JAMES McNICHOL & SON.

GRAND PRE SEMINARY,

Wolfville, N. S.

THE above Institution will be re-opened on the 1st of
August, Principal—M'ss Olivia J. Emerson; Assistant,—; Teacher of Music, Prof. Saffery; Drawing,—;
French, A. J. Hill, Esq., A. B.; Matron, Mrs. Tibert; Committee of Management—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Dr. Crawley,
Revs. S. W. DeBlois, D. Trueman, S. B. Kempton.

Terms—\$30 per quarter for Board and Tuition; Music,
with use of Piano, \$9. Extra charges for Drawing and
French. Pupils furnish their own Bedding, Towels, and
Light.

Light.
Delays incident to a change of management of the institution prevent us from giving, at present, full particulars ; but an arrangement will be made whereby sactisfaction, it is hoped, will be given to all who may favor the institution with their patronage.

W. J. HIGGINS,
Wolfville, July, 19.

Business Manager.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY, Capital \$1,000,000-all paid up and invested Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$812,194. Brunswick Currency, with an without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARR, Agent, Princess St.,

A LBERTINE OIL .-- The Albertine Oil Company A have reduced the price of their burning Oil to Fifty five Cents by the barrel. Apply to the ALBERTINE OIL COMPANY,

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY. Cupital \$500,000 - all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000.

New Brunswick Agency —7 Princess Street, opposite Com-mercial Bank, St. John.

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in profits.

The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profits for the past nine years, amount to 44% per cent.

References of the first respectability, and any other information given by

W. J. STARR,

formation given by Oct 12, 1865—v CITY OF GLASGOW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

GOVERNOR-The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow 
 Subscribed Capital
 £800,000

 Accumulated Fund
 480,000
 Annual Revenue WALTER BUCHANAN, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman.
W. F. BIRKMYRE, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
VARIOUS MODES OF ASSURING. Half Premium System, without debt or interest.

Endowment Assurances. Partnership 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

Policy-holders.
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 when a nonusat 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 Bodo not vest until they have been five years in exis-Rates of Assurance and all other information may he learned from the Agent,

GEORGE THOMAS, Commission Merchant and Ship Broker, Water Street, St. John, N. B. Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John. Dec. 4.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLODE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested . . . £3,212,843 5s. Id. stg. Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £743,674 stg. Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 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-

holders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued. EDWARD ALLISON, AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK, (Commercial Bank Building.) THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

Chairman in Liverpool.—Charles Turner, Esq. The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest Offices in the kingdom. At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following

highly satisfactory results were shown:—
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase

ness is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct fire insurance companies of this kingdom.

The Premiums for the year 1855 being.....£130,060 While the Premiums for the year 1858 are......196,148 Showing an actual increase of ................66,088 or upwards of 50 per cent. in three years.

The recent returns of duty made by Government for this latter year (1858) again show the "Royal" as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years. Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an

Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the moiety of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 822, the sum assured £337,752 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,854 8s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus: 4 Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums

£48,764 17 0 £1,880 9 1 95,650 9 11 2,627 4 7 2,627 4 1 5,828 5 10 181,504 10 6 161,848 13 4 161,848 12 4 4,694 16 0 297,560 16 8 8,850 8 11 887,752 6 8 12,854 8 4 years is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than £2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured, and averaged 80 per cent. apon

the premiums paid.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.

All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire losses paid promptly on reasonable proof of loss—without reference to the head Establishment. JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick

Princess-street,
Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building. Insurance against Accidents. OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, IS MADE BY THE

TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, Conn.

(The Pioneer and only reliable Company of the kind of this side of the Atlantic.) CAPITAL (paid up and securely invested), ... \$500,000 THE full amount Insured may be secured in case of Fatal Accident, or a weekly compensation for any accident resulting in disability, by payment of annual ordinary Premiums as follows:—

\$500 at Death, or \$3 00 % week, for \$3 00 % annum. 7 50 \*\* Extra prem. required for Special Risks.

Every person ought to be Insured !- None are fre from limbility to Accident!!

Over one hundred Claims for Compensation had been already paid by this Company to 1st April last, and over ten thousand Policies issued.

thousand Policies issued.

No Medical Examination required.

