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297,560 16 8 882 887,752 6 8 The remarkable increase in the business of the last tour years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than £2 per cent, per annum on the sums assured and averaged 80 per cent, upon

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# Christmu Visitor.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."-2d Timothy, i. 18

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1866.

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 51. Whole No. 207.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE DELIVERED AT THE MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION IN NEW-

BY REV. C. SPURDEN, D. D. "It was needful forme to write unto you, and exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered to the saints."—Jupz i. 3.

Part 7.

(Continued) Having considered the faith for which we ought to contend, and pointed out some reasons why the conflict should be maintained, we come now to the consideration of the manner in which it

should be conducted. 1. As men strove in the encounters at the public games.

The verb in the original, of which "contend

earnestly " is our translation, is one that was used, especially when uncompounded, of the contests at the games which were held periodically in different parts of Greece. It is not my intention to enter upon a disquisition of these national games, a description of which may be found in any good classical dictionary; my object is rather to show that since Jude selected this word to express his exhortation, he also intended his readers to contend for the faith in the same earnest manner in which the runners, wrestlers, boxers, &c., strove for the mastery in those public contests. There is one point of difference between a Grecian athlete and a Christian champion for the faith; the former strives to gain the victory for himself, the latter strives to gain the victory for truth; the one sought his own glory and renown, the other aims to win for truth a wider circulation and more general recognition. But this difference does not affect the earnestness of the contest; the intensity of feeling brought to the encounter; the concentration of the powers of the whole man upon

the object to be attained. All accounts of those ancient trials of strength and skill agree in bearing testimony to the unflinching vigour with which each combatant struggled with his antagonist to win for himself the prize. The charioteers are represented bending forward with nervous energy, shaking the slackened rein, and nrging the horses to their utmost speed. The runners in the race know that one only can receive the prize-the one who outstrips all his competitors. There is no need of cheers from friendly bystanders; the spirit within supplies the needful stimuins, and sends the winner unflagging to the goal. Rach wrestler grasps his rival with firm hand, and watches his opportunity; every muscle of the

body is strung to the fullest tension; the struggle

is maintained as if for life; the quickest eye, the

readiest foot, the strongest arm, united gain the

victory. The intensity which marked those contests, may be inferred from the fact that our English word to express the most severe mental conflict, namely agony, is derived from the Greek word at the public games.

Where shall we look for the same vigour, the same animation, the same earnest effort among those whose duty it is to keep the faith alive in their own hearts, and free it from all error and deficiency !

2. Contend as with friends, not with foes. What may have been the custom with boxers of old, I know not; but in the modern pugilistic encounters, which seem to be a relic of antiquity. it is the custom for the combatants to shake hands with each other before they begin to fight, indicating by this act that they have no malice one to the other, but that their contest is one of strength and skill for the prize of victory, and vet death sometimes ensues from these combats, and they are always attended with severe bruises and con-

Christians may learn a lesson from these despised champions of the prize ring, and not regard their antagonist as an enemy, when they are compelled to engage in controversy. So violently have theological discussions been sometimes carried or, that a name coined to express the bitterest controversy is now applied exclusively to them; they are called polemical discussions, and a disputant about religious subjects is designated a polemic. Those of my readers who trace this word to its source, will perceive that it is derived from a root which means a deadly conflict, a battle. There are many bright exceptions to this sad charge, but the truly Christian practice of meekly instructing those who oppose themselves, is still the exception rather than the rule.

Whenever deficiency of argument is made up by personal abuse, or love of the truth degenerates into enmity against its assailant, or hatred of error settles down into animosity against its advocate; whenever a disputant is intolerant of every opinion that does not square with his own, and cannot brook the slightest contradiction; whenever he breathes out anathemas against all who fail to reach his standard, or utter his shibboleth whenever he treats his opponent with scornful derision, rude indiguity, or sarcastic bitternesshowever earnest and even sincere such a one may be-however conscientiously he may think himself to be engaged in the defence and confirmation of the truth-he is in reality gratifying his own unhallowed passions, and not at all fulfilling the intention of Jude, who exhorts us to contend as with a friend, not with a foe.

