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GEORGE THOMAS, Commission Merchant and Ship Broker, Water Street, St. John, N. B. Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John. GEORGE THOMAS.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested . . . £3,212,343 5s. 1d. stg. Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £743,674 stg. Los es paid in Fire Risks, 1864, Premiums in Life Risks, in 1864, 520,459 °C 235,248 °C 143,197 4 Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864, 143,197 "
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Share holders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued. EDWARD ALLISON, AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK, (Commercial Bank Building.)

ings, Liverpool.

Chairman of the London Board.—Samuel Baker, Esq. Chairman in Liverpool,—Charries Turner, Eq. The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest Offices in the kingdom.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following eyes.

highly satisfactory results were shown:-

while the Fremiums for the year 1998 are ... 196,148
Showing an actual increase of ... 66,088
or upwards of 50 per cent. in three years.
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this
latter year (1858) again show the "Royal" as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years. Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, white all the others respectively fall far short of the moiety of its advance.

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the amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 832, the sum assured £367,752 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,354 3s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus:—

Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums. Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.

£1,880 9 1 2,627 4 7 5,828 5 10 £48,764 17 0 190 181,504 10 6 161,848 13 4 297,560 16 8 387,752 6 8 The remarkable ncrease in the business of the last four 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

the premiums paid.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

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Princess-street, Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building.

Insurance against Accidents, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, IS MADE BY THE

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, Conn.

(The Pioneer and only reliable Company of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.) THE full amount Insured may be secured in case of Fatal Accident, or a weekly compensation for any ac-dent resulting in disability, by payment of annual ordi-

\$500 at Death, or \$3 00 \$ week, for \$3 00 \$ annum. Extra prem. required for Special Risks.

Every person ought to be Insured !- None are free from trabitity to Acculent!!

Over one hundred Claims for Compensation had been already paid by this Company to 1st April last, and over ten thousand Policies issued

The best and most respectable references given. classes of persons are Insured in this Company. Policies issued for any sum from \$500 to \$10,000, and Claims settled in New Brunswick currency, and every information afforded by JAMES ROBERTSON,

General Insurance Broker, 102 Prince Wm. Street, Agent for New Brunswick. St. John, Sept. 14th, 1865. -v6m

THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON. ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CAPITAL, - - £5,000,000.

Insurances effected at the lowest rates. Agent for New Brunswick.
St. John, March 8, 1866.

L INEN DUSTERS AND ALPACA COATS.—Just received at the Woollen Hall, 31 King Street.
july 19. JAMES McNICHOL & SON. GRAND PRE SEMINARY.

Wolfville, N. S.

The above Institution will be re-opened on the lat of August. Principal—M ss Olivia J. Emerson; Assistant, —; Teacher of Music, Prof. Saffery; Drawing, —; French, A. J. Hill, Esq., A. B.; Matron, Mrs. Tibert; Committee of Management—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Dr. Crawley, Revs. S. W. DeBlois, D. Trueman, S. B. Kempton.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter for Board and Tuition; Music, with use of Piano, \$9. Extra charges for Drawing and French. Pupils furnish their own Bedding, Towels, and

Light.
Delays incident to a change of management of the institution prevent us from giving, at present, full particulars; but an arrangement will be made whereby sactisfaction, it is hoped, will be given to all who may favor the institution with their patronnge.

W. J. HIGGINS, With their patronage. Wolfville, July, 19.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY. Capital \$1,000,000 all paid up and invested Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1885, \$512,194.

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payaole in New Brunswick Currency, with an without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARR, Agent, Prince ss St.,

Oct 12—vy Opposite Commercial Bank.

A LBERTINE OIL. -- The Albertine Oil Company have reduced the price of their burning Oil to Fifty-five Cents by the barret. Apply to the ALBERTINE OIL COMPANY, CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.

Capital \$500,000 - all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000.

New Brunswick Agency—7 Princess Street, opposite Commercial Bank, St. John.

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Pro-

its for the past nine years, amount to 44½ per cent.
References of the first respectability, and any other information given by
Oct 12, 1865—v
Agent. CITY OF GLASGOW

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. GOVERNOR-The Right Honorable the Earl of Gla-

al Revenue

lowment Assurances,

Short Term Assurances

Short Term Assurances.

