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“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, i. 13.

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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

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BAPTIST SEMINARY, FREDERICKTON. 4th Term, 1866, commencing 9th Oct. Rev. C. STURGES, D. D., Principal.

THE ALBERTINE OIL COMPANY. The Albertine Oil Company have received the approval of the Government of the Province of New Brunswick.

HEART-BREATHINGS. Lord, I am come alone with Thee, Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see, And feel Thy presence near.

A moment from this outward life, Its service, self-denial, strife, I joyfully retire; My soul, through intercourse with Thee, Strengthened, refreshed and calmed shall be, Its scenes again to meet.

How can it be that one so mean, A sinner, selfish, dark, unclean, Thus in the holiest stands? And in that light divinely pure, Which may no stain of sin endure, Lift up rejoicing hands.

Jesus, the answer Thou hast given! Thy death, Thy life, have opened heaven And all His joys to me. Washed in Thy blood, O wondrous grace! I'm holy as the holy place In which I worship Thee.

How sweet, how solemn, thus to lie, And feel Jehovah's searching eye, On me well pleased can rest; Because with His beloved Son, The Father's grace hath made me one, I must be always blest.

JOHANNA; OR, THROUGH DARKNESS TO THE LIGHT. Translated for the Christian Visitor, from the German, by Miss Ellen E. Fitz, St. Martins.

CHAPTER III. The meaneest weeds that nature's planted, Have each their flowering season granted; Some moments of joy are for all.

It had already begun to grow dark when Johanna reached the end of her journey. The wagon stopped before an old, gloomy building, over whose large entrance was the words, "Whosoever receiveth a child in my name, receiveth me."

Johanna did not exactly understand these words, but knew that Christ had spoken them. A young girl, with whom she afterwards became acquainted as the assistant teacher, received her, and perceiving the child very cold and tired, obtained permission to lead her immediately to the dormitory.

Johanna entered, clinging by the teacher's hand, and was astonished at the long rows of beds which she saw here. All had on blue covers and thick clothes; the extreme simplicity, one might truly say poverty, reigned in this large, dismal-looking room.

No salutary warmth welcomed the benumbed girl, and the firmly frosted windows told plainly that here never did the friendly flame of the fire-side crackle.

As Johanna declined eating anything, the young teacher showed her at once to her sleeping place, helped her to undress, and administering her to pray as she lay on her hard bed, took the light and went out.

Johanna felt unspokenly forsaken, and never had such a home sickness come over her as now. She wept long and bitterly, then folding her hands and repeating the first little prayer her blessed mother had taught her, fell asleep gently and soundly.

She was awakened in the morning by the ringing of a bell and hum of many low voices, at first scarcely knowing where she was. The room was feebly illuminated by a dimly burning lamp, by whose light she saw the other young girls, whose companion she had become, busy dressing.

"We cannot wash to-day," cried one of the larger girls; "the water is frozen in the basin." "Well, as we go unwashed," cried another, "just hurry, that we may get out of this abominably cold room."

"Oh, we will not find it much warmer in another," laughed a third. "See here we have received a companion in affliction." "What is your name?" where did you come from?"

"This was Johanna assailed with questions, replying to them in her quiet, simple way. The entrance of the matron put an end to the loud, general talk. She rapped three times on the table, at which the girls immediately arranged themselves by pairs, and went in rows to the breakfast room.

Here Johanna found a division of larger and older scholars. The teacher read a portion from the Bible, repeated a prayer, then a hymn was sung, and all sat down to the long table. Before each one was a cup of milk, with a piece of white bread. The milk was thin and nearly cold, and the bread frozen quite hard.

The breakfast neither warmed nor satisfied. Especially did Johanna feel this, who the day before had eaten almost nothing. When all had rapidly consumed the simple meal, the procession went in the same order to the school room.

"A lady of noble deportment and mild features here opened the school, and assigned to each teacher her class. "Who is that lady?" asked Johanna of her little neighbor.

"It is Miss Tempelhof, the head teacher," was the reply, "and if things went her way, we would not be forced to go so hungry and cold here." Miss Tempelhof, advancing to Johanna, and kindly extending to her her hand, said, "Be welcome to us, my child. I hope you will, by obedience and assiduity, be a source of joy to us, and accomplish the hopes of your parents, who have sent you here to acquire knowledge."

