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nnum. Daily Pupils, under ten years, \$6 per term over ten years, \$8 per term. Extra Branches, Drawing, Painting, and Music, usua

Payment, in all cases, in advance. Dec. 4. 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
Accamulated Fund £80,000 Annual Revenue 103,000
Existing Assurances 2,700,000
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The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of

Endowment Assurances.

distributed with a due regard to the change.

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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 of Assurance and all other information may tence. Hates of Assurance and all other information may

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ngs, Liverpool.

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At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following righly satisfactory results were shown:— FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business 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 fire insurance companies of this kingdom.

the "iron bars," which he chose to call the bonds of love which separate God's chosen and obedi-

297,560 16 8 18,850 3 11
1387,752 6 8 12,354 8 4
norease in the business of the last four macquent upon the large bonus declared ounted to no less than £2 per cent. per sessured, and averaged 30 per cent. upon

Christian Visitor.

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

Vol. III., No. 24. Whole No. 128.

I love to live in the air ye breathe,

wreathe.

friend.

SUMMER WOODS.

Summer woods, summer woods, ye are beautiful

And be crowned with the garlands that ye

Ye are greeting me now as my steps I wend-

Beautiful woods with your robe of green,

Taking so blandly the kiss of the breeze,

Touching us all so caressingly-

Musical trees, ye are full of song,

Your grand old chorus peals along:

Upward as incense full of prayer.

Beautiful trees of the summer-time,

For ye, and the mighty Friend above.

Soothe their spirits and kiss away

The day is eager with gushing praise,

And steadily floats the scent-mingled air,

Ye have of en taught me your lore sublime

Old woods, ye are very dear to me!

For ye stretch out your arms like some dear old

With your dark turf spotted with silver sheen,

With your grand old oaks, and your infant trees,

The birds in your branches sweet anthems raise,

I have sat 'neath your shade in the days of yore

Summer woods, summer woods, when the weary

With your green-clad branches spreading o'er,

Till my spirit has filled with a grateful love-

Their aching heads on your fragrant breast,

The heat and dust of the toilsome day;

Grand old woods, ye will live and grow

Ye will speak on in your eloquence,

trees!

with other places.

When we have finished our tale of woe;

When death has silenced our feeble sense:

May the voice of God be heard in the breeze,

That sweeps through your branches, beautiful

THE SILENT DEACON'S OPINION.

and dust, and langour, and the tired spirit, faint-

ing by the way, cries out for the wings of a dove,

go up to W-, among the hills made sacred to Na-

ture, where the hurry and anxiety of commerce

broken by the whizzing of machinery, or defiled

port belles, no Belmont equipages, nor will you

be bidden to any "hops"—they don't "hop"

there—but you will be taken into a holy, calm

rest, such as the pilgrim found in the chamber

which was called "Peace." If you have toiled

hard enough to deserve rest, you will find it in

W--; if not, you will seek it anywhere in

W- is the most silent place in the world:

calm dignity, and echoes back every sound so

lovingly, that W--- seems silent in comparison

Entering the neat, capacious church, fatherly

and motherly faces meet your eye on every band

and you will soon forget that you are a stranger.

Yonder, in the square pew, sits Deacon Lee;

