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Long and Shore BED AXLES, 1 to 2 inch; Carriage BANDS, in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with open

Carriage BANDS in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with open, closed, and screw Fronts;
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BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET C. C. BERRYMAN.

St. John, Oct. 20, 1864.

THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

CAPITAL, - - - £5,000,000 Insurance effected at the lowest rates. J. W. WELDON, Agent for New Brunswick

Office—701/2 Prince William Street. St. John, N. B., 12th Feb., 1868.—wvi GEORGE THOMAS.

Commission Merchant and Ship Broker, Water Street, St. John, N. B. Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John. Dec. 4. GEORGE THOMAS

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL. Charlotte Street, a few doors South St. John Hotel

SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal. PHIS Establishment has been Removed to Charlotte Street, a few doors South of the St. John Hotel. The School at present consists of Male and Female Departments, and comprises Classes in almost every department of a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial The Furniture and Apparatus are all of the most impro

ved modern style; the School Rooms and premises are in-ferior to none in the City; the system is Catechetical and Explanatory. Call and see.

Aug. 4.

MRS. HUNT'S School for Young Ladies.

THE Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all the branches necessary for a thorough and accomthe branches necessary for a thorough and accomplished Education. In the several departments the most competent Teachers are employed.

Board and Instruction in English and French, \$200 per Daily Pupils, under ten years, \$6 per term. over ten years, \$8 per term.

Extra Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usual

Payment, in all cases, in advance. THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance buildings, Liverpool.

Chairman of the London Board.—Samuel Baker, Esq.

Chairman in Liverpool.—Challes Turner, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest
Offices in the kingdom.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct fire insurance companies of this kingdom.

The Premiums for the year 1855 being.....£130,060

While the Premiums tor the year 1558 arc.... 196,148

Showing an actual increase of

while the Fremums for the year 1558 are ... 196,148
Showing an actual increase of ... 66,088
or upwards of 50 per cent. in three years.
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this latter year (1858) again show the "Royal" as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years.
Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an advance, to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the noiety of its advance. LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices. was 832, the sum assured £287,752 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,854 3s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus:

Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums. £1,880 9 2,627 4 5,828 5 4,694 16 422

95,659 9 11 181,504 10 6 161,848 18 4 1858 .. 832 887,752 6 8 12,354 8 4

The remarkable i ncrease in the business of the last four years is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than £2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured, and averaged 80 per cent. upon

the premiums paid.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.

All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire losses paid promptly on reasonable proof of loss—without reference to the head Establishment.

Princess-street, CITY OF GLASGOW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW Incorporated by Act of Parliament. £600.0 renue.....

WALTER BUCHANAN, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman.
W. F. BIREMYRE, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
VARIOUS MODES OF ASSURING.
Ilalf Premium System, without debt or interest.
Endowment Assurances.

Dannesship.

at declaration of Bonus was made 20th January, sich is the close of the Company's financial year, thomas at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the sured was declared for the past year. In place of plus being annually divided, the profits will in functionate and allocated quinquennially. Possible that they must yield the field to armed hosts, and flee before mere phantoms and airy forms, which, before the torch of a closer examination,

Chrisian "Hold fast the form sound words."-2d Timothy, i. 13.

New Series, Vol. III., No. 13. Whole No. 117.

PASSING AWAY.

O River of Time! how ceaselessly Thou flowest on to the boundless sea! Whether upon thy sunny tide The sweet spring blossoms droop and glide. Or whether the dreary snow flakes only Fall in the winter cold and lonely-Whether we wake or whether we sleep. Thou hastest on to Eternity's deep.

'Twas long ago, in my life's sweet May, My childhood silently floated away; I hear the noon-bells distantly chime, And youth glides by on the stream of time. My days, though sunny, are overcast, Are stealing away to the changeless past: But I mark their night with a smile of cheer, And not with a sigh or a falling tear.

So often, so sadly, the people say,
"Passing away! still passing away!"
That the words have borrowed a pensive tone, And a shade of sadness not their own. And I fain would reclaim to notes again From their minor key on the lips of men. And make the refrain of my gladdest lay, "Passing away! passing away!"