The best and most respectable references given. All classes of persons are Insured in this Company. Policies issued for any sum from \$500 to \$10,000, and Claims settled in New Brunswick currency, and every information afforded by

JAMES RUBERTSON,

General Insurance Broker,

102 Prince Wm. Street,

Agent for New Brunswick.

nn, Sept. 14th, 18 THE PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CAPITAL, - - 25,000,000.

Insurances effected at the lowest rates. C. W. WELDON, gent for New Brunswick.

Christian Visilu.

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

New Series, Vol. IV., No. 33. Whole No. 189.

BEFORE THE DAWN. Between the midnight and the breaking Of the purple dawn's awaking, Saviour, I think of thee; While all is still, and dark, and holy, As the fading stars pale slowly. Saviour, I think of thee.

In the shadows, ere the dawning Glorifies the ruddy morning, Saviour, I think of thee; In my heart the day is beaming, Sunrise in my soul is streaming, With the thought, O Lord, of thee!

For thou shinest through the sorrow Of the heart before its morrow, Rises clear and fair to see; And when now the spirit wearied In the night of doubt seems buried,

Saviour, I think of thee;

All thy precious consolation, Cheers the spirit's desolation With the single thought of Thee! Thus, while still the world is sleeping, Ere its dawn, my soul is keeping Its morning, Lord, with Thee!

In the hour of calm communion Thou preparest me for union In the coming day with Thee; Not alone to feel its sadness. Not alone to share its gladness, Saviour, I'll think of thee!

Light of earth! arise in beauty, Shine upon the path of duty, Way of love, O Lord, with thee! Break through all the shades of error. Evil, falsehood, wrong, and terror, Till the world shall love but thee!

In the darkness, ere the dawning Of the resurrection morning, Saviour, I'll sleep in Thee! And my soul, to life awaking, When the eternal day is breaking, Jesus, shall live in Thee!

> (From the Western Pulpit.) SACRED MUSIC.

BY REV. E. O. HAVEN, D. D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF It is good to sing praises unto our God." PSALMS CXIVII: 1 And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives." MATTHEW XXVI: 30.

Music is employed by all Christian churches in their worship of God, and yet it is very seldom made the subject of careful examination. Remarks and criticisms upon it betray an ignorance of its real nature and purpose which must detract much from the enjoyment and usefulness of which it is devote this occasion to an examination of the nature of music, as a part of the worship of God, and of the purposes which it is designed to sub-

It touches the profoundest mystery of our nature that any movements in matter should exert by music. The atmosphere around us is full of mystery. It subserves almost innumerable benevolent purposes. One of the most striking qualities of the aerial ocean in which we live is its elasticity. It is itself a grand organ, always in perfect tune, and its vibrations have been measured by modern science with wonderful accura-

cy. Vibrations of a certain fixed rate, constantly following each other, and made by the same ins trument, produce a uniform musical sound. If the vibrations are made of double the rapidity, we have a sound an octave higher, both of which combined can scarcely be distinguished by the ear, and produce perfect harmony. If the vibrations by two bodies are to each as two to three. another pleasing combination is made; and it they are to each other as three to four still another harmonious blending is perceived, and these three combinations are what are called the three fundamentel chords of music-the octave, the third, and the fifth. Other combinations are more or less discordant. On this simple basis all the agreeable sounds of harmony rest. Besides this, it is found that vibrations of the same length or rote, produced by different sonorous bodies, have an indefinable peculiarity of their own, causing the difference in a note of the same pitch when produced by the human voice, a stringed instrument, the passage of air through a wind instrument, the falling of water, or any other of the various methods by which it may be caused.

This almost infinite variety of sounds, all agree able and musical, produced within so narrow a range of vibrations, in the same atmosphere, is utterly incomprehensible to the human intellect, and is one of the most astonishing illustrations of the wisdom and power, and resources of the Infinite Mind.

Another fact equally astonishing is the simplicity and sensitiveness of the auditory apparatus, whereby the regularity and harmony of these aerial vibrations are communicated through the brain to the human soul. Is it not a perpetual wonder that we can hear? And still beyond this fact lies the great insoluble mystery of MIND, before which we can only silently wonder and adore the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

It is evident that the susceptibility of the soul to perceive the qualities of sound that we call melodious and harmonious is altogether a gratuity of God to man. It is not necessary to our bare existence. The air could have furnished to us breath and vitality, it could have sustained both animal and vegetable life, it could have avaporated the water or borne up the clouds and distributed the rain, it could have refracted and reflected the light, and accomplished all its other beneficent ends without melody or harmony.— How astonishing then is the goodness of God!