THE "City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company" was established in 1838, by special Act of Parliament. It has now been conducted with much success for 25 years, which is attributable not only to the perfect security which it affords for the due fulfilment of every contract, but likewise to the Company's extensive and influential connexions and to the liberality of its dealings.

The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of Pabers holders.

The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January, 864, which is the close of the Company's financial year, when a Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the unas assured was declared for the past year. In place of the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in four be ascertained and allocated quinquennially. Posses participate from the date of their issue, but the Bonuses do not yest until they have been five years in existence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may alearned from the Agent, William Mackay, laying the control of the company's financial year, won't you love God, too? and he looked so sad, I could n't bear to see it, and I said, 'Yes, Stevie, I will love God.' Such a smile came over his white face it fairly shone, miss. I can't tell you. His eyes closed, and he never spoke uses do not yest until they have been five years in existence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may alearned from the Agent, William Mackay, I asked.

The tears were in our eyes. "And the men?" I asked.

Christian Vizitar.

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

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 38. Whole No. 194.

From the American Messenger. "GOD WILL SHOW YOU HOW."

Travelling through a portion of Texas some years since, we stopped for the night at a rancho or cattle-farm. The owner proved himself such a skilful questioner, that we asked him at once if he was from the East. "My mother was from Maine, he answered,". "I was but a baby when she followed my father into these parts."

After tea, as we sat on the broad verandah looking, out into the night, Mr. Harvey interested us with some incidents in his own life.

A few of our party had wandered out into the moonlight, and one of them stood leaning against tall gray stone that had caught my eye; and Lombard-street. London, and Royal Insurance build. in my turn I took the liberty to ask Mr. Harvey.

"That was put up for Stevie, poor boy; it hasn't seemed the same place since he died; and he passed his great brown hand across his

"Tell us about him," I said, feeling a sudden interest in what he said.

"Well, miss, if you'll like to hear, Stevie was the son of a Methodist minister that used to preach in these parts. It was a pretty ticklish place for ministers in those days. We were just about as bad as we could be: drinking, dancing, pitching, swearing and cards made up our amusements, and Sunday was the worst of all, for we were hardly ever sober. Mr. Early, Stevie's father, commonly preached some five miles from here, and my wife always wanted to go; and just to gratify her, I helped her off, right glad to have her out of sight, for then we were sure to have a good time; for somehow I could never bear to play cards Sunday, unless she was off at

"Well, in this way the minister and his wife ot to coming here; and Stevie was such a pretty while his cheeks were red as roses. There was n't a man on the place but loved Stevie.

"One day in the spring, Mr. Early went out 4,694 16 0 "One day in the spring, Mr. Early went out 8,850 3 11 to preach. Leaning over in his saddle, and kiss-12,854 8 4" to preach. Leaning over in his saddle, and kissng Stevie as I held him up in my arms, 'Stevie, be a good boy; pa'll see him to-morrow.'

"I had often cautioned Mr. Early about riding all over the country; but he said he was n't a bit afraid; he would n't hurt anybody, and he did n't believe anybody would hurt him. It did n't prove so this time though. I never knew how it reppened; but the next day he was found shot ight through the heart. 'T was awful. I could n't bear to look at him, his face looked so smiling and peaceful. They brought him right here, and it was dreadful to see how his wife and Stevie took it. She was all cut up, poor thing. She did n't cry and take on as some folks do; but she set so still and white, holding Stevie close to her all the time. We all walked to the pray. TAL (paid up and securely invested), \$500,000. grave, and I tell you it made us all cry to see the young things. It did n't seem as they'd ever gi done looking at the grave.

"There was another parson, come over from the next town to talk to us; but bad as we all felt, it somehow passed away, and we were just as wicked as ever in a few days.

"Well, miss, his wife, the poor thing, took the death sadly to heart, she was so far away from home. We could n't bear to see her white face. and her step was so slow and weary, till one morning my wife found her dead in her bed, and little Stevie sitting beside her trying to keep still till mamma should wake.

"Poor little fellow! We couldn't let him go from us, for we all loved him. The boy was pert. but he didn't grow much, he missed his mother and though all in the house tried to comfort him still he pined and grew thinner every day. The men used to coax him with candies and apples, but it was no use. He would talk and ask such strange questions. Being with me more than with any body else, he talked more with me perhaps, and I could n't keep the tears. It took me back to my old mother. She was pious, and used to pray and talk just like a minister.

