

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1866.

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CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY. Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, last July, 1865, \$230,000.

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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. Fund paid up and invested... £2,312,343 6s. 1d. stg.

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DESIRE TO DEPART. Let me depart, beloved, I entreat ye! Oh! I am weary of these mortal bands.

Hinder me not; your loving ministrations Do but bind up this shattered house of clay;

See how it flutters, in the vain endeavor; Hear the hard labor of my panting breath.

Land to my help Thy strong deliverer Death!

Think not, beloved, that I measure lightly All your long patience, your unwearied care;

For, when the message to my soul was spoken: "Thy work is finished; thou art called above;

But day by day have faith and hope waxed stronger, Till now, that my Redeemer bids me come,

Jordan is wide; its stormy billows gather; My mortal weakness shudders at their strength;

I near the shore—thanks for a faith unshaken; Jesus has kept me in His close embrace.

JOHANNA; or, THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT. Translated for the Christian Visitor, from the German, by Miss Ellen E. Pitt, St. Martins.

Last evening were tempest and sorrow, Now flowers enamel the land; So I will not care for the morrow— Events are reposed in God's hand.

The child advances by a gradual process into the responsibilities of life, to which Johanna had seemed so always untried, she was scarcely conscious of a mental change when appointed teacher at the close of an honorable course of study.

An irreparable loss was now threatened, through the withdrawal of Miss Tempelhoff by marriage, to which event the little orphan community could be in no wise reconciled.

"A family leaving B—for their estates on the Polish boundary, wish a governess for their daughter to accompany them thither, who, beside the necessary branches, must be especially qualified in the French language and music.

Johanna's resolution was taken immediately. She offered herself as governess in a quiet, clear manner, sealed the address, and signifying her intention of walking to the neighboring city, soon delivered it at the post office.

"If Miss Johanna Horst is agreed to the proposed terms, then will our carriage await her in L., on the first of October, to which place the stage will bring her."

The terms which Johanna now read were not brilliant, yet so frugal a person as the young teacher quite acceptable, and she communicated her resolution to the director. He did not readily forget so capable and reliable a teacher, yet could not blame her desire to acquire broader experiences; and when she requested it, willingly promised to solicit her own acquiescence in so important a step.

The baroness rejoined the cold reply that since Johanna had never before troubled herself about her assistance and advice, neither has she need of it now. It was indifferent to her whether the niece of her deceased husband directed her course.

These unfriendly words aroused a feeling of anguish in the heart of the young girl, in whose welfare none seemed to have a kindly interest.

A few days still remained previous to her departure, when a little scholar announced that a woman and little girl would speak to Miss Horst. Johanna bade them enter, and was at once struck with the familiar features of the woman, whom, however, she did not recognize. She resembled, in dress and manners, an opulent country woman. The little girl hid herself bashfully in the dress of the mother, while the latter, smiling, said to Johanna:

"You have indeed forgotten me, Miss Johanna. I am Babet, the former chambermaid of your aunt."

Surprised and delighted, Johanna clasped the hand of her old friend, bidding her a thousand times welcome. She had coffee and bread and butter brought, and both sat down to chat.

The communicative Babet first informed her that she had been happily married to a farmer, and this was her oldest child, which she had named Johanna in remembrance of the little Johanna whom she had once had so much trouble, but

whom she had yet loved much. Johanna glanced kindly at her, and then requested information of her aunt and cousins.

"Indeed, Miss," continued Babet, "much might be said on that subject, but alas! little good. The baroness is always sickly, and consequently of bad temper. She is quite yellow in the face; the physician says she suffers from the liver, but I think more probably from mere vexation and anger."

"Miss Fanny has become very beautiful, and stays nearly all the time in the city, among distinguished circles, where she frequents balls and companies, and spends much money on her dress, which often gives occasion for noise and disturbance, because Miss Betty will assist her to none of her finery. The latter has become a real miser. No servant endures it long with her; she practices a genuine usury at the sale of the garden and field fruits. Everything goes through her hands, and she may have already saved herself a pretty little sum, while her mother is often unable to satisfy the vehement demands of the other two children; for the young man requires what you can imagine—you indeed know Herr Frederic."

