

# The Christian Visitor.

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

For the Christian Visitor.  
Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Ann Hennigar,  
OF ST. JOHN, N. B.  
BY THE REV. THOMAS H. DAVIES.

I TUNE my harp to sorrow's mournful tone,  
I consecrate my lay to friendship's shrine,  
While ANNA'S death with feeling I bemoan,  
And with the cypress leaf my harp entwine.

There was a heart to Friendship's dictates true,  
Ardent and quick its wishes to fulfil;  
Whoever once thy pleasing virtues knew,  
Would mark those virtues blooming constant still.

Thine eye with mildest pity beamed for those  
By poverty and sad affliction prest—  
Thou hadst a heart to feel for human woes,  
A hand to help the wretched and distressed.

Oh have I seen the tear bedim thine eye,  
When sin's wide-spread evil was thy theme;  
Distressed the unthinking crowd to spy—  
Won by the charm of pleasure's sickly dream.

And art thou gone to death's cold silent shade,  
And left so many to deplore thy loss;  
Hearts that required so much thy friendly aid—  
Thy zeal to lead them to the bleeding cross?

RELIGION was the theme that moved thy heart,  
Awoke to brighter look thy beaming eye,  
Bade the warm tear upon thy cheek to start,  
And show'd a bosom won to joys on high.

The young and weak in wisdom's pleasant way,  
'Twas thy delight with soothing voice to cheer,  
In hope's own light religion to display,  
And through the snares of life their voyage steer.

In early life its blessings thou hadst known,  
When pleasure courted with her witching smile,  
When much that charms the wording was thine own—  
Much that the thoughtless and the vain beguile.

Beauty was thine, and manners pleasing sweet—  
The form that strikes and wins at once the eye;  
But seldom do a mind and body meet,  
So well united in sweet harmony.

Thy outward fairness owned an inward grace;  
A mind of love and softest sympathy,  
Shone in the expression of thy pleasing face,  
And won our hearts to virtue and to thee.

Well couldst thou descend on the gospel theme,  
And cause even worldlings in its praise to seek;  
So pleasing did thy words in converse seem,  
Their lips, at once, a long-kept silence break.

Religion's pleasures then thy straight content,  
And owned the ill that sinful bosoms bear;  
Wished that their baneful passions were at rest,  
And in the gospel's grace to have a share.

The church's glory—sung by bards divine  
As destin'd in the latter day to appear,  
When bright as polished gems her courts shall shine,  
Was a sweet theme thou didst delight to hear.

Pained for the Jew, by unbelief long bound,  
A fugitive who roams the world afar—  
Whose weary foot no resting place has found,  
Since he refused to bow to Jacob's star;

Of the poor wanderers she would often speak,  
And smile with joy predicted truth to know,  
When Israel shall their wounded Saviour seek,  
And all the joys of faith's pure feeling show.

When unbelief from their long bar'd bosoms  
rent,  
No more shall keep them from the sacred cross;  
When humbly shall they own their punishment,  
And count all things but Jesus earthly dross.

But thou art gone, blest spirit, to that clime  
Where joys ne'er mixed with any shades of woe;  
Where not a pang that rends our hearts in time,  
Thy bosom, fill'd with love, shall ever know.

O partner, children, friends, no longer weep!  
Hark! hush for her thy sad and plaintive tone,  
We must not grieve for those who calmly sleep  
At rest from pain beneath the church-yard stone.

Her spirit, once by long affliction worn,  
Now roves, all joy, through beauteous bowers  
Of bliss,  
Where flowers immortal bloom without a thorn,  
Nor mourns the loss of such a world as this.

O! may we meet thee in that bright abode,  
Where friendship's bands immortal spirits bear,  
In mansions fitted by the hand of God,  
For souls the riches of his grace to share.

Bridgetown, N. S.

