

FAMINE, FEVER, AND FROST.
Who will open England's purse,
Till their golden stream
Flows where smokeless chimneys shadow
Engines hocking steam,
Where from million eyes is glaring
Hunger's wolfish gleam?

Who unto a head will gather
All these motions blind,
Stirring toward helpful action
England's heart and mind,
Bind them by united purpose,
Give them courses defined?

"I," said Famine, and she set her
Sternly to the quest;
Sucked the strong man's life-blood from him,
Drained the mother's breast;
Stripped the room and cleared the cupboard—
"There—'Pro donee best!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow;
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
Famine, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Fever, and she mustered
Grimly all her train,
Fiery tresses spreading madness
Through the blood and brain;
Famine was a faint heart—Fever
Will the victory gain!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow;
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
Fever, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Frost, and ere their season
For the work arrived,
Chills that nip man's life and nature's
In the blood and blade,
"Famine, never be baffled,
Frost was never gain-said."

Still the purses did not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow,
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
And now Famine, Frost, and Fever,
Rivalry forego.

Working hand in hand, if haply
They may open wide
England's purse, and send her riches
In a golden tide,
O'er the wastes where toll sits pining
At a cold hearth's side.

A JEALOUS GOD.

A SERMON DELIVERED MARCH 29th, BY THE REV.
C. H. SPURGEON.

"For his Lord, whose name is jealous, is a jealous God."—Exodus xv. 5.

The passion of jealousy possesses an intense force, it fires the whole nature, its coils are juniper, which have a most vehement flame; it resides in the lowest depths of the heart, and takes so firm a hold that it remains most deeply rooted until the exciting cause is removed; it swells up from the inmost recesses of the nature, and like a torrent irresistibly sweeps all before it; it stops at nothing, for it is as cruel as the grave (Cant. viii. 6); it provokes wrath to the utmost, for it is the rage of a man, therefore he will not spare in the day of vengeance (Prov. vi. 34), and it overthrows everything in the pursuit of its enemy, for "wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before jealousy?" For all these reasons, jealousy is selected as some faint picture of that tender regard which God has for his own Deity, honor and supremacy, and the holy indignation which he feels towards those who violate his laws, offend his majesty, or impeach his character. Not that God is jealous so as to bring him down to the likeness of men, but that this is the nearest idea we can form of what the Divine Being feels—if it be right to use even that word toward him—when he beholds his throne occupied by false gods, his dignity insulted, and his glory usurped by others. We cannot speak of God without using figures drawn from his works, or our own emotions; we ought, however, when we use the images, to caution ourselves and those who listen to us, against the idea that the infinite mind is really to be compassed and described by any metaphors however lofty, or language however weighty. We might not have ventured to use the word "jealousy" in connection with the Most High, but as we find it so many times in Scripture, let us with solemn awe survey this mysterious display of the Divine mind. Methinks I hear the thundering words of Nahum—"God is jealous and the Lord revengeth, the Lord revengeth and is furious, the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he will reverse wrath for his enemies." My soul be thou humbled before the Lord and tremble at his name!

I Reverently, let us remember that the Lord is exceedingly jealous of his Deity. Brethren, the whole history of the human race is a record of the wars of the Lord against idolatry. The right hand of the Lord hath dashed in pieces the enemy, and cast the ancient idols to the ground. Behold the heaps of Nineveh! Search for the desolation of Babylon! Look upon the broken temples of Greece! See the ruins of Pagan Rome! Journey where you will, you behold the dilapidated temples of the gods and the ruined empires of their foolish votaries. The moles and the bats have covered with forgetfulness the once famous deities of Chaldea and Assyria. The Lord hath made bare his arm and cast down his adversaries, for Jehovah, whose name is jealous, is a jealous God.

