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The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1863.

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

A NATIONAL ANTHEM, For the 10th March, 1863, BY THE REV. THORNTON SMITH.

Hail to the nuptial day!
Let hearts and voices say,
Rejoice! rejoice!
Behold the youthful bride,
Of Denmark's house the pride,
To England's Prince allied—
His happy choice.

Before you altar fair
They stand—the Royal pair,
In sacred love;
And from the glittering throng
Of loyal hearts and strong,
Rises the lofty song,
To Heaven above.

God's blessing on you both,
And, as ye plight your troth,
May Heaven's own light
Pour its bright beams and shine
With radiance divine,
Albert, on Thee and Thine,
In power and might.

But, ah! amidst the scene,
Sits our most gracious Queen,
In widowhood;
One noble form not there,
The general joy to share,
But gone, his crown to wear—
"Albert the Good."

Great God of truth and love,
Who from the throne above
Dost all sustain,
Let this glad day be blest,
And fill the Royal breast,
So long by grief oppress'd,
With peace again.

And with true happiness
The bride and bridegroom bless,
And let them be
Called in their time to reign
O'er England's wide domain,
Her glory to maintain,
The Great—the free.

Britannia! lift thy voice,
Let all thy sons rejoice,
And daughters fair;
Auspicious is the day,
Nor shall it pass away,
From year to year.

God save our noble Queen,
Smile on Victoria's reign,
God save the Queen;
On Prince and Princess pour
Thy gifts, and evermore
Uplift them by Thy power;
God save the Queen.

THE GREAT REVIVAL IN MONTREAL, CANADA.

One of the most interesting accounts that we have seen of this wonderful work of God appears in the Revival of the 5th of Feb., from the pen of a Montreal lady. It was originally addressed to a friend in Scotland. We transcribe it in the hope that it may be the means of arousing some of our churches, now filled with the spirit of worldliness and backsliding, to cry mightily to heaven for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit before the day of grace is past. We have no idea that revival influences are shut up to some noted evangelist or revival preacher. They are as free as the air of heaven for all ministers and all Christians who will open their hearts to receive them, by faith in the promises of a sovereign God. Read this thrilling letter and listen to the mercy seat.

MY DEAR MRS. INGRAM—It will be no new thing for you to hear of Revival work, but I am sure it will be "good news from a far country" to know that the Lord is visiting Canada by His Spirit. For a long time Christians throughout these Provinces have felt the need of a revival of religion, and have been pleading earnestly that God would manifest Himself with power. Popery seemed to be setting its iron heel on all progress Christward; and while the Established churches had apparently sunk into hopeless apathy, even the Evangelical denominations scarcely did more than dream of life—the true, deep, earnest life of faith. Amid this death of religious interest little bands of Christians here and there have been roused to a sense of their need, and have been calling earnestly to God to revive His work, to quicken saints, and to bring sinners to a sense of their need of a Saviour. God has answered their prayers, and Canada is tasting the reflex influence of Scotland's renewed vitality.

Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, whose name is a household word to very many in Scotland, came to the city of Hamilton, and held a series of religious meetings in connection with the pastors of the different churches in that city. The Lord owned their labours from the very first. Christians were aroused, sinners convicted, and not a few who had for many years sat at the table of the Lord—professors but not possessors of religion—were alarmed. Of all it could truly be said that "his arrows were mighty in the hearts of the King's enemies." But He who wounds can also heal, and very soon great numbers were rejoicing in a Saviour newly found and precious. These were wonderful times for Canada.

We of Montreal heard the news from week to week, and our hearts were touched, and we asked "Has not the Lord a blessing for us too?" One of the dear pastors wrote, and asked Mr. Hammond to come and preach Christ in our city to those who might be attracted by a new voice and a new method of presenting the truth. He responded to the call, and has now been with us a week. He has held meetings in different churches, and crowds have assembled to hear his message. As in other places, so here. The Lord has owned his work, and many have been brought to Christ. In the largest Protestant church in the city thousands have flocked to hear of a Saviour's love. Mr. Hammond's addresses are pointed, earnest, solemn, carrying conviction to every heart. He preaches for souls as one who has had deep experience of the love of God in Christ, and who has a vivid sense of the death which awaits the finally impenitent. The Holy Spirit takes of the things which are Christ's, and shows them to very many hearts. At some of the meetings as many as 600 have risen for prayer. The inquiry meetings have been deeply solemn and interesting, and it is hoped that very many have found Christ and accepted of Him as their salvation.

