

The Christian Visitor.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
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“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, i. 13.
SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1866.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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THE MOTHER'S LAMENT AND THE CHILD'S ANSWER.

“You spot in the churchyard,
How sad is the bloom
That summer flings round it,
In flowers and perfume!
It is thy dust, my darling,
Gives life to each rose;
‘Tis because thou hast withered,
The violet blows.”

“The lilies bend meekly
Thy bosom above,
But thou wilt not pluck them,
Sweet child of my love;
I see the green willow
Droop low o'er thy bed,
But I see not the ringlets
That decked thy fair head.”

“I hear the bee humming
Around thy bright grave;
Can he deem death is hidden
Where sweet flowers wave?
From the white cloud above thee,
The lark scatters song;
But I list for thy voice,
O how long! O how long!”

“Then come back, my darling,
And come back to-day,
For the soul of thy mother
Grows faint with delay;
The home of thy childhood
In order is set,
The couch and the chamber—
Why comest thou not yet?”

“O mother, sweet mother!
Whose love, like the wave,
Hid treasures and jewels,
And also a grave,
Too strong in its fullness,
Too deep in its power—
O hush, precious mother,
The grief of this hour.”

“I walk 'mid the palm trees,
And drink of the rills
That on earth are but types of
What God here fulfills;
The joys of my childhood,
How dim they appear!
Yes, dim are the brightest,
When looked on from here!”

“Then stay not, then mourn not,
Then yield not to fears;
The flowers love hath planted,
O steep not in tears!
There's beauty, there's blessing,
On earth left for thee:
But bid me not share them—
There's more here with me!”

ABIDE WITH ME.
Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

So fit to its close ebbs out life's little day,
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay on all around I see,
O that with thee, O that with thee I might abide!

I need thy presence every passing hour—
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power!
Who but thyself my guide and stay can be,
Through storm and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness,
Where is death's sting—where, grave, thy victory!
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

THE CLASS IN THE ANTE-ROOM.

I had occasion not long since to pass a Sabbath in a town where the *Star* is quite generally read. At the hour of public worship I made my way to the Free Baptist church. The services were interesting, and I felt that it was good, though a stranger, to unite with the people of God. When the benediction was pronounced, the larger part of the congregation went away, but feeling desirous of observing still further, I remained to the Sabbath school, where I knew the working power of the church would be developed. The number in the school was not large, and I felt sad in remarking that they were mostly children, or young persons. A class seemed missing.

After listening for a while to the recitations, I noticed a murmur of voices from the ante-room. I thought perhaps a class is reciting there, so I walked on. There were twenty or more middle aged persons seated round the stove, and I knew they were the parents of the children in the school. “Ah, this is the missing class,” I said, and this must be the most interesting part of the Bible many years, they will have something to communicate to each other worth hearing. They will bring out things new and old, from the store-house of divine wisdom, and illustrate the Scripture with their own experience, so I seated myself to listen. Dear reader, shall I tell you what I heard!

“One man said to another, ‘Say, Bro. P., what did you get for that coat of yours.’
“I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Deacon,” was the reply.
“How is that?” inquired half a dozen voices.
“O, I sold him so cheap. Only got a hundred and fifty. Splendid animal he is. But, Deacon, have you got that yoke of oxen you were talking about?”

“Yes, he drove them down yesterday.”
“And did you get them at the price you talked of?”
“Yes; he wanted the money a good deal, you see, but I would not take twenty-five dollars for my bargain.”
“The Deacon generally gets the best of a bargain. I'll warrant him for that,” said a man at the other end of the class, whereupon there was a general laugh.

“Have you sold your butter yet, Mr. C.?” inquired another.
“Not yet—I am in no hurry. Butter goes up every day. Some folks are pretty badly taken in selling early, but I am not one of them.”
“I think it risky keeping it any how. It may take a fall, and I should not wonder if it does.”
“Don't think there is any danger,” was the reply, and the speaker went on to discuss the political condition of the country, and to show his reasons for believing that high prices would continue.