With what indignation, then, must the Lord look down upon that apostate harlot, called the Roman Church, when, in all her sanctuaries, there are pictures and images, relics and shrines, and poor infatuated beings are even taught to bow before a piece of bread. In this country, popish idolatry is not so barefaced and naked as in other lands; but I have seen it, and my soul has been moved with indignation like that of Paul on Mars Hill, when he saw the whole city given to idolatry; I have seen thousands adore the virgin, hundreds bow before the image of the Virgin, scores at prayer before a crucifix, and companies of men and women adoring a rotten bone or a rusty nail, because said to be the relic of a saint. It is vain for the Romanist to assert that he worships not the things themselves, but only the Lord through them, for this the second commandment expressly forbids, and it is upon this point that the Lord

calls himself a jealous God. How full is that cup which Babylon must drink; the day is hastening when the Lord shall avenge himself upon her, because her iniquities have reached unto heaven, and she hath blasphemously exalted her Pope into the throne of the Most High, and thrust her priests into the office of the Lamb. Purge yourselves, purge yourselves of this leaven. I charge you before God, the Judge of quick and dead, if ye would not be partakers of her plagues, come out from her more and more, and let your protest be increasingly vehement against this which exalteth itself above all that is called God. Let our Protestant churches, which have too great a savor of Popery in them, cleanse themselves of her fornications, lest the Lord visit them with fire and pour the plagues of Babylon upon them. Renounce, my brethren, every ceremony which has no Scripture for its warrant, and every doctrine which is not established by the plain testimony of the Word of God. Let us, above all, never by any sign, or word, or deed, have any complicity with this communion of devils, this gathering together of the sons of Belial; and since our God is a jealous God, let us not provoke him by any affinity, gentleness, fellowship or amity with this Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth.

With what jealousy must the Lord regard the great mass of the people of this country, who have another God beside himself! With what indignation doth he look upon many of you who are subject to the prince of the power of the air, the god of this world! To you Jehovah is nothing, God is not in all your thoughts; you have no fear of Him before your eyes. Like the men of Israel, you have set up your idols in your hearts. Your god is custom, fashion, business, pleasure, ambition, honor. You have made unto yourselves gods of these things; you have said, "These be thy Gods, O Israel!" Ye follow after the things which perish, the things of this world, which are vanity. O ye sons of men, think not that God is blind. He can perceive the idols in your hearts; he understandeth what be the secret things that your souls lust after; he searcheth your heart, he trieth your reins; beware lest he find you sacrificing to strange gods, for his anger will smoke against you, and his jealousy will be stirred. O ye that worship not God, the God of Israel, who give him not dominion over your whole soul, and live not to his honor, repent ye of your idolatry, seek mercy through the blood of Jesus, and provoke not the Lord to jealousy any more.

Even believers may be reproved on this subject. God is very jealous of his deity in the hearts of his own people. Mother, what will be said of you, if that darling child occupies a more prominent place in your love than your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Husband, what shall he say to you, and with what stripes shall he smite you, when your wife reigns as a goddess in your spirit? And wife, then shouldst love thy husband—thou dost well in so doing; but if thou exaltest him above God, if thou makest him to have dominion over thy conscience, and art willing to forsake thy God to please him, then thou hast made to thyself another God, and God is jealous with thee. Ay, and we may thus provoke him with the dead as well as with the living. A grief carried to excess, a grief nurtured until it prevents our attention to duty, a grief which makes us murmur and repine against the will of Providence, is sheer rebellion; it hath in it the very spirit of idolatry; it will provoke the Lord to anger, and he will surely chasten yet again, until our spirit becomes resigned to his rod. "Hast thou not forgotten God yet?" was the language of an old Quaker when he saw a widow who for years had worn her weeds, and was inconsolable in her grief—"Hast thou not forgotten God yet?" We may weep under bereavements, for Jesus wept; but we must not sorrow so as to provoke the Lord to anger, we must not act as if our friends were more precious to us than our God. We are permitted to take solace in each other; but when we carry love to idolatry, and put the creature into the Creator's place, and rebel, and fret, and bitterly repine, then the Lord hath a rod in his hand, and he will make us feel its weight, for he is a jealous God. I fear there are some professors who put their house, their garden, their business, their skill, I know not what, at seasons, into the place of God. It were not consistent with the life of godliness for a man to be perpetually overcome with this sin, and have to mourn over it. Brethren, set up no images of jealousy, but like Jacob of old, cry to yourselves and to your families, "Put away the strange Gods that are among you, and be clean." Let me warn those of you who neglect this, that if you be the Lord's people you shall soon smart for it, and the sooner the better for your own salvation; while, on the other hand, to those ungodly persons who continue to live for objects other than divine, let me say, you not only smart in this life by bitter disappointments, but you shall also suffer eternal wrath in the life to come.

