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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

affords an excellent medium for advertising.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 Lombard-street, ngs, Liverpool.

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 Amnual Meeting held in August 1859, the following highly astisfactory results were shown :—

The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the busi-ness 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

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 in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 532, the sum assured £387,752 68. 8d., and the premium £12,854 88. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business down to but ton years. Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums. £48,764 17 0 £1,880 9 1 2,627 4 7 5,828 5 10 :: 98 190 422 1848 95,650 9 11 181,504 10 6 1850 1852 ... 161,848 18 4 297,560 16 8 387,752 6 8 4,694 16 0 8,850 8 11 1854 408 703 1856 1858 12,354 8 The remarkable ncrease in the business of the last four

rears is manly 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

annum on the sums assured, and averaged to per contract 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 tor New Brunswick

	In Tructury of		rincess-street,	
Feb. 15		opposite Judge	Ritchie's Ruilding	

CITY OF GLASGOW		
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.		
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.		
GOVEBNOR-The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.		
Subscribed Capital £600,000		
Accumulated Fund 450,000		
Annual Revenue 108,000		
Existing Assurances		
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman.		
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VARIOUS MODES OF ASSURING.		
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.		
Endowment Assurances.		
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THE "City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company" was established in 1838, by special Act of Parliament. It		
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 like-		
wise to the Company's extensive and influential connexions		
and to the liberality of its dealings.		
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The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of Policy-holders.

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 halt 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. Poheies participate from the date of their issue, but the Bonuses do not vest until they have been five years in exis tence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may be learned from the Agent, july 18.—wpv 1y WILLIAM MACKAY, Custom Honse Building.



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

New Series, Vol. III., No. 28. Whole No. 132.

"TO GIVE IS TO LIVE."

A SONG FOR THE FRIENDS OF SYSTEMATIC BENE-FICENCE.

Forever the sun is pouring his gold On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow; His warmth he squanders on summits cold, His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow. To withhold his largess of precious light

Is to bury himself in eternal night: To give Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,

Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses; Of beauty and balm it is prodigal, And it lives in the life it sweetly loses. No choice for the rose but glory or doom-To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom : To deny Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land, The land its sapphire streams to the ocean; The heart sends blood to the brain of command. The brain to the heart its lightning motion. And ever and ever we yield our breath, Till the mirror is dry and images death : To live Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide To help the need of a human brother; He doubles the life of his life-long ride Who gives his fortunate place to another; And a thousand million lives are his Who carries the world in his sympathies To deny Is to die.

Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave, And your ships sail home with tons of treasure; Care not for comfort, all hardships brave, And evening and age shall sup with pleasure; Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain, And roses shall come to the cheek again : To give Is to live.

What is our life ? Is it wealth and strength ? If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it, We shall find it a hundred-fold, at length; While they shall forever lose who refuse it; And nations that save their union and peace At the cost of right, their woe shall increase : They save A grave.

For the Christian Visitor.

THE BRAZILIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. (Concluded from last issue.) ENTRANCE TO RIO.