It has been asserted by some that only the power and wisdom of God are exhibited by external nature, and that without a revelation it must have ever remained uncertain whether the Divine One is benevolent or not. I cannot subscribe to this notion. Certainly the susceptibility of the soul to the charms of music disproves it. The power to make and enjoy musical sounds is entirely a benevolent provision of our Creator. It is superadded to our existence solely by the love of God. It is almost entirely released from any attendant evil. Though discords are unpleasant they are not necessary, and may generally be escaped, and no art is so little capable of abuse as that of music.

A still greater mystery connected with music is its wonderful cooperative connection with the ssions, and even with the intellect. How soothing to irregular passion is a simple, plaintive melody. The infuriated Saul was made gentle by the harp of David, and modern science has found music one of the most valuable aids in subduing the frenzy of the insane. Martial music inspires bravery, and song is a natural expression of confidence and juy.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1866.

Whether or not music actually stimulates thought has been doubted, but all have probably perceived that music has varieties suited to the different passions; it can melt the heart to compassion and love; it can arouse indignation; it can strengthen resolution; it can awake exulta-

tion. All this can be produced without the aid of language. An oratorio can bring before the mind the events of some stupendous revolution, by exciting in proper succession the emotions appropriate to its successive events; and though an auditor ignorant of these events could not receive from the music the history, he would in a less degree feel the emotions, and might connect them with some real or fancied history of his own.-Thus every good tune has a history of its own. It has a peculiar power over the soul—soothing, meditative, arousing, stimulating or intellectual. Such are the mysteries and power of this wonderful art. Its progress keeps even pace with the culture of the mind and heart. There is music appropriate to childhood, youth, manhcod, and the highest powers of the soul. There is music naturally enjoyed and produced by savages, by the ign rant, by the civilized, and by the refined. Its power increases with culture, and no limit to

its advancement can be reached. But a still higher power is communicated to music, when it is wedded to articulate language. Music and song mutually aid and strengthen each other. Music and poetry are thus sister arts.

The power of poetry I need not attempt to describe. The noblest thoughts ever conceived are expressed in poetry. Recitative poetry may bring before us the best, the most instructive of history. The profoundest faith of man in God, in right, and duty, the deepest devotion, the most sincere penitence and sorrow for sin, the most genuine repentance, the most earnest resolution, are expressed in song. What thought, what feeling has not been presented in poetry? Now, combine the two together, and you have the territory appropriate to song.

That this is natural to man, that man was created for it, and without it is undeveloped in some of his highest capabilities, cannot be seriously and intelligently called in question. I confess that I cannot see any propriety whatever in the view that should forbid or discountenance music. It would seem to me voluntarily to abandon or to deny one of the purest and noblest sources of true enjoyment which God in his goodness has bestowed on man.

It is true that music may be perverted, as can any good gift of God, or any attribute of man. It can be wedded to wicked words, and associated with criminal and unholy thoughts; but the association is not natural—it is inconsistent, and only practiced to throw the charm of what is really the use of music on this account is as unreasonable as it would be to object to oratory because a building a house because some houses are inhabited by threves. The evil is not in the thing, but in the improper use to which it is employed. It is true, also, that music might be practiced to excess-leading to the neglect of other important and perhaps more essential pursuits; and so, too, might conversation or study, or even prayer, be and a time to pray, and also a time to sing.

We are not surprised to find that music alone, and music combined with poetry, when it becomes song, have been employed in all ages and by all races of men in worship. It is the most fitting vehicle of adoration, devotion and praise. That the Hebrews made use of both instrumental music and of singing in their public worship is made known by their entire history and literature .-They sang in the great temple and in their synagogues. There is some reason to believe that in the Temple of Solomon an organ of great power. similar to those used in modern times was employed; \* and the singing of the Psalms by select choirs, joined in the chorus by the whole congregation, must have been sublime. Unaccustomed to read, and therefore the more inclined to cultivate the verbal memory, the Hebrew people, old and young, down to the children, committed to memory those beautiful, and powerful, and inspired expressions of the great doctrines of their religion, and attered them together in volumes of thanksgiving and praise. Thus taught to sing, undoubtedly, at home, by the fireside, in the field and on the road, they were accustomed to sing. They became noted as a musical people, and when they were carried away captives, no humiliation was so sorrowful to them as to be frequently called upon, merely for the entertainment of their oppressors to sing one of the songs of Zion. Well, then, did one of their poets write in plaintive verse, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we went when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof; but there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