"I have no parents, my lady," replied Johanna. "Well, your dear relatives." "Neither; I am alone, and an orphan." Johanna said these words so firmly but sadly, that the teacher fastened on her a surprised, compassionate look, and the other scholars glanced inquisitively at the speaker.

School began, and after Miss Tempelhof had examined Johanna, she was joined to her division; she also received, after a few days, the dress which all the young ladies in the institution wore, which was of plain gray cloth, fitted high and close at the neck, besides a black woollen apron, with flap and little pocket, dark stockings and leather boots. The hair had to be parted smoothly on the top of the head, and twisted behind, without comb, in a close Grecian knot.

This uniform attire was intended to be a defence against vanity and the love of dress. The meals in this boarding-school were also arranged after a model of the extreme frugality. The larger girls, whose growth demanded more sustenance, and were therefore never satisfied, often teased the smaller ones for a portion of their allowance, which the timid things, for the sake of

peace, resigned with a sad heart. But Johanna rebuffed such an exaction with so determined, curt words, that no one ventured a second time to her.

After dinner, one hour was passed in play, sometimes in a spacious room, but whenever the weather permitted, in the large yard which was behind the house. Johanna, who had a fondness for the air and sky, usually preferred to stir about out of doors, in spite of snow and cold; whence, invigorated by the healthy exercise, she always returned with a renewed zeal to her lessons, which, in the company of so many children, were generally a delight and pleasure. Her love of knowledge and attention had already secured the affection and approbation of the teachers; by her sad abode in the house of her aunt, she had also learned content and privation, so that the deficient accommodations in this institution, which many of the other young girls felt very sorely, were quite tolerable to her.

Among Johanna's companions was one, a few years older than herself, who particularly attracted and interested her. She was a pale, quiet girl, who took little part in the plays of her schoolmates, preferring to read in some retired corner, and especially avoided all running and jumping in the open air. Johanna had noticed that Helen—this was her name—was very much and frequently scolded by the teachers; often, it is true, for negligence, which chastisement she always received with so much submission and humility, that Johanna was astonished. The difficulty of such a reception of reproof by her own impetuous spirit, increased her sympathy for Helen, with whom she one day ventured to carry on the following conversation:—

"What book have you there, in which you are reading so diligently?" "It is the story of a young, lovely girl, named Anna Ross. I have just finished it, and will lend it to you, if you would like to read it. Anna was also an orphan, as I hear you are, so that the tale will especially interest you."

"I thank you for your kindness, Helen; and now I wish to ask a few more questions, which you, who are so sensible and good, will certainly answer." "Gladly, if I can."

"What do the words over the entrance of the school house mean?" "It is a declaration of the Saviour, as you perhaps know, and by it this house is intended to be denoted as one where children, through the liberality of good, charitable men, are received and educated."

"But yet we all pay for our board." "A very little, Johanna; the most of us have half or whole gratis." "Ah, therefore, perhaps, do we receive so little and poor food?"

"I do not know, but do not think it the reason; and if it is, we ought not to complain, since opportunity is indeed offered us to learn much that is useful, and thereby to get our own living in the world."

"Could not this also be done if we were made comfortable? But now tell me, Helen, where is the gentleman who superintends the school? I have not seen him here at all; and did he find it and is he good? I am afraid of him."

"You ask many questions at once, Johanna. Herr Baldinus did not found this house, but one of his ancestors, who enacted that a member of the family of the founder always manage it; and since Herr Baldinus is a wealthy and influential man, also very pious, as it is said, he has for many years been elected director of the institution. He does not live in this house, but in the neighboring city, whence he comes once a week to investigate everything. You have not seen him, because he is travelling. But now tell me, why are you afraid of him?"

"I saw him once at my aunt's, and he seemed like a ghost, and was also very cross to me, because my aunt told him that I was a bad girl." "Were you, then, bad at your aunt's?"

"Indeed I think I was not good; neither was my aunt good to me, but always scolded me, and once she shut me up in the death room, and she spoiled her children. Betty was a greedy miser, and Fanny a vain fool, and Frederic—oh! he is such a bad boy, there are none more so; I hate him, and wish him all evil."

"Fie! Johanna; how are you speaking! Do you not know what Christ says: 'Love your enemies, bless those that curse you, and that doing he will pray for his enemies?'"

Johanna's eyes filled with tears; she thought of her dear, pious mother, who once had said nearly the same to her. Alas! how little had she followed those gentle teachings.

"You are so good and pious, Helen," continued Johanna, after a short silence, "how happens it that you are so often scolded, much more than I, who yet am not worse than you?"

