

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

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1863.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

For the Christian Visitor, SERMON BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

II. What are the elements which go to make a good name? In the first place, a man's name is subdivided just as his life is, and he has a name relative to the department in which he is acting.

Now, your life is consolidated, as it were, and your character resulting from your conduct in all these spheres, is formed, so that it produces a uniform and constant impression upon the minds of your fellow-men, then the whole of your life is represented in your name.

But whatever men may excuse in themselves of weakness and dereliction, they always judge their fellow-men by the highest moral standard which belongs to their times.

The materials, then, which go to make a man's character, or his name, must be good materials, such as are fit to build a man withal for the functions and duties of this life, and for eternal life.

Often and often have I seen men sacrifice their character, or rather, their reputation; for no man ever loses his character. That sticks to him. He cannot wash it off with soap, nor scour it with emery.

A MODEL PRAYER MEETING. St. John's Station, April 3, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—This model prayer meeting was in the Army of the Potomac, near Stoneman's Station, on the evening of April 3d, and in the Massachusetts twenty-second regiment.

And the materials which go to make a man must not only be those which are used, and used every day, but they must have endured so long, and have been put to so many tests, that men have no doubt of their reality and truth.

This is the very point that this world, and this age, and this day, and this city, and you, need to have made. I think there is no doubt that a man having succeeded is thought to be a great deal better off if he has succeeded with a good name.

And then, as if some of them in the chances of battle might miss the earthly home, a verse was sung beginning, "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood."

Now one kneels down on the clay floor and prays in the first person singular. It was a short, broken prayer, probably by the brother who, he said, had lately learned to pray, and in that tent.

that if a man in making his money has lost his good reputation, he has put himself past the power of enjoyment. I know it is so. I have seen the proof of it; I have not felt it, but I have seen it.

When a man's heart has become hard as granite, do you suppose moss will grow on it? When a man has spent forty years in forming habits antagonistic to his higher nature, do you suppose he will go back and cultivate that nature?

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And almost all joined, singing but one verse. This was followed by a prayer, short and fervent. Then came an exhortation from a weather-worn soldier of the Cross and the Government.

Next followed a practical talk about following Christ in the army. The good ideas were truly, bluntly put, and full of the love of the Lord Jesus.

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Now I believe this to be strictly true. I think

marches and obscure paths exposes us to the lurking enemy.

We thought it worth a trip to the Army of the Potomac to learn from the soldiers how to have a good prayer meeting. No one was called on to pray or speak, and no hymn was given out; no one said he had nothing to say, and then talked long enough to prove it; no one excused his inability to "edify"; no one waited to be called on; no time was lost by delay, and the entire meeting was less than an hour.

We shall always remember that prayer meeting in the Massachusetts Twenty-second.—Boston Recorder.

BUSINESS INTEGRITY.

Some forty years ago two men whom we will call Yield & Firm, in the first fullness of maturity, entered into a business co-partnership. Their place of business was within a mile of the City Hall, and they began with fair prospects of success.

They met the next morning, and canvassed the prospects. The heavy loss was figured up, and the few parcels that had escaped the fire were valued. Things were, indeed, in a melancholy state, and each asked of the other: "What shall we do?"

"We must compromise," said Yield. "It is utterly impossible for us to pay these debts. We have families to maintain, and, if creditors will not share the loss, we can do nothing."

"But these are honest debts," replied Firm. "We have had value for them, and they ought to be paid. It will be hard, it is true; but between hard and ought there should be no question."

"Yet providence may controul creditors as well as the future of our business. We must think this over. What we ought to do is plain enough. It is to pay what we owe, and to pay it in full, just as speedily as we have power to do so. The question to be settled now is one of will."

They separated and met again, when Yield began: "Well, Firm, what do you think now of paying off these liabilities?"

"The task does not grow lighter by thinking over it; but I have made up my mind—to pay them."

"And I have made up mine to compromise, or do nothing."

