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FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY and paid up and invested . . . £3,212,343 5s. 1d. stg. remiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £743,674 stg.
osses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 520,459
remiums in Life Risks, in 1864, 235,243
osses paid in Life Risks, in 1864, 143,197
or addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareders of the Company are personally responsible for all

EDWARD ALLISON, THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following ighly satisfactory results were shown.—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

dibus, to think in a style in which nobody else can understand you, to think till you get at the bottom of things, and stir the mud so that you cannot find your own way, and nobody else can see where you are. That is considered to be

les anicitantle man, where none was Banus

rown, had street, d streetsing at Mr. Chaloger

THE STARS.

That, when fades the day on high,

That, from out their cups of light,

Pour the fragrant waves of slumber

When the deep and solemn darkness Fills the wide dome of the sky?

On the weary earth all night?

Are the lighted tapers shining

No! they are the silver letters

On the azure page of heaven

Of which loving angels write,

Countless songs in lines of light.

SPURGEON'S SERMON.

GOD'S WITNESSES.

Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen." Isaxas xliii, 10.

I. We will advance at once to our subject, by

nentioning some of the questions upon which

CHRISTIANS ARE CALLED TO GIVE EVIDENCE IN

These questions are the most weighty which

can be discussed. One of the first is this: is

there such a thing now-a-days as a distinct inter-

position of God on behalf of man, in answer to prayer? The world ridicules the idea. The

horse laugh is heard the moment you talk about the efficacy of prayer and faith. "Why," says

some, "the wind that drives the pirate on the

rock will also cause the shipwreck of a vessel

laden with ministers of the gospel. Providence

is alike severe in its severities, and alike bounti-

ful in its bounties. The rain falleth upon the

field of the wicked, as well as upon the field of

the righteous. God has gone away from earth

and left it to manage itself-has wound it up like

a clock and set it going, and now he does not interfere, but lets each wheel act upon the other

wheel, and the whole machinery go on without any interposition from his hand." That is the

world's theory. Now in opposition to this, we

hold that, albeit the same event happeneth to the

righteons and the wicked, yet still in those very

events there are distinct differences in God's deal-

ings. But that is not precisely the question.

The question is, whether or no God doth answer

prayer and come unto the assistance and deliver-

ance of those who have faith in him. We declare

that he does do so. I think, dear friends, if I

were to call some of you into the witness-box, you would give very clear and distinct proof of this. Suppose I call Mr. George Muller, of Bris-

tol. He would say, "Look at those three orphan

houses, containing no less than one thousand one

hundred and fifty orphan children, who are en-

to prayer. Look," says he, "at this fact, that

when the water was dried up in Bristol, and the

waterworks were not able to serve sufficient to

the people, I with my more than a thousand

children dependant upon me, never asked any

man for a drop of water, but went on my knees

nor indirectly asked by me, ca'led at my door the

next hour and offered to bring us water; and

when he ceased because his supplies were dried up, instead of telling anybody, I went to my God

and told him all about it, and another friend of-

fered to let me fetch water from his brook." He

will point you to his report in connection with

the orphan houses these many years, and say to

you, "Here it is: I solemuly assert that I never

told any man one of my wants, but went straight

away to cry unto my God, and while I have been calling he has answered me, and while I have

been speaking he has sent the reply." And George

Muller is no solitary specimen; we can each of

us tell of like events in our own history. Indeed,

it were hard for me to find in my life a case in which I have asked and not received. I should

find it difficult to discover a season in which I

have cried unto God and not received deliverance,

during the whole run and tenor of my life. I

admit it to be shorter than that of some of you,

but yet that short life suffices for me to say, that

in hundreds of instances I have had as distinct

answers to prayer as if God had thrust his right

hand through the blue sky and given right into my lap the bounty which I had sought of him.

Now we are not insane; we are not so wonder-

fully enthusiastic-we wish we were a little more

so; many of us are sober souls, as common-sense

acting men as any that are to be found. There

are brethren here who exhibit a shrewdness in business which would screen them from being

called fools by worldlings themselves, and yet our unanimous witness as Christians is this, that we

have sought God and he has heard us, and that

though we have been brought very low, if we

have been enabled to cry out to God, even from the very depths, he has delivered us in our hour of need. Upon this point the Christian should

take care that he hears very clear testimony, for

he certainly may do it without any difficulty.

