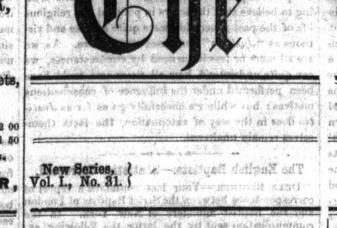


Lynn. THE PERPETUAL THANKSGIVING OF A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

we can be always rejoicing. In saying, "Pray without ceasing," he does not mean that we can always assume the attitude of praying, but that under the conviction of God's perpetual presence there may always be a ceaseless aspiration which would render our life one constant prayer. And so in our text, "In everything give thanks," he does not mean outwardly and formally we are to thank God for everything, but that there may be an inward spirit of trust which would transform our lives into one perpetual hymn. And yet, ac-cepting the injunction in that spiritual light, it has not lost one hair's-breadth of its real difficulty. For when Paul says that in all things we may feel thankful, he meant "all things" to be used in its broad and obvious meaning. He meant, therefore, that everything God sends us is to be accepted thankfully ; that toil or rest-success or failure-the events that cheer, or those that overshadow us with gloom, are to be received not merely in submission, but with absolute thanks, as the best and wisest thing that could occur. Manifestly one source of the difficulty of attaining such a state of thankfulness lies in the constant changes of the soul's life, which are produced by temperament and circumstances. There are pe-riods of life when it is comparatively easy to be thankful. ... There are days of sunshine when the pulse of health is strong and free, and bare existence is a joy, when all nature seems to sing one song, and the very "trees of the fields clap their hands;" and then the soul chants gladly its hymn of thanksgiving to the Father. There are other times not joyous, but sad, in which we readily give thanks too. There are hours when the shock of some trouble has passed, and the sorrow seems holy, and we can trace the glory of eternal love behind its veil. There are hours of solemn meditation, in which we get some deeper vision into the Divine meaning of our life, and can see how through the years we have been led wisely, and sheltered by the shadow of the everlasting wing; and in these times we can say, not loudly but very quietly, 'Father, I thank thee for all.' But yet there are other periods, arising from the changing states of our spirits, when to give thanks in sincerity is one of the hardest tasks of tife. There are days of dreariness, when our life seems one round of work, without meaning or end; and then the song of praise dies amid the aring mill-wheels of toil. There are day of coldness, in which the spirit's wings will not unfold; or if they do begin to soar into praise, the cold blasts of earthly temptation, or the loudly sighing winds of doubt, beat us down again to the world. And need I tell you that that disappointment and weariness will so wear the heart that the burdened quivering spirit for the moment loses all its trust, and can raise no hymn and feel no thrill of joy ?" But apart from this it is shown there are two great sources from this it is shown there are two great sources of difficulty which are permanent, and underlie all changes of the soul—namely, "our fancied knowledge of life, and our unbelieving distrust of God." Concerning the latter it is beantifully observed—"We are afraid to recognize his presce everywhere, and when we do see it we are afraid to trust him perfectly. The proofs of this lie close to our daily experience. We see it, for instance, in the fact that men scarcely dare to believe that God is acting through every little force in nature, and through every trifling change in their career. When He breaks in upon us in life's greatest sorrows, or flashes out on all men through some mighty calamity, we stand awed, and say, 'God is near;' but we are afraid to be-lieve that, when life is moving on quietly through its common round of dreary toil, and no great sorrows break its sameness, and bring us face to face with the Divine, I say we were afraid to be lieve that then, amid the quiet work and forgotten mercies of each day, God is acting, moving, breathing, through our life; and because we do not believe it, it is hard in all things to be thankful." ANT PRACT THE ATO LIFE THE PERPETUAL PROVIDENCE OF A FATHER. Such was Christ's revelation of the eternal will. You know how he said that, and lived it, from the commencement of his ministry to its close. He could not see the falling sparrow cleaving the eastern sky, without telling his disciples "Not a sparrow falleth without your Father." He looked into the mild, beautiful ciples "Not a sparrow falleth without your Father." He looked into the mild, beautiful eyes of lilies, and saw the same hand fashioning them into grace and clothing them with glory, and asked men whether the providence that was thus about their path would not take care of and asked men whether the providence that was thus about their path would not take care of them i He watched the hair of youth losing its lustre, and turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre, and turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre in turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre in turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre in turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre in turning into the thin grey of age, its lustre interval the depth and indestructibility of Christian fellowship he God to number the very hairs on his children's heads. The life of Jesus, too, was one ceaseless, silent utterance of his belief in perpetual provi-dence. How often did he say, "My hour is not yet come"—as though the events of every mo-ment of his career were ordained by Almighty yet come "—as though the events of every mo-ment of his career were ordained by Almighty love. Did he not go through the world, whether men took up stones to stone him, or the people shouted hosannahs round his way;—equally fearless, as though he were sublimely safe until his last work were done? In truth, those grand words of his, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world; now I leave the world, and go unto the Father," are only the ex-pression of that profound faith in the perpetual presence of God, which not even the final cry of desertion could really teer from his and The back of the whole family of God." desertion could really tear from his soul. Take that revelation, brethren, of the will of God in hrist-realize it as true of your life, and then mark the result. If every moment, and every trifle of our history, are under the ceaseless pro-vidence of our Father, then where shall our ng end, or for what shall we refuse to be thankful f If in what we call special providences we see only here and there an outflashing of that eternal love that has brooded over us from the cradle—guided and sheltered us in ery trouble—and will be near us still when the adows of death fall on our way—I say, if God elessly arranges and watches over our man will dare to take one event God in, and say, "I cannot thank I

