

HE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, ords an excellent medium for advertising

For the Christian Visitor.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE. BY REV. S. T. RAND.

"These things have I written unto you that believe on be name of the Sun of God; that ye may know that ye ave eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of he Son of God."—I Joan v. 18.

Nearly a hundred years ago, a memorable event carred in a small sea-port town on the southern hore of Nova Scotia. It was the christian Sabbath. A large crowd of people had assembled in the chapel for the usual purposes of seeing and hearing of being seen and of being heard. After the ordinary services had closed, the extraordinary services commenced, and members who were not participators in these, remained to wit-ness them. The minister of the congregation, Rev. Mr. C—, proceeded solemnly to speak of Christ and his sufferings, and to administer the Lord's Supper to the members of the church. The scene could scarcely fail to be an impressive one, and no doubt many a heart was moved, both among the communicants and among the specta-tors. In the number of the latter class, seated in he gallery, was a man in the prime of life, reently married, and who, looking on the effecting ene before him, was moved to tears, and a strong alse hid him to wish that he too was a mem-of the church, and that he too might be alowed to partake of the emblems of Christ's bro-cen body and shed blood. He resolved to follow e minister home after the services closed, to mmunicate his desire, and to ask his advice nd instruction.

The minister received him kindly, but he found t a difficult matter to introduce the object of his visit. In those days ministers, as well as all others, believed in the potency of alcoholic drinks to revive exhausted nature, and so Mr. C. pro-ceeded with rum, hot water and sugar, to prepare a potation of "flip," of which his visitor was, of course, invited to partake. The kindness of the minister, aided by the exhilarating properties of the "flip," tended to remove embarrassment, and to take off restraint, and the inquirer informed the pastor that he had been much moved by the scene at the chapel, and that he felt a strong de-sire to join the church. "I am glad of it," was the answer, "and there's your wife—she's an excelleut woman, and she'll come with you, and I will propose you both to the church." Accord-ingly, at the next meeting for such purposes, the proposal was made, and the two candidates were received and enrolled as church members; family prayer was established, church privileges were enjoyed, and little danger was to be entertained that the solemn engagements thus entered into would ever be disturbed.

The individual thus introduced to the reader. was the late Isaac Dexter, Esq., of Liverpool, N. S., who, some twenty years ago, at the advanced ge of nearly one hundred years, and after a life of eminent piety, the influence of which will long remain, closed his earthly career in triumph, and went up to his house on high. The editor of the Visitor was well acquainted with him, and so was the writer of this article. For five years towards the close of his life, I was pastor of the church to which he belonged, and look back to my interviews with "Father Dexter," and my acquaintance with him, as among the most interesting events of my life. I seem, as I write this, to see his placid countenance, his venerable form, and to hear his musical voice, and the tones with which he seemed to "talk to God" in prayer, and to speak of his rapturous confidence in the all-atoning blood of the Lamb. Everybody venerated him, and the most profligate acknowledged that Mr. Dexter was a good man. His piety was of a high order. More than half a century had passed since he had been troubled with doubts of his interest in the Saviour. He had no idea that he "attained" to the highest point to which the grace of God can lift the chris-tian in this life. He did not pretend that his communion with God was always full, but I have no recollection of ever having heard him make the usual complaints, and the usual excuses, of coldness, and barrenness, and death. There was nothing obtrusive or dictatorial in his character—nothing bordering on uncharita-bleness. And yet I have heard him manifest reat fears respecting those christians who do not seem even to desire, much less to "give all dilience." to obtain more of the love of God in heir souls, and more conformity to Christ. He beieved that (at the time when he uttered this) when ie professed religion, he was an utter stranger to he professed religion, he was an utter stranger to regeneration—he considered that the minister was unfaithful to his awful trust—in accepting his fitness for church-membership, without exami-nation, and he looked back upon the whole scene as evidence of the fearful declension which existed at the time; the "form of godliness" being retained, but the "power" being neither acknow-ledged nor understood. And, query, was he not right? And, query 2nd, does not the remark apply to the present state of things, as really as to that of one hundred years ago? Certam I am, I have seen persons taken into the church many a time with as little apparent sense of re-sponsibility, and full as little examination, as poor Mr. C. and his church manifested in the case of Mr. Dexter. He had been moral, and could pro-bably have told of many religious impressions during his previous life—he was melted to tears inistration of the Lord's Supper. re is the Baptist church of 1863 that w ejected him ! Where is the pastor or dea-at would have subjected him to a very arching cross-examination ? But there was a terrible storm gatherin hile all was quiet and clear in the southern cy, portentous clouds were rolling up in the orthwest. Low nuttering thunder was heard the distance, and flashing of lightning gave s of the rising storm. Strange news came and anon from Falmouth, Horton, and Cornllis, of the doings and sayings of the Newlights, of a certain young preacher, named Henry lene, who was "turning the world upside down." The strange preacher in due time reach-ed Liverpool, and his preaching came upon these oice from heaven-as the shock of AND STATES TA But there had occurred in Mr. Dexter's career neident which had been the means of prepar m at what was called The Falls, es above Liverpool. " Idlers," and music in ite an event-and did not fail to call together



