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REV. I. E. B. L., Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

The Christian Visitor is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

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

LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY. Rome, Italy, Jan. 24, 1866.

It is impossible to escape the influence coming from antiquity, as one walks among the relics of bygone times which abound at Rome, and makes so many of its environs memorable spots. True enough, in certain quarters of the city, as in the vicinity of the Spagna, where the English residents congregate, or across the Tiber, about St. Peter's and the Vatican, where modern enterprise and art have found so marked a theatre, the ancient life appears in fewer symbols, and its utterance is measurably drowned by newer voices. But every where in the vicinity of the Capitoline, Palatine, and Esquiline Hills, one is not only treading at every step on historic ground, but the fragments of ancient buildings and other public works are constantly coming into view; while here and there a structure appears, so nearly complete, and so fully illustrating the ideas, habits, and spirit of the earlier Roman periods, that a store of centuries seem to have dropped out from human history, and old Rome is herself again—not a mere mighty name, but a living, royal power. The Caesars seem to be here, ready to come forth from the recesses of their great palaces; we deem that the voice of Cicero might again ring among these columns that yet linger in the old Forum; we half expect the gladiators to leap into the vast arena of the Colosseum; and the distant bugle peal from a military post comes to the ear like the signal of an ancient herald, announcing that the triumphal procession of Scipio or Pompey, returning from the scene of foreign conquests, is coming up the Appian Way.

But after imagination has ceased its functions, and investigation has begun its work, the sources of interest are hardly lessened in number or diminished in fruitfulness. The well authenticated and obvious facts are as remarkable as the pictures of fancy are impressive. Most of the Rome of the first century, and indeed a large part of the Rome of the fifth, is literally in its grave—the buildings being absolutely buried beneath those which constitute the architectural Rome of to-day. In the course of these intervening centuries and revolutions and pillages and vandalisms, palaces and churches have been actually buried beneath the debris, so that not only the records which told of their existence had disappeared, but the sites which they had occupied were unrecognized. Subsequently a new structure would be reared upon the walls of the old one, which were made to serve as a foundation; still later, the second structure would be partly demolished and buried, and then its walls in turn be used to support a still newer pile. And generation after generation has lived and died, no man dreaming that any structure save the most recent existed on the site. Take an example or two.

During the last century, the work of excavation has been going forward at many points, stimulated both by the growing interest in antiquities and by the singular results which have been reached. Private enterprise, public spirit, and even royal ambition, have all engaged in this undertaking. Louis Napoleon has purchased a portion of the Palatine Hill, and a large number of workmen are constantly occupied, bringing forth from the subsoil the pillars and courts, the corridors and apartments, the utensils and ornaments, which belonged to the palace of Augustus.

In the subterranean portions of the Baths of Titus, the golden house and hanging gardens of Nero may now, since the excavations have been effected, be distinctly located—the frescoes on the walls and ceiling of the Council Room and chambers, and the figured mosaics on the floor of the baths, appear with considerable brilliancy of coloring; and even the apartments of the domestics, where the diners of the royal tyrant and monster were prepared, come up after centuries of burial, and give their silent but unequivocal testimony.

Beneath the church of St. Clement, long considered one of the most ancient and unaltered in Rome, another and more ancient one has been found, to which much of the history heretofore attributed to the upper church applies. It was not until the year 1856, that the existence of this lower and older church was suspected. Since that time the excavations have gone steadily forward, until a large portion of an extensive edifice has been opened to view. The aisles and nave are fully made out, columns of rare marble rise along this subterranean temple, you stand on the pavement which was pressed by the feet of other generations, and you see the remains of the kneeling worshippers twelve hundred years ago; and by the light of the candles, painted on the walls of the church, and of the Virgin, come out upon the shoulders of the gentlemen in scarlet, dressed in full pontificals, was certainly imposing, in spite of the contempt it seemed to be casting on him who said, "One is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" but the condition and character of five-sixths of these Roman masses, who live in the very shadow of the Vatican, is the terrible offset to the magnificence. The few seem to reach the pinnacle of human exaltation; but in supporting them on that dizzy height, the masses sink under the burden to about the lowest level of human depression and debasement. Over against one Pope, even in Rome, there are 2000 full-fed ecclesiastics out of an aggregate of four thousand and more, not a few of them barefoot, uncouth, dirty, carrying a face that is half devout and half desperate; and for every Cardinal there are five hundred yagabonds and beggars.

