimes she holds a fox's bushy tail between her teeth, to keep Jack Frost from kissing her cheeks with his cold lips.

What does she dress in? Hood and cloak and

Oh, do you know what terrible winters she sees in her country. The sun sets in November, and it does not rise again till March. Think what a long night that is. We think winter days are short enough; but to have no day at all, how much worse that is. There are northern lights, to be sure; but there is no light like the bright, warm, cheerful sun which we see in

Winter is called okipok, "the season of fast ice." By March the sun begins to peep up above the icebergs, or ice-mountains, and slips quickly down again. Next day it stays longer, and the next, until June comes, when it stays all day and night. Summer is called aosak the "season of no ice," though it is never really iceless, nor can the sun melt the great snow drifts. It is, how ever, a pleasant season, for flocks of birds come and build their nests in snug corners and shelves of the rocks, and they are so tame that her brother Awahtok can easily catch a netful to carry home for supper.

Do Equrk and Awahtok go to school? They do not know what school is. There are no books no paper, no pens, no slate in their country, except in a few spots where missionaries have set tled. In all other parts of the land there are no day schools, nor Sabbath schools, nor churchesnot one of all those privileges which we have to make our life so improving useful and happy, Their mother sometimes tells Equrk and her brother of the "Great Spirit:" but she cannot tell them that "sweet story of old" about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to be the Redeemer, for she does not know it herself. wish we could tell her; then perhaps she would say, "Asakoateet," which is "I love" in her language. As for you, dear Christian children, I am sure you must say-

"My God, I thank thee, who hast plann'd A better lot for me. And placed me in this happy land, Where I may hear of thee."

THE SABBATH .- The Sabbath is the loveliest soul now on earth. Without spiritual regenera-tion, no salvation for any one of fallen Adam's These rests refresh the soul in God, that finds tion, no salvation for any one of fallen Adam's race, young or old. "Ye must be born again," is engraved over heaven's gate in letters so large that they will forbid every soul from entering in who have not experienced it. What is regeneration or the new birth? It is not a change produced by a few drops of water sprinkled from a man's hand, but, as Peter in his first epistle says, it is I being born again, not of corruptible seed.

These rests refresh the soul in God, that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to attend to the business of its servant, the body. And these are a certain pledge of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal Sabbath, and rest in Him forever who is the only rest for the soul.—Leighton.