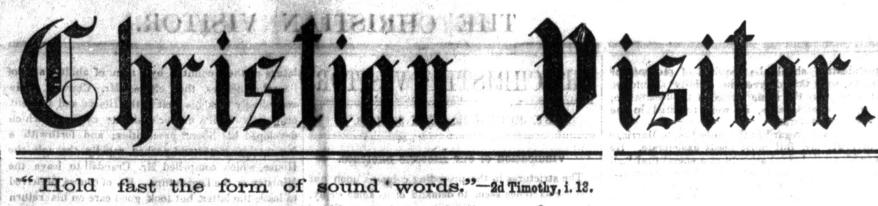
use that is Christ's



you regard it only from the side of time. But that life is explained by eternity. Through the apparent failure, and the dense agony, and the deep darkness of death, he rises to the everlasting realm; and then we see how that strange, sad, In saying, "rejoice evermore," Paul does not mean that we are to live always in bounding joy, but that there is to be the secret peace of God ever hidden in the heart, so that while sorrowfal ever hidden in the heart, so that while sorrowfal that the Father who ordained for Christ his strange dark way, is leading us on a way that must be dark until death shall lift the veil. Once more, I say, take that to your hearts as true, and then who will refuse to give thanks even for the darker things that have saddened his career? We know not what is the eternal glory. We know not what we need to prepare us for its splendour. We know only this, that the great multitude seen by the lonely apostle had all come out of "great tribulation"—that the eyes with which they gazed on the glory of the Lamb had been washed by the tears of human sorrow—that the voices with which they joined in the everthe voices with which they joined in the ever-lasting song had been trained by the quiver of anguish and the groans of woe—and that their white robes had been worn girt round their loins for many a year of earthly pilgrimage before they were loosened in that heavenly city. Look at the picture, Christian brethren, and then in front of that eternal light which shall explain room life and mine tall me whether it be not nosyour life and mine, tell me whether it be not possible to thank God in sorrow. O, verily ! it is shife to thank God in sorrow. O, verify 1 it is here in view of eternity that the question, "Is it possible to give thanks in everything?" finds its largest reply. Men ask, "Can you thank God for those who die young, with their hopes blighted, and their work undone?" Yes; for who can tell me for what nobler ministries in greater worlds, their brief life, with its disappointment and failure, was training them while here? "Can a man thank God for those most desolate of sufferers, who, crowned with the woe of widowhood, pass days and nights of silent anguish on beds of unceasing pain?" I say em-phatically, yes; for there are heavenly services which those disciplined spirits are being trained to fulfil, and before whose "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" these years of tribulation hat weight of givery these years of tribulation shall dwindle to a point in memory now fast vanishing away. Hence, then, we repeat, if we firmly believed in Christ's revelation of God's will, we should find it possible with Paul "in everything to give thanks." The discourse is closed by an answer to the question how this state of perpetual thanksgiving may be attained.