New Series, (Vol. II., No. 7.)

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1864.

the door your the party provide standard the part want of the loss

actly sure. He does not seem to have been able to refer either to precedent or precept in the matter; but the two things, praying and dancing, did not strike him as readily amalgamating. He

was sure in his own mind that his wife would so view it, and so, not intending to bias her by his own scruples, he said to her as he came in, "there's a fiddler here, and there is to be a dance this evening; would you not like to go?' And he fully expected to hear in reply, "Go to a dance? why you forget yourself; don't you know we have joined the church?" But the poor wo-man, not dreaming that it could be wrong, if so consistent a man as her excellent husband pro-posed it, expressed a willingness to go. Alas! for the broken reed: it had snapped, and left him without support. He concluded that his own scruples must be without foundation. But there ing News has written two excellent articles upon this subject, in one of which he says: "In public consistent a man as her excellent husband proscruples must be without foundation. But there was a brother living near of longer standing in the church than himself. — And he determined to know his mind before deciding the case. So he called on "Uncle Peleg," who sat resting himself before the fire after his day's work, and asked him if he was going to the dance. Uncle Peleg fetched a yawn, and said he did'nt know. Uncle P's, indifference decided the "doubtful case." The way was all clear. Mr. D. was now satis-fied that there was no incongruity between praylast "folic." But whatever might have been his feelings, he did justice to the subject. None carried on" with greater zeal than be. In reference to this evening, he used to say that the devil probably knew that it was his last chance, and determined to make the most of it.

In a few days there was another announcement at the "Falls." The Newlight preacher had come: and there was another gathering there, of a very different character; and words of awful warning fell upon the ears, and went down deep into the hearts of formalists and false professors, who were vainly attempting to serve Christ and Belial. The Prodigal Son, furnished the text, and all the things that poor Mr. D. had done, were told bim—his life without God, his hollow profession, his love of vain amusements, his utter lestitution of the grace of God, were thundered through his very soul, and filled him with unutter-able horror. The messenger of God discharged his artillery and went on—leaving the wounded, the dying, and the dead, in the hands of God. Unacquainted with the great scheme of Redemption in its details, Mr. D. did not know, even theoretically, that the chief of sinners could be saved, and there was no one to whom he could confidently apply for information. He had lost all confidence in his pastor. When Mr. Allene returned, he eagerly sought an interview, and the first question he asked, was-" Can a very great sinner be saved ?" This was a question which, to the man of God, it was as delightful to hear as it was easy to answer. And the information, like the gurgling of the distant stream to the famishing Israelites in the desert, at Horeb, brought a ray of hope, and animated the awakened sinner k and drink of the waters of life. I have forgotten how long it was before he was led to the foot of the cross, where his burden rolled off, and tumbled into the sepulchre."-But great was the peace that followed. And well would it be for many a professor of our day, of boasted light and liberty, who has been received into the church with no more anxiety on the part of his spiritual guide, and no more thorough examination of himself, if some "Henry Allene" should be sent to sound the note of alarm-if the foundation so carelessly laid should be shivered to atoms—if the wall built up by one, and daubed with untempered mortar by another, should be toppled over, before the opportunity shall have passed away for laying the one more substantially, and rearing the other more solidly. Should a few days of alarm and sadness and deep searchings of heart intervene, to be followed by deeper and more substantial and more lasting joy, would it not be well? For it is patent to the world that now-a days nothing is more easy than for a person to gain admission into the church, nothing is more difficult than to effect an expulsion. But to return. For more than a year after this, not a cloud bedimmed the mind of Mr. Dexter; there was no interruption to his religious joy. Many others were converted as well as himself. Their meetings for prayer, praise, &c., were frequent, and no doubt their singing was often such as angels could join in, and God himself delight to hear. But it must have been the answering chord in Mr. D's. own breast that made it sound so heavenly to him. "When I would approach the place of meeting," how often have I heard him use the expression, "and hear them singing in the distance, it would sound like the angels singing."