## AN ECCENTRIC INFIDEL.

A correspondent of the *Northwestern Advocate* says that the following quaint anecdote was related to him by an itinerant of the Ohio Annual Conference:

I was sent, said he, to Gallipolis Circuit, and having fulfilled the labors of the Sabbath in an autumnal evening, was invited by an infidel to go home with him. I accepted most cheerfully, and was treated with affable courtesy and the respect due to a minister of the gospel of Christ Jesus. In the morning, as I took my leave, my infidel friend courteously invited me to call on him when he should suit my convenience. This I generally did, as I came to this appointment through the year. As the year neared its close, I thought I would call and offer payment to my host, lest he should charge me, and through me ministers generally, with neglect in paying his dues. I called for my bill. He brought forth his book, where was charged in mercantile style—for board, horse-keeping, &c., some amounting to fifteen or twenty dollars. I was amazed; told him I could not pay it now, but when I came again, before I left the circuit, I would cancel the debt. But stop, says my friend, we have not done yet. Let us see what is on the other side. He then produced an amazing credit of one dollar for every sermon I had preached in that place during the year, whether he was present or absent; a sixpence for every blessing asked at his table; and a shilling for every prayer I offered in the family, says one, when I knelt on one foot and knee—credit was a sixpence. The aggregate of credit surpassed the debt some three or four dollars, which he immediately produced, passed over to me, and we parted in mutual friendship and love.

WHAT WAS THY LIFE BEEN?—Thou hadst had a life given thee by God, how hast thou used it? Has it been filled up, or is it empty? Has it been consecrated or degenerated? And what are its issues to thee? Life is a solemn thing!

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## TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND.

From the New York Chronicle.  
DEAR SIR—I have just come out of Switzerland, having arrived at this city from Constance last evening. I shall remain here a few days before passing into Germany. I have passed through the greatest and most beautiful scenery of Switzerland in the last ten days, and though achieving wonders in the way of physical effort I have actually fattened on it. I really believe I have performed greater feats with my bodily faculties than I ever did before in my life in the same space of time. Oh, how shall I convey to you any idea of the matchless wonders and beauties which my eyes have beheld in this short period. It is true I have seen nothing so awfully and oppressively sublime as Mount Blanc, and the pass of the Sete Noir, but the every varying combinations of the grave and beautiful in the scenery through which I have been passing, have been more exhilarating to my spirits than the frightful magnificence of the former. My route has been through some of the finest Swiss scenery. The general features of course are bold and high mountains, many of them robed in everlasting snow, and exceedingly bright, green and highly cultivated valleys; but you will misconceive if you imagine that all Switzerland is high mountains and narrow valleys. On the other hand there are extended spaces of beautifully undulating surface dotted over with neat villages with their church spires skirted round and enfolded by distant mountains, veiled in haze or shrouded in cloud. But now, come along with me, and let us rapidly pass over the route indicated. My first stopping place after leaving Lusanne was

## THIS IS AN ANCIENT LOOKING TOWN.

It dates back centuries. It is noted by nature for the deep gorges which the river Saarine makes here with that of Gatteron, which flows into the former at this place; by art for its Cathedral of St. Nicholas with its world-famed organ; its ancient fortifications and walls, and for its modern suspension bridges. There are two of these bridges—the greater one the Saarine, and the lesser over the gorge of the Gatteron. They are justly objects of great interest to the stranger. The former is said to be the longest of any single curve in the world, being 905 feet in length. The other has the amazing elevation of 307 feet. It is fearful to look down from its centre to the gorge below. The chief attraction in the town to the stranger, however, is the great organ of St. Nicholas. The Cathedral itself is an object of no little interest, a gothic structure dating back 400 or 500 years. Like all these old gothic churches in the Old World, it is elaborate in its architecture, with quaint devices and curious carvings inside and outside.

## THE FREYBURG ORGAN.

is said to be the finest instrument of the kind in Europe. It has 64 stops and 7800 pipes, some of them 32 feet in length. I listened to the music for an hour, and was deeply affected, though the effect was not so great as I had expected from Ward Beecher's description. I kept waiting for this extraordinary sensation, but it did not come, though at times I thought that it was coming, and I can truly say that I never heard anything in the way of music to equal it. The instrument has amazing power and compass, and seems capable of giving forth any tone from the loudest thunder to the softest Eolian whisper, and of every variety of audible utterance from the roar of the lion to the mewling of the kitten, from the scream of the eagle to the chirping of the linnet, from the howling of the fiercest storm to the night wind creeping from leaf to leaf; and what was remarkable, all these varieties of tones could be noted at the same time. At times you were overwhelmed as by the explosion of heavy ordnance right overhead, then the sound would roll away, and soft distant music would rise upon the pleased ear, and so on. The organ is certainly a wonderful achievement of musical genius.

From Freyburg I proceeded to Berne, the capital of the Swiss Confederation, called immediately upon our American Minister, Mr. Fogg, a rather ominous name, but I found him anything but foggy. He is a splendid man in body and mind. Having no letter of introduction I introduced myself, and was received most cordially. He complimented me by saying a letter of introduction was not necessary from me. After talking over the affairs of the nation, he insisted on my dining with him.

At Berne I saw some frescoes, the most perfect I think I ever saw. An expert alone could tell where the solid material is divided from the painting. We walked round the environs. They are surpassingly beautiful. The ancient wall, mole and most remain, but they have been so shaped and adorned by the hand of art as to be great ornaments. Elegant promenades between lines of noble shade trees run along the high raised mole; the ditch with the sides of the mole are covered with velvet green. The surroundings of Berne are the finest in the world, with the snowy range of the Bernese Alps, the Jungfrau, Eiger and other mountains full in view; the white clouds blending with the still white summits, and at times presenting varied hues by the reflection and refraction of the sunlight. Berne itself is literally a city of stone. All the houses are built of a variety of that material something similar to the Chicago stone, &c., &c. white. The new houses look bright, but the old, dingy. The streets are arched like the *Rue de Rivoli* of Paris, but the arches are lower, and with their massive supports give a somewhat gloomy appearance to the covered side-walks, which is altogether otherwise in Paris from the high arches and neat square columns supporting them.

The bear is the symbol of Berne, and gives the town its name from a legend of the founder, and the image of the bear meets you at every turn, as the eagle with us, and the lion with England, but not content with images, living bears are kept at the expense of the State in a sort of royal enclosure, or palace of stone. There are now some half dozen, one—the old monarch—is the largest creature of the bear kind it has been my lot to see. Their appearance and general structure are different from bears in our country; the face is broad and the head thick. But let us pass on.

I took the cars for Vevey, in company with Mr. Fogg. This is a very picturesque place with its old castle and cathedral and beautiful villas along the shores of its very beautiful lake of transparent water. Keep in mind that the waters of these Swiss lakes are clear as crystal, but often quite emerald, perhaps from reflecting the green mountain slopes from time immemorial. It is possible that most of the greenness is from reflection rather than from anything inherent in the water. It is not green but of crystal purity when ladled up. This was formerly of much greater importance than at present. In the 14th century it contained within its dominions 70 noble families. Mr. Fogg and myself walked for miles along the

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

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charming lake shore. There are splendid gothic chateaux or castles built upon opposite shores projecting into the water, one by Baron Cogeumont, and the other by Baron—somebody else. They are of modern structure, but in the style of the Antique. Of course the grand gardens and parks, &c., are what immense wealth and cultivated taste could make them. In the afternoon at three o'clock I parted with the minister, having become fast friends in the brief space we were together. He is a model man and a model minister. g. w. z.  
Munich, September 24, 1863.

## A THIN HOUSE—AND WHY.

It was a stormy Sabbath. That is to say, it was cloudy, with a smart rain in the early morning, and an intermittent drizzle and damp, as if vacillating between mist and rain, during the forenoon. No umbrellas were spread during the forenoon, though the clouds hung heavy overhead, and muffled the line of the horizon. There was not enough risk of a wetting during most of the day to call overcoats or heavy shawls into requisition. Still, it passed for a stormy Sabbath, and accordingly, not far from two-thirds of the congregation stayed at home. There was a "beggarly display of empty" pews. Poor John Sterling made one of his last preachments in a church so empty, that, as his biographer says, a musket shot might have been fired through it, in almost any direction, with small risk of hitting anybody. I do not know enough about war to speak very confidently, but imagine that our little auditorium might have sustained a whole volley without shedding much blood. We had a quartette choir for the special occasion. The Sabbath school was not called to order. The pastor must have felt thankful to the few who braved such a terrible storm, and occupied their accustomed places.

Now suppose, instead of Sunday, it had been Monday or Tuesday, and instead of a religious meeting, it had been a town meeting, how many of the men would have been at home! Suppose, it being a week-day, a farmer had a horse that needed shoeing, a wagon-trail that needed setting, or any like job requiring attention, would the rain have been thought severe enough to make it impossible? How many ladies would have been prevented by the clouds of that afternoon from driving a mile to do a little necessary shopping? Would it not be profitable for an absentee from public worship, under such circumstances, to preach himself a sermon from the text, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also?"

## HOW TO KEEP A CHURCH POOR.

A writer in the *Star* copies from the *Congregationalist* the following, as illustrating how churches may be kept in poverty:—

I knew a church that voted to give nothing for benevolent purposes until their church debt was paid. After three years' trial (and years of drought and pain they were), they changed their policy—began to give, and then they began to pay their debt.

I knew another church which had a debt of some thirteen thousand dollars [for outside benevolent purposes] continued, and gained in amount, with a comparatively small congregation, for five years, averaging about two thousand a year. In the meantime the debt was reduced to about ten thousand dollars, and all expenses paid. Now some good but mistaken men thought if they could only have had two thousand a year for five years, which had gone for other and excellent purposes indeed, that would have paid off the debt. So for three years or more the debt has been thrown into the foreground, and with a larger congregation, contributions fell off at least two-thirds. Of course the debt was nearly paid! Not a bit of it. The debt meanwhile increased from ten thousand to thirteen thousand again.

Such facts might be multiplied. They will readily occur to every one of large observation. Of churches as well as individuals, it is true—"There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

## SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain wastes; this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:

First, those who think most, who do most brainwork, require most sleep.

Second, that time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

Third, give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you—the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule—and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule to himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.—Dr. Spicer.

## AN INCIDENT.

An American seaman suddenly died at Nagasaki, Japan, for whom a grave was dug in a little cemetery belonging to the Dutch, a few miles out of the town:

When the body arrived there, and the chaplain and a procession with it, to give the rites of Christian burial, to their surprise they found two Japanese priests, with shaven heads, and flowing robes, and incense, and tinkling bells, bending over the grave and offering their prayers, such as they were, for the stranger. It was a strange sight, and touching as well as strange.

They readily retired, however, when the Christian service began, remaining a few steps back, but looking on with seriousness and reverence to the close. As the procession from the ship was withdrawing, the chaplain observed a weeping willow growing by the side of the gateway of the cemetery, and thinking to do a little act of respect to his poor countryman, who sleeps there almost alone, and so far from kindred and home, he broke a twig from a pendant branch of the willow to plant at the head of the grave.

Instantly one of the priests seized the thought, and ran across the road to an old Japanese cemetery, pulled up a joint of bamboo planted before a grave, about two feet long and one inch in

diameter, and hollow, which the Japanese are accustomed to fasten in the ground before every grave, and fill it with a plant or flowers. Water will be poured into it or the showers fill it, and thus the plant take root, and the flowers be preserved for a long time in freshness and fragrance. Divining the object in breaking off the twig of willow, the priest rose and presented the bamboo, which is planted at the head of the grave of poor Charles Seagraves, with the willows in it, which will doubtless thrust its roots into the earth, and grow up a tree, for long years waving and weeping over this American stranger. Could anything be more humane or more delicate?

## VICES OF GENIUS.

Coleridge was such a slave to liquor, that he had to be kept an unwitting prisoner by Christopher North, on an occasion when some literary performance had to be completed by a certain time, and on that very day, without even taking leave of any member of the family, "he ran off at full speed down the avenue at Ellery, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where, drinking among low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to a level with the vilest of the vile." When his rival was over he would return to the society of decent men.

De Quincey was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. "An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the forenoon. It was no frequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book, his arms crossed on his breast. When this torpor from opium had passed away, he was ready for company about daylight. In order to show him off, his friends had to arrange their supper-parties so that, sitting until three or four in the morning, he might be brought to that point at which, in charm of power of conversation, he was truly wonderful."

Burns was not less a drunkard than Coleridge. It was the weakness of Charles Lamb. And who can remember the last day of Poe, without an irrepressible regret? He was on his way to marry a confiding woman, stopped at Baltimore, and was found, by a gentleman who knew him, in a state of beastly intoxication, unconscious as a log, and died that night in the ravings of delirium tremens.

Douglas Jerrold was a devotee of gin.—Byron was a tippler, and his wife Don Juan was the inspiration of rum, as might well be supposed, for his indecencies make it unfit for any woman to read. Steele, "the brilliant author of the *Christian Hero*," was a beastly drunkard. Men wrote of him that "he would dress himself, kiss his wife and children, tell them a lie about his pressing engagements, heel it over to a grogery called 'The Store,' and have a revel with his bottle companions." Roffin says of Alexander the Great, that the true poison which brought him to his end was wine. The Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, was completely brutified by strong liquors. She was often in such a state of bacchic ecstacy during the day, that she could not be dressed in the morning, and her attendants would loosely attach would disengage in the evening.

Let every man, especially those in public life, who desire to avoid a drunkard's death, remember that he is on the crumbling verge of such an infamy when he begins to feel that in order to prepare himself—the doctor for a consultation, the lawyer for a cause, the clergyman for a sermon, the politician for a speech—he must take a pint of coffee, a cup of strong tea, a glass of brandy and water, or a plug of opium; and the self-same moment of that discovery let him put his foot down, raise his hand and swear that by the help of God he will never taste another grain or drop as long as life remains. This is the only safety.

## CROWDING BUSINESS INTO THE SABBATH.

What right have we to push our business so far as to allow it to trench on the Sabbath? We break the Sabbath, we fail to keep it holy, when by too severe labor in the week we are rendered incapable of devoting its full hours to appropriate religious exercises. It matters not much as to the sin, whether we take our key and go to the counting room and spend three hours on the Lord's day, or whether, by having taken three hours too many there on Saturday, we must regain them by sleep or idleness on the Sabbath, and so absent ourselves from public worship. Business everywhere, in the city and in the country, could all be done just as satisfactorily, as much corn raised and money made, by ceasing work earlier on Saturday. Thus, time would be allowed for relaxation—and the religious employments of Sunday would be hailed as a delight. No people had more holidays, festivals, services, than the Jews; and yet it was when these were all regularly observed, demanding of them great sacrifices of time and money, that they prospered most in religion and material wealth. When they began to rob Jehovah of his time and his tithes, they grew poor and miserable. They said, "Behold, what a weariness is it!" and God rejected them. Let congregations come to church with fresh and elastic frames, with a quiet prayerfulness, induced by habits of rest and prayerfulness during the hour immediately preceding the Sabbath, with a zest for spiritual illumination, created by the habitual reading of the Scriptures and other good books, and let us see if we shall not have a more effective and powerful ministry.—Methodist.

WHAT IT COSTS TO SMOKE.—Who can afford to smoke cigars? We copy the following from one of our exchanges:—

We met an intelligent and economical gentleman at the State Fair at Rochester, who had just built a three thousand dollar smoke house. He was induced to do so for the following reasons: Finding, many years ago, that the habit of smoking was injuring his health, he discontinued the practice, although it cost him many a severe effort. He was subsequently encouraged, however, at the pecuniary saving it was constantly effecting.

By an accurate arithmetical calculation, he ascertained that the daily cost of cigars, with an annual interest, would amount to over three thousand dollars in twenty years. Having already effected that saving, he concluded to build a handsome dwelling. His friends often inquiring, "How can you afford to build so good a house?" he invariably answered, "This is my smoke house; the amount I have saved in not puffing \$3000 to the wind."

The Spirit is the children of God, is like an organ: one man is one step; another, another; the sound is different, the instrument the same, but music in all.

If we do not live down error, I am sure we shall never dispute it down.

## A COLUMN FOR CHILDREN.

Frederickton, Nov. 21, 1863.

DEAR WILLIE—I am going to write you a letter, and I will try to write it so plain that you will be able to read it yourself. I have sometimes told you stories, and I observe that there are two kinds of stories that please you very much. One kind is Bible stories, and another kind is the things that happened to myself when I was young. Now then, I will tell you a Bible story about myself.

