THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co.,

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CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y. Capital \$500,000 - all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000. NEW BRUNSWICK AGENCY-7 Princess Street, opposite Com

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LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. GOVERNOR-The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow
 Subscribed Capital
 £600,000

 Accamulated Fund
 480,000

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Partnership Assurances. Short Term Assurances.

Short Term Assurances.

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

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

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The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January 1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year when a Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the past year. In place of when a Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the sums assured was declared for the past year. In place of the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in future be ascertained and allocated quinquennially. Policies participate from the date o their issue, but the Bonuses do not vest until they have been five years in existence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may be learned from the Agent, july 13.—wpv ly Custom House Building.

GEORGE THOMAS.

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

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!

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

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92
Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance buildings, Liverpool. Chairman of the London Board.—Samuel Baker, Esq.

Chairman in Liverpool.—Charles Turner, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest

The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 822, the sum assured £387,752 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,354 3s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus:—
Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums. 1848 98 £48,764 17 0 £1 380 9 1 £1,380 9 2,627 4 5,828 5 4,694 16 8,850 8 12,854 8

ole ncrease in the business of the last four consequent upon the large bonus declared amounted to no less than £2 per cent. per ima assured, and averaged 80 per cent. upon

No gowns of silk, or suits of grey, No creeds to guide them, or MSS., For all had put on Christ's righteousness. JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Br

Princess-street,
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ALBERTINE OIL.—The Albertine Oil Company
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BAPTIST SEMINARY, FREDERICTON.

Christian Visitor.

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

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 11. Whole No. 167.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. E. H. J. CLEAVELAND.

Of the various doctrines the saints believe,

And a "Churchman" down to the river came

"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,

When I heard a strange voice call his name;

You must leave your robes on the other side."

That night I stood in a troubled dream.

By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

Talking of sects till late one eve,

But the aged father did not mind,

And his long gown floated out behind,

As down to the stream his way he took,

His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

I shall want my book of Common Prayer;

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,

Bur House of Commons, Mr. Clay introduced

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;

"My coat and my hat must be all of grey-

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,

And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down

But a strong wind carried away his hat:

And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,

As he went into heaven, his suit of grey

Went quietly sailing—away—away, And none of the angels questioned him

About the width of his beaver's brim.

And hymns as many, a very wise thing,

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh.

Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness

And there on the river, far and wide,

Down to the stream together came;

But as they stopped at the river's brink,

I saw one saint from the other shrink.

How you attained to life's great end?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."

And I really think it will hardly do.

Away they went down the swollen tide,

Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name,

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,

"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now

As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;

You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss, But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,

Of women there seemed an innumerable throng.

But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree

The old way or the new, which could it be,

That both would lead to the river's brink.

Came ever up from the moving crowd.

That is the false, and this is the true;"

That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,

And if ever one of them chanced to say

What troubles she met with on the way.

How she longed to pass to the other side,

A voice arose from the brethren then:

O, let the women keep silence all?"

But all the brethren were talking yet,

Carried them over side by side;

Came out alike on the other side.

And would talk on till the heaving tide

Side by side, for the way was one, For the toilsome journey of life was done,

And priest and Quaker, and all who died,

Work for ALL.—There is not a single member of a single church, male or female, vonng or old, rich or poor, but should be engaged in personal efforts for the conversion of souls. An army

No forms or crosses or books had they,

"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;"

For have ye not heard the words of Paul,

I watched them long in my curious dream, Till they stood by the borders of the stream,

Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,

Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

Modest the sisters walked, and meek,

And a sound of murmuring long and loud.

You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new

Away to the left-his friend to the right,

Apart they went from this world of sin,

And now, when the river was rolling on.

But at last together they entered in.

A Presbyterian church went down;

Nor ever a moment paused to think

But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?

As he saw that the river ran broad and high;

The Psalms and Hymns in the waves went dow

The water has soaked them through and

And the saint astonished, passed through alone,

And looked rather surprised, as one by one,

Tied nicely up in his aged arms,

And after him, with his MSS.

through."

His coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms

That the people in Heaven, "all round," might

A moment he silently sighed over that,

His dress of a sober hue was made;

And staidly, solemnly waded in;

Over his forehead so cold and white.

I cannot go any other way."

And no one assert hait onssitu spor,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not

But his gown was heavy and held him back,

I shall feel quite lost without my gown."

And though I put on a starry crown,

And the poor old father tried in vain

A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,

"I'm bound for Heaven, and when I'm there

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1866.

group of roofs might be sometimes seen across a You will find me again. You have prayed for tain road that they made almost a street corner. see your and mine, and my dear father's and dred years ago, and, as the folk said, "as new as sake and mine, for God will be with you and Men grew rapidly rich in Frieden. The them, and soon bring us again together.' gossips could tell how Hans-ugly Hans he was called - had come in one evening with nothing was weakened, she thanked God who had called but a pickage over his shoulder, though now they took off their caps to him as he passed; and how her therein to the end; and then she blessed me, Dirck, the grocer's apprentice, was become the and committed her coul into the faithful hands of Burgomaster; and the old gentlemen, muffled in the Son of God. When her mother asked her to furs, had been nothing but a lazy cowherd; and whom she would commit her seven little children, how Wurtz, the poor orphan boy, had just finish- she replied, with an earnest sigh, 'To my faithful ed the great house that stood where the solitary God and my dear husband." mill-wheel turned thirty years before.

people got rich notwithstanding, and went to the great wooden church to feel how rich they were. Dear Lord Jesus, comfort me by thy Spirit, and man of great wisdom, simplicity, and love. He happy hour, as thou didst receive the spirit of St. winding down the hillsides and sing them up to Amen. the very church door; and sometimes the Minister's heart would run over as he heard the lusty, joyous way in which they lifted up his psalms in and lives in God, in blessed rest and peace, and and for many a year the Minister and his wife had passed in and out of the ivy porch. The poor liked them with all their heart; and the rich could not always forget that they had been poor. has everlasting light, and lives in God. We bein the mines, life had been easy and sweet to the we will not do the blood of the Son of God, and down to the ways of the place, and the quiet of ple daily ways of its people.

Then the Minister's wife sickened and died; the bier passed out through the tangled ivy; and and intercession, is robbing the Lord Jesus of his from his window the Minister could look down divine glory. on the soft swell of grass where he had buried his heart, and watch the shedding of the hawthorn blossoms and the whirl of the withered

It was two years since then. The sun shone the trees, the children laughed and raced as they trudged to school, the tinkling of the cowbells dropped merrily down from the upland pastures. and bluff, cheery voices came and went over the hillsides. Only the Minister's house was sad and still. "We will visit the grave to-day, my childinto his little study. Great books, in well stamped pigskin bindings, lay on the oaken table and Martin Luther, by Lucas Cranach, hung opposite another portrait, with the sweetest eye and a gentle mouth. The painter had spent a week once membrance this sketch of its mistress. Under- God and our kindred. neath it was framed a copy of verses on marriage, her husband's poems that she had copied, and that he had found among her papers. Six of the children sat themselves round the room; the Minister took the seventh upon his knee. Before him lay the first German Bible, open at the eleventh chapter of John. "She is not dead, but mand himself. "I have brought you here, dear

she is with Jesus and all the saints. "Your dear mother left behind her the testiwho loved and honoured the Son of God, his Word, and his servants. You know as well as I Psalter with her to the church, and read it eagerhand all the sermon of the Lord at the Supper, and the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which I have laid aside as a treasure for you, my dear mother, who nursed you but six days. what a busy hearer she was! The text that was expounded she always had open before her. And you, my son, will think of this, that after dinner

she read the entire Bible aloud to me, in her clear, simple way, three times. "I must recall for you, children, what I have husband to her; for she prayed in her own room to God: 'Dear Father, send me one that hath love for thy Word, for I am convinced that for lament it, with grieved hearts.

HOW THE MINISTER COMFORTED HIS courage and joy disappeared, and she was filled with dying thoughts. Like a true prophetess, she often announced to me her death, and pas-The busy village of Frieden looked as bright as sionately comforted me, and always said, 'You the morning sunshine always made it. It was a are more useful here to God, his Church, and our new village, that had been made by a few years' children, than I, until at last she lay abed with run upon the mines; but already it wore a pictu- thee, my darling, and when she had rejoiced over resque and sober air, that was owing partly to the thee until the morrow, fell into a burning fever. houses being built of wood and painted with a that by the will of Gou carried her away in eight rich deep brown, and partly to its comfortable ir- days. Meanwhile, like a Christian and devout regularity and its care to avoid having the appear- wife, she committed her affairs to God, and many ance of a street. The smoke curled at a hundred times would comfort me, saying, 'How can you points out of the thick beech wood, and a hun- look so? Hath not God taken home the beloved dred mazy paths were worn over the grass. A wives of your good friends, and they are not lost.

meadow, or a clearing with children playing be an heir, that our God would leave one of his serfore the doors, and at one angle the buildings vants behind you. And now hath God bestowed approached so closely to the rough rutted moun- on you and me seven children, in whom you may Yet idle and vagrant as such a town might look | brother's, and your mother's and sister's likeness, now, it was a pushing, energetic place three hun- whom let them be commended to you for Christ's "At last, as her pain increased and her strength

her to the knowledge of the Gospel, and kept " On the seventh day, when she felt the weak-

The Minister used to preach against riches, but ness of her head, she said, 'O God, if it were thy will, I would willingly fall asleep, soft and still And besides, they liked the Minister. He was a uphold me by thy Word, and receive me in a knew them, and preached to them as if he had Stephen.' Thereupon she lay some hours, and been one of themselves. The miners sang his died out like a candle. God grant her, and all hymns in their pits and round their smelting faithful souls, joy in the kingdom of heaven, and fires; the charcoal burners sang them in the a speedy resurrection; and vouchsafe also to me woods; on Sunday, little groups would come and all mine such a blessed and Christian death!

"I relate all this so that you may not carry doubt that your dear mother is departed in God, the service. The Minister's house stood at one that you may not do her the dishonour and end of the village, under the shadow of the squat | shape of fancying that we should redeem her out wooden spire. The people had built it for him, of purgatory. It is a poor honour to the dead when their heirs believe them to be prisoned. wicked, and tormented folk. God preserve all saints from such honour! Our mother is at peace. Beyond the occasional rudeness of a churchwar- lieve that, because of God's Word, and her own den, and once or twice the panic fear of a failure | confession and happy departure; and therefore good man. Too many of his parishioners would our dear mother, the dishonour of thinking that still sit on the alchouse bench; rough oaths Christ's blood has been tost to her and is powerwould still be heard from rougher men; but there less, and that she is a tortured and imprisoned were more readers for the little library he had mother. For it must come to great dishonour of collected with infinite pains in the Town Hall, the Son of God and his precious blood and perconduct came from strangers who had not settled ing man from sin and pain by human works and sacrifices. The Son of God has come into the the dark woods and solemn hills that brooded world to lead sinners to repentance, and to save over Frieden seemed to have crept into the sim- all from guilt and pain who hold to Him by a personal faith. Wherefore, whosoever would bethink himself of other mediator, ransom, offering,

"This sure and comfortable doctrine you are to preserve all your life, and to hold all contrary doctrines in abhorrence. Whose believeth in the Lord Jesus, and by the mercy of God is sprinkled with the blood of the Son of God, and renewed before every door, the blue smoke rose softly over through the Holy Ghost, and abideth in faith by the Word of God, and in patience and in a good conscience, he is happy, and hath eternal life, and doth not come into condemnation, nor dare suffer aught more after death. For the blessed angels carry such faithful souls into the bosom of Jesus, as they carried Lazarus. But whose dieth in ren," the Minister had said, and had called them | guilt, and unbelief, and contempt of God's Word, and without brotherly love and a good conscience, is tormented under the wrath of God, and can on the window settle. On the wall a portrait of find no ransom. Wherefore it is the greatest honour that a husband can show a believing wife, or a child its believing mother, not to doubt of her salvation, and therefore so to live always that we in the parsonage, and had left behind him in re- may appear with honour at the last day, before

"And now, since you have often heard how written in a cramped and delicate hand, one of children should love and honour their parents, I will tell you how you ought to love and honour your dear mother, and my true companion, now passed into the grave and the hidden life.

"Greater honour and obedience you cannot show to your dear mother than, before all things, to fear, love, and trust your heavenly Father, who sleepeth," he said as his eye fell upon the page has created you, and given you body and life and then glanced tremuleusly up to the sweet from ours; and with all your heart to love and face against the wall. He was struggling to com- honour and call upon His beloved and obedient Sou, who hath redeemed you from death by His children, to speak to you about your mother, and precious blood, and hath made you children of that you may never forget her, nor think when God; and that by the Holy Spirit you obey the we walk to the grave that she is there only : for most worthy Gospel, and willingly learn in God's Word, and pray with a true heart, and be diligent in study as baptized and sanctified children and mony of every one in this congregation, that she royal priests of our dear Father in heaven. For was a God-fearing, faithful, and Christian woman, this is pleasing to our blessed God, and to the blessed angels, and to all the host of heaven, and to your dearest mother, as Solomon saith, 'Thy that she never avoided a sermon, and carried her father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.' You can give no greater ly at home. Moreover, she would speak of what joy and honour to me who am yet in this mortal she heard, and indeed wrote out with her own and sinful life, than when you walk blameless, and are pious and industrious. Shall it not then give joy and comfort to a sainted mother, when she knows it in God, or hears from the blessed dear little daughter, that you may think of your angels, or at the last day will learn it, by your commendation from the Son of God, that after her death you have remained steadfast Chris-

"For the piety of children, and whatever is done in true knowledge and heartfelt trust of the Son of God, and after the will of our Father in heaven, is kept no secret, but God and all the heard she said when her parents had proposed a heavenly hosts see it and magnify it, and rejoice thereover (Luke xv.) Nor can anything evil remain secret: but God and our angels see it, and

love for thy Word, for I am convinced that for thy sake he will continually love me.' Oh, how often have I heard her passionately thanking God that He had thought her worthy of honour, and had made her the handmaid and partner of his servant! For she always remained a rib in our marriage, and never became head. I think how often she has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever marriage and thoughts to do whatever may leave the servant leaves and thoughts to the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has comforted and invigorated me out to whatever may leave the sake has a sake he will continually love me.' Oh, how more men it, with grieved hearts.

"Moreover, you will do your mother great homour and gladness, if with your heart you love and worthily honour me, her dearest husband and your true father, even as she did when she was with me in the body. You may partly remember how she directed all her faculties and thoughts to often she has comforted and invigorated me out do whatever was loving and pleasing to me. If of the Word of God, when I was in necessity and you are like her, not only in figure and feature, but in tribulation; how she has warned me that, even also in love and obedience, you will be welcome may as rationally leave the battle to be fought by the officers alone, as the church leave the conversion of the world to the ministers of the gospel. Indeed, it is a fundamental error to consider it a merely ministerial work. The work of saving souls is as truly and as legitimately within the reach of the pions paper. work of saving souls is as truly and as legitimately within the reach of the pions panper in the workhouse, or the godly child in the Sunday school, or the religious servant in a family, as within the grasp of the most prominent preacher. The church in its entire membership is the "royal priesthood," proclaiming salvation to a lost and perishing world, and winning back, souls to the bosom of redeeming love.

Healthy Pirty.—The stoutest timber stands on earth, next to God and his Word. Abide in one arth to his best friendship:

Healthy Pirty.—The stoutest timber stands on one arth his best friendship:

All the character disk thou, my poor dear little darkness may not peace that passets ma

noured my friends, was retiring, genial and pure, and my most faithful chancellor of the exchequer. I mention these facts for the sake of the little ones who did not know their mother, or cannot recall her, that you may have her moral and virtuous example always before your eyes. If, as I hope to God and daily sigh and pray, you remain thus among each other and to me, you will best honour your mother as beseemeth pious children, and when I am taken away from you, God will be with you as He was with me, who, after my father's death, was a poor orphan among strangers, and whom He hath graciously kept and blessed for now eight and thirty years. For His gentle goodness and rich mercies have been great and innumerable, as Jacob saith. He is the God of the widow and the orphan, as the Holy Scriptures testify, and as many times I have proved: and He will be father and mother to you, if you continue to obey him and me, and will follow your dear mother's virtuous example. And verily you do owe this honour and fidelity to your mother, not only for the sake of God's commandment, but because she bore you near her heart, and with pain and anxiety brought you into this world, and with motherly fidelity brought you up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, as long as God left her to me. You will not forget her fidelity, and will often think with yourself: 'So that I may be kept an obedient child to my departed mother, and may not grieve her, I will direct my way in the name of Christ, that I may rejoin my mother at the last day with all Christian and childlike obedience.'

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

I am now thinking of an aged couple who are husband and wife, in the same house over fifty through in fifty years, or indeed that there could be an end to half a century. They have reared carefully and properly educated a large family of children. These have all gone from them now, an important place in society, and some of them high posts of influence.

the order of their parents. And so "the old folks" are left alone, just as they started in life. They have long worn glasses; but at the hour of family worship they take each a Bible, and read in course alternately two verses, just as they did when they read with their children. Then they sing the old hymns, though the voices are not so sweet, or the pipes of the organ as perfect as formerly. They live, it is plain, from incidental remarks, in the past, the present, and the future

There are certain things that they seldom

the rich harvests of time have all been garnered. But no lovers could be more tender toward each other. If either is absent, the time is anxiously measured till the return; and the footstep on the threshold may not be elastic as it returns, yet the ear that hears it and the heart that hears it are awake. They seem to understand each other's thoughts without words, and each feels that life would not be life without the other. They think over the past much and often, and realize that they have together toiled, and together struggled and shared all the burdens and sorrows of life. Every memory of the past is equally vivid to each. They don't say much about their separation, so certain, to leave one or the other so desolate, but it is plain they think much about it; and from hints occasionally dropped, it is evident that each is contriving and planning how the other can be made comfortable when thus left alone, each expecting to be the first to die.

all that desire, if they can there be to each other nothing more than old acquaintances! It seems than now.

Time have covered the rough places of life over which they have walked, and years have healed the wounds they have suffered, leaving only scars; but the rough winds of life have only bow-ed their heads, and you see not the sturdy oak, but the soft, weeping willow. Memory brings up pictures of the past, some of them recalling sorrows heavy as humanity can bear, but mellows them down in her own golden light; and hope comes still, not to sing of earth, as she once did, but of heaven and the ever-opening future. And faith, showing nothing to the eye, contrives to exert his power over them, by mingling his voice in the songs of hope!

while they do live, no part of their life has been more full of tender regard, genuine respect, unaffected kindness, or deeper love. The young world can't understand " the old folks;" but for myself, I never go out into their dwelling without seeing some of the most purified, refined and exalted traits of human nature, which to me are inimitably beautiful. And if what I have said shall lead my reader to feel more kindly towards those who are all around us known as "the old folks," I shall have gained my object in writing. Let me add, that few things are more repulsive to a refined heart than to have such a couple as I have described called "the old folks" by way of derision. -Congregationalist.

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 11.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

called "the old folks," who have lived together, years. They came there young, sanguine, and utterly unable to conceive what they would pass have families of their own, and are filling, each, They are all members of Christ's church in

speak of, even to one another. They keep all the playthings which their children once used, ostensibly for their grandchildren when they come to visit them : but the forms that they see playing with them are those of their own dear children who have gone from them, but who left their image in their memory. The little books, and even the little shoes, of their bright and early dead, are carefully laid up, and though they never speak of them, each knows that they are precious mo-

But to see he fareful they are of each other.
The fires of pass in have all burned out, the beauty and freshness of life have all passed away, and

And when they think of the future, even carrving their thoughts into heaven, they seem to have an unexpressed fear that heaven will not be as if they must carry something of the tender feeling which the sorrows and the experience of life have given them, into that world, and as if they must go hand in hand forever! And the thought that they must soon separate, and the one must be left to walk alone in the rooms, sit alone at the old table, kneel alone at the altar of God, go alone to the house of the Lord, gives an inexpressible tenderness to their treatment of each other. They never, even in the days of youthful courtship, lived more in each other's thoughts

They will not be with each other long ; but

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

THE EARLY HOME OF JESUS.

Four miles south of the strong Greek city of Sephoris, hidden away among gentle hills, then covered from the base to the crown with vinevards and fig-trees, lay a natural nest or basin of rich red and white earth, star-like in shape, about a mile in width, and wondrously fertile. Along the scarred and chalky slope of the highest of these hills spread a small and lovely village, which, in a land where every stone seemed to have a story, is remarkable as having had no public history and no distinguishable native name. No great road led up to this sunny nook. No traffic came into it, no legions marched through it, Trade, war, adventure, pleasure, pomp passed by it, flowing from west to east, from east to west, along the Roman road. But the meadows were aglow with wheat and barley. Near the low ground ran a belt of gardens; fenced with loose stones, in which myriads of green flags, red pomegranates, and golden citrons ripened in the summer sun. High up the slopes, which were lined and planted like the Rhine at Bingen, hung vintages of purple grapes. In the plain, among the corn and beneath the mulberry trees and figs, shope daisies, poppies, talips, lilies, and anemones, adless in their profusion, brilliant in their dyes.

Low down on the hill-side sprang a well of

water, bubbling, plentiful, and sweet; and above this fountain of life, in a long street straggling from the fountain to the synagogue, rose the homesteads of many shepherds, craftsmen, and vinedressers. It was a lovely and humble place, of which no poet, no ruler, no historian of Israel had ever yet taken note. No Rachel had been met and kissed into love at this well; no Ruth had gathered up the sheaves of barley in you fields; no tower had been built for observation on this height; no camp had been pitched for battle in that vale. That One who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Rachel then walked through these fields, drew water at this spring, passed up and down the lanes of this hamlet, no seer could have then surmised. The place was more than obscure. The Arab may have pitched his black tent by the well, the magistrate of Sephoris must have known the village, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes. In the Bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus, we search in vain for any records of this sacred place. Like its happy neighbors, Nain and Endor, it was the abode of husbandmen and oil-pressers, whose lives were spent in the synagogue and the ofivegrove, away from the bright Greek cities and the busy Roman roads. No doubt it had once been possessed of either an Arab or a Hebrew name, but we do not know that name except in its Hel-The Greeks called the town Nazaret or Naza-

reth .- " The Holy Land," by W. Hepworth

" 'CAUSE THEY KILLED HIM." A gentleman in London once told the story of

the Saviour's sufferings to a crowd of little dirty boot-blacks who had been rude to him, and, distributing a little money among them, promised to see them again. Some time after he met one of them in the street, but did not recognize him. The following is the dialogue that ensued, and the story of the result of a good man's "word in season:"-" Please, sir, I'm Jack."

" Jack-Jack who ?"

"Only Jack, sir; please, sir." All at once it came across him who the lad was. "I remember you now," he said. " "Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord lesus, and show how much you love him by

"Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have," he answered with great earnestness. Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little; making an excuse by

letting him clean his shoes. " Can your read, Jack?" he asked. "Yes, sir; not over well; but I can make shift

o spell out a page." "Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story you heard the other night?"

There was no answer, but half a chuckle of happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had

set his face heavenward. "I see you would like it, Jack," added his

friend. "Come to my room at ____, to morrow, and you shall have one. Good-bye!" Exactly on the appointed hour on the morrow

ame one modest, cages tap at the door. In walked Jack. He had been to some neighboring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself; not clean, but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly in honor of his visit. There was nothing "taking" about him. He was very ugly; and had it not been for a humble, repentant look, would have been repulsive. That, however, he was not. The gentleman shook hands with him. said he was glad to see him, and made him come and sit by him.

"Jack, why do you want a Testament?" "To read about him you told us of," said he,

"Why do you want to read about him? Because you love him, is it?" Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

" Why do you love him?" Jack was quite silent. His little ordinary features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his

head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break. "'Cause they killed him," gasped poor It was with some difficulty the gentleman restrained his own tears. The fervent belief in the Lord's death; the clear view which he had of it, that it was for him, and that he did in no way deserve it—had melted his poor little wandering

heart as it had never been melted before. TAKE MY HAND, PAPA !- In the dead of night, writes one, I am frequently wakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with

Instantly the little boy's hand is grasped, his fears vanish, and soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence he falls into sweet sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust, to the anxious, sorrowing ones that are found in almost every household. Stretch forth be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear