

The Christian

"Hold fast the form o

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1865.

THE AGED BELIEVER AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, an-

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, stor-

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they

With them the blessed angels that know no grie-

But I am wasted, worn and weary, O Father bid

THE VILLAGE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The parlors of Mrs. Hunt were pleasantly light-

'Good evenin', Miss Hunt. I heard the socie-

'Do you know,' she began, hardly waiting to

'I suppose you don't expect me to use any

'Oh, yes. I am glad to see you; help your-

By this time several others had entered, and

'I suppose,' began Mrs. Deacon Graves, that

'Yes, I know, but that does not keep her away,

'She has several young children, you know,

'I was not aware,' said Mrs. Ames, who had

'I'm glad it's so; but who'd ever

'I don't see, said another, 'how that Peter

Stubs manages to get a living. He don't work

'Oh, no, not at all,' responded that person, who,

'Yes. He complains of ill health, and says he

'Do you know who you are talking to, Etta?

'Forgive me, auntie, but Annie Lake is my

'Who told you I made so much of him?

'Haven't I eyes? Can't I see anything as

'Who wants to deny it? I do like him be-

'If it will be a great relief to your kind feel-

'I am glad that you are a match for her,

'You all know me, and think because she da-

'Where's our minister to-night, I wonder?

'There' whispered Susie Lakeman, 'I was

'The evening was now nearly spent, but, before

'They looked silently at each other as Mrs.

'Well, I'm thankful that my conscience is

A PAGE OF ADVERTISEMENTS.

Under this heading the London Freeman

'We are glad to learn,' says the Freema

'The next offer is, 'A Priest (via medi

'Do you know who you are talking to, Etta?

'A Devonshire rector, near Exeter,' like his

'Children generally objected to.' Ranni

'An Incumbent, leaving his parish

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THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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 SAINT JOHN, N. B.
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The Christian Visitor
 Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family
 It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence.
 RELIGIOUS AND SECTAR.

But another test awaited William; and that upon which, probably, his whole future career turned. He was passionately fond of dancing. Young, active, fine in form and features, respectably connected and possibly somewhat more polished than some of his companions, they were wont to look up to him as their leader. There was to be a dance that evening down in the neighbourhood, of what is now called Canning. William had been invited and was expected to go. It would be strange and dull without him. His absence would be an unaccountable thing. All day his heart dwelt upon the scene. Strange, wild conflicting emotions agitated his soul.—Should he yield to the temptation and go, something within told him that all would be over with him, and his soul would be eternally lost. Should he refuse, what reason would he give? or how lift up his head again before the face of man? What could he do? while these wild emotions were sweeping over him, in his distress he called upon the Lord, and his cry came in before him, even into His holy temple. An unseen hand was laid upon him. This could calm the tempest, and say 'peace' be still.' He had been all day asking the Lord to give him strength to resist the temptation to join the company, as they came along. And now came the moment for action as well as prayer. Looking out at the window he saw them on the road. Seizing the key of the store, he locked the door in the usual and retired to the room above, where he usually slept. Watching the party as they came on, he prayed and struggled with the temptation more earnestly. He felt certain that they would mistrust where he was, that they would bang away at the door, and call him. But they did not. Seeing the door shut, and the key out, they probably supposed that he had gone on, and so moved quietly along. Then came a slight re-