-the expenses for the support of each of the the presence and labors of these men, and gaze inmates was little short of \$130. upon the memorials still remaining of their per-Now, if economy is to be considered of any sons and work. importance, I incline to the belief that the publi- Of course I went into the church where Calvin

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

cation of the report referred to, was by no means preached and expounded the oracles of truth, and calculated to draw thinking men into the advo-cacy of a Provincial Reformatory in Saint John, where the number of inmates would be com-paratively small, and where public affairs are not, perhaps, always conducted upon strictly economical principles. And again, even if we could have the assurance that the waste of public money need not be apprehended, we cannot safely over the doctrine and in morals—I say, with a clearer look the serious difficulties that would naturally wice.—Zwingle's views of Scriptural doctrine

where Protestants and Roman Catholics are mixed, unseemly and vexatious disputes arise about religious instructors. Now, if Catholics got up a Refermatory for offenders belonging to their own body, there need be no interference with the internal management and instruction on the part of Protestants, and if Protestants follow fied that there was no incongruity between pray-ing in the family, partaking of the Lord's supper, and dancing to the "sound of the viol." And so, with great zeal, he urged his friend to come to the dance. Accordingly, the good brother got ready, and the two went on. That was Mr. D's. Romish Bishop is about to establish a Juvenile Reformatory. If it is designed for offenders be-longing to his own church, his efforts should be encouraged by the citizens, and seconded by their liberality; but I dont think that any part of the public funds should be sought for or given for the erection of the building. Surely, with the great resources the Bishop possesses, an apthe great resources the Bishop possesses, and is plication to the public treasury for such aid is not necessary. If the authorities contribute a not necessary. If the authorities contribute a the maintenance of the offenders whom they send to the Reformatory on conviction, no more support should be asked for them." This writer approves highly of the practice in Great Britain, where Protestant and Catholic door and window (or rather a narrow fissure cut Reformatories are conducted by private associa- in the stone), and bricks of the floor. The spot, Reformatories are conducted by private associa-

the different Institutions. By adopting a similar system here a great

look the serious difficulties that would naturally arise in regard to the religious superintendence of a Provincial establishment. A Saint Stephen correspondent of the Morn-ing News has written two excellent articles upon this subject, in one of which he says: "In public Institutions, such as Gaols and Workhouses, memory Provincial estables, a marked advance upon the teachings of the great leaders of the Reformation. I spent a day of absorbing interest at Constance, in looking upon memorials of Huss and the iniquitons Council which con-demned him to the stake, with his worthy com-6,000), very much as it was at that remote period. The houses, with the narrow and winding streets, are the same that looked down upon and were trodden by the feet of the hosts of ecclesiastical and military, and civil dignitaries, who assembled at the great Council, convened for the ostensible purpose of "reforming the church in its head and members." Of course, it has a very antique

and quaint appearance. There is little difficulty in identifying, even at this day, the spots rendered memorable by the acts and actors of the celebrated Council. The hall where it assembled is still preserved in precisely the same form and aspect as it wore at the time. It has indeed been renovated, but without seum of antiquities in the same building, where also is a fac-simile of the prison in which Huss was confined for three months, with its original tions, the government merely allowing some six or seven shillings per week for the support of each of the convicts sent by the authorities to are some eight or ten feet long, by two and a half feet broad, and about high enough for an saving of money may be effected, and what is of still greater importance, the youthful criminals, both Protestant and Catholic, can have the advantage of a religious education, without which, you. Mr. Editor, must be aware no real reformant you, Mr. Editor, must be aware, no real reforma-tion need be hoped for. A Catholic Orphan Asylum was established by the Bishop of St. John, a few years since, and



Samily Reading.

THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree ! Cleave the tough greensward with the spade ; Wide let its hollow bed be made ; There gently lay the roots, and there Slit the dark mould with kindly care, And press it o'er them tenderly,

As round the sleeping infant's feet We softly fold the cradle-sheet; So plant we the apple-tree,

What plant we in the apple-tree ? Buds, which the breath of summer days Shall lengthen into leafy sprays; Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest. We plant upon the sunny lea A shadow for the noontide hour,

A shelter from the summer shower When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree ? Sweets for a hundred flowery springs, To load the May wind's restless wings, When, from the orchard-row, he pours Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossoms for the bee; Flowers for the sick girl's silent room ; For the glad infant, sprigs of bloom, We plant with the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree? Fruits that shall swell in sunny June, And redden in the August noon, And drop, as gentle airs come by That fan the blue September sky While children, wild with noisy glee, Shall scent their fragrance as they pass, And search for them the tufted grass At the foot of the apple-tree.

And when above this apple-tree The winter stars are quivering bright, And winds go howling through the night, Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth, Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth, And guests in prouder homes shall see, Heaped with the orange and the grape, As fair as they in tint and shape, The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of this apple-tree Winds and our flag of stripe and star Shall bear to coasts that he afar, Where men shall wonder at the view. And ask in what fair groves they grew ;

And they who roam beyond the sea Shall look, and think of childhood's day

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets SAINT JOBN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B. The Christian Visitor Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, Religious AND Secular.

THE OFFICE OF THE

wear could come. He tried them on, pronounced them a perfect fit, examined them, dwelt upon the flaw, condemned them, and flung them aside. He tried other shoes, but none of them suited him. The salesman recommended several pairs ; but no-they pinched him, Ned said, he could not endure them.

not endure them. At last he pretended to be discouraged, and took up the defective pair, declaring them the only pair that fitted him, and expressing his deep regret that they were not perfect. The salesman examined them, and pronounced the defect un-important. Ned re examined, complained, and regretted again. The salesman, growing weary, offered them at a reduced price. Ned offered a still lower price, tried the shoes again, threw them from him, and rose to leave the store. The salesman unwilling to lose a customer.

The salesman, unwilling to lose a customer wrapped up the shoes, and handed them to him saving, "There, take them at your own price." Ned took them, and left the store, greatly pleased with his cunning and its success, triumphant. He had saved a quarter of a dollar for himself. He had haggled, deceived, had been mean, had been false, for a quarter of a dollar, and he was satisfied! Are good behavior, manli-ness, justice, houesty, worth no more? What? Will any one sell his truth, his honor, his good conscience, for money? Ned sold his for twentyfive cents, well pleased with the bargain. "What do you think of that?" he said to his

father, as he boastfully exhibited his purchase, and the silver he had retained.

"You always were good at a bargain, Ned," was his father's complacent answer. "I couldn't have done so well. These shoes are well worth a dollar and a half."

But he did not tell Ned that he ought to have paid the full price for them ; he had never taught him that every man should have a fair equivalent for his property. On the contrary, he had encouraged him in taking advautage of others, by praising his tricks in trade, commending him as good at a bargain.'

Grown to manhood, Ned Hatlet still cultivated and practised his sharpness, and for a time with success. But he became known, and people were suspicious and watchful, and gave him few opportunities to make his good bargains.

At last his skill and eanning were employed in an insurance fraud, which was discovered, and led to his conviction and imprisonment. His father was an anxions listener at his trial, but no one could think that he had any satisfaction in the

sharpness then developed. When the shameful and dread sentence of guilt was pronounced, he covered his face with his hands. He could not look upon the son whom he had helped to ruin, whom he had encouraged in his first steps towards crime.

It was a heart-sickening scene when father and son first met in the narrow prison cell. Each

(Conclusion next week.)