The spirit in which controversy is sometime carried on, if suffered to indulge itself in deeds as well as words, would soon culminate in the bitterest persecution. The natural history of fanaticism, drawn by a master hand, traces the steps by which a conscientious but perverted mind may become a callous hearted chief of the boly Inquisi tion-and the race of mbryo inquisitors-general is not yet defunct. Let every one who deems it his duty to contend publicly for the truth, take heed how he strives, and remember that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of

Our Lord has, in this respect, set us a perfect example. Whether establishing truth, or controverting error, he answers every cavil, every hard question, every entangling query, completely, satisfactorily, but without once betraying a spirit unworthy of himself. "Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites," was the well-merited rebuke drawn from him by the wily subtlety with which they sought, under the mask of deference and flattery, to elicit from him an answer that must make him bnoxions on the one hand to the ruling power, or on the other to the unreflecting multit but his reply is unequivocal, convincing, a marvel of wisdom. Thus was it on all occasions, so perfectly did our Saviour both answer the fool according to his folly, and send him back shorn of his self-conceited wisdom; and yet not answer him according to his folly, by descending to his level. If this example is thought too unapproach level. If this example is thought too unapproach able, I appeal to a less brilliant and yet no mean able, I appeal to a less brilliant and yet no mean able, I appeal to a less brilliant and yet no mean light—the Apostle Paul. Where, throughout his controversial writings, can a single sentence be found derogatory to his own character as a christian teacher, or unworthy of the glorious and arrangement will be made whereby sectifaction, it hoped, will be given to all who may favor the institution the their patropage.

We definite, July, 19.

Business Manager.

cruel scourging, more frequent imprisonment, even stoning, than he ! Yet not one bitter word es-

flow, that he could even wish himself anathema from Christ for their sakes!

I may perhaps be reminded of the irony with which Elijah taunted the priests of Baal. It may well be said of this, that scripture furnishes one example of sarcastic irony to prove that it is in itself a lawful weapon, and only one to warn us to beware how and when we use it. When the sarcastic controversialist has as clear a commission from on high as Elijah had, and is contending with similar infatuated antagonists, then may be unsheath his weapon; but until then, he will act wisely to imitate the example of Paul, and use the sword of the Spirit, in the spirit of meekness

For what, I ask, is the object of controversy Is it not to confute error, and to lead a straying brother into the path of truth? Can this be done by wounding the feelings of the delinquent? Will he suffer himself to be reclaimed by one who treats him as an enemy to be hunted down and exterminated ! See how mildly the Saviour dealt with the Sadducees, who denied the existence of angel, or spirit, and therefore did not believe in the resurrection. "Ye do err not knowing the scripture nor the power of God." And he proceeded to answer their (as they thought) puzzling question, by proving the existence of disembodied spirits, and therefore by implication

of the resurrection of the dead. A man in error is like one who has taken wrong turning, and has lost his way, and yet thinks himself right. Would one who really loved him. scoff at and abuse him! Would one who sincerely desired to reclaim him attack him in a hostile manner in order to drive him into the right way? Could one who believed that his course was so erratic that he was imperiling his highest interests, and that for ever, treat him in any other spirit than that of tenderness and brotherly affection! Would he not sympathize with the spirit which animated Paul when he wrote, " Many walk of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ?"

To be Concluded.