In the midst of his harangue, I heard suppressed laughter, and a sound of female voices in another part of the room. Turning in the direction of the sound, I saw a group of women standing by the window.
“Do tell me, Sister Shaw, what your fare cost?” I heard one say to another. “They are beautiful and I am almost envious.”
“I am afraid you will think me extravagant, but John would make me have them.”
“I only wish my husband would make me have some like them,” said another. “But you have not told me what they cost.”
“For my part, I don't care what they cost,” and the speaker who had been regarding the fare with a disturbed countenance, turned and walked away.

“She is always angry when anybody has anything she cannot get,” said one, “I am glad I am not envious.”
Well, I have told you enough of what I heard, but this is only a small part. During the whole hour, that sacred Sabbath hour, this worldly conversation went on.

As I turned away, I said sadly in my heart, Are these the fathers and the mothers to whom is committed the training of our young in the knowledge and practice of our holy religion? Are these the disciples of Christ, to whom the world must look for example in all Christian graces, and for that holy light which leads to the Saviour? Can they be growing in grace and in the knowledge of God when they cannot spare even one Sabbath hour from worldly thoughts and cares, for the study of his word? When the need of care lest the evil one snatch it away, or the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches choke it and it become unfruitful?

If this “class in the ante-room” was a solitary case I would not write this; but I fear they are common all over the country. Men and women who ought to be studying the Scriptures, that they might perfect their own characters, and who ought by their influence to increase the power of the Sabbath school over the young, abuse the sacred privileges of the sanctuary, and the Sabbath, and not only fail of all influence for good over others, but live and die in an ignorance of God's word which could be excusable only in a heathen.

If this meets the eye of any one who is in the habit of attending the class in the ante-room, I hope he will examine well the effect on his own heart, of spending the sacred hours of Sabbath in such worldly conversation as I have recorded; and ask if his influence is not leading to the public profanation of the day which is becoming so common in our land.

A BIBLE-READING IRISHMAN.
An Irishman had taken to reading the Bible. The priest came and told him he had heard that he was reading the Bible.
“And indeed it is true, and a blessed book it is.”
“But,” said the priest, “you are an ignorant man, and ought not to read the Bible.”
“Well,” said Pat, “but your reverence must prove that before I'll give up reading my Bible!”
“And so the priest turned to the place where he reads, ‘As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word.’”
“There,” said the priest, “you are a babe, and you ought to go to somebody who can tell you what the sincere milk of the word is.”
“Pat was a milkman, and he replied, ‘Your reverence, I was ill, and employed a man to carry my milk; and he cheated me—he put water in it; and how do I know (saving your reverence) but the priest may do the same?’”
The priest was disconcerted, and said,
“Well, Pat, I see you are not quite so much of a babe as I thought you were. You may read your Bible, but don't show it to your neighbors.”
“Indeed, your reverence,” says Pat, “I've now that I know gives good milk, and while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give part of it whether your reverence likes it or not.”

A DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

A young lady who was a subject of the remarkable work of grace for which the winter of 1857-8 was distinguished, was deeply solicitous that her father, who was an avowed infidel, should be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was a man of a peculiar temperament, and would not brook anything which he considered dictation. He prided himself on his reasoning powers, and she of course would not attempt to argue with him. She knew not how to approach him, and yet she felt impelled to make some effort on his behalf.

One evening as he sat reading a newspaper beside his daughter, whose heart was seething with anxiety for him, “the sound of the church-going bell” was heard.
“I wish, dear father,” said she, “that you would go with me to meeting this evening. Will you, sir?”
“No, child,” he replied, “it's no place for me.”

His manner was so decided that her heart sunk within her, and she left the room with a tearful eye to prepare for going out. As she passed through the room where her father was sitting, on her way to church, she noticed that he had dropped his newspaper, and was leaning on the table with his hand on his forehead, apparently lost in thought. She said again affectionately, “Do, dear father, go with me just this once. Won't you?”
“No, indeed,” said he: “four years have passed since I was in a religious meeting, and I shall not go now.”

Saddening as was this reply, there was something in his look which excited hope in the daughter's heart. There was an expression of deep feeling, a solemnity which she had never seen in him before. As she went to the place of prayer, she lifted silent but earnest entreaties that, though he would not go to meet his heavenly Father at the appointed place, God would meet him in his solitude, and pour upon him the richest blessings.

On her return from the meeting, she found her father precisely in the attitude in which she left him, his face indicating anguish of mind. She asked tenderly what caused his sadness, and repeated her expressions of interest till he rose, and walking the room, wrung his hands, and exclaimed, “God have mercy on my soul!” His agony was so great that she feared he would lose his reason, and she ran for a pious neighbor, who spent the night in conversation and prayer with him. Before the morning dawned, the day-star had arisen in his heart, and he seemed a humble follower of the Saviour he had so long rejected.

Will not this account induce other daughters, by gentle and winning invitations, to touch a chord in a father's heart which will vibrate for ever, and swell the music of heaven? E. S.

NO MORE A WAYWARD CHILD.

The great revival of the winter of 1857-8, furnished innumerable incidents to whose touching interest no pen can do justice. Many have been given to the public, but by far the greater number are hidden away in Christian hearts, to be tearfully remembered through life, and recalled, no doubt, in eternity.

One such incident occurred in a seminary for young ladies in Western Massachusetts. The school, as well as the entire town, had been greatly blessed. Many a thoughtless girl had heard the still small voice of the Spirit. But some walked proudly on, noticing the revival only by a curling lip and a scornful laugh, and among them was Helen B. She was a noble and interesting girl, of excellent abilities, and an amiable disposition. Yet while many about her were coming to Christ, she maintained the same headless demeanor, evidently “caring for none of these things.” It was in vain to talk with and try to persuade her. She could not even be induced to attend a prayer-meeting, and her companions at length ceased importunities, which effected nothing save to annoy, and only prayed the more earnestly that God would make his strength perfect in their weakness.

It was the custom of the young ladies to meet for a few moments each evening, in their several recitation-rooms, for prayer and other devotional exercises. One evening, near the close of the term, after one of these praying circles had assembled, the door opened, and Helen B. entered. Her eyes were downcast, and her face was calm and very pale. There was something in her look which told of an inward struggle. She took her seat silently, and the exercises of the meeting proceeded. A few lines were sung, two or three short prayers were offered, and then, as was their custom, each repeated a few verses of some favorite hymn. One followed another in succession, until it came to the turn of the new-comer. There was a pause, and a perfect silence, and then, without lifting her eyes from the floor, she commenced,

“I was a wayward sheep,
I did not love the fold.
Her voice was low, but distinct, and every word as she uttered it, thrilled the hearts of the listeners. She repeated two stanzas after another of the beautiful hymn of Bonar, and not an eye save her own was dry, as, with sweet emphasis, she pronounced the last lines:

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Nothing can exceed the horrors of a ship on fire. It was on the morning of the 24th of August, 1848, that the ship *New World*, Captain E. Knight, weighed anchor in the Mersey, off Liverpool, and went down the river. A few moments after, the *Ocean Monarch*, commanded by Capt. Murdoch, bound to Boston, also weighed anchor, and proceeded a little in advance of the *New World* down the channel. They were two of the finest and largest ships afloat, both having able commanders, efficient officers and crews, and filled with emigrants. Evidently there was to be a trial between them this voyage, to determine which of the two could beat; the ships were so nearly alike in build and tonnage, that only some favoring circumstance could make one a victor.

It was about 12 o'clock when one of the passengers on the *New World* discovered the *Ocean Monarch* several miles on the larboard quarter, apparently enveloped in smoke. Could she be on fire? Presently Captain Knight and his officers examined her with a glass. “Is the *Ocean Monarch* on fire?” “It is nothing else,” replied the captain. “Horrible! On fire, with more than three hundred souls on board! By this time the whole aft was enveloped in smoke and flames, and the flames were advancing forward with fearful rapidity.”