There have been some very striking cases of conversion; but chiefly those who have experienced this very blessed change have been young persons who seemed just waiting for the waters to be troubled, that they might step in and be

headed. Large numbers of children have crowded the morning and afternoon meetings, and among them it is believed not a few have intelligently given themselves to Christ, the children's Friend. Those who have been for years trying to build up a righteousness of their own have suddenly found that they are "miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," and have come to Christ that they might be clothed in the spotless robe of His perfect righteousness. These moralists have learned very many of them to trust in the finished work of Christ, and to sing—

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do;
Jesus died and paid it all,
All that I was due."

Thus the Lord carries on his work, gathering the wheat into his garner, and—oh, terrible thought!—reserving the chaff for unquenchable fire. Will not Christians in Britain pray for Canada, and especially for Montreal, which as a great centre of commercial, political, and literary interest, holds so important a relation to the whole Province, and which so much needs the elevating, refining, and purifying influences of vital godliness?

I cannot better close this letter than by giving you a brief sketch of the meeting last night. It was held in the largest Protestant church in the city. The hour appointed was half-past seven p.m., but long before the time arrived, the people came in throngs and filled the church until seats had to be placed in the aisles, then chairs were brought, until every available foot of room was occupied. A large platform was erected, on which were seated in loving fellowship ministers of five different denominations. As I looked around on the great assembly below, and then up at the large circular gallery, where, tier above tier, the heads rose like the foam crests of some huge ocean wave, my heart was awed, and I think I felt as I never felt before the description of that "great company whom no man can number" in God's Word. Throughout this vast assembly, numbering some thousands, a serious quietness prevailed, every face was expressive of interest, and every eye beamed with feeling. The services were conducted in part before Mr. Hammond arrived. When he came on to the platform and opened the Scriptures, one could not but feel that "God had opened his eyes to behold wondrous things out of his law." The words that we had heard so many times came to us with new fire and meaning as they rung out over the stillness of the place. Then there was singing and prayer, and afterwards Mr. Hammond read and expounded, for it was more an exposition than a sermon, a portion of the word. Then came a stirring appeal to sinners to flee from the wrath to come. This was pointed and enforced by a series of vivid, marvellously appropriate illustrations. It seemed impossible that any should remain unmoved, and few did. After the fierce lightning of God's vengeance and the thunders of the law on those who finally reject his salvation, it was sweet to come down into the valley and be refreshed by the heavenly breezes of his grace in Christ. Sinners had been warned in tones of terrible denunciation; now the penitents were pointed to Christ as a covert from the storm, a safe hiding place until the tempest should be over-past; and Christians were encouraged to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. It was a wonderful hour; there was a word for every one, and the Holy Spirit was ready to seal the truth to the hearts and consciences of those who heard.

After the address was over, those who had lately found Jesus were requested to arise, and several hundreds rose, while, "I love Jesus! I love Jesus! I love Jesus!" rose in a great wave of melody over the congregation. Then those who were anxious about their souls and desired the prayers of Christians were invited to rise, and finally Christians stood up; and then you could only see here and there through the vast assembly, one sitting. We all stood while the remainder of that precious though simple little hymn, "I love Jesus" was sung, and then Mr. Hammond read a series of requests (written ones) for prayer, and as each one was read, a short pointed petition followed.

This closed the meeting proper; but all anxious ones were invited to remain, and Christians were invited to stay and talk and pray with them. Several hundreds staid, and the inquiry-meeting was organized. It was conducted with great order and solemnity. Eight ministers and many other Christians went from pew to pew, talking and praying with inquirers, but nothing was heard save here and there from some distant corner of the large building the echo of that beautiful hymn, "Happy day," and it is believed that not a few could sing from their hearts.

"This done is the great transaction's done!
I drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine!"

The meeting did not close till a late hour, but there seemed no haste to leave the precincts of a place where so many souls had struggled into life, bursting the fetters of sin, and becoming more than conquerors through Him, who having loved them, is pledged to love them to the end.

This is not a picture of a single meeting, but of many, and we hope a type of many more. Again we beseech of you to pray for Montreal. Dear Mr. Hammond is much exhausted. The constant draft on his energies is telling on his naturally vigorous constitution. He needs rest, but there seems no stopping-place. Souls are perishing, time is rapidly retreating into the eternity of the past, and the eternity of the future is fast hastening on. Soon the working time will be past; soon there will be no more warning for sinners, and it becomes Christians to work while it is called to-day. Mr. Hammond feels this, and does not slumber in any garden of delights. Let us pray for him that he may be a workman who shall not be ashamed in the day of the Lord Jesus.

It is literally true that between 3000 and 4000 persons have crowded into this largest Protestant church in Canada. I think I have not overstated anything in reference to the meeting.

Mr. Hammond leaves shortly for the city of New York, where work is waiting for him. And with Christian sympathy, believe me, my dear friend, truly yours,
JENNIE E. HAIGHT.

LESSONS OF MEN'S LIVES.

George Brumwell entered the fashionable world as the age of twenty-one, with a princely fortune at his command. He gave himself wholly and entirely to the cultivation of the highest tastes of fashionable life. He spent \$4,000 a year on dress alone, and so refined was his manners and grace, that he came to be admitted to the highest circles of the nobility, and the "Prince Regent," says his biographer, "would occasionally attend his dressing room for an hour in the morning to watch the mysterious grace with which he discharged the duties of his toilet." Years passed away, and this man's fortune was spent. His friends then deserted him—he fled

to the Continent—began his bread in the streets of Paris, and died in a lunatic asylum. He had sold the wind—he repeated the whirlwind; and with him the fashions of life were found to be "vanity of vanities and vexation of spirit."

The great Duke of Marlborough accumulated a million of money, and died in wretchedness of mind, while his property went to enrich a family who were looked upon by him in his lifetime as his greatest enemies. A Scottish nobleman took a friend to the summit of a hill on his property, and told him that all he could look on was his own. "Surely your lordship must be a happy man," said this friend; to which he replied, "I do not believe that there is in all this vast circuit a more unhappy man than myself!"

The wealthy Colonel Charteris, when dying, said he would give \$150,000 to any one who could prove to his satisfaction that there was no such place as hell.

Blives, the miser, when dying, was found weeping with anxiety and grief because he had mislaid a five-pound note.

But of all men who have sought for enjoyment in riches, perhaps the case of the late William Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, in England, is the most remarkable. Inheriting a large fortune, he at first resided in Portugal, where he lived in a monastery, "the ceiling of which was gilded and painted; the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture; the tables decked with ewers and basins of chased silver." A stream of water flowed through his kitchen, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of living fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruit, in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them, hillocks of the finest wheat flour, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in varied abundance. The magnificent saloon in which he dined was covered with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in services of silver, and the banquet usually consisted of rarities and delicacies of every season from distant countries. When in England, he pulled down a splendid mansion, erected by his father, at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of money, to build an Abbey, whose towers, like the tower of Babel, might reach to heaven. A wall nearly twenty miles in circumference inclosed his mansion and grounds, and so costly were the furnishings of the place that its glories transcended those of oriental splendour. One who saw the Abbey and grounds says, "Gold and silver vases and cups are so numerous here that they dazzle the eyes, and when one looks round at the cabinets, candelabra, and ornaments which decorate the rooms, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vessels of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond." Such was Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, with his princely mansion, and an income of \$500,000 a year. But was he happy? No! He was wretched, and a reverse of fortune having unexpectedly come upon him, he was driven from his mansion, spent the last of his days in misery, and died, another painful example of the folly of setting the heart on earthly enjoyments, and proving again the truth of the wise man's words, "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

William Pitt, son of the great Earl of Chatham, was endowed with the rarest gifts of nature, and at the early age of twenty-four, was Prime Minister of England. "The mightiest intellects," says one who knows him well, "bent before him, and the highest offices were in his patronage. Each morning when he arose he was entitled to assert that in all the vast empire of England the sun never shone on none who was in reality, however he might be in name, more powerful than himself. And yet this great man, during his public career, was always wretched, miserable, unhappy." "He died," says a biographer, "in his forty-seventh year, on the anniversary of his very day on which he had entered Parliament. Oh, what a difference there was between the buoyant youth of twenty and the care-worn statesman of forty-seven! Before the eyes of one sparkled a long vista of political enjoyment and honors; before the eyes of the other were the anxieties and cares which had attended them when grasped. He had followed as his object in life, unscrupulous ambition, and he found it vanity and vexation of spirit," "and died," says Wilberforce, "of a broken heart."

Robert Clive was a mercantile clerk in India. He had a passion for the life of a soldier, and obtained an ensigncy in the army of the East. Here he rose until he became the conqueror of India, and had the treasures of the East poured at his feet. "The whole kingdom," wrote his father to him, "is in transports at the glory and success you have gained: come away, and let us rejoice together." He returned, was impeached by the House of Commons, and was so chagrined and disappointed that he took his own life.

Among those who have sought for happiness in the honors and excitements of public life, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator, is a melancholy instance of the folly of such a course. In the House of Commons, so powerful was the impression produced by his speeches, that members could not trust themselves to vote on any question on which he spoke, until the excitement had subsided. Yet this man died in wretchedness and want. His last words were, "I am absolutely undone!"

Turn we now to the field of literature. There we have in the foremost rank Sir Walter Scott. "Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history," says a contemporary of Scott, "did literary talent receive a homage so universal as that of Scott." His reputation was coextensive not only with the English language, but with the boundaries of civilization. In one year, two, his literary productions yielded him \$75,000. The King conferred on him a baronetcy, and wherever he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion at Abbotsford realized the highest conception of a poet's imagination, and seemed like a poem in stone. His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his enjoyments all that heart could desire. Yet he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old age he was a ruined man. When about to leave Abbotsford for the last time, he said, "When I think on what this place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all my family, I am an impoverished and embarrassed man." At another time he writes, "Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, and with no other wish than that it may open for me at no distant period." And again, "Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sickness came thicker and thicker; friends are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and

powers of activity, neither improved or enjoyed, is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length and close all." The long halt did arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put a pen into his hand, but his fingers refused to do their office. Silent tears rolled down his cheeks. "Take me back to my own room," he said, "there is no rest for Sir Walter Scott but his grave." A few days after this he died, realizing, in reference to all his fame, honor, and renown, the truth of Solomon: "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Cambell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age wrote, "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead—my only surviving child is consigned to a living tomb (a lunatic asylum)—my old friends, brothers, sisters are dead, all but one, and she too, is lying—my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world, and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died.

Charles the Fifth resigned his crown in despair of getting happiness on the throne.

Catherine of Russia, an Empress of the most ambitious character, sought for happiness in earthly glory, yet could not get rest in sleep from the torments of a guilty conscience. And many other cases might be adduced to show how true it is, as the poet says—

"Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown."

These are examples of the vanity of pursuing the mirage of life. The objects of pursuit, had they been sanctified and good, would have yielded happiness if rightly realized; for divine happiness is so constituted that, even as a madman being, he may possess much real enjoyment. Be it ours, then, to "set the affections on things above, and not on things below, that perish in the using; to lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;" so to run that like Paul, we may be enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."—Rev. J. H. Wilson, London.

"THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH AND YET INCREASETH."

A little book, entitled "Going Home," and given by a stranger, has been greatly blessed to the invalid. Should the giver wish to know further particulars, A. S. P. will be most happy to communicate by letter. A. S. P., No. 4, Marketed, Derby.

This was in the Times. Does it not tell the blessing of scattering to strangers? I was greatly led-out in prayer for a request in the Revival, a fortnight since, for prayer for a little book given.

Once, on the coast, when too ill even to read, I sat on the shore and prayed the Lord to send me some little service suitable to my feebleness. A respectable-looking woman passed me with such sadness on her face that I lifted up my heart, and prayed the Lord to draw her to my side, that I might try and comfort her. The woman passed me twice, looking earnestly at me, and at last timidly placed herself by me. I had soon her sorrowful heart laid bare. She was nurse to a wealthy invalid, was a backslider, but was living for years forgetful of her God; but was now in bitterness of soul, mourning for having forsaken Him who had shown her so much tender forbearance. I inquired of her if she had been newly awakened by anyone speaking to her. No, she never saw any one. Did she go to a place of public worship? No; half an hour was all she was allowed. A little book had been dropped down the area of the house. As she sat idly resting it caught her eye, and, to beguile the few minutes, she took it up. It was an arrow for her heart; from that moment the words of the little messenger never left her, until she returned to the Lord she had forsaken: We met again and again, and I had the joy of seeing my sorrowful stranger in peace before I left. Nor has it been in vain for me. As I scatter by the wayside, I feel it is Jesus, and He will take care of the harvest, while remembering my swift-answered prayer. A. S.

ANECDOTAGE.

(Selected and Original.)—By Zaphira Owen.

HAND BILLS.

I was called some weeks ago to visit a sick old man, who had regularly attended public worship, and I found him in a pious, happy state of mind. At the close of every visit, I left a hand-bill with him, for which he always expressed great thankfulness. It came out, however, a few days ago, that my old friend was eighty years of age, and that he could not read a single word! I was surprised; and I therefore asked him, "Why do you receive the tracts? What do you do with them? How is it that you told me so often, that they were so very good for you?" He replied, "O, sir, there were no Sunday schools when I was a lad; I was sadly let down all my life, because I could not read. But, thank God, I could hear, and I had a pretty good memory. I sent my children to school, and my grand-children have gone to Sunday schools. The son of my grand-daughter now reads the hand bills to me. If you turn that board, sir, you will see every one of them nailed to it. I thus keep them all clean and neat. This lad, when he comes home at night, reads them to me; and a glorious library, sir, I find my board to be. Every new bill adds to my store, and I bless the Lord for them all." I promised to fill the old man's board, which I shall do when I get the 12,000 hand-bills, which the society has promised me. I have also prevailed upon a barber to put up the hand-bills in his shop some time ago; and when a customer waits he is desired to read them. In many instances good has been done, and the man's custom greatly increased. He is a good distributor of hand-bills for me, for many who like the tract on his walls, beg copies of them to take home with them. He is very often clamorous for a fresh supply.

GOLDEN ENVELOPES.

A touching incident is related of a poor servant girl in England, who had spent the ragged schools and received spiritual benefit from the intellectual benefits from the catechism she was studying at the close of

hand, much to his surprise, a note containing a half sovereign, i. e., a gold piece of the value of \$2.50. Her entire wages were only \$40 a year. She offered this as a thanksgiving tribute to God for the blessing she had received from the schools, very modestly and beautifully remarking that it was not much, "But, sir, I have wrapt it up in an earnest prayer, and with many tears." Here is indeed a most rare and beautiful envelope. Would that our offerings as we lay them upon God's altar were more generally enclosed in such golden envelopes, "an earnest prayer and many tears." Sweet child, thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

When Oliver Cromwell entered upon the command of the Parliament's arms against Charles 1st, he ordered that every soldier should carry a Bible in his pocket. Among the rest there was a wild, wicked young fellow, who ran away from his apprenticeship in London for the sake of plunder and dissipation. Being one day ordered out on a skirmishing expedition, or to attack some fortress, he returned to his quarters in the evening without hurt. When he was going to bed, pulling his Bible out of his pocket, he observed a bullet-hole in it, the depth of which he traced till he found the bullet had stopped at Eccl. xi. 9; "Rejoice, oh young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk thou in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." The words were sent home to his heart by the Divine Spirit, so that he became a sincere believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He lived in London many years after the civil wars were ended.

"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID."

One Sabbath a sad-hearted teacher went to his class as usual. He was in a very desponding state of mind, just inclined to abandon his post in utter hopelessness of ever doing any good there, for no serious impressions seemed to be made on the minds and hearts of his children. They came week after week, and sat in their places with the same impassive appearance, going mechanically through their lessons, and seldom manifesting any interest in response to his earnest appeals. And his experience was often in close sympathy with that of the disappointed prophet: "Then I said, I will not make mention of the Lord, nor speak any more in his name; but his word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearance, and I could not stay."

So he spoke to them again, and one of his remarks in conclusion was to this effect: that "many come just to the door of heaven who will never enter it."

That very evening several of these children came to him, without knowledge of one another, to ask if there was any hope for them, and he found that more than one had for some time past been under deep convictions for sin, and were seeking that peace which Jesus alone can give! His desert was beginning to smile!

A REMARKABLE MEMORY.

The secret of Porson's great literary acquisitions, according to his account, rested in his astonishing memory. In his case, there was no learning a lesson, in the popular acceptance of the term—the merely reading the longest and most difficult task, imprinted it so firmly on his mind, that it never became erased; hence, at school, we find him scanning pages of Horace in his class, with an Ovid held upside down in his hand, the proper book having been mislaid. And in after life, if he had read a book one day, and an allusion was made to it the next, it was no uncommon thing for him to repeat whole pages of the work verbatim. He would not only say his biographer, repeat verse or prose from one edition of a book, but would, if necessary, revert to all the various readings and critical notes contained in various reprints, as if he had their pages lying before him. "Roderick Random" he could repeat from beginning to end, and he even offered to learn by heart a complete copy of the Morning Chronicle in a week. Basil Montague relates that Porson, in his presence, read over two or three pages from a book selected by Montague; then repeated what he had read from memory, and immediately afterwards, at a friend's request, repeated the pages backwards, missing only two words!

One other instance of this wonderful faculty deserves to be related: Rogers states that taking him once to Wm. Spencer's, he delighted a large party of the nobility by reciting an immense number of forgotten Vauxhall songs, drinking all the time. "He got very tipsy at last, and says Rogers, 'I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where, I am sorry to say, I left him sick in the middle of the street.'" His retentive memory was, however, far from being delightful to him on all occasions. "My memory," he said on one occasion, "is a source of misery to me—I can never forget anything which I don't wish to remember."—Chamber's Journal.

THE TRIAL-BALANCE.

"The trial balance," said the book-keeper, passing the merchant, his employer, a sheet.

"The trial-balance, repeated Mr. H., as he took it, with a nervous motion of his body.

"Yes," responded the clerk, turning away to his desk.

The fact is, it had been a very unprofitable year, and Mr. H. almost feared to see his trial-balance, while yet he wanted to know how he stood. It was on this account that his hand shook with a nervous tremor when he took it.

A single glance told the whole story, and a deadly pallor spread over his face. It was even worse than he anticipated. The clerk saw it not wordered. He made no remark, however.

It was too much for Mr. H. A long, dangerous fever was the result. Hour after hour the burning patient tossed upon his bed with a delirium, and ever and anon he would say, "The trial-balance," "The trial-balance."

He went down to the verge of the grave, and anxious friends waited to see him close his eyes in death; but he rallied.

When reason assumed its throne, and his mental powers grew vigorous again, his thoughts passed from the trial-balance of earth to that of the judgment.

"How can I meet it?" he inquired within himself.

"God's trial-balance!" said conscience.

"I know it," replied the merchant. "O, shall I be an everlasting bankrupt?"

He wept over his sins; and he who could not look upon the trial-balance of his business without turning deadly pale, was not afraid to see God's trial-balance in the day of retribution.—Thayer's Home

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS,
Wholesale and Retail.
Briek Building, No. 67 King st., St. John, N. B.
WILLIAM V. BARBOUR, ALEX. W. SEELY,
Particular attention paid to country orders. Dec 4.

R. S. STAPLES,
Importer of British and Foreign Dry Goods,
COTTONS, WOOLLENS, LINENS, WAHKS, &c.
Wholesale and Retail.
No. 88 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec 4.

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK,
(Successor to Charles Patton & Co.)
No. 55 PRINCE Wm. STREET.
Linen and Woollen Draper, Haberdasher, and General Importer of English, French and American Dry Goods.
Dec 4.

JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO.,
52 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.,
Importers of And Dealers in British and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Dec 4. (wt. 3y.)

HENRY McCULLOUGH,
Prince William Street,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Woollens, Linen, and Haberdashery, Silks, Laces, Ribbons, &c.; Tea, Sugar, and Tobacco. Dec 4.

HORSFALL & SHERATON,
42 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
Importers of Silks, Woollens, Linens, Cottons, Hosiery, Gloves, Carpets, Floor Cloths, Curtain Materials, and all kinds of Dry Goods. Dec 24.

A. & T. GILMOUR,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 10 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings. Dec 4.

JAMES S. MAY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
37 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.
Always on hand a good assortment of Cloths, &c.
December 4.

J. E. WHITEKIR,
Wholesale and Retail Clothier and Draper,
86 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, &c. every description.
Importers of Staple Dry Goods.
*Particular attention given to Custom Work.
December 4.

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, Cloths, Furnishing Goods, &c. &c.
*Garments made to order in the most fashionable style
by the best workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec 4.

WOOLLEN HALL,
JAMES McNICHOLSON,
Clothiers, and dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods,
No. 35 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Clothing made to order. Dec 4.

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

C. D. Everett & Son,
MANUFACTURERS OF HATS AND CAPS,
No. 15, North Side King Street, St. John, N. B.
Also—Agents for Singer's Sewing Machine. Dec 4.

CALHOUN & STARRATT,
(Successors to D. H. Hall.)
Manufacturers, importers and dealers in Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers. Also, Hats, Caps, and Furs,
Wholesale and Retail.
41 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Caps made to order at short
notice. Dec 4.

M. FRANCIS,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY,
No. 48 Prince William Street.
Dec 4.

Thomas Bell,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Brassica Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec 4.

FANCY BAZAAR!
A Page,
20 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
Toys, Portmonies, Dressing Cases, and a multitude of
Novelties. Dec 4.

ALBERT J. LORLIDY,
Manufacturer of every description of
Household Furniture and dealer in Looking Glasses, Feather
Sticks, Mattresses, &c.
Warehouses 53 & 54 Germain St. Cor. of Church St.
Dec 4. Steam Factory, Sydney Street.

LIVERY STABLES,
STOCKFORD & ROBERTSON,
Office—Corner of King Square and Sidney st.
Coaches at all the Boats, Depot, and at our Office, for ac-
commodation.
We have imported a Barouché, the best and latest style,
expressly for ladies making calls and driving out.
Dec 4.

"MAMMOTH LIVERY STABLES,"
Coburg Street.
BROWN & HAME, Proprietors.
Horses, Carriages, Sleighs, &c. of every description to
let. Extras furnished at shortest notice. Boarding Horses
kept on reasonable terms. A man will be found on the
premises at all hours. Dec 4.

The Queen Insurance Company,
FIRE AND LIFE.
Capital £200,000 Sterling.
Chief Office, Queen Insurance Buildings, Dale-st. Liverpool.
New Brunswick Agency—Office fronting Prince Street,
No. 3, Ritchie's Building, St. John, N. B.
Dec 4. GEORGE STYMEST, Agent.

O. D. WETMORE,
Life, Fire, and Marine Insurance Broker, Notary Public,
Office, No. 4, Ritchie's Building, St. John, N. B.
Agent for Star Life Assurance Society of London, and
Piscataqua Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Maine.
Policies issued on Demand. Dec 4.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B.
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John.
Dec 4. GEORGE THOMAS.

CHARLES E. BURNHAM,
UNDERTAKER,
Importer of Coffin Trimmings, and Furniture Manufacturer.
No. 55 and 57 Germain Street,
4 doors North of Trinity Church.
Coffins of all sizes on hand, in Mahogany, Walnut, and
Rosewood, and covered in Cloth, Velvet, &c. Dec 4.

M. N. POWERS,
UNDERTAKER,
No. 36, Charlotte Street,
Importer of Coffin Mountings of all kinds. Coffins in
Mahogany, Walnut, and General.
*Orders in Town or Country, executed with prompt-
ness by day or night. Residence over Warehouse. Dec 4.

JAMES SCRYNGER,
HORSE SHOER,
Goldman Hall, Saint John, N. B.
Dec 4.

CHAMOIS SKINS of good quality, for sale by
Feb. 23.—wv. I. R. INCHES, 30 Prince Wm. st.