

# The Christian Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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For the Christian Visitor. Office of the St. John Permanent Building Society and Investment Fund.

Mr. E. Brown—Assured of the continued interest you take in the prosperity of this Institution, I have much pleasure in presenting your readers with some interesting particulars as to how investments are brought into profitable operation, and the result of these business operations to date.

We have at this time 287 shares on the Register, the ultimate value of these shares is \$57,400; of this amount \$6000 has been paid up, and forms the base of the Society's operations. The shares are paid up by monthly contributions of \$1 per share; one hundred and twenty of these monthly contributions continued systematically during that period will insure to the member \$200 per share. This gives the investing member interest on his monthly investments at the rate of nine and three-eighths per cent. per annum, computed monthly on the principle of compound interest; thus realizing a profit of eighty dollars on the one hundred and twenty shares. The payment of \$100 constitutes a paid-up share, and on the expiration of one hundred and twenty months, the holder will be entitled to receive \$200. Combined with this system of business, is that of a Bank of Deposits, or in other words, a Savings Bank. Monies are received on interest—of late this branch of the Society's business has assumed considerable importance. Deposits have been received to within a fraction of two thirds of the amount received for monthly instalments, i. e., upwards of \$3,900. These deposits combine admirably with the monthly instalments; thus forming a common fund, from which advances are made to members desirous of availing themselves of the peculiar mode of repayment adopted by this society. The pecuniary of this mode of repayment consists in this, i. e., in the amount loaned being divided into one hundred and twenty payments. Suppose, for the sake of illustrating the system, that one share of \$200 is loaned, the borrowing member repays principal and interest at the rate of \$2.24 a month, for one hundred and twenty months, at the end of this period he will have paid \$480.80. Had this sum, i. e., \$200, been loaned for one year, the amount to be repaid is \$212.16, for two years \$224.48, for three years \$237, for four years \$249.76, for five years \$262.84, for six years \$276.84, for seven years \$291.56, for eight years \$307.20, for nine years \$323.60, and for ten years \$340.80.

The mission of this Society is not only to create the opportunity and inducement to save, to that class of society which supports the Savings Banks, but it extends the same advantages to the middle class of society, who are excluded from the benefits of Savings Banks; and to professional gentlemen, and gentlemen of moderately independent fortune, who can invest by purchasing paid-up shares, this will prove a secure mode of improving their position and increasing their wealth.

I am respectfully, your obedient servant,

THE SECRETARY.

January 26, 1864.

From the Morning Star.

FRANKFIELD'S LETTERS.—No. 10.

Dresden—Gallery of Paintings—Raphael's Madonna—Royal Library—Saxony—Switzerland—Prague—Old Bridge—The University—John Huss—Jews—Old Synagogue—Impressions of Europe.

PRAGUE, Austria, Nov. 13, 1863.

This letter must contain a few brief notes of Dresden, the Capital of Saxony; and of Prague, the old Capital of Bohemia; together with a little sketch of the tour between these two points.

Dresden has a wide fame for its beauty of location, the style of its architecture, its rich treasures of art in general, and especially for "the peculiar treasure of kings," in which it abounds. Its "green vaults" where these last are deposited, are known to the world. The city is delightfully situated on the Elbe, and lies on both sides of it. The picture gallery, containing over two thousand pictures, many of them very fine and costly, was that in which I was particularly interested. You will bear in mind that I have not yet been to Italy, or to France, when I say that this is the finest gallery of paintings I have yet seen. There is nothing equal to it in Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, or any other part of Germany, which I have yet visited. This gallery contains three pictures of Mary, the Mother of Christ, and her infant child, that have wide renown—being executed by three of the great masters—Holbein, Mantegna, and Raphael. They are all worthy of their reputation, and of the painters by whom they were executed. But compared with the rest of the three, the others must hold a second place. This is called the masterpiece of Raphael; but it would be hard perhaps to find a picture of his that is not a masterpiece. He did not paint Mary; he died at the age of thirty-seven; but he must ever stand first among the first in this great art.