The *New World* stood for the burning wreck. “Never, while memory lasts, can I forget that awful hour,” exclaims a passenger on the *New World*. “As our ship neared the burning vessel, we could distinctly see the flames approaching the bow, and crowding the horrified passengers forward, until they were huddled together in heaps, like sheep for the slaughter. As soon as we were near enough the scene of disaster, Capt. Knight sent his boats, one a life-boat, with orders not to return while there was a living being on the burning ship. Though we had been out so short a time, the captain an hour before had had the boats put in perfect order. The oars were all in the boats and fastened, and the indiarubber buoys of the life-boats freshly inflated; everything in readiness for immediate use. The captain afterwards said he hardly knew how it was that he attended to this business so directly on leaving port. But the great All-Father knew; for these boats, manned by brave seamen, saved scores of human beings from inevitable death both by fire and water. Beneath the decks the fire spread like a raging volcano, while the flames leaped and roared through the rigging. The wheel-house being soon destroyed, access to the rudder was cut off, and in consequence the ship became unmanageable. Under these circumstances they let go her anchor, which held her fast in one position. But so intense was the heat, that the huge iron cable was red hot for some feet; and there being a heavy sea, it was extremely dangerous for the boats to go near her. When the mainmast and foremast fell, carrying away the rigging connected with the bowsprit, many poor creatures fell into the ocean, like apples from the limb of a tree when shaken, most of whom perished. Such was the progress of the flames, that others who stood upon the forecastle were suddenly precipitated into the burning mass beneath them, and consumed.”

The fire, it was thought, originated from a pipe. There had been smoking among the emigrants, which as soon as known was strictly forbidden. And it was instantaneous. Five minutes after it was discovered, the whole stern of the ship was in flames. One hundred and seventy-eight persons perished. Two hundred and eighteen were saved by the heroic and timely efforts of the boats and other craft which came to the rescue.

A NEGLECTED SCRATCH.
A man at work one day, happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A moment's attention to it might have healed it in a day or two. It was, however, neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a single poultice might have reduced, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. The most skillful physicians were sent for, and the only question now was, whether amputating the limb would save the man's life. The verdict was, Too late! The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it.

Ah, is it not too true also, that a bosom sin, a neglected duty, a small self-indulgence, easily eradicated and amended if taken in season, gets beyond control if neglected, and proves as fatal as a fever? Never did I feel this so strongly as a few months since.

Sarah — was one of the most beautiful girls at our — school. Her parents were well to do. She married young, and to the man of her choice. But for every little trouble, for low spirits, for small illnesses, she sipped gin. The best Bourbon was in her private closet. It seemed a small matter — only a medicine. No danger surely could lurk there. At any moment it was within her control to dispense with it. But the taste gained, the habit grew; the inflammation extended unawares. At last — yes, at last it bit like a serpent, and stung like an adder. And the last I heard of Sarah —, she was a common sot!

CHRISTIAN WORK.
Consider this fact: What if you have only an hour in a week which you could devote to doing good in your neighborhood! In that one hour you could visit a sick neighbor, or throw yourself in the way of some careless neighbor, to whom you might speak a word in season; and thus at the end of the year you would have left fifty-two testimonies for God in that circle where God has pleased you, and by the claims of which he will judge you. Now let conscience say, in prospect of that judgment, could you redeem an hour for that purpose? Do not say No, until you have duly considered how that negative will look in the light of eternity, and how it would sound in heaven. It is sure to recur to your immortal memory there, and to be sifted to the bottom by your perfect conscience. Unless, therefore, you are quite sure that they will confirm the negative, when they decide in the presence of all the saved, and with the knowledge of all the lost, do not utter or whisper it now.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE SAINTS.—Against whom does Satan multiply his malicious assaults? Against those in whom God hath multiplied his graces. Satan is too crafty a pirate to attack an empty vessel; he seeks to rob those vessels only which are richly laden.

In the school of Christ, the first lesson of all is self-denial and humility; yes, it is written above the door, as the rule of entry or admission, “Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.” And out of all question, that is truly the humblest heart that has the most of Christ in it.