THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published egry THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co., THEIR OFFICE,

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. TERMS :- Cash in Advance. One Copy, for one year,.....\$2 00

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Vol. IV., No. 12. Whole No. 168. affords an excellent medium for advertising.

Fifty Copies to me Address,.....\$1 50

BAPTIST SEMINARY, FREDERICTON. 4th Term in 1865, commences 9th Oct.

Ath Term in 1865, commences 9th Oct.

REV. C. SPURDEN, D. D., Principal;
Mr. J. E. Hoppen, A. M., Classical and Mathematical Tutor;

"J. Jones, English Master.

THE course of study embraces the usual branches of an English, Mathematical and Classical Education.

The year is divided into four terms, of eleven weeks each.

The Boarding Department is under the immediate supervision of the Principal.

Terms, payable quarterly in advance, including every expense of board, bedding, washing, fuel and tuition, ex-Above 14 years of age...... French, \$2 each Term.

Above 14 years of French, \$2 each Term.

Young Ladies are instructed in the Principal's department. Tuition fee, \$4 a Term. Fuel 50 cents a Term for three terms. French extra. Further particulars furnished on application.

C. SPURDEN, Principal.

A LBERTINE OIL .-- The Albertine Oil Company have reduced the price of their burning Oil to Fifty. five Cents by the barrel. Apply to the ALBERTINE OIL COMPANY, ian 18.

Insurance against Accidents,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, IS MADE BY THE TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, Of Hartford, Conn.

he Pioneer and only reliable Company of the kind on this side of the Atlantic.) APITAL (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 ordi-

nary Premiums as follows :-\$500 at Death, or \$3 00 \$\text{ week, for \$3 00 }\text{ annum.} \\ 1,000 & \text{ annum.} \\ 1,500 & \text{ annum.} \\ 7,50 & \text{ annum.} \\ 2,000 & \text{ annum.} \\ \tex " 25 00 " " 50 00 " " 25 00 " " 50 00

Extra prem. required for Special Risks. Every person ought to be Insured !- None are free

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

is new Brunswick currency, and every information afforded by JAMES ROBERTSON, General Insurance Broker, 102 Prince Wm. Street,

Agent for New Brunswick.

St. John, Sept. 14th, 1865. —v6m THE PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON. ESTABLISHED IN 1782.

CAPITAL, - - 25,000,000. Insurances effected at the lowest rates. C. W. WELDON, Agent for New Brunswick.

Office-701/ Prince William Street. St. John, March 8, 1866. LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY, Capital \$1,000,000-all paid up and invested Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$312,194.

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, paysole in New Brunswick Carrency, with an without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARR, Agent, Princess St., Oct 12—vy Opposite Commercial Bank.

Capital \$500,000 -all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000.

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,

CITY OF GLASGOW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. 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.

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 Pohey-holders.

Pohcy-holders.
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January. 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 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 of their issue, but the Bonus and allocated quinquennially. nuses do not vest until they have been five years in exis-tence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may be learned from the Agent, WILLIAM MACKAY,

> GEORGE THOMAS. Commission Merchant and Ship Broker, Water Street, St. John, N. B.

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.
Los-es paid in Fire Risks, 1864,
Premiums in Life Risks, in 1864,
Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864,
Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864,
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 Policies issued. EDWARD ALLISON,

JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Br

Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1866.

door :

THE AGED BELIEVER AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the

Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and To the glory of his presence, to the gladness of

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,

Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon

I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand. Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land :

O! would that I were with them, amid their shining throng, Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago One by one they left me struggling with the foe Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph

How lovingly they'll hail me when mr toil is

sconer won:

With them the blessed angels that know not grief nor sin, see them by the portals, prepared to let me in. O Lord, I wait thy pleasure: thy time and way

are best: bid me rest!

Sunday Magazine,

HOW THE MINISTER COMFORTED HIS CHILDREN.

(Concluded.)

"Think, too, what a joy it will be to your mother, and what an honour to you before God and all the heavenly hosts, when you see her at the right hand of the Son of God, saved by His blood, and wearing the unfading crown of which she was made worthy through grace, in her holy and unblemished married life; for in true faith toward God and in steadfast love and fidelity to me, by a holy and modest life, and bearing her cross with humility and patience, she persevered unto the end. That, my beloved daughters, will be a noble mother for you to love, who will walk through the green fields of the everlasting Paradise, with Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, Hannah, Elizabeth, and with the honorable and faithful wives patriarchs, apostles, and servants of the Church, and who, I firmly hope, will have by you this ho-New Brunswick Agency—7 Princess Street, opposite Commercial Bank, St. John.