Yet Rome has pleasant sights. The supply of pure water is abundant; the fountains, ornamented with statuary, and babbling of the mountains where they were born, and of the pleasant fields through which the waters have travelled, are in all the squares, and work a partial cleansing in half the streets. There are extensive and charming villas in the suburbs, where the birds are singing and the flowers blooming now as though they believed it were always summer; and where, amid the blended beauty of nature and of art, one thinks of Eden and of Paradise. There are churches which combine so much of the vast in conception, the harmonious in arrangement, the splendid in ornamentation, and the sublime in rural effect—especially when as on the day of the festival at St. Peter's, a choir of sixty voices, such as two hemispheres are laid under contribution to supply; give us one of the sublimes of oratorio, which runs through nearly two hours of pathos and prayer, sublimity and exultation—that one instinctively recalls the picture of the eternal temple in the Revelation, and learns in the presence of this Niagara of harmonies, what is the meaning of the passage which likens the music of the skies to "the voices of many waters."

And the Pope's apartments and gardens at his summer residence—the Quirinal Palace, well repaid a visit. We saw his throne-room, the arched room he receives foreign ambassadors, the more private reception room, the boudoir and private study, the dining-room where he eats bread and potatoes like any other mortal, and the bedroom and bed where he sleeps away, as best he can, and went up glorified through suffering.

And here they who had watched in spite of weariness, and waited through long delays, wandering, standing along these gloomy ways, longing for a view of the blessed sun, saw at last, with the spiritual eye, the dawning of that day after which no night comes, and luminous forever with the glory of God! This great underworld of Rome has its significance, which often surpasses that which attaches to the world above it. Not only do the great names of the buried Rome suggest the degeneracy of the ignoble mass that to-day makes up its moving population, but the devotion of the martyrs who worshipped and died in the Catacombs, was something nobler than the ambition which set the throne of Europe beside the Tiber, and it makes a passage in history more grateful than all the narrations of Tacitus and the splendid records of Caesar.

These various ruins show that the palaces, the public buildings and other great works, were projected on the most magnificent scale, and executed without any apparent regard to labor and expense. The baths of Diocletian covered a large part of the Esquiline Hill. The ruins have been so far removed as to give all needful room to build a general railway station, and supply ample space for tracks, woodyard, &c.; a large church is constructed on a part of the site, a considerable garden, two or three short streets, a respectable sized square, &c.; and yet the enormous piles of brick and mortar that still remain suggest half a dozen buildings instead of one.

The Clodian aqueduct brought water into the city from a point twelve miles away; there is one immense stretch of it still remaining, not far from the Appian Way, and detached sections of greater or less extent may be found here and there inside the city walls. Some of these sections now standing, present a series of piers and arches supporting the aqueduct proper—the walls at the base of the piers are ten feet thick, and the structure reaches a height of not less than forty-five feet.

The old buildings are not infrequently mixed up with the new. Sometimes the old portion is the more prominent, sometimes the other. Here a modern structure buttresses up an ancient one, or is buttressed up by it; there a church of recent date takes in a colonnade of an ancient temple, or the temple has been slightly modified or considerably restored, and by an act of consecration, has taken the name of a church. Thus the earlier and the latter architecture of Rome perpetually intermingle; the Pagan and the Papal religions meet at the Pantheon and the temple of Vesta, and the chapels and altars draw worshippers to the very spots where savage beasts and scarcely less savage men struggled and perished on the pavement of the Colosseum.

