THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Vol. III., No. 44. Whole No. 148. affords an excellent medium for advertising.

CARRIAGE SPRINGS. MADE TO ORDER!!

C. G. BERRYMAN takes this method of informing his customers through-

out the Province that he is now prepared to furnish them with Eliptic & Side Springs,

OF ANY SIZE OR STYLE, Wholesale and Retail, at Short Notice!!! These Springs are made under his own superintendence

by superior workmen, stamped with his own name, and made of best quality English Spring STEEL, so that purchasers may rely upon getting a good article. In addition to the above, he has on hand about 100 SETS SUPERIOR ENGLISH SPRINGS. which will be sold at a low figure for CASH.

He would also call the attention of Carriage Makers to his Stock of Carriage Builders' Hardware,

which is the best in the City, comprising-Long and Short BED AXLES, 1 to 2 inch; Carriage BANDS in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with open, closed, and screw Fronts; American pattern SCREW BOLTS, 14 to 9 inch;

American pattern SCIEW. BOLTS, 1% to 9 inch;
Sleigh-Shoe and Tire BOLTS, all lengths;
Waggon Pipes and Cart Boxes; Round and Steeple-head
RIVETS; Hickory and Oak SPOKES, 1 to 2 inch;
Elm HUBS; Bent RIMS, 1% to 2 inch; Bent SHAFTS;
Seat Poppets; Brass and Silver Shaft Tips; Dash Centers;
Enamelled Muslin, Duck, and Drill; Patent Moleskin;
Oil Top-Leather, Patent Dasher Leather, &c., &c. A Complete Assortment of Small Trimmings,

Such as—Tufting Buttons and Nails; Lining Nails; Pasting and Seaming Lace, Silver and Japanned Knoss, Whip Sockets, Apron Hooks and Rings, Footman Holders, Coach Door Handles and Locks, &c.

A Complete Assortment of Malleable Castings. OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS,

Coach-makers' VICES, assorted sizes;

TOOLS, OF BEST STAMPS. These Goods have been laid in to advantage, and can be

BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET C. C. BERRYMAN.

CITY OF GLASGOW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. GOVERNOR—The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.
Subscribed Capital. £600,000
Accumulated Fund. 480,000 Existing Assurances 2,700,000
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman.
W. F. BIRKMYRE, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
VARIOUS MODES OF ASSURING.
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.
Endowment Assurances.

Partnership Assurances.

Short Term Assurances.

THE "City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company" was established in 1838, by special Act of Parliament. It has now been conducted with much success for 25 years, which is attributable not only to the perfect security which it affords for the due fulfilment of every contract, but likewise to the Company's extensive and influential connexions and to the liberality of its dealings.

The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of

stributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of Policy-holders.
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January, 1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year, when a Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the sums assured was declared for the past year. In place of the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in future be ascertained and allocated quinquennially. Policies participate from the date of their issue, but the Bonuses do not vest until they have been five years in existence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may be learned from the Agent, WILLIAM MACKAY, july 13.—wpv 1y Custom Honse Building.

july 13.-wpv 1y THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 ngs, Liverpool.

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

Chairman in Liverpool.—Charles 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 highly satisfactory results were shown:— FIRE 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 in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 832, the sum assured £887,752 68. 8d., and the premium £12,854 38. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of broiness during the last ten years. Thus: of business during the last ten years. Thus: Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. N £48,764 17 0 95,650 9 181,504 10 161,848 13

onum on the sums assured, and averaged 80 per cent. upon | have followed in the hearts of the saints, &c." 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. JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick

THE PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON CAPITAL, - - - 25,000,000.

Insurance effected at the lowest rates. J. W. WELDON,
Agent for New Brunswick.
Office—701, Prince William Street.
St. John, N. B., 12th Feb., 1863.—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 Hote

SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.

re and Apparatus are all of the most impr yle; the School Rooms and premises are in in the City; the system is Catechetical an Call and see.

MRS. HUNT'S

Christian

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

March, 1859.

REDEMPTION.

Dr. Bacon pronounces the following hymn "un-

surpassed in the English or any other language,"

and adds that," perhaps it is as near perfection as

any uninspired language can be." It was written

by A. L. Hillhouse, who died near Paris, in

Trembling before thine awful throne,

Contend: O! smile and heal the strife.

O Lord, in dust, my sins I own;

The Saviour smiles; upon my soul

New tides of hope tumultuous roll,

His voice proclaims my pardon found,

Seraphic transport wings the sound.

Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,

The new-born peace of sin forgiven; Tears of such pure and deep delight,

Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

The beautoous pillars of the skies; Ye know where morn exulting springs,

And evening folds her drooping wings,

Bright heralds of the eternal will,

Symphonious in his presence play.

Is shaken with the choral strain,

Or thronged in floods of beamy day,

Loud is the song; the heavenly plain

And dying echoes floating far, Draw music from each chiming star.

And all your knowledge shall be mine;

GEORGE MULLERS ORPHAN HOMES.

MINISTRY, FREE WILL, SUPPORT, AND PRAYER.

Christians in various parts of Devonshire, depend-

ing entirely for support on free-will offerings,

which were always supplied-even when want

was at the door. This Mr. Muller ascribes to

special prayer, and which he explains thus reason-

One great object of George Muller, when a

pastor of Bristol, was so to strengthen the faith

of Christians in temporal straits and anxieties

that they might be able to take God at his word,

and rely on it. This, together with compassion

for poor orphan children in the streets, utterly

neglected and ready to perish, led to the concep-

hand to my brethren, not only by giving them

proofs from the word of God, of his willingness

and ability to help all those who rely on him,

but to show them by proofs that He is the same

in our day. I remembered what a great blessing

my own soul had received through the Lord's

dealings with his servant, A. H. Franke, who, in

dependence on the living God alone, established

an immense Orphan House, which I had seen

many times with my own eyes. Now, if I, a poor

man, simply by prayer and faith, obtained, with-

out asking any individual, the means for estab-

lishing and carrying on an Orphan Home, there

would be something which might strengthen the

faith of God's children, besides testifying to the

consciences of the unconverted, of the reality of

"This, then, was the primary reason for estab-

lishing and carrying on an Orphan Home. I cer-

tainly did desire from my heart to be used of

God to benefit the bodies of poor children, be-

reaved of both parents, and in other respects to

do them good for this life. I also particularly

longed to be used by God in getting the dear or-

phans trained up in the fear of God; but still the

first and primary object, was, and still is, that

God might be magnified by the fact, that the or-

phans under my care are provided with all they

need only by prayer and faith, without any one being asked by me, or any of my fellow-labour-

ers, whereby it may be seen, that God is faithful

still, and hears prayer still. That I was not mis-taken has been abundantly proved since Novem-

ber, 1835, both by the conversion of many sin-

ners who have read the published accounts of

this work, and also by the abundant fruits that

Taking as his encouragement, the words-

lxxxi. 10), as presenting themselves in the reading of the Scriptures on the 9th November, 1835,

special prayer was offered "for premises, for the

sum of £1000, and for suitable persons to take

care of the children." On the 7th December the

first shilling for the Orphan Home was received,

and afterwards a second shilling was received

from a German brother. On December 9th, the

first piece of furniture was sent in, and in the

evening of the same day, a Christian woman of-

fered herself for the work of attending on any

orphans who might be received. At this meet-

ing, Mr. Muller made a statement, the substance

of which was speedily published, under the title,
—" Proposal for the Establishment of an Orphan

Home in connection with the Scriptural Know-

ledge Association at Home and Abroad." After

explaining how the plan had been suggested to him, it was mentioned that without waiting to

have an Orphan Home (a rented house as at first

proposed) endowed, and, trusting to God for daily supplies, a beginning would be made at once. Christians were invited to give donations

It was also pointed out that only those who were truly pious, and had suitable qualifications, would be employed as masters, matrons, and as-

of money; also furniture and other requisites.

Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it" (Psalm

schools, and lastly, as to

the things of God.

For nearly two years, Mr. Muller ministered to

[Continued].

But I amid your choirs shall shine,

Ye on your harps must lean to hear

A secret cord that mine will bear.

Abroads his errands ye fulfil;

Ye saw, of old, on chaos rise

Justice and mercy for my life

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1865.

The first developments of Mr. Mullers's prayer- day, at the table, and part of the term with more ful designs and labors were an Orphan Home for than eleven hundred, "they lacked nothing." female orphans above seven years of age, and the "The living God helped us also, though hunopening of an Infant Orphan Home for destitute | dreds of thousands of pounds went to Lancashire, orphans of both sexes under seven sears of age.

supplies of furniture, clothes, and provision had been sent in-"without," wrote Mr. Muller "one individual being asked by me for anything." Among the givers at this period, one case is specially mentioned. It was that of a lady who sent fourteen shillings, with the following written explanation. "The history of this money is—A a hill, I have suddenly before me—what? Not ady was going to purchase a dress. The enclos- a partial structure, not one of those architectural ed sum was the difference between the fashiona- marvels, which a poet or painter, because of its ble one, which took her fancy, and one less fash-

profit by this sacrifice of her fancy." sum of £1000 for the Orphan Homes, which had alone challenge admiration. Neither gothic granbeen specially asked for in continued prayer, and before the publication of the Report for 1836-37, the entire amount had been obtained. One friend who had given £40 on May 24th, 1836, with a smile, to translate the Horatian words and who was personally unknown to Mr. Muller, this is the motto which might be written over gave on July 12th, 1837, £460 more, being alto-

gether £500. In looking over the successive years' reports of the Orphan Homes, we find many striking illustrations of "the abundant grace," given to the poor members of Christ's Church, whose deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality glance; and then, as this is a day on which visifor His cause. A poor working man in Herefordshire sent half-a-crown, accompanied by the following letter-

"Dear Sir-Having read your Report, I see that the Lord has put it into your heart to en- of the female attendants leads us onward. Our large your work. I beg you to accept my mite towards the contemplated building. It is a part fail to recall all that we witnessed. But, first of of the produce from the celery plants raised in all, whether we are passing through the class, my garden."

for mercies received, "one penny on each pair of mously 1s. 5d. was sent from Omagh, Ireland, "a month's produce of the orphan's hen." Mr. Muller says "This case shows how even poor ably and scripturally :- " According to the grace vilege of helping in the cause of God."

of faith I am able to do a thing, or believe that a thing will come to pass, respecting which I have the Word of God to rest on, and therefore the not doing it, or not believing it would be sin. For instance, the grace of faith is needed to believe that the Lord will give me the necessaries an expression of gratitude "for light at evening gymnastic exercise. of life, if I first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness; for there is a promise to that time to a loved one, who entered into her rest on effect." These words form a key to Mr. Muller's the 13th October, 1864." Repeatedly, also, we dependence on free-will offerings at Bristol-first | find letters from those who were once in the as a pastor, next as to the work of missionacies | Homes, expressing the warmest affection for Mr. sent out to foreign countries, the distribution of and Mrs. Muller, the masters and mistresses, and the Scriptures, support for day, Sunday, and adult | sending money to help on the orphan's cause.

Honoring God with the first fruits of increase is also illustrated in the gifts forwarded. A farmer sends £1 as a first-fruit-offering. A gentleman instructs the Bristol Bank to pay £368 to the Orphan Asylum on Ashley Down, as "part tion of Orphan Homes. "I well knew," he says, "that the word of God ought to be enough; but still I considered that I ought to lend a helping dred enterprises.

GIFTS OF PRECIOUS THINGS. The record of gifts, not in bank-notes, soveeigns, or silver coins, which year after year have been sent for the Orphan Homes, is very extensive and curious. Silver thimbles, 57 cornelian studs, 15 silver studs, gold chains, sets of artificial teeth set in gold, gold rings and brooches, gold-mounted crosses cornelian necklaces, jet bracelets, diamonds, pairs of gold spectacles, silver watches, a gold watch and watch keys, from an aged widow," gold rings set with pearls, gold ear-rings, gold watch hooks set with brilliants-but where shall we stop? Besides these varied gifts, is a quantity of articles of clothing, furniture, provi-

sion, &c., for the use of the orphans. MEASURE, VARIETY, AND FULNESS.

The duty of proportionate giving has been not only constantly urged by Mr. Muller in his 'Narrative," but has manifested its hallowed exercise and results in connection with the Orphan Homes. For example, in an anonymous letter is enclosed the sum of £33, the writer saying-"It was given to the Lord some time ago. It was received for service done, according to Ephesians vi. 7, and believing that laying up treasures on earth for myself (having enough for my own necessities without it) would be disobedience to Ohrist (Matt. vi. 19), I put it into your hands."

The variety of ways in which the work is susained and extended is frequently dwelt upon, and the secret of success is always ascribed to prayer to God and the exercise of faith." "I rećeive," says Mr. Muller, "donations of £5, and have received even £1000, £3000, £4000, man gives two shillings and sixpence, poor widows have laid aside their farthings or half-pence weekly, and have sent them when amounting to a shifling or more. But all the result of prayer to God, and of the exercise of faith. He then dwells on the inexpensiveness of this mode, "All

bringing in the greater part of what they cost, and the total expenditure, as to money, is not even one per cent." Besides gifts for other objects to the extent of £84,407 0s. 61d., in addition to the sales of Bibles and tracts, and the payments of children in day schools, amounting to upwards of £12,000, the sum of £212,872 11s. 1d., has been given to Mr. Muller for the orphans since the commencement of the work. This sum includes the con-

we do is to print and circulate the reports, and

even these are sold for the benefit of the orphans,

tributions towards the Building Fund.

shire almost entirely absorbed the attention of found ninety-one silver coins, two silver vases, the country, and when a flood-tide of gifts was some keys, and a few jewels. She was flying, directed thither for the rescue of the famishing carrying her most valuable commodities with her, people. On the evening of the 10th November, Mr. Muller noted that the outgoings on that day at the Ashley Down Orphan Homes £632 12s. the tissue of her clothes, and two silver rings on would be employed as masters, matrons, and assistants. At first, at least, only such destitute children should be admitted who had lost both parents—the children, if girls, to be brought up for lowing lines—"A drop from the wide stream and writhing, the delicate hand convulsively shut; THE Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all fore to be employed, while in the Institution, action in the Seminary for a thorough and accomplete presents are accomplete presents and accomplete presents are accomplete presents and accomp

in which we rejoiced, and gladly helped; yea, Within twelve months £770 0s. 91d. had been towards which even the orphans themselves, out given, and £40 had been promised. Very large of their little treasures, sent their little contribu-

On the afternoon of an autumu day I drive out

to Ashley Downs. Like the other beautiful sub-

urbs of Bristol, I find here swelling uplands and ble one, which took her fancy, and one less fash-ionable. So she thought the orphans should beauty and a joy for ever." Here are buildings, a series of buildings, whose moral loveliness, and Large sums also repeatedly came towards the whose utilitarian character and aptitudes can Ashley Down. But while the artistic eye may be somewhat offended, look at the width of each building, and the great compass of the roof that covers it. The blue greystone walls, the slated roofs, the oblong shape, are all taken in at a tors come, we too are admitted, and climbing a staircase, we pass into a room, where a number of ladies and gentlemen are waiting to be conducted over the establishment, and very soon one space forbids, and memory in a measure would all, whether we are passing through the class, rooms of the boys and girls, a healthier, happier, A donation of 14s. 2d. in postage stamps was and more ruddy band could not be seen in any received from a widow, as a small thank-offering select establishment throughout the kingdom. And if any one is predisposed to think that Mr. shoes sold since reading your last report." An- Muller is a sternly gloomy man, and therefore other widow sent 3s., being "the savings of a that moping and long faces are the passports on farthing at a time during the year." Anony- the children's part to his regard, let them look at their cheery aspect in school, and, better still, let them see the provision made outside for healthful sports and play, and let the ear and heart be persons, if they are so mind of, may have the pri- filled with the merry laughter (sweet music methinks in the ear of Him who is the "Father of Commemoration gifts are repeatedly recorded. the Fatherless, and the stay of the orphan" One was from a young lady, who had suffered which ever and anon rings out from the jubilant but little, although attacked by a dangerous and ones as they trip over the grass, or swing theminfectious disease; another on a 90th birth-day; selves in rapid and ever-following succession on another "for an abundant harvest;" and another | the ropes which are provided for the lovers of

[Conclusion in our next.]

FRESH DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII. Our readers will be much impressed with the annexed account, which we copy from the cogentleman, who had very recently returned from Rome and Naples, and a lengthened sojourn in of ceremonies. of the tenth of an unexpected legacy." A lady the south of Italy, during which he several times writes from Scotland, sending also £3 to Mr. Mul-ler for his Foreign Mission Society—a portion of here described. The particulars with which he the produce of one night's success in the herring favoured us were of the most vivid character, and gether, and started out with them to pasture, padfishery—the remainder being dedicated to kin- so deeply interesting, that it served to beget one intense desire—that of seeing for one's-self. In addition to his description, the gentleman in question submitted for our inspection a large number of very beautiful photographs, and other remarkable curiosities, which he had brought with him from Rome, Naples, and other parts. The phorepresented. One felt how much one is indebted to the photographic art for these extremely truthful delineations of far-off scenes. Distant objects and far-away lands, with all their special peculiarities, are thus brought by travellers to our own homes and hearths; and such travellers thus confer a great boon upon their friends, and upon society in general. It is to be hoped that the photographic art will be applied to the curious human forms here described, and that our readers will hereafter be better enabled to judge for them-

> "M. Marc Monnier supplies the Revue des Deux Mondes with a highly interesting account of the last great discovery made at Pompeii, during the excavations undertaken by Cavalier Fiorelli-the corpses of the unfortunate Pompeians, whom the lava stream surprised in their flight, and whose forms and features are preserved in the attitude in which death overtook them. The bodies, or rather the lava mould which covers them, are now to be seen at the Museum, and striking photographs of them have been transmitted to Paris; they give, however, by no means so effective a description as the account of M. Marc Monnier. He says :-

"'One day, in a little street, under a heap of stones and rubbish, a vacant space was discovered, at the bottom of which appeared something like bones. M. Fiorelli was summoned in haste, and he conceived a luminous idea. He poured in some liquid plaster, and the same operation was performed at other points where bones had been likewise discovered; and as seen as the plaster was hardened, the mould was lifted with the greatest precantion, and, on the hardened ashes and lava being removed, four corpses appeared. They are now at the Museum, and no more striking sight is it possible to behold. They are not statues, but human bodies moulded by Vesuvius, and preserved from decay by that envelope of lava which reproduces the clothes, the flesh, nay almost even the appearance of life. The bones protrude here and there where the molten liquid did not completely cover the limbs. Nowhere does anything like this exist. The Egyptian mummics are naked, black, hideous. They appear to have nothing in common with humanity; they are dressed out by the Egyptian undertaker The faith of Mr. Muller was put to the test are human beings in the act of dying. One of when, in 1862, the "Cotton Famine" in Lanca. the bodies is that of a woman, near whom were when she fell in the little narrow street. She may be seen lying on her left side. Her head dress,

her finger is a single iron ring. Her left leg, raised and bent, denotes that she also struggled and suffered. Near her reclines the young girlalmost a child. The tissue of her dress is seen with wondrous distinctness-the sleeves coming down to the wrists, and the embroidery of her shoes. She had, through fear, probably, lifted her dress over her head. She fell with her face to the ground. One of her hands is half open, as though she had used it to keep her reil over her face. The bones of her fingers protrude through the lava. She appears to have died easily. The fourth body is that of a man-a Colossus; he is streched on his back, as though he meant to meet his fate bravely; his arms and legs show no signs of struggling; his clothes are very distinctly marked; the braccæ (trousers) close fitting; laced sandals, the soles studded with thick nails; on one finger an iron ring; a few teeth are broken; his eyes and hair are obliterated, but his thick moustache is clearly apparent, and it is impossible not to be struck with the martial and resolute appearance of his features. After the women convulsively clinging to life, we see here the man calmly meeting his fate in the midst of the great convulsion—impavidum ferient ruinæ. Nothing yet discovered at Pompen offers us any-

Old Series
Vol. XVIII., No. 44

thing to be compared with this palpitating dram It is violent death, with its supreme tortures, its convulsions, and agonies, brought clearly before us, and, as it were, taken in the act, after the lapse of eighteen centuries."

AUNT ESTHER'S STORIES.

Aunt Esther used to be a constant attendant upon us young ones whenever we were a little ill, or any of the numeous accidents of childhood overtook us. In such seasons of adversity she always came to sit by our bedside, and take care of us. She did not, as some people do, bring a long face and a doleful whining voice into a sickroom, but was always so bright, and cheerful, and chatty, that we began to think it was almost worth while to be sick to have her about us. I remember that once, when I had the quinsy, and my throat was so swollen that it brought the tears every time I swallowed, Aunt Esther talked to me so gayly, and told me so many stories, that I found myself laughing heartily, and disposed to regard my aching throat as on the whole rather an amusing circumstance.

Aunt Esther's stories were not generally fairy tales, but stories about real things, and more often on her favorite subject of the habits of animals, and the different animals she had known, than about anything else.

One of these was a famous Newfoundland dog.

named Prince, which belonged to an uncle of hers in the country, and was, as we thought, a far more useful and faithful member of society than many of us youngsters. Prince used to be a grave, sedate dog, that considered himself put in trust of the farm, the house, the cattle and all that was on the place. At night he slept before the kitchen door, which, like all other doors in the house lumns of a contemporary. To ourselves, it has | in those innocent days, was left unlocked all been a subject of deepest interest, inasmuch as all | night; and if such a thing had ever happened as the facts embodied in the subjoined statement, that a tramper or an improper person of any kind we had just previously heard from the lips of a had even touched the latch of the door, Prince would have been up attending to him as master

At early dawn, when the family began to stir, Prince was up and out to superintend the milking of the cows, after which he gathered them all toding steadily along behind, dashing out once in a while to reclaim some wanderer that thoughtlessly began to make her breakfast by the roadside, iustead of saving her appetite for the pas-ture, as a properly behaved cow should. Arrived at the pasture-lot, Prince would take down the bars with his teeth, drive in the cows, put up the tographs helped one's conceptions most materially | bars, and then soberly turn tail and pad off home, as to the magnitude and grandeur of the spots and carry the dinner-basket for the men to the mowing lot, or the potato-field, or wherever the labors of the day might be. There arrived, he was extremely useful to send on errands after anything forgotten or missing. "Prince! the rake is missing: go to the barn and fetch it!" ciously balanced in his mouth.

One day a friend was wondering at the sagacity of the dog, and his master thought he would show off his tricks in a still more original style; and so, calling Prince to him, he said, "Go home and bring Puss to me!"

Away bounded Prince towards the farm-house. and looking about, found the younger of the two cats, fair Mistress Daisy, busy cleaning her white velvet in the summer sun. Prince took her gently up by the nape of her neck, and carried her, hanging head and heels together, to the fields, and laid her down at his master's feet.

"How's this Prince?" said the master; "you didn't understand me. I said the cat, and this is the kitten. Go right back and bring the old cat." Prince looked very much ashamed of his mistake, and turned away, with drooping ears and tail, and went back to the house.

The old cat was a venerable, somewhat portly old dame, and no small lift for Prince; but he reanneared with old Page baseing from his jaws, and set her down, a little discomposed, but not a whit hurt, by her unexpected ride.

Sometimes, to try Prince's skill, his master would leave his gloves or riding-whip in some out-ofthe way corner, and when ready to start, would say, " Now, where have I left my glove? Prince, good fellow, run in, and find them;" and Prince would dash into the house, and run hither and thither with his nose to every nook and corner of the room; and, no matter how artfully they were hid, he would upset and tear his way to them. He would turn up the corners of the carpet, snuff about the bed, run his nose between the featherbed and mattress, pry into the crack of a halfopened drawer, and show as much zeal and ingenuity as a policeman, and seldom could anything be so hid as to baffle his perseverance. Many people laugh at the idea of being careful

of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and yet it is a fact that some dogs are as exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame, and mortification, as any human being. See, when a dog is spoken harshly to, what a universal droop seems to come over him. His head and ears sink, his tail drops and slinks between his legs. and his whole air seems to say, "I wish I could sink into the earth to hide himself."

Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicting a most terrible mortification on him at one time. It was very hot weather, and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting, and lolling his tongue out, apparently

the 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 themselves." Besides this, they were to receive a plain education. But the special end of the Institution would be to seek to bring them to prices.

Box over ten years, \$5 per term.

Box over ten years, \$5 per term.

Extrs Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usual Prices.

Payment, in all cases, in advance,

Dec. 4.

The branches necessary for a thorough and accomplants swolled and contract to the danger of the orphans being forgotten in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched in the general pity for the distressed outline of which has not suffered—are stretched outlin

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

REV. I. E. BILL

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

cellar, and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart; he followed him in vain, calling, "Prince! Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted; he slunk deeper and deeper into the darkness, and crouched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused even to take food. The family all visited and condoled with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated; but he would not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he indulged the hope that his hair was beginning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the illusion by any jests or comments on his appearance.

Such were some of the stories of Prince's talents and exploits, which Aunt Esther used to relate to us. What finally became of the old fellow we never heard. Let us hope that, as he grew old, and gradually lost his strength, and felt the infirmities of age creeping on, he was tenderly and kindly cared for in memory of the services of his best days—that he had a warm corner by the kitchen fire, and was daily spoken to in kindly tones by his old friends. Nothing is a sadder sight than to see a poor old favorite, that once was petted and caressed by every member of a family, now sneaking and cowering as if dreading a kick or a blow, turned from the parlor into the kitchen, driven from the kitchen by the cook's broom-stick, half starved and lonesome. O, how much kinder if the poor thread of life

were at once cut by some pistol-shot, than to have the neglected favorite linger only to suffer! Now, boys, I put it to you, is it generous or manly, when your old pet and playmategrows sickly and feeble, and can no longer amuse you, to forget all the good old times you have had with him, and let him become a poor, trembling, hungry, abused vagrant? If you cannot provide comforts for his old age, and see to his nursing, you can at least secure him an easy and painless passage from this troublesome world. A manly fellow I once knew. who, when his old hound became so diseased that he only lived to suffer, gave him a nice meal with his own hand, patted his head, got him to sleep, and then shot him, so that he was dead in a mo ment, felt no pain, and knew nothing but kindness And now to Aunt Esther's stories of a dog I

must add one more which occurred in a town where I once lived. I have told you of the fine traits of blood dogs, their sagacity and affection. In doing this, perhaps, I have not done half justice to the poor common dogs, of no particular blood or breed, that are called curs or mongrels; yet among these I believe you will quite as often find both affection and sagacity as among better-The poor mongrel I am going to tell you about

belonged to a man who had not, in one respect, half the sense that his dog had. A dog wil never eat or drink a thing that has once made him sick, or injured him; but this man would drink, time and time again, a deadly draught, that took away his senses and unfitted him for any of his duties. Poor little Pero, however, set her ignorant dog's heart on her drinking master, and used to patter faithfully after him, and lick his hand respectfully, when nobody else thought he was in a condition to be treated with

One bitter cold winter day, Pero's master went to a grocery, at some distance from home, on pretence of getting groceries, but in reality to fill a very deadly bottle, that was the cause of all his misery; and little Pero padded after him through the whirling snow, although she left three poor little pups of her own in the barn. Was it that she was anxious for the poor man who was going the bad road, or was there some secret thing in her dog's heart that warned her that her master was in danger? We know not, but the sad fact is, that at the grocery the poor man took enough to make his brain dizzy, and coming home he lost his way in a whirling snow-storm, and fell down and away Prince would go, and come back with stupid and drunk, not far from his own barn, in his head very high, and the long rake very judi- a lonesome place, with the cold winter's wind sweeping the snow-drift over him. Poor little Pero cuddled close to her master and nestled in his bosom, as if trying to keep the warm life

> Two or three days passed, and nothing was seen or heard of the poor man. The snow had drifted over him in a long white winding sheet, when a neighbor one day heard a dog in the barn crying to get out. It was poor Pero, that had come back and slipped in to nurse her puppics while the barn-door was open, and was now crying to get out and go back to her poor master. It suddenly occurred to the man that Pero might find the body, and in fact, when she started off, he saw a little path which her small paws had worn in the snow, and, tracking after, found the frozen body. This poor little friend had nestled the snow away around the breast, and stayed watching and waiting by her dead master, only taking her way back occasionally to the barn to nurse her little ones. I cannot help asking whether a lital warrant that van but but but torous faithfu ness has not something worth respecting and caiing for in its nature.

At this time of the year our city ordinances proclaim a general leave and license to take the ives of all dogs found in the streets, and scenes of dreadful cruelty are often enacted in consequence. I hope, if my stories fall under the eye of any boy who may ever witness, or be tempted to take part in, the hunting down and killing a poor dog, that he will remember of how much faithfulness and affection and constancy these poor brutes are capable, and, instead of being their tyrant and persecutor, will try to make himself their protector and friend.—Harriet Beecher Stowe in " Our Young Folks."

THE PUNCTUAL MAN .- Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transaction through life. He amassed a large fortune by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly on his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial. His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons remarked:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your

"To be sure, my son," said the dying mar. It is well thought of, and I will no it now. He gave the name of six, the usual number

suffering from the heat.

"I declare," said young Master George, "I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for features like a ray of light, and he rallied once

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