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

be des part of AT THEIR OFFICE, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, out arout and an SAINT JOHN, N. B. W. William ed limit TERMS : Cash in Advance.

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

From the Morning Star. PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.-No. 12. Milan, Turin, Genoa-Priests, Soldiers, Music-Americans and South Americans-Delightful Weather.

GENOA, Italy, Dec. 22, 1863. This letter must contain brief notices of three This letter must contain brief notices of three Italian cities—Milan, Turm, and Genoa. The chief object of worship in Milan is the cathedral; and I have seen no "graven image" of any sort in Europe that is more worthy of it. It is the great attraction of the city; and many persons who come here visit the cathedral—see it outside and in—wonder and admire—and then leave the

city without caring to see anything else.

The building is in the gothic style, and is reckoned first among all the gothic churches of Europe, and as a church, the second in Italy—St.

Peter's at Rome having the precedence.

It has five naves, and one transept with three
naves. The form is that of a Latin cross. Your

readers will understand that where the transept is in the centre the form is described as that of a Greek cross, otherwise that of a Latin cross. Fifty-one columns, some of them ninety feet high, and all of them eight feet in diameter, support the roof.—These columns are each in the form of a bundle of columns massed together, and although the though they are so large and so numerous, yet such is the size of the building that they do not seem to interrapt the view, as you endeavor at one look to take in the general impression of the interior. Near the top of these columns are niches on all sides for life-size statues; on the walls and elsewhere also within are various statues and groups that add to the general effect of

The building is not far from 450 feet long, by 180 broad. The length of the transept is 284 feet. The whole occupies over eighty-seven thousand square feet, or nearly two acres, on the

ground.

The top presents a forest of steeples—large and small—the whole number being one hundred and thirty-six. These are full of statues and stawith such. Our guide told us that more than seven thousand are already in place in different parts of the building, and that there was room for ten thousand in all. We ascended by 512 steps to the top of the highest steeple, and had the most magnificent view that can well be con-ceived. The day was perfectly clear, and moun-tains from 120 to 200 miles distant seemed only a little way off. The Swiss Alps—the Tyrolese Alps—the Apenines—the gulf of Genoa—the Adriatic Sea—Mt. Rosa, St. Bernard, Mt. Blanc, and I know not how many other points, were distinctly visible. Walking around the slender spire menr its top, and sweeping the whole horizon-more than half of it described by mountain heights most of them above the point of perummer air-the mountains in their undised repose, and the bustling city is just beth us the effect was inconceivably grand and

Tours is the capital of the King of Italy-Vic-French bayonets maintain the Pope's claim just now, and they stand a little in his way. But great convulsions are to shake this land by and by, unless most interpreters of prophecy are greatmore general interest will then be settled, maybe. This is a modern city, but beautiful and inviting. many other parts of Italy, owing to the neighborhood of the mountains. We found it mild during our brief stay of less than three days. The general style of building in Turin indicates comfort and even luxury. The long areades with their numberless stores are a fine walk on a rainy is, and a guide conducted us through them. You would weary of the description, as I did of the should I attempt to describe to you floors,

A dozen hours' ride from there is the old mountain home of the Waldenses, and ten thousand of them still alive there. I wanted most of all to find them in this their old retreat—where the true gospel lived through the dark ages, and is uncorrected by a single mark of "the beast" to this how. But December in the mountains means impassable snows; and I was obliged in my infirm health to forego the attempt. If the summer ever finds me here, I think I have enough of "here-worship," if you please, to take me over that ground, and bring me face to face with that heroic and simple Christian people. They have now the liberty of conscience allowed them; and they have churches both in Turin and Genoa.

No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce, daily returning sun. The end of her that "dwelleth upon many waters" has been brought only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours, we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top, for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the great even finds. they have churches both in Turin and Genoa.