Thus the wills were resolved—Yield desisted, Firm remaining. Several days he buried himself amid the rubbish—no friend on whom to depend but God, no visible resources, apparently a wreck; yet holding fast to the purpose he had formed.

One morning a Quaker came in.—"Friend Firm, I see thee has been burned out. What is the going to do? Compromise?"

"I have not tried that. I am going to pay my debts, dollar for dollar, if it is possible."

Thrice the Quaker dropped carelessly in, each time repeated his former question in some direct or indirect way, adding hints as to the difficulty of his task, and the ease a compromise would bring. At last he said—"Then there will not compromise?"

"No; I cannot do that."

"How much does thee need to meet the more pressing claims?"

"The reply was given, and the Quaker said:—'Draw on me as thou shalt need.'"

Thus the light dawned after days of darkness. Firm drew upon the Quaker as his needs demanded, and one after another, paid the claims held against him. Steadily and patiently he prosecuted his business, everything prospering in his hands, and making easy the task from which Yield so irresolutely shrunk. Years after he spoke of the sharpness of the trial and the providential prosperity that crowned his decision.

"I had a light heart and an easy conscience over it, and ever since I have gone up hill like an eagle."

succeeded to the crown. He was a blunt sailor who, never expecting to ascend the throne had spent most of his life on shipboard, forming his character in that rude school. William IV. reigned but a few years, and also died childless. The crown then by regular descent should have passed to the brow of the third brother. He was a fine young man, very amiable, retiring in habits, and scholarly, of scientific tastes, and strongly attached to domestic quiet.

Many of the young nobles, who were his associates, far surpassed him in the elegance of their apartments, the splendor of their equipage, and in all the appliances of princely living. At times they assumed airs of ostentatious patronage, which cut him keenly. No man feels so acutely aristocratic pride as he born in the ranks of aristocracy, who is the victim of that pride.

"I am a friend of civil and religious liberty all the world over. I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren, and I hold that power is only delegated for the good of the people.

Edward married Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg, and sister of Leopold, who had married the lamented Charlotte, only child of George IV. The ancestral line of this princess ran far back into the dark ages. But though there was this priceless blood in the veins, the good old duke found it difficult to maintain the dignity of his station, from the very limited revenue of his dukedom.

The life of this princess had been sadly romantic. When but sixteen years of age, she was married to a rich old debauchee, the Prince of Leiningen, then forty-four years old. He soon became tired of his child bride, and she became as wretched as a timid, affectionate woman could be made by neglect and brutality.

Victoria Maria thus passed several years of unmitigated misery. But these afflictions subdued and sanctified her spirit. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." She became exceedingly patient, gentle, and childlike—never answering back. Her sweet disposition and winning manners secured the love of all except her ungenerous spouse.

With her unambitious husband she retired to a modest home, in which with the ample competence of \$30,000 a year, which would not enable them to assume any princely splendor, she found all the happiness which can be found in this world, where some thorn is planted in every pillow.

Of course, this added greatly to her public importance and to the consideration with which her father began to be regarded. But in two years after her birth, the Duke of Kent, a good man, fell asleep, we trust, in Jesus, and Victoria was again a widow, weeping the bitterest tears of anguish, and her daughter an orphan. There was then but one intervening link in the chain which connected her with the throne, and that was her uncle William. The eyes of all England were turned to Victoria. The aristocratic party were glad that Edward was dead, for his republican proclivities were well known, and they dreaded to see the sceptre in his hands.

Queen Victoria and her parentage. George III. of England, was the father of fourteen children. In the latter part of his life he was insane, and his eldest son, subsequently George IV. reigned and was prince regent. Upon the death of his father, the son, a miserable profligate, ascended the throne. He married much against his will, a German princess, Caroline. His disposition was such that he often expressed the determination never to be shackled by a wife. State considerations rendered it necessary that he should be married; but he treated his wife so brutally as to drive her to frenzy and crime.

He had one daughter, the Princess Charlotte, as lovely in character as she was beautiful in person. She was the idol of the British nation, and all the kingdom was vocal with joy when she was married to Leopold of Germany. One year after their marriage, the Princess Charlotte and her infant babe were consigned to the tomb together. George IV. died childless.