Come, let me push this matter home upon your consciences; let me carry this as at the point of the bayonet. Why, my hearers, there are some of you who never worship God. I know you go up to his house, but then it is only to be seen, or to quiet your conscience by having done your duty. How many of you merchants aim only to accumulate a fortune. How many of you tradesmen are living only for your families. How many young men breathe only for pleasure. How many young women exist only for amusement and vanity. I fear that many among you make your belly your god, and bow down to your own personal charms or comforts. Talk of idolatry! They are here to-day! If we desire to preach to those who break the first and second commandments we have no need to go to Hindostan, or traverse the plains of Africa. They are here. Unto you who bow not before the Lord let these words be given, and let them ring in your ears—"The Lord whose name is jealous, is a jealous God." Who shall stand before him when once he is angry? When his jealousy burneth like fire and smoketh like a furnace, who shall endure the day of his wrath? Beware, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver. Dreadful shall it be for you, if at the last you shall behold an angry God sitting in judgment. Pause now and meditate upon your doom, and think you see the Almighty robed in tempest and whirlwind.

"His throne a seat of dreadful wrath,
Girt with devouring flames;
The Lord appears consuming fire,
And jealous is his name."
God save you for Jesus' sake.
(To be continued.)

THERE are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most harmful to the credit and interest of ourselves and others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done; and without the fourth opportunities of great advantages are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1863.

New Series, Vol. I., No. 21.

Old Series, Vol. XVI., No. 21.

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

It is strange that fathers do not perceive that their children do not understand or enjoy long prayers, in which the language is above their comprehension. Now family prayer is a home prayer, and the wants of the home circle should constitute the principal part of the petitions. Not that selfishness should be encouraged—any more in our worship than in our acts, but that all present should feel that the prayer is for them—that they may be truly obedient to God, faithful, at home, at school, or in business—kind, truthful, generous; that they have personally a work to do for the poor and for Jesus. Is it not done for God, out of love to Jesus. Is it not better that the language should be simple, so that the child of four years old can understand, than that it should be so lofty that none under fourteen can comprehend it?

I now think of a family where the morning and evening worship seems to be enjoyed by all, and all have a part in it. A portion of Scripture is read, and then any one present asks questions upon it. The children inquire about anything they do not understand, and the parents ask the children, to ascertain if they have been attentive. Then they sing a short hymn, or a Sunday-school song, and the father offers a short prayer that is simple, earnest, and perfectly understood by children and servants, and the latter are remembered in the petitions, and seem to feel that they are a part of the family. They often close the morning prayer by all joining with the father in repeating the Lord's prayer aloud.

I fear that still in many families the worship of God is considered a burden and a hindrance. Now let parents think of this, and ask themselves if the fault does not lie partly with themselves! Make it a cheerful service—not long and prosy; but let your children see that your heart is in it, that you love to pray with and for them.—N. Y. Observer.

TRUE RELIGION.

True religion is two-fold. We say true religion; for false religion, like false philosophy, is one-sided and partial. The two-fold nature of religion pertains to heart and life. The heart it makes holy; the life, blameless. It is faith and works. Not faith alone, which is Antinomianism, nor works alone, which is Phariseism; but a happy combination of both. His faith is fire that kindles his soul into a blaze; his works are the light of that heavenly fire. By faith we are justified; works prove the genuineness of our faith, for "faith without works is dead."

True religion is uniform. It is always and everywhere the same—i. e., ever mindful of its holy obligations. It does not content itself with singing hymns, making prayers, and feeling happy. It is sensitive to, and uncompromising with, sin. It makes all Christ's followers sworn enemies to sin. Be it in the church, or in the family, in the manners and maxims of the world—in the political, commercial, educational, or literary world, he is quick to discover, bold to denounce, determined to resist, courageous to fight, with all the weapons of this spiritual warfare—with prayer, argument, exhortations, threatening, warning, and persuasion, all the powers of darkness. A sworn foe of the devil, a loyal citizen of the kingdom of heaven, he is once and always right, for he is always on the side of truth against error, of mercy against cruelty, of freedom and justice against oppression and wrong, of loyalty against treason, of Christ against Belial, and on the side of Christ's church against the world as the realm of Satan.