And now I come to this latter city. My window faces the setting sun, and it has just gone down, sinking slowly into the waters of the gulf while I have been writing. The prospect is beautiful; the port is at hand, full of masts. "Our like the port of the setting sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to lag" is seen on one of them. That is inspiring; open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls, or indenting up, perhaps; but much and ardently undentissastically as I loved the land of the Pil-willows, and a silver thread winding away into

# Color of the Color

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

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

ably less than half that. So the people are amply provided with places of public worship. In this respect "the apostate church" is wiser in its generation than the Protestant.

In the cathedral here you are shown the tomb of John the Baptist, and the chain which bound him when in prison. Women are excluded by Papal edict from these except on one day of the year—the birthday of the Baptist, which they tell you is the 26th of June. The reason of the exclusion is that a woman was the means of his death, and this they remember 364 days of every year. But on the 365th day they happen to remember that a woman had to do in giving him birth, and so the women are admitted. And our consul here informs us that on that day, which is in Genoa the grandest fete-day of the year, every woman in the city turn out to visit the cathedra and do honor to the remains of the saint. At Venice we were shown a stone from the floor of his prison, with blood-stains upon it, supposed to have been the one on which he was beheaded! If we do not find two or three more skulls of his before we get through our journey, it will be a

wonder.
Soldiers—military drills—marching and countermarching-mock battles and martial music everywhere. And as to the music I must say that I have heard finer in Italy than anywhere else in Europe. A thousand men marched through the streets of Milan one day, and a similar number a few days later through Turin; and the music was, in each case, most superb. I counted the number of performers in Turin, and did not wonder that their notes fairly swept me along with them, when I found that seventy-two instruments contributed to the stirring music. Most of these were of brass; and so thoroughly drilled were the performers that all the various sounds seemed to proceed from one breath, and the melody was perfect. These marchings with military music seem to be common in all the cities; and the gratification which they furnish to the people is one thing, no doubt, which makes the people more ready to bear the heavy burden of military taxation.

We meet Americans frequently-South Americans occasionally. One such at Hotel Grande Bretague, at Milan. He was from Kentucky, and was at first " a Union man;" but an Euglish man who was present indicating plainly his sympathies with the South, the Union gentleman threw off his disguise and identified himself in this wise—"We never expect to conquer the North, but we don't intend they shall conquerus;" " We have the best generals;" " Our men are not so well furnished as those from the North,' &c. And here let me say that if one should judge the whole English nation from those only whom he meets in travelling, he would conclude that ninety-nine hundredths of them would be glad to see the South prevail. But having spent weeks in England, I think differently.

The weather is delightful beyond words to express. Orange groves-flowers in blossom-overcoats laid aside-men resting from their work asleep by the wayside—in a word, December seems to have forgotten his place in the calendar, and June come instead. All hail, "sunny Italy!"

# BABYLON.

A writer in Blackwood paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and en shrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire:

In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the rol of centuries such substantial traces? Now no so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks, that carried fertility to every corner of the an

cient kingdom, are now mere useless, sightles

before, I love it ten times more fervently distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare God be thanked that it is the home of my mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain.

begun to assume the merest "abozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the mightily embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and

then, at the point that the shapeless marble had

before which the queenly Semiramas, proud and showed the workin supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands if the boy were turnow canopied by the grandest of canopies, certainly—high heaven—but never noticed but by the wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the gallows. jackals that yelp around as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who had been good enough to die in the vicinity.

CHRISTIANITY NOT A FAILURE.

It has been said that Christianity is a failure! The experiment of regenerating the world by this religion has been tried for nearly two thonsand years, and has succeeded to a very partial and limited extent. Is it not time that the attempt was abandoned as hopeless?

So reason skeptics and unbelievers. Nor do

they assert this without a show of truth.-For as you can prove anything out of the Bible, by selecting passages here and there, and taking them out of their connection, so as to give a very partial and false impression; so you can prove anything out of history, by means of isolated facts, or by taking one side of a case, and dwelling on that alone. And here, unhappily, there are facts enough of the gloomiest kind to produce a very dark impression, and to make us almost despair of the race for which Christ died.

For example, take one gigantic and appalling fact: Three-fourths of the human race are still not Christian. Whole continents are enveloped in a darkness that may be felt. Compare the rapid progress of the gospel at its beginning, and for three hundred years, until it was master of the Roman empire, with its lethargy since, and it eems to have been at a stand-still almost from the days of the Apostles. Mahommedanism has arisen, and in a century overrun the greatest part of Asia and Africa, while Christendom could hardly keep possession of Europe. For long hundreds of years all that the Christian world did to save the rest of mankind was to send out armies of crusaders to fight the infidels in the Holy Land.

But take the state of Christendom to-day. Is Europe now tranquilized and elevated as righteousness ought to exalt nations? Alas! tempests of revolution still burst forth like volcanoes. The earth is groaning and travailing in pain. Enormous masses of vice and crime lie festering in the bosom of society.—Take those nations in tianity-where vast religious establishments are supported by the governments. Yet what is the esult? Germany and France are half infidel. In England thousands of ministers are maintained expressly to teach the Christian religion .- Millions are expended for this object. Yet what do we see! To a large extent formality within the church and indifference without.

Or to come near home. What is the religious state of our own country? On every hand religion has to struggle against evil influences, and often with but small success.—Here, in this land of the Pilgrims, there are thousands of families tories are "the silent triumphs of wisdom;" a —educated and influential—in which a prayer is souls are quietly torned off from unseemly ways never heard—in which the Bible is never read, and led to a lottier life. If, then, we become the and God never worshipped.

This is one side of the picture, and it is dark enough. But it is not the whole. In the natural world there are spots unvisited by the light or warmth of the sun; deep gorges in the mountains, where the ice never melts; and caverns in the earth, which are the abodes of sepulchral gloom. But there are also spots where the sun-shine lingers all day long, and which are always bright and cheerful. If, on the other hand, there are great and terrible deserts where no living thing grows, on the other there are happy valleys filled with verdure, and fitted for the early debit there must be mendelenbitation fulrage

So in the moral landscape. True, all is not ight; but neither is all dark. If there are still many waste places, which require loug culture, there are others which already bloom like the garden of the Lord. On many a bleak and barren spot has the Sun of Righteousness shined, and gladdened it with His beams. Whoever should trace merely the domestic influence of Christianity, would find that the gospel has borne abundant fruit. In our own land alone there are tens of thousands of families where He who enters that hallowed circle marks at once the soothing influence of this household worship, how it makes all gentle and affectionate to each other. What a means of social refinement! How it warms into life the sweetest dispositions and

loveliest traits of the human character, Nor let it be said that, after all, these effects are narrow and confined; that the wave of re ligious influence spreads out in a circle over the glassy sea of civilized society, but that it can never sweep across the mighty ocean to its farthest shores. Whatever reflues and elevates individual character, whatever moulds families, friend, or touching the bier of the only son of circle over the dead bury their dead; followed thou me. Or if we straightway forget the dead and are cold and unmoved by opening tombs. already. Ever since Christianity came into the world, it has exerted a powerful influence. Even in the darkest ages it has borne some fruit. It has civilized barbarous nations; it has raised the popular standard of virtue. Thus it has elevated the common level—the plane of character—and too work and too work the common level—the plane of character.— With the rapid progress of modern missions all these influences, both private and public, will be atly augmented. And in the future, Christianty will prove its Divine origin and its transforming power, alike by its effects on individual

have been told of a distinguished gentle-n England, who, cherishing toward the around him the benevolent spirit that

upon that decision, this gentleman, the founder of the school, a kind-hearted and noble-looking

man, entered unexpectedly. The superintendent told him at once of the sad duty he was about to perform, and of the mortifying failure of every method employed to reclaim the lad. Forbearance had reached its utmost limit, and the transgressor must, at last, be expelled.

The founder was grieved. His countenance showed the workings of pity. He was sure that if the boy were turned away from the school he would become worse and worse, and that his course would end, probably in prison or on the

After a few minutes' conversation he said to the superintendent, "I know that your sentence is just; you cannot allow the law to be broken down, and the order of the school to be destroyed by indulging the wilful disobedience of any one. I dare not ask you to withhold any longer deserved punishment from the incorrigible transgressor. But one favor, sir, I will ask; lat me modifications are the bor's substitute. let me receive punishment as the boy's substitute. Change the form of the penalty, and let me bear what he deserves. I will take off my coat and will submit myself to you to receive forty stripes save one, and then will plead for him that he be permitted to remain in the school, and have time and space for reflection. Perhaps he will try again, and may God help him to do better."

At this saying the superintendent was as tonished; so were all the scholars. The scene

was wonderful. There was perfect stillness. Every eye was fixed on the strange spectacle. The objections of the superintendent were over ruled by the kind persistency of the man who presented himself to suffer in the transgressor's stead. There stood that noble-looking gentle man, bowing his back to the smiter for another

sake.

The refractory boy, also, like the rest, was greatly surprised. He forgot himself. He seemed to notice no one in the room except the man who was about to suffer for his sake. remained in his seat motionless, almost breath ess, until the lash descended upon the good man's back, then bounding from his place, as by a mighty impulse, he arrested the hand of the superintendent, saying, of the west of the superintendent, saying, of the west of the superintendent, saying, of the west of the superintendent, saying, of the superintendent is superintendent. Spar

him and just try me once more !" delay!

He was not ashamed to weep. For the firs of feeling in his nature, and they were tears or repentance. The boy was gained over to the right side, and kept his word faithfully.

Who does not see that this noble act of self

sacrifice on the part of this benefactor was trul Christlike? It was an appeal of love that ren the rocky heart like a lightning stroke. Such i the appeal that comes to the awakened soul from are opened to discern the sufferer there, whe His voice is heard, "it is enough." Then w know the meaning of the response of Paul, "W joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, b whom we have now received the atonement. "By His stripes we are healed."

# HOW CHRIST MODIFIES US.

There is nothing so pleasing in human friend ship as the modifications of character that ar wrought by intimacy. Better than martial vic intimate friends of Christ, we may expect singula modifications of character to arise from the ver variety and proportion of his characteristics.

If a man were inflated by wealth, Christ woul appear to him as having no home to rest in. on the other hand, a man were oppressed b

poverty and pinched by want, Christ would ap pear cheering him with the hope of heaven an the golden crown to death of the remine, at the golden crown to death and the golden crown to a second to the golden crown to If one should become the friend of Christ and

retain a proud spirit, Christ would ask him t bear cups of cold water, and wash the feet of hi disciples. If, on the other hand, the man wa lowly and discouraged, Christ would appear thim promising thrones and dominions.

Of a wasteful man Christ would demand car in gathering up fragments. To a hoarding ma

To those who are light and joyous, Christ ap pears weeping over the doom of the lost. T those who are oppressed with grief, Christ appear in the solemn hours of his last Supper with hi disciples, in the silence of the midnight, sir the Hallel, the great song of praise to God.

To those that engage in too much gaiety Christ appears holding out his crown of thorn to check unseemly mirth. But to a man in grea despondency, he appears bidding him rejoice an-be exceeding glad, though in the midst of per

We are of disproportionate life, and if w fondly ching to new graves, and refuse to tak an again the burden of life, Christ appears roughl widow.

We are disproportionate, and if our souls a cold, and turn away from human friendship as c

his beloved disciple. But if our souls are tangled and too much wedded to earthly friendships, he appears demanding that we hate father and mother, and all relationships, and bids us forsak all and follow him.

We are disproportionate. Christ then exhibit himself as tender or rough, to suit our peculial case. If our souls are fearful and trembling, he will quench no smoking flax. If our souls are bold and flery, he appears scourging hypocrite from his temple, and denouncing the Sadducee and Pharinger. If our souls is and Pharisees | If our souls love peace, Christ i for fight, he comes not to the earth to bring peace

Vol. XVII., No. 6.

## Mamily Reading.

BENSON.

The battle was over and the day was lost. The fight had been terrible. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field. Shots were still flying, and shells screaming and bursting through our retreating ranks

"Comrade," called a dying man, and his feeble hand took hold of one of the retreating soldiers. Comrade !"

The soldier paused.

"Ah, Benson, God bless you! Take my pay from this pocket and send it to my mother! Sho needs it. Take her letters, too; I give them to you. You will find them a treasue. God reward von !"

The wounded soldier lay back to die, and his omrade passed on a more thoughtful man for hat trust-for those few dying words. So much s sometimes centred in so little. Benson had been a reckless, desperate man

An orphan from his birth, cast loose upon the world to fight his way through it among the base, the grasping, the selfish, he had grown selfish and fierce. He had depised law, defied restraint, and followed his own strong will without fear and without principle—a reckless, dangerous man. But he was a man still. Down below the roughness stains and crimes of years, lay a tenderness born of a gentle mother; seldom touched, but there. He had a heart in him that could be stirred by love, and trust, and confidence. The trust of that dying man had moved him. He had trusted him with his gold, with his last messages for home; had given him his letters of af-fection; implored God's blessing on him. That trust was not misplaced; that confidence will not be abused; that prayer will not be unheard.

"Ah, Benson," shouted his fellows, as he joined them, "give us a share! How much of a haul this time! Fierce enough for fight, but fiercer for plunder." Plunder!" repeated Benson, and his eye

flashed. "Plunder! Say that again!" "Blood's up," said one of the boldest; and no

urther remark was ventured. Benson walked on in silence. The earnest imploring, confiding look of the dying man was before him; his failing, breaking voice still in his ears; his letters, his money in his bosom. His thoughts went forward to his own last hour. Would a comrade pause to hear his last words? What would they be f For whom? Who would

care when he should die? Who mourn for him? For whom had he lived ! Whom had he blessed ! Could he call on God for help in the final, fearful struggle! How could be appear before God in judgment? The soldier at his side tried to rally

"What's the trouble Benson?" No answer.

Benson obeyed the request of the dying soldier. He delivered his last message; remitted his pay. Remembering the words, "She needs it," spoken so feelingly, he added to it his own pay. He had no need of it, clothed and fed as he was ; no mother, nor wife, nor child to care for. Let it go to the bereaved mother. She may perhaps feel her loss somewhat the less for it. Better so, far better, than it should go in gamb-ling or in drink. His letter closed—"Had I not been motherless from my birth, I might perhaps have been worthy to fill the place of him you mourn, to be a son to you, but I have been too abandoned. I can only offer you respect, and

contribute my poor earnings for your comfort."

He read and re-read the letters given him by the departed son; so pure so tender so elevating. He found them a treasure, as the son had found them. They awoke in him a desire for purity; an aspiration for better things than he had ever known; to be a better man than he had ever been. They spoiled his taste for gambling: they made him ablior vileness and carousing. His comrades rallied him again and again.

What ails you Benson & Come, let's have a hand at cards. It's a month since you have

"No," was all his answer.
"Drink with us. You don't drink now."

Why not? Guess you're getting pious.".
No answer, and they who knew him knew
better than to jest when he was silent.

A letter came for him; a letter of thanks from the bereaved mother. It was full of gratitude and kindness. Benson's lips quivered, and he shaded his eyes with his hand, as he read:

"I shall regard you as my son. Your gene rosity, your filial tenderness, your sense of unworthiness, make you not unworthy in my eyes. My prayers go up to God for you! My blessing

Benson was indeed another man. relations, new hopes, a new future. But will the change in bim last? Will he not shake off his new relations? Will he not go back to his old

Why should he f Were they the paths of ease and delight in Were they the paths of blessedness and peace? Were they not rough and thorny, full of pitfalls, and were not beasts of prey crouching beside them? Why should one escaped from folly again seek it? Escaped from danger, again rush into it? Escaped from death, again lie down in corruption? Will he go back? Is not virtue better than vice? purity than vileness? love than lust? worship than blasphemy!

He can. Such is man's weakness, madness such is the power of evil. Pray God he may not

Pay-day came. "Now, Benson, treat!" they all. "Not a red cent have you spent for weeks. You're getting stingy with your money."

Benson drew back. They railied him again as they freely drank. "How many boys here have mothers?" he

All ! want of trager of oraw working a few "Have all mothers? My poor mother needs all I have, and it shall be hers. She shall not

asked and waited!

welcome letters, and a welcome remittance. Some laughed, and asked—"Where did you get your new mother, Benson!"

"God gave her to me," he answered, in his manifest tone, "and I'll not neglect her."

Nor did he Month after month his timely residued to shed plood, he bane him rise and go his ward and remember that he owed his life to those laughed, and asked—"Where did you get your Years passed away, the troubles of 1685 we at an end, and Adam Clark, now an old man, we walking one day in the grass-market of Edit

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Che Christian Visitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
Religious and Secular.

him always-that Christ was his elder brother He had received his words Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother?"

## "I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

A friend told me not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man oul into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to rdin, as with an oath he brandished his clenched fists, threaten ing to be revenged upon the man who so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned

quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for h moment, and then with a sigh of relief, he said: "I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it ! But her voice has been

hushed in death for many years." I prigrou "You had a mother, then," said the lady, with that sudden revulsion of feeling which

often comes to people of fine nervous tempera-ments, the young man burst into tears, sobling out, "O yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost! lost to good society, lost to honor lost to deceney and lost forever !!

"No not lost forever; for God is mereiful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and weakening a host of tender emotions, which had been burged very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she massed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver doorplate in his little memorandum book moThen he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to

speak with heat arrand saw oels mich sail hast Wondering much who it could be, she we looking, well-dressed man, who resealeferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said bas

"Pardon me, madain, for this intrusion; but have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an expla-

nation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before. The to Thorse of have changed so much "said the man "that you have quite forgetten me; but though

I only saw your face once, I am sure I should

have recognized it anywhere. And your voice Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before and she mingled her tears with those which were

falling slowly over the man's cheeks. After the first gush of emotion had subsided the gentleman sat down and told the fady how

those few gentle words have been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he then was "The earnest expression of Noung lost for ever, followed me wherever I went," said he "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased

I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions. "I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, and surely ever after this Lahall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones l meet in the walks of life - From Sunny Faces

to have me; and by the mercy and grace of Goo

# to a sole to A. COSTLY ESTATE. I to nerblish

What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Matthew xyi. 26. "What is the value of this estate?" said a gen tleman to another with whom he was riding. they passed a fine mansion and through rich fields I don't know what it is valued at; I know what it cost its late possessor." of Janif . good

We may not out the argument "had we well the His sould maringed Just Arrived girlf adt A solemn pause followed this brief answer The person to whom it was given was not seeking

first the kingdom of God and His righteousness The late possessor referred to was the son of a pious man, who supported his family by the labor of his hands. The son early obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in the city. He was then a professor of religion. He continued to maintain a reputable profession untihe became a partner in the concern? He then gave increasing attention to business and less to religion. Ere he was an old man he had bee exceedingly wealthy and miserly, and no one who been a professor of religion. He purchased a large landed estate, built the costly mansion referred to above, and died. Just before he died, he said, "My prosperity has been my ruin." Of how many individuals and families may it be said. that their " prosperity was their ruin!"

ADAM CLARK OF GLENIM .- In 1685, Woodrow calls "the black year," Adam Clark of Scotland, was surprised among the hills, in company with a few friends, by a party of dra goons. He was a huge powerful man, and in the goons, and flung him down. Unwilling, however to shed blood, he bade him rise and go his way

Nor did he. Month arter month his timely rest to him declaring that the law shall fail.

It would riot in under the law shall fail.

It will be mittance reached her; and when at last it came no more, she who had made him her son in place of the dead, knew well that she was sonless once atting and terrible does appromising, severe, and the showing he can die the sho