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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. affords an excellent medium for advertising.

CHRISTIAN MUSINGS.

A Hymu found in an English cottage Author unknow In the still silence of the voiceless night, When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee, Whom, in the darkness, doth my spirit seek, O God, but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my heart, Some vague impression of the day foregone, Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee, And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes In tokens of anticipated ill, My bosom takes no heed of what it is, Since 'tis Thy will.

For O, in spite of past and present care, Or any thing beside, how joyfully Passes that almost solitary hour, My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night, More peaceful than the silence of that hour, More blest than anything, my spirit lies Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire, Of all that it can give or take from me, Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek, O God, but Thee!

THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

A SERMON, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON. "A friend of publicans and sinuers."—Matthew xi. 19.

(Concluded.)

II. While we change the subject a little, we shall still keep to the text, and notice what

CHRIST IS DOING NOW FOR SINNERS. There is a deep principle involved here—a principle the Pharisee of old could not understand, and the cold heart of humanity is slow to embrace to-day. I have two explanations to offer of the way in which Jesus personally discovers himself to be the friend of sinners, and I will just mention these before I come to the applications of the subject I intend. Once upon a time a woman was brought to Jesus by the Scribes and Pharisees: she was an adulteress, she had been taken in the very act. They tell "the sinner's friend" what sentence Moses would pronounce in such a case, and they ask him, how sayest thou? This they said, tempting him. They were not much concerned about the unhappy creature; the accusation they were intent to lay was against the Man of Nazareth. You know how he disposed of the case, and put her accusers out of countenance. He did not bring the sinner up before the magistrate; nay, he would not act the judge's part, and pronounce sentence, rather would he act the neighbor's part; Righteousness, to their idea, stood in exacting justice with rigid severity; and as for wickedness, it was only shameful when it was found out. She who was taken in the act must be stoned. They who had done it secretly must prosecute. The real friendship of Jesus appears in his singling of her money on physicians without getting relief, pity; and where they accused him of winking obtained a cure gratis when she came to him. at crime, and harboring the criminal, he was truly laying the axe at the root of the tree, and shelter cancelled by this friend. And he who was ready ing the victims, while he upbraided the arrogant to perish with hunger, finds not only a passing rulers, whose secret vices were the genuine cause of the wretchedness which had fallen upon the dregs of the nation. I commend this thought to vour consideration. When it is said of him, he is a "friend of publicans and sinners," it was imoffice which Christ came to fulfil towards sinners was that of pure, unmingled friendship. Let us give you an illustration. There is an awful story abroad; a murder has been committed, and the poor wretch who committed it has cut his own of humanity. Says the officer of police, "Man, you are my prisoner;" says the doctor, "My dear fellow, you are my patient." And now he lays a and the sinner has been whiter than snow. As

your own life trembled in the scale, and it is a wonder that you are here to-night. Shall I tell you why you are here? Do you see that tree

CONTRIVE MATERIAL SHAPE AND A STATE OF THE S

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1864.

the wound thou hast made may heal; and I will dig about it, and dung it, and if it bring forth fruit well; spare it another year, and if not then cut it down." The tree is yourself. The woodman is Death. That chipping at the trunk of the tree was your sickness. Jesus is he who spared you. You had not been here to-night spared you. You had not been here to-night—you had been there in hell among damned spirits, howling in unutterable woe, if it had not been that the friend of sinners had spared your life.

I know a sinner—while I live I must know him. Full well do I remember him when he was hard of heart and an enemy to God by a multitude of wicked words. But this friend of sinners loved him; and passing by one day, he looked right into his soul with such a look that his heart began to break. There were deep throes as though a birth of a divine sort were coming on. There was an agony, and there was a grief unutterable; and that poor soul did not think it kind of Jesus; but, indeed, it was kindness too intense ever fully to estimate, for there is no saving a soul except by making it feel its need of being saved. There must be in the work of grace an emptying and a pulling down, before there can be a filling and a building up. That soul knew no peace for many a year, and the sole of its feet had no rest; but

Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad!

