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The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1863.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE. What is life? a curious something, Not conceived of in its weight, Man can never comprehend it In his gross material state.

THE PASTORAL RELATION AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES. BY REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON, No. 3.

The Head of the Church raises up his servants and qualifies them for the fields of labor he designs them to occupy. Certain fields of labor require the ministers to possess certain gifts.

We see this distinction made, in Matt. xxviii. 18-20: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

It is at this period that steps were taken to prevent the possibility of offence being taken by any members from the mode of conducting the advocacy of Prohibition in the Division room.

MY VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT. BY REV. D. A. RANDALL. We have spoken of our approach to the Pyramids, and have contemplated their immense size.

PROBATIONARY LEGISLATION. BY A. J. ROSS, OF TEMPERANCE. One reason for the opposition which is evinced in the present question at this time, is the

was a critical one for the Order. At the date of its passage, and up to the period of its being first put into force, even through the perilous time of its heaviest trials, the numerical strength of the Order was greater than it had ever been.

The repeal of the Prohibition law carried out of the Divisions a great many of the members and supporters of the movement, not because of a change of opinion as to the law, but because of the very nature and mode of its repeal.

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Yah, yah, yah, yah ha! Away, away, and up we go, American gentlemen berry good man, Give us backbeesh, yah ah ha! Yankee doodle dandy.

Thus up, and up, and up we went, occasionally stopping to rest, questioning and being questioned. As we continued our ascent, they went on with their song, occasionally breaking out in wild animation, sometimes with the variation,

I found they were quite well posted in American literature, and had I been an Englishman, I have no doubt they would have sung with equal readiness, "God save the Queen." At last we were

The barbarian Caliphs that laid their ruins hands on this noble structure, and quarried from its capacious sides, did not spare even the pinnacles of the enormous edifice. From thirty to fifty feet of its top had been torn away, and you are surprised to find that what from the ground looked like a point high in the air, too small for a man to stand upon, is really a broad base or platform, thirty-two feet across.

A few moments' rest, and I gave myself up to the emotions and reflections the place was calculated to awaken and inspire. First, like Moses from the top of Pisgah, I took a survey of the land, that, like a great panorama, lay in its variety at my feet.

My reflections were suddenly broken by a little ragged urchin, a genuine sapling of Arab stock, who thrust an Egyptian pottery bottle into my face.

Cheops is a great traveller's register, and many a visitor has inscribed his name upon the summit. It is related of Chateaubriand, that when in Egypt, in 1806, not being able to visit the Pyramids, "I requested," he says, "M. Caffé, on the first opportunity, to inscribe my name, according to custom, on these prodigious tombs; for I like to fulfill all the little duties of a pious traveller."

How I staid and had a dinner with the Arabs upon the top; how the bottle boy induced me to drink his "sweet Nile water," and how his countenance brightened at the prospect of a backbeesh; how my two attendants, notwithstanding my express stipulation with the Sheikh, and how I promised them a backbeesh of twenty-five cents each, with a pledge I would not tell the Sheikh, because they said he would take it all away if he knew it, would make too long a story to be narrated here.

THE FIRST BAPTISM AT SERAMPORE. Krishna was in daily intercourse with the missionaries, and he received the truths of the mission, not only with avidity, but with affection.

Mr. Ward observes, "We think it right to make many allowances for ignorance, and for a state of mind the fruit of a corrupt superstition; we therefore cannot think of demanding from the candidates before baptism more than a profession of dependence on Christ, and submission to Him in all things. We yesterday fixed on the spot, before our gate in the river. A difficulty has been started, that if we baptize in the river, the natives will think we suppose there is something sacred in the Ganges. Others reply that they would rather think we defiled it by the ordinance." It was therefore determined to baptize the candidates in the river. On Monday, the 22nd of December, Goluk and Krishnu openly renounced their caste, by sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and eating with them to the great surprise of the servants.

The next morning, Sunday, the 28th of December, the ordinance of baptism was performed, under circumstances the most solemn and distressing. The missionaries assembled with the congregation in the chapel, and Mr. Carey walked down to the river with his eldest son, about to be baptized, and Krishnu, on either side of him. Mr. Thomas, who was confined to his couch, made the air resound with his blasphemous ravings; and Mrs. Carey, shut up in her own room on the opposite side of the path, poured forth the most painful shrieks. At the ghat, or landing stairs, the governor and several Europeans, and a large body of Portuguese, and a dense crowd of Hindus and Mohammedans, were waiting to witness this novel ceremony.

THE ATHEIST IN THE PRAYER MEETING. In the Fulton street prayer meeting, in New York, a gentleman arose, and stood a moment deeply affected. He was in the middle lecture room, and the hour for the meeting was about half gone.

I came into this meeting one year ago. I came here an atheist—an atheist of no common order—but made such by science, falsely so called. I was honest and earnest in my views, and had not a thought but that I was right. I came into this Fulton street prayer meeting because I had heard much of it, and because I supposed I should here see another phase of the human mind.

I had not been here many minutes before my mind became deeply impressed with the conviction that there was something true and real in these things, which was above my knowledge—something in what was said and done—but more in that which had no voice, but was hid in the recesses of these hearts, of which I was entirely ignorant.

I had started a question, which, as a philosopher, I was bound to answer. Here was an effect, for which I was bound to find the real and adequate cause. What could it be? I had to say to myself, "I am unable to assign that cause."

I came again and again, and was a silent and most attentive listener. I had to admit, to my own mind, that there was an unseen power operating upon all these minds—a mind above these minds, and that must be God. I confess that a conviction, stronger than any external evidence, of the nature of the highest kind of evidence, seized upon my mind that God was here, and what was here, as the moving power must be God.

He then said that he had a father and mother for whom he asked prayer. They had never taught him the Scriptures when he was young—never teaching him even that religion was a reality. He wished he would earnestly pray for them. He urged reasons why he should not be faithless in regard to them, but believing, "O do pray—pray," said he, "for my poor father and mother." And he sat down and sobbed.

On the ensuing day, he appeared again and renewed his request for prayer for his dear father and mother. He said they were intelligent, at ease in worldly circumstances, surrounded with comforts; but since the change in his views, their comforts and ease had departed. He had tried to be faithful. He was praying and hoping that they would become Christians. What it had cost him to write root on all his former boasted knowledge and opinions, no mortal mind could know—no language could describe. Again he held that precious little Bible up—'Here are the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

O, that I had been instructed in this blessed book when I was a child. Then, perhaps, my life would not have been a blank, so far as all good doing is concerned, up to this late day. Then, perhaps, I should have been saved from the sad influences which I have been under, and which I have exerted. O! teach the blessed words which this book contains to your children, that even while young they may lay hold on eternal life.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. "Take care of yourself" is a principle which, in some respects, is not neglected by mankind in general, but it is not often carried out in the way it ought to be. Take care of yourself; for you are assured from the very outset, that if you do not take of yourself, there are none to be found who will perform this office for you. In taking care of yourself—your health, your reputation, your interests, your happiness, are to be considered, and whatever else combines with them to make up the individual recognised as yourself. A contrary course, in some instances, may secure you a temporary popularity, but nothing more. People may call you a clever fellow, and all that; but heed them not; for the day may come, unless there be a prudent change in your tactics, when the very same people will pass you with a smile of contemptuous pity, as the man who did not know how to take care of himself; and this you will find but a poor reward for sacrificing to the good of others. Your individual self, remember, is a sacred trust confided to your keeping; and, as that trust is discharged, so will be your happiness here as well as hereafter.

It is a great fault to neglect your own advancement in life; see to it always, by every means of a fair and honorable character. It is folly to stand aside, while others pant and struggle for a prize which might as well be yours as theirs. Assert your claims, your own dignity; and heed not the sneers that may assail your coming forward. It is ever so. If you are successful, these sneers will be changed at last into applause.

What are great men, successful men, self-made men—all men whom the world admires? What but men who take care of themselves? It is not, perhaps, that all of them are endowed with lofty qualities; this was not necessary to the end; but it is evident that they have been firm and inflexible in taking care of themselves. Those nearest to them have doubtless often thought that they were cold, selfish and wanting in generous sympathies—perhaps, even considered them monomaniacs. But let it be remembered, that if you take good care of yourself, it is essential that you devote yourself to a purpose, always fixing your energies upon the end you have in view, and labouring steadily until that end has been attained. All else must be secondary and insignificant. If you pause to chase butterflies and play among roses more than is necessary to nourish strength, some one else, who better understands how to take care of himself, steps fleetly beyond your place of enervating repose, and you will never recover the lost ground. Up then, and do it!

"Waste not, want not," was well written on the walls of the industrious man's kitchen; but "Take care of yourself" should be placed in letters of gold before the eyes of the young, that it may never, even for a moment, be forgotten. Pay no regard to unreasonable sneers about taking care of Number One. It is your special business on earth to take care of that number, and to have a sharp eye for Number One's welfare. Who else but you is there to take care of that number? Will Tom do it? or will Dick? No, nor Harry either.

RETRIBUTION. Out in Minnesota, some Indians built a town. The original proprietors stipulated that no church should ever be placed upon the town plot, on pain of its reversion to the original owners. The settlers threatened that any preachers who should dare to come there to disturb them with the gospel, should be hanged, or thrown into the river. They danced and got drunk on the Sabbath, and revelled in all manner of ungodliness. On one Sabbath, a few weeks ago, they made an effigy of Jesus Christ, and burned it on the public street. This sink of iniquity, where infidelity had thus thoroughly gone to seed, was called New Uim.

Before another Sabbath sun had dawned upon this graceless village, the wild Indians assaulted it. The people fled from their dwellings in the greatest consternation, and stout men hid themselves in cellars, wells, stables, and wherever they fancied they could find protection. A few, braver than their comrades, attempted some defence; and even women, it is said, tried to shame the majority of cowards into some degree of strength and courage. But all availed little. The red-skin flood swept over the doomed territory. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred houses—many of them of some pretensions to elegance, and well furnished, were rased to the ground. New Uim was made a desolation.

The dance-hall escaped the general wreck, to be used as a place of public worship, by the volunteers who afterward were stationed there to hold the place; and within its walls that Christ was preached, who so short a time before had been scorned and insulted there, by the men whose scalped carcasses were now fertilizing their own soil.

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