"I am not quite so good as you think, love," replied Helen. "I have many faults; I am very negligent and disorderly in my habits, and Madam Schulz, who has the inspection of our trunks, has continual trouble and vexation with mine, and is therefore obliged to punish me. I am also often absent minded during recitations; I am thinking in the French hour, instead of giving attention, of some interesting story which I have read; or during the ciphering I suddenly remember home, the murmuring of the brook, the rustling of the trees, the clacking of the mill. Must not this inattention vex the teachers, and can they be pleased with me! You, on the contrary, are very attentive, and rejoice all by your progress."

"But yet Miss Tempelhof is always pleased with you." "Truly she, the good dear one," replied Helen, and a timid blush overspread the pale cheeks, "she has forbearance with me, because she knows and wholly understands me. But now we have chatted long enough, Johanna; ask me no more; the instruction hour begins soon. I have talked so long that I will be obliged to cough much in the singing hour."

"I am talking, then, bad for you, Helen, that you so often cough?" "I do not know, my little one; I think my chest is weak, for which reason I can neither run nor jump as you."

Johanna anxiously embraced her new friend, kissed her fervently, and each one went to her study room, the school bell ringing.

(To be continued.)

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.—How beautiful is the confidence that springs up between pastor and people! He is a shepherd; they his flock. He watches for their souls; and their souls look to him for leading, counsel, protection. Anxious parents bring to him the spiritual wants of their children; bereaved ones send him, they hardly know why, but it is for sympathy; discouraged laborers go to him to get heart again for the Master's service; the unconverted seek him out that they may find Christ; all expect to find in him help for the higher duties of life, and for the life to come. He is the religious friend of all

(From the Morning Star.) LETTER FROM REV. G. T. DAY. Steamer Egyptian, Mediterranean Sea, February 24, 1866. (Concluded.)

But since the new Government supplanted the old, and the progressive ideas which the heroism of Garibaldi and the statesmanship of Victor Emanuel embody and organize, have begun to operate, even Naples is awaking slowly to the possibilities and privileges of the Italian people; and another generation may have something better to show than the caprices of conservatism, the self-satisfactions of laziness, and the picturesque of poverty.

The city was one of the last things that have become memorable, which looked upon us from the continent of Europe, as we sailed away toward the shores of a still older land—its line of beauty glowing fainter on the coast as it seemed to lose itself in the sea. Then came, the morning afterward, the volcanic pile of Stromboli, shooting, a solitary massive cone of volcanic rock, up from the waters; then the Scylla and Charybdis of classic story, between which we passed into the Strait of Messina; then the Sicilian coast, with barren heights that man cannot scale, mixed in with terraced slopes where the vine hangs out its clusters, and the olive gathers the oil; then Ætna, towering above all neighboring heights, like Saul among his brethren, a robe of clouds for drapery, and on his head a coronet of snow; and then only the delicate blue of the sky overhead, and the deep blue of the Mediterranean meeting it round the whole horizon.

There have been occasional allusions to beggary and beggars in this foreign correspondence. The topic is rendered prominent enough in one's experience to justify the devotion of a letter to the portraiture of this phase of life. But, however interesting the subject may be, it is not an agreeable interest which is awakened. New allusions contain no adequate idea of the thing as it exists here, where the language is interpreted in the light of what is seen of begging at home. New York has some mendicancy. Even there, system and shrewdness enter into its operations; and there are forms and faces wretched enough to awaken pity or induce shrieking, even in coarse natures. But begging in Europe is older, maturer, commoner; more abject in its aims, more reckless in its methods, more persistent, and more cringing in its operations.

One meets it in various phases all over the continent, but its chief seat is at Rome. Naples has long had the reputation of outdoing all other cities; but Rome leaves it now far in the rear, whatever may have been the case heretofore. Travellers are generally regarded by the people on the continent as legitimate game for all classes to capture and pluck. Some of the hunters to be seen proceed according to rule, and never forget the requirements of etiquette. Hotel keepers, for example, bleed you with bows and smiles, with well-termed compliments and graceful assurances of being always at your service. Shopkeepers empty your pockets with a quiet self-complacency which seems to say that you ought to pay them a few extra francs for their promptness in affording your pockets relief.

Professional guides volunteer information, following it up with laqueous tongue till they succeed in getting your curious or indignant attention, and then hint or announce their expectation of pay. One such fellow, after chattering awhile in most barbarous English, and sticking to us for a quarter of an hour like a dock-burr, on being told peremptorily that we wanted nothing of him, took off his hat for money, and looked as though he was wounded and indignant because we did not disgorge the silver. Not a few persons remind you of the man in the story, who heated the poker to whiteness, and ran out with it to a passer-by, offering to keep from running it through him for half a dollar; and when he was driven off by the sight of a pistol, insisted that he ought to have at least twenty-five cents to pay for heating the poker.

There are all sorts of beggars. There are beggars in broadcloth, and beggars in rags; beggars who depend for success upon the use of brain, and beggars who rely upon the power of brass; beggars who make it a life-long occupation, and who proceed according to pre-formed theories, and beggars who take up the business at odd times and intervals, and follow the lead of circumstances or the guidance of impulses; beggars that demand with confident tone, and beggars that whine out their pleas in the minor key; beggars that depend on their good looks, and beggars that employ all hereditary and acquired loathsomeness to compel a surrender; beggars that enforce an appeal with their age, and beggars that resolve to touch your heart by youthfulness; beggars that urge their own sufferings, and beggars that praise your ability and generosity; beggars that threaten you with curses if you do not give them, and beggars that promise you their own perpetual prayers, and the Blessed Virgin's eternal intercession and smile if you do give them; beggars who tell you of what they have already suffered, and beggars who picture the sufferings which they expect will come unless your silver shall speedily halt the terrible procession; beggars who seek relief for themselves, and beggars having a whole house full of friends eagerly looking for the deliverance which a few coppers will surely carry them; beggars who ask your charity as a mighty hand to lift them out of purgatory, and beggars who ask it as a key to lock them securely into paradise.

These are not over-statements. In Rome especially, it would not be easy to exaggerate the truth. You find a beggar at the door when you go out in the morning, beseeching you to begin the day with a gift, and there is another, or the same, wailing you at night, praying you to carry a lighter conscience to your bed by leaving behind a donation. You go on to the street, and a beggar is beside you, with slouched hat in hand or miserable bonnet under the arm, pleading, as always for money. Stop a moment before a shop window, and a group of them is surrounding you. At every corner a fresh voice accosts you; each public square has its guard of mendicants. While you are engaging a carriage to visit some object of interest your bargaining is interrupted by voices that keep up the perpetual murmur of "bajocchini." When you turn to get in, some beggar's hand is on each of the doors which are opened for your entrance; the beggar grasping the door which you do not take, grievously and indignantly asks for money to pay for the disappointment. When you alight the process is repeated. If you go to a church, there is a beggar at the lower step and another at the upper; one at the outer door and another at the inner; one that appeals to you along the nave, and another plying you at the transept; one at the choir interrupting your study of the organ, and another at the high altar thrusting the face between you and the fresco at which you would quietly look; and when you go out an entirely new set may be found filling the places of the quartette that assailed you at your approach. Every gallery has

its beggars, waiting at the entrance to get the first fee; every old monument or ruin has waiting in its neighbourhood more than one human monument of wretchedness, and more than one poor wreck of life, whose story you must guess, but whose meaning you are not permitted to mistake. And similar experiences in beggary accompany all undertakings, and crowd themselves into the life of every successive day. Men and women, the old and the young, the strong and the feeble, those who choose the occupation for its profit; and those who know no other way in which to eke out a miserable subsistence; desperate characters and pitiable characters, those who excite only suspicion and disgust, and those whose mournful tones touch the heart, and whose pleading, anxious, sorrow-stamped faces haunt you for days,—all, all, without any apparent sense of shame or feeling of reluctance, seeming to count the business legitimate if it may only be successful, unite in swelling the army of beggars, whose representations are everywhere, but whose great encampment and principal field of operations is the city which once boasted of being mistress of the world, and which now glories in having been for fifteen centuries the capital and the efflorescence of Christendom.

But the subject is too extensive to get justice at my hands, and I leave it to those whose patience and skill are adequate to paint the phase of European life and of the tourist's experience. I have been told that we shall find a worse type of beggary in Egypt and Syria. Perhaps so. In that case I certainly should shrink from all attempt at description, and what I have written owes itself to the fact that I did not wait until the overpowering proportions of the subject had overcome my courage and left me to the silence of despair.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Feb. 5.