Policies issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation modest and virtuous daughters, who will faithfully teach the Word of God in church and school and home. For on that day she will be the happiest mother who has brought up for God a faithful servant and a good child.

"And so the highest honour that a good child can pay his dear mother is to fear God, to be ready to pray, to love the Holy Scriptures, to act rightly and worthily to his aged father, to be mo-dest and gentle, to be truthful, faithful, and quiet, and to bear himself well to his brothers and sisters, servants and neighbours.

"Furthermore, you will remember that pious children not only honour and love their parents while they live on the earth, but also when they have departed in the Lord. The child of God loveth and honoureth his heavenly Father eternally, and doth his will with joy for evermore. Even so it is right and seemly that the children of men, when they love their parents, should retain that love with all reverence for evermore. For it is a pure, noble, and perfect love, when a child with his whole heart and will loveth his sainted mother into eternity, and is loved and honoured back again by her. And this love to God and to our parents and neighbours, the Holy Ghost, who is the very fire and love of God, begins in us by the knowledge of the Son of God; and when sin has cooled its heat, and it seems altogether extinguished, He purifies and rekindles it, till the little spark that yet glimmers in our lost nature becomes a great fire and ardour of divine love. Preserve this Love is a part of our rational and immortal soul, and is the very flame of the loving heart of God; and so love dicta not, nor goeth out in the hearts of pious

"Therefore, since pious children love their parents living, because of God's word, and the will of the Lord Jesus; so do they love them also, departed out of this world, and blend their affliction and sorrow with the hope of eternal life. where they will joyfully rejoin their beloved parents. A pious child doth not forget his father, though he be many years away, but hopeth and waiteth for him every hour, and delighteth himself against his return. How then should a child forget parents in the grave, and whose return is much more certain than if his father had made a ourney only as far as Prague or Wittenberg.

"And all this I say to you as to those I love best on earth; for you know that your dear mother, to whom God be gracious, hath wandered out of this painful life into the eternal, and now lieth in her rest, hoping with all saints, for the revelation of the Lord Christ, who will call and awaken us out of our earthbeds, and bring us again together in great honour and everlasting oy, where we shall abide to all eternity in perfect ove and righteousness. And this I say, you know, that your dear mother hath been sowed in God's acre, and like a blessed grain, lieth buried in the ground; for you four dear elder ones accompanied her to her sleeping chamber. But you must learn and verily believe out of God's word, that your departed mother now liveth in God, for as Christ saith (Luke xxi.), God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. And the living God is your mother's God, for she was sprinkled with the precious blood of the living Son of God, and redeemed unto eternal life, and hath believed in the living Word of God. Therefore, although our dear mother seemeth to our eyes, stone dead, yet in God's eyes and hands

soft or gentle slumber, or how we have lived will the God of all grace be with you, and will in our mother's womb and in our cradle; and

grave. "You will, therefore, be altogether sure of this, that although her body is dissolved, and your dear mother lieth in her resting place, and sleepeth her soft sleep, yet is she already with Christ. But how she is occupied in that secret and hidden life, God hath not revealed to us, no further than what the Son of God saith of the rich man, and Lazarus the beggar (Luke xvi.) For there it is plain and clear that the unbelieving and condemned man knows that he had yet five brethren alive, and careth for them. Wherefore, if natural brotherly love dieth not nor is extinguished in a lost soul, shall not a saintly mother keep her mother's heart and faith to her own flesh and blood? And if a mother's heart can never die, the love and reverence of children must likewise be immortal. Men die, but the fourth commandment dieth not, and it requireth the honour and obedience of children, not only upon earth, but