"Stevie liked flowers, and when they were in bloom, he seemed happier. One day as he was walking with me round the yard, he stopped and put his little hand on a rose. Says he, 'Harvey, who made the flowers? Flowers grew, I said. Yes, but who makes 'em grow ?" ' Nature, I 'spose; what makes you ask, Stevie?' 'I know; God made 'em, but I never hear you talk about

him; don't you know him, Harvey !" "This was a stunner; but somehow it did n't make me angry, as it used to when his father spoke to me.

"' God made everything,' says he; God is here just now.'

"I tried to lead him away and make him talk about something else; but no, he would n't be satisfied till I told him I did a't see any God in the garden. I only saw flowers and trees and " God will show you how. If you only try to

see him he will come to you.'

"I don't know how it was, but I could n't swear, and drink, and play cards after that. 1 seemed to hear it all the time, God will show you how.' Not that I left off everything. No, miss, I did n't know the way then. I did n't feel like little Stevie. I did n't feel sure that God would show me; but he did.

"One day, a few weeks after that, Stevie laid his head down on my lap, and said he was dry and his head ached. I carried him in and put him on my wife's bed, and he never, miss, got up from it again. Every day he grew worse and worse, and I tell you it was the hardest thing that ever I did, to see him so still and white, just

like his mother. "One night, as I took him in my arms and tried to rock him as his mother used to, he asked me if I would not send for the minister that talked so kindly to us. I did n't want to do it; but if Stevie wanted him, he should come. Not long, and the man was there. And so beautifully he talked to Stevie, I somehow felt different towards him, and so did all the men.

"He talked and prayed, and told us of the blessed Jesus; that he loved us, and that, bad, as we were, he was waiting to receive us, holding out his arms and saying all the while, 'Come unto me.' I do n't know how it was, but it seemed so plain, just what my old mother had said, while Stevie looked round and smiled so sweetly."

Once more the brown hand was passed over the eyelid, while the bearded lip quivered, and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of tenderness.
"Did he die, then?" I was compelled to ask.

"Yes, miss, he died that night; and when the minister bent over him and asked him if he was afraid to go, 'Oh no, sir,' he said, 'God will show me the way.' All the time he held my hand: the body of the heroic boy. They all leaned ment, the wife responded, coldly, "I have no Sa-

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1866.

"You shall see some of 'em, miss."

At the same time we heard the tinkle of a bell. Ir. Harvey led the way into an inner room, large, ere about a dozen collected for evening worship. Learning that one of our party was a clergyman, Mr. Harvey begged him so earnestly to take his pe listeners, refusal was impossible.

earers. When the speaker held up the cross, against the rocks." and spoke of the great love and exceeding tender-

Not long after that a church was organized Harvey was one of its officers. God had shown the coast. im the way.

"And a little child shall lead them." L. B.

THE SAILOR-BOY OF HAVRE.

A French brig was returning from Toulon to Havre with a rich cargo and numerous passongers. Off the coast of Bretagne it was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm. Capt. P-, an experienced sailor, at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast, and he gave orders to put out to sea; but the wind and waves drove the brig violently towards the shore, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the crew, it continued to get nearer land.

Among the most active on board in doing al that he could to help was little Jacques, a lad twelve years old, who was serving as cabin-boy in the vessel. At times, when he disappeared for a moment behind the tolds of a sail, the sailors thought that he had fallen overboard; and again, when a wave threw him down on the deck, they looked around to see if it had not carried away little fellow, black eyes and short crisp curls, the poor boy with it; but Jacques was soon up again, unburt."

" My mother," said he, smiling, to an old sail or, "would be frightened enough had she seen me just now."

His mother who lived at Havre, was very poor and had a large family. Jacques loved her tenderly, and he was enjoying the prospect of carrying to her his little treasure-two five-franc pieces, which he had earned as his wages for the

The brig was beaten about a whole day by the storm, and in spite of all the efforts of the crew, they could not steer clear of the rocks on the coast. By the gloom on the captain's brow it might be seen that he had little hope of saving the ship. All at once a violent shock was felt, accompanied by a horrible crash; the tessel had struck on a rock. At this terrible moment the passengers threw themselves on their knees to

" Lower the boats!" cried the captain. The sulors obeyed: but no sooner were the boats in the water than they were carried away by the violence of the waves.

"We have but one hope of safety," said the and by this means we may all get on shore."