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright.
I looked to Jesus and I found In him my star, my sun; And in that light of light I'll walk,

Till travelling days are done. Ay, said I, Christ is the friend of sinners So say I, and so will I say while this poor lisping stammering tongue can articulate a sound. And methinks God had a design of abundant mercy when he saved my soul. I had not then believed it, though a mother's loving accents might have whispered it in my ears. But he seems to remind me of it over and over again, till love and the sinner up before the magistrate; nay, he would not act the judge's part, and pronounce sentence, rather would he act the neighbor's part; he acquitted himself as a friend. There is a proverb among a certain class of hard-dealing trades—who have betrayed an early and you will see sinners. Go would not act the judge's part, and pronounce sentence, rather would he act the neighbor's part; he acquitted himself as a friend. There is a provent among a certain class of hard-dealing trades—who have betrayed an early and you will see sinners. Go would deprayity, and you will see sinners. Go over place where a man will across the seas to the place where a man will across the seas to the place where a man will graw a bone upon which is recking human flesh, and there is a sinner there. Go you where you will, and ransack earth to find sinners, for they men, "We know no friendship in business;" and tongue when thou constrained my soul. "Am I full well they carry it out, while they grind the a chosen vessel?" It is to bear his name to sinfaces of the poor without pity, and strive to over-reach one another without fairness. And there testimony pant for atterance. O sinner, if thon was in like manner no friendship, no mercy what trustest him, he will be such a friend to thee; ever, among those gentlemen of the long robe, and if thou hast now a broken heart and a con-

friend of the friendless. She who had spent all

plied that be was not a friend of Scribes and Pha- Cross Hospital, and there is the dole of bread for risees. Yet again, I want you to notice that the him. Jesus Christ so loved sinners that he has throat. The policeman and the surgeon are daily in the spot. The one comes there in the interest of law, the other attends in the interest on sinner, who ever went into it, and found it delicate hand upon the wound, he stanches the blood, applies soft liniments, binds it up with plasters, and, bending down his ear, listens to the man's breathing: taking hold of his hand, he feels his pulse: gently raising his head, he administers to him some wine or stimulant, takes him to the hospital, gives the nurse instructions to watch him, and orders that he shall be given notitions diet as he is able to hear it. Day after nutritious diet as he is able to bear it. Day after foot to the crown of his head. Nay, if he wants day he still visits him, and uses all his skill and all his diligence to heal the man's wounds. Is that the way to deal with criminals? Certainly it is not the manner in which the police deal. Their business is to find out all the traces and

rheir business is to find out all the traces and evidences of his guilt. But the medical attendant is not concerned with the man as an evil doer, but as a sufferer. So it is with the sinuer. Moses is the officer of justice who comes to arrest him. Christ is the good Physician who comes to heal him; he says, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." He deals with the disease, with the wounds, with the sufferings of stairs you have to go up, Jesus will go with course the parallel will only go a little way. In or sinners. He is therefore their friend. Of course the parallel will only go a little way. In the instance of the murderer, the surgeon would hand his patient over to the officers as soon as his wound was recovered; but in the conduct of our Saviour, he redeems the soul from under the law, and delivers it from the penalty of sin, as well as restores it from the self-inflicted injuries. But oh! if I could but show thee that Christ treats the sinner with pity, rather than indignation; that the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them; that his visit to our world was mediatorial, not to condemn the world, but to give his life a ransom for many; surely, then, thou wouldst see reason enough why the suner should look to him as a friend indeed.

