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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1864.

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The Christian Visitor
is emphatically a newspaper for the Family,
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

DIRECTION IN DILEMMA.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 22, 1863, BY REV. O. H. SPURGEON.

[Concluded.]

"Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Ex. xiv. 13.

IL I intend to take the text in reference to the SINNER BROUGHT INTO THE SAME CONDITION IN A MORAL SENSE. I will trust that I have in this house of prayer this morning, some who have been led by God's spirit out of the Egypt of their sins, where they did eat the leeks, and garlicks, and onions of their sinful pleasures, but where they were made to smart as bondslaves under the law. You have begun to feel some divine awakenings. The spirit of God has somewhat delivered you from the corruption of your former estate; but you are, as yet, under conviction. You have as yet found no peace, no solid peace. Your sins are around you; you can hear their hoarse voices as they threaten to drag you back or to destroy you. Before you flows the tempestuous and deep sea of divine wrath; you know how richly you deserve it; and your spirit sinks within you as you think how soon it may swallow you up. On the right hand and on the left, you see no method of escape. You had hoped to deliver yourself by your own righteousness, but the law, like Pi-hahiroth, riseth up with craggy battlements, and blocks the way. On the right hand, you seek to escape by ceremonies, but some dreadful threatenings of God against the depravity of your nature, at once snuff out all hope in that direction. You are come, this day, to a dead stand. Well, now, what are you to do? What is the Master's word to you? A sinner, thus convinced of sin, my message from the Lord to thee, is "Stand still." Understand what I mean, however, by it. I do not mean stand still in indifference, as though it were a little matter whether you be damned or not; I do not mean stand still in inaction, without repentance, without faith, but what I do mean is this, "Stand still," first in the renunciation of all thine own righteousness, and of all attempts to seek a righteousness by thine own doings. Canst thou keep the law? Remember it is exceeding broad; it takes in all thine actions, private as well as public; thy words, even thine idle words; nay, it touches thy thoughts, the imagination, and the thoughts of thy heart. Canst thou keep a law so spiritual as this? Dost thou believe, that thou canst live without sinful thoughts? Hast thou not come down from thy chamber in the morning, full of as good resolves as ever were in a man's heart, and yet before thy first meal was over, hast thou not committed thyself by some wrong expression, some angry temper? Didst thou ever pass a day without sin? Couldst thou do it? Thy many break-downs and failures all tell you that there is no strength in your hand sufficient to open the gates of heaven, no power in your feet that shall be strong enough to make you tread the weary pathway that would lead you by the works of the law. Stand still, sinner; why attempt a task for which thou art incapable? Do, I pray thee, recollect if you could perform it for the future, yet thy past sins—where are they? Why, man, remember thy youth of folly. Didst thou always honour thy father and thy mother? Did thy young tongue always speak the truth? Is it not true of thee as the apostle said, "Is thy eye astringed from the womb, speaking lies." It is not one of the earliest things a child doth, to lie and do not all these things stand in the book of God against you! There are your youthful sins. Who among you can look back upon your youth, with all its hot blood, without regret? "O God, lay not the sins of my youth to thy door!" may be the prayer of even the most righteous man. And, be it said, what have been the crimes of this age? "O soul, if thou wilt but look back through the glass of the revelation of God, remembering that thy thoughts and thy words come into the account, thou wilt surely see it to be a long, black, dismal list of reasons for condemnation. You cannot find in your whole life any cause why mercy should be extended, but you can see twenty thousand reasons why justice should have its way with you. Why, then, dost thou seek being already over head and ears in debt, to work out thine own salvation by the law? O, be not so foolish as to seek to do what thy past sins have rendered impossible. Moreover, soul, do not beseech thee to remember that thou canst not satisfy divine justice. What, if thou shouldst, put thy poor body through a thousand mortifications, starve it in a prison, or stretch it upon a rack, or broil it upon the fire, or drown it in the sea! None of these things could take away the anger of God against thee for thy sin. Nay, when thou shalt lie in hell, though the flames be hot, yet there is no power in the torments of hell to make expiation for sin. The sinner is still as much an object of God's righteous detestation, after millions of years of agony, as when first the law's dread whip began to fall. Wherefore, then, dost thou go about hoping to do what the justice of God may well assure thee no creature of the race of Adam can do! And wilt thou recollect, too, that if thou canst stand stone for the past, and if thou couldst prevent one sin for the future, yet thou thyself art vile! The leprosy lies deep within. Thou art thyself an enemy to God, and thy carnal mind cannot be reconciled to God. No power can reconcile it. God can give thee a new mind, and a new heart, and a right spirit, but the old nature is so bad that it cannot be mended; it must be dead and buried, crucified and plain with Christ, for while it lives, there is no perfection for thee; it cannot help thee, it can only mar God's work, till God strike the nail through its head, even as Jael slew Sisera of old. Sinner, why wilt thou be trying thy prayers, thy church-going, thy sacraments, thy chapel-going, thy baptisms, and the like? All these are a hiss and a vanity, if thou trustest in them. Even God's own ordained ordinances, become a farce and a delusion, when they make them the foundation of your hope.