> CHRIST THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE. In a sermon from the text, "I am the resur-

rection and the life," we have such touches as



JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1863. SAINT

once a symbol of the law by which he should of foe and friend, Father, forgive them, they give life to humanity, and spoke it when he said, know not what they do ? "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground Again, are you asked t and die, it abideth alone; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." For years had the vines teachings into one beautiful discourse when he said, "I am the Vine, ye are the branches: here-in is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." And because the principle on which Christ taught—that there are deep similarities between the natural and the spiritual—is ever true we may learn most solemn lessons from the beauty of God's world. He who works in his kingdom of souls is working close to us in his kingdom of souls is working in the same way. So that the Christian who goes forth into nature in Christ's spirit will find that the whole visible cre-ation is a mirror of God—that all its changes are types of spiritual laws; and from that glorious world whence Christ drew his parable he may receive a new impulse towards the blessed life of heaven. The meaning of these words is so ob-vious as scarcely to require a word of explanation. It is evident that because Christ had told the disvious as scarcely to require a word of explanation. It is evident that because Christ had told the disciples that their life rose as deeply from him as the life of the branch springs from its union with the vine, so the fruit which they were to bear was a life of Christ-like deeds. Hence, the great teaching of the words is this-man's greatest power of glorifying God is a life of Christ-like action. This, then, is the truth with which those first disciples went out into the world, and it forms one secret of their success. That little band of men, who had just met together in an upper chamber, and learned to reverence Christ as their life, were the means of exerting an influence on which the modern church looks back in admiring despair, and wielded a spiritual might before which empires tottered and fell. It may be that their preaching was more earnest than ours; it may be that as persecution thinned their ranks, their band, though small, was always his way to Damascus-was one of instant contrue; it may be that when the great fact of re-demption was first proclaimed, it came with a She hastened home. She found her family asleep, freshness on men's souls which it now has lost: and saw in each child a never-dying soul, that her but all these causes are insufficient to account for own hand had rocked into deeper, fatal slumbers. the majesty and marvel of their power. It was Seized with an intense desire to have them saved, because they had learned that when they bore she could not delay the matter till to-morrow; fruit they glorified God—that when they became so many Christs in life, they preached the noblest sermon, that they progressed with such marvel-fous rapidity. Men found that, though Christ the midnight hour, with her children kneeling had vanished, his image was immortal. They learned that Christian love was no idle sentiment but the practical working of a charity that be-lieved in brotherhood. They saw that the sym-

Again, are you asked to contribute money to the cause of Christ 1 While some calculate how little they can give to satisfy their conscience of Palestine been uttering glorious things about the union of man to God: prophets had seen something of the mystery: but it was reserved for the greatest of prophets to gather all their finest teachings into one beautiful discourse when he

have received the nature as well as the name of believe. Christ than an anxious wish to save lost souls,

by two examples—pictures drawn from life. Years ago, and in a parish which I knew, there lived a woman notorious in the neighbourhood for profane swearing, habits of drunkenness, and manners rude; coarse as well as irreligious. She feared not God, neither regarded man, and trained up her children for the devil. One evening she happened to be within ear-shot of a preacher; and, as he was emptying his quiver among the crowd, an arrow from the bow drawn at a venture was lodged in her heart. Remarkable example of free, sovereign, subduing grace; she was converted ! Her case, as much as that of the thief on the cross, of the jailor at Philippi, of Saul on

burning Near by the dwelling where a mother roused

"I do indeed. I feel the wrath of God resting upon me, and I want to know how to appease that wrath, that I may be forgiven."

Edward's convictions of sin were so deep and his desire for salvation so yearning, that his pastor believed he had but to unfold to him the way of salvation through the atonement of Christ, and he would accept it without hesitation, and rejoice in a full and free pardon. "Your belief in Christ," he said. "is evidently nothing more than an intellectual assent to the fact that Christ came into the world to save sinners; whereas God claims the full consent of your heart to receive him as your own personal Saviour; and until you do this, you cannot in a saving sense believe in him. Your present anxiety arises from a consciousness of having violated God's law, which is holy, just, and good; and you seek to be reconciled to the God whose law you have broken. The Scriptures assure us that 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' That is to say, Christ's perfect 'obedience unto death,' the atonement made by him, is accepted of God instead of the righteousness of the sinner, which the law of God demands. You can add nothing to Christ's work; it is finished, complete in all its parts. All that you have to do is, only

As he purposely laid a lingering emphasis on these last two words, he was pained to see the flush of pride mantle that youthful cheek and the lip curl in scorn. "Only believe, only believe!" he exclaimed ; "do I understand you to tell me that I am to be saved without doing any thing myself, that will render me acceptable to God?"

The pastor now clearly saw that pride of heart was the obstacle keeping Edward from Christ, and resolved that he would press upon him this point of simple faith until he should see that it was the only door of entrance into the kingdom of heaven, and that he need cherish no lingering hope of working out a righteousness of his own.

After bowing their knees in prayer, the pastor ooked anxiously at the face of Edward, and was disappointed to read there only stubborn rebellion and unyielding pride. " Now, Edward," he said. "will you not receive this salvation as freely as God offers it? Christ has paid the penalty of your sins, and only asks you to take the pardon he has purchased. Do you, my young friend, accept his grace ?"

"No, sir," answered Edward with fearful emphasis; "I cannot take pardon as a free gift. I am willing to purchase it by any sacrifice or any service ; but I can never humble myself to take it for nothing."

"I am authorized to offer you no other terms," said the pastor sadly.

"I might then have saved myself the trouble of coming here in such a wild night as this," exclaimed Edward, as he rushed from the study even more hurriedly than he had entered it. The following day, as the pastor and his wife were at their morning repast, the click of a latch lrew their eves towards the parsonage gate. Edward was there, and a glance was sufficient to reveal the wholly changed expression of his countenance. "Oh, sir," he exclaimed as he entered the room, "Christ is a glorious Saviour : his salvation is a glorious salvation." "With what have you purchased it, Edward ?" lemanded his pastor. "Oh, it is its freeness that is its glory; I see it now. I was so full of rebellion against God's plan, and so angry at you for refusing to argue with me and insisting on the 'only believe,' that for a long time after I left you I was in despair. I did not see how my sins could be forgiven. After hours of sleepless agony, finding no relief anywhere, my pride yielded, and I cried earnestly, "God be merciful to me a sinner." At the same moment my heart gave its full consent to the truth I had so long resisted. Foolish boy that I was, to think I could purchase such a salvation by any poor services of my own." "Surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God," exclaimed the encouraged but humbled ambassador for Christ, as he entered his study to resume his work for the Master. Thirty years of Christian fidelity have proved the genuineness of Edward's conversion; and today his favorite hymn is, " Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee. Nothing in my hand I bring; Simply to thy cross I cling."

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B. The Christian Visitor Old Series, Vol. XVL, No. 31. Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR. DURLAND'S AMBROTYPE AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, Foster's Corner, King St., St. John, N. B. Dec. 4. C. FLOOD'S Photograph and Ambrotype Rooms,

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hese:--" Standing, then, by that first thing that strikes us is that Christ's greatest utterance on death was spoken on the first oceasion on which its dark question had come closely to his own soul. Elsewhere he had gone to meet death ; here it had come to meet him." "Into that inner circle of his friendship death had dared to come, and dash its awful question against the Saviour's heart." "These two mighty questions, 'What is death? Can it sever the friendships of life?' were questions that at the tomb of his friend confronted the Redsemer." "Christ showed that there was within him a life which death had no power to destroy-a life which in death had no power to destroy a ne which in death found its resurrection into greater fulness and freedom." The divisions of the ser-mon are an inspiration of genius — "Our life in Christ is a battle; through death it becomes a victory. It is a hope ; through death it rises into fulfilment. It is a spiritual fellowship; and by death that fellowship is made perfect and eternal." Such passages occur in it as the following. Speaking of the transforming power of the presence of Christ, Mr. Hull says :--- You see this in the first disciples. To those fishermen the storms that swept the Galilean lake had often been things of terror; but once Christ came across the crested wave, and his voice hushed its thunder to a great calm; and his voice hushed its thunder to a great calm; and henceforth every storm would seem holy with the memory of his presence, and there would be joy even in the wild darkness of the tempest, because they knew that in every tempest their Lord was emphatically near. The desert had often seemed to them a strange, unfriendly region, with its perpetual silence and its homeless wastes shut in by the eternal hills; but once they saw him feed the multitude there; and henceforth the very wilderness would be sacred with the memory of the human pity of the Sa-viour. Mount Tabor had long worn to them an aspect of sternness; they had heard the wind moan through its rocky gorges, and seen the says :---"It was just the depth and power of that fellowship which, in the first disciples, startled the world as a new thing. The world saw that between 'that glorious band of brothers' there was a link holier than the common ties of earth

GOD GLORIFIED IN HIS PROPLE.

No remark concerning the teachings of Christ can be more old or obvious than this—that the great majority of his illustrations were drawn from the world of nature. We all know that that greatest of preachers seldom spoke "in houses made by hands," but made the wide earth, with its arching sky, his temple—that he seldom found his texts in the book of law, but took nature as his glorious Bible; and from the fields and wells and harvests of his native land drew sons whose beauty is for ever fresh, and who wer can never die. But familiar though th fact may be, it implies a truth which we are ever prone to forget, viz., that there is a profound connection between the natural and spiritual

pathy of Jesus was living in his disciples, as, like him, they grasped the hand of the publican and sinner, of the outcast and the fallen : that the magnanimity of Jesus was expressing itself in his followers, as they bore scorn without reproach, and forgot self in the cause of humanity and God. There was a force in the silent speech of such Christ-like living which the world could not withstand. Men might ridicule their sermons and doubt their doctrines; they could not ridicule the beauty of their life, nor doubt its super-natural origin. In a word, it was Christ embodied Mothers, sisters, all who carry others in their in life; it was the bearing of fruit because they were one with the vine, that helped them to give glory to God. And the only way in which we can hope to reproduce the glory of that first age pierced with convictions; but she could find no in these modern times is by the same living manifestation of Christ. Our mightiest power for God's glory is the quiet influence of a life that bears the image of a Saviour.

Pulpit Delivery.

BY THE REV. DR. WAYLAND.

Suppose a lawyer at the bar should read his plea, or the speaker at a political meeting should read his speech, just as ministers read their sermons, would they be at all endured? Or suppose, that in an ordi-nary evening party, any one should attempt to converse in the precise tones of voice which men use in verse in the precise tones of voice which men use in the pulpit, would not the whole company stand amazed? When men preach without notes, it is not commonly as bad, but here there is commonly some evil habit or other which very much detracts from the effectiveness of the discourse. One speaks so rapidly that it is difficult to follow him; another drawls, another has a solemn ministerial tone, to which all his sentences are subjugated : one is unmoved while uttering the most solemn truth, or speaks so low that but few can hear him; another is boisterous from beginning to end, and as much moved while uttering the most common-place remark, moved while uttering the most common-place remark, as in delivering the most solemn announcement. Now, all this is unfortunate. Wheever attempts to improve a brother minister, should pay special atten-tion to these defects, and labour assiduously and faithfully to correct them. The great defect of all our speaking is the want of naturalness. When we become confined to written discourses, this is almost inevitable. Men cannot read as they speak. The excitement of thought in extemporary speaking awakens the natural tones of emotion, and it is these natural tones which send the sentiment home to the heart of the hearer. Any one must be impressed with this fact, who attends a meeting of clergymen during an interesting debate. There is no lack of speakers on such occasions, and no one complains speakers on such occasions, and no one compla speakers on such occasions, and no one complains that he cannot speak without notes. It is also re-markable that they all speak well; for they speak in earnest, and they speak naturally. We have some-times thought, if these very brethren would speak in the same manner, from the pulpit, how much more effective preachers they would become! In the pulpit we tend to a solemn monotony, which is very grave, very proper, very ministerial; but it is as wearisome to the vocal organs of the speaker, as to the ear of the hearer, and instantiations is decidedly wearisome to the vocal organs of the speake the ear of the hearer, and its tendency is de the ear of the hearer, and its tendency is decidedly soporific. We frequently hear a discourse delivered, even with a good deal of earnestness, and not a single word has been uttered with a natural tone of the voice. In order to impressiveness of delivery, how-ever, it is essential that a man aim at *immediate* effect. No man can be eloquent if he be affirming truth which may be of use some ten years hence. He thus excludes all use of the emotions, for there is nothing for emotion to do. His discourse becomes a mere abstract discussion addressed to the intellect, and having no bearing on present action. When Demosthenes closed one of his orations, the whole audience burst into a unanimous shout, uttering simultaneously the words, "Let us march against Philip." If he had contented himself with discussing matters and things in general, telling them what might be necessary to be done some time or other, they would have gone away quietly, remarking upon inight be necessary to be done some time of other they would have gone away quietly, remarking upor the beauty of his sentences, and the melody of his voice, and have complimented him upon the "success of his effort." Three days afterward, hardly any man in Athens would have been able to give an in telligible account of his discourse?

her children from their beds to flee, not from a house on fire, but from the fire that is never quenched, stood the cottage of one whose joy over a converted sinner carried us away to the heavens, where angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth. He had long been a Christian; not so his wife, from whose side he had often stolen in the dead of night to pray for her salvaprayers to the throne of grace, pray on! God's time to answer-the time to favour her at length came. She was smitten ; seized with anxiety ; peace. She walked in darkness and had no peace. She walked in darkness and had no light; and giving herself up for lost, once said, for instance, when her husband and she had lain down for sleep, If you should die before to-mor-row, it will be happy for yon; if I should, fare-well, an everlasting farewell—I shall open my eyes in torment! But the time of her redemption drew nigh. She had sown in tears, and was to reap in joy, A minister hearing of her dis-tress went to visit her. She was in the garden. Her husband left the house to call her. Who seeks me ! she asked. Without forethought, as if the words had fallen from heaven on his lips, he replied, Jesus Christ seeks you ? She started : an ashy paleness overspread her face : and, deeply affected, she followed him in silence to the house. There the man of God held up before her a bleed ing, dying, loving Saviour. Prayer followed, and praise followed prayer; for while they entreated God with strong crying and tears, the grave opened, and she that was dead came forth—to say, I confess that Jesus is the Lord ; and to sing

with Mary, My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour; for he hath regarded the low estate of his hand-maiden—he that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name. And what did you do? I asked the husband. Do, sir? he replied; I sprang to my feet; I clasped her in my arms; I exclaimed, This is our marriage day; and un-able to restrain my joy, I cried Hosanna to the Son of David! Praise him, all ye his angcls; praise him, sun, moon, and stars; praise him, all ye orbs of light By their fruits ye shall know them. Grapes

do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles-nor such fruits in any but renewed hearts. So to feel proves what no profession can, that the same mind is in us that was in Jesus Christ: nor is there room to doubt that if you bear such saintly and heavenly fruit, you are one with him who, communicating the influences of the Spirit to his people, as the tree does its sap to the bonghs, hath said, I am the vine; ye are the branches. Abide in me, and I in you.-Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

From the American Messenger. "ONLY BELIEVE."

A pastor, weary and sad, was sitting in his study at the close of the Sabbath services, painfully putting to his heart the query of the pro-phet. "Who hath believed our report?" while the too ready words would come answering back,

the too ready words would come answering back, "I have labored in vain. I have spent my strength for naught, and in vain." He was roused from his reverie by a hurried knock at the door, which before he could reach it was thrown open, and Edward B—, a youth of fifteen, entered the study. Pausing for no word of salutation or of welcome, he said abruptly and with impassioned earnestness, "I have come to ask what I must do to be saved." Startled by the suddenness of the visit and the agitation of his visitor, the paster could only reply in the words of the apostle, "Believe on the

DON'T BREAK THE SABBATH.

A young man lay tossing from side to side on straw bed, in one corner of a dark room in a prison. "What brought you here?" said one who went to visit him in his distress. "Breaking the Sabbath," said he, "breaking the Sabbath. Instead of going to the Sabbath-school, I went fishing on the Sabbath. I knew I was doing wrong; my mother taught me better: my minister taught me better; my Bible taught me better; my conscience reproved me all the time I was doing it; but I hated instruction and despised reproof, and here I am in prison. I did not believe those who taught me and warned me. I had no idea that it would come to this, but here am. Lost! Undone!"

But I hear some one say, "What harm can there be in taking a stroll in the woods or on the hills ? What harm in just sitting on the bank to fish ?" What harm | What harm ! Why this, God is disobeyed. He says, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment you resolve to have your own way, and seek your own pleasure, instead of obeying God, you let go of compass, rudder and chart. Nothing but God's word can guide you safely through this life. Forsake that, refuse to obey its teachings, and you are lost .- Vermont Chronicle.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by wellsprings of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rug-ged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by the most watchful circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dall prose of life, and a thirst for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and that poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from

Extensive Stabling attached, and experienced Host ers in attendance. here brach JOHN G. DAY. may 7-v

Morton's Hotel, Union Street. THE subscriber begs to inform his friends and the pub-I lic generally that he has opened the House on Union Street. No. 96, 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 mode-rate. Good Stabling, and a hostler in attendance. may 14.-vi GEORGE MORTON.

"NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE." No. 7, King's Square, Saint John, N. B. E. W. FLAGLOR, Proprietor. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. Dec 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. Importer of Staple Dry Goods. Particular attention given to Custom Work. nber 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 Nothing, 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 M'NICHOL & SON,

Clothiers, and dealers in Gent's. Furnishing Goods, No. 25 King Street, St. John, N. B. Clothing made to order. Dec. 4. Dec. 4. SAMUEL WILSON.

Tailor and Clothier. Sears' Brick Building, No. 28 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 WILSUN.

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MERCHANT TAILORS. No. 10 King Street, St. John, N. B. Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings.

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87 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. Always on hand a good assortment of Cloths, &c. MERCHANT TAILOR.

John Mullin's Boot and Shoe Factory. 18 South Side of King Street, St. John, N. B. -Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, of every des-cription-Wholesale and Retail. Constantly on hand-Mens', Boys' and Youths' Wellington Boots. Also-made to order at the shortest notice-Ladies' Double Soled Calf and Prunella Boots. A good assortment of Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags, constantly on hand at july 2-v 18 Kine Street, St. John, N. B.

M. FRANCIS. BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY No. 48 Prince William Street. 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. (Successor to D. H. Hall.) Manufacturers, importers and dealers in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, Also, Hats, Caps, and Fars, Wholesale and Retail. 41 King streed, St. John, Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Caps made to order J. F. SECORD. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, P tent Medicines, &c. APOTHECARIES' HALL, Dec. 4. No. 28 King's Square, Saint John, N. T. B. BARKER,

Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Drugs, Me dicines and Chemicals. GLASSWARE, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,

Brushes, Soaps, Perfumery, &c.; Saint John, N. E Dec. 4.

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Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Brushes, Artists' Materials, Dye Stuffs. Proprietor of Tonic Extract, Stove Varnish, Ammonia, Rosemary Liniment, Furniture Polish, Eye Ointment Compound Syrup of Boneset, &c.