I can conceive of nothing more grand and beautiful than the entrance to the bay of Rio de Janeiro. On entering you have to the right a range of high hills, often extremely precipitous. At the entrance there are forts situated at the foot of the hills on the shore; and one is seen away upon the hill, hundreds of feet above the water, and occupying a very commanding position. An isolated peak, called the Sugar Loaf, quite inaccessible from the steepness of its sides, stands as a sort of sentinel to guard the western side to the entrance of the bay. It is nearly a thousand feet in height. Westward of this is one of the most beautiful groups of mountains on earth. One isolated peak, the Corcovado, is 2,300 feet high, and another, the Tijuca, is 4,000. The entrance to the bay is narrow, but it spreads out into a splendid sheet of water as one advances. It is completely surrounded by lofty mountains. The city of Rio is situated on the western shore of the bay, which is quite irregular. The houses are built in a straggling manner at the base of the mountains, and about numerous high hills, which are scattered about in the city, so that it occupies a large space. If you possess Mr. Fletcher's "Brazil and the Brazilians," read carefully what he says of Rio and its vicinity, look at the many engravings, and then think that descriptions and pictures fall far, far below the reality. Though I had read his work with care, and conversed with him on the voyage until I thought I was perfectly familiar with Rio and its scenery, yet when they burst upon my view I was over whelmed with surprise at their beauty, which surpassed anything I had dreamed of. All the rest of the party were equally surprised and delighted. The Professor was particularly enthusiastic in his admiration of the scenery. Bouckhardt, shrugging his shoulders, as we were coming up the bay, said, " Ah sare, dis is Swiss." The Botanical Gardens are just under the Corcovado, at the foot of the mountains, and on the bank of a beautiful little lake, called Lagoon das Freitas, entirely shut in by the mountains. They are more a great plantation than a garden, and are filled with all sorts of tropical plants-palms of all kinds and descriptions, clumps of bamboos, banana groves, coffee trees, etc., etc., with beautiful shady walks, murmuring brooks, rustic bridges, waterfalls, ponds and fountains. It is a lovely spot. I returned from the gardens in the evening with St. John. I never enjoyed anything more in my life. We were on the shore of the Lagoon, which, smooth as a mirror, reflected the shadows of the mountains that encircled it, while the centre was lit up by the clear sky overhead. On the left, the peak of the Corcovado half way sloping, and covered with trees, the upper part a sheer precipice, reared its head half a mile above us, while to the eastward, before us, in a notch between two high mountains, the Sugar Loaf was scen. The air was warm, and laden with the most delicious odors. Across the lake, the beating of the heavy ocean swell on the barrier which separated the lake from the sea, sounded like distant heavy thunder. Strange birds were noisy in the hedges, bright fire-flies were fluttering about. It was a scene that I shall never forget. A day or two ago the Professor, St. John, and I, with several others not of our party, were invited to take an excursion on the Dom Pedro Segundo Railway, which runs from Rio northward about 78 miles to the river Parahyba. The railroad has to cross the Seria do Mar, or Coast Range, which, as I have said before, are of great altitude. We left the station, which is larger and finer than that at St. John, in a train composed of cars built after the English style ; passed the Emperor's palace at the Sao Christovao (pronounced Sowng Christo'vung), which is just in the outskirts of the city, and, winding round among the hills, were soon in the virgin forest. Gradually we entered the mountains, where we wound round and round-now running in some gorge, on each

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1865.

a half long. A temporary road, about eight miles long, to be used until the tunnel shall be finished, has been constructed, running right over the Cerra. The grade of this road is 300 feet in a mile-a pretty steep hill to ascend with a locomotive. Leaving the main road, we began the ascent, and were soon on the top of the Cerra, two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then began the descent. It made me shudder when I saw the incline down which we had to run; but down went the breaks-the engine three miles or more. It was like coasting down hill, only more so, and much more exciting. A great part of the way we were in the wild mountains and virgin forests, among palms and tree ferns, and multitudes of bean iful trees all draped with parasitic vines and orchids; but on reaching not be in communion with sin. Therefore i the northern side of the Cerra, "fazendas," or plantations were frequent; nestled among the solutely necessary in one who was to be the bride hills, and for miles, the steep mountain sides were covered with coffee trees, and the air was fragrant to make her meet to be his spouse eternally. The with the odor they exhaled. Occasionally a sugar great means by which he attempts to do this, is, plantation was seen, and several times we saw "he gave himself for her." gangs of a hundred negroes. We went out as far as the railway was finished, and then returning to a station on the Parahyba river, had some lunch, and some of us amused ourselves with fishing. We were not successful as far as the number of fish was concerned, but the Professor was delighted to find all the fish new to him. On our return we were caught in a very heavy tropical shower. Talk about rain in the North-you havn't any idea what it is. The train seemed to be submerged. There was a roar of a thousand brooks descending from the mountains, and perfect cascades poured from the cars. Oh dear! Think of spending a night in such a shower, with nothing but an india rubber blanket, or a little shelter tent to protect one! That's what I've got to learn to do.