also in eternity. "When the Son of God brings us together in the air from the four corners of the world, shall we not know each other? Shall not the old love and friendship stir and rekindle in angelic purity and a spiritual nature? After his sleep, did not Adam know his Eve, who was taken out of his side, and though he had never seen her nor heard her speak all his days? Did not Mary Magdalen knowher dear Lord by his voice, and the rich man see and know from afar Abraham and Lazarus? Therefore, dear children, we shall not only see with our eyes, and know our Redeemer clothed with our flesh (as Job sings, ch. xix.), but you and I will see our dear mother stand at the right hand of the Son of Man, in a new and But I am wasted, worn and weary-O Father, glorious body and the brightness of heaven, and honour her, and with her enter into the honour and glory of God, and together with her and all the other saints enjoy an eternal, angelic and heavenly habitation, in all modesty and blessedness, and far more glorious than when Adam, with his Eve, walked round Paradise naked, and they were not ashamed. For then the natural life will cease, and the spiritual life will commence—the toric spots, names that take one back two thoulife which we live together in God like the very sand years, objects that symbolize what is grandangels, in perfect wisdom, righteousness, joy and est in nature and best in art, the scenes of revoimmortality.

reason to the knowledge of the true Lord of make up our travellers' life. The Alps, the plains death, who alone can lead the dead out of death's of Italy, Turin, Milan, the Ticino, the Mincio, meshes, yet the best of them have the faith that there will be a life after this, where honour and virtue will be rewarded, shame and vice punished, and so old king Cyrus, when he blessed his children, spoke to them of another life, and exhorted them to live uprightly, and so as to give him here-

after pleasure and joy. thread, because for our sins' sake we carry a representative fact. death about our neck. And if sometimes a ray of sunlight glances down upon us, yet are there so many and dark clouds that we can hope for little abiding joy on earth; for every hour and moment we may expect the bitter death which divides many a joyful marriage, and breaks many a heart with anguish and woe. But on that day when death is overthrown, and mortality swallowed up, and all sorrow barred back into hell, then

will there be joy and bliss without end.
"All this I willingly say to you, my dear childin misery and contempt.

"You are right, my dear children, when you defeat." These tear-drops are pure and loving water, better than all consecrated water, and whereby our heart's sorrow will be soothed and calmed. We hope for the time when the Son of God shall parallels or diagonals—the size, the growth, and

provide you with all good. Therefore, Lord Jesus, yet we live. Even so do we live also in the thou dear Son of God, thou who hast manifoldly blessed me, and saved me from much sorrow, and sent me good friends, I pray thee from the bottom of my heart, Let my children be commended to thee and to thy grace: sustain them in their parents' faith, let them be blessed vessels of grace, that thy name may be praised, and defend them from all false doctrine and heresy; and fetch us in a happy hour out of this misery, and bring us again with honour and a good conscience to our dearest mother. To that may Christ keep us, the only and beloved Son of God in eternity!

And then the Minister took the eldest and the youngest by the hand, and they all went out. The sun was brighter than ever; the air was filled with the merry sounds of life; the good wives bustled cheerfully about their doors, as the little procession wound over the path to the graveyard. It was very simple, and so was the grave. " Great charges and needless pomp show nothing," said the Minister; "but it pleases me well when a mother adorns the grave of her boy, and plants it, with a little garden of sweet-smelling flowers and herbs. There you see a mother's truth, that blossoms winter and summer alike, and the true love's roses that never fade. And I would gladly that children so planted out the graves of their parents." They stood by the little knoll. The children spread fresh flowers upon it from their mother's garden. The Minister took off his hat, and read the fourteenth chapter of John; and as they went back they heard sweet voices singing in the fields the old funeral hymn :-

She lives where none can mourn and weep, And calmly shall this body sleep Till God shall death itself destroy, And raise it into glorious joy.

(From the Morning Star.) LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY.

FLORENCE, Italy, January 10, 1866.

The last week and a half have contributed not a little to make our journeying memorable. Hislution and the theatres where the comedy and "You know, my boys, though the poor and the traged of national life have been repeatedly blind heathen have not come out of the light of acted-such are the elements of experience that Magenta, Solferino, Villafranca, Verona, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, Paul Veronese, Tirtonelli, Canova, Galileo, Americus Vespuccius, Dante, &c., -what significance attaches to this partial list of names, and how the associations come sweeping in upon the soul as one treads the the Son of God hath brought us out of the Fa- or explores the cities where the children of gether's bosom, can speak with more certainty of nius wrought out such wonders of art, and looks the future life. And therefore our faith is more over the treasures accumulated in these great recertain, our hope more strong, and our joy great- ceptacles which generations have been engaged er, in that we journey on happy in the Lord, and in filling! The words must be few which tell of with joy expect to meet again. On earth there what could be adequately set forth only by long is toil and labour, care and want, and our days and detailed description. Let me point out here are full of sorrow and trouble, and break off like and there a salient feature, and state occasionally

The plains of Lombardy, over which we passed from Turin to Milan, from Milan to Venice, and more or less from Venice to Bologna, are remarkable for their extent, their almost dead level, their fruitfulness, the perfection which has been reached in agriculture, and the very great quantity of mulberry orchard and vineyard, which stretch away in either side of the road like the prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin. The snow-crested mountain boundaries glorify all. Everything appears finished. Nothing seems wanting to make the most ren, so that I may quench the woe and sorrow in adequate provision for drainage and irrigation ; my heart by these passionate discourses and tears | the trees are all properly trained; the pruningof love, and mitigate my sorrows by a hoped for knife has been applied to the vines; the stones joy and comfortable thoughts seized from the are removed from the soil in the fields; the roads iving Word of God, and may also comfort you are as good as engineering and constant attention so much as may be, and exhort you to all godli- can make them; the bridges are all massive, soness and virtue. I have lost a true treasure and lid, complete, stone structures, looking as though noble jewel, a modest heart, a good and firm they might be five hundred years old, and were friend, and my heart's comforter; although she good for a thousand more; the hills are terraced is not lost, for God hath taken her into his keep- as far upward as is practicable, and the whole ing. In these last and miserable times, when even movement of common life goes on like the stars the very truest and best Christians scarcely stand, in their courses, as though change were out of the she is much better guarded by God's hand than question. What remains is to take care of what by my arm, and I, moreover, am old and mortal, has been done. Even the lower animals seem to and would have grieved to leave her bellind me, share the sameness, and the appliances connected with peasant life remain as they were, far behind "Therefore I prepare myself for a happy journey that I will take, and go back to those I love and cows are all white or dun color: the hogs the best, and for old love and friendship will are black; the sheep are long-eared, and their speak further with her. You, dear children, do horns frequently stand out on either side of the also miss your truest and best friend in this world, head like the twisted doughnuts of New England you especially, my poor girls. But he who de at Thanksgiving time; the carts are cumbrous, fended and preserved Jacob on his pilgrimage, heavy and antiquated; the harnesses are limited Joseph and Daniel in their prisons, me and my in amount and of the cheapest material; and the brothers after the death of our dear father, will wooden shoes on the feet of men and women, unalso be your God, and will preserve you, dear lit- fastened at the heels, go flapping and clumping tle daughters, like Esther and the Mother of the along highway and street, signalizing the coming Lord, from sin and shame, and give you many of the wearer, and distinctly marking the rate of good friends, as he richly hath to me." ood friends, as he richly hath to me." motion for the ear long after a corner has hidden
At this point the Minister's voice grew weak, the pedestrian from sight. Men are seen spading He had spoken steadily on, though the tears up the most level fields, where the steam-plough sometimes rolled down over his sallow cheeks. It might run for hours without difficulty; for the was like treading upon thorns to go back thus problem here is manifestly not to find how much over his great sorrow. His heart would shrink human labor can be dispensed with but how much under his words, as if they had been blows. But can be economically or properly used. When he did it deliberately. It would be good for his tough, muscular laborers can be hired for twentychildren: it was fitting he should suffer this for five cents per day, and so many are only too hap-them. The elder ones had been wrapped up in their father's story, and were solemn and hushed the inventions which substitute iron sinews for as if their mother's steps were on the threshold. human muscles are not in demand. Why spend Lisbeth had been watching a great white butter- \$500 for a mowing machine, or a patent reaper, fly dancing up and down among the hollyhocks, which is at best a senseless thing, and may any and wondering if she might play with the sun- day get out of repair, while there are plenty of shine on the grass. But Caspar, who had been scythes and sickles ready to answer every call, wishing be might go out and catch the butterfly, had fixed his eyes suddenly upon his father. He is the state of the question; and so, while the heard him speak of going away, and began to whole Lombardy valley is like a garden in regucry in a soft, subdued way, looking at him larity, beauty and fruitfulness, the peasantry are through his tears. The gentle sobbing caught poor, fighting the battle of life at great disadvanthe Minister's ear. He could command himsef tage: and, so far as this world goes, reaching no longer. They all wept together. At last he nothing but meagre results even when their patient persistence gives them victory instead of