you would know he was a deacon if he had not

told you. Some men are born deacons-what a

pity that any should enter the holy office who

are not! Deacon Lee was not a native of W-,

but went there to till a farm left him by an aced

relative some twenty years ago-about the time

Deacon Bell died, leaving a sad void in the

church and the parsonage-for he was a pillar in

Zion, and a strong arm to his pastor. After seek-

ing long to fill his place, the mind of the church

united on the new-comer, who, by his solemnity,

piety, and zeal, seemed created for the place. He

was a man of few words, rarely ever talking, save

in conference meeting; so that the boys called

him at first "a grum old man." But they soon

changed their opinion, for he set apart a tree of

summer sweetings and one of bell-pears for their

express benefit, as they went to and from school,

and surprised them by a fine swing which he

hung for them in his walnut grove. So the ver-

dict of that and of each succeeding generation of

boys was, that although the deacon never talked,

he was a kind and genial man, and a lover of

children. Every boy, for twenty years back, had

been his shepherd, his watchman, or his assistant

farmer; feeling it a high honor to hitch his horse

on Sunday, or to drive his manure cart on a holi-

day, and all because they saw, through the thick

veil of reserve, the love that burned and glowed

Deacon Lee's minister trusted in him, and the

church felt her temporal affairs safe in his hands,

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in

that thrice-blessed band who walked and talked

with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw his

glory mingled with his humanity; why, then,

need we wonder that one man, subtle and treach-

erous, hid himself in the calm verdure of W-

crawling out only to deceive God's people with a

kiss, till ready to spring upon them with his poisoned fangs? Upright, faithful and earnest as

were the people, they were not proof against flat-

tery and deception. There came among them

one quite unused to their unostentations way of

serving God, and ambitions, as he said, "of seeing them make some stir in the world." We know from God's Word that "one sinner destroy-

eth much" good, and yet we are often annoyed

at the wide results of one man's evil work in the

church; one may sow tares which an hundred

cannot plack out, and therefore does it become

God's children to stay the enemy in his first ef-

He who aimed at the life of the gospel church

in W- was "dead while he had a name to live."

He scorned many of the humble ones whose

crown is waiting them on bigh. He hated the

humbling doctrines of the cross, and desired to

see man glorified and exalted; he rebelled against

dient ones from the world that lieth in wicked

never dawn till all christians were as one-by

which he meant that, for the sake of union, right

in on the strong high hills. But here he found resistance; the soil which had borne such rich

ness. He declared that the millennium could

and the world honored his stern consistency.

When the next summer comes with its heat,

Of the love of the Infinite broad and free.

Whisper to them as ye have to me-

With the circle of light on your hoary brow;

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1865.

minister was not worthy of consideration in the matter-ministers are so readily put out of the way if they do not yield to ungodliness. If he proved a dead sentinel, he would not molest him; f alive and jealous of his Master's honor, one bullet would settle him forever.

In pursuance of his "liberal views" and his deep laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up and fastened his horse before the unpretending dwelling of Deacon Lee. Ushered into the neat 'keeping room" to await his coming from the He will care for us.' harvest field, his restless spirit was almost awed by the silence which reigned there. The tall clock in the corner, with its ever-sailing ship, ticked painfully loud, and even the buzzing of the few flies on the panes annoyed him. He suffered much the same oppression as do those who wait long, in a silent, darkened room, the coming of a minister to a funeral. He first wished for and clandestine flight, when the door opened, and the After the usual greetings, and a dead, awful pause, the visitor began—think of the wiles of Satan—by lamenting the low state of religion, and asking work is done in a place, I believe God will show for God's set times to visit Zion? He was far more deeply interested in the opening of a new stage road to the Summit, and in getting up stock

in the projected hotel there. "Now, what do you think is the cause of things being so dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and after a little thought, frankly answered, " No, I don't.' "Do you think the church are alive to the work

before them?" "No, I don't." "Do you think the minister fully realizes the

solemnity of his work?" " No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked-"Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man ?"

"No, I don't." "Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden' was anything wonderfully great?"

" No, I don't." Making bold after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked, "Then don't you think are unknown, and the silent Sabbaths are never we had better dismiss this man, and 'hire' by its smoke and steam. You will see no New-

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone far louder than his wont, shouted, "No, I don't." "Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree

" No, I don't." "You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not

a little abashed, "that no one can find out what "I talked enough once," replied the old man, and were it not for the farmer turning his furrows or casting in his seed, you might imagine yourrising to his feet, "for six praying christians; but thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my self already where "Sabbaths never end." Pertongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked haps it is only because Nature reigns with such

softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity, and dont you tempt me to break The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable man, and asked,

What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell von: I was drawn into scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of limbs. In 1583, Aietro Dordogo was executed God's servants from the field in which He had for seeking to assassinate the Prince. planted him. In my blindness I fancied it was a little thing to remove one of the "stars" which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. his work, and said we considered his labors ended in B-, where I then lived; we groaned beupholding by our efforts and our prayers the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessing. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us on as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till torn and had he gone, when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants toucheth the apple of His eye. I heard my old pastor was ill, and taking my son with me, set out on a twenty-five miles' ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any true woman ought to exhibit towards one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were as arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish !"