I had heard a great deal about Brazilian beauties. If there are any, they don't show them selves. All the ladies are coffee colored, with black hair and eyes, and it is only occasionally that there is one at all good looking. Their features are coarse, and they are all very fat. It is amusing to see a family going to church on Sunday. The children march two and two in procession before the parents, the smallest ahead. All the ladies go bare-headed. If there are several girls in a family, the youngest looks best, but they grow fatter and fatter with age, and their mother is so fat that she can just waddle for his body is given to the scourge and tomb, along.

Mules are used here almost entirely instead of horses. Negroes are rampant-splendid muscular fellows. The streets are full of them. If I look out of my window I see twenty or thirty. Three or four perhaps with bags of coffee weighing 150 lbs. on their heads, trotting off at a rapid pace, singing a wild song together, the head one power of sin in us, helping us to reign over our beating time with a rattle. It is surprising to see the immense loads they will carry on their heads. My trunk was a large one, and very heavy with books, cartridges, &c., so heavy that it would tire two of us to carry it twenty rods : yet a big "nigger" put it on the top of his head, with a large valise above, and marched a quarter. perfect as justification, that the power of sin shall of a mile with it, and up stairs to my room. They carry everything on their heads, from a plate full of oranges to a piano. Many of the negroes are tattooed on their faces and arms; these are native Africans, who speak their own of water by the word." We Baptists are genelanguage, and 1 have often heard them talking rally thought to lay great stress upon baptism. together. Rio is the noisiest place I was over in. The first few nights I stopped on shore I found it very difficult to sleep. Vehicles are rattling about all hight long. A group of negroes get under your window, and sing or jabber. Every night the importance of baptism, than those of us, who streets and gutters, which are in the middle of scrupulously require a profession of faith from all the street, are cleaned, and a fearful noise they persons, before we think of baptizing them in make scraping and scratching. The police have an ugly custom of hallooing at one another at various hours during the night. One gives an unearthly screech right in front of the house. bringing you to your feet from a sound slumber, with an indefinite idea of fire somewhere. Bang, bang, bang goes a shower of rockets. There is a fiddle agoing in every other house. A church bell, or a whole chime rings fariously, as if possessed; and then very early in the morning bugles blow and drums beat at the soldiers' quarters, and everybody is astir. I thought I should go distracted with the noise at first; but, to my surprise. I am getting used to it. In Rio, all the sewerage is above ground, and, at night especially, the odors that are afloat are not very pleasant. Sunday is just like any other day. Shops are open, and business goes on as usual, though it seems somewhat of a holiday. Bells ring furiousy with a tremendous clangor, as if there was a gospel, and yet be as filthy as you were before. great fire somewhere. Occasionally, during the lay, showers of rockets are thrown up. Last Tuesday, the 25th of April, a total eclipse of the sun was visible a few miles to the northeast of Rio and at Cape Frio. It was very neary total at Rio, where the whole phenomenon was very finely observed. A party of us watched it from the Largo do Pazo or square of the palace. It had been a very bright and hot morning, but it became dark as a night with a full moon. A religious procession, with presents, &c., in costume, bearing lighted candles, made its appearance in the street. Bells rang, men uncovered and devoutly crossed themselves. It was an extremely interesting phenomenon ; the planet Mercury and the stars were distinctly visible. I saw the Emperor and Empress the other ight on a public occasion. A squad of the imperial guard, negroes and mulattoes, dressed in very neat uniforms and cocked hats, and carrying halberds, were stationed at the door to await the Emperor's coming. I had a good opportunity of seeing his majesty. He is a pleasant, easy ap-pearing man, looking more like a professor of Belles Letters in some college than an Emperor. At the breaking up of the assembly, he stepped into a common looking coach, drawn by six mules, and drove away guarded by a squad of cavalry. I am stopping at a French hotel, the "Exchange," on the Rua Direita, with Prof. Agassiz and the rest of the party. In Fletcher's book, page 26, is given a good sketch of the Largo do Pazo looking down upon the Rua Direita. Our hotel is on the right hand side and is not seen, but is just opposite to the two figures seen down the street. At the hotel, French, German and Portuguese, with a little English are spoken. I find my French of great value. It is a fortunate thing that I some years since studied Portuguese. I am getting so that I can use it a little. Now this is a very rambling letter and unworthy side of which the mountains towered ; now along of publication. I have seen and experienced so much within the last few weeks, that, when I bether. This road is one which it must have cost gin to write, I have so many things to say that I faith in Jesus Christ, and that faith comes by

A GLORIOUS CHURCH.

Christian Vizitor.

A SERMON, PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, MA 7, 1865, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also love the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanct fy and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word that he might present it to himself a gloricus church, no having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that a should be holy and wrthout blemish."—EPH. v. 25-27.

II. And now I shall want your patience a few WORK WHICH LOVE SEEKS TO ACCOMPLISH IN IT

Since the church is not fit for Christ by nature alive with leaves and birds and butterflies and squirrels and rabbits and foxes and raccoons : the grass is full of crickets and moles and mice and caterpillars and spiders and all sorts of beautiful bugs; the cows are chewing a sweet cud under the trees, and everybody is happy. shall tell thee; or speak to the earth, and it shall

"he gave himself for her." Beloved, I wish I had the power of speech this teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare morning as one sometimes has it, or rather,] wish that another had to handle such a weighty they tell us? "God made us," they say, and not theme as this, for how can I set forth to you the we ourselves." "God feeds us." "God loves ns." God's goodness is over all. The little inpreciousness of his gift ? He gave himself for his church. Had he given his crown and royalty, sects with the birds and bees sing his praise. Go and come down to earth for a while, that were out into the woods to-day and listen. Hark! do mercy. Had he given up for a time the happiyou not hear them? ness and pleasure of his Father's house, this were somewhat-this he did. But it was not enough. He would not merely leave his glory, and part with his crown, but he must give himself. Here he is on earth, born of the Virgin: a helpless infant, he slumbers at her breast. Throughout ing milk in their warm, full bags, to bring home his life, foxes had holes, and birds of the air had at night for the children's supper, and to make nests, but "He had not where to lay his head." He hath given you much in this. "He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and and spread out their leaves to catch all the sun acquainted with grief." The thorn crown is on and the dew and the wind and the rain they can, his brow, the lash of the scourge is on his back, in order to grow healthy and strong. Do they the spear is at his breast, the nails are in his hands grow for themselves alone? No. They give us and feet. He has given you much, but when he cries, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken into our hands ; they leave us their wood to build me !" when having drank the last cup of woe, he our houses with and our ships. bows his head and says, "It is finished !" and gives up the ghost, he has given you all that he wall. The whole air is filled with its sweet scent. can give, for he has given you himself. He gives All day and all night it gives and gives. It does you his Godhead; that comes on earth, but is nothing but give, and it is none the poorer for it. veiled in clay; he gives you his entire manhood, Cannot we sweeten the lives of those around us ? Should not pleasant looks and gentle words and and his soul to agony and death-he gives him-

kind deeds go forth from us as constantly as the perfume from the rose ? When the text says, "he gave himself for it that he might sanctify and cleanse it," is there sparkling water, stay with me; do not go off on not allusion here to the double cure of sin ? Here the run. "Oh, I can't stop," cries the brook. "I is Christ sanctifying by the Spirit, that is to say, must water the cow pasture and fill widow Gruff's taking away the propensity to sin, killing the corruptions that we may in heart and life be pure, even as our father which is in heagen is pure. And as to the cleansing, may not that allude to justification and pardon? We are complete in him; we are perfect in Christ Jesus, and the design of Christ is, that sanctification shall be as be as thoroughly slain as the guilt of it, that altogether sin shall cease to be in the christian. But what is the outward instrumentality which Christ uses? The text says, "With the washing There can be no greater mistake made, than to suppose that we exaggerate its importance. I sometimes think we do not value it enough. Those who practice infant baptism might be much more fairly charged with exaggerating the the name of the Lord. I do not believe that baptism is intended here, nor even referred to. I know that most of commentators think it is. do not think it. It strikes me that one word explains the whole. Christ sanctifies and cleanses us by the washing of water, but what sort of water? By the Word. The water which washes away, which cleanses and purifies the soul, is the Word. The Word of God has a cleansing influence. It comes and convinces the man of sin. It makes him see his impurity so as to hate it. When applied with power by the Holy Spirit, it works repentance; it leads the man to weep and bewail himself before God. That same Word leads to faith in Christ Jesus, and faith works by love and purifies the soul. The Word is preached, the Word is believed; and as soon as ever that Word is beheved, it begins to act like water on the heart of man. You cannot receive the My brother, if you really welcome the truth, those grosser sins will be washed away at once. Next, as you discover them, your besetting sins will be cleansed away, and constantly, as you understand the Word better, believe it more firmly. and feel its effect more powerfully, you will by it, as by water, be washed and cleansed from all indwelling sin, till you are sanctified and cleansed. and made fit to enter into heaven. This one thing let me say solemnly, I go not into this world to preach the efficacy of baptismal water in cleansing souls from sin. Let those who care to do it, and think it their office, magnify their office exceedingly. Let those who think that sacraments have necessarily efficacy in them, stand out and boldly declare it; but as for us, we believe that the water which cleanses is none other than the Word of God, which is preached by man, and applied by the Holy Ghost. We rest upon the uplifted cross of Christ, upon the Christ, and our brethren. Then the instincts of doctrine of his atonement, on the great truth of his abiding presence in the church of God, and ever pray, "Sanctify us by thy truth, thy word is into the wounds, and to give wine to the trnth And, mark you, the world has had a fair trial of both plans. Throughout the dark ages the world tried the efficacy of baptisms and sacraments; for century after century Popery and priestcraft gulled the world with the idea that Baptism and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper were a prescription for cleansing away sin. What was the result? Were not the cities filled with harlots? Were not the dungeons crowded with prisoners? Had not the earth become an aceldama, and was not the whole land, like Sodom, reeking with filth ! Then came Luther and Calvio, and though these men held not the truth in its fulness, yet, at least they held "the washing of water by the Word," and Luther, and Zwingle, and Calvin declared, "The world's great purgative is faith in Jesus Christ, not sacraments. The priesthood lies with Christ, and not with men. Priestcraft is to be put away. Justification is by



Che Christian Visitar { Old Series Vol. XVIII., No. 28 Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family! It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

> There was nothing very remarkable in her history, so far as was ascertained. She had been a slave till within two or three years of that date, and a Christian while a slave. She had been trained, or had trained herself, to devote one hour of each day to the study of holy Scripture and to prayer, and had also trained herself to habits of liberality. She was then at service at ten dollars per month, one of the stipulations being that she must have, without interruption, the one hour a day for private devotional duties. She was asked whether she was in the habit of taking money to church with her on all occasions. She answered that she was, but not always so much as five dollars; that, having been providentially detained at home two Sundays, and thinking that some call for aid might be presented, though in ignorance that a collection for Missions was to be made, she had prepared herself to respond with an offering larger than usual.

> Let those to whom God has given much, and of whom much is required, reflect upon this incident. It may prove to them quite suggestive in the way of duty, in the way of blessed privilege, in regard to one of the divinely appointed means of growth in grace, without the employment of which, according to ability and opportunity, Christian character and life cannot but suffer loss. And let those of moderate means also reflect upon this incident. It has a lesson for them. The Christian woman, referred to in this recital, is now, in her sphere, among her people, without formal appointment, and without pecuniary remuneration, acting as agent for Domestic Missions. A small remittance has already been made to the Treasurer.-Spirit of Missions.

BUT A WORD.

Dr. Wisner once gave the following leaf from his experience :--

While on a journey for health in 1812, on a hot, sultry day, I called at a farm-house in one of the beautiful towns in Berkshire county to procure a drink of water. There happened to be no one in the house but a young lady, apparently about sixteen years of age, to whom I was introduced by my travelling companion, and from whom I received a glass of that refreshing and healthy beverage which flows in such rich abundance from the hills of New England.

As I rose to depart, I took her hand and said. " Permit me, my dear girl, before I leave you, to inquire whether you have yet given your heart to your Saviour ?"

Šhe replied in the negative, while the tear that stole down upon her cheek showed that she was

was not without feeling. I then said to her, "My child, I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and as such, it is not only my spring; I must turn the old miller's mill and duty, but my privilege, to offer you eternal life, grind his corn ; and I have a world else to do by | upon the condition of your repenting of your sins, and putting your trust in him ; will you accept this offer ?' She answered with deep emotion, "I cannot decide that question now. I said, " You will have to decide it now. Jesus Christ is beseeching you, by me, to be reconciled to God. and if you do not choose to tell me what your decision is, he will take the answer from your heart, and it will be recorded in heaven that you have either accepted the offer of eternal life. made to you by your Redeemer, to-day, or that you have rejected him again." She seemed to take a new view of her fearful responsibility, and wept convulsively, but could not be prevailed on to tell me what her decision was. After repeating some appropriate passages of Scripture, to show her her duty and her danger, I left her, expecting to see and hear of her no more, until we should meet at the judgment seat of Christ. Years afterward, on stepping upon a steamboat in New York to go to Philadelphia, my name being called by some of my friends on board, a gentleman came up to me, and asked if my name was Wisner. On being answered in the affirmative, he inquired if I had ever been in the town of -----, Berkshire county. I told him I had passed through it in 1812. He then informed me that when he was coming from home, a lady requested him to say, if he should meet me on his journey, that she was the individual who gave me the glass of water; and what I had said on that occasion sunk so deeply into her heart that she could find no rest until she hoped she had closed in with the offer of her blessed Lord; and that she wished me to accept her thanks for what was to her, truly, " a word spoken in season."

[Continued.] was ready to be reversed, and down we slid some minutes on the second point, and that is, th

GRACIOUS DESIGNS.

he resolved to make her so by grace. He could must be purged away. Perfect holiness was ab of Christ. He purposes to work that in her, and

MRS. HUNT'S School for Young Ladies.

THE Course of Education in this Seminary comprises all the branches necessary for a thorough and accom-plished Education. In the several departments the most sompotent 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 prices. Payment, in all cases, in advance. Dec. 4.

COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

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

THIS 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 improved 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. THE PHIENIX 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/ 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. GEORGE THOMAS. 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 oest in the City, comprising-Long and Shor. BED AXLES, 1 to 2 inch; Carriage BANDS in Japan, Brass, and Silver, with op-closed, and screw Fronts; American pattern SCREW BOI.TS, 1½ to 9 inch;

American pattern SCREW BOLTS, 1½ 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; Beut RIMS, 1½ to 2 inch; Bent SHAFTS Seat Poppets; Brass and Silver Shatt 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; Past-ing 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. the side of the mountains, as we ascended fur-

OIL CLOTH, GRASS MATS, TIRE BENDERS,

the way; so I must up and run. I should be lost if I stopped." "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," the good book says, you know.-Child's Paper.

phemy? We have but to keep on using this

washing of water by the continual preaching of

planet shall be cleansed from blood and filth, and

shall come out from the mists in which she is

now swathed, and shine like her sister stars, bright

in the light of her God; and the only sounds

that shall be heard from her shall be songs of joy

and peace, because the Lord God Omnipotent

reigneth. This, then, is Christ's way of cleansing

and sanctifying his church-by the washing of

(Remainder next week.)

WHAT THEY SAY.

Summer is full of happy life. The woods are

The Bible says, "Ask the beasts, and they

unto thee." What can they teach us? what can

See the cows. All day long they are in the

pasture feeding, or standing in the cool running

brook under the shade of the overhanging elms,

living quiet and pleasant lives. But they are

not living for themselves alone. They are brew-

Look at the trees. They stretch out their limbs

their cooling shade; they drop their autumn fruit

Let us walk along to the rosebush by the stone

See the little river. On, on it goes. Stop,

butter and cheese for the family.

water, that is to say, by the Word.

the Word, and the day shall come when our poor

"I WAS SICK, AND YE VISITED ME."

A beautiful little incident occurred after the battle of Antietam. which deserves to be put ou record, as showing, in how simple a manner, the sweet ministrations of kindness may be made effective. A young lady, whose whole life, since the beginning of the war, has been devoted to the bedside of our soldiers, and whose gentle manner has endeared her to the soldiers' hearts, as an angel of mercy, was engaged in alleviating, as far as possible, the sufferings of a large number of wounded men, who had been collected in a barn, then used as a temporary hospital. Quietly and gently she moved from one to another, wetting the bandage of one, placing pillows and cushions under the wounded limb of another, saying a cheering word to a third, and doing to all some little act of kindness-such as the loved ones at home would feel it a precious privilege to do, had they been present.

One poor fellow, whose arm had been amputated, was lying in a corner. The feeling of loneliness, and absence from dear ones, was crushing him, and in his weariness at all things around him, he cried out-" Oh! that I could hear my sister sing !" The young lady began, in a low tone of voice to sing a little ballad. As the sweet, plaintive tones, gradually piercing the air of the barn-filled, as it was, with the oppressive odor of suppurating wounds, and ill-restrained groans-all other sounds subsided, and each soldier listened, with almost breathless attention. Gradually, her tones became fuller and louder. and never had a prima donna such a delighted auditory. When the little ballad was ended, a dead silence prevailed for a few seconds. Then those, with hands, began to clap together in delight. But the poor fellow, for whom the lady had been singing, had only one hand. Nothing intimidated at this, and wishing to join in the expression of thanks, which his fellow-soldiers were giving, he pounded on the floor, with his only hand, crying-" Oh, miss, you see I can't clap, but I must pound." No singer ever received a higher reward than this Christian sister of mercy, from the poor wounded boy.

It is not by the great things which we do for the unfortunate, that the measure and value of our work can be estimated. It is not by the much talking, or even the much doing, that we render most acceptable consolation to the afflicted. We should cultivate sympathizing souls, that shall ever beat in unison with the claims of our suffering fellow-mortals, and this, because of love for | do." the Christian soul will show how to be most useful in the sick chamber-how best to pour oil depressed and the afflicted. Let us know more and more, the meaning of that pure religion, which visits the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, we shall find less difficulty, in keeping ourselves " unspotted from the world.'

A SUGGESTIVE INCIDENT.

The Rev. Dr. Twing, whose whole time and energies are employed in endeavors to awaken a deeper and broader interest in regard to our Domestic Missions, relates the following suggestive incident :--

Having, not long since, addressed a congrega-tion, in one of our large cities, and the offerings having been collected, a colored christian woman came into the vestry-room, bringing in her hand one of the cards which are used on such occasions, to accommodate those who may be moved to make larger offerings than they had provided which life is made. How much do we lose by

WHOSE SORROWS ARE LIKE UNTO MINE. - O. thou erring mortal, repine not! Our Father has some great and wise purpose in thus afflicting thee, and wilt thou dare murmur against him. when he removes the idol that he alone may reign? Pause and reflect. Examine well thy conscience, and see if there were not earthly attractions clinging to thy soul, and leading thee to forget the Creator in thy love to the creature. Raise not thy feeble voice against the Most High, lest he send upon thee a still greater trialin order to teach thee submission. Behold his noble example when persecuted by a whole world. Imagine him, the God of the universe, standing before the Jewish sanhedrim, condemned, buffeted, and spit upon. One blazing look of wrathful indignation would have annihilated that rude rabble; but with all the beauty and grace of a selfabnegation, he bowed his head and prayed, "Father! forgive them, they know not what they

- Wouldst thou find relief for thy sufferings ? Contemplate the life of Him who spake as never man spake. Follow him through all those years of toil and suffering. Witness his deeds of mer-cy and love, and then, "Go thou and do likewise."-German Reformed Messenger.

To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN .- " What a wonderful fine discourse the parson gave us to-day ! It rolled along like the sea." "What was it you liked so much in it, Betty?"

"Bless your heart ?" said Betty, do vou think I would make so bold as to understand our parson? Why, they do say there is not such another scholar in all the country. But it was a wonderful fine discourse. It rolled along like the waves of the sea."

IDLENESS necessarily shortens life, because it. makes us weaker. 'Idleness is a rust which wears faster than labor. "The more a key is used the cleaner it becomes," says poor Jacob. If you love life, do not waste time, for it is the stuff of

