

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
Published every THURSDAY, by  
BARNES & Co.,  
AT THEIR OFFICE,  
Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.  
One Copy, for one year, \$2 00  
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE  
FIRE AND LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY!  
Fund paid up and invested. . . . \$28,219,943 5s. 1d. stg.  
Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, 2743, 514 stg.  
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 235,249  
Premiums in Life Risks, 1864, 141,197  
Losses paid in Life Risks, 1864, 141,197  
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,  
102 Prince William Street,  
St. John, N. B.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92  
Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance Equi-  
ty Association of the London Board.—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.,  
Chairman in Liverpool.—CHARLES TURNER, Esq.,  
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest  
Offices in the Kingdom.  
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1863, the following  
highly satisfactory results were shown:—  
FIRE DEPARTMENT.  
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business  
is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase  
alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of  
the year 1862, and that of many of the recently defunct  
fire insurance companies of this Kingdom.  
The Premiums for the year 1863 being . . . \$130,000  
While the Premiums for the year 1862 were . . . 186,485  
Showing an actual increase of . . . 56,485  
or upwards of 60 per cent. in three years.  
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this  
year (1863) again show the Royal Insurance Company  
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 Com-  
pany, while all the others respectively fall far short of the  
margin of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.  
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  
1863, is 408, and the amount of the same is \$4,094,149 0  
or upwards of 70 per cent. in three years.  
The remarkable increase in the business of the last four  
years is mainly consequent upon the large amounts declared  
in 1863, which amounted to no less than 23 per cent.  
per annum on the sums assured, and averaged 50 per cent. upon  
the premiums paid.  
W. J. STARR, Manager and Actuary.  
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.  
All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire  
losses paid promptly on reasonable proof of loss—without  
reference to the local Establishment.  
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,  
Princess-street,  
Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building,  
Feb. 16.

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.)  
CAPITAL (paid up and securely invested), \$500,000.  
The full amount insured may be secured in case of  
Fatal Accident, or a weekly compensation for any acci-  
dent resulting in disability, by payment of annual ordi-  
nary Premiums as follows:—\$100 per week, for \$5 00 annu-  
ally.  
1,000 " " 5 00 " " 5 00  
1,500 " " 7 50 " " 7 50  
2,000 " " 10 00 " " 10 00  
2,500 " " 12 50 " " 12 50  
3,000 " " 15 00 " " 15 00  
Extra prem. required for Special Risks.  
Every person ought to be insured!—None are free  
from liability to Accident!  
Over one hundred Claims for Compensation had been al-  
ready paid by this Company to last April, and over ten  
thousand Policies issued.  
No Medical Examination required.  
All classes of persons insured at the lowest rates. 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,  
St. John, Sept. 14th, 1863.

THE PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1720.  
CAPITAL, \$25,000,000.  
Insurances effected at the lowest rates.  
C. W. WELDON,  
Agent for New Brunswick,  
102 Prince William Street,  
St. John, March 8, 1864.

LOMBARD INSURANCE COMPANY,  
Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested  
Surplus in hand, last Aug. 1, 1865, \$31,114.  
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New  
Brunswick Currency, with an without participation in  
profits, and every information afforded on application to  
W. J. STARR,  
Opposite Commercial Bank,  
Oct. 19—1863.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,  
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.  
Surplus in hand, last July, 1865, \$250,000.  
New Brunswick Agents:—W. J. STARR, opposite Com-  
mercial Bank, St. John.  
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New  
Brunswick Currency, with an without participation  
in profits.  
Average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profit  
for the past five years, amount to 44 1/2 per cent.  
References of the first respectability, and any other in-  
formation given by W. J. STARR, Agent,  
Oct. 15, 1863.