" Had it come to this,' I said to myself, 'that the man whose labours had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, whose hands had buried me in baptism, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. God pity me!' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sin to that to let me kneel before his dying servant, and re-ceive his forgiveness. What did I care then whe-

harvests of grace repelled his seed from its bo-som; and he came to the mad resolve to assail "I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he

the deacon, and try how he would receive it. If had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unhe, with his piety, zeal and influence, opened his
botom to it, the end was easily strained. The

murmured as if in a troubled dream, was 'Touch not my anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I staid by him all night, and at daybreak I closed his eyes. I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days; but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you, but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused He has left us all with his covenant God, and

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and that grave. When I slept. Christ stood before me in my dreams, saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I realized fully the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, then dreaded the good man, being not quite sure even if they were not perfect. And since that of a warm reception. He had just decided on a day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a 'very extraordinary' man. My tongue shall cleave to deacon entered, as calm and near as if toil had extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to never ruffled his spirit or soiled his garments. the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget the good man why this church had enjoyed no it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme revival for three or four years! What cared he that brought you here; and moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with them who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of

your heart be forgiven you." This decided reply put an end to the new comer's efforts to get a minister who would make more stir; and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word no," but sometimes it requires not a little moral courage to speak it as resolutely as did the silent deacon. - Examiner and Chronicle.

THE MURDER OF WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

The cold-blooded murder which most nearly parallels that of President Lincoln, is the remarkable assassination of William, Prince of Orange, in the city of Delft, in 1584, described by Motley in the Rise of the Dutch Republic, the substance of which is given below.

Cardinal Granville and Philip of Spain set a price upon the head of William, Prince of Orange, n the following words:

"We expose the said William of Nassau as to all who may seize it. And if any of our subgenerous of heart to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished to him, immediately after the deed shall have been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand crowns in gold. If he have committed any crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon him; and if he be not already

noble, we will ennoble him for his valor." In consequence of this infamous offer, five attempts were made to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, within the period of two years. Salseda and Baza sought to poison him in 1582, but were detected. Baza committed suicide in prison: and the wretched Salseda was condemned and torn to pieces by four horses hitched to his

In 1584 Hans Hanzoon was executed for attempting to destroy the Prince by means of gunpowder concealed under his house and under his seat in the church. "He confirmed," says Motpews filled with those who turned away from the ley, the historian, " that he had discussed the desimplicity of the gospel. I and the men that led tails of the enterprise with the Spanish Ambassame-for I admit that I was a dupe and a tool- dor in Paris." Le Goth, a French officer, was also bribed to poison the Prince, but afterwards We thought that we were doing God service revealed the plot to him, and remained his faithwhen we drove that holy man from his pulpit and ful friend. Thus the Spanish Government had made five unsuccessful attempts to assassinate its great adversary, and the greatest statesman and cause there was no revival, while we were gossip- purest patriot who ever lived in Europe. A sixth ing about and criticizing, and crushing instead of and successful attempt speedily followed. Balthazar Gerard, a native of Burgundy-a mean, insignificant looking creature—had introduced himself to the Prince as the son of a man who had been put to death for his devotion to the taunting him with his weakness, while we hung Prince's cause and church. The assassin disguised his horrid design under the cloak of intense and devoted friendship and fervent piety. He told the guard who stood before the Prince's door, bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely that he needed some money to purchase some shoes and stockings, so as to be able to attend the church when the Prince worshipped. The guard communicated the fact to his master, who instantly sent him a purse. The assassin took the money, and bought a pair of pistols on the following morning from a soldier, who stabbed himself to the heart on hearing of the horrid use to

which the pistols had been applied. On Tucsday, the 10th of July, 1584, the Prince with his wife on his awn, followed by the members of his family were going to dinner when Gerard presented himself at the door and demanded a passport. The princess struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was a person who came for a passport," and ordered his Secretary to write one. The Princess observed in an undertone that she "had never seen so villanous a countenance." At two o'clock the company rose from the table and the Prince led the way to his private apartments alone. As he reached the second stair, a man from the recess, and standing within a foot or two of him discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body. The Prince exclaimed in French, "O, my God, have mercy on my soul!—O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" His master of horse caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. He was laid on a couch in the dining-room when, meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms

The murderer succeeded in making his escape ther the pews by the door were rented or not? through the side door, and sped swiftly up the I would gladly have taken this whole family to narrow lane. He was soon overtaken, and boldly my home forever as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was before me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was just falling from his limbs, he whose armor was just falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes and said, 'Brother Lee! brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white must yield to wrong—as if he was of the number who loved and longed for the appearing of ber who loved and longed for the appearing of not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' the commission of the deed for seven years, and I spoke tenderly to him, told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little enes; but his only reply.

That his right hand should be burned off with a red hot-iron.

Old Series
Vol. XVIII., No. 24.

That his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places. That he should be quartered and disemboweled

That his heart should be torn from his bosom and flung in his face.

That he should have his head taken off. The fearful sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July. The wretch supporting its horrors with astonishing fortitude. His lips were seen to move up to the time his heart was thrown in his face. "Then," said a looker-on, "he gave up the ghost."

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was 51 years old. He was buried on the 3rd_of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation.

THE "GLORIES OF WAR."

A battle-field is a sad and sickening sight. The

dread contest of the day is now robbed of all its

glory and chivalry. The marching hosts in hostile array, the wild tumult of battle, the din and roar of musketry and artillery have died away. Its pomp and strange attractions have now departed, and fail to gild the painted sepulchre, leaving nothing behind but its ghastly harvest of dead and maimed fellow-creatures. It was just night, the rain was pouring down, and the din and roar of battle had ceased. Still rose in the distance the cheer and shout of our men as they dashed after the retreating foe, mingled with the deep boom of our guns, which were still sending a parting shot after the enemy. I was standing on the hill upon which was enacted the bloodiest drama of the fight. It was the hill of slaughter. The dead and dying lay thickly strewn around in all conceivable shapes. In one place were piled together the bodies of two white soldiers, and three coloured. They must have clung together for shelter, and were mowed down together. Black and white lay side by side, just under the rebel works; there was no distinction nowbrothers in the fiery storm of battle, they slept together in death. The hill presented a ghastly picture of the wreck and debris of battle. Bent and broken muskets piled beside the dead bodies of those who had used them-fragments of shell and round shot scattered in every direction, with broken artillery and exploded cannons—the ground furrowed and ploughed and scattered over with looped branches of trees, were some of the realities that made up the ghastly picture; add to this the piercing grouns of the wounded, whose mangled bodies writhed in torturing agony, and you have some idea of the horrors of a battle-field when stripped of all its pomp and tinsel. Behind an enemy of the human race, giving his property | the entrenchments lay the rebel dead and wounded, some crushed and torn in the most unsightly manner by our shot and shells. So accurate was our artillery practice that our shot tore off the heads of some with the top of the parapet. I was attending one poor fellow whose arm had been dreadfully shattered, giving him a drink of whiskey and of morphine, when Surgeon E. A. Jeinser, 5th Ohio, came over to dress his wounds. 'Ah, gentiemen," exclaimed the poor fellow, "

have a wife and five children in Georgia, whom had to leave helpless when I was conscripted. Save my arm for their sake." Dr. Jeinser could hold out no hopes for him, but thought he could save his life. I remarked the kind doctor's Christian attention to the unfortunate rebel wounded. But then, our doctors make no distinction between friend and foe when once they are stricken down. Near him lay an officer with his leg shattered and his arm torn from the shoulder. Though we made a bed with blankets for him he was rather sullen, and would not allow us to move him out of the trench where he lay doubled up. It mattered little, for a few hours terminated his earthly pain. As I rode away from this hill, over which the charnel-house smell of death was already breathing, I saw a huge Kentuckian weeping bitterly over a dead rebel. Sir," I exclaimed, "look at your dead comrades lying all around." "True," he said, as he wiped his eyes and pointed to a dead Union officer, "there is my brother, shot by this man: I shot him in return. He is my cousin and bovhood companion. I weep for my brother and bosom friend." This is but one of the many affecting scenes I have witnessed on the battle-field .-New York Herald.

ARE YOU VACCINATED?

Under this heading a late number of Dr. Hall's Journal of Health (good authority) contains the following instructive article upon a subject which interests every one in this locality at the present time. We hope our readers will not fail to profit by the suggestions offered :-The matter of small pox impregnates the air

immediately around the person or bedding of the patient; and any unvaccinated individual, or one who has not had the small pox, who comes within ten feet of such person or the bedding, is very sure to have the pimples appear within a fort-

In some cases vaccination wears out, and ceases to be a protection against small pox, and exposure to it gives varioloid. The longer a person remains from small pox after vaccination, the more severe the attack will be, if it is taken at all.

Those vaccinated in infancy are most likely to have varioloid between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. This being so, a most important practical inference is to be drawn, that the occurrence of puberty in some way diminishes the power of vaccination against infection : hence it ecomes the imperative duty of every parent to have the child re-vaccinnated on entering the fifteenth year. If it does not take, no harm has been done, and the chances of an odious and fearful disease have been with great certainty removed. This re-vaccination should be repeated at twenty-five, especially if that at fifteen did not

In order to fix in the reader's mind a strong and clear idea of the value and necessity of a revaccination, a single fact will be stated. The Prussian government, more than any other, enforces vaccination and re-vaccination. In 1837. of forty-seven thousand soldiers re-vaccinated, the full effect took place in twenty-one thousand; and of these last, although the small-pox prevailed all over Prussia that year, not one single soldier took it.

Re-vaccination should be entrusted to the family physician, who should be sacredly enjoined to procure the matter from the arm of one whom he knows to be a child of healthy parents, so as to avoid, as far as possible, the introduction of bane ful diseases into the constitution of the re-vaccinated. Every parent should place this article where it may be frequently seen.

TRUE SACRIFICE.—Some persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them, and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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The Christian Visitar

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

NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM. We do exceedingly rejoice over the noble effort -which has a policy-this first institution of the world, for the care and cure of this most wretched class of miserables, the besotted inebriates. It has not yet gone into operation, but the effort to secure a charter and funds for it, has caused such a diffusion of light on the subject by its able and indefatigable founder, Dr. Turner, endorsed and aided by about 1,500 physicians, and by many other men of marked influence in the State of New York, that other States and counties are now moving to establish like institutions. This is true of Massachusetts, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin, either by individual or State action: while England, Scotland, Holland and Denmark, are moving in the same direction, and Switzerland has begun the work of erecting an

Our joy in this mighty movement is not solely on account of the cures which Dr. Turner expects from the treatment in institutions, but yet more on account of the facts which will be spread before the world by them, and the principles they will announce to stir and guide the world to take such precautions that the coming generation shall not present such a proportion of her finest and most genial spirits so bleared and blasted and brutalized, that for the comfort of dearest friends, as well as their own cure, they must be torn from all domestic connections, and shut up for years like maniacs. Although the New York Institution has not gone into operation, no less than 7,245 applications have already been made for admission, probably from the wealthy classes almost exclusively. What a commentary upon the condition of our country! this 7000 fold utterance of the confession "We are drunkardsdrunkards beyond all self-controul!!" This expression is called out, too, by the mere hope that there is a remedy, before the system has gone into operation. It comes spontaneously from the richer classes, able to pay for treatment. What then must be the whole number of all classes, and in the various stages of indulgence, marching towards the drunkard's grave! and how imperative the necessity that some policy of prevention be adopted by the sober, that thousands of the rising generation march not in the same path !-