ROBERT HALL.

The settlement of Mr. Hall at Broadmead Chapel brought great relief to the dissenting interest at Bristol. Strangers from all parts flocked to hear him on Sabbath mornings. I lost but one hearer, my own servant, whom I recommended to his church, as she had been benefited by his ministry. He was so pleased at this on my part that he said: "Mr. Leitchfield, it shall be fit for me; you have recommended your servant to attend my ministry, I have recommended my own daughter to attend yours." And this she did constantly. I contrived to hear him often on Thursday evenings, and was always delighted and edified. We went together to a great number of anniversary services, and I enjoyed much of his conversation. At first I thought it would be difficult to preach before him, but I found him so kind and candid, and sometimes even commendatory, that at length this difficulty wore off. I learnt from him that most of his great sermons were first worked out in thought, and inwardly elaborated in the very words in which they were delivered. Thus they were held so tenaciously in the memory that he could repeat them, *verbatim* at the distance of years.

He ridiculed the delusion of those who supposed that the perorations of his sermons were delivered impromptu, observing that they were the most carefully studied parts of the whole discourse. We were present together with several ministers at the opening of Mr. Hall's new chapel at Bedminster, on which occasion Doctor Chalmers preached the morning sermon. The preacher of the evening, not being a favorite with Mr. Hall, he begged to be left to himself in the house. After a long service we returned, and I asked him if he did not feel weary of solitude. "No, sir," he replied, "I have been well occupied; I have read the whole of Doctor Watts' Psalms and Hymns quite through, sir—every one of them, sir—a thing I never have done before, nor even thought of doing—every one of them, sir, I assure you."

He observed, respecting a sermon preached by a Baptist minister at Broadmead Chapel, on the discouraging signs, and then the encouraging ones in the present condition of Christianity in this country, that it reminded him of a man driving two pigs to market, when one every now and then got behind the other, until the man whipping them up alternately brought them both in together to market. He could be blunt, and almost insulting. A Baptist minister of Bristol who had travelled with him in Wales, where they had heard Christmas Evans, a celebrated Welsh preacher, was listening to Mr. Hall's vivid description of the power of that extraordinary man's address, appearance, and preaching. "But, sir," observed his companion, "you remember that he had but one eye." "One eye, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hall; "why, sir, if I had a thousand such eyes as yours, I would give them all for that one." A story is also told of a journey from Bristol to Wells in company with Mr. Hall, who was a great smoker. He descended at a blacksmith's shop to re-light his pipe. Making his way to the forge, he jumped aside with unwonted agility, when a huge dog growled at him. When he returned to the carriage, Mr. Leitchfield observed, "You seemed afraid of the dog, sir." Mr. Hall instantly rejoined, "Apostolic advice, sir. 'Beware of dogs.'—Life of Dr. Leitchfield.

"LIVED BEYOND HIS MEANS."

A few days since the business community of Boston was started by a report that Mr. Shedd, the cashier of the Bank of Mutual Redemption, had proved a defaulter to a large amount. It was found true in all but the amount of the defalcation which was only about \$10,000—not enough to injure the bank materially, but many times enough to ruin the cashier. The Boston Journal gives an account of the affair, and winds up with the following reference to him: "Mr. Shedd has heretofore borne a high character, and has filled many offices of trust in Roxbury, where he resides. He was regarded as an exemplary man and an excellent citizen. His unfaithfulness in the instance will be a matter of surprise and sorrow to a large circle of friends. He has been excommunicated from the Baptist church in Roxbury, of which he was a member, and it is understood has left the city. Living beyond his means is reported to be the cause of his lapse from integrity."

