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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1866.

more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. I

find then a law, that when I would do good, evil

is present with me. For I delight in the law of

God after the inward man: but I see another law

this death? There is therefore now no condem-

flict-a terrible conflict too-and you will find

your own self divided into camps; you will find

both Cain and Abel in your heart, Egyptians and

Israelites in your soul, and if there be a David in

Things must have names; Adam named the

beasts, but God himself named the day and the

night. Observe the fifth verse: "And God called

the light day, and the darkness called he night."

It is a very blessed work of grace to teach us to

call things by their right names. Why did he

call the light day and the darkness night, except

for this reason :- He seems to say, "Let these

things be distinguished, let light wear its name of

day, and darkness its title of night." From which

I gather that the good which God works in his

people must be good always, and can never be

described as evil. The spiritual aspirations of

calls them folly, but the Lord would have us call

graces which will cost him great sacrifices, pant-

ing after a spirituality which will separate him

must not be called anything but night. We have

heard of some who have taken the sins of God's

people and said, "These are not sins in these

people." This is a grievous error, for darkness is

self, when I discern imperfection, find a soft name

for it, by which I may take away its wickedness.

I must call it what it is. I remember hearing of

a good man-I believe he was such-who fell

into drunkenness on one occasion. He was ex-

communicated from church fellowship, and pro-

perly so; but afterwards he became very peni-

tent, and he went about the streets like a man

a full confession of your sin before God ?" He

thought he had." " Now" said the other. "It

is a hard thing for me to ask, but I should like to

hear you confess this sin." So he did. When

he came to the act of confessing his sin to God.

he said, "Lord, thou knowest I have indulged my

appetites," and so on. He was not a bit better. "Now," said his friend, "My dear brother, you had better unveil your whole sin, and hide nothing." Then he prayed thus: "Lord, thou know-

est I got drunk." It was all right as soon as he

brought the thing out and called the darkness

night, and went no longer round about. The

Lord will not hear his people if they call the

darkness day. He will not attend to them. He

will have them call darkness night. So let us go

where we may, whether in ourselves or in other

people, we must learn to call a spade a spade, to

call things by their right names. There is a great deal, remember, in the names which we give to

things, because they are generally the index of

our own estimation of what those things are. It

Observe again -this is somewhat remarkable-

that we read in the next sentence. " And the

evening and the morning were the first day.

who called it so! I do not find that God did,

yet it is in the book of God, and therefore I can-

not take exception to it. How is it? The even

him, but he is to be named from the major part

of him, he is to be named from the grander qua-

saintness in him, notwithstanding all the sin

while there is any darkness in me?" Dear bro-

ther, you, like the day, take not your name from

the evening, but from the morning; from the day you shall be called altogether, as if you were now

in our mournful apprehension, as we have to come to God with "God be merciful to me, a sinner;"

the place of the morning is second, for it only

riect, yet I must not make excuse for and seek to call darkness day. I must not in my-

your heart, there will be a Saul too.

V. Next notice DIVINE NOMINATION.

Vol. IV., No. 4. Whole No. 160.

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 flow'rets 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?" THE REPLY. "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 fulfils; 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!"

Barregos 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.

Swift 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 thou who changest not, abide with me,

I need thy presence every passing hour-What but thy grace can foil the tempter's

Who but thyself my guide and stay can be ? Through storm and sunshine. O abide with me.

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

Hold thou the Cross before my closing eyes-Shine through the gloom, and point me to the

skies. Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's cold sha-In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

LIGHT, NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, ON

SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 12, 1865. SUNDAY MORNING, and the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, and the spirit and there was light. And God saw the Let there be light: and there was light. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God said the light that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day."—Gen. i. 1-5.

IV. Now I must, by your patience, take you to the next point, which is DIVINE SEPARATION. It appears that though God made light, there was still darkness in the world. Read the fourth verse: "And God divided the light from the darkness." Beloved, the moment you become a Christian, you will begin to fight. You will be asy and comfortable enough as long as you are a sinner, but as soon as you become a Christian, you will have no rest. Bunyan was no great poet, but sometimes he struck out great truths in rhyme.

He has this one—

"A Christian man is seldom long at ease;
When one trouble's gone, another doth him seize."

This is very true, because a believer is a double man. There are two principles in him. At first there was but one principle, which was darkness. Now light has entered, and the two principles disagree. So observe this separation. One part of the divine work in the soul of man is to make s separation in the man himself. I will put this plainly, and it shall be a test between a child of od and the child of darkness this morning. Do on feel an inward contention and war going on Can you read these verses and understand them: they are very strange verses: they are taken out of the same psalm, and follow each other: "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a peast before thee. Nevertheless, I am continually with thee. Thou holdest me by my right hand." There are hundreds of people who, if you were to preach from the text, would say, "Why, the man contradicts himself. He makes himself out to be a beast, and yet he says he dwells near to God!"

is present with me; but how to perform that you come to dwell in God, and lose yourself most which is good I find not. For the good that I blessedly by being swallowed up and filled with would I do not: but the evil which I would not, all the tuliness of his glory, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no

(From the Morning Star.)

THE CLASS IN THE ANTE-ROOM. I had occasion not long since to pass a Sabbath in my members, warring against the law of my in a town where the Star is quite generally read. mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law At the hour of public worship I made my way of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord. So then with my mind I myself serve the law of God: but with the flesh the law of sin. There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." Permit me to put these two verses together—"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? There is therefore now no condemnation to the congregation went away, but feeling desirous of observing still farther, 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 marking that they were mostly children, or young nation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who persons. A class seemed missing. walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." After listening for a while to the recitations, I

How can these two things be consistent? Ask noticed a murmur of voices from the ante-room. the spiritual man: he will tell you, "The Lord divideth between light and darkness," Darkness, walked out. There were twenty or more middle by itself, will go on comfortably enough; but when the Lord sends in light, there will be a conaged 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 school. These men with grey hairs have studied 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 colt 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," God's people never can be evil. Carnal reason "And did you get them at the price you talk them good. Here is a man who is panting after

"Yes; he wanted the money a good deal, you see, but I would not take twenty-five dollars for my bargain."

from men; it cannot be evil for him to seek the "The Deacon generally gets the best of a bargain. I'll warrant him for that," said a man at highest possible degree of grace. On the other hand, that which is darkness cannot be light, and the other end of the class, whereupon there was a general laugh. "Have you sold your butter yet, Mr. C. ?" in-

quired another. "Not yet I am in no hurry. Butter goes up every day. Some folks are pretty badly taken

darkness, and must be called night wherever it may be; and if I find sin in my father or moin selling early, but I am not one of them."

"I think its risky keeping it any how. It may
take a fall, and I should not wonder if it does." ther, dearly as I love them, and desire to have "Idon'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 suppress ed 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 stand-

ing by the window.

"Do tell me, Sister Shaw, what your furs cost?"
I heard one say to another. "They are beautiful and I am almost envious." who really should die of grief, and ashamed of his sin. He could not find peace. A dear bro-ther, who knew something of him, took him aside one day and said, "Dear brother have you made

"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 ??

and the speaker who had been regarding the furs with a disturbed countenence, turned and walked She is always angry when anybody has any

thing she cannot get," said one, "I am glad 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 con-

versation 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 the young in the knowledge and practice of our hely 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 is a work of grace to teach us always to call the light day, and the darkness night. even one Sabbath hour from worldly thoughts and cares, for the study of his word ! When the and and has been down in our board have your need of care lest the evil one snatch it away, or the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of

ing! Why the evening was darkness, and the morning was light. The two together are called by the same name that is given to the light alone! 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 to Men and women What then? Why, beloved, in every believer there is darkness and there is light, and yet he is 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 sa-cred privileges of the sanctuary, and the Sabbath, not to be named a sinner because there is sin in lity. He is to be named a saint, because there is and not only fail of all influence for good over Now this will be a comforting thought to those of you who are mourning your infirmities. While I was talking about light, you said, "Yes, thank God I have some; I know the difference between it and darkness, yet for all that, darkness is my daily pest and trouble. Can I be a child of God 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 common in our land. Con. perfectly what you will be soon. You shall be called the child of the light, though there is