God's Love Inexhaustible.—Suppose a meadow in which a million daisies open their bosoms all at one time to the sun. On one of them, while it is yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it still struggles against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days the effort is continued without success. The tiny stone (a mighty rock to the tiny flower) squats on its breast, and will not admit a single sunbeam. At length the flower-stock, having gathered strength by its constant exertion, acquires force enough to overbalance the weight, and tosses the intruder off. Up springs the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another flower is added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drink their fill of sunlight. The sun in the heaven is not incommoded by the additional demand. The comer receives into its open cup as many sunbeams as it would have received although no other flower had grown in all the meadow-in all the earth. The sun, finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its maker. When an immortal being long crushed and turned away by a load of sin, at ength through the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden and opens with a bound to receive a heavenly Father's long offered but rejected love, the giver is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although a thousand millions should arise and go to the Father, each would receive as much of that Father's love as if he alone of all fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God .- Rev. William

VERY PARTICULAR.-Rev. Dr. King, of London, told the following anecdote at a meeting of the Presbyterian Synod: In Scotland there was not only the secession

from the establishement and the secession followed by the relief, but the secession split into Burgher and Anti-Burgher, and each of these into New Light and Old Light. Within these fragmentary bodies there were the opposing ranks of Lifters and Anti-Lifters; and even the question of repeating tunes perilled the integrity of religious connections. All this may seem amusing o you, but these disputes were deemed, each in ts turn, whatever might be its real merits, to be of the gravest moment. I recollect my friend Dr. Heugh, so much and justly esteemed, telling me of an elder who was earnestly orthodox about church music. This good and sensible, but somewhat dogged and immovable man, hated repeating tunes as a principal sin of his day. Whenever the precentor started one of them he bolted from his pew. He had his hat in one hand and as he paced along the passage to the door, he planted a staff, which he held in the other, with more energy than was requisite for the object of firm walking taking care to be at once audible and visible. This worthy clder became incurably ill, and Dr. Heugh was requested to visit him on his death-bed. My friend hoped to find all his small captiousness dissipated by the near prospect of departure. He asked the elder if there was anything in particular he would like to speak about. The reply was "Yes; I would like to tell you what an earnest wish I have, like Hezekiah of old, to go up again to the House of the Lord. But I would be contented to go at once." Dr. Heugh asked him what made him so anxious for this single return to public worship. "Oh." he said, " I would like so much to testify once more against the iniquity of vain repetitions.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL .- The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest :- Wheat, 60 lbs.: Corn, shelled, 56 lbs.; Corn, on the cob, 76 lbs.; Rye, 56 lbs.; Oats, 36 lbs.; Barley, 46 lbs.; Buckwheat, 56 lbs.; Irish Potatoes, 50 lbs.; Sweet Potatoes, 50 lbs.; Onions, 57 lbs.; Beans, 60 lbs.; Bran, 20 lbs.; Clover seed, 45 lbs.; Timothy seed. 45 lbs.; Hemp seed, 45 lbs.; Blue-grass seed, 14 lbs.; Dried Peaches, 33 lbs.

CHAPPED HANDS POISONED BY TALLOW,-A few days since, a young lady in this town, having chapped hands, applied tallow, from a common tallow candle, and to her surprise and alarm, in a few hours after, her hands commenced to swell, and in a short time they were swollen to such an extent that medical asssistance was sought. The swelling, after a few days, left the young lady's hands, but the poison having entered her blood, the swelling recommenced in her feet, and she is still under medical treatment.—Sherbrooks

Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four chiese in