"O tell me of him; you know he was my worst enemy, and I could so little endure him."

"Indeed, Miss, much could be told of him. He idled about home for some time after your departure, and contrived all sorts of wickedness. Finally the guardians interfered, and the younger came into the city to school."

From here worse and worse news arrives. He contracts debts, which his mother has to pay, and when he comes home in the vacation, there is quarrelling and dispute; the baroness prays and beseeches, the sisters reproach him, but they fare badly, the younger thereupon boasting that it is property inherited from his father, and that he will drive them all out of the house when he is of age. No one is secure against his rage in such moments, and the wicked fellow then looks frightfully. Indeed I think, dear Miss, some misfortune will yet happen to him. But now," continued the farmer's wife, "tell me of yourself and how it has fared with you. I have often thought of you, but no person could or would tell me anything of you. I often spoke of you to my husband, and told him what a little prudent, secluded child you were, and that I would like to give your name to my first girl."

Affected by these words of the good Babet, Johanna pressed her hand, kissing the little Joan, who sat familiarly on her lap.

"Suddenly," continued Babet, "I heard that her ladyship had received a letter, in which it was said that you were going to quite leave the country, and go far away as a governess, since which I had no rest till I saw you once more. You have not grown very large, dear Miss, and have neither so blooming a countenance as Miss Fanny, yet your charming brown eyes, and the beautiful thick hair, make you still very pretty. Excuse me that I speak so boldly. I know you do not take it ill, and now, I pray, play me something on the harpsichord. I would like to tell at home how clever you are."

Smiling, Johanna sat down at the piano and played. The woman was transported with it, and signified that, in comparison, the playing of the two girls was only bungling. When she also heard that most of the drawings on the walls were by Johanna, and saw all the French and English books on the table, her astonishment was exceedingly great.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed again and again, "You were always a wise child. I indeed know that you would turn out somebody; when I tell this to your cousins, how they will be vexed!"

"Ah! dear Mrs. Miller," replied Johanna, "I had rather they would rejoice at it; but, alas! I am alone in the world—no one rejoices and sorrows over me."

"Ah, now it occurs to me, Miss, that you have indeed one relative. A few years since a stranger came to the baroness, and introducing himself as the brother of your deceased father, inquired after you. Her ladyship was very surly towards him, and said you had been a spoiled child, long troubling her, but were finally obliged to behave in a boarding school. Since this she knew nothing of you, and he was at liberty to seek you out. The stranger replied that was impossible for him, as he must return in a vessel now awaiting a fair wind in a near harbour-town. The inquiries after his deceased brother and family had already detained him too long. The baroness took a hearty leave of him, and he seemed to go away quite disappointed. I heard afterwards he had been a merchant, and lived on an island far in the sea, where the beautiful sweet wine comes from—that do they call it?"

"Madeira, perhaps?"

"Yes, that is it! Madeira." Johanna looked sadly and musically to the floor. So a true relative, with loving sympathy, had been near her, but now perhaps forever vanished.

After a few hours of cordial chat, the farmer's wife, much affected, took leave of Johanna, who affectionately kissed her and the little Joan, watching their departure long and sorrowfully.

Revised Testament, the passages last referred to.

Yet, in a few instances, it may be desirable to indicate, to the ordinary reader of the Scriptures, meaning which the scholar sees is implied in the original, although not fully expressed in the written words. In such a case, the reader might be embarrassed, or might overlook the implied meaning, and in consequence misapprehend the passage. In the Revised Testament, such a meaning, occurring in some twenty-six passages, is indicated by one or more words inclosed in brackets [ ]. See Jan. 7: 59. Rom. 9: 31, 32; 12: 6, 7, 8, 19. 1 Cor. 11: 10. 2 Cor. 12: 18. Gal. 2: 2.