A BIBLE-READING IRISHMAN.

darkness in you still. You are named after what is the predominating quality in the sight of God, which will one day be the only principle remaining. Observe that the evening is put first. We naturally have darkness first, and it is often first 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

But," said the priest, wou are an ignorant man, and ought not to read the Bible." the place of the morning is second, for it only dawns because of divine grace. But, O beloved, it is a blessed aphorism of John Bunyan, that that which is last, lasts for ever. That which is first has to give up its turn to the last; but nothing comes after the last. So that though I am darkness, when once I am light in the Lord, there is no evening to follow; thy sun shall no more go down. The first day in this life is an evening and the place where it reads, "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word."

"There," said Pat, "but your riverence must and so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new born 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 riverence must before I'll give up reading my Bible?"

And so the priest turned to the place where it reads, "As new born babes desire the sincere milk of the word."

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"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." " Well," said Pat, "but your riverence must

A DAUGHTER'S REQUEST

A young lady who was a subject of the remarkable work of grace for which the winter or 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.

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 4.

One evening as he sat reading a newspaper be-side his daughter, whose heart was sching with auxiety 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, "No, child," he replied, "it's no place for

His manner was so decided that her heart sunk within her, and she left the room with tearful

eves 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. Wont 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 some-thing 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,

"NO MORE A WAYWARD CHILD."

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?

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 tear fully 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 heed less 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 inluced 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 mee" 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 as-sembled, 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 o 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 verse of some favorite hymn. One followed another n succession, until it came to the turn of the new-comer. There was a pause, and a perfect si lence, and then, without lifting her eyes from the floor, she commenced.

I was a wandering 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 one stanza after another of tha beautiful hymn of Bonar, and not an eye save he own was dry, as, with sweet emphasis, she pronounced the last lines:

No more a wayward child, I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home."

That simple hymn told all. The wandering sheep, the proud and wayward child had returned and there was joy that night among the angels in heaven, and among Christians on earth, over onmore repenting sinper its against are also

ARE YOU IN A STRAIT? It is possible that you are entangled in th

meshes of a present difficulty, to the unravelmen of which no clue presents itself, and from which appears no way of escape. Human ingenuity i baffled, creature strength fails, all earthly mean are exhausted, and you are at your wit's end Behold your remedy; how near, how simple—Go and tell Jesus. Take your difficulty, an spread it before the Lord. Your appeal to hi compassion, and your believing reliance upon hi promise, will secure on your behalf infinite wis dom and omnipotent strength. Listen to the divine declaration, simple faith in which will rais you above your circumstances, "Behold, I am the day, none but the believer know that secret. You remember the abostle Paul's own words, in the seventh chapter of Romans. Many stupid people, who are ignorant of the inner life, make it one of the word that Paul could not have been a Christian at all when he words those words, but he was an advanced believer, and only advanced believer, and only advanced believer, and only advanced believer, and only advanced believer. Some of you can say, "I understand it, allow not, for what I would, that I do not, it ones that I do not, it would, that I

THE OFFICE OF THE

CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,

SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL.

Editor and Proprieter. Address all Communications and Busines Letters to the Editor, Bex 194, St. John, N. B.

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

THE SHIP ON FIRE.

Nor is the fire the least of ocean perils. 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. Murdock. 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 affoat, 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

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, Capta 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 india-rubber 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 knews for these boats, manned by brave seamen, saved scores of human being 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 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 be-

neath 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 seventyeight persons perished. Two hundred and eighteen were saved by the heroic and timely efforts of the boats and other craft which came to the

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 skilful 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 but too true also, that a boson sin, a neglected duty, a small self-indulgence, easily eradicated and amended if taken in season, gets beyond control if neglected, and proves at of our rain! Nover the Liver this of the this

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 placed 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 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. | successing on even'T

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; jes, 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