For what is the transient? and what will last? What maketh its grave in the growing past? And what lives on in the deathless spheres, Where naught corrupts by the rust of years? Does Time who gathers our fairest flowers, Destroy no weeds in this world of ours? What rises victorious o'er the dull decay? And what is that which is passing away?

Our Time is flying. The years sweep by Like flitting clouds in a breezy sky, But time is a drop of the boundless sea Of an infinite eternity. As our seas are spanned by the arching skies, 'Neath the presence of God that Ocean lies, And though tides may fall in life's shallow bay,

THE RISEN REDEEMER:

Eternity's deep is not passing away.

THE GOSPEL HISTORY FROM THE RESURRECTION TO THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

BY F. W. KRUMMACHER, D. D., AUTHOR OF " ELIJAH THE Translated from the German by John T. Betts, with the sanction of the Author.

DISCOURSE VI. THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS-PART I.

Luke xxiv. 13-35. Without this gospel, no Easter! But like nature in returning spring over renewing itself, and like the starry vault of heaven, which discloses fresh splendour to the eye that continues to gaze on it, so this passage of Scripture is suggestive of fresh and varied thought. The fragrance of inward truth which exhales to us from it, by which it interests us so delig upon us with such wonderful benefit, is an antidote to every enfeebling doubt; above all, we are struck with the clear view it grants us of the new spiritual world which Christ has planted in the old world of death, and the distinctness with which it lays open the way by which we may see an entrance possible for ourselves into this world of peace. Let us take this pleasing parrative into closer consideration, and let us, in spirit, accompany the two disciples in their blessed journey. At first they appear to us involved in a night which, if Easter-day had not risen, would have enshrouded us all; we then find them in into the bright lovely scenes of Easter; and, finally, in the full noontide splendour of the Easter Sun. Every one of us may see himself, and the reflected image of his own inward state, in the two disciples, at one stage or other of their journey. May the last stage we have indicated be the lot of all of us, and then what happiness

Our narrative transports us to the afternoon of

the day of the resurrection. We are at Jerusalem. The city is in great commotion. Priests and scribes are hastening from house to house, to give consistency to the report that the disciples of the crucified Galilean had, during the last night, secretly broken into Joseph's garden, and whilst the guard slept had stolen their Master's corpse, and concealed it in some unknown place. The small body of disciples of the Crucified, dispersed by the horrors and terrors of the bloodstained Friday, are reassembled, but in small desponding groups. We meet them just as they are excited to the utmost by the declaration of the women, who insist that they have seen a vision of angels, and to crown that, they protest that they have even been favoured with an interview with their risen Master. This intelligence has produced upon them rather a passing amazement than any real comfort and tranquility. They ascribe this consoling communication to the excited fancy of their credulous sisters, and even the hearts of the more susceptible among them oscillate between deep gloom and faint trembling hope. Some of them, and Thomas is of this number, have, with perfect resignation, retired into solitude. The two with whom we are now engaged, and who, doubtless, are numbered amongst the seventy, are just about to do the same. Prostrated, and well nigh in despair, because they consider themselves to have made shipwreck of all their hopes for time and for eternity, they return to their homes in the village of Emmaus, in order to prosecute their usual avocations as soon as their spirits would permit them. But why in such haste? Why not first put the women's declaration to the test? Why is the circumstance, that the linen clothes and the napkin were found by Peter and John, upon their arrival at the empty sepulchre, carefully folded and laid aside, not more narrowly scanned? And above all, why was not the "word of pro-phecy" interrogated as to the course of life and mode of death of the promised Messiah? and then why were the tablets of their memory, inscribed as they were with the early expressions of their Master, not searched for intimations of His death and resurrection? Why had they already seceded from the circle over which the promise hovered—"I will not leave you orphans; I will come again unto you?" Oh! how often might we now stop many amongst us in their way and put similar questions: Why in such haste? why so soon? when we see them yielding to the objections of a sceptical worldly-wisdom, desert their colours, surrender the gospel cause, and re treat into the camp of the unbelievers. If these unhappy persons would but give themselves time and opportunity for closer examination and investigation, assuredly they would, by degrees, be perfectly convinced that those discoveries which, emanating from a so-called "advanced mental culture," whether in natural science, history, or criticism, had been aunounced to threaten the

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THUDAY, MARCH 30, 1865.

they see themselves cast upon their own resour-ces. Without mast and without rudder, their

through a desert of inconsolable despair.

(To be Continued.)

THE STAMMERING DEACON.

bent in form, somewhat lame, and unable to

might be absent, the Rev. Mr. G-and Deacen

they must the store kept by Mr. C-, a man

gaged in prayer when he entered; and after he

ceased, old Deacon C- arose, and said in the

most hesitating manner, in the course of his re-

marks, "I be-be-be-lieve that the ne-ne-

ne earest the church is the farthest from grace."

C---. His frame quivered, and his whole being

was filled with emotion. The hand of God was

the place. He felt as if he wanted some one to

talk to him on religion, that he might obtain some

relief. But the meeting closed, and to his sur-prise the servant of God passed out without no-

ticing or addressing to him a word. This deep-

ened his conviction almost to the borders of des-

to converse with me." The old minister, after purchasing some groceries, withdrew without say-

ing a word to him as to the state of his soul.

would do to tell you so.'

hope in my case."

The simple remark pierced the heart of Mr.

utterly indifferent to all religious interests.

would be seen on their way, passing as

Frem the American Messenge.

Thus, upon the loveliest day which ever light-The Spirit's wondrous working in his heart, ened the world, our two disciples are groping as a simultaneously in that of his companion, in the gloom of night. It is true, they were not used all to fervent prayer, and threw convicti-distinctly conscious of the extent of the loss they into the impenitent. The news spread, and had sustained in being deprived of their Master; meetig-house became crowded. All felt that but they felt what they did not clearly know, and was te finger of God. The Holy Spirit fell othe wile neighborhood, and the interests of experienced most sensibly the truth of the aposregion sorbed those of every other. Two hungeduls were the fruits gathered into the church the blessing of God on Old Deacon tle's declaration, "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins;" and, "then they also which are fallen aleep in Christ are perished," (1 Cor. xv. 17, 18). Who now stands surety for them, that God will accept the sinner, and exercise grace and not justice? Without an a cent a faithful christian in the Western intercessor, without a mediator, without a saviour, states.

ONE HOUR LABOURERS.

little bark of life is fast drifting among the breakers. Where shall it gain the shore? who shall preserve it from total shipwreck? He is no longer at the helm on whom all their hopes leaned; He has ceased to be their Advocate with God; thousand beauties of a famous artist. So the contracted beauties of a famous artist. So the contracted beauties of the contracted beaut He will no longer prepare them mansions in heaven; nor, when their last hour shall strike, will trate all Christian graces and activities into a He invest them with that wedding garment of the little masterpiece of spiritual beauty and righteousness in which they may securely abide ver. The usefulness of a life is not measured the judgment. Oh, how wretched are these two years, but by the loftiness of its aims, and the orphan souls, so severely smitten, so deeply im- musity of its ardour in the service of Jesus. poverished! But are you less so, though you hat life is long which answers life's great end." do not yet feel it so profoundly-you who have Ocentration is the secret of power. One permanently and deliberately resigned yourselves hr's labour, if it be thorough, prayerful, whole to that unbelief into which these tell, but for a litted labour, will make a deeper mark than the moment, through weakness? Oh, certainly not! Itring over-work through a long drowsy day. you are utterly stripped of hope, and more justly, because you belong to an age of higher mental culture. It cannot have escaped you that the wisdom of the natural understanding, with all the expenditure of its investigations and labour the erry element of spiritual power and loveliness; of thought, exercised during thousands of years i may record the conversion of souls, and effecup to the present hour, upon the real destiny of ve deeds of philanthropy; it may borrow man, and especially upon his existence after death, les from heaven that will make it attractive in