Brackets are also used to inclose passages that are wanting in most of the oldest and best manuscripts. See Jan. 7: 53—8: 11. Rom. 11: 6. 1 Pet. 4: 14. AQUAEDAS.

THE MINISTER AND THE QUAKER. The following amusing story we take from the Christian Intelligencer. The Dr. Smith referred to was president of Hampden Sydney College, and had a Quaker neighbor named Jones.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Jones were very good friends, and often visited each other. One day, Dr. Smith said:

"Friend Jones, I notice that, although we are good friends and neighbors, yet I have never seen you at my church, or meeting house, as you call it."

"That is very true, friend Robert, but there is the reason. We Quakers, as we are called, are not in favor of a hiring ministry, who are educated for that purpose. We favor those only who preach by the Spirit."

"Well," says the Dr., "without entering upon the first point of your objection at present, I think I can say that we Presbyterians follow the teachings of the Spirit in our sermons to the people."

"O no, friend Robert, thee knows very well that thee prepares thy discourse before thee enters the pulpit."

"That is quite true to some extent, but nevertheless I can preach without such previous preparation."

"Well, then," says the Quaker, "I will try thee; I will go to hear thee preach on this condition, namely, that I will give thee a text, which thee must not see till thee goes into the pulpit."

"I accept the offer," says Dr. Smith.

"Very well, then, I will go to thy meeting-house next first-day, and I will send up the text by the sexton, after thee has made the long prayer which I learn thee makes."

"This is not quite what I expected when you made the proposition," says Dr. Smith, "but I accept it, and will expect to see you at the Peguea church next Sunday morning."

Dr. Smith entered his pulpit the next Sabbath with some anxiety. A glance over the congregation showed him that his Quaker neighbor was there, and at the appointed time he expected the text. He commenced the services in his usual manner, and after the "long prayer," he commenced a very long Psalm. I believe it was not the 119th Psalm throughout, but it was quite a long Psalm. As soon as the preceptor, or fine singer, rose, the sexton came up the aisle, and handed to the preacher the text. It was from the book of Ezra, 1st chapter and latter clause of the 9th verse: "NINE AND TWENTY KNIVES." A sharp as well as a hard text, thought the Dr. The singing of the long Psalm gave him a few minutes for reflection; when that was ended, he arose and announced his text, and noticed many a smile upon the faces of his congregation; even some venerable elders could not preserve the solemnity of their countenances.

But the speaker proceeded with his discourse. He spoke briefly of the captivity of the Jews in Babylon; of their condition there; the proclamation of Cyrus; of the wonderful preservation of the utensils of the temple, which had been taken from Jerusalem by the conquerors of Judea; none of the knives which were used for slaying and preparing the sacrifices were lost, mislaid, or destroyed. They were, said Dr. S., under the special care and protection of God, and were in due time restored to the Temple. He then enlarged upon the special providence of God. "Not a sparrow falls without His notice; and the very hairs of our head are all numbered." "The Lord knows them that are His, and none of them shall perish." The Quaker was not only pleased, but he was aroused and delighted.

The next day he sent for Dr. Smith to dine with him. After dinner, he invited Dr. S. to take a walk around his farm, and coming to a pasture field in which were his cattle, he stopped abruptly, and said:

"I was much pleased with thy discourse, friend Robert, last first-day. Now thee knows we follow our leader, George Fox, who bore his testimony against a hiring ministry; we never pay our public friends, but we sometimes give them presents. I wish to give thee a present. I have many good milk cows. I wish thee to select one for thyself."

Dr. Smith wished to decline the gift, but the Quaker insisted, and said, "I will be offended at thee if thee refuse."

The Dr. having noticed a small and ill-looking cow, said, "Well, if I must take one of the cows, I will take that small red cow," pointing to the one he had noticed, and which he supposed to be the least valuable.

"Well, I do profess," says friend Jones, "thee does not only preach by the spirit, but thee can choose by the spirit; that little red cow is the best one I have; my wife would not sell it for one hundred dollars, but thee shall have it."