#### For the Christian Visitor. THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN REV. MESSRS. ROWE AND GRANT.

MR. EDITOR-As I was under the impression

that some of Mr. Rowe's friends would have fur-

nished the Visitor with an ontline of the discussion between him and Mr. Grant before this time, I refrained from writing. But as the community here are disappointed by not seeing some refersketch of it. Mr. Rowe's preaching and lecturing, wherein he exposed the fallacy of the annihilationist system, gave great offence to its advocates, and they determined, if possible, to silence him, They therefore sent to Boston for Mr. Grant, their great champion, and at the same time announced a discussion in the Sentinel, to come off between Mr. Grant and Mr. Rowe, without ever consulting Mr. Rowe on the subject, or giving him the slightest intimation of such proceedings. Mr. Rowe, on seeing this notice in the Sentinel, went immediately to the Institute in Woodstock, where Mr. Grant was holding forth, and at the close of his lecture thoroughly exposed, to a large audience, the deceitful manner in which he had been treated by Mr. Grant's party. He then told Mr. Grant he would discuss the whole matter with him in two weeks' time. This offer Mr. Grant declined, by saying he could not remain in the Province that length of time; but he remained longer in the Province than the time specified by Mr. Rowe for the liscussion! When Mr. Rowe found that Mr. Grant declined to discuss the question with him, he propounded to him some questions bearing upon the doctrine. Mr. Grant com-pletely failing to aswer Mr. Rowe's questions satisfactorily, gave him a challenge to meet him the Monday evening following. Mr. Rowe ac- in the Lord Jesus Christ, has chosen heaven for cepted, and met him accordingly on Monday his portion. Look at that man. Mark him well. conducted in the most christian manner. Mr. Rowe founded his arguments on the first portion of God's word, that introduces death into the world; proving from the highest authority (Gen, ii. 17), that Adam spiritually died the day he partook of the forbidden fruit. He thoroughly sustained his position through the whole argument, and every argument his opponent brought forward was fairly and logically met. The intelligent portion of the community were agreeably surprised that Mr. Rowe so thoroungly ' used up Mr. Grant, especially as he had only three days to prepare his material. Mr. Rowe's mind became clearer as he advanced in the argument, making every thought tell in the great point at issue. He challenged Mr. Grant to answer his arguments; but failing to do this, he found fault with Mr. Rowe for not answering his arguments in support of the annihilation of the wicked; but Mr. Rowe distinctly saw that a great question had to be setled at the commencement of the subject, before are all agreed about the death of the body; but glory. The thought of those who are there ought the death of the soul is a very different thing. to loosen our hearts from earth, and to raise our Mr. Rowe plainly understood the point where the souls to heaven. Reader, shall you join this numerous passages of Scripture, that the death of the soul is its separation from the enjoyment of your family in heaven? Have you made any pre-God; and consequently, the life of the soul its paration for it? "Except a man be born again," union and enjoyment with God. The death of the cannot enter that kingdom. You must be believes while man is in this ruined condition, and still living in this world, that he is annihilated? He is surely living in moral ruin. Mr. Grant also states in the World's Crisis, that Mr. Rowe rethe conscious state of the dead. Strange indeed hither." are these statements. The truth of the matter is, 5. How alarming it is when one in a family Mr. Grant never challenged Mr. Rowe on the conscious or unconscious state, but on the future state. The impression being on Mr. Rowe's mind heaven but one! Whom shall we select to be that that Mr. Grant declined to discuss the conscious miserable absentee! Whose child should we pitch

suffered more opposition, more contempt, more lic know that no specified number of nights was agreed upon, as can be proved by reference to the rales by which the discussion was to be guided. capes him, -nay, so does his large hearted love Mr. Rowe having met his opponent fairly on the main question at issue, and having indubitably towards his misguided fellow-countrymen overproved that the soul of man has a conscious exstence while it lies in the ruin and death of sin in this world, felt that he had triumphantly accomplished his purpose, and therefore, at the expiration of the second evening, closed the discus-ONE PRESENT.

Woodstock, Nov. 27, 1866. [Christian Messenger please copy.]

### A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN. BY REV. RICHARD KNILL.

An eminent Christian, remarkable for her confidence in God, and for attention to the spiritual welfare of her household, in a letter to her husband a little before she died, could say, " I rejoice in hope that we shall meet, an unbroken family, before the throne of God." What a delightful thought—a whole family in heaven!
From our earliest years we are accustomed to

hear of a place of unutterable glory; that place s heaven. As our minds expand, we are told that heaven is the dwelling place of God. Then, if our friends die, we hope they are gone to heaven, to be for ever with God, and are taught that it is our duty to prepare to follow them. In some cases, the minds of young people are deeply affeeted by these representations, and it is their unspeakable happiness to begin to prepare for heaven almost as soon as they can think at all. But it is not so generally. Alas! it too often happens that men run on for many years in a course of forgetfulness of God, and of rebellion against God, before they are brought to repentance; and some pever repent at all, but remain n their rebellion for ever. They proceed from one step to another from bad to worse, until they perish in their sins. O, what a fearful sight is a grav-headed sinner! "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may they also do good who are accustomed to do

It would be well if these thoughts had an abiding place in our hearts; but many things concur to remove them. Ah, this busy world, this ensnaring world, this sinful world! Yet, amidst all its snares, and vanities, and sins, we sometimes find a person whose affections are set on things above; yea, we now and then are privileged to behold a whole family setting out in good earnest, and determined, by the help of God, to appear a whole family in beaven.

In musing on this subject, I thought of the following particulars, which I send out into the world with many prayers, that those who read them may be benefitted, and that some may

thereby be helped on their way to glory:

1. What a glorious sight it will be to behold ull Christ's redeemed family in heaven! Now they are separated. Part of them are in heaven, and the other part are yet on earth; but there is a day coming, when they will be gathered out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, and make a great multitude which no man can number. O blissful morning, when my eyes shall gaze on this redeemed family !