CITY OF GLASGOW  
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.  
Governed by Act of Parliament.  
Governor—The Right Honourable the Earl of Glasgow.  
Subscribed Capital, £200,000.  
Accumulated Fund, £400,000.  
Assets, £1,000,000.  
Existing Assurances, £2,500,000.  
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, Esq., M. P., Chairman.  
W. F. BRYAN, Esq., Manager and Actuary.  
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.  
Endowment Assurances.  
Share Profit Assurances.  
Short Term Assurances.  
The City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company was  
established in 1828, by special Act of Parliament, and  
has now been conducted with great success for 37 years,  
which is attestation to the perfect security which  
attends the due fulfilment of every contract, but like-  
wise to the Company's extensive and influential connections  
and to the liberality of its dealings.  
The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are  
distributed as directed to the class of all classes of  
Policy-holders.  
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January,  
1864, which is in excess of the Company's financial year,  
and a Bonus of 10 per cent. on the sum assured on the  
sums assured was declared for the past year. In place of  
the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in fu-  
ture be accumulated and allocated in quarterly instalments,  
being payable to the policy-holders, but the bonus does not  
rest until they have been five years in existence.  
Rates of Assurance and all other information may  
be obtained from the Agents, W. J. STARR, St. John,  
July 15—1863.

GEORGE THOMAS,  
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,  
Water Street, St. John, N. B.  
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John.  
GEORGE THOMAS,  
BAPTIST SEMINARY, FREDERICTON.  
4th Term in 1865, commences 1st Oct.  
Rev. C. BROWN, D. D., Principal, and like-  
wise Mr. J. E. HOGAN, A. M., Classical and Mathematical Tutor;  
J. Jones, English Master.  
The course of study embraces the principal branches of  
English, Mathematics, and Classical Education. The  
year is divided into four terms, of eleven weeks each.  
The Boarding Department is under the immediate super-  
vision of the Principal.  
Terms, payable quarterly in advance, including every  
expense of board, bedding, washing, fuel and tuition, ex-  
cept French—Under 10 years of age, \$125 a year.  
Between 10 and 15 years of age, \$150 a year.  
Above 15 years of age, \$175 a year.  
French, \$25 each Term.  
Young Ladies are instructed in the Principal's depart-  
ment, tuition fee, \$5 a Term. Food and clothing, \$3 a Term.  
For three Terms. French extra. Further particulars furnished  
on application. C. SPURDIN,  
Fredericton, Oct. 7th, 1865.

THE ALBERTINE OIL—The Albertine Oil Company  
has reduced the price of their burning Oil to Fifty  
Cents per barrel. Apply to  
THE ALBERTINE OIL COMPANY,  
St. John.

# The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1866.

THE OFFICE OF  
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
Corner of Prince William  
SAINT JOHN,  
REV. I. E.  
Editor.  
Address all Communications  
Letters to the Editor, Box 194.  
The Christian Visitor  
Is emphatically a Newspaper for  
It furnishes its readers with the latest  
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

New Series, Whole No. 170.  
Vol. IV., No. 14.

Old Series,  
Vol. XIX., No. 14.

## THE CROSS THE TEST.

Some with Jesus are delighted,  
While he speaks of joys to come,  
Thinking that to them is plighted  
After death a happy home;  
But the "cross"—when he declares it,  
"None but he who takes and bears it,  
Can my true disciple be;"  
Few—how few!—to this agree.

All are pleased, when "Come ye weary!"  
They can hear the Saviour say;  
But 'tis language harsh and dreary,  
"Enter ye the narrow way."  
While "hosanna" men are singing,  
All can love. But when is ringing,  
"Crucify him!"—at the sound  
Nothing more of love is found.

While his hands are food supplying,  
All with joy his bounty take;  
When in anguish he is lying,  
None for his protection take.  
Thus may Jesus have our praises,  
While our hopes and joys he raises;  
But should he his favors hide,  
Love to him would not abide.

Is thy joy in Christ arising  
From thy love to him alone!  
In his sorrows sympathizing,  
Canst thou make his griefs thine own!  
Should he cease with hope to bless thee,  
Should dark fears and doubts distress thee—  
Still confiding, couldst thou say,  
"Jesus, thou art all my stay!"

In thyself, Lord, thou art worthy—  
All our love is but thy due;  
Saints and angels cry before thee,  
"Thou art holy, just, and true!"  
Whoso on thy bright perfections  
Fixes all his best affections,  
Has, in loving thee, a part  
That shall satisfy his heart.

From the German.

## JOHANNA; OR, THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.  
Mother, in the eternal spheres,  
Cousions of my loss,  
Stay these unavailing tears,  
Ease this heavy cross.

Johanna passed over her journey in sorrowful  
silence. At first, it is true, mistress Thomas en-  
deavored to enter into conversation, and to inter-  
rogate her concerning the life and circumstances of  
her deceased parents, but as she received only  
monosyllabic, short answers, even a proud, re-  
proachful look at an unfeeling remark, she became  
silent, imbibing, at this curt interview, an intense  
hatred for the orphan, for whom she professed  
much sorrow.

The arrival of the new inmate was awaited at  
the uncle's house with varied emotions. The bar-  
oness walked uneasily up and down the floor, si-  
cerely sorry for the daughter of his only, always  
loved sister, whom he well knew would be toler-  
ated only with aversion by her aunt. The baroness  
and daughters exhausted themselves in con-  
jectures of how the poor thing would appear; and  
it was proposed to receive her in just such a  
manner as would at once forbid any pretensions  
to an equality with the daughters of the house.

Betty, the elder, was insolent and forward. Fanny,  
by reason of her beauty, the general favorite, was  
vain and imperious; but Frederic, the son by the  
baroness's first marriage, and future heir of all the  
property, was a malicious, detestable boy, of  
fourteen years, whose very appearance was repulsive.  
Red, bristly hair covered the low forehead,  
and shaded the small, malignant eyes. His com-  
plexion was tawny and wan, and his four mouth  
betokened voluptuousness and sensuality, which,  
as yet, manifested itself only in a strong desire for  
various and rich dishes. He cloysed himself at  
nearly every meal, never failing to excite the sym-  
pathy of his mother, who complained of his feeble  
constitution, and how necessary it was to be  
careful of him. He longed to leave school, and  
ran round after his revenges. He diverted  
himself with writing the necks of doves, cutting  
off the tails of cats, and similar atrocities. "No-  
body ventured to oppose his wicked will, because  
this would provoke the displeasure of his mother.  
Even the baron, who at times chided occasionally,  
had learned to keep silence, to avoid the tearful  
remonstrances of his wife, who argued that he  
could not tolerate the poor child, because he  
was his step-son, and future heir of the possessions.

Thus was the family constituted, to which the  
orphan Johanna found admission.  
The wagon rolled into the yard, and mistress  
Thomas announced to the baroness that the little  
girl waited in the ante-room.  
"How does she appear? What sort of a creature  
is she?" asked Frederic.  
"She appears badly enough, young master,  
and seems to be a spoilt, forward thing."  
"Let her come in, let her come in, mamma!"  
cried the saucy fellow; "we will have a look at her."  
"Bring her in, Thomas," ordered the dame.  
The door was soon opened, and Johanna stepped  
timidly in, went up to her aunt, and silently  
kissed her hand. She was going to speak, but  
sorrow and anxiety shut her mouth.  
Her appearance at this moment was even less  
attractive than usual. Her eyes were red and  
swollen with weeping, and her little flat nose  
chilled quite blue with the cold.

At sight of this diminutive figure, the little  
girls looked at each other in amazement, but  
Frederic broke out into a loud laugh, and asked  
mistress Thomas where she had found this little  
monkey! The baroness bade her son be silent,  
and asked Johanna if she wanted something to  
eat.

The child declined, at which the aunt turned  
herself to mistress Thomas, and said, "Lead her  
to Babet's room; she will sleep there."  
With a silent bow, the poor child left the  
room, still hearing in the hall the laughter of her  
young relatives.  
Babet, the chamber-maid of the baroness, was  
extremely dissatisfied with the new lodger, showed  
her surlily to her bed, and left the room.  
The baron was engaged with company, and did  
not greet Johanna this evening. Thus was there  
no one who said one kind, friendly word to the  
poor orphan for a welcome.

How sadly did she spend the first night in this  
house! The little prayer her mother had taught,  
and which she did not forget in these desolate  
moments, brought her no comfort or joy. She  
felt herself an outcast, and had only the one wish  
to rest by her parents in the grave.

Babet came late to her room, accompanied by  
mistress Thomas, and thinking the child sleep-  
ing, she should be sent out of this house! you must  
truly go begging."

Johanna answered not. Her heart was dead  
and desolate. The servants left her, and the girl  
sank into a deep stupor.  
The evening drew on. A terrible anguish now  
took possession of the child; she looked around.  
There stood the great bed on which her uncle  
had died; the curtains were closely drawn; but  
the longer she looked at them, the more it seemed  
to her as if they moved. The gloomy ceiling,  
the naked walls, seemed more and more to ex-  
pand, more and more to recede, and a large, large  
room surrounded her, in which she sat so little,  
so desolate. She stood up and went a few steps.  
Then she glanced in the mirror, and her frail,  
puffy figure seemed to her in it as one of the lit-  
tle subterranean gnomes of which Babet had often  
told the children.

At this moment a round bright spot appeared  
on the wall. At first she thought it was the moon,  
but as she turned towards the window, she saw  
that the moon had not risen. The bright appear-  
ance hopped and danced hither and thither, and  
the girl's excited imagination fashioned therefrom  
all sorts of distorted figures. With a little reflec-  
tion she might have conceived that it was proba-  
ly a lantern, which was carried about here and  
there in the yard of somebody; but at this mo-  
ment all reason had deserted her, and she rushed,  
as beside herself, towards the door.

With the loud, piercing scream, "Help! help!"  
she shook it with all force, at the same time beat-  
ing and kicking it violently with her feet.  
At this alarm, by which the whole house rung,  
the housekeeper and Babet ran hither, and the  
latter quickly opened the door; who seeing the  
child in so desperate a condition, embraced and  
sought to comfort her.

The aunt, whom the disturbance had also  
brought to the spot, said harshly, "Did I not  
command to leave Johanna in this room till I  
should permit to let her out?"  
"Alas! my lady," answered Babet, "she  
screamed so terribly, and is quite beside herself."  
"On account of this very naughtiness shall she  
remain shut up still longer."

At these cruel words of the baroness, Johanna  
threw herself on her knees, stretched out her  
hands after her and cried, "Let me out, let me  
out! I will be clever; I will never bite Fre-  
deric again, even if he beats me; forgive me, let  
me out!"  
The aunt rejoicing only a cold, icy glance, said  
quietly, "Shut the door."  
Another loud, shrill scream followed the execu-  
tion of this command, and then all was still as  
death.

When, after two hours, Babet was permitted to  
open the door, she found the child lying sense-  
less. Amazed she lifted her up, and bore her to  
a bed. A violent fever long held Johanna's soul  
enlained, and brought her to the brink of the  
grave. When, after long, violent fantasies, she  
glanced intelligently around her for the first time,  
she was astonished to find herself in bed, and an  
elderly, pleasant-looking man sitting before it,  
who regarded her attentively.

"What has happened to me?" asked Johanna.  
"You have been very sick, my child," replied  
the physician, for such was the man. "Do you  
remember the cause of your sickness?"  
After reflecting a few moments, the whole ter-  
rible scene of the death-room stood vividly before  
Johanna, and she said, "I was shut up, and I was  
very much frightened."  
"But you had also been naughty, and bitten  
your cousin."  
"Yes, because he threw me on the floor, and  
almost choked me."  
"Did you not ask your aunt's forgiveness?"  
"O yes! but she pushed me back again into  
the room; then it seemed to me as if everything  
turned round in a circle, and I fell to the floor."  
"Would you like to go to school, where you  
could remain till you had learned so much that  
you could earn your own living?"  
"O very much, if I only get away from this  
house."  
"Speak not so, my child. You have to thank  
the baroness for much kindness."  
Johanna shook her head, and did not reply.  
The physician left her soon after, and had a  
long, earnest conversation with the baroness.

When Babet appeared, she was rejoiced to see  
the little girl look around her with consciousness.  
She sat down on the bed and chatted friendly  
with her, which was a real comfort for the poor  
forsaken Johanna. From this time her recovery  
was rapid, and she was soon able to leave her  
chamber. Her relatives had not seen her during  
her sickness, none of them visiting her. As she  
now came into the common sitting-room, she was  
received with cold, indifferent looks.  
Alas, how sadly and bitterly shrank the heart of  
the poor girl. She had stepped into the room  
with a filial disposition of good intentions; she  
had thought much of her loved mother on her  
sick bed; she had learned again to pray, and love  
and kindness might have formed this young heart  
as wax; but severity and malice threatened wholly  
to exasperate and chill it.

Frederic called her nothing but "rat," and did  
her harm at every opportunity. And Johanna  
gave back to him every rude word, every blow,  
every kick with hate and animosity; she thought  
no longer of the gentle lessons of her blessed  
mother, who had pointed her to the example of  
the divine Saviour, the meek and patient one.  
One day, when the bad boy abused her again,  
she struck him so violently in the face, that his  
nose bled. When he complained of it to his  
mother, she replied: "Why do you meddle with  
the wicked girl, I have told you that you should  
wholly avoid her, because through her you only  
become bad."  
Johanna, who heard the words in an adjoining  
room, cried out, "No, I become bad through  
your children, aunt." At which words the baroness  
ran to her, shook her violently, and gave her  
sound box on the ear. Johanna looked sullenly  
at her without tears, and then said slowly the  
words: "If my uncle knew how you treat me!  
You badly keep the promise which you gave to  
him on his death-bed."

A tawny pallor overstepped the face of the aunt.  
She was able to utter no word, muttered only a  
few indistinct sounds, and went out of the room.  
Johanna was permitted to come into her pres-  
ence no more from this time. Her meals were  
brought to her in Babet's room. Nobody was  
permitted to speak to her; she was a proscrip-  
ted being. Turned in upon herself and locked up to her own  
thoughts, the unhappy girl wandered about, and  
whoever saw the sullen glance of the dark eyes,  
the deep wrinkles of the pale forehead, could not  
fail to esteem her a wicked, spoiled child.

Alas, she was gone out of the straight way to  
become such; for when love to God and to man  
dies in the heart, then wither all the buds of ex-  
cellence. Yet God would not suffer Johanna, the  
loved child of a fond mother, who had been re-  
ared for her in heaven.

Frederic, seeking no explanation, cried in a  
loud voice, "Thomas, Babet, come and carry  
away the wicked creature, and shut her in the  
red room." This was the so called death-room.  
The women seized the child, in order to lead  
her away, but succeeded only with the greatest  
exertion, so much did the girl resist and defend  
herself. As they were going to shove her into  
the apartment, she clung convulsively to the open-  
door, so that they could not close it.

"Give me your garters, Thomas," said Babet,  
"I will bind the little Stran."  
But as Thomas reached the garters, a feeling of  
pride awoke in Johanna's breast, and she cried:  
"No, you shall not bind me; I will go in."  
She stepped quietly into the room, seated herself on  
a stool, and glanced sullenly at both.  
"Come, Babet," said the housekeeper; "one  
feels timid beside the little creature. How hor-  
rible to rest by her parents in the grave."  
"Yes," continued Babet.

seemed to us only a magazine  
storms.  
You have already been told of W.  
Pompeii. Perhaps a few words re-  
sides may not be superfluous, seeing it  
the largest of the Italian cities, having  
a million of inhabitants crowded into  
it possesses a character and presents a  
life thoroughly peculiar. Here is what  
scribbled down, after keeping pretty  
the work of inspection for a few days  
very imperfect photograph, bringing  
small portion of its salient points, and  
these the vividness which the original  
brought in the camera.  
Naples is a thoroughly Italian city,  
upon whose convex curve it stands,  
beautiful, deserving a large part of the  
which has been lavished upon it. The  
its site upward from the coast to the Cap-  
Elmo, where the bluff overlooks the sea,  
surrounding country, opens the whole of  
city to view, whether one looks upward  
harbor, or downward from the fortified  
distance on either hand, and villages  
the foot of the hills, as though feeling  
shelter, or as if choosing a place meet  
rearing of altars where the grandeur of nature  
a perpetual call and stimulus to worship. A  
eastward towers Vesuvius, the crest of  
cloud from the sea and of smoke from the  
resting nearly all the day long upon his  
hanging poised above his head, proph-  
coronation. The sky is lofty, and has  
Italian tint of blue; the waters of the  
still blue, and so clear that you look  
into its depths and see the mysteries of  
life. All the mountains are seen through a  
of thin, delicate mist—blue, or purple, or gold,  
according to the position of the observer,  
strength of the light, or the hour chosen for  
observation. The tinting of the scattered clouds  
noon is very delicate and silvery; as the  
wears on they present a clearer outline, and  
filled into more compact masses; as they ac-  
pany the sun to his chamber they blush, first with  
pink and violet, then with orange, then with  
let and crimson, and when he has sunk, a  
globe of gold, out of sight, he seems to be  
smile back upon his attendants, lighting  
them up with a wondrous gorgeousness, setting  
the whole horizon aglow, and making the sea  
like the pavement of a fabled palace. The  
very air carries bal to the spirit and soothing to  
the nerves, fancies mix themselves with sober thought,  
and while you walk you are dreaming.

When Johanna awoke, she felt a deep quiet in  
her soul. She arose and dressed. Then, she  
took for the first time for a long while her dear  
Bible, read the story of the birth of the Saviour,  
and the words: "Behold I bring you good tid-  
ings of great joy, which shall be to all people!"  
refreshed and comforted her heart.  
She became from this time even more quiet  
and monosyllabic, but which those around her  
attributed only to wicked artfulness.

One of the last days of January, Babet came  
hastily into her room and cried: "Johanna, come  
quickly to your aunt!" And she speedily smooth-  
ed her hair, and put on her clean apron; and,  
without replying to her questions, shoved the as-  
tonished girl out to the door. Trembling, she  
entered the presence of the baroness.

The latter sat on a sofa, and before her, on a  
chair, a dark figure, in which one recognized,  
when he rose, a tall, sullen looking man, with  
black clothes and a solemn mien.  
"This is the girl, Herr Baldness, whom I will  
intrust to your care and bringing up," said the  
baroness. "You will be obliged to oversee her  
with all severity, she has caused me much vexa-  
tion and trouble, and one would not imagine from  
the sober, pale face, all that is hidden in the head.  
Her greatest faults are obduracy and the art of  
dissembling. I have been forced to remove her  
wholly from my children, lest they be spoiled by  
her."

Johanna did not stir at this cruel accusation,  
and when Herr Baldness said to her with mes-  
sured tone: "Come nearer, Johanna Horst!" she  
stepped indeed pale, but calm to him.  
"I hear," proceeded the tall, dark man, "that  
you are a bad child; do you know where bad  
children go?"  
"Yes, sir; I hear to you."  
"Saucy girl, I will tell you of another place!  
To hell, do you hear, to hell, in the pool, where  
fire and brimstone burn; what will you do to  
shun this?"

Johanna, who had never heard of such a place,  
looked at him quite astonished, and then replied,  
after a little thought: "I will not go in."  
"Infidel obduracy!" exclaimed Herr Baldness,  
raising his eyes and hands to heaven. "Go now;  
I have to talk longer, with some persons here-  
abouts."  
Johanna left the room, while she thought—  
Why does every one call my aunt my benefac-  
tress? She does me only evil and not good. She  
has again spoken badly of me to the ugly man.  
After a few days, Johanna's little trunk was  
packed, and in the morning, when the aunt with  
her children had set out on a little journey with-  
out bidding Johanna good-bye, Babet said to her,  
that the wagon was before the door, which was to  
carry her to boarding-school. She wrapped the  
child in a little cloak, gave her a little package of  
battered bread, to which she had kindly added a  
piece of cake and a few apples, and lifted her into  
the carriage. But when she gave her a farewell  
kiss, the latter twined her arms around the girl's  
neck, and all the long pent-up feelings of the poor  
heart found relief in a flood of tears. Babet look-  
ed at her quite surprised, and said: "Why, Joh-  
anna, I thought you had no feeling, and yet you  
weep to go from here."

"No, Babet, I do not weep for that reason,  
but because I go from you, from you, who alone  
were at times friendly to me."  
"I would have been still more friendly to you,  
if you had not been such a little, reserved, seclu-  
ded child; but I will not scold you to-day, walk  
with God, and think sometimes of me and be a  
good girl."  
Babet stepped down from the foot-board of the  
coach, the driver shut the door, urged on the  
horses, and Johanna was borne to another place  
of destination, which was neither to be without  
trials for her.

(To be continued.)  
(From the Morning Star.)

LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY.  
Steamer Egyptian, Mediterranean &  
Sea, February 24, 1866.

We are on the deep again. It is our fourth day  
from the port of Naples. To-morrow morning we  
hope to see Pompey's Pillar, the coast line  
of Egypt rising into view, as though slowly  
emerging from the sea; then the dwellings and  
the harbour of Alexandria. After that, if it please  
God, come Cairo and the ruins of Memphis, the  
pyramids and the Nile, Suez, where Hebrew faith  
found a passage through the sea, and the Tombs  
and Sphinxes, whose vast ruins attest the rude  
grandeur of old conceptions, and the strange  
ambition that stirred forgotten dynasties of kings.  
But I will not anticipate. It is better to be a  
quiet chronicler than to aspire unsuccessfully to  
the functions of an enthusiastic and uncom-  
missioned prophet.

We hoped for a quiet and not disagreeable pas-  
sage across the Atlantic: we had a prolonged  
surfeit of horrors. I have inwardly dreaded this  
five days' sail over the Mediterranean, and have  
been for six weeks wooing courage and patience  
for the miserable period; instead, we have found  
every hour a source of positive enjoyment.  
The weather has been the balmy part of May  
in New England; the sun has made the deep blue  
of the waters brilliant every day from his rise to  
his setting, and then the full moon has come out  
to tint the ripples with purple and set them flash-  
ing like polished silver. A strong, massive, iron  
ship of 4000 tons; a pleasant state room and a  
cozy cabin; gentlemanly officers; a generous bill  
of fare and a splendid cook; good appetites,  
which are always ready for dinner, and abundant  
opportunity for reading, converse and sleep;  
three of us constituting the entire list of pas-  
sengers, and all hands on board and everything about  
us offering a ministry of gratification, we should  
be hard to please indeed if there were not some-  
thing of gratitude and joy in our hearts, and  
something of peace in our souls.

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

(Conclusion next week.)

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."

When Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, was  
near his end, "It is a great mercy," said a clerical  
friend who sat beside him, "that you should die  
in your bed, and not in a hospital, where you would  
have been a martyr."