One finds everywhere in these Catholic countries the Madonna and her infant babe—I have seen it perhaps a hundred times already—sometimes well executed, often an entire failure, occasionally that which does not deserve to be dignified even by the name of failure—a miserable dabb. But if merit in painting can be rendered ridiculous, this of Raphael redeems them all. The picture is nine feet three inches high, and seven feet broad. In the centre stands the Mother of Jesus, holding her bright-eyed boy; on one side kneels Pope Sixtus, on the other Barbara; below are two angel-children "holding over a railing" above, and constituting the background, the air is filled with angels, almost invisible, and indeed they could scarcely be seen, if not pointed out to you. This painting was executed about three hundred years ago, and was bought in 1763 for \$45,000. Ten times that would not buy it out of the Dresden gallery now. It has a special room devoted to it; and sofas are prepared for many of the honours who come to see it. It well deserves the honours, and this room is a good place to stay. I visited it three times, and would have gone every day had I stayed in Dresden a week longer. You find yourself in the presence of a real woman; but one of the noblest, most elevated, and saintly that earth can ever know. The face is beautiful, but it is not a woman's beauty, and no looker-on could fail to be rebuked for any impurity of word or thought. She holds the beautiful boy, with his sweet, yet infantile gaze, as though she realized the preciousness of the trust committed to her, and yet understood that it was only a trust.—The mother's love is in her face, and also the deep thoughtfulness, which seems to say, "This child is of Heaven—will his mission God knoweth; may I also be ready to receive it." It is a picture by the side of which we could pray, and the fervor and ardor of the prayer would be less. It is a picture, and a world almost seem to be like having a saintly being speak words of fortitude, devotion, and love, and grace, and love, and grace, and love.

being stimulated by it to be truer to her high trust. Many of the representations which I have seen of Mary fail to give to her face any expression of strength.—Raphael has not failed here. The face is womanly in every feature; nothing masculine or bold in a single expression; yet there is a quiet power revealed, that bespeaks a woman who would not fall, even at the cross.

There are a hundred other pictures in this collection, well deserving notice; but few that impressed upon me as one in which the massacre of the children of Bethlehem is represented. I never before had any realization of that horrible edict; and of the scenes that must have occurred in its execution.

The Royal Library of Dresden has the amplest accommodation of any that I have seen. It contains more than 500,000 volumes; and yet they are so well distributed through twenty-seven large rooms, that nothing is crowded, and every volume seems easily accessible.

Dresden deserves its high reputation for beauty and taste, but there is no place in Europe where sight-seeing is so expensive. Admission to the Srauzo, the Japanese Palace, and the Green Vaults, are each \$1.50, of gold currency; but a party of six may be admitted for this sum. Nearly half a score of other places are open for from 10 to 25 cts. each.

The route from Dresden to this city is one of the most pleasant and exhilarating that I have found in my whole tour. It passes through what is known as Saxony-Switzerland, and seems to well deserve the name. The scenery is both beautiful and grand. Our course was chiefly along the Elbe.—And the rugged heights are piled up in great magnificence on both banks of the river through a large part of the way. Sometimes the valley widens and rich fields lay between you and the distant hills.—Now and then the hills almost entirely disappear, and you are in a broad expanse of rich land, looking much like the prairies of the West. The cultivated fields are many of them beautifully green with the winter wheat.

Prague is situated in a basin-shaped valley, through which passes the river Moldau, dividing it unequally—the larger part of the town on one side being known as the Altstadt, or old town, and the other as the Kleinesse, or little side. On all sides of this valley the hills are occupied with buildings of various sorts, which rise tier above tier as they recede from the river. There are two bridges across the Moldau, the old one which is quite historic in its associations, and the new one which is a beautiful and very substantial suspension bridge of iron wire. The former is celebrated as one of the largest bridges in Europe, being 1790 feet in length. It was begun in 1558 and finished in 1567. It is ornamented with about fifty statues of saints among which is that of St. John Nepomuk, who is now, I believe, the patron saint of all bridges in Catholic countries. The story is that this Saint was thrown from the bridge by the order of King Wenceslaus in 1383, because he refused to reveal the secrets which had been confided to him by the queen in "the holy rite of confession." It is added that flames were seen flickering over the water for three days until the river was dragged, and his body found just beneath the spot where the miraculous light appeared. His statue, adorned by five stars, arrayed in imitation of the flame; stands on the bridge at the spot from which he was thrown. In the Cathedral of Prague is a shrine of this same saint, which is one of the most splendid and costly in the world. As a work of art it is most magnificent. The body of the Saint is contained in a crystal coffin, inclosed in one of silver, and supported by four angels, also of silver. The candelabra is of the same metal, and a canopy is held over the monument by four other angels that seem to be floating in the air above, so delicately are they attached to adjacent supports. The weight of silver is said to be 37,500 lbs., which is undoubtedly a very extravagant estimate.

One of the chief objects of interest in the old town is the University. This is remarkable as the first great Institution of learning established in Germany. It was founded by the Emperor Charles IV., on the model of that of Paris, in 1348. It rapidly attained to great distinction, and had in the beginning of the 15th century several thousand students, some writers say 40,000! But it is not necessary to believe this in order to know that it was a great power in Europe. The early Reformer, John Huss, was at that time the President of the University; and it is said to have prepared a measure, which was adopted, by which an odious distinction was made in favor of Bohemian students, and against those from other States; whereupon twenty-five thousand of the latter seceded, and dispersing themselves over Europe, became the founders of other Universities, among which were Leipzig and Heidelberg. Huss here first taught the doctrines which he is said to have derived from Wickliffe, the English Reformer. These men were the Reformers before the Reformation, living a hundred years previous to the times of Luther and Melancthon.—Hereafter I expect to stand on the very spot where Huss was burned as a heretic; but I was greatly interested in coming to Prague, that I might go through the University where he taught his "heresies," and to the very house in which he is said to have lived. The University is now wholly free from any Protestant heresies, and the whole community being Catholic, the name of Huss is held in no great veneration. When we inquired of the Librarian for some specimens of his manuscripts, he undoubtedly recognized in our manner that we revered his memory, and he merely told us that there were some; but we should have to come another day to see them, and turned away with an air that said plainly enough, "Away, away ye profane!" We left at that time, although before that we had enjoyed our look through the library very greatly.—We found it in general well arranged, and the Theological Library, especially, is in the most beautiful room that I have ever seen in any building. The whole number of volumes is not large—being but a hundred and thirty-two thousand. The number of students, I was informed, was about thirteen hundred. They have the same general appearance as in the Universities in Prussia, and the German States.

In the Theinbiche, in Prague, preached John of Rokyzan, a distinguished priest, who advocated the doctrines of Huss. Under his altar he was buried; but in 1602 his body was torn up and burned. In this church is buried Tycho Brahe, the celebrated astronomer. We sought out the spot, and studied a rude effigy of him, carved in red marble, which stands near the place. His motto—"Eae potius quam haberi"—"To be rather than to be esteemed," has become proverbial.

One portion of the old town is appropriated to the Jews; but they are not confined to it, as they formerly were. The treatment which this people formerly received in Frankfurt—the town in which live the Rothschilds—is a fair illustration of what generally befalls them in other cities in times past.—There the gates of the quarter of

the town where they lived were closed upon them at 8 o'clock every night, after which no one could either go in or out. This custom continued till 1796, when a French Marshal, in bombarding the town, knocked down the gate, and the houses near it, and it has never since been rebuilt. Another tyrannical law, which was not repealed until 1834, restricted the number of marriages to thirteen a year. Similar disabilities were imposed in Prague.—They are now removed. We visited their oldest synagogue, a part of which they claim to be a thousand years old. It is a dark, dingy, dusty, well smoked, and almost cavernous looking building. A descent of seven steps from the outside level brings you to the vestibule of the building. This "seven" is the mystical number, and the sexton called our attention to the fact that there were just seven. Three more to the audience room, and so black were the walls, and so little light came through the few small windows, that we instinctively shrank back as from a robber's den. The room was perhaps 25 by 35 feet, though it appeared less. Here is service twice a day—morning and evening. The "roll of the law" from which they read, was shown to us, a parchment manuscript, more than five hundred years old.

The sexton rehearsed to us briefly the history of the building. Originally what is now the lower part of the building was the whole of it, and that was constructed entirely under ground. Subsequently the top of the mound in which it was buried was removed, and the rest was super-structed. It was easy to see on all sides how far up the old walls came. The stone was older and more decayed.—We did not ask how it came to be thus subterranean; but his explanation would probably have been a simple reference to the persecutions of the olden times, which rendered it necessary for the worshippers to conceal their places of assemblage.

Those persecutions separated them quite completely from their own townsmen in Prague, and hence they retain more of their own peculiarities in manners and customs. Besides several synagogues, I am told that they have their own magistrates and town hall, and manage largely their own affairs—the privilege of doing so being granted to them by the Emperor.

On the Kleinesse, are the palace of Wallenstein, the Old Castle of the Bohemian kings, and the Monastery of Strahow. I have just ascended the height on which this last stands, for the purpose of getting a view of the city and country around it.—It was a grand view, and most impressive. The sun had just gone down as I reached the summit; and the whole region lay in the golden mists of the evening. I thought of the glory of the Great Father; of the work of life, and how soon it would end; of the wide universe of God, and the endless future. Fountains of tears seemed to be broken up; and I came back with deep and uncontrollable emotion, singing amid my tears—

"And let this feeble body fall,  
And let it faint and die,"

And then followed—

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The impressions which I get of Europe are not very exhilarating to the Christian heart. Lutheranism has lost its spirituality and its power. Catholicism is vigilant and vigorous. Dr. Eaton expressed it well a few days since when he said: "Here is a living idolatry in the midst of a dead Protestantism." But few living spiritual Christians in these vast Empires; no Sabbath schools; indeed, almost no Sabbath. Protestantism is but little removed from Catholicism. You go to a church on the Sabbath, and the candles are burning at the altar; images in abundance are on every side of you—the whole exercises are gone through with, and if you are not expert in the matter, you inquire as you leave, "Is this a Catholic church or Protestant?" "O! this is a Protestant church!" is the reply.

But there is to be a grand conquest of the Gospel in the good time coming, by and by. Christ shall have the nations for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the world for a possession.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates; and the King of Glory shall come in."

There is a mighty inspiration in the things which I see every day—making me oftentimes to feel as night comes—"Well, if life and health are spared, I can preach hereafter better than ever before." I seem to be going about amid the ruins of Nehemiah's Jerusalem; and the distress is great; but—"the God of heaven, he will prosper us; therefore his servants will arise and build."

"BOXY WEBB" OR "A CHANGED MAN."

Many years ago, in a country village in the west of England, there lived a man whose habits and character had gained him a name amongst his neighbours which clung to him for years. He was a noted pugilist, and for the pure love of the "sport," as it is called, he frequented all the wakes and fairs for fifty miles round in hopes of a fight.

He was not a pleasant neighbour. At the least provocation his hand was raised for a blow, and in consequence he was feared and shunned by all the village. Thus he won his characteristic title. Far and near he was known as "Boxy Webb."

At length, one Sabbath evening, he was induced by one of his comrades to come to the Tabernacle, where my father preached, "to see the fun."

"Such a cram, it's worth seeing," said his companion; "let's go for a lark." They came. In that, as in many other country chapels, one gallery was appropriated to the women, and the other to the men. There was no room for them to sit in the men's gallery, so they stood in the group which, as the chapel filled, had gathered at the top of the stairs. I think I can still see the tall athletic figure towering above the rest, some six feet three or four in height; the nobly formed head, and the face which would have been handsome but for its long association with passion and sin.

He attracted my eye, and after service I asked who he was. "That tall dark man in the gallery?" inquired my father. "It was Boxy Webb, child, the terror of C."

"Why, what in the world could have brought him to Tabernacle?"

"The Lord brought him, I hope," was the reply.

During the week Boxy was not to be found, but the next Sabbath evening he again took his stand at the top of the gallery stairs. His eyes were fixed on the preacher, and the tears were running down his face.

"What has come to your neighbour, Charles?" said my father next day to a good man who lived at C.

"I believe he's sitting at the feet of Jesus, sir, clothed, and in his right mind," was the reply. Charles was right.

A few weeks later, humbly, almost timidly, Boxy came to ask if such a story as he had

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, 1. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1864.

been might be admitted to the table of the Lord. Next, his cottage was opened for a village prayer-meeting, and we heard of him pleading with his old associates, distributing tracts, visiting the sick, and becoming in his own natural, open-hearted, fearless way, a kind of rural evangelist. Thus he continued to let his "light shine before men," and to glorify God.

He had not been for a long time a converted man, when one day, as I was going out, my father called me. "Could you walk to C— and leave a message for Boxy Webb?" "Oh, yes, I should like to go." I received the message, and, joined by some young friends, set off on our pleasant ramble through the country lanes.

On entering the village, which was some miles distant from our home, we inquired where Boxy lived; but, to our surprise, the man of whom we inquired could not inform us. "Not know Boxy Webb?" I exclaimed; "I thought every one here knew him. He must be the tallest man in the village, at any rate, if you know him in no other way." "Oh," he said, "he has a prayer-meeting in his house." "Yes, he has," I know you mean now," said the man, smiling, "but I didn't think of him by that name. I believe people here used to call him 'Boxy'; but we call him now 'Long Thomas of Tabernacle.'"

Droll enough, certainly, the new name sounded, yet as we turned towards the pretty white cottage on the bank where "Long Thomas" resided, my heart was full. Happy man! the old nature gone, and with it the old name. The new name, though a nickname, was used as one of respect and honour. It marked the place in which he became a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

There he stood at his cottage door, waiting for the supper which his good wife was setting on the table, a little child leaning against his knee. And as he listened to my father's message, and eagerly helped to arrange the details of some village service, to which it referred, I could not avoid thinking that it was no wonder that his neighbours had forgotten the old name. "Boxy Webb" was to all intents and purposes dead and gone. His very countenance seemed to indicate the change that had taken place. More than that, his house, his dress, his family bore witness to it. So did his own and many other villages, for his efforts to win souls to Christ were known far and near. What power had wrought this change? It was the power of the Holy Spirit, the power of Christ's love, subduing the proud sinful heart, and drawing it to himself. And then, trusting in Jesus for safety, loving Jesus for having died to save him, what else could he do but live to his glory? I shall see him no more in the lower sanctuary which gave him his novel title, but I hope to meet him hereafter among the countless multitude to whom those glorious words shall be fulfilled—"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God; and I will write upon him my new name" (Rev. iii. 12).

Reader, has the change wrought in Boxy Webb been wrought in you? Whoever you are, you must be converted, "born again," changed in heart and life, ere you can enter into heaven. If you are thus changed you have fled for refuge to Jesus, you believe in him as having shed his blood to save you; you love him supremely, you aim to serve and honour him. And do you not want to lead others to that precious Saviour, that they may find the mercy which you have found? Yes, doubtless, you say—

"I'll tell to all poor sinners round,  
What a Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to his precious blood,  
And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

—Religious Tract Society.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Among all the congregations held last summer of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social-science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild had been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to rearrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs.—Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna, and Frankfurt. It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover; barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back.—Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfurt at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the "Jew-lane," over which hung the sign-board of a red shield, called in German roth-schild.