Well then, one time I was very poor, and I was very wicked, and poor because I was so wicked. I lived in a miserable clay hut, and not a very clean one either. It had never been either washed or swept. It was night, and very dark, and I was all alone. I sat there before a very poor fire. I was sick, and cold, and hungry. My clothes were very ragged and very dirty, and I had not washed my face nor hands for a very long time. I had nothing for my supper but a small crust, and that was so dry and hard that I could hardly bite it, and it did not lessen my hunger when I did bite it. Presently I heard a very gentle tap at the door. I paid very little attention to it, for I was cross and did not want to see anybody, especially at that time of night. And I thought, too, that it might be only the wind. Presently I heard it again—tap, tap, tap. Who can it be? I said, and what can he want. I wish he would go away, and not be disturbing a fellow this way. Rap, rap, rap, went the knocker again, a good deal louder than before. Some old straggler, I said, just come to scare me, and I was glad the door was fastened and braced. Old chap, I thought, and thought it pretty loud too, you may go about your business, for you don't come in here. Knock! knock! knock! he went again, as though he were pounding with a stick. I began to get a good deal frightened, and tried to think where I could hide if he should break the door down. But I could not see any good hiding place. All was quiet for a while, and I hoped he had gone away, when all at once it seemed as if he had gone and got a great stone to bang at the door with. The miserable but shook as though it were tumbling down about my ears. Oh, you can't think how frightened I was now! I saw it was no use to try and get away, and no use to try to keep him out. So I went tremblingly to the door, and asked who was there, and what he wanted? Oh! Willie, I can never forget what a low sweet voice I heard, saying, "Behold I stand at the door and knock! if any man hear my voice, and will open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." And who do you suppose it was? Why, it was the "Prince of Wales!" our own beloved Prince; and he had come on purpose to see me, and bring me some very rich and beautiful presents. Oh how sorry I was that I had treated him so unkindly! I began to try to open the door, but I had fastened it so tight that I am sure I could not, how ashamed I felt of myself—so dirty, so poor, so miserable every way. I told him my room was not fit to be seen, much less for him to come into. But he only smiled lovingly upon me, and came right in, and said he wanted to eat supper with me. How do you think I felt at the idea of pulling my old dry crust out of my old patched, dirty pocket, and offering it to him! But I just told him the truth. I said this is every bite I have in the world, and when this is gone I do not know where I can get any more. Oh, Willie—

"He took the crust, he blessed, he broke,  
And oh, such words of love he spoke!  
Then gave me part and bade me eat;  
I tasted, oh! it was so sweet!  
I thought it must be angels' food,  
It was so nice and good."

He then stirred my fire and put in some fuel, and oh, how warm and comfortable I felt! Then he helped me pull off my old duds, and helped me to wash myself—and he gave me a brand new suit of clothes. And he helped me to clean and scrub my room, and furnish it all piece for piece. Among other things he gave me a beautiful silver lamp, filled with pure olive oil, and lighted. It burns with a very clear steady light, and has no bad smell like the paraffine; and he promised to send me a supply whenever I sent him word, so that it need never fail.

And what do you think he did more, Willie? Why, he said I had treated him so kindly, and let him into my house and shared my supper with him, that now, whenever I liked, I might come to his palace and "sup with him." I almost thought at first that he was making fun of me; but he looked so serious and kind, and pressed me so earnestly to come, that I believed he meant what he said. I am sorry to say that I have not been to his palace so often as I might have gone, but I have been there a good many times. Yes—

"I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below."

Several times lately I have "supped" with the Prince at the palace. And the other day he told me to "ask what I would and it should be done unto me." And I asked leave to invite you and Hedley Vickers, and Lewie, and all the rest to come to the palace. And he says you can, if you like; and he says he will be so glad to see you all, and all the rest of the little boys in Hantsport, and little girls too, and of everywhere else. In fact, I am much mistaken if you have not already heard him tapping at your doors, for the very purpose of coaxing you to come to his palace. Oh, Willie, don't keep him standing out there so long as I did! It was wrong; it was wicked; it was cruel to treat him so. Rise up at the first gentle tap, and let him in! For he says that by and bye we may all go and live all our lives at his palace, and be as happy, as great, and as good as any others in his vast dominions. For Willie, the sun never sets in his dominions. For he is not only Prince of Wales, but of all the British Empire, and of all Empires, even of all worlds!

You will find an old book in your Pa's study that tells about him, and how we may please him and all that, which I advise you to read every day. And now, while I think of it, I will just send this letter to Mr. Bill, and if he likes he may publish it in the *Visitor*, and then I am sure you can read it; and I would be glad if thousands of other little boys would read it too. For our glorious Prince is amazingly fond of children, and will rejoice to receive and bless them all.

Should Mr. Bill print the letter, I will ask him to keep it, and I will bring it on when I come home, so that you can try your hand at reading writing.

May the Lord bless you all, and make you wise, and good, and happy.

Your affectionate father,  
S. T. RAND.

To S. Willie C. Rand.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
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Editor and Proprietor.  
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The Christian Visitor  
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.  
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,  
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

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Photograph and Ambrotypes Rooms,  
No. 42 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.  
Photographs in every style and variety. Glass Pictures  
executed and copied in the highest style of the art.  
December 4.

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Photographers,  
Dec. 4.  
16 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
DURLAND'S AMBROTYPE  
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Dec. 4.  
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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, and  
Watch Materials, English, American, French and German  
Fancy Goods, Toys, Fancy Bird Cages, &c. Also, Ambro-  
type and Photographic Stock and Materials.  
175 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.  
Orders from the country promptly attended to. Dec. 4.

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CANE CHAIR MANUFACTURER,  
Corner of Richmond and Brussels Streets, St. John, N. B.  
Chairs Recaned and Repaired.  
CANE ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE. apr 16

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COMMERCIAL AND FORWARDING AGENT,  
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129 Custom House Building, St. John, N. B.  
Also—NOTARY PUBLIC. All business entrusted to his  
care will meet with prompt attention.  
Parties residing out of the City, desirous of Importing  
Goods from England or the United States, can have  
them forwarded to their places of business, either in this  
Province, Nova Scotia, or F. B. Land, by consigning the  
same to G. A. G. with the Invoice. Strangers arriving in  
the City, wanting information, will meet with due attention.  
Dec. 4.

REVERE HOUSE.  
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated upon  
the most reasonable terms.  
THOMAS TRUEMAN,  
Dec. 4.  
21 King Street, St. John, N. B.

UNION HOTEL, 112 Union Street,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.  
THIS HOTEL being centrally located, neatly furnished,  
and thoroughly conducted, is highly appreciated by  
the Travelling Public. Charge 25 cents per day.  
Extensive Stabling attached, and experienced Hostlers  
in attendance.  
may 7—v JOHN G. DAY.

WAVERLEY HOUSE,  
No. 73 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor.  
Washington House.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the  
public generally, that he has opened the House on  
Hotel on Water Street, EASTPORT, known as "Washington  
House," in comfortable style, where he will be happy  
to receive Permanent or Transient Boarders, at reason-  
able rates.  
G. F. CAMPBELL,  
Aug. 18, 1863—v3m Proprietor.

"NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE,"  
No. 7, King's Square, Saint John, N. B.  
E. W. FLAGLOR, Proprietor.  
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. Dec. 4.

Morton's Hotel, Union Street.  
THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public  
generally that he has opened the House on Union  
Street, No. 99, lately occupied by E. S. Flaglor, Esquire,  
where he hopes by unremitting attention to business, and  
kindly attention to customers, to meet the wishes of all  
who may favor him with their patronage. Terms moder-  
ate. Good Stabling, and a hostler in attendance.  
may 14—v JOHN G. DAY.

North American Clothing Store,  
No. 19 North Side King Street, St. John, N. B.  
R. HUNTER, Proprietor.  
Constantly on hand, a Large and Splendid Assortment of  
Clothing, Cloth, Furnishing Goods, &c. &c.  
Garments made to order in the most fashionable style.  
by the best workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec. 4.

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No. 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Clothing made to order. Dec. 4.

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Tailor and Clothier,  
Sears' Brick Building, No. 23 King Street, St. John, N. B.  
Always on hand a large and splendid assortment of  
Clothing, Cloth, &c. Gent's Furnishing Goods.  
Gentlemen's Clothing made to order in the most fashion-  
able style by best Workmen, at the shortest notice.  
Dec. 4.