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INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested . . . £8,212,343 5s. 1d. stg.

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AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK, (Commercial Bank Building.) THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

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The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest ffices in the kingdom. At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following

The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase

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The Premiums for the year 1855 being......£130,060

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\$500 at Death, or \$3 00 \$ week, for \$3 00 \$ annum. 10,000 4 25 00 4 10,000 4 50 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 already paid by this Company to 1st April last, and over ten

No Medical Examination required. The best and most respeciable references given. classes of persons are Insured in this Company. Policies issued for any sum from \$500 to \$10,000, and Claims settled

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St. John, Sept. 14th, 1865. —vem

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CAPITAL, (Quedaio) and 211-625,000,000. Insurances effected at the lowest rates.

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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, Agent, Princess St.,

Oct 12—vy Opposite Commercial Bank.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.. - Si Capital \$500,000 - all paid up and invested. hos , Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000. of n New Brunswick Agency-7 Princess Street, opposite Com-

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Pro-fits for the past nine years, amount to 44% per cent. References of the first respectability, and any other in-formation given by Oct 12, 1865—v W. J. STARR, Agent.

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on of Bonus was made 20th January, The last deel ration of Bonus was made 20th January, 54, which is the close of the Company's financial year, been a Bonus at the rate of one and a hair per cent. on the ms assured was declared for the past year. In place of e surplus being annually divided, the profits will in fare be ascertained and allocated quinquennially. Poises participate from the date of their issue, but the Bouses do not yest until they have been five years in existence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may e learned from the Agent, WILLIAM MACKAY, july 18.—wpv 17.—Custom House Building

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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 wake. 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!" Whose on thy bright perfections Fixes all his best affections, Has, in loving thee, a part

That shall satisfy his heart.

JOHANNA: or, THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT.

Translated for the Christian Visitor, from the German, by Miss Ellen E. Fitz, St. Martins. (Continued.) CHAPTER II.

> Mother, in the eternal spheres, Conscious 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 endeavored to enter into conversation, and to interrogate her concerning the life and circumstances of her deceased parents, but as she received only monosyllabic, short answers, even a proud, reproachful 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 baron walked uneasily up and down the floor, oincerely sorry for the daughter of his only, always loved sister, whom he well knew would be tolerated only with aversion by her aunt. The baroness and daughters exhausted themselves in conjectures 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

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' 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 complexion was tawny and wan, and his foul mouth betokened voluptuousness and sensuality, which, as yet, manifested itself only in a strong desire for various and rich dishes. He cloyed himself at nearly every meal, never failing to excite the sympathy 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 run round after his revenues. He diverted himself with wringing the necks of doves, cutting off the tails of cats, and similar atrocities. Nobody ventured to oppose his wicked will, because this would provoke the displeasure of his mother. Even the baron, who at first chided occasionally, had learned to keep silence, to avoid the tearful remonstrances of his wife, who urged that he could not tolerate the poor child, because he was his step-son, and future heir of the posses-

Thus was the family constituted, to which the orphan Johanna found admission.

The waggon 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

"Bring her in, Thomas!" ordered the dame. The door was soon opened, and Johanna step-ped 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 The child declined, at which the aunt turned

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 slept

Christian Vizitor.

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

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

a room with a strange brat.

"Yes, if she were only a pretty, pleasant child," replied mistress Thomas; "but she is a spoiled, surly, proud thing, who on the journey thither sank into a deep stupor. scarcely answered. She fancies herself, who knows what, the beggarly girl; her parents have must be very glad to be taken in here.'

her loud snoring.

first in a strange land.

Johanna silently dressed herself, took her Bible told the children. from her little trunk, and quietly read a chapter. Babet saw this with amazement, and her countenance grew milder, her movements more gentle. but as she turned towards the window, she saw kissed her with sorrowful emotion.

"You do not resemble your poor mother, my little girl," said he, as he surveyed her white feadoes so much for you.'

kind words, but the cold, indifferent mien of the as beside herself, towards the door. latter closed her mouth.

The little girl's life in the house of her relatives was henceforth a continual series of humiliations and injustice. Had she been an unprejudiced, light-hearted, or even wild, ungovernable sedate, quiet, and, by means of premature sorrow. serious nature, was deemed pride, and only the presence of her uncle protected her from the illusage of Frederic. But alas! she was not to enjoy this protection long.

After the Christmas feast, which she had spent with inexpressible sorrow and longing after her mother, the baron fell into a nervous fever, which terminated his life after a few weeks.

Shortly before he died, his full consciousness returned; and once more assembling his family around him, he blessed them from the depths of his loving heart. Then he turned with almost dimmed eye on his wife, pointed to Johanna, and said me out! I will be clever; I will never bite Frewith hollow voice-

"Promise me not to abandon her, and to love her as if she were your own daughter."

The baroness silently gave him her hand, and he died with a peaceful smile. The funeral was conducted with great pomp, but one fervent, deep mourner was not observed with the family. death. In a short time the good father was scarcely thought of.

fastened, and only visited occasionally by the ba- a bed. A violent fever long held Johanna's soul roness, whose diamonds and jewels lay here in a enchained, and brought her to the brink of the case. The children and servants called it the grave. When, after long, violent fantasies, she death-room, and had a foolish fear of it—the glanced intelligently around her for the first time. latter directly asserting that all was not right in she was astonished to find herself in bed, and an

After the uncle's death, there was scarcely any concern at all for Johanna. Her aunt treated her with cold indifference, her cousins with disdain, and Frederic with joy at her misfortunes

These unhappy circumstances began to exert the saddest influence on the character of the girl. She became sullen and perverse, read no more in her Bible, and seldom prayed. Between her and the loved mother hung now a gloomy, pernicious veil, and she was at this time really an unlovely child. Whenever she saw her cousin Frederic. every nerve in her body trembled, partly from aversion, partly from fear, for this monster had always some teasing, some malice devised for her, calling her "wild cat," as he met her wicked

glance in reply. -Through a particularly revolting occurrence, this mutual dislike finally broke out into open enmity. It was a gloomy autumnal day, and the family went not out walking as usual, but each one sought diversion in his own apartment.

Johanna had remained alone in the diningroom, and found to her joy a book on natural history, with beautiful illustrations. She escaped with it behind the long window-curtains, perched herself upon her feet, contemplated at her heart's desire the pictures, and was soon lost in the reading of the descriptions.

Suddenly the door of the room was burst open. and Frederic shouted in, "Johanna!" She stirred not, but trembled from fear and

"Where is the little toad?" shouted the boy.

Betty, Fanny, help me find her." The girls ran hither quickly, and Fanny soon liscovered the hiding place.

"Here she is, Frederic, here in the corner."

" Come out !" cried he. "Here I am, Frederic; what do you want?" "What do you want, indeed! That is not the

way to speak to me; you must say, 'What is your pleasure, Sir Baron?

"Good! What is your pleasure, Sir Baron?" But this question was put with so scornful a laugh, that Frederic's whole anger was aroused. "What have you been doing behind the curtains ?"

"I have been reading."
"Show the book. How can you venture to take even a book out of my chest? Go, put

Johanna knew not what he wanted, but she did according to his command. But scarcely had she taken possession of a spot, when he threw

the book after her; springing aside to avoid which, she fell and gave her head a severe bruise. Frederic now sprang on to her, seized her by the hair, and fiercely squeezed her throat. A terrible anger was roused in the girl at this violence; she scratched his eyes and bit his fin-

gers so furiously, that roaring loudly he let her go. His scream, and the girls' cry for help, quickly brought the mother, who looked on the scene with amazement. "She has bitten me, the rat, the rat!" cried

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.

door, so that they could not close it.

"Give me your garters, Thomas," said Babet,
"I will bind the little Srtan."

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 hortible to bife the son of her bears."

"Yes," continued Babet.

complained bitterly of being obliged to sleep in you 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

The evening drew on. A terrible anguish now took possession of the child; she looked around. left her nothing at all, says my lady, and she There stood the great bed on which her uncle had died; the curtains were closely drawn; but Babet trilled a ditty while undressing, put out the longer she looked at them, the more it seemed her light, and went to bed. Soon Johanna heard to her as if they moved. The gloomy ceiling, the naked walls, seemed more and more to ex-Towards morning the orphan fell asleep, and pand, more and more to recede, and a large, large dreamed she was still a happy child in the house room surrounded her, in which she sat so little, of her parents. She awoke from the noise of so desolate. She stood up and went a few steps. Babet, who with bustle made her bed and arran- Then she glanced in the mirror, and her frail, ged the room. Alas! it was a sad awaking, the puny figure seemed to her in it as one of the little subterranean gnomes of which Babet had often

At this moment a round bright spot appeared on the wall. At first she thought it was the moon, At breakfast, Johanna found her uncle, who that the moon had not risen. The bright appearance hopped and danced hither and thither, and the girl's excited imagination fashioned therefrom all sorts of distorted figures. With a little reflectures, "but only be prettily polite and sensible, tion she might have conceived that it was probathat you may cause joy to your good aunt, who bly a lantern, which was carried about here and there in the yard of somebody; but at this mo-Johanna was going to address the lady with ment all reason had deserted her, and she rushed.

With the loud, piercing scream, "Help! help!" she shook it with all force, at the same time beating and kicking it violently with her feet.

At this alarm, by which the whole house rung. the housekeeper and Babet ran hither, and the child, perhaps she had been more loved, but her latter quickly opened the door; who seeing the child in so desperate a condition, embraced and sought to comfort her.

> But 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

> deric again, even if he beats me; forgive me, let The aunt rejoining only a cold, icy glance, said quietly, "Shut the door.'

> Another loud, shrill scream followed the execution of this command, and then all was still as

When, after two hours, Babet was permitted to open the door, she found the child lying sense-The room in which he had died was securely less. Amazed she lifted her up, and bore her to 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 terible 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

our 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 "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 ong, 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 and 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 lesssons of her blessed vourself away from the mirror and the window. 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

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 overspread 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 presence 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 proscript. 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

The Christmas anniversary had again arrived, day of unusual gloom to Johanna, to whose tedions banishment even a joyous feast brought no respite. The house geverberated with brisk and merry movements, guests came and were received,

Old Series,

Vol. XIX., No. 14.

ears of the friendless prisoner. In the evening, Babet, who alone thought of her, brought to her, as she lay in bed, a little tart | life thoroughly peculiar. Here is what and a few dainties, kissing her compassionately. This little proof of leve brought a flood of tears, till, wearied with excessive weeping, the poor orphan fell asleep.

and laughter and gay music sounded up to the

In a dream she saw her parents. Both went hand in hand through a blooming field, but she herself was in a long, dark passage, in which she felt the same anguish as in that death-room. As weeping she looked towards them, her mother turned to her unspeakably kind, pointed with her hand to the outlet of the dark passage, where a bright rainbow shone, and whispered lovingly:

Persevere !" 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 tidings of great joy, which shall be to ail 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 smoothed her hair, and put on her a clean apron; and, without replying to her questions, shoved the astonished 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 Baldiness, 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 vexation and trouble, and one would not imagine from the sober, pale face, all that is hidden in the head. hands after her and cried, "Let me out, aunt, let 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 Baldiness said to her with measured 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

Johanna, who had never heard of such a place, looked at him quite astonished, and then replied.

fire and brimstone burn; what will you do to

after a little thought : " I will not go in." "Infidel obduracy !" exclaimed Herr Baldiness, raising his eyes and hands to heaven. " Go now; have to talk longer with work generane bene-

Johanna left the room, while she thought-Why does every one call my aunt my benefactress? 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-

ont bidding Johanna good-bye, Babet said to her, that the wagon was before the door, which was to carry her to a boarding-school. She wrapped the child in a little cloak, gave her a little package of buttered 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 looked at her quite surprised, and said : " Why, Johanna, 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, secluded child; but I will not scold you to-day, walk with God, and think sometimes of me and be a

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

(To be continued.)

(From the Morning Star.) LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY. Steamer Egyptian, Mediterranean

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, then 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 uncommis-

We hoped for a quiet and not disagreeable pasage 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 like the balmiest 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 flashing like polished silver. A strong, massive, iron ship of 4000 tone; a pleasant state room and a cosy 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 outine list of passen. three of us constituting the entire list of passengers, 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 something of gratitude and gladges to our hearts, and

THE OFFICE OF SAINT JOHN,

REV. I. E. Address all Communication Letters to the Editor, Box 194

> The Christian Is emphatically a Newspaper for It furgishes its readers with the latest RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

> seemed to us only a magazine

You have already been told of Pompeii. Perhaps a few words re ples may not be superfluous, seeing it the largest of the Italian cities, having a million of inhabitants crowded into I it possesses a character and presents scribbled down, after keeping pretty the work of inspection for a few day very imperfect photograph, bringing small portion of its salient points, and take these the vividness which the original ob

hibit 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 Cas Elmo, where the bluff overlooks the sea surrounding country, opens the whole alcity to view, whether one looks upward harbor, or downward from the fortified Towns crowd down to the shore for a cl ble distance on either hand, and villages the foot of the hills, as though feeling shelter, or as if choosing a place meet for rearing of altars where the grandeur of nat a perpetual call and stimulus to worship. eastward towers Vesuvius, the crest of mi cloud from the sea and of smoke from the resting nearly all the day long upon his by hanging poised above his head, prophe coronation. The sky is lofty, and has Italian tint of blue; the waters of the still bluer, and so clear that you look he to into its depths and see the mysteries of mari life. All the mountains are seen through a v

of thin, delicate mist-blue, or purple, or golde according to the position of the observer, strength of the light, or the hour chosen for o servation. The tinting of the scattered clouds noon is very delicate and silvery; as the wears on they present a clearer outline, and see piled into more compact masses; as they acce pany the sun to his chamber they blush, first with pink and violet, then with orange, then with scal let and crimson, and when he has sunk, a might globe of gold, out of sight, he seems to be cast ing a smile back upon his attendants, lighting them up with a wondrous gorgeousness, setting the whole horizon aglow, and making the sea loo like the pavement of a fabled palace. The very air carries balm to the spirit and soothing to the nerves, fancies mix themselvas with sober thought, and while you walk you are dreaming. Of the city itself it is not so easy to speak. It

has been pretty thoroughly cleansed, whitewashed and painted during the past season, as a precaution against Cholera, and so just now, it looks pemost outward aspect. It has one good street the Strada Toledo-which runs through the centre, is of very reasonable width, and speaks of taste and enterprise; and the promenades along the Quai, and on one of the plateaus half wav up the slope, are agreeable in appearance, and present as much of the rich in equipage and the showy in dress as one need desire. Most of the and cut up into small apartinents, and the people seem to have been vomited out of doors before they had attended to the toilet, and to have since lost the ambition to look after cleanliness, in the enjoyment of indolence, or in the hope of getting a copper or two by petty trading or impudent beggary. More than half the occupation of both men and women seems to be carried on in the streets, -spinning, shoemaking, mending clothes, making maccaroni, &c. &c. The number of little stands along the sides of the narrower and the wider thoroughfares, for the sale of almost every thing which enters into the trade of an Italian city, is uncomfortable; the personal appearance of the merchant men, and especially of the merchant women, is such as to suggest "the peck of dirt" and the multiplication table at the same To stand beside one of the crowded streets,

and they all seem to be perpetually crowded,-

and look upon the panorama of life as its succes-

sive sections present themselves, is something rare

if not rich, -an experience to be remembered even if one does not care to have it repeated. Donkevs loaded well nigh to burial with panniers of cabbage or of cauliflower, with wine-casks or women, drawing rickety carts by the collar or rickety hangers-on of both sexes by the tail; a dozen goats driven hurriedly along by a man or woman, till some customer's signal halts the whole establishment, when the three or five cents' worth of milk is drawn from one of the udders and paid for, and then the living milk-cart moves on as before; a funeral procession, in which the coffin is borne aloft on men's shoulders, and in which the priests are covered with sheet-like robes from head to foot, pierced with holes just large enough to allow the eyes to peer through the linen; a scribe, with his table and stationery, offering for a few sous, to write a letter for you to your banker or to your wife, to blow up in indignant rhetoric some rascal whom his customer may wish to castigate, or compliment in ardent phrases some lady whose favour he may desire to win; a group of lazzaroni, sprawled on the pavement wooing a nap or chewing maccaroni; mothers hunting small game in the heads of their children with fine-toothed combs; boys pelting each other with half decayed oranges, and with epithets whose odor is worse than that of the fruit; a street organ whose owner is grinding out genuine music in spite of the villanous face which ne carries, and of the sleeveless coat that exposes the dirty arm with which he handles the crank; cab-men snapping their whips in your very face to get your attention and custom, and then crack-ing up their miserable horses which stumble along with four stiff legs on the pavement and a pair of wheezy lungs in the chest; the loungers and pedestrians filling the streets with motion, and bardestrians filling the streets with motion, and bargainers filling the air with gestures and shouting; all sorts of costumes which skill can invent, or patching occasion, or begging collect, or rags illustrate, or dirt make hideous; age bending under infirmity, matured vigor wasting its muscle, youth scorning all noble ambition, and infancy lying on the stones and trying to solve problems in locomotion; the stream of life always flowing and yet the channel forever full; perpetual sameness in the channel forever full; perpetual sameness in the substance with an endless variety in the de-tails; such are some of the aspects of Neapolitan life which any pleasant day will offer.

When Whately, Archbishon of Dobl