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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1863.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

For the Christian Visitor.
Mr. Editor—Building Societies and co-operative associations are twin institutions of national importance, and have greatly benefited all classes in the community. Fifty years ago radicalism was the political sin which required the necessary vigilance of successive administrations to neutralize; that term which was synonymous with disloyalty is now obsolete, and remembered only by the elder members of communities. One instance of the transformation of the "masses" will be instructive. I quote from William Chambers, on "the Land and Building Societies of England": "In former years Birmingham was called a radical place, the phrase was understood to mean disloyal, but since these societies had taken hold on the minds of the working classes, a higher tone had been infused generally amongst the operatives, whose dwellings are no longer in dingy and confined back courts, but challenge comparison with the houses of many among the middle classes." For Birmingham these societies have done very much what the co-operative societies have done for Rochdale. The higher orders, who now understand and appreciate the nature of the societies, give them every sort of encouragement. Members of Parliament, Magistrates, Clergymen, Merchants, and others—I should not omit the esteemed Recorder of Birmingham—all give their approval, and frequently attend the sittings and public meetings of the societies." He adds, "The success of these societies is most marvellous. It appears there are about eight thousand to nine thousand houses, with gardens so allotted, and either already paid for, or in the course of being so. The greater number of these houses are situated in the environs, on land purchased specially for these societies." After such testimony in favor of one of the "twin institutions," let us see what the co-operative associations are professing to do for their members. It is in the manufacturing districts, and wherever the great hives of industry are congregated together, that the operatives have found it needful in self-defence, to unite and form business establishments, to purchase every description of provisions and grocery goods, and every article of importance which enters into the economy of families. The profits are generally divided among the members in proportion to their purchases; but in some instances all purchasers have some share of the profits—such as subscribe their one pound or upwards towards the formation of the association, and carrying on its operations, receive five per cent. per annum, on the capital so embarked in the undertaking—their object being to supply themselves with genuine articles, at the lowest rates. A return has lately been made to Parliament, which give some very interesting facts connected with these industrial and provident societies of England, which I will reserve for another occasion, and now remain,
Very respectfully yours,
A MEMBER.

LIBERTY, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS, IN AUSTRIA.

The mention of free institutions in Austria calls up the shades of Silvio Pellico, and that noble band of Italian martyrs, who pined and died in the horrible dungeons of the Spielberg and other Austrian prisons, for the crime of loving liberty and saying it would be good for Italy. When in 1800 it was announced that Francis Joseph was meditating a Constitution, and inviting wise men from the "Crown Lands" to aid in his counsels in framing such an one as would strengthen the whole Empire, and at the same time bless each province, it was suspected to be only a trap to catch the credulous nationalities, and draw them into a more hopeless bondage. But it was not so. Francis Joseph was honest in his professions, and has been earnest in his endeavors to reform Austrian institutions. Austria had had two great frights. One in 1848, when the uprising of the Viennese drove Prince Metternich, a trembling fugitive, to England, and caused Francis II. to lay off his glittering imperial diadem as a bauble too uncomfortable to be worn; the other in 1859, when the defeats of Magenta and Solferino spread dismay, gloom and general discouragement through the Empire. That of 1848 was followed, not by liberty, but by drawing the cords of despotism still tighter; by changing the different nationalities composing the Empire, and before enjoying many municipal privileges, into "Crown Lands," and ruling them with centralized, bureaucratic stringency. This did not bring strength, but weakness—to the provinces sullen, irritated, discouragement, which paralyzed enterprise—to the Government an empty treasury and an almost hopeless derangement of the finances. This state of things prepared the way for the fright of 1859 to bear fruit. After this, the Emperor at once set himself to the task of reform—to the attempt of getting good by giving it. He invited leading men in the "Crown Lands" to assemble at Vienna and aid him, by forming wise institutions of freedom, to develop the forces of the Empire. The work is now in progress, and there has been much real progress, so much that it would seem very difficult to return to the old autocratic despotism. Still it has to struggle with gigantic difficulties at every turn. The struggles at reform in an old despotism are faintly illustrated by those of an inebriate, trying to become a sober man.—His good resolution is constantly assailed by the enticements of old habits, old companions, and old lusts; while his power of persistency is weakened by the pervasion of intemperance. So the way out of the mire of confirmed national absolutism is at every step obstructed—obstructed by the immemorial habits of unchecked authority in the reigning family—by the unwillingness of old office-holders to lose power and place—by the old unrepentant laws, incompatible with free institutions, and constantly turned by the ill-designing to thwart all good progress. In this "although of despond" Austria is now floundering.—And she, perhaps, with more difficulties than would attend almost any other nation, because of the heterogeneous materials of which she is made up—twenty-one nationalities of different races—different habits, different wants, different degrees of intelligence, and very different forms of internal administration. The first general Parliament, or great Reichsrath of the Empire, of twenty months' duration, came to an end in December last. We will, as briefly as possible, note the principal steps of progress up to that time.—After the events of 1848 (terrible to tyrants!) the old Emperor Francis, and his son, the next heir to the crown, were easily induced to step out from under this now

dangerous ornament, and let it fall upon the head of the grand-son, Francis Joseph, apparently, because of his superior intellectual ability. On the whole he bids fair to justify his judgment. He has something of the liberality of Joseph II. without his recklessness. And we hope to see under his rule a regenerated, constitutional, free and prosperous Austria rising up, satisfied with making her 35,000,000 of people intelligent and happy, without the robber-ambition of crushing and impoverishing her neighbors. But before her waters are to become thus clear, they are evidently to be agitated by many tempests. Now for the steps by which she has come, since 1848, to her present position. The young Francis Joseph evidently had, from the first, views of government better than those of his grand-father. In 1861 he appointed a Reichsrath, or Imperial Council, of limited number, to be his special, private advisers. They were independent of the ministry drawn from the different provinces and appointed for life, the number to be occasionally increased by temporary appointments. It was an old custom of the Empire for the ministers to submit to the Emperor written reports on matters requiring his decision. These reports he would often hand over to the Reichsrath, and perhaps act on their advice in opposition to that of the ministry. But the liberties of his subjects were not as yet increased, but rather abridged under a more rigid centralized rule, till after the disastrous Italian war of 1859. It is, however, asserted that before the war he had resolved on liberal reforms; that even Prince Metternich, on his return from England, had advised to it, saying, "representative government, as administered in England, is the best"—and had named Count Rechberg, one of the present ministers, as the best man to carry it out. If this were so, his plans were broken off by that war—and yet were stimulated to a more rapid consummation by its results. The utter derangement of the finances and the deep gloom of the whole people, consequent on its sad disasters, imperatively demanded great changes in the national policy. Francis Joseph was forward to make them, in accordance with the wishes of the wisest of his people, and for the best interests of all the nationalities. We believe he really had this desire, however he may have been partially drawn aside by politicians from the most direct way to its accomplishment. On March 5th, 1860, he published a decree for the increase of the Reichsrath by the addition of ten life, and thirty-eight extraordinary members, chosen from the ablest men of the different provinces. These last men, on the reassembling of the provincial diets, to be replaced by men of their choice—so that each of the "Crown Lands" should have a part in the regeneration of the Empire. May 31st, the enlarged Reichsrath assembled in Vienna, and proceeded to consider the embarrassing question of the finances. They requested the Emperor to set aside an imperial statute which limited committees to seven; and allow them to appoint one of twenty-one—representing all the "Crown Lands"—to examine and report on the financial condition of the Empire. He not only granted this, but voluntarily pledged himself not to lay new taxes, nor increase the old, excepting in accordance with their advice. This was a great step in the right direction, and gave new hope to the best friends of Austrian regeneration.

This body discussed also with great boldness the vital questions of the Concordat with the Pope—of equal rights and self-government of all the nationalities—of religious freedom, of law reform, and of freedom of the press, and took liberal grounds in regard to all. No one—not even one of the ministers—ventured to vindicate the old centralized, bureaucratic system of Bach. All without exception, condemned the system of over-governing, of the ever-increasing interference of Government functionaries in all the affairs of life, discouraging the heart and stifling the energy and enterprise of the people. The substance of the recommendation of the committee of twenty-one was, that a liberal Constitution be adopted, which should have a due regard to the historical usages of the different nationalities, allowing each to manage his own internal affairs—much as the different states of our country do—and send representatives, freely chosen by each, to the Imperial Reichsrath, for he has baths, hot and cold water on every floor, furnace-heat and gas-lights. You can scarcely number the apartments. You think it a paradise. Hold, reconsider the social, the domestic part! It is three o'clock. What a solitude! The father is slaving at his counting-house. The mother is dropping cards at fifty doors, or stilly receiving fifty visits. The girls are with masters in Italian, dancing, and philosophy. The babies are ailing with French nurses. Do these ever come together! Not in the true family sense. Some Christian merchants have few home joys, and are content to pray with their families once a day. The very name of a sitting-room, living-room, or common room, sounds plebeian, and savours of "the country." Yet I know men, rich believers, who make conscience of gathering their family, all their family; and to effect this requires a place. God's blessing is on the room, whether covered with Axminster carpets or unplanned plank, whether hung with damask or with hunting-shirts and bear-skins, where that little kingdom, a Christian household, daily meets for prayer, for praise, for kind words, for joint labours, for loving looks, for rational entertainment, for reading aloud, for music, for neighbourly exchanges, for entertaining angels unawares. Thanks be to God for our family sitting-rooms!—James W. Alexander.

SILENT PREACHING.

Years ago a young couple were united in marriage. They at once entered their humble abode, containing two rooms, one serving as kitchen and dining-room, and the other as sleeping apartment. The bride was a simple-hearted child of God, but the husband knew of religion only by the hearing of the ear. It was not long before the latter discovered that at a certain time every day his wife disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The mystery was soon solved. This was her hour of secret prayer. Here was a new and very auspicious revelation. One in affection, one by ordinance of God in bonds which only crime or death could sunder, between them yawned a gulf wide as between heaven and earth. To the wife was open a world of hopes and joys to which the husband was a stranger. While he was engaged in such reflections every day the silent sermon was preached. At length he could endure it no longer. By divine grace he was drawn step by step to faith and repentance, and ere long he found himself by the side of his companion at the same mercy-seat and at the same communion-table. A Christian patriarch relates of his own history: "When a young man I was altogether godly. I married, however, strange as it may seem, a young woman of exemplary piety, and we went at once into our humble home full of anticipations of happiness. As the first day of our residence in our new abode drew to a close, the supper-table being removed, my wife, without saying a word, placed a little table by my side, laid a Bible on it, and sat down opposite to me,

in evident expectation that I would conduct family worship. What could I do? I was spell-bound. I could not disappoint her. She probably knew nothing of my profanity and wickedness. And yet how could such a wretch as I kneel before Almighty God, and utter words of devotion? Yet I did. I read and prayed. But, oh! as I took the name of Jehovah on my lips, a terrible sense of guilt and hypocrisy stung my soul. I rose from my knees in anguish of spirit. Another day rolled by, another sunset came. Again the tea-table was spread and removed, and before I was aware, there at my side was the same stand with the dreaded Bible upon it, and my wife seated in full expectation of the evening devotions. Having yielded once, I was less able to resist again, and again I yielded. A new horror now came on me—a dread lest like Uzzah I should perish in my sacrilegious act. The sins of a lifetime stared me in the face; my soul and Satan bade me curse God and die. Morning brought only a deepened sense of guilt, and all day long I could do nothing but brood over the gulf of bitterness within, and the bonds of iniquity which bound me. The third evening drew nigh, and with it the inevitable table with its sacred furniture. To yield again was impossible. Increasing horror took hold upon me. As I sought, no aid from heaven, Satan volunteered his. My mind was made up. I resolved on suicide. A rope hung from a tree in the orchard, with which I purposed to terminate, as I madly dreamed, the horrors of my soul. We took our third, and as I believed, our last supper together. I lingered in the room until I saw the dreaded moment at hand, took a last look at my birds and my home, and withdrew. I hastened to the orchard; every step increased my anguish. I ran; my reason seemed to reel. I passed the orchard and found myself in the woods beyond. Overpowered by my emotions I fell prostrate on the ground. How long I lay I know not; an eternity seemed crowded into that period; a horror of great darkness passed over me in view of my sins. But in the thickest of the darkness, and when despair seemed ready to settle down in endless night, light broke upon my soul. There was Jesus in all the fulness of the Godhead. I saw and believed; I loved and lived. I sprang to my feet the happiest of men. From that hour I have known scarcely a moment of doubt or fear."

As the old man spoke, the tears fell from his cheeks upon the floor, and his aged form shook with emotion. What sermons were these without an uttered word! What Christian living near to God can not this preach! Would to God all the Lord's people would become preachers by a holy consistent life.—Episcopal Recorder.

THE SITTING-ROOM.

There is, or there ought to be, in every house, a room where all the household come together every day, a dear, well remembered chamber, hung round by memory with the portraits of father, mother, brothers, sisters, servants, kind-folks, friends, neighbours, guests, strangers, and Christ's poor. O my reader, do you not remember such a room? In your wanderings, in your voyages, in the group of your own family, and among your own children, does not your thought go back to the days when you gathered around that ruddy, crackling fire, and when the heads which are now laid low, were as a crown of glory to their offspring?

In some houses, this common room, or "living room," as our Puritan neighbors call it, is the only room in the house; it is parlour, bed-room, kitchen, all in one. Blessed compensation of providence to the poor man and his offspring; they can be always together. Wealth multiplies apartments and separate families. Go to the western clearing, and before you reach the cabin, you descry through the chinks the glow of a fire which would serve a city mechanic for a week; entering, you behold the illumination of a whole circle sitting around the blaze, perhaps singing their evening hymn. Are they less happy than the dwellers in ceiled houses? Change the scene to the uptown seats of wealth, where the merchant prince abides in greater conveniences than Nabuchadnezzar or Charlemagne; for he has baths, hot and cold water on every floor, furnace-heat and gas-lights. You can scarcely number the apartments. You think it a paradise. Hold, reconsider the social, the domestic part! It is three o'clock. What a solitude! The father is slaving at his counting-house. The mother is dropping cards at fifty doors, or stilly receiving fifty visits. The girls are with masters in Italian, dancing, and philosophy. The babies are ailing with French nurses. Do these ever come together! Not in the true family sense. Some Christian merchants have few home joys, and are content to pray with their families once a day. The very name of a sitting-room, living-room, or common room, sounds plebeian, and savours of "the country." Yet I know men, rich believers, who make conscience of gathering their family, all their family; and to effect this requires a place. God's blessing is on the room, whether covered with Axminster carpets or unplanned plank, whether hung with damask or with hunting-shirts and bear-skins, where that little kingdom, a Christian household, daily meets for prayer, for praise, for kind words, for joint labours, for loving looks, for rational entertainment, for reading aloud, for music, for neighbourly exchanges, for entertaining angels unawares. Thanks be to God for our family sitting-rooms!—James W. Alexander.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.—Take your son for a companion when ever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already overburdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of "going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society and temptations into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

A correspondent of the *Debate*, writing from Naples on the 21st ult., says:—"A Protestant journal has just appeared; it is called the *Conscience*. This complete liberty of discussion will render great service to the real religion, and the religious sentiment, which the exigencies of past despotism had replaced among us by indifference or superstition."

LETTER FROM VICTORIA, V. I.

We have received a very interesting letter from Mr. John H. Turner, dated Victoria, Vancouver Island, the 16th July. We give the following extracts:—
I have been here now a little over a year, and know more of the country. At present business is very slack in Victoria, as several thousand persons have gone to Cariboo, and there is little immigration. This, I believe, all the better at present; the rush last year was too sudden; and this pause gives a little breathing time, and will enable the contractors to get on well with the roads to Cariboo before the rush comes—as every one seems to think it will again next year, when this summer's work at the mines is fully known. At present the accounts we get down are very favourable. But many of the claims had not got fully to work, the season in Cariboo being so late. The paying claims are taking out gold in enormous quantities, some as much as 300 oz. a day. One company took 109 lbs. in 24 hours. A Dutchman who has a share in that claim, 240 lbs. There are a few lucky men leaving by nearly every steamer for home with their "pile." A Welshman, the steamer before last, who had only been up the country two months, went off home after investing a good part of his "dust" here, it brings him in 2800 stg. a year. There are no poor fellows coming down dead-broke as there were this time last year, though I dare say there are a good number very hard up, for the road is not yet all through, and the last 100 miles of the journey is something awful. Provisions have to be taken through there on horses, as mules even will not do; it is so muddy as the snow goes off the mountains; consequently "Grub" (as the miners call it) is still high, but will be much cheaper this summer. At the richest Creek (Williams) there is already quite a town, several Hotels and a Billiard Saloon. Board is \$35 per week. Men's wages from \$10 to \$12 per day, and I hear almost all are employed. My partner is up there now; we sent up about four or five tons of Groceries and Provisions. It left here in April. I have not yet heard of its arrival on William's Creek, but expect it is about in now. The charge for packing it right through, including Steamer from here to Westminster, is about 55 cents a pound, so that a barrel of flour costing here \$6 50, will landed there, stand us about \$11 00—so you can judge of the expenses that at present keep mining back. There are many diggings that would pay 5 to 8 dollars a day, that are not worked at present in consequence of the high price of provisions. For hundreds of miles in all directions in British Columbia, gold is found in quantities, that if the country was more settled would pay well. We have not had much gold brought down yet this season. From May 1st to the end of June the amount was about \$210,000, besides some considerable amounts in private hands. There has at present been no gold discovered on Vancouver Island—at least in quantities to pay; but there appears to be much copper, and some companies are commencing to work it.

Victoria is still progressing very fast, at least so far as building and road-making go. I think you would be surprised to see the brick and stone mansions that are going up in the suburbs; and the roads are the finest I have seen since leaving England. Another noticeable thing is the sidewalk—it has to be laid down by every property-holder—and is now excellent all over town, and in some streets a half mile beyond. I think the scenery for some distance round Victoria is among the finest in the world. The Straits I think must resemble the Lake of Thousand Isles in Canada, only much finer, as on our side mountains tower up to 8 or 10,000 feet, and glorious mount Baker to either 16 or 18,000. The climate is good; the winters very mild, like south of England; summers generally very dry; but this summer we have a good many showers. The settlers in the country seem very much pleased with the land. The crops are very fine; but they grow slowly as in England. The woods abound with wild flowers. I rarely go out without finding a new variety. The larkspur, tulip, tiger lily, penstemon, dowering currant, and a host of others that I cannot name. At present Cyrygia is covered with great masses of blossoms. There are also wild strawberries, gooseberries, &c. I think it will become a great apple country. There are many acres planted, and the trees are thriving remarkably.

The business of the town must have increased wonderfully the last year—it appears likely now that we shall do a direct trade with Japan. A vessel got in yesterday from that country and China—35 days from the latter. We also have regular arrivals from Sandwich Islands, and occasionally from Tahiti and Russian America.—The great trade is however with San Francisco and Britain. We expect to supply the former with British manufactures after a time. As this is a free port, they can come here and buy easier and oftener than to Britain. Already trade is turning, and a few goods are sent there. But a great draw back to this place is at present having to import almost all our food. This takes away all the money—but will be remedied as farming improves. There are some Nova Scotians here, but I have not yet met any from Halifax. The Presbyterian *Witness* reaches me regularly. There is a very nice Presbyterian Church being built, a really pretty building with a fine spire—the minister is a Rev. Mr. Hall of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Opposite our Church is now going up a handsome brick building, for a Jewish synagogue. There are in town besides, five Church edifices, viz., two Church of England, one Methodist, one Independent, and one Roman Catholic. The latter denomination is, I believe, principally French and Italian. There are not many Irish here yet.

There are a great number of Indians on the Island of various tribes. Those round Victoria are an awfully degraded race—one tribe feather their heads, another put a piece of wood or bone in their lower lips and keep increasing the size of it till the lips hang down and projects at right angles with the chin at least an inch and a half. They bring in a good many berries and fish, particularly salmon, which is at present 10 cents per lb., but in a month will be down to about 2 or three cents. It is the cheapest thing here, and is very fine. Many of the salmon weigh 30 to 40 lbs. each, and some 50 to 60. Several Indians have been hanged lately for murdering white people up in the country. This seems likely to teach them a good lesson. They are, most of them, much afraid of the "Hyas Ships," that is the Gunboats. The Indians use in conversation with whites a horrible jargon called Chinook, which is a conglomeration of French, and Indian, and English. The Indians I think believe it is first rate English; it was got up by the Hudson Bay Company. I must tell you before leaving off we have lots of ladies here now, at least in comparison with last year. They have much improved the place. A great number of them are from England, with a fair sprinkling from Canada.—*Pres. Witness*.

halls in the city, the large farm-houses and capacious barns surrounding Gettysburg, are full of wounded and dying men; and the groves in the rear of the Federal battle-field are filled with men lying upon the ground without even the shelter of a tent. Ten thousand wounded men are yet here, it is said, groaning under the agony of ghastly wounds, and some of them deadly wounds, away from friends and home comforts; many of them will die for want of the medical and nursing care which a good home would afford. The surgeons' operating-tables are in full view, and human limbs are lying about them, so that you can scarce pass near without stepping upon them. But you are not here to look on such scenes as a curious spectator. Take your soap, water, and sponges to cleanse their festering wounds, your lint, bandages, and plaster to bind them up, your cordials to strengthen the fainting; and as you kneel on the ground beside them and commence your lot, speak to them of home, wife, children, or mother; point them to Jesus, and whisper words of comfort or exhortation; and you will find much to deepen your conceptions of the dreadful results of war, and not a little to cheer your heart in the sustaining power of piety. If you labor among the rebel wounded, as I did part of the time, your heart will bleed for the unwilling victims of this unnatural war.

As you pass from one to another, washing their wounds and administering some cordial or food, you will hear such petitions as these: "Do write to my dear wife, and tell her I die among strangers, but they treated me kindly." "Will you write to my mother that I trust in Jesus, her Jesus?" "Oh, sir, can you get one brief message to my wife Sarah, P. M., Va.?" Tell her to train up the children for heaven, and to kiss for his dying father, my dear sweet little Jimmie," and so on from hour to hour.

Here is a soldier just breathing his last. You kneel and whisper in his ear, "Jesus, Saviour." He smiles, and ceases to breathe. There is one praying audibly and most touchingly for his young wife and only child, commending them to God. And here is a wounded officer delirious with fever, giving orders to his men and charging upon the opposing troops wildly excited, and then sinking back exhausted upon the ground, while you do what you can to soothe his burning wounds and fevered brow.

Such scenes I passed through until, exhausted with toil and sympathy, I sank down upon the earth; then again toiling and resting, until called away by other duties. And all this suffering and sorrow occurs not only here, but upon other battle-fields, because wicked men chose to rebel against a good government, rather than seek in constitutional modes the removal of their fancied wrongs.

The depth and general prevalence of religious feeling among the wounded soldiers, both federal and rebel, surprised me much. A few profane men I found. They never failed to apologize when gently reproved. But the great majority of those met in hospitals exhibited unusual tenderness when spoken to of Christ. All were ready to hear, and most fully ready to take part in religious conversation whenever it was attempted. The hospital is the great field for Christian effort for the soldier; there everything conspires to prepare his mind and heart for right impressions, and there should be concentrated a large amount of the agencies employed for the salvation of the soldiery.

The value of religious reading for the army is receiving new illustrations daily, and on every battle-field. Men lying without covering, food, or medical care, I saw again and again reading the Testament or tract, in apparent forgetfulness of their suffering. "Glad you are able to read yet, my poor fellow," I say. "Yes," they respond, "it is a great comfort. I bless the man that gave me this. Have you any tracts or books for me?" Said a chaplain to my who has been in the service from the opening of the war "Thousands will bless the Tract Society for bringing comfort to those who have now passed away. I have seen repeatedly on battle-fields men dead and cold holding open in their hands and before their now glazed eyes, the tracts of your Society. Their spirits passed away as they read the words which pointed them to the Saviour of sinners." Oh for means to fill the camps and hospitals with the words of life! J. M. S.

Two PRECIOUS WORDS.—Whosoever and whosoever are two precious words often used in the mouth of Christ.—"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. xx. 17.

"Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."—John xiv. 13. "Whosoever" is on the inside, and gives those who enter the free range of all the region and treasury of grace. "Whosoever" makes salvation free; "whosoever" makes it full.

Expect too much from the creature, and God either withdraws the creature, or annihilates the creature. Why? that we may learn that in a world of wretchedness there is a quiet habitation, a happy rest in Jesus, even in this world of tears.

FROM THE HEART.—One may say what he pleases if he only speaks through tears and from the heart. Loving tones present truths unto the soul of finding.