HE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co., AT THEIR OFFICE, per of Prince William and Church Streets. SAINT JOHN, N. B. TERMS:—Cash in Advance.

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THE above Institution will be re-opened on the 1st of
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Delays incident to a change of management of the insti-nation prevent us from giving, at present, full particulars; but an arrangement will be made whereby suctisfaction, it is hoped, will be given to all who may favor the institution with their patronage.

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Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$313,194.

Polifoles issued at the lowest rates, parable 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. 5. Opposite Commercial Bank.

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SSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

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(From the National Raptist.)

Join the chorus of the skies.

Kept by thee secure from falling,

Chosen ere creation's story

Saved through mercy rich and free,

Let thy church, thy grace recalling, Raise its songs of praise to thee.

First by angel-powers was known

Or the first-born sons of glory Circled the emblazoned throne;

Chosen from eternal ages, In redemption's wondrous plan,

To complete what grace began.

Architect of earth and skies,

Christ, its author, still engages

Founded by the great Eternal

But in vain must the infernal

Legions to oppose it rise;

Built upon the sure foundation

God's peculiar habitation,

Of his saints in ages gone;

Christ himself the corner stone.

View it, from its first foundation.

With surpassing beauty ripe! The grand end of all creation,

Till it shall ascend the skies.

High as the eternal throne!

Wide, to earth's remotest regions,

Its circumference expands; Guarded by angelic legions,

Fair the living temple stands !

Beautifies it with his grace :

O'er its vast concerns presiding,

Fair, transcending all terrestrial Glories, bright its lustre shines!

Glorious, grand, august, celestial,

Beams with majesty divine! Prosper still, thou King of Zion,

Let thy mighty work go on,

Till upon the height of Ziou, Shall be laid the topmost stone!

"VERMONT VALE;"

OR, HOME PICTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

From the time of the accident there had been

little intermission of severe pain, gradually amounting to agony; but with the first peep of

dawn there had been a gradual cessation of suf-

fering. He ceased his complaints, and slumber

began to succeed.

Was the change good or bad? They anxiously waited the arrival of the two doctors, who had

charge hangs over the doctor's head. Surely, of

all other men, he should be a Christian-of all

others he needs the wisdom from on high! But

how many are there in this southern land of ours

among our staff of medical men care to name the

Fred and Katie shared together the watch that

day; for exhausted by previous watching and

anxiety, their father and mother were obliged to

vield to their entreaties and take a little rest in an adjacent chamber. Katie still retained her

position close by her brother's pillow, her face many times concealed in it—for she was still earnestly praying, praying that there might yet be greater manifestations that Jesus was received

and loved; greater manifestation that hope was

rightly founded, that the soul was winging its

way to a happier world; for after the doctor had

seen him, she knew there was no longer reason

to hope for life that was fast ebbing away-fast,

fast. Katie knew that by the grave shake of the head; knew that but for a little time her brother

would be with them. Oh, how earnestly it made

And Fred, too, he was more troubled still, for

he had had no word with his brother; his con-

tinued sleep prevented it, and he knew nothing

even to lead him to think hopefully of him. But he prayed unceasingly, and waited for an awa-

kening with an eagerness he could not express.

And hour after hour wore away, and with scarcely any interval Stephen strangely slept on, the shadow of death increasingly lingering about his eyes and mouth, the cold dew resting on his

forehead. Fred sat with his elbows leaning

on the bottom of the bed, his face in his bands.

watching every breath that passed the pale lips with painful intensity. Was he going to pass from them like this? Was there to be no sign,

no word? He could bear the silence no longer, but came softly round and stood by his sister's

"Katie, is he going to die like this ! Dou't

"I don't know," she sadly whispered, " yet

"Oh, that he would! It is dreadful to die

and give no sign of other but worldly feeling; would give everything to know that he trusted in

joyous light beaming into his eyes. "My dear atie, what makes you think so ?"
"His own words," was Katie's reply, low and

"Yes," but Katie held up her finger then to

silence him, and leaned eagerly forward to the

think he will before—before—" and he faltered; she could not speak the word.

her cry through her bitter tears

ms are o'er:

By Maud Jeanne Franc, author of "Mari

"So fades a summer cloud dway;

interpret.

name of Christ?

So sinks the gale when storms at So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore."

Fills its courts with joy and praise,

Christ within its walls abiding,

Though on earth its mighty basis,

God Jehovah first laid down,

Now the heaven of heavens it reaches,

Christian Visitor.

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

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

"Pray, Katie, pray; I am going fast; pray that Jesus may be with me." "I do, dear Stephy; 1 do all the time, and he

THE CHURCH. "Built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."— Epussians ii. 20. will, I'm sure he will. He always comes to those who want him; he always is near those who ask for him; he is by you now, dear brother; his rod and staff will comfort you." Jesus, author of salvation, "I have taken my sin to him." Let thy worthy praise arise ;— Songs of grateful adoration

"And is he not biding it, Stephy; is not his blood sufficient to blot it all out ?" "Yes, yes, quite, though I have forgotten him all my life long, He says, 'Come,' and I will go to him! Oh, Katie, I have been a great sin-

"Yes; but he is a great Saviour, and saves to the uttermost !"

There was a moment's quiet: Stephen lay perfectly still, with eyes upraised to heaven, and scarcely able to believe his ears. Fred stood with clasped bands in unutterable wonder. "Were these indeed my brother and sister! Oh, unspeakable mercy! Who teacheth like him!" thought he in silent thanksgiving, as he hurried to the door and quietly, but quickly summoned his parents. He knew that his brother's moments were growing few upon earth, and longed that they also should hear the happy tidings. Re-turning with them, he bent over his dying bro-

"Do you not know me, dear Steve !" But the dying eyes gave no sign of recognition, as token that they knew the companions of their boyhood, and, deeply distressed, Fred spoke again-

"You know Jesus, do you not, Steve?"
"I have just learned to know him," was the feeble reply. " And to love him ?"

"Yes, yes the has blotted out my sins!" "You will love him more in heaven, dear Stephen; you will praise him loud enough there, will you not?" said Katie.

"Louder than any of them Katie, for I will have more cause!" he answered, his dying eyes lighting up for a moment in triumph. He lay still for a few moments, the silence only broken by his slightly harried breathing, and the sobs would burst forth, not untinetured with joy and thanksgiving as they were. "Crying, Katie!" he presently faltered; "not for me!-don't; you should rejoice! Would

die and live with Christ, which is far better ?" "I would rather see you die, dear Stephy, and go to Jesus. It is selfish in me to weep, but I love you so, dear Stephen."

"Yes, I know that; but Jesus loves me more Oh, that I had found him and served him in life Will be accept me now?" he feebly whispered, as a cloud momentarily crossed the sunshine of his

"Yes! do not doubt him! do not doubt him, my dear Stephen! What did he say to the dying thief? This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise!' He says the same to you, dear Stephen you will soon see Jesus, and cast down your

He raised his hands and eyes in reply towards heaven, but the shadows were deepening round his mouth and eyes, the dew of death stood out upon his forehead. Stephen was fast leaving There was a change in the invalid from the earliest dawn of that day; -a change the anxious parents saw, and yet dreaded to see or

"Let me once more see the light of earth," he whispered, huskily. "It's growing dark - so dark;" and they put back the curtains from the window, and let the full light of evening into the room. The hills were glowing in the roseate hues of the setting sun, the crimson glow bedewed the whole heavens. But the aspect of the cham-ber was eastern, and therefore no sunbeam stole within. Still the room was anything but dark; it was the darkness of death that was sealing the mortal vision. How soon were those eyes to rebeen in constant consultation since the accident occurred. How the friends of the sick cling to open on a fairer, brighter scene-upon celestial fields and living sunshine—upon a sun that would the medical man, hoping even against hope, how anxiously are his visits anticipated, how eagerly his countenance examined; and what a weighty

no more go down le With his dying head resting upon his mother houlder, and his hands clasped in his sister's loving, trembling embrace, Stephen lay placidly breathing out his life. His father stood with his silver-haired head bowed, and his arms folded, at the foot of the bed, utterly bowed in spirit as body, unable to utter a word. Fred at last arose. and then the voice of prayer, fervent, loving prayer for the safe conduct of his dear brother through the Jordan to the celestial city, echoed might be with all a happy reunion before the throne of the Lamb; for this how earnestly, how entreatingly he prayed. And while he prayed the sun went down, and the shadows of evening began to fall thick around, and while he prayed there were a few whispered words from the dying one; they listened attentively, and caught the faint dying accents—
"Lord, I come l just as I am !"

And then there was a brief struggle, and the sun of Stephen's life had set forever on earth. Set forever on earth, to rise in brighter beauty in heaven. Jesus had received him, his loving arms had enfolded him. He was safe now, for in all his sin he had come to Jesus, and just as he was Jesus had taken him; just as he was Jesus had blessed him; just as he was Jesus had justi-

him home to glory, made meet by the precious blood that blotteth out all sin. Those weeping friends knew this; they had no doubt of the efficacy of that blood; they

fied him; and now, just as he was, he had taken

ried her to her mother's room; tenderly they watched over her; but though after a time consciousness returned, she lay quiet and nerveless, and almost pulseless, all night, notwithstanding the stimulants constantly administered. The tenderly they over them, and held his child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his thoughts down on the ground; his wife, slip-shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

She had also learnt amidst her trials to sing-

" Father, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me.
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

"I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where to go.

"There are briars besetting every path
Which call for present care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy anywhere."

From the Christian Era. PLAIN PREACHING.

Sometimes we hear of ministers being com pelled to leave their parishes because of their plain preaching; but we doubt whether quite such preaching is dealt out in many New England pulpits as in the specimen below. It reminds us of old Nathaniel Howe, who was famous for the manner in which he told his people of their shortcomings and sins. The sermen he has left behind him, on their failure to support the minis ter, is charmingly unique, and should be read by every congregation in the land, or rather by every congregation that has been remiss in looking after the support of their minister.

Ah, says the parson, I am sorry for you, very sorry. It grieves me to think how small some or your souls are. I do not believe there is another parish in New England, where there are so many people who possess such little, insignificant, dried up souls as yours are. Why, verily, you may believe it or not to suit your own convenience, believe a hundred such souls as yours might, in a platoon, all at once, easily pass in through the maggot hole of a cherry stone, and there find more room to rattle about than a hundred of the smallest size shot would in an empty hogshead. I go further. I say in the words of the illustrious Samuel Weller, that "a pair o patent double million magnifyin', gas microscopes, of hexter power," must be brought into requisition to catch the slightest glimpse of your souls. You may say, our minister is very plan to-day, and deals for me l—don't; you should rejoice! Would with us quite severely. Well, you know you you have me live like I was before, in my sin! or with us quite severely. Well, you know you die and live with Christ, which is far better?" shotted gun the next time if you dont make your souls grow larger, and that pretty quick, too. I

am very anxious that this plain dealing should not be lost upon you, and I want some practical proof that it is sinking in you to show forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Now let me see that my faithfulness has done some good. We want to raise a hundred dollars for our new Sabbath School library. So, put your hand in your pocket, draw it out full -and empty it into the contribution box. Remember, the liberal soul shall be made fat. You want to be fat, don't

THE LITTLE SHOES.

you? Well, then, be liberal.

It is wonderful what trifling things produce an affgence on the heart and mind. A seed borne on the wings of the wind drops at last into suitable soil, and, by and by, grows up into a stately tree. A little springs leaps out of the side of a hill, and the child who stoops to drink can span its breadth; but it flows on down the valley, and winds along the plain, and gathers strength and volume in its course, till it rolls a stately river bearing the commerce of cities in the ships that navigate its waters. And so it is with human life; a look, a word has changed the whole career of many an immortal being.

The writer once lived opposite a beer short called the "Fox and Geese," and with pained at tention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of the customers. One winter's evening a shoemaker's boy came into the shop with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the "Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellously shvill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse girl, to bring "Addlehead"—as she pronounced Adelaide—to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair softly through the room. That the comfort of the rod and staff, for the presence of Jesus, to the last moment of life, and that by and by there very best ones on. Look dad, do !" Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the taproom, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about the corner, peering now and then timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door. She had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is, riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her shoes; with a start he rouses himself and rushes out. "What, Bill, going so soon," bawls the landlady. Bill pulls his hat down over his e, es with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the word with a sort of grunt. He is outside. There is his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared—what I will not write. Something in Bill's look re-assures her, and she goes close to doubted not that the beloved one was safe in the him, feebly but yet coaxingly. He took the child arms of a loving Saviour, and though nature will from her tired arms; the little creature gave a feel these separations, still they "sorrowed not short, quick cry of fright; and as he lifted it I as those without hope." short, quick cry of fright; and as he lifted it I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly under its poor frock, but not before the saw that had to the last turned towards her, and then all consciousness forsook her—she fell the saw that I might have seen his face, as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes. I notice I that senseless to the floor. Tenderly her brother carhe put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket
over them, and held his child close, and went on

the stimulants constantly administered. The tension on mind and body had been terribly severe; I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in no wonder that the slender frame felt some of the shock; no wonder that it succumbed to the opposed brain.

I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters pressed brain.

Some months after there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety; and now and then they told little bits of their history,

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 37.

word, and looked, for a moment, very confused. All he could say was -" The little shoes; they did With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face; and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound and rallied at once. The light came into his eves with a flash, he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way, clear as a deep-toned bell, whatever you may think of it. I've told you the truth-the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I soffered : I deserved to suffer but I didn't suffer alone-no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that: I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing; but, friends, no fists ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare? said I; and there outside was my wife and child on a bitter night. I took hold of my own little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet! Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what must the feet do? I put them, cold as ice to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart and walked away my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of that bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public house. That's all I've got to say-it was the little shoes that did it .- Mother's Treasury.

The young man, thus urged, rose at the first

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

The Rev. T. P. Hunt, the Temperance lecturer te is the following story:-

A small Temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller, commonly called " Bill Meyers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting called to promote the object. Learning this, Mr. Hunt went to a neighbouring district for temperance volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, at the time found his friends and enemies about equal in numbers. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted the platform, and by a few sharp anecdotes and witty sayings soon silenced all noise, except the sturdy "Bill Meyers," the old Dutchman crying out, Mishter Hunt, money makes a mare go." To every shot which seemed ready to demolish him the old fellow presented the one shield, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go.

At last Mr. Hunt stopped and addressed the imperturable German : "Look here, Bill Meyers, you say that money makes the mare go, do

"Yes, dat ish just what I say, Mr. Hunt." "Well, Bill Meyers, you own and work a dis tillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt. " Dat is none of your business, Mishter Hunt But den, ish not ashamed of it. I has got a still

and work it too? Linew "And you say, 'Money makes the mare go do you mean that I have come here to get the

"Yes, Mishter Hunt, dat is just what I mean. "Very well; you work a distillery to make money, and I lecture on temperance to make money, as you say, ' Money makes the mare go, Bill Meyers bring out your mare, and I'll bring mine, and we'll show them together."

By this time the whole assembly was in a tit ter of delight; and even Myers' followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracles In the meantime we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them the son of Myers himself.

"Bill Myers, who is that holding himself by that tree!" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to young man so drunk that he could not stand

The old man started as if stung by an adder. but was obliged to reply: "Dat ish my son, but what of that, Mishter Hunt?" "Good deal of that, Bill Myers; for I guess

hat son has been riding your mare and got thrown too!" Here there was a perfect roar from all parts of he assembly and as soon as order was restored, Mr. Hunt proceeded, as he pointed to another

"Bill Myers, who is that staggering about as if his legs were as weak as potato vines after frost ?" "Well, I suppose that is my son too," replied the old man with a crest fallen look."

" He has been riding your mare too, and got At this point the old man put up both hands in a most imploring manner and exclaimed:
"Now, Mishter Hunt, if you won't say any more,

will be still. to same same received with a roar of applause and laughter, and from that moment Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

A FEW PACTS ABOUT THE CARLE

The History of the Atlantic Telegraph, by Rev. Henry M. Field, has just been published by Scribner, and is one of the most interesting books of the day. But a few weeks ago the fact of the final successful laying of the cable was announced to the country. Victory has at last crowned the unswerving efforts, and followed the defeats and trials, of twelve long years.

The expedition of 1865, "though not an immediate success, had the moral effect of a victory, as it confirmed the most sanguine expectations of all who embarked in it." Several important

facts had been brought to light, or proven, which were summed up in a paper signed by persons officially engaged on board the Great Eastern.

As far as the cable itself was concerned, and all the machinery connected with it, the future looked brighter than ever. The contractors came promptly forward with a new offer, even more liberal than before. They proposed to construct a new line, and to lay it across the Atlantic for half a million sterling, which was estimated to be the actual cost to them. All compensation to His eyes were open now, but their brightness was gone. All was evidently dim to his vision. He stretched forward his hand, murning—

"Katie!"

"Here, dear Stephy, I have not left you a moment," and Katie clasped the hand she held, and kissed the clasming brow. "What can I do for you, dear Steve!"

"What can I do for you, dear Steve!"

"Bessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of kissed the clasming brow. "What can I do for you, dear Steve!"

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"Bessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of the capital not being raised other—hear how it was that you changed right about the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of the capital not being raised other—hear how it was that you changed right about the man that endureth temptation, for the capital not being raised other—hear how it was that you changed right about the means of the man that endureth temptation, in the contingency of the capital not being raised other—hear how it was that you changed right about the mean that endureth temptation, for I never was the promised of the man in the dear him, said, "Say a word, William Turner; the man that endureth temptation, for I never was the man that endure the

CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets

THE OFFICE OF THE

SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL.

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The Christian Bisitar

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

depend for its value on the success of the next expedition. It was finally resolved to raise six hundred thousand pounds of new capital by the issue of a hundred and twenty thousand shares; of five pounds each, which should be preferential shares, entitled to a dividend of twelve per cent. before the eight per cent. dividend to be paid on the former preference shares, and the four per cent, on the ordinary stock." The proposal of the manufacturers was at once accepted by the directors, and work was instantly begun.

But a new difficulty had now to be met. In December, 1865, the Attorney-General of England declared that the Company had no legal right to issue new twelve per cent. preference shares, and that such issue could only be authorized by an express act of Parliament. As the effect of this decision, all the works were stopped, and the money which had been paid in was returned to the subscribers. This was a new dilemna. Paraliament was not in session; even if it had hourthe time for applying to it und passed—as a nogiven before the 30th of November, which had gone a month before. To wait for an act of Parliament, therefore, would inevitably postpone the laying of the cable for another year. Thus disheartening was the prospect at the close But dark days had been seen before by Mr.

Field. He went, for counsel, to Mr. Danie! Coo h, M. P., who, though a man of large fortune, and a personal friend of Mr. Field, had never been prevailed upon to subscribe a single pound for the cable. But he went out on the expedition of 1865, as chairman of the company that owned the Great Eastern, and was now fully satisfied. In the midst of the present troubles he suggested that the only relief was " to organize a new company, which should assume the work, and which could issue its own shares and raise its own capital. To such a company he offered to subscribe £20,000. Mr. Field subscribed £10,000, and next betook himself to that prince of English capitalists, Mr. Thomas Brassey, who heard from his lips for the first time that the affairs of the Atlantic Telegraph Company had suddenly come to a stand-still. At this he was much surprised, but instantly cheered his informer by saying : 'Mr. Field, don't be discouraged ; go down to the Company, and tell them to go ahead, and whatever the cost. I will bear one tenth of the whole."

The result was the formation of a new company, called the Anglo-American Telegraph Coinpany, with a capital of £600,000, which contracted with the Atlantic Company to manufacture and lay down a cable in the summer of 1866, with certain stipulations. The terms being settled, it remained only to raise the capital. Private subscriptions to the amount of £230,500 had been made before even a prospectus was issued, or the books opened to the public. The whole of the capital required to proceed with the more the work began, oult was the Ist of March and but four months remained to manufacture 1660 nautical miles of cable, and prepare it for

In the cable to be made for the new line, there was but little change from that of the previous year, which had sproved nearly perfect. While the general form and size were preserved a slight change in the outer covering was made by which the cable was rendered both lighter and stronger. The iron wires were gatvanized, which secured them perfectle from rust or corrosion by salt water. Before it had a tarry coating. The machinery was also perfected in every part. But the most marvellous improvement had been made in the method of testing the discovery of faults. A new and ingenious method had been devised by Mr. Willoughby Smith, by which the cable is tested every instant. The process is not detailed in Mr. Field's book on account of its too scientitic character ; but, says he, " We can only stand in silent wonder at the result, when we hear it stated by Mr. Varley that the system of testing is brought to such a degree of perfection that skillul electricians can point out minute faults with an unerring accuracy, 'even when they are so small that they would not weaken the signals through the Atlantic Cable one millionth part! Such were the conclusions of science to an-mate and incite them to a final and successful

nodertaking of their task. Before the Great Eastern went on her mission again she underwent a thorough "grooming."
As she swam the seas a thousand things clung to her as to a floating island, till her ball was inquisted with mussels and barnacles two feet thick, and long seaweed flaunted from her sides? It was no easy matter to get under the huge creature, but an instrument was invented by which every part of her bottom was raked and scrubbed. After having got rid of this rough, shapeless mass, at least a knot an hour was added to her speed. " For grappling the cable she took on board twenty miles of rope which would bear a strain of thirry tons, probably the largest fishing line used since the days of Noah." When the big ship had her cargo and stores on board she was well laden, indeed, " Of the cable alone there were two thousand four hundred miles. coiled in three immense tanks, as the year before. Of this, seven hundred and forty-eight miles were a part of the cable of last expedition. tanks alone, with the water in them, weighed over a thousand tons; and the cable which they field four thousand tons more; besides which she had to carry eight thousand five hundred tons of coal, and five hundred tons of telegraph stores, making fourteen thousand tous, besides engines, rigging, etc., which made nearly as much more." So enormous was the burden that it was thought prudent not to take on board all her coal before she left the Medway, at the channel was winding and shallow. About a third of her coal was, therefore, taken at Berehaven. This was fortunate, for, as she loosened from her moorings, she drew nearly thirty-two feet. Never had any keel pressed so deep in those waters. It require skilful handling to get her safely to sea. As she floated along slowly over bars where she almost grazed the sand, it was but a few inches of water that lifted her bull above the bed of the river. But she got into the deeper water of the channel without any trouble, and left Valentia Bay on Friday—the day that was considered unlacky by the sailors, but the day on which Columbus sailed, and on which, also, he discovered the New World Strangely, too, the cable landed on the other ade of the Atlantic on the same "unlucky" day of the week. - Methodist.

few Scotchmen, not a hundred in all have erect in Calcutta a Presbyterian Free Church, declar