Ah! theu; I would go further. I would entered the instance of the murderer, the surgeon would hand to disdain you. You will stand by you wipe the sweat from you will or work to-morrow, but as you wipe the sweat from you will stand by you. You will, perhaps, have days of it for you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for sake you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not for you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not form you rickness for you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not form you rickness for you. You will, perhaps, be despised for his sake, but he will not form you rickness for you. You will, perhaps, have days of it will not form you rickness for you. You will you will, perhaps, but he will not form you rickness for I then; I would go further. I would enthee to make the case thine own. Thou sinner; can I not convince thee that he is riend?

The were sick the other day. The physician of very grave, and whispered something to wife. She did not tell you what it was, but he will never cease to love you; nay, he will never forget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never cease to love you; nay, he will never torget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never torget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never torget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never torget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never torget you. You may, perhaps, dishonor his cross, and damage his fair fame among the sons of men, but he will never cease to love you; nay, he will never forget you.

Though you should him oftimes forget His loving kindness fast te set."

holy angels; nay, come with me, and I will take winds, it remains forever the same. thee to my Father's face, and will confess thee. One of God's most gracious gifts to a church, there." And when the day shall come in which and to a Pastor, is a faithful Deacon. The prosthee to my Father's face, and will confess thee the world shall be judged, he will be thy friend then. Thou shalt sit on the bench with him. At the right hand of the Judge shalt thou stand, accepted in him who was thine Advocate, and short of the Divine blessing. The Deacon is too At the right hand of the Judge shalt thou stand, accepted in him who was thine Advocate, and who is now thy Judge, to acquit thee. And when the splendors of the millennium shall come, thou shalt partake of them; and when the end shall be, and the world shall be rolled up like a worn-out vesture, and these arching skies shall have passed away like a forgotten dream; when eternity, with its deep-sounding waves shall break upon the rocks of time and sweep them away for ever—then, on that sea of glass mingled with fire, thou shalt stand with Christ, thy friend still, owning thee notwitstanding all thy misbehaviour owning thee notwitstanding all thy misbehaviour in the world which has gone, and loving thee now, loving thee on as long as eternity shall last. Oh! what a friend is Christ to sinners, to sin-

light, if you dare, and you will see sinners then. Watch when the night is dark, and the wind is be freezing cold, or uncomfortably hot, the dogs howling, and the picklock is grating in the door, nay trot and howl in the aisles, and the boys and you will see sinners then. Go to you jail, and walk through the wards, and see the men with heavy, over-hanging brows, men whom you would not like to meet out at night, and there are sinners there. Go to the Reformatories, and with heavy, over-hanging brows, men whom you would not like to meet out at night, and there are sinners there. Go to the Reformatories, and see those who have betrayed an early and a juare common enough; you may find them in every be whose reception he opposed, it seems to give lane and street, of every city and town, and vil- hin more joy than sorrow, for with triumph in lage and hamlet. It is for such that Jesus died. his eyes he tells the church that it has turned out If you will select me the grossest specimen of jus as he expected—that he told them how it humanity, if he be but born of woman, I will would be, but they would not take his advice, have hope of him yet, because the gospel of Christ is come to seek and to save sinners. Electing love always a warm firm friend of the Minister at first. has selected some of the worst to be made the H is delighted with his preaching, feels thankbest. Redeeming love has bought, specially furthat the Lord has sent them such a pastor. bought, many of the worst to be the reward of and informs his friends that the church has got

in tears; oh! by that love, streaming from those wounds flowing with blood; by that faithful love, that strong love, that pure, disinterested and abiding love; oh! by the heart and by the bowels of the Saviour's compassion, I do conjure you to turn not away as though it were nothing to you; but believe on him and you shall be saved.

Trust your souls with him and he will bring you
to his Father's right hand in glory everlasting.

May God give us a blessing for Jesus' *4ke.

MINISTERIAL REMINISCENCES.-THE FAITHFUL DEACON.

BY THE REV. ROBERT BOYD, M. A. It is a source of sublime satisfaction to reflect enjoy a perfect triumph over all her spiritual foes. We have the authority of God's word for believing that the sun shall never shine, nor the moon send her silvery beams across a world where the Lord whom we serve is erecting a spiritual tem-ple upon the Rock of Ages, and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Amid the rising and the falling of empires; amid the rush and the conflict of hostile nations; in spite of the unholy intrigues of political schemers, and the proud boasts of infidel blasphemers, that spiritamid shoutings of "grace."

But how is a result so glorious to be brought

you why you are here! Do you see that tree you der! It has been standing in its place for many years, but it has never yielded any fruit, and several times the master of the garrison has aid "Cat it down." The other day the wood man came with his are, see felt its edge, it was harp and keen assoand, and he began to cut, and the chips were flying, and he made a deep gash. But the gardener came by one who had watched over the tree, and had hope of it even yet, and be made of the dispating brethren arcse, and despondency in every family for a blessing.

The business was introduced, when one of the dispating brethren arcse, and spoke in an every leart of the most high sounding professions are but an empty name.—This is the holy first of love which warms the heart of the good in every body pities and love him—perhaps it will be with you when you come to the sinner's doom, the chips were flying, and he made a deep gash. But the gardener came by one who had watched over the tree, and had hope of it even yet, and be began to cut, and the began to cut, and the profession of the chips were flying, and he made a deep gash. But the gardener came by one who had watched over the tree, and had hope of it even yet, and he had hope of it even yet, and when it is a principle which he act the door, but the third without which the most high sounding profes in an every body pities and classing that I met to obtain the dispations of the dispating brethren arcse, and spoke in an even the had been wrong, and he head of the had been wrong and when the most in the hottest of the most in the holy o

the thick shades of that grum night you expect to see a fearful visage—the grim face of Death—you shall see instead thereof, you shall see his sweet and smiling face, bright as an evening star, by your soul, and you shall hear him say, "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed; I am thy God." You will land in the world of spirits by and-by; but will the sinner's friend forsake you then I No; he will be pleased to own you; he will meet you on the other side of the Jordan, and he will say, "Come, my beloved, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and have bought thee, though thou wast a sinner vile, and now I am not ashamed to confess thee before my holy angels; nay, come with me, and I will take

these riches are to be obtained. If he gives to he cause of God at all, it is the merest trifle, and even that is doled out as reluctantly as if he Oh! what a friend is Christ to sinners, to sinners to sinners!

Were parting with a portion of his heart. In the prayer meeting he sometimes prays for "the poor about sinners; there is a notion abroad that tobacco in one week than he gives for the salva-Jesus Christ came into the world to save respectable people, and that he will save decent sort of
folks; that those of you who go regularly to a
place of wership, and are good sort of people,
will be saved. Now, Jesus Christ came into the
world to save sinners; and who does that mean?
Well, it includes some of us who have not been
permitted to go into outward sin; but it also includes within its deep, broad compass those who
have goue to the utmost extent of iniquity.

Talk of sinners! Walk the streets by moonlight, if you dare, and you will see sinners then.

by, the windows may be broken, the place may play the most annoying anties in the gallery, but le pays no attention; or if the matter becomes the Saviour's passion. Effectual grace calls out and compels to come in many of the vilest of the vile; and it is therefore that I have to-night to preach my Master's love to sinners.

Oh! by that love, looking out of those eyes full ofextravagant fancies and passionate appeals. The Lescon is in raptures—says he never heard such powerful preaching! He henceforth begins an agittion to get the Pastor removed. He goes from buse to house to accomplish his object. He ha nothing against his minister, not he wouldnot for the world injure him or his family -say he likes him very much as a man-but then is a poor preacher, and the Church can neverhave a revival under him. In short, he succeds in making the pastor's position so un-comprtable that he resigns. We might lengthen this lack catalogue, but it is unnecessary. Bless-ed b God that there are faithful Deacons in our chuches, who give their whole souls to their duties and while we record our thankfulness to God for aving us such brethren, let us pray that from sucl Descons as those described above the " good Lor may deliver us " to desadd sell

I the first church of which we had the pastoral harge, we had a deacon whose memory we found a treasure. His time and energies were name of Jesus is forgotten. We believe that the givn to the church in all her interests, both tempoul and spiritual, with an untiring zeal. On Saurday evening and Lord's day morning, he spot hours upon his knees for a blessing upon the Pastor and the preached word. When the hoir of worship arrived he would often be in an ageny of earnestness, lest the preacher's mind shuld be closed or Satan gain an advantage. ual temple shall continue to increase in strength Diring the time of meeting he would frequently and loveliness, till the top-stone is brought forth cat his eye over the assembly, and if he saw a thoughtful countenance, or an interested hearer, he would "watch for their sonls." If he heard about? Not by a time-serving policy and a spirit of souls being impressed he would seek them of unholy compromise on the part of the Lord's out, speak with them about their eternal interest, people; not by surrendering for the sake of a orbring them as inquirers to the Pastor's house. brief popularity those doctrines and ordinances Whatever was needed for the decency or combrief popularity those doctrines and ordinances for which the faithful in all ages have contended even unto death; not by splitting up God's truth into portions, and calling them essential and nonessential, important and unimportant, in order to suit the taste and to gain the favor of a degenerate world. If truth is to triumph, it must be by the display of a spirit the very reverse of all this—a spirit which bows with profoundest reverence before the whole of the revealed will of God, and cherishes every part of it as our life and strength; a spirit which, while it loves the whole body of the faithful, called by what name they may, still adheres with stern resolution to whole body of the faithful, called by what name they may, still adheres with stern resolution to the laws and established order of Christ's Kingdom, and had rather die a thousand deaths than yield up a single fragment of "the faith once delivered to the saints." This was the spirit of the great "Captain of our Salvation;" this is the spirit which inspired the faithful in all ages, and the man who possesses such a spirit leaves the impress of his own lofty character upon society, and occupies the high and honorable position of a witness for God.

Much is said in the present day about Christian charity, and of the necessity of its controlling and modifying the judgment which we form of those who differ from us in opinion. Now nothing can be more important than that we should possess that charity which is first of all the graces, and

It may be thought that this good deacon gave so much of his time to the Church that his worldly business must have been grievously neglected. But this was far from being the case. He was "diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit." He carried his religion into his worldly calling, and did his work heartily as to the Lord and not unto man." He had a large farm, found it necessary to employ a number of hands, and yet everything went on with the greatest order. His farm was held up as a model one, and agriculturalists came from great distances around to see his farm and admire it. The Lord prospered him greatly in worldly things, but there was no danger of his dying as one expressed it, "wickedly rich," for his liberality kept pace with his prosperity. He literally M GAVE AS THE LORD PROSPERED HIM." - Canada Ch. Messenger

Old Series Vol. XVII., No. 22

Jamily Reading.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW. "Mother," said little Isabel, "While I am fast asleep, The pretty grass and lovely flowers Do nothing else but weep.

" For every morning, when I wake, The glistening teardrops lie Upon each tiny blade of grass, And in each flowret's eve.

"I wonder why the grass and flowers At night become so sad; For early through their tears they smile, And seem all day so glad!

"Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down They fear the gathering shade, And that is why they cry at night, Because they are afraid.

"Mother, if I should go and tell The pretty grass and flowers About God's watchful love and care Through the dark midnight hours,

"I think they would no longer fear, But cease at night to weep; And then, perhaps, would bow their heads, And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child. Is the refreshing dew Our heavenly Father sendeth down. Each morn and evening new.

"The glittering drops of pearly dew Are to the grass and flowers What slumber through the silent night Is to this life of ours.

"Thus God remembers all the works That he in love has made: O'er all His watchfulness and care Are night and day displayed."

BILLY IN TERROR.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

If possible, about noon every day, I call on "Billy," my young horse, at his stable. He knows very well what it means. He knows when the saddle is on right, and the bridle in order, and when the girths are tight and when every buckle is right. He knows, too, just how to side up to the block from which I mount, and when the feet and the stirrups are adjusted. And then how carefully he steps along among carriages and sleighs till he comes to the door and neck and toss his head, and lift his feet as if the very ground was not good enough for him to tread on. And when I get back he looks at me very sharp and knowing, as if to say, " Well, sir, don't that service deserve an extra nubbin of corn ?" And he knows he will get it.

But a few days ago, after a terrible storm, during which the high winds blew the snow any-where and everywhere except in the path, we were taking our accustomed round, and found it difficult to turn out of the path, as the snow was very deep each side. Now horses, as well as men, have their trials; and "Billy" has his. He has great fears or pretends to have. It sometimes seems to be on the peril of his life to get past a load of great bags of wool on their way to the factory, or a load of chairs. It so happened to-day that we ascended a hill, and on its top was a deep ditch by the side of the road, and an immense rock between the ditch and the fence. Well, just at that spot we met a load of hay on a high wagon. We had to get into the ditch to let it pass. Slowly it came towering far above us, and shaking, as if it would fall on us. Billy saw it, and felt sure it would fall on him and crush him. He could not whirl round one side, for that would bring him nearer the awful thing; he could not whirl the other way, for the rock prevented. So he rolled his eyes and opened his mouth, and stood and trembled -sure that the next moment would be his last. It was the very agony of terror! Poor Billy! It soon went past, and he was alive. So we made our route and when we got home we found that load of hay in the barn for Billy to eat. " Art thou not Land? ashamed, young Billy, to stand and quiver under the shadow of that which was on its way to be a blessing to thee?"

And do we not all do so? Have we not all seen providences coming toward us at which we tremble, they looked so fearful and great, but which afterwards proved to be the very thing that we needed !

Jacob was sure that the loss of Joseph would carry his gray hairs down to the grave—but it told that I must be good, or else God would was the load of hay—to be food for him and all have nothing to do with me."

Lis during the famine of after years.

"My child, Jesus has done what was needed;

sufferings of her innocent son; but it was that God have anything to do with me unless I am which gave the bread of heaven to a multitude good P which no man can number old a most " goes Twater I sometimes stand over the coffin of the beau- to save sinners; he receives the bud, not the

tiful child at the funeral. I can say but little good; else none would be saved. It is your that really comforts the mother. It seems as if badness, not your goodness, that you are to that really comforts the mother. It seems as if the calamity would crush her. But I feel sure its results will be that she will more deeply appreciate her remaining children, and will try more prayerfully to lead them to Christ. Thus it will be seen hereafter that it was sent to her family for a blessing.

But I feel sure bring to him."

Well, that is good news," said the little fellow. "O, how cruel to tell me that God would have nothing to do with me unless I was good."

"Yes, it was. You can't be good till you have come and given your badness to Jesus."

THE OFFICE OF THE

REV. I. E. BILL.

Editor and Proprietor.

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Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence.
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

much better that he will hereafter think of it as

Thus the dark thunder cloud, instead of killing us with its bolts, is dissolved into the sweet shower that revives and cheers everything. Thus the storm makes the air clearer and sweeters Poor things! do not the angels look at us, when we are afraid, when we tremble and feel sure that "all these are against us." as I do at Billy trembling at the very load of hay on its way to his manger—whilst our Heavenly Father is only sending us the greatest mercies wrapped around with these terrors.—S. S. Times.

MAKE IT DO FOR ANOTHER SUMMER."

Coming down the street yesterday morning we observed a woman endeavoring to negotiate with that useful member of society, the tinker, for the repair of the broken handle of the parasol. We did not intend to listen, but we heard with out listening, a few words of their negotiation. If it could be done well, and cheap enough to make it an object, she would like to have it mended. She did know whether it could be mended at all or not, but if it could she would try to "make it do for another summer."