has brought to light no reliable result. The two igels' eyes. disciples philosophise justly when they resolve, Over a multitude of effective Christians the "If Christ be held by death, then the aim and sitaph will be written, "These have wrought end of human life is fixed on this side the grave." at one hour" A short life may be long in its Oh, my friends, do not deceive yourselves! All sults of usefulness. How much may be done that you are wont to inscribe, for your own con a year! Martin Luther shook Europe clear solation, upon the tombs of your departed loved own to the primeval granite in less than a twelveones, and their being gone home, of glory, of onth. Nearly all the world's most effective men heavenly crowns, and of meeting again, all this id their greatest work in one brief golden period falls irrecoverably away like the "baseless fabric he short Italian campaign of Napoleon's boy of a vision" with the removal of that pillar upon bod made him the wonder of Europe; he never which alone it rests securely—the historical fact irpassed that campaign. William Pitt ruled the of the resurrection of Jesus. With the denial ritish Empire at twenty-one. Henry Martyn of the miraculous event of Easter, the brightest ould not have left a more enduring monument if star in the firmament of life is extinguished—the | had lived to three score and ten.

star of hope; and no Plato, no Aristotle, nor any Aman may die early at fourscore if he has other of the wise men of this world, no matter hieved nothing for God; he may die old in with how many laurel wreaths fame may have let or philanthropy or patriotism at twenty. encircled his name is able to rekindle its splen-unmerfield and Kingman Nott were "one hour dour. But how comes it to pass that they who abourers;" but is not Christ's vineyard greener set their sails full in the gale of unbelief do not and more fruitful for their one hour's toil? Dudley go through life, like the disciples of Emmaus, Tyng achieved more in his last year, and in the sighing with downcast heads! Because, for a neworable motto of his dying moment, than while they succeed in busying themselves in the lany a minister who has numbered his fourscore. element of the temporal and perishable, and in A short life too may be a very holy one. The forcibly ejecting from their minds all anxiety re- an of Righteousness ripens souls fast. No life specting the world beyond. Only wait a while; i modern times was holier than young David for them also dark cloudy days are in store, since trainerd's. Some trees have but one "bearing they must needs confirm in their own experience leason;" but the fruit is worthy of the King's the truth, that where there is no Lord of the regarden. No season is more favorable for vigorous

surrection, there night reigns, and man must pay piety than life's morning. No period is so fresh, so spontaneous, so hearty, so sincere as the period of youth. The mind's soil is strong-and not yet overrun with the weeds of worldliness. The eye is clear, the hand is agile; and when God means to give a young Christian but "one hour" to grow in, he often rains down grace and of our New England States, there had been a long absence of revival influences. The services of God's house were attended with little of divine power to human souls. The aggressive piety of the church seemed to be confined to the venerable pastor and old Descent C. able pastor and old Deacon C—. The latter was a man of undoubted and close walk with God, bent in form, somewhat lame, and unable to the vener-voung enthusiastic teachers! Well might an appearance with poster say, "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong."

walk without his staff. He was an inveterate Hod may ask you to work for him but "one Young Christian! you may die to-morrow, stammerer; and although the defect of speech nour." Your life may not fill much canvas; it was not so apparent in his social prayers, it was an invariable accompaniment of his exhortations, in it is copied from the model of the Lord Jesus in it is copied from the model of the Lord Jesus Though attended by few, the prayer meeting it will be fit to hang in the picture gallery of was held in a school-house one afternoon in every heaven. Thither, at the stated hour, whoever else

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" exclaims the great apostle at the close of his Observing that these old servants of God took magnificent eighth chapter to the Romans. their way every Saturday afternoon to the school- The whole chapter is a lofty argument for house he said to his wife, "I wonder what those he ultimate safety of all true believers. The two old fellows are doing every Saturday in that man who wrote this wonderful chapter was no school-house? They must have strange business | middle age theologian; he was not Augustin, or there, shut in together. I have made up my Luther, or Zwinkle, or Knox. He was not John mind to go in the next time, and see how they Calin; although he was a Calvinist. He was, get along." So he keeps his promise; and on the intrepid man who had fought through a great the next occasion, after they had been in the fight of affliction, and run the gauntlet of a thoubuilding for some time, he went in unobserved, sand temptations, who had withstood triumphand took his seat near the door. One was en- antly everything that earth or hell could level against him. He it is who concludes this masterly argument for the perseverance of the saints, by exclaiming, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Some have insisted that this means our love to Christ. This would be a noble meaning. Who shall separate me from my love to my Saviour! Who shall persuade me to give him up? Who on him. He did not feel any inclination to leave shall fright me away from the cross? Who shall dislodge me from the Rock ? Who shall wean my heart from its chiefest delight, or tempt me to betray him? This would be a noble meaning. A Paul, or a Calvin, or a Wesley might use it, without suspicion of vain-boasting.

But Paul utters a still nobler thought. "Who

pair. "They must think," said he to himself, shall separate me from my Saviour's love for me?" that I am given up of God, and that there is no The expression "love of Christ" in this thrilling passage clearly signifies the divine affection which He felt no inclination to return to his store, but betook himself to a grove not far off, where he got upon his knees for the first time before of believers. Paul had been just announcing God. No relief, however came to his distress. He that "there was no condemnation to them who returned to his place of trade, but could take are in Christ Jesus." He had gone on to show little interest in its affairs. The night following how converted souls were covered under the wing was one of unalleviated sorrow and anxiety. On the next day he beheld with great satisfaction the Rev. Mr. G—— approaching his store. "Now," secured by the atonement of Calvary. Step by Rev. Mr. G—approaching his store. "Now," thought he, "he knows how I feel, and has come step he ascends the mount of Assurance, until from the summit he shouts exultingly, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? And this sublime confidence is not based on Paul's own He could endure it no longer. He must speak to somebody. So going to his wife, he said, "My dear, I am in such distress that I cannot live. I am a great sinner. What shall I do? I cannot live as I have done." Immediately the tears started in his wife's eyes. "I feel so too," she said. "This is nothing new to me. I have been feeling so for some time; but I did not think it would do to tell you so." believe on him. He had agreed to lift Paul-In God's good providence, a conference of churches was soon convened in the old church. To that meeting went the convicted merchant and To that meeting went the convicted merehant and his wife; and when an opportunity was given, to the surprise of every one present he arose, and with broken voice related the incidents we have mentioned, and entreated their prayers on his benefit who had begun a good work" in

him would "perform it," would complete it, "until the day of Jesus Christ." He believed that TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH DAY Christ "is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of his glory." Paul, in other words believed in God's

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Visilor.

perseverance with his saints. Is not this the only ground for any christian's confidence? It is not based on the christian's promise to God, but on God's promise to him. It is not founded on a christian's merits, but on Christ's merits. I do not rest my certainty of salvation on my love to Jesus, but on the love of Jesus toward me as a believer.

'Twas grace that kept me till this day, And will not let me go.

My union to Chrst is a vital one, exclaims the sincere christian, and I know that no one shall be able to pluck me out of his hands. All christian assurance rests just here—that Christ has determined to save every faithful believer, and Christ's love is omnipotent. Every sincere christian, of every denomination, stands on this rock. They all meet here and practically coincide in this assurance of faith. Paul was a Calvinist (as we have just said), in emphasizing the security of believers through the covenent of grace. He was also a Wesleyan, in magnifying and making prominent the love of God.

Rowland Hill, who prayed with an Episcopalian liturgy and preached after a Methodist style, did not come short of the utmost Calvinistic faith in the final security of all true believers. In his old age he used to repeat these quaint, beautiful

And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry, For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why; But this do I find, We two are so joined, He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.

When this good old man came to his dying our, he lay for a time in apparent unconsciousness. But a friend put his lips close down to Mr. Hill's ear, and whispered the favorite lines-

And when I'm to die, etc.

The light came back to his closing eye. A smile beamed on his countenance. His lips moved in vain attempt to repeat the precious death-cry of victory. Here was triumphant assurance to the last; and we venture to assert that no man ever died in intelligent, happy, well founded christian faith, who did not found his hope of eternal salvation, simply and exclusively, on the love of Jesus. - Independent.

EARLY INFLUENCES.

The mother of Rev. Spencer W. Cone, D. D. always persuaded herself that God had some special work in the world for her boy to do; that He had sent him into the world to carry out some not unworthy, and perhaps noble, part of His great plan of providence; and that in His own good time and way He would bring him out and set him in a sure place.

Under this conviction she watched her boy daily, to catch the first dawn of intellect, the very opening of the mind, and, if it might be, endow his earliest purposes with holy thoughts and words. Every occasion was seized, every occurrence improved, with an eye single to that future she believed so firmly to be destined for him, persuaded that in that she had an eye single to the glory of God. And it was in that elevated feeling that she began to teach him, investing even the common lessons of honesty and truth with the charm of Christian heroism. For it happened one day, when he was about five years old, that some drovers, reaching their place about nightfall, were obliged to put up their cattle in the sheds and tarry with them until next morning. When the morning came they got their cattle together

again, mounted their horses, and went upon their way. That day as Spencer was playing in the barn, he found a dollar, -a real silver dollar; and silver dollars then were not common coin. War and a depreciated paper currency had raised them to an almost fabulous value. Spencer thought that he was a made man for life; that he had an inexhaustable mine of wealth. So he ran to his mother to show her his dollar.

" Your dollar, Spencer?" said she. "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, I found it in the straw, and it's mine." "Not so fast, my son; let us think of that a ittle. Silver dollars do not grow in the straw?"

" No, mother." "Then, my son, somebody must have put it there, or somebody must have lost it there."

"Yes, mother," said the boy; "I never thought

of that.' "And more than that," said his mother, drawing him to her, "if we do not know who put it there, God knows. If we do not know who lost it. God knows. And, besides, Spencer, if you had had a silver dollar, and had been so careless or so unfortunate as to lose it, would you not feel very sorry, and would you not hope that whoever found it would try and find out to whom it belonged, and if he heard it was yours, bring it

O, yes, indeed!" he cried, earnestly. "Well, then," said the mother, winding her arms about him, "you and I will ask God to help us to find out whom this money belonged to, and to put it into our hearts to always try and do unto flowers that spring there, and we linger here until others even as we would that they should do thought after thought rises, and we are living in

And the little boy prayed well-nigh as fervently as the Christian mother, for the guidance and direction of their heavenly Father: It was quite direction of their heavenly Father. It was quite moistened eyes we can glance upwards to a Risen year after, before the drovers came that way Jesus, who burst the shackles of the tomb, and although they would have liked to smile at the child's earnestness, refrained, out of wise respect for the principle of the thing, and pretended to try very hard to discover the loser. But when they could not, after much questioning, fix upon any one of them as the man, they very gravely discussed the question of whose property it should be, and finally resolved unanimously that Spencer should keep it as a reward for his honesty; or, rather, because he had kept it so long and well,

accompanied by Divine influence—and for this God will be inquired of. Hence, the successful preacher will be often at the throne of grace; and those who wish to be blessed through their minister will not merely seek for a "smart man," but likewise a man of prayer. When Rev. Dr. Griffin was once asked relative to a candidate for

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and

THE OFFICE OF THE

Corner 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.

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RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

For the Christian Visitor

The frost king with his piercing breath Has blighted Flora's blooming wealth-Has decked his brow with crystals bright, And donned a plume of snowy white. But while grim winter now is here. With all his rude attendants drear-For thee, dear friend, a garland fair I fain would wreathe, of beauty rare, Which should outlast the lovely things, That verdant spring-time ever brings. But rarely culled are Posey's flowers, Except in erudition's bowers-Whose tomes of legendary lore It seldom has been mine to explore: There, sentiment and culture fine Dwell with the fabled sisters nine-Who, from the charmed Pierian spring, For me but "shallow draughts" will bring: But well I know thou'lt not despise, These numbers which from friendship rise, While I attempt with tuneful lay To celebrate thy natal day. I've noticed oft the earnest look With which thou bendest o'er thy book, Whilst thought and feeling in thy face Were mirrored all, with artless grace. Grave knowledge with her "ample page" Will oft thy studious hours engage-While science with her varied store, Invites thee with her classic lore: Their pleasures you should highly prize, But not in them true wisdom lies-Which elevates the immortal mind, Yields joys substantial and refined-And guides through life's uneven way Securely to the Realms of Day. May you this precious treasure gain— This "Pearl of greatest price" obtain,

For the Christian Visitor THE DYING SAILOR.

