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highly satisfactory results were shown:— FIRE DEPARTMENT.

pany, while all the others pany, while all the others molety of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

"AT THE LAST."

The following beautiful poem was written upon

the passage "Man goeth forth unto his work, and

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide.

And birds more musical at the close of day,

Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;

For Morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;

All things are hushed before her as she throws

That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening" we must weep and toil,

Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,

Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,

And bear the heat and burden of the day.

O! when our sun is setting may we glide,

And leave behind us as we pass away

Like Summer evening down the golden tide;

Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

A SERMON, PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, MAY

7, 1865, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sancti-

fy and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a gloricus church, not

having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. v. 25-27.

You must be struck in reading the passage

before us, on what high ground the apostle takes

the christian. It is possible that some husbands

might say, "How can I love such a wife as I

have?" It might be a supposable case that some

christian was unequally yoked together with an

unbeliever, and found himself for ever bound

with a fetter to one possessed of a morose dispo-

sition, of a froward temper, of a bitter spirit. He

might therefore say, "Surely I am excused from

loving in such a case as this. It cannot be ex-

pected that I should love that which is in itself

so unlovely." But mark, beloved, the wisdom of

the apostle. He silences that excuse, which may

possibly have occurred to his mind while writing

the passage, by taking the example of the Sa-

viour, who loved, not because there was loveli-

ness in his church, but-in order to make her love-

ly. You perceive "he loved his church and gave

himself for it, that he might present it to him-

self a glorious church, not having spot, or wrin-

kle, or any such thing." He did not admire her

because there was no spot in her; he did not

choose her because she had no wrinkle; but fixed

his affections where there were multitudinous

spots and wrinkles; where everything was defor-

mity, he still set his heart, and would not with-

draw till he had loved the spots away, and loved

every wrinkle out of her who was the object of

his choice. He loved his church and gave him-

self for it, that he might present it to himself a glorious church. I do not intend, however, this morning, entering into the duty of husbands, that

is not the reason for which I selected the text,

but to set forth the love of Jesus toward his

1. First, then, may the Spirit of God help us

while we look at the CHOSEN CHURCH, THE OBJECT.

Christ loved the church, and gave himself for

it. We perceive that Christ did not love the

world in the sense in which the term "loved" is

here meant. We see here that Christ gave him-

self not for the world, but for it, that is, the

church. In the sense in which he is said here to

give himself, he did so for none except his chosen

people, the church; his one, special, and particu-

lar object of affection. It is not thus that Christ

has loved universal creatureship-and all man-

kind alike without exception or difference-but

Now, what is this church which Jesus Christ

loved, if it be not the entire company of the

elect? As many as the Father gave him from before the foundation of the world, whose names

were written in the Lamb's Book of Life before

the stars began to shine—as many as were taken

by him to be the sheep of his pasture, the jewels of his crown, the children of his love, the subjects

of his kingdom, the members of his body, each

one of them being particularly known to him,

and chosen in him before the mountains lifted

their heads into the clouds-so many compose

the church of Christ which was the object of his

We have to search for these chosen ones in

what is called the church visible. We know

that they are not all Israel who are of Israel, and

that the visible church is not identical with that

church which Christ loved, and for which he gave

himself. There is a church invisible, and this is

the centre and life of the church visible; what

the wheat is to the chaff and heap upon the thresh-

ing floor, such are these living christians amongst

the mass of professors in the world. There is a

distinction which we cannot see, which it is not

for us to try and make manifest, lest, haply, in

endeavoring to root up the tares, we root up the

wheat also. There is an unseen church which

becomes visible in heaven, which will be apparent

and manifest at the coming of the Son of man.

This it is which Christ loved, and for which he

Now, observe what this church was by nature,

for that is the subject of our discourse just now

upon this first head. The church which Christ

loved was in her origin as sinful as the rest of the

human race. Have the damned in hell fallen

through Adam's transgression? So had the

saved once. The sin which was imputed to lost

spirits was equally and with as fatal consequences

imputed to him, and had it not been for the in-

coming of the covenant head, the second Adam,

they had forever suffered with the rest. They,

too, were alike depraved in nature. Is the heart

deceitful above all things in the unregenerate?

So it is in the elect before regeneration. Was

heart faint in the case of those who continued in

sin? It was just the same at first with those who have been by sovereign grace taken into the

heart of Christ. "We were," says the apostle, "by nature the children of wrath even as others."

he loved the church, and gave himself for it.

OF THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,

To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;

There is a calm, a beauty, and a power

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth

And weary man must ever love her best,

The flowers are sweetest at the eventide,

And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm

to his labour until the evening."

# Christian Visitar.

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

Vol. III., No. 27. Whole No. 131. SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1865.

of the way-they are altogether become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not

Nay, more, this church of Christ is made up of persons who are actually defiled by their own transgressions. Are you and I members of that church? Ah, then, we are compelled to confess that in us by nature dwelt all manner of concupiscence, vileness, and an evil heart of unbelief, ever prone to depart from the living God and to rebel against the Most High. And what since have we done? Or rather, what have we not done?

"We wandered each a different way, But all the downward road."

We did not all fall into the same vices, but still when the black catalogue of sin is read, we have to weep over it and say, "Such were some of us," But why we should make a part of Christ's church is a question that never can be answered | denly. except with this one reply, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Do the wicked sink to hell with their sins like millstones about their necks? We should have sunk there too. and as rapidly and as fatally, unless eternal love ask you, brethren, though she has much about ling eyes. her that is admirable, whether there is not much Even in her regenerate estate, she speaks truly is played!" when she says, "she is black as the tents of Kedar." Mark the hypocrites that come into the christian church and that mar her purity. Observe even the true saints-how unbelieving, how carnally-minded often, how childish, how ready to murmur against God. How few of them are fathers in Israel. When they ought to be teachers, they have need to be instructed in the first elements of the faith. What heresies come into the church, and how many unstable minds are carried away by them. What divisions there are? How one saith, "I am of Paul;" and another, "I am of Apollos;" and a third, 'I am of Christ." What envyings there are, what backbitings of those that are eminent for usefulness. What suspicions against those who are a little more zealous than their fellows! My brethren, what a want of affection we can see in the church of Christ; how little brotherly kindness, how little sympathy? On the other hand, how much of pride is discovered: how much caste creeps in and prevails even among those who profess to be brethren! How we find some claiming to be lords in God's heritage, and taking to themselves names and titles to which they have no right, seeing that "One is our Master, and we are not to be called "Rabbi" among men. When I look at the church even with a blinded eye, having no power to see her as God's omni- no use-no use!" scient eye must see, yet is she covered with spots. upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." O church of God, how is it Jesus Christ could love thee, for even in thy church-capacity and church-estate how much there is that could make him say, "Thou art reprobate silver: thou shalt be cast into the fire." Lo, how much there is that must make him say of thee, "Salt is good, but this salt has lost its savor, and wherewith shall it be seasoned? It is nenceforth good for nothing but to be trodden

And yet you see, my dear triends, it is written that Christ loved his church, and gave himself for it. I think I see it-a piece of ground untilled; neither hedged, nor walled, not covered with vines, nor redolent with the perfume of sweet flowers, but it is a spot in the wilderness, filled with the thorn, and the thistle, and the brier; her hedges are broken down; the stones of her wall are scattered; the wild boar out of the wood wasted her; all kinds of unclean creatures lurk among her weeds and brambles. Oh, how is it, then Lord of glory, that thou couldst buy, at the price of thy heart's blood, such a waste piece of music, and I was tempted to enter. I am a muground as that? What couldst thou see in that sician." garden that thou shouldst determine to make it the fairest spot of all the earth, that should yield grave—somewhat annoyed. thee the richest of all fruit?

I must not, however, leave this point without just reminding you of what kind of love it is which Jesus Christ gives to his church: you perceive it is the love of a husband. Now the love of a husband is special. Those gentlemen who wife, for it says, "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the church:" and surely a husband ought to love his wife more than he loves other people. Therefore Christ cherishes for the church a special, particular affection, which is set upon Lord has set his church as much above the rest saw that she was blind. of the world, as he has fixed his own throne above the kings and princes of this lower earth. and the day shall come when she, "fair as the moon and clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," shall be recognized as being the favorite of heaven, the peculiar treasure of Christ-his regalia, the crown of his head, the bracelet of his arm, the breastplate of his heart, the very centre and core of his own love. Let Christ loves the church with a special love.

Now let us leave this point, only reminding on again that this church is only a church of Christ, because he has made her so. She had no right or title to his affection; he loved her because he chose to do so, and having once loved her, he never will divorce her: she shall be his, world without end.

(To be continued.)

## AN ANECDOTE OF BEETHOVEN.

dent, which illustrates the character and habits of the great composer :

Did I ever tell you how or why Beethoven

composed the Moonlight Sonata? It happened at Boon. Of course you know that Boon was his native place. He was born in wretchedly poor just then; so poor that he never and only feared to wake. and all says the will perverse? Was the understanding dark-ened? Was the whole head sick and the whole went out for a walk except at night, on account of the poverty of his appearance. However, he had a piano, pens, paper, ink, and a few books, and from these he contrived to extract some little heaven and the blackest sinner in hell, there is no difference except that which Christ has made. Had those glorified ones been left to continue in him, for I wanted him to take a walk, and after-Had those glorified ones been left to continue in their natural state, they would have sinned as foully and as constantly as the worst of sinners have done. To begin with, there is no difference between the election and the non-election. They

are all alike fallen; "they are all alike gone out I roused him, persuaded him to accompany me, urged him to shake off his despondency. He went; but he was very gloomy and hopeless that night, and refused to be comforted.

"I hate life and the world," he said, passionately. "I hate myself! No one understands or cares for me. I have genius, and I am treated as an outcast. I have heart, and none to love. wish it were all over, and forever. I wish that I were lying peacefully at the bottom of the river yonder. I sometimes find it difficult to resist the temptation." And he pointed to the Rhine, looking cold and bright in the moonlight.

I made no reply, for it was useless to argue with Beethoven; so I allowed him to go on in the same strain, which he did, nor paused till we were returning through the town, when he subsided into a sullen silence. I did not care to interrupt him. Passing through some dark, parrow streets within the Coblentz gate, he paused sud-

"Hush!" he said. "What sound is that?" I listened, and heard the feeble tones of what was evidently a very old piano, proceeding from some place close at hand. The performer was playing a plaintive movement in triple time, and had said, "Deliver him from going down into the | despite the worthlessness of the instrument, conpit, for I have found a ransom." Look at Christ's | trived to impart to it considerable tenderness of church as you see her visibly in the world, and I expression. Beethoven looked at me with spark-

" It is from my symphony in F!" he said, eathat might cause her Lord to cast her away. gerly. "This is the house. Hark! how well it

It was a little, mean dwelling, with a light shining through the chink of the shutters. We paused outside and listened. The player went on, and the two following movements were executed with the same fidelity—the same expression. In the middle of the finale there was a sudden break-a momentary silence—then the low sounds of sobbing.

"I cannot go on," said a female voice. "I cannot play any more to-night, Friedrich."

"Why not, my sister?" asked her companion, gently. "I scarcely know why, unless that it is so beautiful, and that it seems so utterly beyond my power to do justice to its perfection. O, what would I not give to go to-night to Cologne! There is a concert given at the Kaufhaus, and all kinds of beautiful music to be performed. It must be so nice to go to a concert!"

"Ahl my sister," said the man, sighing, none but the rich can afford such happiness. It is useless to create regrets for ourselves where there can be no remedy. We can scarcely pay our rent now, so why dare we even to think of what is unattainable?"

"You are right, Friedrich," was her reply. And yet sometimes when I am playing I wish that for once in my life I might hear some really good music and fine performance. But it is of

There was something very touching in the tone of these last words, and in the manner of the repetition. Beethoven looked at me.

'Let us go in," he said, hurriedly. "Go in !" I exclaimed, "How can we go in ?

What can we go in for?" "I will play to her," he said, in the same excited tone. "Here is feeling-genius-under-

standing. I will play to her, and she will appre-And before I could prevent him, his hand was

upon the door. It was only latched, and instantpassage way read followed him through the dark entrance, which he pushed open the value of the was a bare, comfortless apartment, with a small stove at one end, and scanty furniture. A pale young man was sitting by the table making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an oldfashioned harpsichord, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned towards us as we entered. "Pardon me," said Beethoven, looking somewhat embarrassed, "Pardon me-but-I heard

The girl blushed, and the young man looked

"I-I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear -that is, you would like-that is, shall I play to vou?"

There was something so odd, so whimsical, so brusque in the whole affair, and something so think that Christ did not love the church more pleasant and eccentric in the manner of the speakthan he loved the rest of the world, must have a er, that the ice seemed broken in a moment, and queer idea of how a husband ought to love his all smiled involuntarily. "Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend. "How, then does the fraulein-" He paused and colored up, for the girl looked round full at him, and in the her rather than upon the rest of mankind. The dim, melancholy gaze of those clouded eyes he "I-I entreat your pardon," he stammered

"but I had not perceived before. Then you play from ear ?" "Entirely."

"And where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?" I used to hear a lady practising near us when

we lived at Bruhl, two years ago. During the summer evenings her window was generally open, us seek the honey out of it, and believe that and I walked to and fro outside, to listen to her. "And have you never heard any music?"

" None-excepting street music." She seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more,

out seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night! And I was not mistaken. Never, never during all the years I knew him did he play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother! Never heard I such fire, such passionate tenderness, such infinite gradations of melody and modulation! He was in-Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards, in "My Brother's spired; and from the instant that his fingers bethe instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal. Breathless and entranced, we sat listening. The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward and hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the harpsichord as a house on the Rheingasse; but when I first if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should knew him he was lodging in the upper part of a little mean shop near the Romerplatz. He was It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream,

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sunk, flickered, and went out. Beethoven Old Series Vol. XVIII., No. 27.

Beethoven lifted his head and looked at him aeantly, as if unconscious of the meaning of his vords. He repeated the question. The comos er smiled as he only could smile, benevolently, ndulgently, kindly.

"Listen!" he said, as he played the opening ars of the symphony in F. A cry of delight nd recognition burst from the lips of both, and

"Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his ands with tears and kisses. He rose to go, but ve held him back with entreaties.

"Play to us once more—only once more!" He suffered himself to be led back to the intrument. The moon shone brightly in through he curtainless window, and hit up his rugged lead and massive figure.

"I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" ally for a few moments to the sky and the stars -then his hands dropped upon the keys, and he began playing a low, sad, and infinitely lovely novement, which crept gently over the instrunent, with a sweet and level beauty, like the alm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This lelicious opening was followed by a wild, elfin, apricious passage in triple-a sort of grotesque nterlude, like a dance of sprites upon the mid-

ght sward. Then came a swift agitato finalebreathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight and uncertainty, and vague, imoulsive terror, which carried us away upon its ushing wings, and left us at the last all emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven abruptly, oushing back his chair, and turning toward the door; farewell to you.'

"You will come again?" asked they in one

breath. He paused, and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the fraulein some lessons. Fare-

well; I will come soon again!". They followed us in a silence more eloquent than words, and stood at their door till we were out of sight and hearing.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, urging me on at a rapid pacc. "Let us make haste, that I may write out that Sonata, while I can yet remember it!"

We did so, and he sat over it till long past the day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Sonata," with which you are all so fondly acquainted.

#### SUMMER IN THE SOUL.

How is it attainable? People of wealth can build sheltered and sunny nooks in their houses where the flowers, greenery, and fruitage of summer continually flourish. They may transport to reath of winter freezes them to their fountains -and yet, so abundant are their means of protection, that these broad-leaved, ox-eyed beauties of the burning zone can languish in their natural abandon, without reserve and withot peril. The soul, with no aid from the purse of Fortu-

natus, can surpass the green-house luxuries of the wealthiest homes. Faith is the treasure with which it secures this heavenly life. Through faith alone it enters these gardens of divine grace and glory. As God renews the face of the earth, so does he that of man. When he accepts of Christ as his life, he is instantly brought where the heart, where the penitential rains of heaven melt their hardened clods, where the Sun of Righteousness casts its re-creative smiles upon it. where it receives the divine seed of the divine Sower, and instantly brings forth divine fruit. Summer possesses the soul. The good seed smiles in flowers, towers in majestic trees, and bends with multifold and marvellous fruit. The wildest range of earthly gardens dimly

typifies the sweep and fulness of this spiritual ife. Tree, shrub, grass, flower, park, lake, sea, mountain, cloud, sunset, sunrise—the accumulated wealth of the rarest landscape in the rarest hour of its perfection of a soul that dwells in Jesus. The soul-summer, too, abounds in exotics. In fact nearly all of its plants are not of the earth,

earthly. A few of them are our natural wildflower taking new forms and new natures in this imported soil; but most of them came from far. Their original home is by the river of water of life. Grace transplants them to the believing heart. What velvety greenness to their leaf what varied tints to their flower. what matchless flavor to their fruit! They have many names though but one nature. One of one soil, under one sun, in one sky they grew; yet with all their unity great is their diversity. The flow of hope -how many are its species: each outrivalling its fellows: hopes that anticipate its scenery, the society, the services of heaven. The flower of love is even more versatile-ranging from the humblest creature of God, "the meanest flower that blows," up to that speechless passion that buries its possessor in the arms of its Redeemer.

There is no poisonous heaviness in the air where the plants which our Heavenly Father hath planted flourish. An earthly conservatory pours forth death from the ever-breathing lungs of leaf. Not so these gardens of grace. Their effluence is as healthy as their aspect is lovely. What they imbibe from God, they exhale in God. Whoever commune with such a nature, feel that they commune with heaven. They take knowledge of it that it has been with Jesus, and they are allured by it to the same exalted life. - Independent.

ELOQUENCE. - All authorities, ancient and modern, are agreed that the ancients acquired their oratorical facility by the greatest individual excrtion. We are all familiar with Demosthenes' un-Wife, a Life History," gives the following inci- gan to wander along the keys the very tones of the waves of Phalerum, that he might be able to speak with more confidence and strength in the Athenian Pnyx; how he copied and recopied Thucydides some dozen times, &c. And similary are we told of Cicero, how strenuously he studied the Greek models, and devoted his early life in his ambition to become the first Roman orator. There are many other examples in recent times, as in Brougham, Macaulay, &c. These, however, suf- HOME! ficiently show that it is a faculty to be acquired only by great labour and constant practice; and we may depend upon it, they would not have undergone sacrifices so great had they not set a very high value on the treasure. At the outset, cieties, or in any place where you can get a hearing. Then, when this is done, bring this fluency under the control of art by daily study of the Greek, Roman, and English models." Well, it will probably be said, few have the leisure or the

of Prince William and Church Street

THE OFFICE OF THE

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

inclination to undergo such a deluge of bodily and mental training. And may not this be one of the chief reasons why able speakers have always, in every age, been so rare, and consequently so much esteemed? Here, undoubtedly, as in commerce, the price of esteem is regulated by its "marketable value," and this price is high, because the market is not overstocked with the article. - Public Opinion.

#### For the Christian Visitor. THE BRAZILIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

DEAR EDITOR, - After nearly three months suspense, I received, a few days since, a letter from my son, C. Fred. Hartt, from which he has given me permission to send extracts for publication in the Visitor. The plan of operation for aid he, half playfully. He looked up thought- his department of the "expedition" did not appear, at the time he wrote, to have been definitely

> to. He writes from Rio Janerio, where he arrived April 22d, 1865. St. John, June 30th, 1866.

THE ORIGIN OF THE EXPEDITION. Professor Agassiz has long been a friend of the

J. W. HARTT.

arranged. Below are given the extracts referred

Emperor of Brazil, and in constant correspondence with him, and the Emperor has frequently sent to him collections of objects of Natural History from Rio and its vicinity. A few months ago he wrote to the Professor asking what he could do for him. The Professor proposed sending out from the Museum a couple of Geologists to explore the Geology of Brazil, and to ask the Emperor to give them facilities for travel and protection while in the country. Agassiz has for some time been in poor health, and on thinking the matter over, he concluded to go himself to Brazil, to spend the summer, and, if possible, to visit the Andes. A very wealthy gentleman of Boston, Nathaniel Thayer, Esq., an intimate friend of Agassiz, on learning the Professor's intention, offered him \$12,000 to fit out a regular expedition; thus enabling him to take out with him a number of assistants, and to make explorations on a much larger scale. In less than ten days an expedition was organized and ready to start. A free passage in the splendid steamer " Colorado" to Rio was generously offered to the whole party by "the Pacific Mail Steamship Company."

#### THE PARTY.

Wednesday, March 29th, found the party comprising the commission on board the "Colorado," at her dock in New York. The following are the names of the members of the expedition :-- Prof. Louis Agassiz, Director; J. G. Anthony, Conchologist; Geo. Sceva, Osteologist; J. A. Allan, Ornithologist; O. H. St. John, Geologist and their conservatories the sensitive glories of the | Zoologist; C. Fred. Hartt, Geologist and Zoolotropics, so native to their birth-place that one gist; Dr. E. B. Cotting, Physician; Mr. Dexter, exidirmist; Mr. Hunnewell, Photog Messrs. Copeland, James, Ward and Thayer. Professor Agassiz and Dr. Cotting are accompanied by their wives.

Mr. J. C. Fletcher, the author of the work on Brazil and the Brazilians," very fortunately was suddenly called to Brazil at the time of our departure, and we had his company. He was very kind, and rendered us great aid in giving information respecting the country, and in teaching us Portuguese. There is no one better posted on Brazil than he.

It is very probable that I shall head a party the rivers Madeira and Stenez; thence up the Andes to Cochabamba, and probably to Arica on the Pacific, returning by the Madeira to the Amazon and down to Para, thence to Rio and home. My chum, Allan, from the Museum, the Ornithologist, will probably go with me, together with a Civil Engineer, Mr. Copeland, of the Lawrence Scientific School. Besides these two, there will be several others—possibly a Brazilian student or two. We will go out under the protection of the Emperor. Dom Pedro 2d, furnished with official passports, letters, etc. We shall not leave Rio immediately, but shall spend some six weeks in exploring the vicinity preparatory to our departure on our longer journey. The Professor (Agassiz) is going with a party up the Amazon to the Andes. Mr. St. John is to explore the Rio San Francisco.

THE COLORADO, CAPT. BRADBURY, COMMANDER, is a magnificent ocean steamer, just built for the Pacific mail steamship company, to run between San Francisco, Cal., and China. She is 4,000 tons burthen, 340 feet long, and fitted up with accommodations for 3000 passengers! She has one large saloon 93 feet long, very elegantly furnished, and a second cabin almost as large. Each is surrounded by staterooms, which, in the first cabin, are not equalled by those of the splendid steamers of the Sound. The engine is one of the finest that was ever built-a perfect Titan. I never tired, during the voyage, of watching the noiseless motions of the piston. They seemed like the breast-heavings of a giant, whose great arm and hand, swollen with muscle, grasped the immense crank of the shaft, and untiringly and without complaint, worked on day and night. The hurricane deck afforded a delightful promenade of over 300 feet. Each one of the party was furnished with a state room, redolent of paint and varnish, and as neat as a never-before-used furniture, &c., could make it. As for food, we had everything that French cookery could devise. served up in the best of style. Altogether, we were as comfortable as could be. It was more like going to sea in a big hotel than anything else.

After a delay, on account of stormy weather, and a slight accident to the engine, we weighed anchor on Saturday, April 1st, at 9 A. M., and mitigated efforts here. How, according to Plusteamed rapidly out the Narrows, past forts Latarch, Quintilian, &c., day after day he roared to Fayette, Hamilton, and Richmond. The low sand banks off Sandy Hook, with its immense unfinished fortifications, was soon left behind. The hills of New Jersey sank down behind the horizon, and, by sunset we were far out at sea. How long before these shores shall again greet our eyes! After a year of wanderings in a strange, land, if permitted to return, how will the heart beat to see them once more, the earnest of The next day, Sabbath, was fine, but cool, and

there was considerable sea running; but our great ship rode so steadily that the motion was unpleasant to but few. At 11 o'clock, a. M., we had services in the cabin, and a sermon by Bishop paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was no less important than Lord Brougham. Machappiness, despite his privations. At this time, you know, he had not the misfortune to be deaf. He could at least enjoy the harmony of his own the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broself readily by constant speaking in debating so- style. I led off, and the rest came in, one after

of all acquire a habit of being able to express your- ville" and "Old Hundred" in the wounded snake