Sinner, stand still now.
But now, in the second and last place, upon this point, the sinner says—"Suppose then, I give up all hope, and do no more by way of trusting to myself, what shall I see?" Why, thou shalt see the salvation of God. Do remark, dear friends, that all the sinner can do, is to see this salvation. He is not to work it out, he is not to help it, but he is to see it; yet, mark you, that sinner cannot even find out that salvation of itself, for, if you notice, the next sentence to our text is, "which he will show you to-day." God must show it to us, or else we cannot see it. "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him." There must be a manifestation of Christ to us, before we shall ever be able to perceive him. O that the Lord would now, while I talk for a few more minutes, reveal his great salvation to some sinner who is standing still! Now, soul, thou art thoroughly prepared to see the salvation of God. Thou art willing to be nothing, and to do nothing, in order to

save thyself, then let me tell thee, God has wrought out and brought in a glorious and complete salvation, more resplendent far than that which he meritoriously wrought for Israel in the Red Sea. I will tell thee of it. First, it was ordained of old, like that deliverance of the Red Sea. God had planned that. Before Pharaoh lived it was written in the eternal decree—"For this purpose have I raised thee up, that I might show forth my power in thee." From old eternity God had chosen Israel to be the objects of his love, and cast away Egypt that it might show his honor in his terrible justice. The salvation of God's people was ordained of old. Before you mountains lifted their hoary heads, he ordained to save his people; and long ere the ancient deeps began to roar in their channels, he had chosen them. God did not choose the Israelites because of any goodness in them; they were a stiff-necked generation; they had no hand in their own choice; he called their father Abraham, as a Syrian ready to perish, and made him his chosen, and made a covenant with his seed after him. And so, God has prepared a salvation for his elect, chosen by him not because of any goodness in them, but because he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and will have compassion on whom he will have compassion. Is not this a salvation that will suit thee; O poor sinner! If God's election comes to those who are without merit, without hope, without strength, here is hope for thee.