We are at length on the soil,—in the fifth age and it were perhaps more appropriate to say,—of this ancient and storied land. It is a strange, complex, and not very attractive picture which spread itself before us as we stepped ashore on the Sabbath morning. But the phases of life are sufficiently in contrast with what one finds at home to make the antiquity and the stagnation of Egypt only too apparent. I do not now stop to record even first impressions. It will be better to put the results of observation and study in the place which these would occupy, and so I leave picture and narrative to a future day.

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "CHRISTIAN ERA." FENIANISM.

The Fenian movement in Ireland has received its quietus, I think. It had become more and more daring, and several American Irishmen having recently landed in the sister Island, to bring matters to an open crisis, it was almost unanimously resolved by the Legislature, and sanctioned by the Queen, that the *habeas corpus* act should be repealed in Ireland until September next. I am sorry to say, that scores of disbanded Federal American soldiers, including three or four generals, several colonels and captains, &c., have been arrested on clear evidence of being in Ireland for a treasonable purpose. They will, of course, have a fair trial. The prompt action of the Government in suspending the *habeas corpus* act has alarmed many of the conspirators, especially those from America, and they are hurrying back in great numbers to their shores. They are an ill-favored lot, and will, I fear, be no comfort to you, on your side of the Atlantic. John Bright made a noble speech, on the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, in which he did full justice to the Irish question as a whole. Some thought the speech ill-timed, but others thought it just the thing for the occasion. It produced a mighty impression, both in the House and out of it.

I trust no complications will arise out of this miserable Fenian imposture, that will jeopardize the peace of England and America. I remember that when the friends of Kosuth and of Hungary were printing paper money in this country, clandestinely, for the Hungarian Revolutionists, the whole issue was seized, and the printer punished for a breach of the neutrality laws. But Fenian "money" is being manufactured among you with unblushing openness, and as openly circulated. We know from bitter experience how difficult it is to make all the citizens of a great nation respect the neutrality laws, and are therefore not disposed to judge you harshly in this Fenian movement. But does it not strike you, that the American Fenians are violating your own Constitution in seeking to create a new and distinct Irish nation in the bosom of the United States? When they became American citizens, did they not cease to be Irishmen? When they took the oath of allegiance to your Government, did they not adjure all others? Yet they are seeking to create an *imperium in imperio* in your very midst. If I know anything of constitutional law, *Fenianism in America is as much treason against the government of the United States as it is conspiracy against the government of Great Britain*. Ask your Chief Justice Chase whether I am not right! Our own government is giving the best possible evidence of its desire to avoid all needless jealousy of your conduct, as a people, in this business.

PALMERSTON AND PRINCESS HELENA. Lord Palmerston is to have a public monument at the expense of the nation in Westminster Abbey.

The Princess Helena is to be married shortly to a German Prince "unknown to fame."

THE CATTLE PLAGUE. The cattle plague still rages, and stringent measures have been resolved on for the purpose of stamping it out. The homœopaths are most successful in their treatment, but even their success is comparatively small.

THE MINISTRY. The New Ministry appears to be getting into good working order; so far, they have got on very well in the Parliamentary debates. I do trust that they may not be driven from power by Tory manoeuvre. Earl Russell's ministry is a pledge of England's desire to live in peace with all the world. The new Reform Bill has not yet been brought out, and nobody appears to be in the secret of the intentions of Government with regard to that measure. We hope it will be a satisfactory Bill when it appears.

ROCKEY. The battle between Puseyites and Evangelicals, High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Narrow Churchmen and Broad Churchmen, wakes more and more fierce. The Government do not propose to meddle with the controversy; they are afraid of it. The Bishops advise letting the Prayer Book alone; and so, the "Calvinistic Creed, and Liturgy, and Arminian Clergy," as the great William Pitt called them, will have to get on in the best way they can together.

In my own church we are having some pleasing tokens of God's presence and blessing. I have four converts to baptize this month, and others

seeking the Lord. We are doing some work for God as a church in this town and neighborhood, having more than 500 children in our two Sabbath Schools, and several tract districts occupied by zealous distributors. But conversions are not frequent among us, and we sigh for a revival. Pray for us!

My young friend, the Rev. James Parker, from your Madison University, is doing very well among my former people in Yorkshire. He has baptized several bands of precious converts. We want more educated Strict Baptist pastors for our Strict Baptist Churches. In Wales the churches still remain almost all strict, and there our denomination grows.

The Infidel movement, rapidly led on by men of the Ultra Broad Church party still advances to yet more daring impieties. I saw in the papers the other day an announcement, that a clergyman of the Established Church has published a pamphlet, in which he declares his belief that Jesus Christ was the begotten Son of Mary and Joseph of Arimathea. May God have mercy on us!

