

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co., Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1865.

THE PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CAPITAL, £5,000,000. Insurance effected at the lowest rates.

CARRIAGE SPRINGS, MADE TO ORDER!! Wholesale and Retail, at Short Notice!!!

C. G. BERRYMAN takes this method of informing his customers throughout the Province that he is now prepared to furnish them with

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.

Carriage Builders' Hardware, which is the best in use City, comprising—Long and Short, BED AXLES, 1 to 2 inch; Carriage BANDS, in JAPANESE, Brass, and Silver, with open, closed, and screw Frags.

A Complete Assortment of Small Trimmings, Such as—Tufting Buttons and Nails; Lining Nails; Pastings and Seaming Lines, Silver and Japanese Knots, Whip Sockets, Apron Rings, and Rings, Footman Holders, Coach Door Handles and Locks, &c.

OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS, Coach-makers' VICES, assorted sizes; TOOLS, OF BEST STAMPS.

BARLOW'S CORNER, No. 5 KING STREET C. G. BERRYMAN. St. John, Oct. 20, 1864.

MRS. HUNT'S School for Young Ladies. THE Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all the branches necessary for a thorough and accomplished education.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL. Charlotte Street, a few doors South St. John Hotel SAMUEL D. MILLER, Principal.

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. Governed by the Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow. Subscribed Capital, £200,000.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 52 Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.

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GIVING. Give, as the morning dew flows out of heaven; Give, as the waves when their channel is riven; Give, as the free air and sunshine are given; Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give.

Pour out thy love like the rush of a river, Wasting its waters, forever and ever, Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;

Scatter thy life as the summer's shower pouring! What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring, What if no blossom looks upward adoring!

Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary, Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary; Though from its pulses a faint misereere Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate;

So the wild wind throws its perfumed caresses, Evil and thankless the desert it blesses; Bitter the wave that its soft finion presses;

What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes, Sweeter is music with minor-keyed chords, Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over; Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover, Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;

What shall thy longing avail in the grave; Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking, Life, love and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking; Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking.

For the Christian Visitor. MICMAC MISSION. QUARTERLY REPORT.

MR. EDITOR.—The Committee of the Micmac Mission have directed me to draw up for publication a condensed account of our operations, as given in the quarterly Report for the first two quarters of the current year.

1. Missionary labor has been continued as usual; with this difference, that, being freed from the drudgery of collecting funds, I have had much more time for mission labor.

2. There has been a marked and increasing improvement in the attention paid by the Indians to the word of God. One case of decided conversion, so far as I can judge, has occurred. The subject is an aged man, for whose salvation I have long labored, prayed and waited.

3. And this prayer is being heard. In various quarters and in the hearts of our youth, particularly of our young sisters in the Lord, to commence the study of the Micmac language, to read the scriptures to the Indians, and to teach them to read.

4. The new scheme for raising funds works well. It is now more than a year since I adopted the plan of asking no one for aid, but my Father in heaven, and He who hears the ravens when they cry, and the young lions when they roar and seek their meat from God.

5. Help has often come from unlooked-for quarters, and in a way that has manifested the hand of our Heavenly Father so strikingly that I should be unworthy the name of a Christian not to recognise and acknowledge it.

6. The exact allowance, almost of former years has been sent in. The salary allowed me formerly was two hundred pounds per year, or two hundred dollars per quarter, with an allowance for travelling expenses.

7. This could not have arisen from any concert among contributors. No one but myself and He "whose I am and whom I serve," had the means of knowing what amount had been sent in until the quarter closed.

8. One case of "help in the time of need," was so striking, that I should feel guilty were I not to give it, as an encouragement to others to trust in the Lord at all times, and to make their requests known to him, with prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, in everything. On the

thirteenth day of April I received a note from a merchant at Windsor who had a small bill against me requesting payment if possible by the fifteenth I had no money and concluded in a case like that I would be justified in borrowing five pounds for a few days.

Let no one, then, despise the poor; nor be ashamed, nor sorry, that he himself is poor: Jesus was a poor child.

Perhaps you wish to be rich, to do the more good. This is a proper wish, but you may do good without much money.

"My Dear Soldier.—I send you a little Testament. I am a little girl, seven years old. I want to do something for the soldiers who do so much for us; so I have saved my pocket-money to send you this.

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remarks, in all ages there have been great hearts that have throbbed under rags, tender sympathies under rough exteriors, gold in the quartz, Parian marble yet in the quarry, and in very stables of privation, wonders of excellence that have been the joy of the heavenly host.

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light of your humble home has gone out, and the one joy of your dreary life is lost, remember the blessed change for your darling. The want and labor which crush your heart can never reach him. He will never be tired or hungry. And when a few more years of toil shall be passed, you may rest from your labors, and have your darling back again.

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good a fellow to sneak away from us in this fashion. You love fun as well as any of us, only—I speak plainly—

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two kinds of pleasure. He's a mean, niggardly fellow, and you can't make anything else of it," said James Black, ad dressing half-a-dozen companions, and speaking very emphatically.

"So he is," echoed another. "Ay, a regular skinkoff," added a third. "I wouldn't ask such a fellow to go anywhere; chimed in a fourth. "I wouldn't have him at any rate."

"It's a pity that such a good-hearted fellow should be so mean," resumed Black. "I suppose he would be on hand for any kind of fun."

These were young men, ranging from twenty to thirty years in age, all fond of what they denominated life. They lived in a large suburban village, where sport was plenty, and the means of carrying it on abundant. They were none of them really bad youths, but they lived fast.

"What's all this?" asked a young man, who came up just as the last remarks were made, and whose name was Landon Merritt. "We are talking about Tom Thornley," replied James Black.

"And what about him?" "What do you find mean in Tom Thornley?" "Why—everything. Here he is, right among us, just in the prime of youth, money enough, and yet he won't pay a cent toward any of our fun. Only this morning I went to him and asked him to subscribe towards our club, and what do you suppose he said? He just told me very coolly he couldn't afford it. Now what do you think of that?"

"Well, I don't know," answered Merritt. "I think he could afford it if he wished."

"Of course he could. Afford it? Why, he not only has a salary of a clear thousand a year, but I know that he has ten thousand at interest, besides the splendid house his father left him. He's a mean chap, any way."

"How much did you ask him to put down?" "I didn't name any sum, but I told him I had put down fifty dollars for the year, and most of the others had done the same. But he couldn't afford it! Bah! he's a miser—a regular young skinkoff. Why, I supposed as soon as he got back from college, he'd make a glorious companion for us. I meant he should go to our races, join our boat club, put a shilling at poker once in a while, and make himself happy generally. But, now look at him. There he is, at home every evening, and afraid to come out lest he should lose a cent."

"Who's that, James?" asked a voice close at hand. "The party turned and saw Thomas Thornley himself, who had just come round the corner of the building before they stood. He was a young man, not over five and twenty, and wearing the appearance of a true and intelligent man."

"What is it? Who is it that has thus merited your disapproval?" "All hands were silent for a few moments, but Black saw that his companions expected him to speak, and he did so. "I'll tell you, Tom," he said. "We were talking about you. I want say a thing behind a man's back that I wouldn't say to his face. It was saying that I was disappointed in you."