THE REFORMATORY QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Christian Visitor

Sin-Several writers for the secular as well for the religious newspapers of the city, have re-cently manifested a deep interest on the subject of a Reformatory for juvenile criminals; they all seem to agree in the opinion that an establish-ment of this kind is much needed; but in regard to the plan upon which it should be conducted, their views are widely different. Men may honestly form different opinions upon this subject, as they do upon almost all others, and, therefore, it becomes the duty, and should be the desire of those who engage in the discussion of it, to do so with calmuss and moderation. A writer in your journal proposes "a public meeting at the Mechanics' Institute, for the discussion of such questions as these :

1. Is there an immediate necessity for the establishment of a Reform School for youthful offenders against law and order ?

2. Should the proposed Reform School be established as a Provincial Institution ? 3. What is the best general plan, as to eco-nomy and efficiency, upon which such Institution should be founded ?

In regard to the first question there is little room for argument. The second one, however, may not be so easily disposed of. It occurs to me that if your correspondent is correct in the belief that the Reform School should be a Provincial Institution, he erred seriously in proposing the discussion of the third question, which has reference to economy and efficiency and efficiency and equally at fault in publishing fficiency; and he was ing the report of his

very soon afterwards a number of philanthropic Protestant gentlemen got up an Asylum for Protestant orphans. Both institutions are well conducted and liberally supported. If, instead of these, we had a Provincial establishment under Government control, the expenses would certainly be very considerable, and besides, the religious training of the children would be the cause of continual jealousies and contentions, which it must be the desire of all well disposed men to obviate aidi (na tediri a bas gai

The Bishop undoubtedly intends to erect a Reformatory for offenders belonging to his own courch, and I most sincerely hope that now, as on the occasion of his crecting an Orphan Insti-tution, the Protestants of Saint John will not be slow in following the good example. With the writer in the *Morning News* I fully concur in the opinion that no part of the public funds should be sought or given for the erection of the build-ings. The amount necessary for supporting the immates is all that should be expected from the Government, and I firmly believe that if we adopt the plan that is productive of so much good, and gives such general satisfaction in Great Britain and Ireland, the aid required from the public treasury will not exceed what is yearly paid for the support of the youthful convicts that are sent to the Gaol and the Penitentiary. A CITIZEN

vd besiggoren nels south of strate

From the New York Chronicle DR. EATON ON EUROPE.

I have greatly enjoyed my trip thus far, and I trust have been substantially profitted, not only for myself, but for the general cause of learning and true religion, when I return to my duties. I staid some three or four weeks in London, and was busy in seeing and hearing what was of spe-cial interest in a comprehensive sense. I was told on my arrival, that Spurgeon was absent from the city : so I went on the first Sabbath to hear Newman Hall, in Rowland Hill's chapel. When I learned that Mr. Spurgeon had returned, ism which animated his inspired prototype on a I went, of course, to hear him. His immense congregation of eight or nine thousand was a grand and affecting sight, especially as I noted their deep and interested attention to the preacher. His sermon did not strike me as anything extraordinary in point of intellectual power, but Jesus." it was sacred and precious in doctrinal truth, and delivered with great earnestness and directness. I could not but lift my heart in gratitude to God, that He had raised up such a man to preach His precious Word, and given to Him the power to draw such an immense congregation of immortal souls to hear the gracious words which fell from his lips, and who blows the gospel trumpet with no uncertain sound. After the services were closed, I tried to get to him and deliver your introductory letter; but the crowd was so great, and lingered so long, that I gave it up for the and lingered so long, that I gave it up for the time, resolving to call at his own house. My ar-rangements, however, made it desirous to leave for Paris before accomplishing this much-desired object. As I shall take London on my way back, I shall make it a special point to have a personal-interview with this extraordinary preacher of " the truth as it is in Jesus," whose praise is in all the churches of evangelical faith in our land. After remaining in Paris some three or four weeks, and visiting the prominent objects of in-terest to strangers, I left for Germany, to make the tour of Switzerland. I accomplished this in-

the tour of Switzerland. I accomplished this in-tensely interesting tour in three weeks; but could have remained contented for as many months, had my limited time permitted. HE WALKS IN THE FOOT-PRINTS OF THE REFORMERS.