Again, it has been whispered—nay, it has been boasted by certain very profound philosophers—that the Christian religion has reached its prime, and though it had an influence upon the world at

one time, it is now going down, and we want something a little more juvenile and vigorous, with a fresher vigor in its veins to stir the world and produce noble deeds. I have been told

many times, that the simple preaching of the doctrine of grace has no effect now upon the thinking portion of the community in their own estimation; for your many times, that the simple preaching of the doctrine of the community in their own estimation; for your many times to the community in their own

estimation; for you must understand that, in order to be one of the "thinking portion of the community," it is necessary not to think in a straight line, but to think in a kind of circumben-

thinking now-a-days; whereas, it strikes me that the best form of thinking is that which submits

itself to God's thoughts, and is willing to sit at

vindicate the manliness and force of their faith.

It is not true that Christianity has lost its force, and we must make this clear as noonday. You

stakes; it produces now self-denying missionaries; it educates men and women by the thousand who

an bear the sneer and jeer, and who would be

FAVOR OF THEIR GOD.

On the holy altar high,

Are the stars the lambs of heaven.

Night, the shepherdess, doth lead To the blue fields of the sky?

Are they lilies, silver lilies.

Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1866.

for Christ let us teach this world that we retain father to the Saviour. the old power among us; let us ask the Holy God bless the disciples who "care for souls," Spirit to enable us to live such forceful vigorous and multiply their number a hundred fold. lives, that men shall know once more what we American Messenger. can do. Indeed, I am not boastful in venturing to say that there are still a host of facts to prove that the gospe! has not lost its power over the minds of men. We can point to spots in Glasgow, London, Edinburgh, in the most crowded of our cities where once there were dens of infamy and haunts of vice, and there, by the enterprising benevolence and holy perseverance of single, so-litary men, the desert has been made to blossom as the rose. But enough of this, go yo witness each man in his own person.

Once again: it is our daily business to be witgive calm and peace to the mind. Our hallowed peace must be proof of that.

The last testimony we shall probably bear will answer the question, whether Christ can help a pathy for this young man, struck down in his man to die well or not; whether religion will bear the test of that last solemn article; whether we danger in his case. shall be enabled to go through the river either triumphantly shouting, or quietly accepting our end. Well beloved, we will prove that when the time comes; but how many there have been among us whose names we venerate, who have died rejoicing in the love of Jesus. There are those above whom we mention with a joyous sorrow when we recollect how well to the last they testified of the faithfulness of Christ, and his power to bless when all other blessings fail us. You see; then, that there are many questions n dispute, and that the Christian's business is to be God's witness, speaking the truth for God apon these matters.

(To be concluded.)

THE TWO STRANGERS IN CHURCH.

"Who are those two young ladies dressed nourning, who sat in the corner near you?" inquired Mrs. Ashby of an acquaintance who passed her pew just as the Sabbath morning service was elosed. "They seem to be strangers," she continued, and I haven't seen any one speak to to his side.

"They are not exactly strangers," said Mrs. Ashby's friend, "though I dare say they were never in church here before. Don't you remember a small, thin-faced woman who sat in that doubtless started before this. It seem so comforsame corner for a few Sabbaths some three months table to see her; you don't know how I long for ago, and always looked so forlorn and timid? She was their mother, and the name of the family is H-..... She's dead now, I hear, and better off, the hardy soldier feels the pang of pain. It is I've no doubt. These girls and their father teased her to death, it is said, about her religion and at last; and I wonder what sent them here."

Mrs. Ashby, as her informant hastened down the aisle and left her still standing at the door of her pew. She recalled the pale face of the mother to whom she had once or twice spoken a king her reported removal from the town. Mrs. Ashby looked again at the strangers

they were lingering, while all around them were fast leaving the house. No one seemed to care for them, and they looked as if almost doubting their right to be there. She felt as if some one ought to welcome them to the sanctuary; and so with a heart full of love, she went and took them. by the hand. Calling them by name, she told called to die," replied the chaplain; "but in life you know it is the one important thing to be pregrieved to hear that they had lost so good a papared for death." rent. She added that she was glad to see them at church, and hoped they would continue to fill their mother's place. Then she inquired their residence, and giving her own name, said that with their permission she would call upon them in a day or two. They were too much affected to reply, except by the brief assurance that they should be glad to see her.

Sickness in Mrs. Ashby's family prevented her

from calling on Sarah and Ellen H—that week, as she intended. But when the following Sabbath came, she was glad to see them again in their mother's seat. She gave them a pleased look a recognition before the services commenced and as soon as they were ended she went directy to them. Greeting them cordially, she explained the cause of her failure to call upon them, and told them that she particularly regretted it, because she was anxious to secure them as members of a young ladies' class which met weekly at her own house for the study of the Scriptures. She asked them to think of the proposal for a day or two, and she would see them about it during the

week, if Providence permitted.

To Sarah and Liten, Mrs. Ashby was the good Samaritan. They had been trained by their father in his own hard and bitter unbelief. The sorrowful and feeble mother whom they had just buried was scarcely a parent to them, she having married their father after they were nearly grown to maturity. She was a Christian, but too timid by nature and soon too ill to make her influence for good decided and efficient. The father and daughters laughed at her Bible-reading and psalm singing, and utterly refused to join her in attend-ance at church. Finding herself sorely disappointed in the character and temper of the family with which she had too hastily connected herself,

she soon sank into the grave.

Not till then did these thoughtless girls realize what they had done. The fear and hesitation His voice was so strong; his manner so natural! of the hitherto timid woman, in her dying hour, l'll be there presently. And left alone, he threw gave place to Christian fortitude and even triumph. Her eyes saw truth with gospel clearness; prayer.
her lips were fearless in declaring and enforcing it. The hitherto deluded daughters were touched the strug

So it was that they came to the house of God; it was indeed "the Lord" who had "sent them.

But the preaching they heard that first Sabbath was little calculated to stimulate or encourage them. The cold, lifeless sermon fell like lead on their awakened consciences. And when they met their awakened consciences. And when they met their awakened in church only an indifferent rather think the surgeon does, though he said t was indeed "the Lord" who had "sent them." them. The cold, infector the their awakened consciences. And when they met from those around in church only an indifferent glance or a curious stare, they were ready to say, "No man careth for my soul." They would have gone home repelled and discouraged, but for the Christian faithfulness and sympathy of Mrs. Ashby. The tender love which glistened in her eye and made itself felt in the pressure of ler eye and made itself felt in the pressure of ler hand, her unaffected interest in their welfare, and the almost motherly kindness of her manner, want directly to their hearts.

The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful. The pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful and the pain is gone, and I feel quite hopeful and is a feel quite hopeful and is and we must make this clear as noonday. You are God's witnesses, my brethren; you are put in the box, and I pray you, if in the past or present you have not proved this, do it in the future. The gospel now can nourish heroes as it did of old; it can furnish martyrs to-morrow, if martyrs were required to garnish Smithfield's stakes; it produces now self-denying missionaries;

prepared to lie in a prison till the moss grew on their eyelids sooner than give up Christ. Our belief is, that Christ has the dew of his youth, and that the gospel is as adapted to the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, as to the darkness of the first ages. But you are God's their eyelids sooner than give up Christ. Our She visited them, as she had promised, and be strove to interpret that was painful, and he strove to interpret that was painful, and he strove to interpret that which made the difference between this and his former demeanor.

Wouldst thou make thy estate was not long ere they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion; and now, under the was of the first ages. But you are God's the first ages and now, under the was of the first ages. But you are God's the first ages and now, under the was painful, and he strove to interpret that was painful, and he strove that was painfu

witnesses, and you must prove it, and I must ask training of Mrs. Ashby, who has become their every one of you to prove it by the holy zeal, the trusted lousehold counsellor, they are seeking, conspicuous enthusiasm, the sacred fire and fervor by the beauty and order of a Christian home, as that blaze and flash in your lives. For truth and well as by direct prayer and effort, to win their

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A TRUE STORY.

The chaplain came at last to a cot set somewhat by itself outside the wards. Here, reclining at as the rose. But enough of this; go ye witness med, and only the position of his hands, which were thrown over his head and locked in almost Once again: it is our daily business to be witnesses for God on another question, as to whether or no faith in the blood of Jesus Christ really can brow was broad and fair, and the thick locks that clustered back from the temples curled like the ringlets of a boy. He knew not why, but the chaplain experienced an unusual and sudden sym-

> "How is he wounded?" he asked of the surgeon, as the two approached the bed, softly.
> "Is the right side, below the ribs," was the

> reply. "Oh! no; that is, not at present. The case may take a bad turn, to be sure; but it looks very well now. Charles," he added, addressing the sick man, familiarly, "the chaplain is going the rounds; would you like to see him?"
> "O! certainly!" exclaimed the young man,

smiling. "I am very glad to see him;" and he held out his hand. His voice was strong and ringing, as with the highest health, his clasp was vigorous.

I am sorry to find you wounded, my friend,"

said the chaplain. "O! only the casualty of war; we must some of us expect it, you know."

" Do you suffer much ?" "At times, sir, very severely; I feel so well, only the distress here," and he pressed his hand

"You will be up soon, I hope." "I trust so, sir; the doctors say it is a bad wound, but will yield with care. I only wish I had my mother here. She has heard of it, and,

Ah! mothers, you are first thought of when your name he calls, your form he sees through the mists of delirium, your voice he hears in pathy of suffering, he knows who has borne the most for him; and on the tented field, the holy name of mother receives a fresh baptism of love and beauty.

"I can imagine how you feel," said the chaplain : " and I have no doubt you will see her soon.

" I realize that, sir," said the young man; am a professor of religion, and have been for years. When I was shot, ave, and before, I commended my soul to Him for life; but I confess I have much to live for. I am not brought yet where I am perfectly willing to die."

" It may be for the reason that you are not yet called to die," replied the chaplain ; " but in life After a short prayer, the minister and the sick

man parted. " He seems very strong and sanguine," he said, as he met the surgeon again, and likely to recover."

"No doubt of it, sir, no doubt;" was the hasty reply of the surgeon, as he passed on !

The hour of midnight had struck from the great hall. Slowly and solemnly it knelled the departing momen's, and its echo rolled through the halls, vibrating on many an ear that would never hear the sound of the striking hours again. The chaplain still sat up in his own room, writing letters for three or four of the wounded soldiers, and a strange stillness fell around him, as he closed the last sheet and sat back with folded hands. to think. He could not tell why, but do what and go where he would, the face of the young volunteer with whom he had spoken last, haunted him. He arose to move to the window where the breeze was cooler, when a knock was heard at the door, and a rapid voice called, "Chaplain?" He burried to lift the latch. The surgeon stood there, looking like a shadow in the dim moonlight

that crept into the passage.
"Chaplain, sorry to disturb you, and more sorry still to give you an unpleasant duty to per-

"Why, what is it?" was the quick rejoinder. "The fine young fellow whom you talked with going."
"What! you do not mean"—

"Won't live an hour or two at the most. ried to tell him, but I couldn't; and finally I thought of you. You can ease it, you know."

A great shadow fell on the chaplain; for a moment he was stunned and choked, and his voice grew husky as he made a reply,-

" It is a sad errand, but none the less my duty. Poor fellow! I can't realize it, indeed, I cannot.

The atmosphere was filled with low sighs from her lips were fearless in declaring and enforcing it. The hitherto deluded daughters were touched at once with conviction and remorse. Under the influence of these feclings they readily promised influence of these feclings they readily promised the chaplain gazed upon the face before him. It looked as calm as that of a sleeping infant, but he did not sleep. Hearing a slight noise, his eyes flew open and rested in some surprise upon " I felt as if I must see you again before I reti-

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 35.

etly; " you must be very faithful, for it is past midnight." "I was on the point of going to bed when

hour," was the tearful response. "Indeed! what poor fellow goes next?" reoined the young man, with a look of mournful

was called to prepare a dying man for his last

There was no answer; for the wealth of worlds the chaplain could not have spoken now. That tone so unconscious of danger; that eye so full of sympathy! The sick man's inquiring glance changed for a moment to one of intense terror. He raised both arms-let them fall heavily upon the coverlet at his side, and in a voice totally altered by emotion, he gasped:

"Great heaven! you mean me." "My dear friend!" said the chaplain, unmanned.

"I am to die then-and-how-long?" his eye once more sought that of his chaplain. "You have made your peace with God, let death come as soon as it will. He will carry you

"Yes; but this is awfully sudden! - awfully sudden!" his lips quivered; he looked up grievingly-" and I shall not see my mother," "Christ is better than a mother," murmured

over the river."

the chaplain. "Yes." The words came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that tremb-

ling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the pringtes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier, and when the eyes were opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven. "I thank you for your courage," he said more

feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain. "The bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see, but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave me his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul; and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Christ. And now will you pray for me? "O! what emotions swelled the heart of that

devoted man, as he knelt by the bedside of the dying volunteer, the young soldier of Christ; and with tones so low that only the ear of God and that of him who was passing away could hear, besought God's grace and presence. Never in all his experience had his heart been so powerfully church-going, for she would always come to every gentle word that is spoken. He knows wrought upon; never had a feeling of such unutterable tenderness taken possession of his soul.— He seemed already in the presence of a glorified spirit; and after the prayer was over, restraining his sobs, he bent down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. "Thank you! I won't trouble you any longer; you are wearied out-go to your rest."

Amen!" trembled from the fast whitening

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He pened his door, encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word-"Gone !"

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation. - Watchman and Reflector.

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.

In his youth the Count was a gay student, very popular with his associates on account of his good numor. The old men of Gottingen still remember the "tall young man" who played them so many practical jokes. The story of Bismarck's boot-maker has become famous in the annals of the university. It is thus related:

Young Bismarck having been invited to a soiree, where he was to dance with the prettiest girls in Gottingen, had ordered a pair of patenteather boots for the occasion. As the day approached the young student became uneasy. "You will not have your boots," said his com-

But I will have them," answered the future Minister. On the eve of the great day Bismarck entered

the shop and asked for his boots. "Monsieur," said the tradesman, "I am in despair; but I have so many orders for the ball

"Ah, that is it!" said the student. "Very well-we shall see." He went out, but at the end of half an hour re-

turned, with two of those enormous dogs which the German students are accustomed to keep at the expense of their messes. "Monsieur," said Bismarck, "you see these

dogs ?"
"Yes." "Very well! I swear they will tear you into

five hundred thousand pieces unless I have my boots by to morrow evening."

He went out; but from hour to h ur a porter, hired for the purpose, would stop before the boot-

maker's shop and cry out in lugabrious tones : "Unhappy man! forget not Monsieur de Bis narck's boots!" The bootmaker had only that night to finish

the articles required of him by this singular ultimatum. At ten o'clock he closed his shop, and said to his wife with a sigh-"Let us go! We must sleep."
All of a sudden, in the middle of the night, he

hears the barking of the horrible dogs, and the roice of young Bismarck, crying in the street: "Bootmaker of my soul! thy life is in danger. Think of thy family !" The next day the student had his patent-leather

boots, and danced like a madman. The same reckless determination and unscrupulous audacity in carrying his point appear in the character of the student of Gottingen and the statesman of Berlin.— Courrier des Etats Unis.

Use of REBURE .- "If any speak ill of thee, flee home to thy own conscience, and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is a just correc-tion: if not guilty, it is a fair instruction. Make use of both; so shalt thou distil honey out of

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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Address all Communications and Business

Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor.

Che Christian Bisitar

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

"WE'LL LAUGH HIM OUT OF IT." " Charlie Earl seeking to become a Christian,

and speaking in prayer-meeting?" "Yes; last night he declared his purpose to lead a new life, and asked for the prayers of God's people that he might succeed.'

"He is the life of our company," said David Bright; "so merry and light-hearted, we can't afford to lose him. The idea of Charlie becoming religious? Imagine him with a sclemn face: and he langhed heartily. "Charlie is very earnest," said Ella Morrell.

Oh yes, he is always earnest, even about triffes. We can't think of his becoming religious, however; we must see him, and laugh him out of it." "I don't think you will." "Oh, I am sure we shall. When we were at college, Charlie and I roomed together. His mother would persist in sending him religious books and tracts, and write

him such letters that he would be very misera-

ble; but we used to laugh at him, and in a little while he would be as cheerful as ever. You will see him with us in a few days, laughing himself at his foolishness." Time wore on. Ella Morrell noticed that Charlie Earl did not mingle with his former companions. He remained true and steadfast in his

determination to lead a new life. He openly professed his faith in Christ, and was an active worker in the Sunday school. David Bright had tried his powers of ridicule and sarcasm upon his friend, but was disappointed that they produced no effect. His companions

tried every way their ingenuity could devise to

annoy Charlie. They carried their persecutions so far, that David became offended and left them. The dignity and kindness with which Charlie bore their treatment, and his consistent conduct, won David's admiration and regard. He found Charlie not the gloomy, morose person he had pictured him, but the same genial, warm-hearted friend, and he learned a truth new to him, that religion can alter the disposition only for the

With a new purpose to live for, to glorify his divine Master, and with a heart filled with love and peace, Charlie Earl went on his way rejoicing. David found that his friend possessed in religion a treasure the world could not give, and he had now no wish to laugh him out of it, but rather to be brought himself under its gentle influence. - American Messenger.

CANDID JOURNALISM.

The management of a religious paper is not, as many suppose, a trivial matter. When a person enters into the work of public journalism, he to some extent sets aside his private interests, and becomes the agent of the public, the organ of the community. His own interests are sunk in his desire to advance the common weal. It is particularly so, when a single individual establishes a religious paper, and writes for a great tion. He, himself, becomes lost to view, in his desire to advance the interests of the cause of Christ.

But if such a man so far forgets what belongs to his profession as a journalist, as to make his They might have been as tokens from the father paper the medium of selfish schemes and partihis foes, becomes an admiration society for those who bow down before him, and a gibbet for those "The Lord God be with you!" was the fervent | who stand erect as he passes, if he flatters and fawns on those who pay him in kind for his libations, and ignores those who are more just or more quick to mark his faults, then he prostitutes his press, and sinks his office, and becomes a uneasily around his room. There were hurried mean panderer to selfish interests and ignoble

The press when rightly conducted is a glorious agent of good. It sets before the people the paths of safety and happiness; it is just with friend and foe; it is a faithful chronicle of public events, and is a blessing to the country in which it exists. But when it falls into the hands of a selfish man, who is unable to rise to the dignity of candid journalism, it is a nuisance and a curse.

A religious journal, above all, should be superior to the little demagoguism which waits its time to vent its spite on some one who, may not have been willing to lend himself to its schemes. It should stand on a plane so far above personal ambitions that like Casar's wife it should be above suspicion. We hope the time will come when public journalism will be free from those things which now mar and injure it .- Christian

A PREACHER'S TRIUMPH.

The following incidents are taken from the Life of Rev. T. J. Fisher," of Kentucky. The first of them occurred in a small town in Tennessee where he was holding a meeting:

An infidel club had been organized in the village some time before he visited the town. As there was no meeting house there, he preached in the court house. The infidel club, in derision of the christian ordinance, held a meeting in the market-house, at which time they partook of what they called the Lord's Supper. The elements they used were corn bread and whiskey. Mr. Fisher heard of their bold blasphemy, and in a sermon the next night he exposed it with such severity that the club determined to drive him away from the town or take his life. To carry out this purpose, they came to the meeting, armed. As soon as Mr. Fisher learned their designs, he coolly, and with a steady earnestness that made them cower before the youthful minister of Jesus, replied : "Gentlemen, I came here to preach the gospel of the Son of God, and if there were as many cannons as there are bricks in this wall, belching forth their deafening thunders and iron hail, I would still remain here as long as there was hope of accomplishing good." They cowered before the majestic bravery of the young Christian hero, and retired from the contest, leaving the Christian master of the field to prosecute his glorious mission, which he did with abundant success.

A few years after, while preaching at a little inland town in Kentucky, a man became violently offended at his preaching; and pointed a pistol cocked at his breast. A lady sprang in between them to prevent his shooting. Mr. Fisher calmly said to the lady, "Do not be frightened, my sister, that man has not courage enough to stick a pin in me." And so it proved.

GRATITUDE.-Gratitude for kindness shown, acknowledgment for favors received, are unerring marks of good breeding, and indications of Chris-

RELIGION AND COMMON SENSE.-No man with a spark of common sense will neglect the means. No man with a spark of religion will trust only to the means.

Remember, a moral sinner will lie down in the same holl with the vilest.

JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New