Our Lord and his immediate disciples were undoubtedly accustomed to sing. Had they differed from others in this respect it would have been noted; and we find that in that most solemn night of the world's history, when the Redeemer knew that his hour of sacrifice was nearly come, and after that his last solemn charge had been given, to indicate, perhaps, that he was neither fearful nor in a burry, before he went out to sur-render himself into the hands of his crucifiers, from whom he had no wish to escape, he and his disciples together "sung a hymn," and then he went into the garden. Oh, what a song must that have been! The voice of Jesus was undoubtedly clear and pure, and the melody perfectly rendered; but how could those amazed, afflicted disciples join in the song? It was one of the Passover Psalms, from the one hundred and thirteenth to the one hundred and eighteenth, a part of one of which has thus been rendered into our language and made familiar to us all, and it may be that this was the psalm that Jesus and his disciples sung as a kind of doxology with which to close his public life:

"From all that dwell below the skies, "From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue,
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!"

Shall we ever sing this psalm without remembering that it was, perhaps, once sung by the disciples with their Lord ?

\* This organ, or whatever it was, was called the Magn-pha, and is described in the Talmud. In tract Erachin, it is described as a powerful organ, consisting of a case, with a wind chest and ten pipes, each capable of emitting ten different sounds. Its tone was so loud that it could be heard at a great distance from the Temple. (See

The way to gain a good reputation, is to always endoavour to be what you most desire think I'll stay.

Mechanically be entered a seat, and the minis-

(From the National Baptist.) "EVEN ME."

"I tell you, Roberts, it is of no use. If it was the first time, I might believe you, but you know you've promised time and again, that you would never touch another drop of liquor, and yet the very next night has found you at the tavern." "If you'll only try me just this once more, Mr. Jameson," pleaded the man, "I'll promise

never to set foot inside of a tavern again.

"It's too late for such promises now. Do you remember you told me the same thing last week, when I trusted you with this job, a very pressing one too, for I promised the gentleman positively that it should be done this week. Yesterday I came in, expecting to see it all ready, and there I found the sashes half finished and you in the station house. You know well that if I hadn't paid your fine you'd have been in jail to-day. I don't know what made me do such a foolish thing, for I've no money to throw away. If it had not been for the disgrace to your poor wife and children, I would have let you go.'

"Think of them, Mr. Jameson," said the man, eagerly catching at this slight spark of encouragement. " If you throw me out of work, what will become of them?"

"I wonder you are not ashamed to mention them," said the employer, with a look before

which the drunkard quaited. "Do you suppose that I don't know that your poor wife sews night and day till she is almost in a consumption, to ears bread for the children, while you spend every cent of your wages for liquor? No, no! I'm sorry for your wife and children, but it would do them no good to keep you here, and I can't afford to support rum-holes.

"Then you will not give me any more work," said Roberts, reddening with passion. " No," quietly answered Mr. Jameson.

With a fearful oath the miserable man rushed out through the open doorway into the street. For several moments he hurried along, without knowing or caring where he went, until at length he found himself in one of the streets leading to the river. Yes, there it lay before him, glittering in the afternoon sunshine, seeming by its placid beauty to mock the tempest which was raging in his breast.

He stood still a moment, and then a sudden thought crossed his mind. "I am of no use in the world. Nobody will care when I am gone -Mary and the children, perhaps, but they ought rather to be glad that I will never ill-treat them again. I will do it. The river tells no tales." He huried down to the wharf, he entered a

ferry-boat which had just come in, hoping for an opportunity during the passage to slip over the side unnoticed, but unfortunately for his purpose good over what is felt to be evil. To object to the boat was crowded, as it was a beautiful day. "It's of no use," he mattered to himself, as he leaned over the railing and gazed gloomily into great speaker may plead for sin, or to object to the water. "If I was to try it now somebody would be fool enough to jump in after me, and

> At length the boat grated against the sides of the wharf, and he was borne along by the hurrying, eager crowd, into a broad, busy street, filled

ferent from the stillness of the little town he had left, jarred upon his nerves, and he gladly entered a quiet, shady street, where the arching branches of the grand old trees nearly met overhead. A stately church stood just before him, its

spires towering far above all the surrounding buildings; but he would have passed it without a moment's thought had he not noticed that the door was open, and that people by twos and threes were ascending the broad, stone steps.

"Church on a week-day afternoon!" he thought to himself, "What is it for? It is so long since I've been in a church that it will be a wonder if it does not fall on me if I should try to go in. He stood a moment irresolute, while a sudden vision flashed across his mind of the little village church with its white spire which he had known in his boyhood days. He remembered the quiet little churchyard where his mother and sister were sleeping. Memory brought back that mother's prayers and her entreaties that he would give his heart to Christ. His little sister too, who fell asleep one night saying, "I'm not afraid, I'm going to heaven. I want you to come too, Georgie."

All these he remembered, and forgetting his rough working dress, he hastily brushed aside the tears, and with a hurried step entered the

It was almost filled, but he gained a pew near he door and seated himself in one corner, where he thought he would not be observed. The service had just commenced, and he soon discovered that it was a prayer meeting. He sat and listened to the fervent prayers, the earnest exhortations to the unconverted, like one in a dream, for it was years since such words fell upon his ears.

At length, near the close of the hour, those who wished to be remembered in prayer were requested to rise. "I'm sure no one needs to be prayed for more than I do," thought poor Roberts, " but what good will it do me. I've put it off so long that I'm past praying for, I'm lost !" Many rose, but he still sat immovable. When the prayer was over one of the ministers who occupied the platform, said, "We will sing one more hymn, and afterwards we will converse personally with those who wish to remain at the inquiry meeting. All are invited."

The first words of the hymn read arrested Robert's attention at once.

" Lord, I hear of showers of blessings Thou art scattering full and free, Showers, the thirsty earth refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me,

The speaker went on, his clear, melodious tones being audible all over the house, but Roberts heeded him not. His whole soul clung to those two words, " Even me." "Lord, is it possible that there is merey even

for me, a wretch like me!" and the strong man bowed his head upon the pew and wept aloud. He was aroused by the bustle of the departing congregation, who did not wish to remain a the inquiry meeting. By this time the ministern had come down and mingled with the crowd. "I can't stay and talk to them," thought Ro berts. "I don't want any one to speak to me,' and crushing his hat over his eyes he turned to

wards the door. He was arrested by a hand laid upon his arm and a kindly voice said, " Will you not stay with us, friend? We will try to point you to Jesus.'
Roberts turned suddenly and looked the speake in the face. It was the minister who had read could the hymn. He was a man apparently about forty (See years of age, with hair slightly gray, an earnest, Hawkins' "History of Music," vol. 1, page 256; also, Carl kindly face, lighted by clear, hazel eyes, into Engel's "Music of Most Ancient Nations;" London, 1864, whose depths you could look down with perfect confidence that there was nothing hidden behind that frank, earnest gaze.

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 33.

ter seating himself by his side, simply and briefly unfolded to him the way of salvation, and urged him at once to put his trust in Christ.

The poor man listened, but a kind of dumb despair sealed his lips. He seemed to be sinking down through a fathomless abyss of darkness, amidst which the words of comfort and hope sounded like mockery.

The good minister, partly comprehending the state of his mind, at length took his leave, saying, " Come again, we shall glad be glad to see you," at the same time slipping into his hand a little card, containing the places of meeting during the week.

(To be Concluded.) THE EXCELLENT TEACHER.

Many sheets of paper would be consumed in fully describing the character and habits of this useful Christian. Let it suffice for the present to take a hasty glance at him It will be a pleasant

The place to find him during school hours is at his post of duty. He loves his work so well. that he makes his arrangements beforehand to be regular and punctual. He does not let his watch run down, does not lay in bed two hours later on Sunday morning than on other days, nor does he forget his preparations till so late an hour that he has to run with daegerous speed lest he should be tardy at school.

It is a pleasure to watch him while he is at work. No cross words, no sonr looks, no sarcastic speeches, mar the enjoyment which the scholars feel in receiving instruction from him. The youngsters love to be taught by him. Not because the teaching is all sugar plums and candy, but that with the sweets of kind manner they take in sound instruction and gospel education. When he asks them questions, it is not to chuckle over their ignorance of the answers, nor to prove that they are indolent dunces, but to draw out what knowledge they have, and to pave the way for improvement in that truth in which they are deficient. 'Speaking the truth in love,' is his motto. He gives them pure, sound, undiluted gospel, and gives it in such a way as to make them relish it, and hunger and thirst for more.

It need not be supposed that the kindness which this teacher shows to his class prevents him from enforcing discipline. He knows that one of the kindest acts he can perform for them is to show them what they do wrong, and how to do it rightly. Mr. Spoon, who teaches the class near, does not believe in exercising discipline on children, for fear of hurting their feelings and making them dislike him. Consequently his class is generally in an uproar. Not so with the class of Mr. Excellent. It is a model of decent behaviour; and the boys have more respect and affection for their teacher than Mr. Spoon's boys will ever feel for theirs. 3

The excellent teacher is a man of enterprise.— Vhile he has great respect for our forefathers who compiled and used the New England Primer, would only get a ducking for my pains. I'll wait he does not believe that that good book should be the principal staple of teaching to the vonth of the present day. He loves and respects the hymns, question books, reward tickets, and other helps, which were used when he was at small boy; from Boston to Washington by stage instead of in the railroad cars. Whatever is offered in the way of improvement he examines; accepting it if good, rejecting it, if of the style of many of the catch-penny things which designing inventors and publishers palm off on the unsuspecting, as necessary and important aids to their work.

When work is to be done, this teacher is the man to do it. He does not shirk his share of labour, expense, or responsibility. He does not consent to be placed upon a committee merely for the glory of it, with the understanding that the other members shall do the work, or that they shall all leave it undone, and then report 'progress,' as many committees do. He looks on this as a species of dishonesty and craftiness, which is disgraceful to any professor of religion.

He is courteous in his dealings with his fellow teachers. He loves them, and makes them love him. More than this, he supports the authorities of the school and of the church. You never hear him groaning or muttering over some regulation which he does not like, or at some action of the superintendent which he would prefer to have otherwise.

Of his habits of visiting the scholars and their parents, of his methods of dealing with cross and rebellious children, of his studious preparation for his class duties, of his neatness and order in doing his work, and in keeping his books, a volume might be written. One other trait need only be mentioned, "Behold he prayeth.' His prayerful spirit of devotion is the basis of all his excellence. He prays, as he labours for the conversion of every boy in his class. He is satisfied with nothing less than this. Faithful, earnest, intelligent, arduons in his devotion to his work, he hopes on, labours on, prays on; encouraged now and then by hopeful conversions; disconraged sometimes by their absence; but always trusting in the promise of the Lord of the harvest, to whom he looks for continued and final blessings on all his labours.

Teacher! is the standard high! Climb up to it. Do not pull it down, that your ascent may be easier. The better the reward, the more worthy of winning. The higher the calling, the more glorious the excellence of attaining it .-Sunday School Photographs.

> (From the London Freeman.) TO THE CHURCHES.

The subject of the salaries of our pastors has recently created discussion. First came Mr. Stevenson's exhaustive paper, read at the Union. Then came sundry letters from Mr. Landels and others. Now, perhaps, some are wistfully looking for further light. Many really earnest and efficient men are receiving from their churches an income that ranges from £30 to £70 a year. while the average income of all our ministers is probably not over £80. Independent ministers have on the average £100 a year; Wesleyans £120; and Presbyterians in Scotland a minimum of £150. No one can deem this state of things one; and the house that has the air of being into be otherwise than unsatisfactory; can anything be done to remedy it?

Something will be gained, we believe, if the churches come to feel that the question belongs to them. "The taught are to communicate to the teachers in all good things." Paul had sown spiritual things at Corintb, and he deemed it a just return, though a small one, that he should reap their carnal things. Those who served at the altar were partakers with the altar; and so down at the window, in its mother's arms, or the God hath ordered that those who preach the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or Gospel should live of the Gospel. A pastor's any of those cheerful improsalary, therefore, is not a charity; it is a debt.

Not a free gift but a personal obligation. It is make a pleasant neighbour not to be paid by a society, but by the church.

The payment is founded on equity, and is enforced by motives which none can feel but church members.

Letters

HARDWARE.

Is emphatically a It furnishes its readers

We call attention to this princip We have in England several societies menting the income of pastors. Some grant to their salaries; others help to ea. their children; others insure their lives; others provide in some sort for their widows. Such societies may be necessary. They are all engaged in a commendable work. But they rest their appeals on charity, and they are without the peculiar power which the apostle invokes when he speaks of the "threshing ox," and of God's special ordinance. The support, the decent, adequate support of Christian pastors—is the business of their churches, and nothing is gained by coming between the two. Whatever is done to supplement salaries, whether directly or indirectly, should be done only after appeals have been made to each church to do its duty. Till these are made, and it is clear that the church can do no more, contributions from other sources are merely an elaborate arrangement for paying other people's debts-charities, in short, unwisely

Will our churches ponder the fellowing facts and suggestions ?