We wish the lesson taught by the last sentence of this sad record might burn its way so deep into the memory and conscience of every young person about to "start in life," as never to be forgotten or unheeded. Some have fondly dreamed that the necessities of the war would cure us of extravagance, and teach us economy. But experience only justifies their dreams in part. As a nation, we have by no means thoroughly reformed. Go where you will, the same reckless passion for show and luxury confronts you. Learning to economize, are we? Does the furniture of our parlors show it? Does the array of servants, plate, and costly but indigestible knick-knacks, which grace our fashionable entertainments, show it? Do the windows of our shopkeepers and milliners, and the prices paid by the multitudes that throng them, show it? Alas for the hopes of those who have trusted to this to bring back professedly Christian and Republican households to the measure of Christian and Republican simplicity. The very rise in prices has not to a few been only a strengthening of the temptation to live extravagantly. And in a larger proportion of cases than before the war, the customary yielding to this temptation involves "living beyond their means."

For ourselves, we confess we have little hope from any other remedy than genuine moral principle. When men come to feel that living beyond their means is sheer dishonesty, we may expect they will cease. And what else is it? What right have they to use what is justly due another, for the gratification of mere appetite or vanity? What right to try, upon a salary of 600 dollars, to ape the pomp of their neighbor Flashy, with his salary of \$1000, and in so doing leave themselves unable, by two or three hundred dollars, to square accounts with their creditors? They hope to earn the balance before it will be called for, but what assurance have they that death or misfortune will not blast their hopes and leave those creditors to suffer by their folly? Again we ask, what right have they to run such risks? And this, too, aside from the question, if they have any right to expose themselves to such temptations as ruined Mr. Shedd. Should they escape and conquer these, we cannot see so great a difference between themselves and him as they suppose. His dishonesty was only a little more direct than theirs.

"Live beyond your means?" No, never! If you value peace of mind, a clear conscience, and escape from penury in sickness and old age. Rather, live within your means, both for your own sake, and for the sake of the causes of Christ and humanity, which such a course will enable you to aid.—Morning Star.

DEACON OSGOOD'S COW, "BET."

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

There was no more honest, plain and sincere man in the whole valley than Dea. Osgood. He lived in a small, remote place named Morley. His inhabitants were few and sparse. They had a small, shut-up meeting-house in which they occasionally had a religious service, when any wandering son of Levi happened along, and was willing to give them a sermon. But they had no minister, and the house grew shabby, and the school was run down, and the people indifferent to religious things, and every thing had a kind of mullen-stalk look, poor, and dry and discouraged! There was no public spirit, and the place seemed to be fast becoming drift-wood, compared with the fresh trees of a fresh forest. Dea. Osgood mourned and sighed alone. At last the genius of goodness seemed to whisper in his ear, "Dea. Osgood, are you going to let things go to ruin—the whole of Morley—body and soul?"

"What can I do?"
"Act."
"Yes, but I can't act alone, and the people won't stir. They are all dead. What can I do?"
"Make up your mind what is best for them, and what they ought to do—and then—make them do it!"

Dea. Osgood sat up that night alone very late. What he thought, has never been known. He is not a talker. But early the next morning he had old Kate harnessed, and before night, was thirty miles from home. And late he sat up in talking with his friend, the Rev. Jonas Faithful. I don't know what he said, but Mr. Faithful told his wife the next day, that he never heard eloquence before!

Esquire Turpenney was "the most influential" (as was said) and the richest man in the town. He loved money, and he loved land, and he loved cattle, and he loved anything that was property. But he did not love religion, nor ministers, nor Sabbaths. He professed to be an unbeliever, and yet he had quite a respect for Dea. Osgood. "The Deacon," he used to say, "is narrow-minded and superstitious, but he's consistent!"

The Deacon went to see Esq. Turpenney. A small part of their conversation only was heard. "Now Deacon, that's all moonshine. You know I don't believe in these things, and I consider ministers a kind of moth upon society—worse than useless! I don't believe it, and I would not give that for it all!"—and he snapped his fingers smartly.

"But, Esquire, the place is all running down? I know it, and if you will bring in something productive—a real Producer of property, I'll do something handsome."
"Well, Esquire, if you will agree to pay twenty dollars a year for five years—"
"And that's a round hundred!"
"I know it, sir. But if you will agree to pay twenty dollars yearly for the five years and then if I cannot show that the place is richer in property than all we have paid the minister, I pledge myself to refund your hundred dollars!"
"Yes, but who shall be the judge?"
"You shall."

"Well, Deacon, if you are not a saint you have 'the perseverance of the saints.' And to show you that I don't want to be mean, I now say, if the end of five years, I allow the town is as much richer as all his salary, I will give you the best cow I have in the world!"

Dea. Osgood made out in his own mind what each man could and ought to give, and then went and persuaded each man to do it. In one week he had his salary subscribed, and then after a few more interviews with his friend, in a few weeks it was noised through the region that Morley had waked up, and had got a very nice minister—and it was said that Esq. Turpenney did it all! The Rev. Jonas Faithful was the new minister.

We pass over five years. We only say the whole face of the place was changed. One day as Dea. Osgood was passing, Esq. Turpenney called to him, saying he had some business with him. So the Deacon went in. There was a curious twinkle about the Esquire's eye, but he looked awful grave and solemn.

"Well, Deacon, do you remember our bet?"
"Bet, sir, I never 'bet' in my life!"
"We won't be particular about words. But didn't you engage to pay me back my hundred dollars it, at the end of five years, I was not satisfied that your minister had added to our property more than his salary?"
"Yes, so I agreed."
"And I was to be the judge?"
"Yes, so I agreed."

"Now, then, I am on the bench, please to prove to the court, what you engaged to prove."
"Very well. But before I begin, I want you to acknowledge that our minister has been true to his profession, and has not let worldly affairs divert him or injure his usefulness."
"I allow that."
"I want you to allow that instead of trying to make money, he is not worth a dollar more than he was when he came."

"I allow that. But remember that we have paid him \$2,500, in the five years!"
"Be it so. Now for our figures. You will be candid. How many apple-trees are now growing in the place, more than there were five years ago?"
"I made an estimate yesterday. I think all of two thousand."
"And how much more than their cost are they now worth?"
"I would not sell mine for a dollar each. But we will say fifty cents each."

"Well, Mr. Faithful as everybody allows, was the means of introducing these. Put that item down at \$1,000."
"That's fair."
"What say you to Joe and Sam Hardup? They were drunkards, they were just on the edge of ruin. The minister labored with them and got them to sign the pledge, and they are now sober, industrious citizens—I say nothing about their having joined the church. But how much more is each of their farms worth now than five years ago?"

"At least a thousand dollars."
"I should say more. But you are judge. Put it down at that, and there are \$2,000. Then he persuaded Ned Conklin to go to the Shakers and take on shares, two swarms of bees. And now how many swarms do you suppose there are in town? They did not cost a cent in money."
"I suppose there are one hundred—"
"And that number at \$5 the swarm, is—"
"Five hundred dollars."

"And he taught and urged Tim Sweetser to make maple sugar, and he has sold \$100 worth. And now, Esquire, how much more are your Ayrshire cattle worth to you, than was your stock before Mr. Faithful called your attention to this breed?"
"Perhaps \$500."
"I'll stop here. How much do you make the gain to the town by this reckoning?"
"Four thousand and six hundred dollars! Who would have thought it?"

"Now, Esquire, I say nothing about the spiritual good resulting—such as the conversion of your sweet daughter Lucy, and your son James, now fitting for College, with three more from this place—all hoping to be ministers! You know it all. Shall I pay you back the hundred dollars?"
The Esquire rose hastily. His chin quivered. He only said—"I am satisfied," and left the room, and the deacon went on his way.

The next morning the Esquire's best cow, "Bet," was found in the Deacon's yard, and another in the minister's yard, each with a kind note tied to her horn—a token of regard from her late owner.

The people all wondered how it was that the Deacon and the minister could get the two best cows the Esquire had, when nobody else could get one for love or money! But the Deacon kept his own counsel, and everybody said "the Esquire is the most influential man in town, and he got the minister."

But good Deacon Osgood thanks God, and is only afraid he is too well paid in this life—otherwise he has great enjoyment in his favorite cow, "Bet."—Rev. J. Todd.

THE TORN TRACT.

Leigh Richmond, in walking up a hill to relieve the horses of the coach in which he was travelling, distributed several tracts to such persons as he chanced to meet. One was received and torn in two and thrown upon the ground. A fellow-traveller smiled and said—
"See how your tract is treated; there is one, at least, quite lost!"
"I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Richmond, "at any rate, the husbandman sows not the less that some of the seeds may be trodden down."

Reaching the top of the hill, and turning round to view the scenery, they saw that the wind had carried the torn tract over into the field among the haymakers, and that one of them was reading it to the others. The devil had done his work imperfectly, as the two parts of the tract were held together by a thread; and in hindering one man from reading it he had introduced it to a whole company. The reader of the tract was led to reflection and prayer, and became an earnest Christian and tract distributor. Three others soon became diligent laborers in the Master's vineyard.

Pass the tracts along; they will not be lost!

WHITHER BOUND?

A noble ship is fully freighted with a rich cargo. Her sails are set, the wind is fair; she is sailing swiftly on the broad ocean, everything bemoaning her onward progress in a prosperous voyage. She is hailed by another vessel:
"Ship ahoy! whither bound?"
"Nowhere!"
The question is supposed to be misunderstood, and is repeated. The answer comes:
"Don't know."
"Have you a captain?"
"Yes, but we don't mind his orders."
"Have you a chart, a compass, a chronometer?"
"Yes, but we never use nor look at them."
Young man, outward bound on the ocean of life, how does this compare with your experience, your prospects, your destination as an immortal being?

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CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
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Address all Communications and Business
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No. 7, King's Square, Saint John, N. B.
E. W. FLAGLER, Proprietor.
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. Dec. 4.

WAVERLEY HOUSE,
No. 73 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
JOSEPH SCAMMELL, Proprietor.
REVERE HOUSE,
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated upon
the most reasonable terms. THOMAS TREMANN,
21 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

BALDWIN'S EXPRESS,
Running on the E. and N. A. Railway, Carrying Her Ma-
jesty's Mails from Saint John to Shediac,
Connecting at Saint John with Expresses to the United
States, Canada and Fredericton, and at Shediac with Stea-
mers and Stages for Richibucto, Miramichi, and Prince
Edward Island.
Goods sold, and Notes, Drafts and Bills collected.
Office in Saint John—98 Prince Wm. Street. H. W. BALDWIN.
Dec. 4.

TURNER'S AMERICAN EXPRESS,
96 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Dec. 4. D. W. Turner, Proprietor.
GEORGE NIXON,
66 King Street.
Importer and dealer in Paper Hangings and Window Glass.
Dec. 4.

J. & A. McMillan,
Bookellers, Publishers, Printers, Binders, and
Paper Rulers,
78 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

WOOLEN HALL,
JAMES McNICHOL & SON,
Clothing, and dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods,
No. 25 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 fash-
ionable style by the best Workmen at the shortest notice.
Dec. 4. SAMUEL WILSON.

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 Grenville Street, St. John, N. B.
Always on hand a good assortment of Cloths, &c.
December 4.

J. E. WHITTEKIR,
Wholesale and Retail Clothier and Draper,
86 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every description.
Particular attention given to Custom Work. Dec. 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.

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.

M. FRANCIS,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER
No. 48 Prince William Street.
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.

G. F. THOMPSON,
57 Dock Street, Saint John, N. B.
Importer and Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, Brushes,
Manufacturer of Stained Glass for Churches, Side
Lights, &c. Dec. 4.

THOMAS M. REED,
Apothecary and Druggist,
Corner of North Market Wharf and Dock Street, Saint
John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

WILLIAM O. SMITH,
Druggist,
Market Square, St. John, N. B.
Prescriptions carefully prepared. Sea and Family Medi-
cines neatly fitted up.
N. B.—Keeps constantly for sale Medicines, Spices, Per-
fumery, Surgeons' Instruments, Paints, Oils, and Colours,
Brushes, Dye Stuffs, Seeds, Flax and Fancy Stuffs, &c.
Country orders speedily and carefully executed.