In Switzerland, sside from the stopendous works of God in nature. I found much that inter-ested me, most deeply connected with the Re-formers and the Reformation. What mighty and

entire. I walked out to the consecrated spot, in a wide plain, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the town, and found it marked by a conical pile of cobble stones, with a huge boulder of granite on the top, on one side of which was inscribed the name of Huss, with the time of his birth and death, and on the other that of Jeróme, with a corresponding inscription. I came within the immediate range of Luther's

career at Augsburg, where the Confession of Faith of the Protestants, drawn up by Melanc-thon, was presented to the Emperor. Luther at-tended the Diet; but, on learning the purpose of his enemies against his life, made his escape. An old gentleman of much intelligence, familiar with the history of the case, and long a resident of Augsburg, led me along the route, through narrow winding back streets, which Luther took to a small gate-way in the wall of the town, in an unfrequented place, and so escaped "as a bird from the snare of the fowler." A Catholic was his friendly conductor. 154 store off

I went out of my direct route to Worms, made memorable in the history of the great Re-former. After exploring its grand old cathedral, dating back in some of its parts 900 years, and ascending its lofty tower, and viewing the ruins of the Bishop's palace, where the Diet was held, I walked out some two miles or more to a little village in the verge of which stands "Luther's Baum," i. e., Luther's tree. It is asserted (upon the most reliable evidence, it is said), that this is the very tree under which Lather sat while reposing his wearied frame in his long and fatigueing journey to attend the Diet at Worms, and in reply to the remonstrances of his anxious friends gathered around him, against his proceeding to Worms, and putting himself in the power of his deadly enemies, uttered those memorable words : that he "would go to Worms if there were as many devils in it as there were tiles on its houses." Into these words were poured the mighty soul of this wonderful man and sublime Christian hero. ism which animated his inspired prototype on a similar occasion, and in similar circumstances, heart, for I am not only willing to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem, for the sake of the Lord I sat down under this tree to rest my own

limbs, wearied by the toils of the morning, and the long walk, and fancied my self occupying perthe long walk, and fancied myself occupying per-haps, the very space once made sacred by the presence of the great Reformer, and endeavored to call up and reproduce in imagination the living scene. Here sat the central figure (the mighty and irresistible spirit of the Reformation embo-died), wiping the perspiration from his brow, while his alarmed friends and companions stand around with tears and earnest entreaties, to dis-sude him from metering further. He lister suade him from venturing further. He listens awhile, and then summons up all the energy of his great burning soul, and pours it forth in words of fire, which still all further remonstrance. I wonder that this scene, whether real or fancied, wonder that this scene, whether real or fancied, has not been the subject of the painter's pencil. It would be a fitting subject for the powers of the greatest artist. The tree itself is a noble object. It bears unmistakable evidence of great antiquity. It is some 7 or 8 feet in diameter six feet from the ground, and after rising, I should judge fifty feet perpendicular, it divides into two main branches, which are again subdivided, ma-king a top of only four or five large limbs with king a top of only four or five large limbs, with rather scant but still rich foling

The trunk below the first fork is covered with clumps of foliage on short shoots springing from gnarly protuberances, from which large branches once undoubtedly grew. Although it has not now a wide spreading top, it doubtless had in the days of Luther. I noticed that its inside had de-

And long hours passed in summer play In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree A broader flush of roseate bloom, A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,

And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower, The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower ;

The years shall come and pass, but we Shall hear no longer, where we lie, The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh, In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this nonle-tree. Oh, when its aged branches throw Thin shadows on the sward below, in to we Shall frand and force and iron will and data Oppress the weak and helpless still? What shall the tasks of mercy be,

Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears Of those who live when length of years Is wasting this apple-tree ?

"Who planted this old apple-tree ?" The children of that distant day Thus to some aged man shall say; And, gazing on its mossy stem, The grey haired man shall answer them :

"A poet of the land was he, Born in the rude but good old times "Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes On planting the apple-tree."

Atlantic Monthly.

"GOOD AT A BARGAIN."

This was the praise which Mr. Hallett oftenest bestowed on his oldest and favorite son. When he first wore jackets, Ned proved himself an adept in small trades, swapping off his worn-out and damaged toys for the better ones of his play-

mates. Before he was ten years old, he had changed uives a half dozen times or more, making a good pargain each time, until he was the owner of a louble-bladed, pearl-handled one, of the best make, instead of the broken jack-knife, bought with his school dinner, with which he had begun the knife business, most ratial yet wo.

Of course, some persons suffered loss for his gain, but this, he professed to think, was nothing to him. "Look out for number one," was his motto. If he had ever heard the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," he paid no attention to it. His compassion was never moved by the pain and regret of his vic-tims, those whom he had duped; and when they plead with him for redress, he coolly claimed that he had made a fair bargain, that they had eyes and ears, and could look out for themselves as well as he for himself. Advorg at addition on a He tricked a poor little fellow out of a silver

membrances connected with the pencil had come back to the victimized child, he urged Ned to receive again his whistle, and restore him his pencil. He added inducements, but Ned was not to be moved. He had the best of the bargain, and he kept it. and the bla and

In similar ways, he obtained a wealth of boys In similar ways, he obtained a wealth of boys' treasures, to the admiration of his companions, and his own great delight. But was he happy? Surely not. Has God made the soul to be satis-fied with knives, pencil-cases, balls, and tops? Can a boy be happy when he is full of selfishness, meanness, deception, and unkindness? He may laugh, he may sing, he may talk largely, and walk proudly, but he must be wretched. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." kind can test by to this serious and sugge Ned was once sent by his father to buy himself fact. Poor Mrs. Grey was so tired of perpet

looked at the other with reproach. Each blamed the other for the pain and shame he suffered. "This is a bad bargain, Ned," said the old man,

weakly. "You've ruined us all." "Ruined you! Who ruined me?" exclaimed the prisoner, in a tone that stung the old man to the heart. "I was ruined when you called me good at a bargain,' instead of dishonest; when you praised my trickery, instead of punishing it. 'Good at a bargain,' when for knives and pencilcases, I must pay in prison walls, convict labor, and a felon's name! Call you a man 'good at a bargain,' when he sells even his soul for a bauble ? for a piece of gold Pastowith and the ment

le ni viava a diffe an a mid out di taita HELP YOUR MOTHER.

"Georgia, come and make some yeast," said Mrs. Grey to her daughter. It was Saturday morning, and there was a great deal to be done; for Mrs. Grey's family was large, and she kept no servant. Georgia made the yeast, and then left the kitchen and went to her chamber, to read in a new novel which her bean had lent her.

"Georgia! Georgia!" called her busy mother several times; but there was no Georgia to be found. She then tried Jane. "Here, Jane, come and see to the fire; my hands are in the dough. I wish you wouldn't all get off out of sight and hearing, when there is so much to do. What is Agues about ?" this Letarza was ascause telas

"Finishing the book-mark," was the reply. "Go and tell her to put that right away, and sweep the parlor and set it to rights. Find Georgia, and tell her to do up the chamber work, and

do you stay here to help me." "Yes, mother," was the obedient reply. The girls all obeyed their mother's orders. They never thought of doing otherwise; but the never thought of doing anything without orders The whole care of everything rested on their mother, quite as much now when she was fifty years of age, feeble and very weary, and the mo ther of three healthy, full-grown daughters, as it did when she was in her prime, with a band of little ones around her. Perhaps the first fault had been her own; perhaps she had not rightly trained her girls; but they were old enough now to amend their mother's mistake. They knew very well how miserable her health was; but they did not seem to realize, as everybody else. did that unless she could be quite relieved from care and labor, her life would soon be over. Every

" Mother, why in the world don't you make the day of his life; and as often, Mrs Grev replied "O, they do a great deal! They are always willing to do all I ask them. They are a great help to me." Just like a mother! She can always b pencil-case, which he had received for a birth-day present, by fascinating him with a whistle of trifling value. When the first charm of the whistle was gone, and the tender birth-day re-The Grey girls were willing to do what thei mother bade; but they were not always ready. "Come, Jennie, 'tis your turn to build the fire for supper to-night. Run out and do it; 'tis al-most six o'clock," Mrs. Grey would say. "Yes, in a minute." In ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, Mrs. Grey would speak again. "Yes, mother, I'm just going." But it would be sometimes nearly dark before these would be sometimes nearly dark before