As a dealer in old coins, he made the acquaintance of the serene Elector of Hesse-Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The serene Elector being compelled, soon after, to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse-Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew-lane of Frankfurt, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of the red shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping ostentatiously to themselves the great fact that the electoral two millions of florins had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy. Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the vulgar Jewish name of Anselm, and adopted the higher-sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the third-born over the paternal home. On his death-bed, his father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfurt, gleefully was too narrow a realm for the faithful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1776, remained at Frankfurt; the second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the youngest of the five, estab-

lished himself in the soft climate of Naples; and the fifth and youngest, James, born in 1792, took up his residence in Paris. Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds was vested in the eldest born, and the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, soon took the reigns of government into his own hands.

By his faith in Wellington, and the muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild. Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Solomon; his son, Edmond, heir-apparent of the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and granddaughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—M. P. for London—gave his hand, in 1836, to his first cousin Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild, of Naples. It is unnecessary to state that, though these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm.—English Paper.

Family Reading.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

For the Christian Visitor.

THE ARMADA.

Ten thousand beacon fires with tongues of flame,  
Had warned Britannia's sons of coming foes,  
Who now are seen in "ocean castles," gay  
With decorations wondrous to behold,  
And with imposing pageantry appear  
Like those who've won a glorious victory.  
Rome's vassal, Philip second, now surely means  
To devastate their favoured Island-home,  
And from the brow of England's "virgin Queen,"  
By force unclasp the regal diadem:  
The ghastly priests and monks who swarm his  
decks,  
Their lordly Vicar-General at their head,  
Are furnished with those wicked implements  
Which hellish artifice has well devised,  
And soon expect on Freedom's sacred soil,  
The Inquisition with due pomp to raise.

And what is thy defence  
Fair "Empress of the sea" thy great heart leaveth  
"Religion, Liberty and equal Law."  
And these are threatened; thy valiant sons  
Expect to meet in fierce and deadly strife,  
The chivalry of proud, imperious Spain,  
And die perchance, to keep unstained that flag,  
Which has been "borne in thunder round the  
world."

The monster named by man the Invincible,  
Moves proudly on to music's martial strains;  
But He who cast into the mighty deep  
The pursuing hosts of Egypt's haughty king,  
And brought His people safely through the sea,  
Looked from His high abode, and laughed to  
scorn  
Man's purposes opposed to Sovereign will.  
The muttering thunder, and the tempest's sob,  
Strikes terror to the boasters' heart, and soon  
The wreck of pride, which claimed dominion  
Of the seas, has strewn the coast,  
"From Albion unto northern Elinore."

Lizzie.

Canning, G. C.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,  
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;  
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;  
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone.

The old delights of childhood long ago;  
The things we loved because we knew them  
best;  
The first discovered primrose on our path;  
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;  
The merry hay-makings around our home;  
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;  
The story told beside the winter fire,  
While the wind moaned across the window  
panes;  
The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;  
Those magic visions of our young romance;  
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,  
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one  
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,  
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark  
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrilled our very souls with joy;  
The gentle word that unexpected came;  
The gift we prized because the thought was kind;  
The thousand, thousand things that have no  
name;

All these in some far hidden corner lie,  
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,  
Whose magic spring through stranger hands may  
touch,  
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHING TESTED.

The following incident, says the Sunday School Times, is given, with details, in an English magazine—

A poor woman, during the Lancashire distress, removed to a neighboring town to live with her daughter. Her kind pastor paid her railroad fare, and gave her half-a-crown besides. Reaching her journey's end, a crowd of boys at the station begged to carry her box. She refused, thinking to bear it herself and save the expense; but one poor lad implored with such a piteous look, stating that they were starving at home, that she could not resist him. He shouldered the box and carried it to the house of the daughter, who was found to be out upon an errand. The daughter was also found to be straitened with poverty. She had been out trying to get a morsel for the children. She raised her hands on seeing her mother, and exclaimed:—

"Oh! why have you come! for we are starving for food."

The mother tried to calm and comfort her; and drawing forth her purse, gladly remarked:—

"I have here a half-crown, which will carry us over to-morrow, at any rate."

But imagine the dismay on seeing the half-crown gone, and on reflecting that she must have given it to the boy in the dim light of the evening, for carrying her box. This was too much for her to bear. Both women sank down and cried long and bitterly. The mother, however,

was a truly Christian woman, and when the first burst of sorrow was over, her faith triumphed, and she began to comfort her daughter. She tried to sleep that night on the promise—"God will provide."

Early next morning a boy tapped at the door. "Didn't I bring a box here last night for an old woman?"

"Yes."

"Where is she?"

"Up stairs."

"I want to see her. Tell her to come down."

Very soon the mother came down, and was greeted with, "Missus, do you know you gave me a half-crown last night instead of a penny? Because you did, and here it is. I have brought it back."

"Yes, my lad," said the glad woman, "I did, and I am very much obliged to you for bringing it back; but didn't you tell me you were demning (starving) at home?"

"Yes, we are very bad off," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke, "but I go to Sunday School, and I love Jesus, and I couldn't be dishonest."

Teachers in the Sabbath School be encouraged by this instance; and seek to impress deep upon the young hearts under you the principles of strict unbending integrity—feeling that this is the only foundation of a virtuous, honorable character among men, and the surest basis upon which to build a devoted, faithful, Christian character, when God's grace shall visit and renew your scholars' hearts.

"SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME."

One of the most affecting of the many touching stories of the war, is that of "little Franky Bragg." It is told by a lady who has devoted herself to the sick and wounded soldiers in the Western hospitals. Franky Bragg was only fifteen, when he was mortally wounded at the taking of Fort Donaldson. He belonged to Birges' sharpshooters, having joined that corps, as he said, in answer to his kind nurse's question, "because I was so young and strong, and because life would be worth nothing to me unless I offered it for my country." Yet when he came to lie parched with his fearful gunshot wound, ready to die, in the dreary hospital, the memory of his home came over him with such intensity of longing, that he could only cry—like the child he was—for "some one to care for him, some one to love him." We give the rest of his short story in the words of the loving woman who, in his mother's stead, soothed his last hours.—

"I came to his side, and he clasped my hand in his own, fast growing cold and stiff. 'Oh, Mrs. S., I am going to die, and there is no one to love me,' he said, sobbingly. 'I did not think I was going to die till now, but I can't last long; if my sisters were only here! but oh, I have no friends near me now, and it is so very hard!'

"Frankie," I said, choking down the sobs I could scarcely suppress, "I know it is hard to be away from your relatives, but you are not friendly. I am your friend, Miss Smith and the kind doctor are your friends, and we will take care of you. More than this, God is your friend, and He is nearer to you now than either of us can get. Trust Him, my boy, and He will help you."

A faint smile struggled over the pale, suffering features. "Oh, do you think He will?" he asked. Then as he held my hands closer, he turned his face more fully toward me and said wistfully—

"My mother taught me to pray when I was a very little boy, and I never forgot it. I have always said my prayers every day, and tried not to be bad. Do you think that God heard me always?"

"Yes, most assuredly. Did He not promise in His good book from which your mother taught you, that He would always hear the prayers of His children? 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Don't you remember this? One of the worst things we can do is to doubt God's truth. He has promised, and He will fulfil. Don't you feel so, Frankie?"

He hesitated, and then answered slowly, "Yes, I do believe it. I am not afraid to die, but I want somebody to love me."

"Frankie, I love you, poor little boy; you shall not be left alone. Is not this some comfort to you?" I asked.

"Do you love me? Will you stay with me and not leave me?"