2. How happy will you be to meet every member of your own family in heaven—not one wanting. Father and mother, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters—all there; all who surrounded the family table; all who knelt together around the family altar, however separated by distance or time, yet meeting in heaven at last. Reader, is there any prospect that this will be the ease with you? Have you ever any doubts respecting it ! O seek to have these doubts removed. Have you any hopes respecting it? O see that your hopes are well founded. Are von unconcerned about it? Ah, that is dreadful. Heaven is not to be trifled with. Hell is not to be trifled with. Souls are not to be trifled with. Remember, the day is coming, it is nigh at hand, when you will see and feel that these things de-

served your chief attention. 3. What a cheering circumstance it is when one in a family, by repenting of sin, and believing evening in the Institute, where everything was Set it down as a certainty that he will not go to heaven alone. He cannot be satisfied to walk solitary in the way to Ziou. He must have companions, and he will use every means, that, through God's blessing, he may bring others to Christ. We anticipate great things from such a man; and well we may, for God says to every new convert, "I will bless thee, and thon shalt be a blessing," From the day of his conversion he begins to pray. and "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He also begins to "shine," and he "giveth light unto all that are in he house." To such a friend I would say, "O watch for their souls. Look up to God for divine guidance, that you may act wisely in your station. Never be discouraged. Let the hope of bringing a whole family to heaven animate, quicken you. In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; and when you are leaning simply on him, he will make you almost forget your own weakness, by

the assurance that his arm is almighty. 4. When a part of a family is already in heathe points Mr. Grant harped upon could be properly understood. The question was, What is have on survivors. It is a solemo and instructive ife and death, as it regards the soul of man? We event whom one member of a family is taken to whole battle must be fought, and proved, from happy company ! Soon you will leave this earthly the soul is not the extinction of its being, but the born again. Are you born again ! What is there extinction of its happiness and union with God. in you which indicates your heavenly birth ? Re-Therefore the Scriptures present man as being collect that the removal of one family to a better ruined, lost, destroyed in this world. Yet who world has sometimes been overruled by divine used to discuss the first question with him, on voice from above said unto them, "Come up

gives evidence that he is not preparing for heaven. O how can we bear to think of a whole family in that Mr. Grant declined to discuss the conscious state of the departed, accepted him on his own propositions, so that Mr., Grant would have no reason to find any occasion to decline the discussion. It is well known to the put lie that Mr. Rowe was better prepared to meet Mr. Grant on the conscious state of the departed, than on the future state of the wicked. And, as Mr. Rowe him if Mr. Whose brother should we mark as the upon? Whose brother should we mark as the propositions, so that Mr., Grant would have no reason to find any occasion to decline the discussion. It is well known to the put lie that Mr. Rowe was better prepared to meet Mr. Grant on one of mine? Now, parents, now is the time. Rowe was better prepared to meet Mr. Grant on the future state of the wicked. And, as Mr. Rowe here one in your family not preparing for heaven? What ought to be done in his case? Shall you let him alone? O no. Let your tears within the other, and in her eyes was an expressible? That day I was led half frinting to the room.

6. How ought the members of this heavenly family to live together while they are here upon earth? They are redeemed by the same blood. justified by the same grace, sanctified by the same Spirit, brethren of the same family, heirs of the same inheritance. They tell us that they expect to meet in glory, and join in the same song of praise "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to Him be glory for ever, Amen." This is delightful. How, then, ought they to live together here? Like brethren, certainly. Like the children of God. Like the heirs of heaven. And do they act thus? How do you act? On what terms are you living with your brethren? Remember, you are not fit for heaven, if you do not love your brother. If ever you expect to have the divine blessing resting upon your own souls—if ever you expect to see many turning to the Lord from among your neighbors, you must first see well to it that you love one

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 51.

7. How dreadful will it be to see a whole family in hell! And is there not reason to fear that many whole families are already there? Awful hought! See them shut up in endless despair. O, see them in the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. And are there not whole families at this moment on their way thither, to whom not one word of solemn, friendly, godly counsel has been given, who have never once been

warned to flee from the wrath to come ! O, brethren, ye that love the Lord indeed, is there nothing for you to do among the multitudes which are ready to perish? Surely if you had compassion like unto the Son of God, here is work enough for all. And where ought you to begin? Begin at home, Search your own heart. Then search into the state of your own family. Next call on your neighbors. Press home the inritations of the Gospel. Say, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Baseech them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled unto God; and when you come to die, you will not regret that you labored hard to bring a whole family to heaven-that you labored hard to save whole family from hell.

> (From the Examiner and Chronicle.) THE FLUSH ON THE CHEEK. BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

New Year's day she died." The speaker's voice trembled. That bewildered look that so often crosses the face of the monruer, passed over her countenance; then

" On New Year's day she was born, and on a

casting her eyes heavenward for a moment, she commanded her grief, and shut it in her heart. "I love to speak of it; I love to tell the story, painful as it is," murmured the speaker, a few moments afterward; " because it shows the ex-

ceeding gracionsness of God, in rescuing a soul She was a fair and graceful woman, dressed in

mourning. Report said she had been very gay and beautiful.

I was married very young, (she contined,) to one I loved dearly. I shudder to tell you now, but it is true, we neither of us believed in the revealed word of God. I had long thrown off what I called the shackles of a miserable theology, having imbibed infidel sentiments from my father, who leved the memory of Paine better than anything else, and annually solubrated his birthday. I married a rich man, whose tastes were like my own. We both of us loved music. poetry and painting, were both gay and devotedly wedded to pleasure. Prayer never entered our thoughts; we never spoke of the Heavenly Father, nor of his mercies, because we acknowledged nothing superior to dumb, visible nature. The stars, the sky, the beauties of sea and earth. were themes for our pens and our pencils; but to us they never spoke of God. The Sabbath was a day of selfish ease-a day on which we lounged, played music, and even cards, and received our friends, or else took our carriage and drove into the country.

Two years after my marriage a dear little daughter was given to us. She was born, as I said, on New Year's day. It is, rather let me say it was my nature then, to love idolatrously, I worshipped my child, as I did my husband. I devoted all my energies to her; in fact almost renounced the world, to live more absolutely in the light of my earthly though dazzling shrine, and knelt to the image within like a devotee night and day. I was laughed at, scolded, ridiculed; but nothing could tempt me from the side of my babe. Well she repaid me. I had resolved that I would perfect the little outward casket, and show to the world a jewel at which they must wonder. I determined that in every point she should be beautiful. I consulted every science that would tend to the completion of my scheme. Her health was so precious in my sight that I scarcely rested, so assiduous were my exertions. I did not mean that she should be proud, vain or arrogant; but I, a human being, a poor fallible mortal, was to crown the race with perfect creature, outward and inward; the beauty of the body was to be but a faint reflection of the beauty of the soul. God, for a while, permitted my efforts to meet with seeming success. The child was angelic in form and feature. Her cheeks were soft and bright as rose-leaves; her brow was like a temple of ivory; her eyes were deep, dark and lustrous, and her shape, unconfined, was grace itself. Seldom have I seen such faultless limbs, or hair with so rich a lustre. The first agniversary of her birthday came. I gave a corresponding entertainment. My babe was the idol of the glittering crowd, and my unholy vanity was satisfied. Gifts came pouring in, and many were the devices they bore. It was a strauge mockery, and I tremble to remember how I accepted every homage :- it was paid to my wisdom, my skill! In line, I felt myself the creator of my child. The second year had nearly flown, and little

Annette could walk and tolk, and grew more and more wondrously lovely. One day I was called upon to visit a friend, supposed to be dying. I dared not trust any servant with the care of Annette. I could not take her with me, for the day was stormy; and I could not let her be near the taint of disease. In the mansion adjoining my own, there was a kind old nurse, who for thirty years had lived in one family. Could I possibly get the loan of her for an hour!

future state of the wicked. And, as Mr. Rowe said, it would be a great advantage to him if Mr. Grant would meet him on the subject first named. Mr. Grant would not give Mr. Rowe one night later than the time specified, so that he might take him at every dissidvantage. There is any other misst tement in the Crisis. Mr. Grant says of the first named the first says of the first says of the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes was an expression that I saw for the first time. She sprang within the other, and in her eyes w

## THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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The Christian Bisitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND MECUAE. I grew cold; a shiver ran through every vein-

caught the child to my heart, and turning quickly, cried, " What have you been teaching ier ?" "I was only telling her, ma'am," said the old

ourse, gently and respectfully, "about her Sa-

" Putting such thoughts into the brain of a babe!" I exclaimed; "if I had dreamed of this, I would never have left her with you. My child is not intended for a fanatic; I am Saviour enough for her, at present."

Terrible words! I had no sooner repeated them, than my heart sunk within me like lead. The old nurse, with a look of pity, glided out of the room, and tortured with conflicting emotions. burst into tears.

The child put her hand upon mine, her lip quivering as it always did at any unusual sight. and as if asking a question, with her soft voice she said again, "Jesus, mamma, Jesus!" " No, no, no;" I said sternly, for my soul was

filled with a cruel hate. "There is no Jesus. child," I would have added, but I did not speak as I thought. I dared not, and I was angry with myself that I was such a coward. I had heard of such things-but my babe should love nothing beyond her parents. They were to be all in all-her life, love, heaven. From that day-from that hour - I was unhappy. A gloud settled apon me which all my reasoning would not shake off. Every morning I flew to my child's crib, to assure myself that she was there; every night I awakened and listened in the hush for her small. sweet breathing. I was as it were unconscionsly watching for the time-the terrible time-that came at last. It wanted only a week of the new year. I had been out purchasing beautiful presents for my darling, leaving her with my own mother, who had come to stay with me awhile. I expected many callers, and was intending to finish an embroidered robe, on which I had been three months employed with my needle. It was for Annette-she should look so exquisitely lovely on that day! Who would not envy me the possession of such a child?

As I returned home, I looked from my carriage up to the nursery window. My beloved one was there, her bright eyes beaming down upon me, her dear face all smiles. How she flew to welcome me, and to get the few little sweetmeats which I had purchased for her.

" Does she not look most beautifully now ?" I asked, triumphantly,
"Yes, only I don't quite like the flush on her

right cheek," my mother replied.

"Flush -O! that is nothing," I cried, though sudden fear took possession of me, " she always has a lovely colour. " And has she had that strange cough long ?"

my mother asked again. What strange cough ? I had heard nothing

Just then it sounded-one short, hollow cough - that I should hardly have observed, if my mother had not called my attention to it. I looked auxiously at the child, who smiled in my face, and thus seemed to give me assurance that she was well. It was most singular, I have since thought, that I was not more alarmed. Before, the slightest indication of illness had startled ine giving me agony for the dread of coming sorrow. low I seemed to feel so secured to have such unlimited power over, and absolute possession of my darling, that no dread troubled the.

Twice in the night I heard that cough, and then I was alarmed. My husband sent immediately for the best medical aid; two physicians were summoned, and both looked strangely at my child. She was in my arms, and I was trying to smile away my own fears. Her eyes were nnearthly brilliant, her cheeks unearthly red. But away down in u.y heart was a desperate, struggling feeling, as if I were fighting with some invisible power that called my child. I was besides mortified -yes, even pride then came up-that we were obliged to call in assistance, or rather. that a fear lest disease might be hovering near compelled us. My whole mind was absorbed in this feeling, when looking up, I chanced to see the physicians as their eyes met. I read there in an instant, by the electrical force of intuition. what they dared not tell me-my Annette was very ill, perhaps dangerously so! Yes, that morning, as the pale beams mocked the dimness of my chamber, I first heard the fatal cropp. No tongue can describe the utter anguish of my heart. I flew from room to room in search of aid, wildly and baggardly, and then returned to wring my hands belplessly over the sufferer. Many a mother's ear has caught that sound, so often the knell of death—that husky, frightful echo, as from some awful cavern of despair—the crouprattle. I know not how I lived those succeeding days; my heart seemed frozen into stone; my soul, without knowing it, carsed the Author of my existence; my brain seemed burning lead: my eyes, hot, beavy and strained, refused to seek sleep or rest; and, until the last moment came. I would hold that dear head, would gaze upon that ortured face in speechless agony. She died in

When I knew that it was over, I threw myself apon the lounge, and there, refusing to move, peak, look, or take refreshment, I passed the enuing day and night. In vain my hasband stood over me distractedly; in vain he streve to comfort me. What comfort could be give 4 Was not her doom sealed! Could we carry the dead about in our bosome ? Was she not gone -gone

"Never, never, never to see her again!" O! that was the intolerable anguish. The head that had laid in my bosom, that angelic head, to monlder away into dust ; the limbs, the color, the intelligence-all gone, all gone forever !

The second day was New Year's. In the early norning, reason resumed her sway. I lifted my head; all was dreary, dead silence. They had taken away Annette—I was alone—O where had they carried her ! As I arose languidly, I saw my husband sitting where he had sat, doubtless, all night—his face bloodless, his hands clasped tightly together, his eyes fastened sorrowfully upon me. The sight smote me to the heart. I flew to him, crying out only that he would help me

"Help me, help me, my husband! I have no other help," was my anguished entreaty.

"I cannot help you," was his gentle reply.

"O, my husband! if we had some refuge to go