" But captain, it is impossible !" said the mate. pointing to the surf breaking on the sharp rocks. would certainly be dashed to pieces." "Well," said the ceptain in a low tone, " we

must all die together.'

cable after him; he is as obstinate as a little the circle.

captain, roughly. But Jacques was not of a character to be so easily discouraged.

"Captain," said he, timidly, " you don't wish key' of a cabin-boy, as the boatswain calls me. Give me a ball of strong string, which will unroll as I get on ; fasten one end round my body, and I promise you that within an hour the rope will

"Does he know how to swim" asked the captain.

" As swiftly and easily as an eel," replied one of the crew. "I could swim up the Seine from Havre to

Paris," replied Jacques. The captain hesitated ; but the lives of all on Then be turned and softly approached the

"Captain," said he, " as I may be lost, may

entreaties. "Here, then, captain," replied Jacques, holdget safe to land, be so kind as to rive this to my mother, who lives on the quay a Havre; and will you tell her that I thought of her, and that I love her very much, as well as all my brothers

and sisters ?" "Be easy about that, my boy. If you die for us, and we escape, your mother shall never want

for any thing."
"O, then I will willingly try to save you?"
cried Jacques, hastening to the other side of the essel, where all was prepared for his enterprise. The captain thought for a moment, " We for us in this way," said he at length; "I have pleasures. been wrong. I must forbid it ?"

"Yes, yes," said some of the sailors round him; "it is disgraceful to us all that the little cabin-boy should set us an' example of courage; and it would be a sad thing if the brave child our time. Let us stop him !"

the waves, and then again distance prevented them from distinguishing it at all. They anxiously watched the cord, and tried to guess, by ry, but without ornament. Here, on rude seats its quicker or slower movement, the fate of him who was unrolling it.

Sometimes the cord was unrolled rapidly : "O. what a brave fellow!" they said, "see how seat at the table, that much as we all wished to quickly he swims!" At other times the unrolling of the ball of string stopped suddenly; " Poor Never have I seen more earnest, attentive boy," they said; he has been drowned or dashed

This anxiety lasted more than an hour; the ness of Christ, tears rained down their branzed ball of string continued to be unrolled, but at faces, and suppressed sobs echoed through the unequal periods. At length it slipped slowly ever the side of the vessel, and often fell as if slackened. They thought Jacques must have bere, with a regular pastor placed over it. Mr. much difficulty in getting through the surf on

"Perhaps it is the body of the poor boy that that voice of the Spirit that said, "Go not in the the sea is tossing backwards and forwards in this

way," said some of the sailors. The captain was deeply grieved that he had permitted the child to make the attempt; and, otwithstanding the desperate situation in which they were, all the crew seemed to be thinking nore of the boy than of themselves.

All at once a violent pull was given to the ord. This was soon followed by a second, then by a third. It was the signal agreed upon to tell them that Jacques had reached the shore. A shout of joy was heard on the ship. They hastened to fasten a strong rope to the cord, which was drawn on shore as fast as they could let it out, and was firmly fastened by some of the peoole who had come to the help of the little cabinoy. By means of this rope many of the shipvrecked sailors reached the shore, and found neans to save the others. Not long after all had safely landed they saw the vessel sink.

The little cabin-boy was long ill from the conequences of his fatigue, and from the bruises he ad received by being dashed against the rocks. But he did not mind that; for, in reward of his bravery, his mother received a yearly sum of money which placed her above the fear of want. Little Jacques rejoiced in having suffered for her, and at the same time in having saved so many ives. He felt that he had been abundantly rewarded.

From the Watchman and Reflector. QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

Some years ago a young lady in the city of Phiadelphia, who gave every evidence of devoted piety, married a gay man of the world. Widely ifferent as his views and feelings were from hers on religious matters, yet his love for her prevented any open interference with either her public or private religious duties; only he took every opportunity to set before her the frequent attractiveness of earthly pleasure, and by the artful and indulgences in which his own heart was interested, endeavored to secure her participation in them. Against all these persuasions she remained a long time firm, and with admirable captain. "One of us must be brave enough to constancy and decision continued to discharge run the risk of swimming with a rose to the her religious obligations, horing that eventually shore, We may fasten one end to the mast of the grace of God might reach her husband's the vessel, and the other to a rock on the coast, heart and enable him to see things as she saw

At length, however, his persistency began to tell upon her. Precisely as he meant it should, Whoever should attempt to run such a risk his shrewd and frequent urging of his wishes rould certainly be dashed to pieces." him with unkindness in refusing to cease his allusions to a subject in which he knew her religious At this moment there was a slight sair among scruples were concerned, but then he was attentive the sailors, who were silently waiting or orders. and considerate in everything else, and in this "What is the matter there?" inquired the case he made his requests plausible by representing that he sought her conformity, not as a sacri-"Captain," replied a sailor, "this little mon- fice of her principles but merely as a matter of key of a cabin-boy is asking to swim to the shore courtesy. He often gave her his company, he with a strong string round his body to draw the said, to her meetings on the Sabbath; why would she not sometimes reciprocate and give mule !" and he pushed Jacques into the midst of him her company to the theatre or the ball-room Forced thus into a position where her refusal The boy stood turning his cap round and round was made to seem a piece of rudeness, the young Christian felt her trial keenly. Her husband's in his hands, without daring to utter a word.

"Nonsense! such a child can't go!" said the cruel perseverance (though not meant to be cruel) wore upon her spirit painfully, until her constancy to truth and duty gave way, and one evening when he had determined to attend a brilliant dancing party, she yielded to his request that she to expose the lives of good sailors like these; it would accompany him, and for the first time since does not matter what becomes of a little mon- her conversion entered the charmed circle of fashion and folly, to share in its dazzling, dangerous

gayeties. It would naturally be supposed that her viola-ted conscience must rebuke her and effectually debe fastened to the shore, or I will perish in the stroy all her enjoyment of the festivities. But no one but herself (certainly not her husband), knew what a fearful and desperate inward revolution had been necessary before her will consented to the step she had taken. No sooner did she vield the point and agree to become an associate in that which her heart condemned, and against which she had so long and so successfully set herself, than she became like another being. Arboard were at stake, and he yielded. Jacques rived at the place of entertainment, she threw off hastened to prepare for his horrible undertaking. all restraint, and amid the throng of pleasure's votaries that moved that evening through those gilded parlors, there was not one more gay, or to

appearance more thoroughly at home than she. I ask you to take charge of something for me?"

On their way from the party the husband, conCertainly, my boy," said the captain, who was almost repenting of having yielded to his judgment of men of the world in matters of spiritual experience, that the change in her was due merely to her having shaken off a few old supering out two five-franc pieces wrapped in a bit of stitious notions and gotten bravely over her sering; "if I am eaten by the porpoises, and you vitude to a church creed, took occasion to refer to her late resolute religious principles, and, most unwarrantably, bantered her on her evident enjoyment of the dance. Instead of cursing him as the destroyer of her soul, she received the unreasonable taunt in silence. She had incurred voluntarily her own burden of blame, and the light words of her husband the tempter, more bitter than a thousand reproaches, were but another blow upon her heart, that was fast turning to stone. From that night the unhappy woman renounced her hope in Christ, neglected all her religious duties, turned her back upon the church ought not to allow this lad to secrifice himself and devoted herself wholly to the world and its

Years passed on, and at length a revival of religion visited her neighborhood. Whether her husband, since the day he enticed her away from her faith, had experienced some secret pangs of remorse, we cannot say, but certainly some influshould die for old men like us, who have lived euce led him into the meetings, and he became interested in the salvation of his soul. The wife They rushed to the side of the vessel, but it suspected nothing of the kind, until one day he was too late. They found there only the sailor came in and startled, almost stunned her, with who had aided Jacques in his preparations, and the exclanation, "Ellen, I have found your Sa-who was unrolling the cord that was fastened to viour!" Recovering a little from her astonishover the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and a few quietly wiped away a tear which would not be restrained.

At first nothing was seen but waves of white foam, mountains of water, which seemed to rise as high as the mast, and then fell down with a thundering roar. Soon the practised eye of the restlors purceived a high structured as high structured as

much to him; but it was all in vain. She refused to attend the meetings, and it was uscless to endeavor to awaken in her any sympathy in spiritual things. At length God took away one of their children, a sweet little girl. She died with the words upon her lips, "Mamma, I'm going to papa's Saviour."

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 38.