LITERARY MATTERS. The veteran John Howard Hinton, M. A., has just carried through the press a complete edition of his various works, in seven volumes. The good old man may well be thankful for the grace which has enabled him to produce so glorious a contribution to our theological literature as these seven goodly volumes. He is loved and honored by us. It strikes me his works are scarcely as well known in the United States as they deserve to be. For some time Mr. Hinton has not held any pastorate.

Our *Freeman* newspaper is undergoing great changes. Mr. Heaton, the former editor and proprietor, has resigned, and only holds his office pro tempore. Who his successors will be, I know not. There has been many fears that this our only Baptist newspaper in England will, after all, have to be given up; but I do not think it will come to that.

An effort has been commenced to found a new college, for the education of our young ministers holding strict communion principles. Our existing colleges, with the exception of those in Wales, are presided over by men who are almost without an exception, open communionists. The consequence is, that the young men who enter these institutions strict, come out open, at the close of their four or five years term. A further consequence is, that our remaining strict churches have to take open communion pastors with the certainty of themselves becoming eventually open under the pastor's influence. What then are we to do? Shall we stand by and see our rising ministry, and our churches, universally perverted from the truth on this question? Some of us think that something should be done to arrest this process of corruption. It is proposed to start the new college in the ancient city of Chester, and to allow the students who prove worthy of such a privilege, to spend their concluding two years at some English or Scotch University. A meeting will be held in London, at our annual denominational gatherings in April, to decide finally on the project.

EUROPEAN CHANGES. Since I last wrote, many important changes have taken place on the continent of Europe. Sweden has reformed her constitution at last. Russia and the Pope have had a quarrel of so deadly a character, that all the diplomatic intercourse between the two is at an end. Switzerland has decreed perfect religious liberty throughout her brave little Republic. Austria and Prussia are having a violent altercation over the spoils of Denmark. Like other thieves, they are contending over the division of the booty. Austria is the lesser rogue of the two, and thinks she is in bad company. Italy is staggering under her financial difficulties. Her patriotic Gavazzi preaches in his pulpit next Lord's Day. In Roumania there has been a revolution, and Prince Couza has been deposed. The crown still goes a begging. Paris is as gay and corrupt as ever, and Spain, proud, feeble and bankrupt.

Yours affectionately, JOHN STROCK.

YOU MUST WORK IT OUT YOURSELF. We find among Christians those who are but partially enlightened, and who think that they may have Christian experiences and Christian graces for the asking.

Suppose I should pray, "Lord God, give me a quick sense of the beauties of literature," what would God say to me, if he said anything? "Fool read on!" I should be turned back to my books, and kept at them, till after I had exercised my judgment and my taste, and schooled myself in the matters of which they treated, and become familiar with them, I should become a literary critic.

Suppose I should go to God and say, "Lord, teach me to see the fine lines of a ship!" I remember, years ago, hearing people talk of the fine lines of ships, and looking to see them. I could not see any lines at all, and I said, "What lines do you mean?" "Why, the curves," said they. "Do not you see how beautiful the bow is?"

I could not see a thing with my untrained eye. But now, after eighteen years of familiarity with ships, I can see the fine lines, the delicate curves. But the ability to do this I did not have had for the asking.

A man goes and asks God to give him patience and thinks God will teach him, and say, "thou patient!" No, God will not. The man will go home, and his wife will say, "What a fool you have made of yourself!" and he will begin to fire up; but instantly he will bethink himself and say, "Stop! stop! God is going to give you patience," and he will take a long breath, and hold his peace. And the children will crowd around him, and climb upon him, and plying him with questions, and importune him for favors, without any consciousness that he is overburdened, and will start to push them away; but he will call to mind his prayer, and say, "I asked God to give me patience, and here is an opportunity to practise it." In short, he will work out his own patience, if God answers his prayer—and God does answer our prayers. But how does he answer them? "By working in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure."

The steady pursuit of gain is the best evidence that an individual loves riches; and steadfastness in following Christ is the best evidence of true conversion. "Remember Lot's wife," and "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God," are the warning words which your Lord address to you who are faltering in his service.

The golden candlesticks were not removed from the seven churches of Asia until they forgotten their "first love," and became "warm." Thus those who are mourning the things of God's countenance, have, by their sins, caused its withdrawal.