His next oldest brother, William, of course

country, and you must so act as never to bring that office and rank into disgrace or disrespect."

A BACKWOODS SERMON.

The Rev. J. H. Aunghey, in his "Iron Furnace"—a narrative of his experience and sufferings in rebellion—gives the following report of a sermon which was delivered by an unlettered preacher in Mississippi.

My brethering and sistern: I air a ignorant man, followed the plow all my life, and never rubbed agin any college. As I said before, I'm ignorant; and I thank God for it. (Brother Jones responds: "Parson, yer ort to be very thankful, for yer very ignorant.") Well, I'm agin all high larn't fellers who preaches grammar and greek for a thousand dollars a year.

When I preaches, I never takes a text till I git inter the pulpit; then I preaches a plain sermon what even women can understand. I never premeditates, but what is given to me in that same hour, that I sez. Now I'm a gwine ter open the Bible, and the first virst I sees I'm gwine to take it for a text (suing the action to the word, he opened the Bible and commenced reading and spelling together), "Man is fe-a-r-fu-l-l-y—feerfully mad—and w-o-o-d-e-r-f-u-l-l-y—wonderfully-m-a-d-e—mad"—(pronounced mad). Well, it's a quax tek, but I said I's a gwine to preach from it, and I'm a gwine to do it.

The attention of persons is being directed to the cultivation of flax, and questions are asked as to the price of a scutching mill, and where same can be obtained, also as to probable market for the sale of flax. I have made enquiries into these matters, and I would say for the information of those concerned, that whilst at the present time it will doubtless pay to grow a small quantity of flax for domestic use, we may reasonably expect a ready market, if a sufficient quantity of the flax is grown to make it worth the while of buyers to gather it.

The demand for flax is becoming very great, and remunerating prices will now be obtained for it, and thus the having a ready market will remove one of the greatest obstacles to the cultivation heretofore of the flax crop.

The seed is valuable for stock, and can always readily be sold at a good price. The farmer's account on this crop, exclusive of interest on land would average per acre:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Price. 3 tons of straw at \$3.....\$24, 20 bushels of seed for feeding at \$1 per bushel.....30, Total.....\$54, His expenses would be.....\$44, 20 bushels of clean seed at \$1.50.....30, Pulling, stocking, and tying.....43, Threshing the seed.....11, Balance.....\$4

Messrs. Rowan and Son's scutching machine, manufactured at Belfast, Ireland, is as good as can be procured. It costs in Ireland about twenty-five pounds stg., and could be imported to this country for about \$180, including cost, freight and duty.

Should the demand for them be considerable, they would probably be manufactured here, and so become cheaper. A steam engine or driving power of a threshing machine of two to four horse power, is sufficient to work the machine. The cost of the motive power, whether horse or steam, would be not over \$300 to \$400, and the entire capital requisite to establish a machine in operation would probably not exceed \$500.

The machine is portable, and can be taken for use from place to place, making available the motive power already established for other purposes. If machine is made stationary, in such a case a building would be requisite, in addition to the cost of the machine and motive power.

The importation of such machines is worthy the attention of local agricultural societies. An hundred acres of flax would be sufficient to keep a single machine employed a great part of the year, but a much less quantity would pay for the introduction of a machine into a neighborhood.

I have already briefly referred to the cultivation of the flax crop in the last annual report of the Board of Agriculture, and I am gratified to learn that the short suggestions therein contained, have met with favourable consideration.

The Provincial Board of Agriculture have offered two premiums of \$20 and \$10, for the first and second largest quantity of scutch'd flax raised by individuals. A circular concerning same will be forthwith issued to the several agricultural societies in this Province. In order that opportunities and conveniences for preparing flax for market may be given to our people, we may hope through public and private enterprise, that Retteries will be established in convenient localities, and Rowan's scutchers become as common as threshing machines.

Jas. G. STEVENS, Sec. P. R. A. St. Stephen, May 4, 1863.

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