help me to bear, and soften to me my pitiful pain. The eye will sometimes take in single fields of wash away all these tears from us, and change the trimming being so nearly uniform that each life hid in Him. The Lord Christ is not be found among the dead, say the angels at the holy sepulchre; nothing dead is found in the Lord Christ. How, therefore, can your mother be dead, having been baptized into Christ's death, and became one of his members? The Holy Ghost calleth all that rest in their earthbeds, them that sleep. But he that is asleep is not dead, as Christ saith of the Ruler's daughter (Matthew ix.) Moreover, we cannot tell how we live, even when we fall into a superior of the dear hand. What her true modes a first from a dear hand. What her true modes is so level that our three miserable horses, with a load of nearly iwenty to the street; inspecting a single of the dear fift from a dear hand. What her true modes a first from a dear hand. What her true modes is so level that our three true miserable horses, with a load of nearly iwenty to the street; inspecting a single of the say to the way that, I trust, you will have as God may help me. I am persuaded also of you, that you will show me back childlike fidelity, and will not desert me that rest in their earthbeds, them that sleep. But he that is asleep is not dead, as Christ saith of the Ruler's daughter (Matthew ix.) Moreover, we cannot tell how we live, even when we fall into a surface into run he root, and to so level that our three metals of the dear hand. What her true metals of the soll is so level that our three true metals of the street; inspecting a single site of the street; inspecting a single of the sculptor, or regarding the great strue there is the street; inspecting a single of the sculptor, or regarding the scu

fully-kept avenue of some lordly mansion. The roads and the fields wake only surprise and admiration; the men and women who have built such completeness into the one, and framed such beauty nto the other, are far enough from the goal of a moderate ambition, and their lot and life exhibit little of the glow of attraction. Along the line of railway from Bologna to

Florence is the most striking specimen of civil engineering that has yet been found. We cross the Appenines in the cars. The greatest height reached is only between three thousand and four thousand feet-but the narrow and winding valley, the frequency and abruptness of the successive peaks, the wild, jagged aspect presented by the irregular and scattered cliffs, the deep ravines on whose very brink we whirled along and into which at times it seemed we were really plunging headlong, the frequency and length of the tunnels, where, because there was no way to get round a mountain and no capacity even in our powerful articulated engines to get over it, we plunged into midnight and passed straight through its heart; the zigzag windings by which we at length climbed to a position that had seemed right overhead, or descended to a bridge that, half an honr before, we had seen apparently clinging to the cliffs at a dizzy depth beneath our feet, all this made every mile give us a new revelation, and almost every minute stir the cords of some deep emotion. In going a distance of 75 miles we went through no less than 36 different tunnels. and were, during two successive hours, more in the midnight than in the sunshine. It was a ride on an underground-railroad without a metaphor; and, set over in contrast with the diligence ride from Padua, it gave us the two extremes in the triumph of European engineering. Whoever lacks faith in the practicability of the proposed road across the western continent to the Pacific, would be cured of his skepticism by passing through our experiences of the last eight days. The traveller who visits this land twenty years hence may, perhaps, go to the top of Mont Blanc in a sleeping car, and pass under the Mer de Glace in safety while the ice-current is tearing off blocks of granite a thousand tons in weight just above

But enough of generalities. Take, instead, a ew words of specification. We enjoyed Milan. It is a neat, thriving city; old, but not decrepid. It has seen many revolutions, but it is not turbulent; it has suffered from the disintegration and metamorphoses which the civil life of Italy has undergone, but it is not frightened at the idea of change, and believes in progress. St. Ambrose is but it manifestly sees more of practical benefit in art; but there are two things which especially of Leonardo de Vinci, whose subject is the Last Supper," copies and engravings of which have been circulated on both sides of the ocean almost as widely as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The other is the great Cathedral.

The fresco has been greatly defaced by time and violence; not a single head or form is complete; the building in which we find it is old. low, out-of-the-way and cheerless, and the sexton who keeps the key must be looked up. But we found the man and looked at the picture. The injury which it has sustained is great, but less than I had feared. Every one of the thirteen personages appears—the form well-defined, the attitude obvious, the expression of countenance quite distinct, the predominant and specific fee!ng stirring each soul not difficult to be apprebended. It is, in itself, a great achievement, and other than artistic eyes can perceive the genius embodied in the conception. Every face and attitude shows character. Every feeling, silently expressed, is in place. The revealed plot to betray Christ is a blow upon the sensibility of the disciples capable of waking every emotion which these varied faces bring out.

But the glory of the work is seen in the central figure. The artist has done, perhaps, whatever a mortal can do, in the way of embodying the hood; that, though the temple may be beautiful combined majesty and benignity of the great and hely, the sacrifices are an abomination. Master's character. I have seen no other face of Christ among the multitude that look out from all these vast galleries, which, on the whole, comes so near to the ideal which the New Testament picture gives us. It wakes the profound reverence which prompts to worship, while kindling the sympathetic confidence which sends the soul to his bosom as to the heart of a great and long-tried friend. Out from those lips it is easy to believe that there might come in successive sentences, the words: " He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Not a single restoration, or copy, or photograph, or engraving of this great picture, which I have seen, preserves this "majestic sweetness," which not only " sits enthroned" upon the brow of Jesus, but which here informs (?) every feature and writes itself in the whole attitude.

Of the Cathedral it is difficult to speak in any satisfactory way. It is easy enough to say that it is built of white marble, from pavement to spire; that it was commenced in the fourteenth century, and though a large number of workmen are constantly employed, it is a long way from completion, that the outlay up to the present time is not far from \$175,000,000, that its extreme length is about 500 feet, its breadth at the transepts about 300, its height from the pavement to the ceiling in the central nave about 150, and to the top of the statue of the Virgin 19 feet high, in gilded bronze, which surmounts the spire, nearly 400; that it has now 146 lofty and elaborate pinnacles springing from and rising above its roof, with 21 more to be added; that the number of statues, mostly of life size and larger, executed in the highest style of art, and set in the niches, on the angles and pinnacles as ornaments to the exterior, is about 7000, with 3000 vet to be added: that the smaller perpendicular projections from the roof, representing so many varieties of Botanical shrubs and flowers, and made when viewed at a given angle, to appear like a vast flower garden,-is not less than 15,000, &c. &c. But all this will amount to very little in describing the Cathedral as a whole, whether viewing it from a distance or near at hand; seeking to take in the great pile in a whole, or fixing attention upon aby single portion in its details; walking over its is she living.

"It is true that by the light of reason we cannot understand that the dead are living, but by the light of grace, which is the Holy Gospel, we assess our dear God, and your dear mother, have commended you to my faithful hand and believe that all who sleep in Christ have their life hid in Him. The Lord Christ is not be found of the last four of the light of grace, which is the Holy Gospel, we the light of grace, which is the Holy Gospel, we the light of grace, which is the the Holy Gospel, we the light of grace, which is the the Holy Gospel, we the light of grace, which is the the Holy Gospel, we the light of grace, which is the the light of grace, which is the vine is seen extending from one tree to another, have remarked and and had and the vine is seen extending from one tree to another, have remarked as the light of grace, which is the vine is seen extending from one tree to another, have remarked as twilling in summer-time a continuous verdant fees to light of grace, which is the vine is see

Old Series, Vol. XIX., No. 12.

spreading itself on every side beyond your ideals, mocking your efforts at comprehension. There is nothing to do but to stand and look and admire and wonder, to go away surfeited, to come and look again and then go away as before, feelng that the spirit is too narrow for such a conception to inhabit, too weak to bear away such a burden of splendor. And so you go at last, with only the outlines of a great temple drawn on the tablet of memory, within which beauty and sublimity, in many and varied forms, come and go, like clouds of gold and crimson in the summer: sky; and instead of a house built by human hands which your mathematics have measured, you are haunted by visions of a temple let down from above before you, as the New Jerusalem

showed itself to John in the panorama of the

There are larger structures; there are costlier

Apocalypse.

THE OFFICE OF THE

CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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

REV. I. E. BILL.

Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

The Christian Bisitar

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

encing your tongue, beggaring your description,

Address all Communications and Business

Editor and Proprietor.

and many more noted ones which I may yet see, but I have no expectation that architecture will speak to me again through lifeless marble with a voice more impressive, nor put so much meaning a second time into silent words. Leaving out of account the economical and strictly moral consideration, and considering such a pile from a purely æsthetic or artistic standpoint, it is something to be admired with an almost unbounded and perfect joy. And as such it is pleasant to contemplate it. Stopping to ask whether the Christianity in whose name it is reared would sanction such an outlay for a mere temple, when the contrite heart is the true dwelling-place of God on earth; whether the disciples can be justified in rearing for their occupancy such an abiding place, while claiming to imitate him who had not where to lay his head; whether so much gold may be properly locked up in marble walls, and senseless statues, while our poorer brother pine from hunger, and our Father's children famish for the bread of life, and especially asking whether a false faith and a cheating round of ceremonies ought in any case to be rendered more imposing and attractive and powerful by throwing around them such a robe of beauty and magnificence; then, indeed, there is an alloy thrown into the pleasure of contemplation, and the picture is likely to be marred by the doubt awakened over its office. Alas! that the glory of art should be so often the shame of religion. Indeed, these queryings are likely to be forced

on a visitor's attention even while the work of inspection goes on. While the structure is stirring your admiration, the priestly occupants are very likely to provoke your pity and then your comthe patron saint, it has put its name on many of tempt. In this temple, as in the old one in Jeruits monuments, and it honors him still lip-wise; salem, sit the money changers, greedy, grasping, pharisaic, selling-not doves-but superstition; the favour of the living Victor Emmanuel than palming off, hot, bad and depreciated coin in an in the dead saint's good will. It has many his- underhand way, but trading away transparent toric associations, not a few choice products of lies unblushingly for your francs and centimes. make it famous. The one is the renowned Fresco | cals all flaunting, as if to assure you of his thorough orthodoxy, solicits your attention to the treasures and relics of the great cathedral, and shrewdly intimates that you may look upon no ordinary wonders. Perhaps you are cautious, and don't bite at the bait; it is more probable that you are curious and do bite. In the latter case. you are taken into the sacristy and crypt, where among other things, you are shown what you are solemnly assured are the towel with which Christ washed his disciples' feet, and part of the purple robe which he wore, some thorns from his crown the sponge on which the vinegar was pressed to his lips, the rod of Moses which became a serpent, teeth from the mouths of Daniel and Eli sha, &c. And just when your merriment or your indignation at these puerile and pious frauds is reaching the explosive point, and you are turning abruptly away to restrain the impulse that prompts a roar of derisive laughter or a movement of your foot that would not suggest the theory of nonresistance, your guide makes his demand for a dollar, with a tone and an air which combine the shameless sycophancy of the beggar with the avaricious desperation of the bandit. You will settle the account as you can; but now even settled you are likely to go away feeling that the religion is in the stones, and the rascality in the priest-

> I have no space left now in which to make mention of Venice—the beautiful, the ancient the storied, the unfortunate, the unique city in the sea, whose buildings are palaces, whose streets are canals, whose carriages are the gondolas, whose air is never stirred by the rumble of wheels or the tread of a single horse. Nor can I say anything now of Bologna, with its quaint old walls, standing still around the city, pierced here and there by gates, which are guarded as of old as though they could keep armies and turn back all modern ideas. And Florence, the gem of Italy, the sanctum-sanctorum of art, the paradise of painters and sculptors, the capital of Victor Emanuel, where he carries forward the work of making law supplant old precedent, of making the Papacy perceive its weakness and read its doom, and of teaching the people how to find political redemption ; - even Florence cannot now sit for its poor portrait. And with most reluctance of all, I must omit or postpone the story of that intensely interesting hour spent with our own countryman in his studio-Hiram Powers, the world-renowed sculptor, and the designer of the Greek slave. The simple, grand old man is an honor to his country as he is an honor to his art, and a noble specimen of his race. But I must give him my benediction, and you my good

ST. PAUL A TENTMAKER. - No higher example can be found of the possibility of combining diligent labor in the common things of life with the utmost spirituality of mind. Those who might have visited Aquila at Corinth in the working hours, would have found St. Paul quietly occupied with the same task as his fellow-laborers. Though he knew the gospel to be a matter of life and death to the soul, he gave himself to an ordinary trade with as much zeal as though he had no other occupation. It is the duty of every man to maintain an honorable independence; and this he felt, was peculiarly incumbent on him, for the sake of the gospel he capie to proclaim. He knew the obloquy to which he was likely to be exposed, and he prudently prepared for it. The highest motives instigated his diligence in the commonest manual toil. And this toil was po

and the state of the state of the state of