1. Is there any good reason why churches where the attendance is a thousand or twelve hundred should give their pastor £600 a-year in one place, £450 in another, £250 in a third, and £150 in a fourth? And yet this is a not uncommon scale of giving. Why should seat-holders pay 20s. or 30s. a year in one district, and 4s. or 8s. in another; while in all districts there are many members who give nothing? Why, where there are no seat-rents, should some members contribute £10 a year or £5, and elsewhere 10s. or 5s.? There are these diversities; and they are explained neither by the comparative wealth or poverty of the people, nor by differences in the ability of the ministers who are thus repaid.

2. We have heard of pastors who received a mere pittance of an income, and who could boast that half-a-million sat under one of their galleries, or in two or three of their pews. We have heard of a church that applied to one of our charitable funds to eke out the pastor's salary to £90, while two office-bearers in the church were each worth £50,000. These may be extreme cases, but they are samples of an evil which, in a less degree, is found in too many instances. How many members, again, are there in our churches that give nothing, or that give only a small sum yearly, or quarterly, leaving everything to be done by the few. 3. Is there not something radically wrong in

the facts indicated by the following? In a western county, eight churches have 1.692 members: each minister dependent for support (say) on 210 members. The remaining six-and-twenty churches contain only 1,562 members; each minister dependent for support on 50 members. Might not two or three churches be grouped into circuits of 150 members each? Adequate selfupport, without some such system is impossible nor is it satisfactory for neighbouring churches or societies to supplement salaries where the church-

4. Can it be possible—as we are told from many quarters-that there are ministers whom no society would engage as evangelists or as city misthe gift of teaching, who are used up in a crapic of years, and who pass from church to church, with less inquiry upon the part of the churches that receive them than any man of sense would make on hiring a servant? Such inefficiency and neglect work slowly, but surely, and are among the most certain of the evils we deplore.

It is from no idle or censorious spirit, that we call attention to these facts. Each fact suggests the remedy of an enormous evil. If the churches will ponder them, and prayerfully resolve to remedy them, all parties will gain by the change. Some of the facts point to deficiencies in our system, but most to evils in the working. And they are to be met, not by some grand scheme, but one by one. A few hints on the best mode of meeting them we must reserve for another

Hypocrites.—To live a life which is a perpetual falsehood is to suffer unknown tortures. To be premeditating indefinitely a diabolical act: to have to assume austerity; to brood over secret infamy seasoned with outward good fame: to have continually to put the world off the scent; to present a perpetual illusion, and never to be oneself-is a burdensome task. To be constrained to dip the brush in that dark stuff within, to produce with it a portrait of candour; to fawn, to restrain and suppress oneself, to be ever on the qui vive; watching without ceasing, to mask latent crimes with a face of healthy innocence: to transform deformity into beauty; to fashion wickedness into the shape of perfection; to tickle as it were with the point of a dagger, to put sugar with poison, to keep a bridle on every gesture, and keep a watch over every tone, -not even to have a countenance of one's own-what can be harder, what can be more torturing? The odionsness of hypocrisy is obscurely felt by the hypocrite himself. Drinking perpetually of his own imposture is nauseating. The sweetness of tone which cunning gives to scoundrelism is repugnant to the scoundrel compelled to have it ever in the mouth; and there are moments of disgust when villany seems on the point of vomiting its secret. To have to swallow that bitter saliva is horrible. Add to this picture his profound pride. There are strange moments in the history of such a life, when hypocrisy worships itself. There is always an inordinate egotism in roguery. The worm has the same mode of gliding along as the

serpent, and the same manner of raising its head. The treacherous villain is the despot curbed and restrained, and only able to attain his end by resigning himself to play a secondary part. He is summed up littleness capable of enormities. The perfect hypocrite is a Titan dwarfed .- Victor

PLEASANT NEIGHBOURS .- One's pleasure, after

all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbours, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at the window is surely better than a discontented, cross habited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see glancing cheerful lights through the windows of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlour to the upper stories of the house near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play or go to school. We which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert make a pleasant neighbourhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed