THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co.,

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

affords an excellent medium for advertising.

edilly as a CAPTAIN CHARLEY. "To think how in you sleeping town, Such happy mothers be, Who keep their many sons at home, While I—I had but thee."

There was sunshine in the room, and the breath of flowers. A golden-throated bird trilled notes of gushing, musical joy to the roses and made him think he was at home again in the they hoped, would do well. summer-isle round which the purple sea breaks murmurously, and where the roses bloom all the year. The carpet was gay. Nothing was sad there but the two faces—mother and son.

shall stay and work for me."

Charley looked up at her with eyes whose the eyes of her youth's love, Over such eyes with the impress of terrible pain on his facegrew the roses and violets of that same June of but saw him alive, in this world!

"What would father have said, mother?" as summer. If "father" was living, he would not have been the last to follow the "bugle-call." Yet she did not want to utter her own sentence of doom.

mer air, the downward swoop of wings, and to comes back no echo. feel upon her brow a touch of peace and healing. peace and security, which only the sacrifice of it, since he offered his life to the need of his the right could purchase! If this life were all but when the words spoken here must echo ends, could ever love and loveliness make her so him for the tears gathering in her soft, motherly blue eyes.

"Father would say 'go,' "she whispered, "and I must say what father would, must I not? I must prove myself worthy to have been his wife. But he is dead, and if I should lose you also, oh! whom have I left?"

Did Charley speak, or was it the voice of a strong angel calling down from the eternal

heights?
Mrs. Wayne bowed her head reverently, silenced by that word, by the thought of the love beyoud hope or longing which might be hers if she of it."
would. She dared not again call herself alone in the universe. She only put out her hand silently, and Charley took it.

"Never fear mother. All who fight do not fall. I shall come back to you, and you shall sit, when you are old, under my vine and fig tree, and tell your grandchildren stories of how their father helped to save the country."

"Heaven grant it!" she whispered, trying to be brave, and smile, as he left her to tell the boys of the Twenty First that he was ready to accept the lieutenant's commission that had been offered

It was a proud day when he marched away with his men. Even his mother, as she watched him from the window, and met the fearless eyes which softened into a glance of love as they saw her face, felt a thrill of exultation, a pride in her brave son, which for the time kept her tears back. But the tears came when she heard no longer the martial music that cheered him on-when the light, gay, glaring, pitiless, looked in upon her woe. She shut her window-blinds, and drew down her curtains; for the bright day seemed mocking her. Mute with sorrow, she sank upon her knees, as if there were prayer in the very attitude, and then, I think, Heaven comforted

To her soul, at last, came a great peace. She seemed to draw near the eternal life, and breathe its air of secure rest. She felt close, as she had never felt before since the summer day he died,

But the hardest trial came afterwards. For th extreme moments of life there is vouchsafed to our need heavenly manna; it is our daily bread that we have to toil and pray for. As the slow days went on, and she could not hear her bov's gay voice making the great house cheery—could catch no ceho of his laughter, no gleam of sunshine from his face—all her faith in heaven, all her belief that she had done right, could not ease her longing and heartache.

you believe they have gone home to a happiness beside which the brightest hours of earth fade into nothing. If you could, you would not take e responsibility of calling them back to the here of doubt and waiting; and yet

The least touch of their hands in the morning you kee Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and gazed at through

And if Charley Wayne had been dead, his mo-her would hardly have felt her solitude deeper han she felt it for the first few weeks after he egan to give her comfort. He was in an engage-cent now and then, and came through safely. She began to hope she would see him again. Before 1862 was over she heard of his prom-

Before 1862 was over she heard of his promotion—Captain Charley now; she had grown strong enough to feel glad and proud when she heard of it. She wrote him a cheerful letter of praise and congratulation, which he put next his heart, and wore more proudly than his new honors. He had never known—would he ever know !—a dearer love; his mother was still for him first among women



"Hold fast the form of

New Series, { Vol. I., No. 33.

beautiful the Virginia spring was; how the wild, bright blossoms were opening soft eyes to a softer sky, and the birds were singing a song of peace

out the raised verily by the Hall the real very beauty and lates

—peace, when for man there was no peace.

While she was reading his letter other tidings came; a long dispatch from one who knew and loved her boy; the story of an action, such as in heliotropes in the window below him. It did not sound like the song of a caged bird. Perhaps the sweet odor stealing up to him from the blossoms, the sunshine on his golden wings, stirred some slumbering bird-memory of his, and stirred some slumbering bird-memory of his, and

good Dr. Holmes, used to the horrors of the dis-They had been talking long and earnestly. secting room, made ready one whit more coolly Then for a while they had sat in silence, which the son, Charley Wayne, was the first to break. "If you were poor, mother, and really needed me, I would stay at home without saying a word."

Secting room, made ready one whit more coolly to start on his "search for the Captain" than she on hers for Captain Charley. I think she forgot nothing which he could need, and I do not believe a tear fell till all her preparations were over, and she sat in the cars on her way to him. What "My heart is poor—my heart needs you. You are to yall. For the rest, if it will keep you, I will sell all I have and give to the poor, and you when he saw the face which must be cheerful for his sake.

How the time went she never knew till she meaning always stirred her soul, for they were stood beside his bed-saw him white and weak;

"How you must have hurried, mother, to get here so soon! I did not expect you yet, but I The question found its mark. She well knew am glad you are here. They will cut my arm off whence came her son's quick courage, his eyes to-morrow. They can't save it. Sometimes such of earnest meaning, his heart true as steel, warm an operation proves fatal. I don't think it will an operation proves fatal. I don't think it will in my case. I keep up a good heart: but if I ment it paused. No nearer. A rope was unshould die, I should like to touch your hand and coiled. "Seize the rope," shouted the boat's crew. see your face the last thing in this world. First and last there's nothing like mother."

She did not speak for a little while. She seemed to see again the face of her lost love—to tired with her journey she did not know it. She Sinner, you too are hear his voice, which had, through the years of only knew that to-night he was with her-totheir life together, been at once guide and comfort. She almost seemed to hear, in the still sum- waters of that river from whose farther shore

As for him, secretly he expected to die; but a She looked up again at Charley. How strong he was!—handsome, noble, brave, just the stuff of in her presence, like a child lonely and tired who which heroes are made. Had she any right to finds rest in its mother's bosom. He did not fear deprive the good cause of the blows that that what the morrow would bring-if death, there stout arm could strike! After all, what were had never been a moment when he shrank from country.

The morning came at length, and with it the through the everlasting spaces, when the deeds hour which was to decide his fate. Firmly he done here must make or mar the life that never insisted upon sending his mother away. The moment there was any fear of death he told her weak as to purchase the present with the future ! she should be called; in the meantime he was re-She looked at Charley still, but she could not see solute to spare her the sight of his suffering. She resisted for a while, then yielded to the force of his will. She never could have known worse torture, however, than her waiting. Was it for hours or moments—she could never tell—that she sat there with shut eyes and clasped hands waiting for her summons.

> At last the assistant surgeon touched her arm "He has borne the operation, Madam, much better than we feared. We shall save his leg, though he may always be a little lame. His arm is off, and, according to present appearances, we think he will get well. His courage will go a great way-he never greaned through the whole

> She heard the words as one in a dream, clutch ing at one thought. Her boy was alive—likely to live. She tried to stand, and could not. She began to guess then what the extent of the fear had been, whose reaction was so powerful and exhausting. Soon she gathered again strength and composure with the thought that he was waiting for her, and then she went to him.

> Then she knelt by his bedside and felt his left arm, all he had now, touch her neck. The utmost exertion of her self-control could not keep back sobs and tears. Maimed and halt, her brave boy, of whose symmetry and strength she had been so

She little knew what bitter, despairing thoughts were struggling just then in his heart. When it was all over, he had just begun to realize how strong had been his unconscious hope to die. It would have been so much better, he thought than to live this helpless, disfigured hulk, shut out by fate from manhood's work and woman's noonday silence fell around her, and the noonday love. Her passion of tears did him good. Remembering how she loved him, he grew strong to live for her sake. Very gently he touched her hair as he said.

"Mother, you would rather have me as I am, than not to have me at all?" How that question stilled her rejoicings! How

many mothers had given to the good cause their all—how many were weeping at that hour mad, useless tears, which never thrilled the cold foreheads of dead sons! She had her boy with her never felt before since the summer day he died, still—she could touch his lips—look in his eyes—to Charley's father. She knew that she had done he could hear when she spoke. What had she what he would have counselled; and she to do with sorrow? What was it to give an arm, what he would have counselled; and she strengthened herself with his approval, as she had done so many times during their short life watch, when still she could keep her boy, her together. So she was strong, having tasted the brave, true boy? Smiling again through her

"Charley, God is good. I think how desolate I must have been without you, and even as it is I

Never had Captain Charley been so true a hero as when he put aside his own sorrow, the downfall of his hopes, the wound to his pride, and resolved to strive to live not only, but to be con-

In the days that followed she nursed him back to health again. Never, after that first hour, did either of them breathe a single regret. They accepted life with thankfulness, not protests; and I think at last Captain Charley grew even to be glad that he had been allowed to make his

sacrifice for his country so costly.

The last week of May she brought him hor The apple-trees were in flower, full of a pink whiteness of glorious bloom. The fields about whiteness of glorious bloom. The fields about their country-house were green; and again, as when he went away, roses and heliotrope nodded in the open windows, and the bird, thrilling to old memories of summer isles, thrilled over them a mutinous jubilee of sweet sounds, which the wild robins and gay orioles outside strove long-

And so, amidst birds and flowers and sunshin Captain Charley sat down again at home.

"My work is over now," he said, glancing patiently, not sadly, at the empty sleeve at his side. "Perhaps God thought you were the one,

> From the American Messenger. SEIZE THE ROPE.

Three years ago a party of five, two gentlemen and three ladies, crossed the Niagara River in a small boat, many miles above the falls. They One day, early in March, he wrote her how ry passage, spent a happy hour on the Canada

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THUI

side, and then embarked for their return. All went well until they neared the centre of the stream. Just then there came down upon them a fierce gale of wind, rushing them the mighty river. The boat shot forward. It was in the mad current. The men plied their oars. They were strong and stalwart; but a power stronger than theirs held them within that dark line of swiftly

They left the landing they aimed for behind them. They looked with speechless lips into each other's white faces. They knew that they were going down with the current. The oarsmen strained every muscle. If they could only breast the current for a while relief might come. One of the fragile oars snapped. One more hold gone Never a word was spoken. Death and eternity stared them in the face. Upon one solitary oar and one single oarsman hung five precious lives. Surely, very surely they were going down with the dark current.

Two of the five were Christians, and they give me the joyful assurance that when the first great terror was over, they fell back upon hope and faith, and that to them the near prospect of death was swallowed up in victory.

Suddenly, when the hands of the oarsman were bleeding and torn, when the signal of distress had long fluttered in vain, and the agitation and alarm had sowed the seeds of death in one fragile frame, a little boat was seen coming cautiously towards them. It turned back. It durst not venture too near. Not a word from the five. They seemed very near God and eternity.

Another and stouter craft put off, rapidly at

first, then very slowly. It must not come within An eager hand caught it. The stout craft shot rapidly off, and the rescued boat was drawn from

Sinner, you too are drifting swiftly and surely down a subtle current. A noble craft comes to your rescue. A rope is flung out to you. It is Jesus the mighty Redeemer. Seize that rope, and escape the destruction which awaits you. E. H. A.

A SHORT SERMON-THE GOOD FIGHT. "I have tought a good fight."-2 Tim. iv. 7.

The Christian's fight is a good fight-1. Because it is a good cause.

With the justice and reason of any war, our oldiers are supposed to have nothing to do these are to be discussed in parliament, but no in barrack-rooms. The theory of a standing army is such, that from the commander-in-chie down to the drummer-boy, the soldier is consi dered a mere machine as the musket in his hands This presents to many, one of the most serious and difficult questions as to the lawfulness of their profession. While we may feel no such scruples it ought to make us, as far as possible, to live peaceably with all men, and never, but as a las resort, appeal to the arbitrament of arms. Hov often have good men been found fighting on the bad side? and how often has the trumpet sum moned from their distant homes and peaceful oc cupations, those who had no quarrels to settle nor wrongs to complain of, to the bloody worl of slaughter; to destroy each other's lives, and to mangle each other's bodies, till, in that poor mutilated humanity, a mother would not know her own son! In war both sides cannot be right and the death of every man, therefore, who fall on the side that stands up for the right agains the wrong is a murder, on which the Almighty Judge will hold severe and solemn inquest-lay ing the guilt at the right door. But, however soldiers may come to regard themselves, or be regarded by others, as machines who are to obey orders without inquiring into the merits of the war, still a man is a man-he has what his arms have not, reason and conscience: nor can he. though he would, suppress their voice within him. I can fancy cases where he has little hear to fight. He is not sure that it is a "good fight.' Ordered to cut down one, who, though a naked savage, stands on the shore of his country to de fend it from aggressors, or on the threshold o his door to protect his wife and daughters from the hands of a brutal soldiery, the sympathies o a generous man cannot be on the same side as his sword. Now, if soldiers of the cross, you have formid

able enemies to contend with, you have an im mense advantage in this that your cause is just, and noble, and holy, and good. It is a "good fight." Your enemies are not your kindred, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh; they are the enemies of God and Christ; of virtue and liberty; of light and peace; of your children and of your race; of your bodies and of your souls—tyrants that would bind you in chains worse than iron, and burn, not your house above linden, or the locust full of white flowers, and your head, but yourself in hell forever. I am not saying that the sword has not often flashed on the side of right and been bathed in tyrants' blood; but men never drew sword in a cause like this; nor to any battle so much as that to which I summon you with the world, the devil, and the rious, just in proportion as she worked, she greu flesh, are the few pithy words of a brave old general so appropriate. His men were awaiting to became wide and bright like polished gold, he be addressed ere the fight began. Erect in his saddle, with his gray hairs streaming in the wind, bright, and lost its squint, if it really ever had he stretched out his arms, and pointing to the foe any. Her feet, kept clear by the morning dew in front, said, ere he rang out the word Fire!
"There are the enemy, if you do not kill them
they will kill you." So with us. We must destroy sin, or be destroyed by it. Be assured that hummed admiration as she passed. At the end

2. Because here the victory is unmingled It is not so in other fights. The laurels that are won where groans of suffering mingle with the shouts of battle, are steeped in tears; and when cannons roar and bells ring out a victory, and shouting crowds throng the street, and illuminations turn night into day, dark is many a home, where fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, widows and orphans, weep for the brave the present time. These employ not far from who shall never return. It is said of God, that, 6000 missionaries and assistants, native helpers in sweet flowers, and singing birds, and painted shells, and shining stars, in all the beautiful and happy works of His hands, he takes delight; but the best and bravest soldiers have sickened at these 70 societies are in Great Britain, and rais the best and bravest soldiers have sickened at these 70 societies are in Great Britain, and rais the sight of the work of their hands in that field of carnage, where, locked like brothers, in each other's arms, friend and foe lie quietly together in one gory bed. There are thorns in victory's proudest crown. He whom men call the Iron nual receipts are \$1,000,000, sustaining 400 mis

Thank God, our joy over sins slain, bad passions subdued, Satan defeated, has to suffer no such abatements. Heaven, that I can fancy hiding its eyes from other battles, watches the fortunes of this with keenest and kindest interest; angels rejoice in your success; nor are any tears shed here but such as are poured from the father's eye, when, kissing the returned prodigal and fold-

and night she was coming and going. bees loved her, and sang with her, and went o in company as fast as grown. Sometimes sh bathed in the dews of the eglantine or the swee jessamine; sometimes she swung on the rasn berry blossom, sometimes mounted upon th sometimes on the crest of a lofty tulip tree or rushed into the woods fragrant with the honey suckle. But every day she grew happier. Her songs were now cheerful and loud. She laughed wings shone like leaves of silver. Her eye grev were in beautiful proportion. In short, ther was not a happier or more beautiful bee in th whole hive. Even the lazy drones bowed and unless your prayers stop your sins, your sins will of her sentence she stood once more before the stop your prayers; and that, by God's help, you must kill sin, or sin will kill you.

Of her sentence she stood once more before the queen "Hebe, the beautiful!" as she was there called. "Ah," said the queen, "I see how it is called. "Ah," said the queen, "I see how it is It is a law of God, that she who is willing to work, and do good to others, shall be happy and grow beautiful by the process. Beauty casts he mantle only on the industrious and the good."

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There are in Christendom about 70 Protestant foreign mission societies, in active operation, at mother, after all, who needed me the most, and this was His way of sending me back."—Hurper's nothing so dreadful as a battle won, but a battle with 70,000 communicants. The American so cieties seem to be managed more economically

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