And accordingly the same evening the little cow was driven to the manse, and proved to be a valuable acquisition to the minister's dairy.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT. Mr. Jessup's cattle had frequently walked over the fence that separated his pasture from the cultivated fields of his neighbor. Mr. Rice, who kept his own portion of the fence in good repair, often kindly remonstrated with his neighbor of his neglect, and complained of the frequent injuries he sustained thereby, but without effect. Mr. Jessup was, to say the least, a very inefficient, indolent man.

One morning—it was just as the Indian corn was beginning to harden—Mr. Rice's hired man came to him and informed him that there were five cows in his corn-field.

"Why didn't you drive them out, and thus stop their doing further damage, instead of coming to tell me?" said Mr. Rice.

"I thought you would like to know they were there," said the hired man. "They have done all the damage they will do at present. They have filled themselves, and are all lying down. I thought you would like to send for Mr. Jessup to

come and get his cows. It would give him a chance to see what they have done."

"Very well thought of. I wish you would go and tell Mr. Jessup to come for his cows, if he don't want them put in the pound."

The hired man did as he was requested; but Mr. Jessup declined going for his cows, coolly remarking to the hired man that it would have been as easy for him to have driven them out of the corn-field as to come for him.

When the state of the case was reported to Mr. Rice, he became very angry. "Get a mag to help you, and drive the cattle to the pound," said he. "I will go to the village at once, and get a summons for him. I have lost enough by him, and I can stand it no longer." He took his hat, and was about to set out for the village. "Breakfast is all ready," said Mrs. Rice; "you won't go till you have eaten breakfast!"

Mr. Rice, in his excitement, had forgotten breakfast. He laid aside his hat, and took his seat at the breakfast table, asked a blessing, and began to eat in silence. Mrs. Rice, who was a gentle, loving woman, and who exerted a softening influence over her somewhat excitable husband, endeavored to engage him in conversation, but without success.

After breakfast, he went in the direction of the village, but soon turned and went towards the cornfield. Mrs. R. feared he would become still more angry when he saw the destruction of his crop, and that a quarrel between the two families would take place.

Mr. Rice did not make his appearance till some time after the usual dinner hour. His countenance wore such a pensive expression, that Mrs. Rice ventured to ask, "Have you been to the village?"

"No, I thought better of it."

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Rice. Did you find that the cows had done much damage?"

"Yes, they have done a great deal. I have now done what I should have done last spring. I have taken a couple of loads of rails, and have made my fence so strong that no cattle can get over it."

"How came you to change your mind?"

"Well, I wanted to be able to ask a blessing at dinner."

He had asked a blessing at breakfast, that is, he had gone through the form. He felt at this time that his frame of mind was not a suitable one to approach God in. This led him to change his purpose of seeking justice, as he called it, or of punishing Mr. Jessup, as some might call it, and to substitute for it the more profitable act of repairing his fence.