"Penurious!" say you! Not a bit of it. The high, generous forehead, the large, expressive eye, the clear, ringing, silver tone, bespoke no narrow, stingy soul. We have seen such faces and heard such voices before. They belong to persons whose names may not, it is true, be found so often as others upon subscriptions to popular enterprises of benevolence; but these are indelibly engraved upon the hearts of many whose lives have been made more full of sunshing through their deeds of unboasted charity. Prudence is not inconsistent with genuine benevolence. Our unknown economist will have a do! lar more to expend in ministering to the wants of some hard-pinched neighbor, from making that parasol "do for another summer."

In fact, quite a train of thought was suggested by the simple remark, intended only for the tinker's ear. In the swift approaching days, whether the war be continued long or finished soon, the present fictitious prosperity of the community must meet with a severe, but terrible reverse. But now, the temptation to individual and national extravagance is well nigh irresistible, when of all times economy is the most necessary, as we shall learn to our abiding sorrow by and by. If every man, woman and child were to save a dollar each, coming summer, and as much more the coming winter (and where one person could not do this dozens could do more) there could be saved among the citizens of the loyal North, forty millions of dollars equal to the average yearly expenses of the government, from its beginning till the beginning of the civil warjust by making something "do for another sum-

And in this coming "hard times," he will be best off, not who owns the greatest amount of stocks or land, but who in these times has got out of debt and forehanded with the world. And the man whose wife thinks of saving a dollar by mending a parasol handle, thinks likewise, of a thousand other ways of saving other dollars; and when "hard times" come, they will find such a man-and his wife-with "lamps trimmed and burning," prepared to meet them and triumph over them. Many a man has been saved from bankruptcy because his wife understood the mystery of making pants for Tommy and for Johnny out of their father's thread-bare coats, aprons for Mary and Jenny from mother's dresses that had out-lived their usefulness, raveling the legs of much darned socks to make into fevenile stockings, making toilet tables and lounges from old boxes with their prominent points hidden by wellpops out and snorts as if he never saw the world before. He is a very young and beautiful creature, and seems to know it. He will arch his towels and pillow-cases, and a hundred expeditional creature. towels and pillow-cases, and a hundred expedients as simple as that of mending a broken parasol to "make it do for another summer."

But after all, the financial aspect is the less important in which the subject is to be considered. In a family imbued with such a spirit, fashion and show are secondary matters. We feel assured that here we shall find earnestness of purpose, independence of character, and an "inner life," that can keep on the quiet tenor of its way, without depending entirely upon the allurements and excitements of "elegant society." With a full appreciation of the delight and dangers of a higher life." If they are not leaders in "fashionable circles," they can enjoy with a keener zest the pure pleasures of the family circle. Interesting books and tasty ornaments, loving parents and obedient children, affectionate sisters and respectful brothers, pleasant hearth-side and a happy home all these were bespoken in the face and voice that proposed mending the parasol, so as to "make it do for another animner,"

May be we have been too liberal in our infer ences, and built too large a superstructure for so small a foundation. If so, our only apology is that we have drawn from the treasures of our own experience in our childhood's humble home. where mended parasols, home-made caps, reno-vated coats, patched pantaloons, and many another expedient of economy, were necessary and not ashamed of. And why should we be now, when she whose contrivances were so manifold to make things," do for another summer," has left us her teachings, her example and her memory, and risen to everlasting life in the Eternal Summer

JESUS SAVES THE LOST.

How am I to be saved, mother ?" said a little

"By taking God at his word, and believing what he has said concerning his Son," "But have I nothing to do?" said the boy "I thought I must do something; for I was once

What agonies filled the heart of the mother of and you are saved by knowing that all is done."

Christ as she stood near the cross—and saw the "Bu" I am not good," said the boy; "will

"My boy Jesus Christ came into the world