In the next place, the salvation which God shows is one wrought by a mediator. Moses was the mediator of that time. He stretched his rod over the sea. Jesus is the great mediator, of whom Moses was the feeble type. Sinner, Jesus Christ has divided the Red Sea of your wrath, lifting up himself upon the cross, a mightier weapon far than Moses' rod; he made the floods of God's wrath retire, that all his chosen might march through. If thou believest in him; if standing still to-day thou wilt but see the salvation of God, thou mayst discern a path to heaven, over which no waters of divine wrath can ever dash. Christ himself has substituted his own person for thine; he took your guilt, and stood as a sinner in the sight of God. Since Jesus was the substitute, wrath is gone. If Christ drank all the hell-draught, then there is not a drop left for any of those to drink for whom he died; and if thou canst see this morning (it is all thou hast to do), if thou canst see that Christ has done this, rest thou assured that God who showed it to thee, has not showed thee a lie. Well do I remember when first my eyes saw the complete salvation of Christ Jesus. I had been gadding about after this, and that, and the other, but when I heard the gospel-message, "Look! look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth," I did nothing; I only trusted. Christ to save me; I turned away from dead doings, and from soul-destroying feelings; to the wounded body of the Saviour, and believed that he had saved me, trusted to the merit of his life, and to the prevalence of his death, and to the mighty power of his plea; and then the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit, that I was born of God, and sin was put away. Sinner, if thou art standing still—pray God thou hast been brought to this—then look! Canst thou not see it? Was ever anything more plain. Jehovah's darling son, becomes a man! Oh, mystery of mysteries. God was manifest in the flesh as a man. He stands as the representative head of all his elect. Being such, when Justice cried, "Bring hither the sinner," Christ came forward, bound like a captive, and a malefactor. "Strip that sinner, and they stripped him naked to his shame." "Bring forth the whip," said Justice. "Ply it hard," he gave his back to the smiter, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair. "Drag him to execution," said Justice, "his sinne must die." They pierced his hands and his feet; they lifted him up upon the tree; they gave him vinegar to drink in the midst of his bitter grief; they mocked him in his extreme sorrow; he cried to God, but God could not help a sinner and Christ stood as such, though in him was a sin. That shriek of "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" was the gathering up of all human misery. Hell did not know a more dolorous cry than "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Le the thunderbolts be launched, let the lightning scathe him, let every demon of the pit come up against him, let every friend forsake him, let his heart break, let his tongue cleave to his mouth, let his mouth become a furnace, let his heart be melted like wax, let the joints of his bones be loosed, let him come into the jaws of death—th law requires it all. It is done. Justice hath no more to demand. He answers "No." The mighty substitute exclaims, "It is finished," and finished it is. The Red Sea of justice is effectually and perpetually divided. "But," saith one, "is this for the elect?" It is, and for them only. But how know I whether I am one of them? The elect are known by this—"My sheep have my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. The true mark of election is trust. If you stand still and trust Christ, you are as certain one of his elect as the apostles that are before his throne. Trust is the infallible mark of election; it is by this we make our calling and election sure. Believe thou in the Lord, and the sinner shall be saved. Stand still, then, and see salvation in Jesus. "Well," says one, "but you really do not mean to say that I am now just as I am to trust Christ to save me, and it is all done? I do. Sinner, thou hast not understood me. It is just that. Sinner, nothing do, either great or small, Jesus did it all, long ago. To do anything to him were to insult his perfect work to hope to complete his matchless righteousness were impertinence; to imagine that thou couldst make better that which he has finished, were a idle, soul-destroying dream. Take a finished Saviour just as he is, and you are saved now. A though you have no good thing of your own doing. Take Jesus as he is, and that act of accepting Christ through his merit, saves your soul. After you have done this, then will come the command—"Go forward!" For the present, we have to say to you, poor trembler, is "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." May the Lord bless these last words to the sinner, and in first words to the saint, and will I trust, stand still and see what the Lord hath wrought, we will together sing unto him, for he will triumph gloriously, and all our enemies shall cast into the midst of the sea. The Lord bless you for Jesus sake. Amen.

From the Morning Star.
FREE FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.—No. 9.
A LITTLE TALK ABOUT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.
DRESDEN, NOV. 10, 1863.
I have now visited the localities in which are established seven of the German Universities. The seven that I refer to are located at Bonn, Marburg, Giessen, Göttingen, Berlin, Halle and Leipzig. I mention them in the order in which I have visited them. I was disappointed in visiting the students in these Universities younger men than I had expected.
No student is required to be present at any exercise of the University; and the facts are that many men are here who pay their bills and scarcely for a whole term enter the lecture room. Recitations are unknown. The Professor lectures uninterruptedly from the beginning to the end of his forty-five minutes (for in all these institutions they have long since found out that that is long enough for profit) no question is asked by the Professor, none by a student. If those who have paid for the lectures are present, very well; but if not, no inquiry is made, no discipline administered. So if a young man is disposed to waste his time, and spend his months in dissipation, that is his own concern, and neither the Professor nor the President interferes. Accordingly I am informed that the loosest morals prevail, and drinking, gambling and duelling abound. This duelling is a barbarian unknown to the higher civilization of our country; and it is barbarian itself. I have never chosen to be present at any of these battles. I should as soon think of taking the place of Saul of Tarsus, when he held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen. But I have repeatedly seen the armor, offensive and defensive, and heard the thing described "ad nauseam." I will not impose upon you a repetition of this description, but will only say that the duel is with long swords, two edged, and sharp as a razor. The head and face are left unprotected, and for fifteen to thirty minutes (the ordinary time is fifteen) the combatants strive to make as deep and as long a wound as possible upon the unprotected part. The parties are frequently laid up for several weeks while the wounds heal, and they are perhaps ready for another battle. These duels are fought upon the slightest provocation. The students belong largely to what are called corps, for the encouragement of this most disgusting and inhuman custom. In one of these Universities, I was informed, there were not less than fifteen of these corps. A member of one becomes a little excited at the meaning of which you will understand, although you are told that nobody gets drunk here—and calls a member of some other corps a coward, or a fool, or by some other complimentary epithet, and forthwith a challenge, and a fight. I have not visited a University thus far without being informed that from four to ten of these duels occur daily. And the Professors say that it is impossible to break it up. Even at Halle, where a majority of the students are studying theology, this is their testimony—that three-fourths of all the students would leave the institution if they should undertake to suppress this practice!
This sufficiently indicates the public sentiment in respect to this barbarism; and in general the low tone of moral feeling that prevails in Germany. I am sorry to say that even worse crimes than this, and those which strike more fatally at the very foundations of society, are here regarded as quite venial. I should scarcely be believed were I to state facts which have been communicated to me upon the best authority, and which I have certainly no reason to doubt; moreover, delicacy, perhaps, forbids me to speak of them; facts which pertain to society at large, and only include those who are connected with the Universities with the rest. The morals of Germany are fearfully corrupt, according to our standard of judgment.
In none of the German Universities are any provisions made for students' rooms or board. The buildings are solely for lecture rooms, library and cabinets. In some of them, as at Göttingen, the rooms occupied for lectures in the different departments are scattered over the town. In others, as at Halle, Leipzig, and I believe also at Berlin and Bonn, they are all in the same building, or in buildings closely connected.
A clock in the centre hall announces each hour, and lectures commence at fifteen minutes past the hour. A stirring scene during this interval. I have heard no hallooing, or anything approaching to it; but in an institution embracing, as the one at Leipzig, a thousand students, or as that at Berlin, two thousand, you may easily conceive that the halls are pretty well thronged during a considerable part of the fifteen minutes. The lectures begin at Berlin—and I speak of this more particularly, because I was there longer than anywhere else—at 8 o'clock in the morning, and continue uninterruptedly until 8 in the evening. This is necessary in order to accommodate as fully as possible all who wish to attend them. The whole thing being optional, the student attends one or more lectures, as he may elect; the expense being in the ratio of the number—each student paying each lecturer two Louis Dor for the term. A Louis Dor is about \$4 in gold of our money. If a student attends five lectures a day, his tuition is over \$20 a year. If he comes without any thought of study, he may matriculate, and save all expense of lectures. Ordinarily, however, these reckless fellows pay for two or three lectures, and this stands as so much to their credit when they come to apply for their degree.
If you ask how about dinner and supper when lectures fill up the whole time mentioned the answer is easy. Meals are not very regularly taken in the boarding-houses here, and those who hear lectures from 1 to 3 must take the later hour for dinner, according to aristocratic fashion; and those who hear lectures from 3 to 6 must take their dinner before that, according to the more common fashion. So of supper.
The Universities here are largely attended. The number at Marburg and Giessen I did not ascertain. Bonn has 800, Göttingen and Halle from 700 to 800, Leipzig 1000, Berlin nearly 2000. But the number of Professors is still greater in comparison with American colleges than that of the students. None of them have less than 50 to 60 pupils, Halle has 100 and Berlin nearly 150. Of course it is evident that this must result either from a large sub-division of the different departments, or from the different Professors overlapping each other. As a matter of fact it comes about in both of these ways. In Mental Philosophy, for example, there are various theories and systems. And as the Germans allow great freedom of thought and of speech, different men are appointed to lecture upon Psychology. In view of the fact that they teach different and opposite views, and the students attend whichever course they choose, or none at all if they prefer that.
Then again, the sub-division of different departments is carried to the last extreme. At Berlin, for example, a Professor is announced as lecturing five times a week for the whole term of five months on Demosthenes de Corona; another the same length of time on Tacitus de Germania; another on Greek syntax; and so on. Or if to illustrate by reference to the Theological Department, the same thing appears. One takes Genesis, another the Gospel of John, one the Psalms, another the Epistle to the Galatians, each preparing his hundred lectures upon his particular subject. Thus a hundred and forty-six men deliver two hundred and fifty lectures a day; and that you perceive that by attending five lectures a day,

one would go through the whole in the short period of fifty terms, or twenty-five years. But of course this, you understand, covers the whole ground of science, literature, and the three professions.
The Universities are well provided with libraries; and these are ordinarily admirably arranged, and constitute a chief attraction to a literary man in these venerable seats of learning. I do not now remember the number of volumes in some of them, and my minutes are not at hand; but the largest that I have seen are at Leipzig, where there are 300,000; and at Göttingen, where there are 500,000; and the two libraries at Berlin, which together contain about 600,000. The large library at Berlin known as the Royal Library, has about 500,000, and the University Library only 80,000; but such is the easy access to the former, that the benefits to all the students are about the same as they would be if belonging to the other. The same is true of Zoological and Mineralogical Cabinets—especially the former. That at Leipzig is, on the whole, in the finest condition of any that I have seen.
I have said that students are held to no responsibility for attending lectures; and you will naturally inquire how the honours of the University are conferred? The answer is this: When a student presents himself for a degree the question is not where, or when, he secured the necessary qualifications for such a degree? but does he possess them? and this the Senate proceed to ascertain by some sort of examination. "This is the theory; and I have heard it often said or hinted in America by the special admirers of the German system, that the examinations are very strict, and degrees are conferred only upon clear proof of merit. That is the theory; the facts will scarcely sustain it. I fear. And I am informed that students who dissipate full half of the time find no difficulty in getting their degree. Examinations never amount to as much as the testimony of daily observation in the lecture room. And they are as superficial in Germany as anywhere else, to say the least.
I have seen and heard from twenty to twenty-five of the most distinguished professors in Germany. The names best known among those whom I have thus met are those of Tholuck, Hengstenberg and Hodiger. It is impossible in this brief letter to give any photograph of these various Professors; or any description of their style of lecturing. Indeed, there is as much variety in Germany as you would find in America; and perhaps even more; for I certainly never heard any lecturer in America that had some of the peculiarities of manner which marked some of these men. More hereafter upon this subject, if it is thought worth the while.

THE HALF-WAY CHRISTIAN.

"I have just enough religion to make me miserable," said Mrs. A., a member of B. street church.
"What do you mean?" inquired a friend, shocked, as well she might be, at such a remark.
"I mean exactly what I say," was the reply.
"I don't understand!" inquired I.
"I have just enough religion to prevent me enjoying the world, and not enough to enable me to enjoy God; and between the two I am miserable."
"I can comprehend that."
Mrs. A. had made a simple, honest confession—one which would meet a response in many a professing Christian's heart—though few would be so frank and candid to give it utterance. She was a half-way Christian—neither one thing nor another, her heart divided between two strong claimants, and of course she was not happy. She verified in her experience the words of our Saviour:
"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."
She was not conscious of a positive hatred and aversion to Christ. Oh, no! She knew that she was not worthy to be so counted as of his fold, or as that at Berlin, two thousand, you may easily conceive that the halls are pretty well thronged during a considerable part of the fifteen minutes. The lectures begin at Berlin—and I speak of this more particularly, because I was there longer than anywhere else—at 8 o'clock in the morning, and continue uninterruptedly until 8 in the evening. This is necessary in order to accommodate as fully as possible all who wish to attend them. The whole thing being optional, the student attends one or more lectures, as he may elect; the expense being in the ratio of the number—each student paying each lecturer two Louis Dor for the term. A Louis Dor is about \$4 in gold of our money. If a student attends five lectures a day, his tuition is over \$20 a year. If he comes without any thought of study, he may matriculate, and save all expense of lectures. Ordinarily, however, these reckless fellows pay for two or three lectures, and this stands as so much to their credit when they come to apply for their degree.
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PERILS OF THE ALPS.
The Saturday Review (London), gives this thrilling narrative of the rescue from destruction of an Alpine guide, who had fallen into a deep crevice of a glacier—
"We were soon beside a wide and jagged shaft which resembled a kind of cave more than an ordinary fissure. This cleft had been spanned by a snow bridge, now broken, and up to the edge of which human footsteps could be traced. The glacier here was considerably torn, but simple patience was the only thing needed to unravel its complexity. This quality our porter lacked, and hoping to make shorter work of it, he attempted to cross the bridge. It gave way, and he went down carrying an immense load of debris along with him. We looked into the hole, at one end of which the vision was cut short by darkness, while immediately under the broken arch it was crammed with snow and shattered icicles. We saw nothing more." We listened with strained attention, and from the depths of the glacier, a low moan seemed to issue. Its repetition assured us that it was no delusion—the man was still alive. B. from the first had been extremely excited; and his education as a Roman Catholic, by furnishing him with saints and angels to appeal to, augmented his emotion. When he heard the moaning he became almost frantic. He attempted to get into the crevasse, but was obliged to recoil. It was quite plain that a second life was in danger, for our guide seemed to have lost all self-control. A hand was placed heavily upon his shoulder, and he was admonished that upon his coolness depended the life of his friend. "If you behave like a man, we shall save him; if like a woman, he is lost." A first rope accompanied the party, but unhappily it was with the man in the crevasse. "Take off coats, waistcoats, and braces." They were instantly taken off, and knotted together. We watched B. while this work was going on; his hands trembled with excitement and his knits were evidently insecure. The last junction complete, he exclaimed, "Now, let me down!" "Not until each one of the knots has been tested; and not an inch!" Two of them gave way, and L's waistcoat also proved too tender for the strain. The debris was about forty feet from the surface of the glacier, but two prominences afforded a kind of footing. B. was dropped down to one of these; T. followed, being let down by L; he could not trust the porter overhead. B. then descended the remaining distance, and was duly followed by T. Any more could not find room. The shape and size of the cavity were such as to produce a kind of resonance, which rendered it difficult to strike the precise spot from which the sound issued; but the moaning continued, becoming to all appearance gradually feebler. Fearing to wound the man, the debris was cautiously rooted away. It rang curiously as it fell into the adjacent gloom. A layer two or three feet thick was thus removed; and finally, from the frozen mass, and so bloodless as to be almost as white as the surrounding snow, issued a single human hand. The fingers moved. Round it we rooted and soon reached the knapsack, which we cut away. With it we regained our rope. The man's head was laid bare, and our brandy flask was immediately at his lips. He tried to speak, but was inarticulate, his words jumbling themselves to a dull moan. B's feelings got the better of him at intervals; he wrought like a hero, but at times he needed guidance and stern admonition. The arms once free, we passed the rope underneath them, and sought to draw the man out. But the ice fragments round him had coagulated so as to form a solid case. Thrice we essayed to draw him up, thrice we failed; he had literally to be hewn out of the ice, and not until his last foot was extricated were we able to lift him. L and the porter pulling above, and we pushing him below, the man was raised to the light of day. L then drew his friend out of the pit, and B. followed. For an hour we had been in the crevasse in shirt sleeves—the porter had been in it for two hours, and the dripping ice had drowned us. B. moreover, had worked with the energy of madness, and now the reaction came. He shook as if he would fall to pieces; but brandy and some covering revived him.
The rescued man was helpless, unable to stand, unable to utter an articulate sentence. B. proposed to carry him down the glacier toward home. Had this been attempted, the man would have undoubtedly died upon the ice. B. thought he could carry him for two hours; but he underrated his own exhaustion, and overrated the vitality of his friend. "It cannot be thought of—the cave of Fauberg, where we must tend him as well as we can." We got him to the side of the glacier, and here B. took him on his back; in ten minutes he sank under his load. L carried a miscellaneous burden. It was now our turn with the man, then again B's and thus helping each other we reached the mountain top. The sun had set, and the crown of the Jungfrau was imbedded in amber light. Thinking that the Marginal Sea might be reached, before darkness, we proposed starting in search of help. The good B. would not hear of it, and L's eye slightly glistened. "It is surprising how such an occasion brings out a man's feelings. But the anxiety to get quickly clear of the crevasses defeated its own objects. Thrice we found ourselves in difficulty, and the light was visibly departing. The conviction deepened that persistence would be a folly, and the most impressive moment of our experience was that on which we stopped at the brink of a profound fissure, and looked at the mountains and the sky. The serenity was perfect—not a cloud, not a breeze, not a sound, while over the solemn west spread the last rays of sunset.
"We returned; warm wine was given to our patient, and all our dry clothes were wrapped around him: Hot water bottles were placed at his feet, and his back was briskly rubbed. He continued to groan a long time; but finally, both this and the trembling ceased. The anxious watcher E. muttered—"He is dead!" We leaned over his face and found him breathing gently; we felt his pulse; it was tranquilly beating. "No, dead, dear old B., he will be able to crawl home with us in the morning." The prediction was justified by the event; and two days afterward we saw him at Laax, minus a bit of his ear, with a bruise upon his cheek and a few scars upon his head, but without a broken bone or serious injury of any kind. The self-denying manner in which the second porter spent the night made us forget his stupidity; it may have been stupidities. If we were to draw a moral from this incident, it would be that disasters in the Alps are far more likely to occur in ordinary places than in more popular ones, where the facilities are all alive and care is impressed by the certain and baneful consequences of its neglect.
We might enjoy much peace if we did not busy our minds with what others do or say, and in which no duty of our own is involved.
TALKING.—A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects on what he has uttered.

Thinkers are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace all his subject, and who pursues it uninterruptedly and fearlessly of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.
A single mis-step has sometimes crippled a man for life. A moral mis-step is sometimes attended with results still more fatal.
It would have cost Bunyan's Pilgrim a less effort to have kept out of the "Slough" than it did to extricate himself from it.

Family Reading.
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
NIGHT.
With stately step the "King of Day"
Has sought his golden bed,
And banished slumber with splendour crowned,
Formed pillows for his head.
"Slowly fades the flush from eastern hills as the
"sable goddess" resumes her ebony way, and
most fascinating appears with a coronet of diamonds
beaming amidst the raven blackness of her
hair. The full, round moon has risen, and for a
moment looks smilingly upon the world, then
hides her peerless loveliness beneath a broad belt
of towering clouds, and all is darkness, save the
twinkling light of countless gems inlaid in the
arch of heaven, and the silvery, tremulous sheen
rising upon the icy crystal, beneath which cold
winter has imprisoned the murmuring waters.
But wonder laden mass has now thrown back its
frowning portals, and the "Queen of Night,"
majestically sitting upon her aerial car, floats proudly
on through the blue opening of the rifted clouds,
shedding floods of radiance upon the peaceful
earth which sleeps beneath her mellow beams.

THE PARABLES OF CHRIST.
IN GALILEE.
1. The Sower.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Matthew xiii. 3, 25—Mark iv. 4, 21—
Luke vii. 5, 15.
2. The Tares.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 25, 43.
3. The Mustard Seed.—Near Capernaum—
October, A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 31, 24—Mark iv.
30, 1—Luke xiii. 18, 19.
4. The Leaven.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 33—Luke xiii. 20, 1—
5. The Hidden Treasure.—Near Capernaum—
October, A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 44.
6. The Pearl.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 45, 6.
7. The Dragnet.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Matt. xiii. 47, 50.
8. The Seed Growing Secretly.—Near Capernaum—
October, A. D. 27; Mark iv. 26, 9.
9. The Unmerciful Steward.—Near Capernaum—
June, A. D. 28; Matt. xviii. 23, 25.
10. The Two Debtors.—Near Capernaum—
June, A. D. 28; Luke vii. 41, 3.
11. The Rich Fool.—Near Capernaum—October,
A. D. 27; Luke xii. 16, 21.
12. The Barren Fig Tree.—Place not given—
October, A. D. 27; Luke xiii. 6, 9.
IN JUDEA.
13. The Good Samaritan.—In or near Jerusa-
lem—October, A. D. 28; Luke x. 30, 7.
14. The Friend at Midnight.—In or near Jerusa-
lem—November, A. D. 28; Luke xi. 5, 6.
15. The Two Sons.—In or near Jerusalem—
March, A. D. 29; Matt. xxi. 28, 32.
16. The Wicked Husbandman.—In or near Jerusa-
lem—March, A. D. 29; Matt. xxi. 33, 44.
17. The Marriage of the King's Son.—Near
Jerusalem—March, A. D. 29; Matt. xxii. 1, 14.
18. The Ten Virgins.—Mount of Olives—
March, A. D. 29; Matt. xxv. 1, 13.
19. The Talents.—Mount of Olives—March, A. D.
29; Matt. xxv. 15, 30.
20. The Great Supper.—Perea—March, A. D.,
29; Luke xiv. 15, 24.
21. The Lost Sheep.—Perea—March, A. D.,
29; Matt. xviii. 12, 14—Luke xv. 3, 7.
22. The Lost Piece of Money.—Perea—March,
A. D. 29; Luke xv. 8, 10—Matt. xviii. 12, 13.
23. The Prodigal Son.—Perea—March, A. D.,
29; Luke xv. 11, 32.
24. The Unjust Steward.—Perea, March, A. D.,
29; Luke xvi. 1, 9.
25. The Rich Man and Lazarus.—Perea, March,
A. D. 29; Luke xvi. 19, 31.
26. The Unprofitable Servant.—Perea—March,
A. D. 29; Luke xvii. 7, 10.
27. The Unjust Judge.—Perea—March, A. D.,
29; Luke xviii. 1-8.
28. The Pharisee and Publican.—Perea—
March, A. D. 29; Luke xviii. 9, 14.
29. The Laborers in the Vineyard.—Perea—
March, A. D. 29; Matt. xx. 1, 16—Mark x.
31—Luke xviii. 18, 30.
30. The Pounds.—Jericho—March, A. D. 29;
Luke xix. 11, 27.
Thirteen parables were spoken in Galilee, and
eighteen in Judea. Christ delivered no parable
that is recorded during the first year of his ministry.
Ten were delivered in a single month;
Oct., A. D. 27; and sixteen in the month of
March, A. D. 29, just before his death. No parable
is given by John; Mark gives but five; and
only one not given by Matthew and Luke. Luke
gives fourteen, and Matthew eight. Three are
given by all three Evangelists, two by Matthew
and Mark, and three by Matthew and Luke.

HINTS FOR FARMERS.

GIVE THE BOYS TOOLS.—We have so frequently
spoken of the importance of a good set of tools
to every farm, that we fear our readers will think
the subject a favorite one with us. So it is, and
at the risk of trespassing upon the reader's
patience, we again present it. There is in man-
kind what may be termed a "making instinct," and
our houses, garments, ships, machinery, and in
fact everything we use, are the practical results
of this instinct. How important then that this
faculty be cultivated, and that the idea be at-
tached to it, that it is not to be abandoned, but
mechanics require this great element of usefulness
and happiness. Whatever a man's occupation,
whether he be a farmer, a merchant, an artist or
a mechanic, there are hourly occasions for its
practical application. Being thus general in its
usefulness, the cultivation of this constructive
faculty should be a primary consideration with
parents; but more particularly with farmers, who
have sons whom they design to be their suc-
cessors upon the farm. Skill in the use of tools is
of incalculable advantage to him who tills the
soil. It enables him to do many things which
others cannot well do for him, and do them bet-
ter and cheaper. It gives useful employment to
many an otherwise idle hour. It prompts him to
add a thousand little conveniences to the house
and farm, which but for this skill would never be
made. In a word, it is the carrying out, in a
fuller sense, of the design of the Creator, when he
implanted this faculty of constructive power
within him. Let it then be cultivated in children.
Indulge the propensity to make water-wheels and
miniature wagons, lites and toy boats, sleds and
houses, anything in fact which will serve to de-
velop it, and render it practically useful. Give
the boys good pocket knives, and what is better,
give them a good workshop.—Philad. Epist. Cult.