MR. DEACON GAUIS. Was he a deacon, a model deacon? We mean Gaius the ancient, Paul's true-hearted friend, his "host," and the host of "the whole Church." Gaius the liberal, the generous, the good, whose name has so honorable a place in the New Testament records. For Gaius the modern we personally know, and he is a deacon, and honours his office every way. The Christian man, the pastor's friend, the people's counsellor, our heart has a large place for the estimable Gaius. To know the man is to love him,—he is true, so genuine, so free from guile or double dealing, and so free, also, from that pride of office which makes Diotrophes such an insufferable "lord spiritual." Gaius never dictates, for he is very humble; and yet he is so clear-sighted that his judgment commands itself to the church without the necessity of elaborate argument. He is a man of few words, but every word he says hits the nail straight upon the head, and sends it home with a thud. Gaius is not afraid of soiling his fingers by shaking hands with Bushel the conchandler, Steak the butcher, and wheel the cartwright. Why should he? These good men are brethren of the same family, followers of the same glorious Master, travellers to the same blessed home. He and they meet in the same home on the first day of the week, are fed upon the truths of the Gospel by the same pastor, and draw near to God by the same mediator. Our dear friend Gaius has too much grace to be proud, and too much sound sense to fancy that one bit of mortality is vastly better than another, because it happens to have a costlier coat upon its back, and a jeweled ring upon its finger. And as to being proud of office, that is just about the last temptation that could come in his way; for he feels its responsibility deeply, and thinks himself unworthy of the honour and privilege it involves. He is an invaluable help to his pastor in many ways: in visiting the sick and poor, so as to keep him in his study; in showing kindness to strangers entering the chapel, and not leaving that duty to hired doorknockers; and in placing in his pastor's hand, punctually, every quarter-day, a cheque for his quarter's salary. He is also the leader of the congregation by the quiet force of example. He is always in time; think of Gaius being five minutes late!—and he is always at chapel on Sundays and at week-day services, unless when absent from home on business or out of health. Think of "the weather" keeping him away! That would be a rattling strain indeed! He has a high, and therefore just, idea of the ministerial office, and feels that everything should be done to make the minister's mind easy about temporal things. "I am not going to receive spiritual instruction," we heard him say one day to Mr. Flint, "from a man who has been stretched upon the rack all the week by my disgraced niggardliness." Skin Flint, Esq., who is a far richer man, in the worldly sense of the word, than Mr. Gaius, looked rather blue at this home-thrust. Flint had suggested that the minister should receive just what the pews brought in. Now, Gaius is a remarkably patient, good-natured man; but on the occasion referred to, the thermometer of his manly soul rose rapidly until he got within a degree or two of a sublime passion. We have loved the noble deacon with a fifty per cent. stronger affection ever since that day. We gloried in the fire of moral indignation that flashed from his eye as he said, "Fow-rens! And so the man who has given up the world and worldly means of profit, that he may attend to your religious training and fit you for the great hereafter, is to be deliberately starved upon the dribbets that come in now and then from pew-rents! Never! The minister's salary shall be paid in full, regularly, and we shall take the pew-rents! If they come up to the amount we pay him for all his priceless services, well and good; if they fall ever so much short, he at least shall know nothing about it. It is a disgrace to mention pew-rents in the hearing of a high-principled minister of Christ, who believes that the affections, if not the sense of justice, of those who profit by his teaching, will see that he and his are generously supported. The inventor of pew-rents was—Well, no matter, Brother Flint; I have put you down for £10 a quarter. Good-morning!" This pithy speech of Mr. Deacon Gaius will suggest to the intelligent reader what sort of man he is, far better than an elaborate description. Of course his house is the resting-place of ministers visiting the town for any of the numerous benevolent purposes which make

such constant demand upon their time and labours. A noble hospitality always greets them, and the amiable wife of their "host" sheds around the charm of all the Christian graces. When shaking hands with a poor minister, from any of the village churches, that may have occasion to call upon him, Deacon Gaius has a very pleasant trick of dropping a sovereign in his palm. This is literally not letting the left hand know what the right hand does. It is needless to add that this man,—and there are many such in England,—is surrounded with a wall of fire by the affection, respect, and admiration of the church; and his pastor regards him in the light of a beloved personal friend, rather than in that of a colleague in the Christian service. The prayers offered up in the prayer-meeting for such as Gaius, come straight from the heart of the petitioners.

SPURGEON. The following picture of this eminent preacher is from the pen of an able Methodist critic, Rev. G. Haven. The value of it is enhanced by the fact that the writer has not been hitherto an admirer of the London preacher:

The pulpit orator of London is Spurgeon. I confess to a previous prejudice against him; but he has disarmed me. I heard him twice, and though I dislike to admit any one into the circle where my three greatest preachers dwell—Oliver, Durbin, and Beecher—yet I have to acknowledge that he has a seat beside, if not above them. He is a very remarkable man—the greatest preacher, I think, that I ever heard. Let me try to give some idea of him. First, behold the field of his conflicts and victories. This is a handsome theatre—two galleries going entirely around the house. In front of the first gallery, on a line with it, projects a platform, in the front of the pulpit, full of singers. He opens the meeting with animating singing, then makes running, witty and spiritual comments on his Scripture readings. He begins his sermon by inquiring into the presence of the Holy Spirit, and through every word and moment this seems uppermost in his thoughts. He is very dramatic, delighting to hold imaginary conversations with persons in the house. The night I heard him, he fancied himself preaching one of Paul's sermons in the streets of Corinth, to show what the apostolic preaching was, and for fifteen minutes had forgotten that he was caught else than the fervent Apostle. He refers to the current heresies of the day, and annihilates them with a blow. He made light of systems of divinity, so called, declaring their idea impossible and their wisdom foolishness. Then he answered objectors. This is a good specimen of the quickness of his repartee. A class object to the Atonement because it is so bloody. "It smells of the shambles." "Of course it does," he exclaimed. "He shall be led as an ox to the shambles." These words give no idea of the vehemence with which he leaps on his antagonists. He was very positive in his Calvinism. Yet, holding an animated dialogue with an inquirer in the gallery, he makes him ask, "How do I know that I may be saved?" "Do you trust Him?" he exclaims. "If you do, you are one of those who are bought with His blood;" an abrupt answer, though far from the demands of his system.

He glories in the simplicity of his preaching, and seems to think that he is nothing remarkable, but only an earnest, straightforward evangelist, who stands before sinners.

"With cries, entreaties, tears to save, And snatch them from a burning grave."

He differs from all great preachers that I have ever heard in this singleness of aim. His every sermon is a battle, begun with a charge of bayonets. His voice is strong and pleasant, except that it breaks on the high notes. He is the perfection of English preaching, embodying in their finest expression all the leading peculiarities of that school. They are less disputatious than the Scotch or American. They are averse to mere rhetoric, or anything which seems to sever of it. I think they would condemn some of Beecher's gorgeous word-paintings for this reason. Punshon comes nearest to us, and yet is pure English, his rushing language being only enforcements of the lessons of the text.

FRUITLESS EFFORT. "Two years have I been in the ministry, and yet not a single soul have I been the means of converting!" Thus discoursed the young Mr. R., as he sat in his study, by a blazing fire, to a theological friend who had dropped in to see him. And whose fault was it that Mr. R. had not been more successful in the ingathering of souls? Was it God's? Not so. For He Himself affirms His willingness to save, and declares that His Word shall not return unto Him void. It was Mr. R.'s own fault. The reason that He had not been blessed in his ministry, was that he had been preaching himself instead of preaching Christ. There is such a thing as announcing the truths of religion and yet putting oneself before those truths. All that heard Mr. R. felt assured that he was far more desirous to make a popular figure in the pulpit, than that the truths which he held forth should take effect. And on this account his words fell with no more effect than rain upon the granite rock.

Do we suppose that people do not know when we are earnest? They can discern to the most perfect nicety, just the depth to which any announced truth has sunk in a preacher's heart, and to the very extent to which it influences his life. You cannot deceive them in this matter. An hypocritical cant; an affectation of feeling; a false intonation—they can catch the very instant that it appears. And so they can discern the full, earnest, soul-realized utterance that swells up from the depths, and carries sincerity in its very tone. It is only this latter that can command men's attention and awaken their concern. This was the secret of Whitfield's success. It was not great originality of thought; Whitfield had not much of this; nor was it great powers of reasoning; he possessed but little of this; but it was the deep, heartfelt experience which he had of the truths which he uttered. This made Whitfield eloquent. This will make any man eloquent.

Now, if we want to be successful preachers and successful Sabbath-school teachers, the very first thing that we must do is to obtain an earnest, deep heartfelt realization of the truths that we utter. When we have this, every word will come out like a bolt of thunder, and will pierce like the lightning's flash. Fall then upon your knees and pray that such a conviction of the great doctrines of religion may be yours. Pray that your eyes may be opened. Pray that you may see yourself standing upon heaven on the one hand, and hell on the other, appointed by God to direct souls to the one, and to rescue them from the other.