Bury me not 'neath the ocean wave-In the wildly rolling deep; Whose waters dash with sullen roar, And storms so rudely sweep:

And thy young heart be early given

Canning, Q. C., Jan. 8th, 1865.

To Christ, and find its rest in Heaven.

But in my own loved native land, 'Neath weeping willows' shade-Where flow'rets shed their sweet perfume, There let my grave be made.

'Tis hard to die so far from home, Tossed on the trackless main; No gentle hand to bathe my brow, And ease this throbbing pain.

My mother! must I die from thee,

Far from the dear embrace-

Thy loving voice ne'er list again, Nor gaze upon thy face: Perhaps thou'rt praying at this hour For me so worn and weak: Oh, but to feel thy kiss again

Upon my wasted cheek! Waft, waft ye winds this gallant bark, Swift to my native shore, That I may see my cherished home

And friends I love once more. But Faith points to a brighter clime,

Where partings never come; There Jesus dwells, my only hope, He's dearer than my home.

For the Christian Visitor. THOUGHTS THROUGH THE MIST. " Calmer and calmer still," The saint replied,

To the friend who stood At his death-bed's side, And asked of him how his spirit bore The thoughts of its flight to a viewless shore-" Calmer and calmer still, For much doth grow Plain to my soul, and clear. Which was not so: I once saw frowns upon Death's pale brow.

But I see it grow calmer and calmer now.'

The Past is never buried. We may clothe it in the habiliments of the grave, and lay it aside: but, through the mists of memory, it rises ever and anon, and points with an unerring finger to the hours of childhood-the scholar's hopes and aims-maturer years, when all was tinged with joyous hope, and then with shrouded hand, how faithfully does it recall hours of anguish, when, motionless with grief, we stand by the rigid form of a beloved friend, even our heart-throbs seemed sacrilege, and we said "adieu to crushed hopes." The form moulders in its sepulchral home; but the living One remembers all; and in misty hours, when there are yearnings for communion with a kindred spirit, memory sheds light upon the heart's inmost recess, and past hours and days -like the faces of well-remembered friends-rise from the shadows; some joyous, it is true, but, alas! how many dead hopes! Could we bury them! but they are watered morning and even ing with our tears. These nurture the fadeless

It is sad to sit beside these lifeless hopes. Our

the dead past.

path is strewn with thornes. It is well if with again; but the first thing Spencer did was to run who would lead us to where hopes are undying out amongst them, with the silver dollar in his and affections are immortal. Thoughts slumber hand, to tell them how he had found it in the still! Affections lie buried! We need thee not barn, after they had gone away, and beg them to now, but the time hastens when ye shall be sumtry and remember which of them had lost it. moned to service. Ye shall not moulder; but so the old fellows laid their heads together, and scattered with seeds of hope and moistened with tears, from the dead ashes shall spring purer joys -if they bloom not here. Heaven will grant them entrance, and the perfume of the blossom may surround the throne of the Great Immortal. We have read somewhere of an allegory like the following: -An eastern king was erecting an elegant palace, but a certain portion he designed PIETY FIRST.—The most eloquent and powerful preaching will fail to convert souls unless it is accompanied by Divine influence—and for this God will be inquired of. Hence, the successful preacher will be often at the throne of grace; and

minister will not merely seek for a "smart man," but likewise a man of prayer. When Rev. Dr. Griffin was once asked relative to a candidate for the ministry, he remarked, "He is a man of talent and a good speaker, but I have my doubts whether he will pray down the Holy Spirit while he preaches."

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and processes the could procure was clay. With that he done the best he could. Day by day he moulded and added little by little to it, until, under his practised hand, there arose an image in clay as perfect as that material would admit of. In due time the king of the country sent for him, and he presented the clay image; the king looked at it, and before placing it in the alcove, touched it, and in an instant, as it were, a thin clayer

cast seemed to drop off, and there stood revealed