And thus one finds to-day that the Rome which he most justly tells fragmentarily to be sure, but still impressively, the story of twenty-five hundred years. It is a work of much time and of great patience, and it requires a well-poised judgment, and a nice critical acumen, to separate history from legend, and to part the old from the new. As the broken columns of old structures support the entablatures of modern buildings, and as the fragments of ancient sculpture lie piled in the courts of new palaces or protrude from the surface of modern walls, so the life of one period in the renewed city's history is frequently dovetailed into all the rest. The ruins which followed Nero's conflagration—the fragments scattered by Constantine's triumph—the debris left by the flood which swept over the city when the Goth and the Vandal overpowered its resistance—the accumulations which went on through the long season of medieval darkness and decay—all these are mingled in the dust of the streets over which we are walking to-day; and the current of life which we witness pouring through these thoroughfares, has been formed by streams that flow in from every inhabited land, and have taken their rise in every century. It is a wonderful city, studied by a historian, or inspected by an analytic philosopher, or vivified by the imagination of a poet, or pictured by the pencil of a literary artist.

But these letters are not meant for any such departments of literature. The living, breathing, stirring Rome which we now see, is not such an one as I have hinted at. It is made up of facts instead of fancies; its prose greatly exceeds its poetry. It is a city where extremes are constantly meeting. There is a more dazzling splendor in the churches and the equipages than can be found in any other city of its size yet seen in Europe, and there is also more of equality in its private dwellings and indolent masses. The display at St. Peter's on the occasion of the festival of the chair—where the dignitaries walked in procession through the church, with the Pope borne aloft upon the shoulders of the gentlemen in scarlet, dressed in full pontificals, was certainly imposing, in spite of the contempt it seemed to be casting on him who said, "One is your master even Christ, and all ye are brethren;" but the condition and character of five-sixths of these Roman masses, who live in the very shadow of the Vatican, is the terrible offset to the magnificence. The few seem to reach the pinnacle of human exaltation; but in supporting them on that dizzy height, the masses sink under the burden to about the lowest level of human depression and debasement. Over against one Pope, even in Rome, there are 2000 full-fed ecclesiastics out of an aggregate of four thousand and more, not a few of them barefoot, uncouth, dirty, carrying a face that is half devout and half desperate; and for every Cardinal there are five hundred yagabonds and beggars.

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can, the weariness which many cares bring, and the anxieties which spring up in his heart as he sees modern relics crowding in upon his conservative capital, the territory over which the Papal See has so long awayed the sceptre steadily passing under the dominion of another ruler, and the subjects in whose continued veneration he felt secure, smiling at his misfortunes and falling away from their allegiance. The gardens are a thing of beauty; extensive, admirably kept, filled with many and various products from Italy and foreign climes, ornamented with statuary, bright with flowers, and luxuriant with rows of orange-trees bending beneath the weight of their golden fruit. Fountains of every pattern keep up a musical splash and murmur, and carry refreshment and greenness on every side. A considerable organ, worked by the waters, peals out pleasant music, martial or sacred; and, as though the Pope appreciated fun, loved a joke, and enjoyed tickling his great Catholic family, he has little jets so arranged at the most unexpected points, that the servant who shows off the machinery, will launch a secret spring, or faucet, and set the tiny streams spiriting in so many directions, that the way of escape from one is the very path leading to another; and he who wholly avoids the sprinkling may deem himself specially favored by fortune.

It is much better business, surely, even for a Pope, than writing ridiculous bulls in the Vatican, or giving a new lease of life to the consecrated lies and pitiable puerilities which fill so large a place in the Romish literature and polity. But the day of Popes is passing, and Rome may have a worthy future in store for her yet. G. T. D.

JOHANNA: or, THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT.

Translated for the Christian Visitor, from the German, by Miss Ellen E. Fitz, St. Martins.

CHAPTER I. Though it snap the strings of the tenderest heart, 'Tis a wise decree that the dearest part.

It was a boisterous, fearful night. The rain beat furiously against the windows, and the storm howled in prolonged and plaintive cadences. The gloomy flame of the night-lamp, which dimly illuminated the solitary sick chamber, flared feebly, and gave the intimations of a speedy extinction.

On a neat couch in this room, reposed a pale, slender, dying woman, apparently about thirty years of age, upon whose wasted cheeks glowed the flush so often indicative of a fatal malady. A luxuriance of the most beautiful blond tresses escaped from beneath a tidy night-cap on to a high forehead, through whose transparency the blue veins were so lately conspicuous. Hands of the same transparent delicacy rested in a prayerful attitude on the faded coverture. Mild blue eyes, whose wondrously large pupils announced the near approach of death, glanced painfully on a little girl sitting at the foot of the bed, the only person who watched and wept by the sick one in the chamber of death.

The puny stature of the child seemed that of eight years, although of more than eleven—her jaundiced features exhibiting no traces of the mother's beauty. "But who looked into a dark, earnest, spiritual eye, fancied the emotions of adult years, and in its marvellous glance forgot her other unattractiveness."

A dark woollen garment enveloped the little figure, over which was also drawn a jacket; still was the frail body often agitated by a gentle shivering, as well from the cold of the raw November night, as from the inward, fearful emotion. The girl's head was bowed low on her convulsively folded hands, so that the mother thought she slept, and regarded her quietly with an affectionate compassion. But soon a sigh and an involuntary tremor of the body revealed to her that the child watched and suffered.

"You are cold, my loved Johannah," said the sick one softly and tenderly; "go to bed: I feel well and easy."

"No, dearest mother, I am not cold; how could I let you watch and suffer alone in so dismal a night?"

"Well, then, make a fire in the stove, my child, and boil yourself a cup of tea; that will warm you."

"No, dearest beloved mother," replied Johannah, "be easy about me, see, there are only a few more sticks of wood, which I must make last to-morrow. You know," added she quickly, with smiling mouth, but which convulsed painfully, "I am a frugal housekeeper, and know exactly what I must use every day."

A tear of emotion stood in the eye of the mother, into whose arms Johannah now threw herself, weeping bitterly.

"When both were somewhat composed, Johannah said: 'Shall I read something to you in this dismal night, that we may hear the storm the less?'"

"Do so, my child."

"What book do you wish that I choose?"

"My daughter, I would busy myself with no other than that which can alone comfort us in the sorrows and afflictions of life: Bring your Bible, and open the Gospel of the favorite disciple of the Lord, at the fourteenth chapter, where he communicates to us the last words, and consolations of the departing Redeemer."

Johannah quietly brought the Bible, opened to the desired place, and began to read with a voice, smothered by tears, but which grew fuller as she proceeded; the mother listened with closed eyes, tear after tear trickling beneath the lashes down the sunken cheeks. As Johannah repeated the words of the thirty-third verse, sixteenth chapter: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world," the fortune of both gave way, and supported on each other's neck, the loud weeping of mother and daughter filled the solitary chamber. Finally, exclaimed Johannah in a tone of anguish: "Mother, mother! even you will soon go from me; and what will then become of me, a poor orphan?"

The mother forcibly controlled herself, and said, with steady, calm voice: "Hear me, Johannah! You are in years and stature a child, but through affliction and sorrow have the soul of a woman. I will speak with you concerning the past, as with a friend, and seriously deliberate of your future."

And she drew Johannah on her bed, and fondly embraced her. The latter leaned her little head against the shoulder of her mother, and in this loving union listened with closed eyes, but open ear and heart, to what was communicated.

outward pomp was purchased with great sacrifices, and after days of intoxicating festivities, I frequently saw dark clouds on the brow of my father, and heard not seldom the cruel, threatening words of the purveyors and tradesmen, who demanded payment, and were repulsed by the mischievously laughing servants, with the false apology that the lord is not home, and the baroness is indisposed. My only brother, several years older than I, was being educated at a military school, and came only on visits to the paternal house, where he troubled himself about nothing, and inquired little of the way in which so great expense was borne.

"I myself lived pretty isolated. My parents kept an excellent governess for me, and to this noble woman do I owe all the best impulses of my heart and soul.

"In the early part of her abode in our house, she had much to endure. My mother treated her proudly and coldly, as the chief of her servants, thought her outward deportment and social culture not adequate, and feared lest my cleverness, as she said, suffer thereby.

"But as one quarter passed after the other, without the ability to compensate Miss Augustin, and the dear girl contented herself with no payments, rather than leave me, my mother became gracious to her, and committed me wholly to her, feeling indeed that I was neglected neither in heart nor soul.

"The years which I spent with this friend belong to the brightest of my life, but at the same time contributed to the deep affliction that my heart experienced in the parental house; for through her converse, through her teachings, I soon learned to esteem lightly the vain, frivolous glitter which surrounded me, even to despise it, as it became clear to me that it was maintained at the cost of honor and probity. When I was fifteen years of age, my teacher became united to a worthy man, and departed for a remote home. I continued to receive lessons in music and French—the expense, however, soon obliging her discontinuance. I was large for my age, and had developed early, so that my mother did not hesitate to introduce me into the polite world and her circle.

"But my whole inward life had received so different a direction, and had such an aversion to these empty joys, which I everywhere regarded borrowed and unreal—an idea which had fastened itself in me by reason of the glittering misery in the house of my parents—that I made a sad figure in company, and was overwhelmed with the bitterest reproaches of my mother, who had taken it into her head that I, by an attractive exterior, was destined to procure new lustre for the house.

"I will not tire you, my child, with the narration of what my heart suffered by a life so little harmonious. I dragged myself along from one tedious day to another. Often I wished to be a homely laborer, and fancied how I would toil and provide for my parents, how we would lead a quiet, happy life in a single chamber; no boisterous dinner knocking at our door, no post-boy bringing a letter which we scarcely dared open, too well assured of its disagreeable contents.

"Oh these were such sweet dreams, but only dreams!

"I come now to a passage of my life, which determined my highest happiness and my deepest sorrow.

"In a circle of the English ambassador's lady I became acquainted with a young musician, who, through his delightful compositions, began to be of repute in the musical world.

"I already knew his songs, and had always sung them with great predilection. The ambassador's lady invited me to execute one of them. I did it with bashful reluctance; but during the singing was so transported with the beauty of the music, that I suppose I had never yet sang it so well. Loud applause followed me, and a low bow of the composer was my reward.

"As my mother, in the course of conversation, expressed an earnest wish that I improve myself more in this accomplishment, the artist modestly begged permission, as far as in his power, to perfect my fine talent. My mother readily accepted this offer, and he became my teacher. But soon he was also the dearest friend of my heart, and we gave a mutual promise that nothing should be able to separate us from each other.

"I will not speak of the parental opposition to which I was subjected on this account. Not till my friend had promised to leave the metropolis, and seek for himself a remote sphere of activity, was my engagement permitted, the pride of my parents forbidding any divulgence of the matter.

"He departed and soon wrote to me, that he had secured a position as organist in a considerable provincial city, and had prospect of introducing in pianoforte playing and singing. He now asked if I would share this moderate income with him. I was forthwith resolved. He had indeed sacrificed for me a future of fame and distinction.

"Our marriage took place wholly in secret, my family insisting upon our departure to the very same hour. Thus was I dismissed without love, without a blessing, and only my brother Mar, a good-natured, inoffensive being, pressed me tenderly to his heart, and promised his intercession with the parents, and assistance in any exigency, as far as was possible for a poor lieutenant.

"I now lived by the side of your father a restricted but happy life, and the dreams of my youth speed beautifully and rapidly to fulfillment, as I had always dreamed them. Your birth increased our happiness, of which my husband gave information to my parents, receiving in reply only cold congratulations.

"My parents died without my again seeing them, and this was the first bitter affliction of my life; they died indeed reconciled, but without affection.

"My brother, who had become a fine, portly man, had married a very rich widow, abandoned the military career, and lived on his property.

"But now, my dear Johanna, I come to the most painful part of my life.

"Your dear father began to sicken; partly in consequence of great exertions, but partly also, I fear, from inward grief over a career which so little suited him. He was an artist in the highest sense of the word, and his prospects and alliances at the time we became acquainted with each other were such as entitled him to the most brilliant expectations. The possibility had even been suggested to him that he would be permitted to make a journey for the study of art at the royal expense. He had resigned all this on my account, and was sunk in obscurity and oblivion. This grief gnawed at his life, and became the more consuming since he carefully strove to conceal it.

"But the eye of love saw sharply; I knew his sorrow, and suffered in silence not less than he. A disease of the lungs, which he would long disavow to himself, destroyed his beautiful, grand life.

"Alas, my Johanna, young as you were, you still remember your dear, noble father, and his last hours.

daughter, I love you much, very much! But forgive me, I must go to him, I must leave you for his sake. My heart was broken when he broke. Are you angry with me, my Johanna?"

Johanna replied not. She only folded her arms closer around her mother, and the tears of both mingled.

After a few minutes, during which the mother composed herself, she thus continued: "Now, my dear child, let us speak of the future. When I had communicated to my brother the death of your father, I received from him an affectionate, loving letter and a gratuity, with the promise that every quarter a like sum would be remitted; but which I may not notice in my letters, as it is as well his wife does not know it."

"This assistance of the good brother has been received punctually since then, without which we had certainly suffered the bitterest want; for the more my strength declined, the less was I in the position, by the means of teaching and manual labour, to provide for our livelihood. A few weeks since, as it became quite evident to me, that I could be with you but a short time longer, I wrote to your uncle, and commended you to his love.

"Yesterday the answer came, in which he promises to take you to himself after my death, and to supply the place of a father to you, but must not conceal from me that your aunt's consent to such adoption has been given very reluctantly.

"So you will find with him a new home, and although I thank him for it, yet, I fear, my dear child, that you will spend many sorrowful days in his house. But fear not, God will be with you, and if it is permitted to the dead to hover round those who were the dearest to them here, then will mine and your father's soul be always near you, and implore comfort, happiness, and peace, for you before the throne of the eternal Father.

"You have a strong, courageous heart, my Johanna! but watch, lest it grow hard and cold under affliction and humiliation; think of Him who reviled not when he was reviled, who threatened not when he suffered, who prayed on the cross for his enemies: 'Father, forgive them! May the example of His love make you humble, meek and gentle.'

"Therefore, my child, go to your relations, with the resolution to love heartily your aunt, and her children; then will all go well.

"No relations of your deceased father live, who could receive you; he has indeed a brother, who resides in a remote part of the earth, and from whom he has received no tidings for many years; also a sister of whom he often thought lovingly, but who too lives distant from the boundary of Poland. So there remains for you no other asylum, my poor child, than the house of your uncle Mar."

Here the mother finished her communication, and was so wearied by the protracted talk, that she lay back exhausted, and sank into a deep sleep. Johanna softly left the bed of the sick one, kindled a fire in the stove, and prepared breakfast for her mother and herself, for the night was nearly spent, although all was still dark without. The storm continued to howl, the rain still beat on the window, but Johanna heard nothing of it all. Her heart was desolate and cold as if dead. In this night the girl of eleven years, had grown a year older.

A few days after this conversation, the gentle soul of the mother went to God and the loved husband.

The schoolmaster, Brown, a friend of Herr Horst, as Johanna's father was called, provided a plain, decent burial, and informed the baron of the death of his sister.

An elderly woman came soon, a sort of household keeper of the baroness, and with blunt words and early looks introduced herself as the travelling attendant of Johanna. In despairing, tearless grief, Johanna parted from the grave of her only loved one, to seek a new, affectionless home.

(To be continued.)

A WORK OF GRACE.

Dr. Tyng gives the following incident that occurred in his pastoral experience. It illustrates the power of gentleness, of a wife's gentleness, to bring her husband near the Saviour's feet.

Many years since, a gay and fashionable pair lived near me, and attended my ministry. The wife was beautiful, social and admired. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighted in the admiration which, in society, his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay, and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared not nothing they heard even then.

But in the wonders of grace, this gay and fashionable woman was converted, there, and in the most open and decided manner, renounced her life of folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbade her union with the church in any personal act. He watched at the gates of the church-yard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that at last she found access to the church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day bringing me some new tidings of his violence and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others I never knew.

The people and the generations have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late one evening, after I had retreated to my chamber for the night, my door bell was violently pulled, and a messenger said Mrs. was desirous to see me immediately. I dressed myself and went, anticipating some new scene of violence, and saying to my wife where I was going, in case I might be prevented from returning. The street were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps of the door was quietly opened to me, and I directed to the parlor, where, to my surprise, I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment I asked by his side and asked an explanation.

"O, sir," he cried, "can I be saved?"

"Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amazed me—what has led you to this?"

"This angel," he replied with eagerness, "You know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated you. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness, you had destroyed my peace, you had separated my family, you had alienated my wife from me. I hid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you at night with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel wife—I have cursed her, I have presented her in every way, I have beaten her, I have pulled her down by her hair, and she received it all in silence and meekness. She has