Then it was that the poor woman resolved to seek again the Spirit she bad grieved away. She prayed, but the heavens were as brass above her: she wept, but still her heart toward God felt hard as stone. And ever since then she has praved and wept; and now, weakened by slow consumption that has nearly run its course, she continues to pray, and weep, and long, and the petitions of her agonized husband go up to God for her, but as yet no ray has visited her soul of that hope which departed when she stifled in her bosom

LITTLE PUSSY WILLOW.

way of sinners,"

In a retired town of New England was a certain little green hollow among high hills; and in this little hollow stood an old brown farmhouse. It was built two stories high in front, but the roof sloped a long way down behind, till it came. so near the ground that any one of you might have jumped off from it without frightening the most anxious mamma.

As I have said, this house stood in a little hol ow formed by ever so many high hills, which ose around it much as waves rise around a little boat in stormy weather; they looked, in fact, like green waves that had been suddenly stopped and hardened into mountains and hills. Upon their sides grew forests of pines, besides chestnut, hickory, ash, and maple trees, which gave them a charming variety through most of the months of the year. The rocks, too, in many places, were perfectly veiled and covered with the bright, glossy green leaves of the rose laurel, white underneath the crevices were full of fern, saxifrage, rock columbine, and all sorts of lovely things, which were most charming to explore, if one had energy enough to hunt them up.

The house had no yard round it, but stood on a smooth green turfy knoll, and was shaded by a great green elm-tree, whose long branches arched over, and seemed like a broad, leafy sky. In summer this was pleasant enough, for the morning sun sent straight arrows of gold hither and thither between the boughs and branches, and carried some of the greenness as they went into the chambers of the old house, and at night the moon and stars winked and twinkled, and made a thousand pretty plays of light and shadow as they sent their rays dancing over, under, and through the elm-boughs to the lit le brown house.

It was somewhere about the first of March, I believe, when there was quite a stir in the ground mention and glowing description of amusements | floor bedroom of this little brown house, because a very small young lady had just made her appearance in this world, who was the first daughter that had ever been given to John and Martha Primrose: and of course her coming was a great event. Four of the most respectable old matrons in the vicinity were solemuly taking tea and quince preserves in Martha's bedroom, in honor of the great event which had just transpired, while a little bundle of flannel was carefully trotted and tended in the lap of the oldest of them, who every now and then opened the folds and peered in through her spectacles at a very red,

eepy little face that lay inside. "Well," said Dame Toothacre, the eldest, "did ever know such a spell of warm weather as we

had the last fortnight?" "Yes," said Ma'am Trowbridge, "it has fairly started the buds. Look, that pussy willow by the window is quite out."

"My Mary says she has seen a liverwort blossom," said Dame Toothacre; "and I've heard blue-birds these two weeks-it's a most uncom-

"If the warm weather holds on, Martha will have a good getting-up," said Dame Johnson.-'She's got as plump and likely a little girl as I should want to see.'

And so, after a time, night settled down in the pedroom, and one after another of the good old gossips went home, and the little bundle of flannel was tucked warmly into bed, and nurse Toothacre was snoring loudly on a cot bed in the corner, and the moon streamed through the willow bush by the window, and marked the shadow of all the little pussy buds on it clearly on the white, clean floor - when something happened that nobody must know of but you and me, dear little folks; and what it was I shall relate.

There came in on the moonbeams a stream of fairy folk and wood spirits, to see what they could do for the new baby. You must know that everything that grows has its spirit, and these spirits not only attend to their own plants, but now and then do a good turn for mortals—as when plants have good and healing properties, they come to us by the ministry of these plant

spirits. There came slipping down on the moon-beam. first, old Mother Fern, all rolled up in a woollen shawl, with a woollen hood on her head, but with a face brimful of benevolence towards the new baby. Little Mistress Liverwort came trembling after her; for it was scarcely warm enough yet to justify her putting on her Spring clothes, and she did it only at the earnest solicitations of bluebird, who had been beseiging her doors for a fortnight. And finally there was Pussy Willow, who prudently kept on her furs, and moved so velvetfooted, that nobody would even suspect she was there: but they undrew the curtains to get a look

at the new baby. "Bless its heart!" said Mother Fern, peering down at it through her glasses. "It's as downy as any of us."

"I should think it might be a young bluebird," said Liverwort, looking down out of her gray hood; "it looks as much like one as anvthing. Come, what shall we give it? I'll give it blue eyes-real violet blue-and if that isn't a good gift, I don't know what is." "And I'll give her some of my thrift and pru-

dence," said Mother Fern. "We Ferns have no blossoms to speak of but we are a well-to-do family, as everybody knows, and can get our living on any soil where it pleases Heaven to put us; and so thrift shall be my gift for this little lady. Thrift will surely lead to riches and honor.'

"I will give her a better thing than that," said Pussy Willow. "I grow under the windows here, and mean to adopt her. She shall be called Little Pussy Willow, and I shall give her the gift of alTHE OFFICE OF THE

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for I have remarked how you seize on the first ray of sunshine, and your passies are out before any of us dare make a movement." "Well," said Pussy, "If I should hang back

with my bads as our old Father Elm-tree does, I should miss a deal of pleasure, and people would miss a deal of pleasure from me. The children, dear souls! I am always in a hurry to get out in the Spring, because it pleases them. O, here's Pussy Willow come back! they cry when they ee me, 'Now the winter is over!' And no matter if there is a little dash of sleet or snow or frost after that, I stand it with a good heart, because I know that it is summer that is coming, and not winter, and that things are certain to grow better, and not worse. I'm not handsome, know; I'm not elegant; nobody thinks much of me; and my only good points are my cheerfulness and my faith in good things to come : so these are the gifts I bring to my little god-child."
With that Pussy Willow stooped and rubbed

her downy cheek over the little downy cheek of the baby, and the tiny face smiled in its sleep as if it knew that something good was being done for it. But just then nurse Toothacre, who had been snoring very regularly for some time, gave such a loud and sudden snort that it waked her up, and she sat bolt upright in bed, "Was that a dog barking?" she exclaimed. "I thought I

Whisk! went all the little fairies up the ladder f moonshine; but Pussy Willow laughed softly as she softly patted her velvet tip against the window, and said, "Good night, dearie!"-Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in "Our Young Folks."

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

Never be worried by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not though troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. "Troubles never stop forever-

The darkest day will pass away.' If the sun is going down, look at the stars; if

he earth is dark, keep up your eyes on heaven.

With God's promise a man or child may be "Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshiny morning will come without warning." Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that

will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which

you can keep, and which is worth keeping-"Something sterling, that will stay When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger vill come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest, The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, nd make him your friend You may not winhim over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till von have compassed your end. Little by little, great things are completed.

" Water falling day by day

Wears the hardest rock away. And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that whipped at school never learns his lessons walk

cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

man that is compelled to work, cares not how

padly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick." Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and igers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full of good thoughts. bad thoughts find no room to enter.

" Be on your guard, and strive and pray

TRUTH ILLUSTRATED .- Some preachers have a elightful faculty of illustrating truth, whether in he pulpit or in pastoral labors, by means of pappy and appropriate suppositions, employed by way of simile or comparison. The late eloquent and heavenly minded Doctor Payson possessed this faculty in an eminent degree, and often used it with the most delightful results in his faithful and affectionate ministrations. Those who are familiar with the hisory and writings of this holy man will immediately call to mind a variety of instances. One or two specimens will suffice for

our present purpose. "Suppose," says Dr. Payson, "you wished to separate a quantity of brass and steel filings mixed together in one vessel, how would you effect this separation? Apply a loadstone, and immediately every particle of iron will attach itself to it, while the brass filings remain behind. Thus, if we see a company of true and false professors of religion. we may not be able to distinguish between them; out let Christ come among them, and all his sincere followers will be attracted toward him as the steel is drawn to the magnet, while those who have none of his spirit will remain at a distance."

Is it possible, I ask, to conceive of any other form or figure of speech by which the exact idea in the mind of the speaker could have been more accurately or more forcibly conveyed to the mind of the hearer! If the object of true eloquence be, as has sometimes been said, the imparting to others the emotions with which we ourselves are agitated, then certainly comparisons ike the above must be a powerful aid to the orator in the performance of his task.

Nor was Doctor Payson less happy in the chamber of sickness or the dwellings of sorrow. n the employment of these illustrations for the disconsolate or the bereaved.

STORY OF A PICTURE. - A painter once wanted

picture of Innocence, and drew the likeness of child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, who hung it up on his stu-dy wall, and called it "Innocence." Years passed away, and the artist became an old man. the picture hang there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart—the picture of guilt but had not found the opportunity. At last he Pussy Willow, and I shall give her the gift of always seeing the bright side of everything. That gift will be more to her than beauty or riches or honors. It is not so much matter what color Wasted was his body, and hollow his eye; vice