

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co. AT THEIR OFFICE, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. TERMS:—Cash in Advance. One Copy, for one year, \$2.00 Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1.00 Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR affords an excellent medium for advertising.

GEORGE THOMAS, Commission Merchants and Ship Brokers, Water Street, St. John, N. B. Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John, N. B. GEORGE THOMAS, LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested, £3,212,843 5s. 1d. stg. Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £742,674 2s. 6d. Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, £25,948 10s. 6d. Premiums in Life Risks, 1864, £143,107 14s. 10d. Losses paid in Life Risks, 1864, £143,107 14s. 10d. In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued. EDWARD ALLISON, Agent for New Brunswick, (Commercial Bank Building), 70-71.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Building, Liverpool. Chairman of the London Board—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq. Chairman in Liverpool—CHARLES TURNER, Esq. The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest and most successful of the kind in the world. At the Annual Meeting held in August 1863, the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT. The most gratifying proof of the success of the business is exhibited in the one following fact:—The increase 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 1863 being £1,000,000. While the Premiums for the year 1864 are £1,148,148. Showing an actual increase of £148,148, or an increase of 14.8 per cent. in three years. The recent returns of duty made by Government for this year (1864) again show the "Royal" as more than maintaining the ratio of increase of the previous year. 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 short of the amount 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 has far exceeded the average amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 532, the sum insured being £2,287,000, and the premium £212,843 5s. 1d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. This year's business was £1,148,148. The number of policies issued was 532. The sum insured was £2,287,000. The premium was £212,843 5s. 1d. The remarkable increase in the business of the last four years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1861, which amounted to no less than 25 per cent. per annum on the sums assured and averaged 30 per cent. upon the premiums paid. The bonus was £1,148,148. The sum insured was £2,287,000. The premium was £212,843 5s. 1d. JOHN W. WELDON, Secretary to the London Board. All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire losses paid promptly, on reasonable proof of loss—without recourse to the courts. JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick, Prince Street, Opposite Judge Ritchie's Buildings. Feb. 15.

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CITY OF GLASGOW LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW. Incorporated by Act of Parliament. Governed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Glasgow. Subscribed Capital £2,000,000. Accumulated Fund £400,000. Annual Return £100,000. WALTER BURNHAM, of Shandon, Esq., M. P., Chairman. W. F. HIGGINS, Esq., Manager and Actuary. Half Premium System, without debt or interest. Endowment Assurances. Partnership Assurances. Short Term Assurances.

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THOMAS & WELMORE, INSURANCE AGENTS, 51MP BROKERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 51 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

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THE UNBOLTED DOOR.
An aged widow sat alone Beside her narrow hearth Her silent cottage never heard The ringing laugh of mirth. Six children once had sported there, but now the churchyard snow Fell softly on five little graves that were not long ago. She mourned them all with patient love, But since her eyes had shed her Far bitter tears than those which dewed The faces of the dead. The child which had been spared to her, her darling and her pride,— The woful mother lived to wish that she had also died.

Those little ones beneath the snow, Not lost, but gone before, Faith taught her all was well with them, And then the pang was o'er; But when she thought where Katie was, she saw The city's glare, The painted mask of bitter joy which Need gives Sin to wear.

Without the snow was thick and white, No step had fallen there; Within she sat beside her fire, Each thought a silent prayer. When suddenly behind her seat, unwanted noise She heard, As though a hesitating hand the rustic latch had stirred. She turned, and there the wanderer stood "With snow flakes in her hair— A faded woman, wild and worn. The ghost of something fair. And then upon the mother's neck the withering brow was laid. "Can God and you forgive me all I for I have sinned," she said. The widow dropped upon her knees Before the fading fire. And thanked the Lord, whose loving hand Had granted her desire. The daughter knelt beside her too, tears streaming from her eyes, And prayed, "God help me to be good to mother ere she dies!" They did not talk about the sin, The shame, the bitter woe; They spoke about those little graves, And things of long ago. And then the daughter raised her eyes, and said in tender tone, "Why did you keep your door unbarred when you were quite alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled A smile of love and pain; "I kept it so lest you should come, And turn away again; I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love is true. Yet it is but the shadowy type of His who died for you!"

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.
SECRET SINS DRIVEN OUT BY SINGING HORNETS.
"Moreover the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed."—Deut. xii. 20.
(Continued.)
II. Now secondly—A singular means for their destruction—*Thy God will send hornets among them.*
These fellows resorted to caves and dens; God employed the very best means for their destruction. I suppose these hornets were large wasps; two or three times, perhaps, as large as a wasp, with very terrible stings. It is not an unusual historical fact, that districts depopulated by means of stinging insects. In connection with the journey of Dr. Livingston, we can never forget that strange kind of pest which is such a pest to the cattle in any district, that the moment it appeared they had either to fly before it or to die. The hornet must have been a very terrible creature; but it is not at all extraordinary that there should have been hornets capable of driving out a nation. The hornet was a very simple means; it was no sound of trumpet, nor even the glitter of miracles; it was a simple, natural means of fetching these people out of their holes. It is well known that insects in some countries will sting one race of people and not another. Sometimes the inhabitants of a country are not at all careful about mosquitoes or such creatures, when strangers are quietly pestered with them. God could therefore bring hornets which would sting the Hivites and the Jebusites, but not molest the Israelites, and in this way the Canaanites were driven out of their holes; some died by the stings of hornets, and others were put in the way of the sharp swords of the men of Israel, and thus they died.

The spiritual analogy to this is, the daily trouble which God sends to every one of us. I suppose you have all got your hornets. Some have hornets in the family; your child may be a hornet to you; your wife your husband, your brother, the dearest friend you have, may be a daily cross to you; and though a dead cross is very heavy, a living cross is heavier far. To bury a child is a great grief, but to have that child live and sin against you is ten times worse. You may have hornets that shall follow you to your bed-chamber—some of you may know what that means—so that even when you ought to find your rest and your sweetest solace, it is there that you receive your bitterest sting of trouble. The hornet will sometimes come in the shape of business. You are perplexed—you cannot prosper—one thing comes after another. You seem to be born to trouble more than other people. You have ventured on the right hand, but it was a failure; you pushed out on the left, but that was a break-down. Almost everybody you trust fails immediately, and those you do not trust are the people you might have easily relied upon. You seem to be infested with those hornets in your business, to make everything go ill with you; you give perplexity upon perplexity—nothing so serious as to be your ruin, but a deal of fretful trouble which keeps you uneasy. Others have hornets in their bodies. Some have constant headaches; some have pains pass and shoot along the nerves of others. If you could be quit of it, you think how happy you would be; but if you have got your hornet, and that hornet is always with you.

But if I tried to get through the whole list of hornets, I should want all the morning for there is a particular grief to every man. Each man has his own form of obscuring sting which he has to feel. You will remember to your great regret, that you have had a hornet, and that hornet is always with you. But if I tried to get through the whole list of hornets, I should want all the morning for there is a particular grief to every man. Each man has his own form of obscuring sting which he has to feel. You will remember to your great regret, that you have had a hornet, and that hornet is always with you.

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have." You do not know. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. There is a skeleton in every house; every man has a shoe that pinches more or less; and there is not a Christian man on earth who has not a hornet. But what are they for? They are sent with the same object with which God sent hornets into Canaan, namely, to drive out the Canaanites; and I shall have to show you that they do so. Your hornets drive you to prayer. Just put in the word hornet into the verse we have been singing—

Hornets make the promise sweet, Hornets give new life to prayer, Hornets bring me to his feet, Lay me low, and keep me there. And you have just got the drift of what these daily hornets do. You would not pray if you had not trouble; I am afraid you would grow lax, cold, indifferent; but these sting you, and you say, "I must go to my God for comfort under this pest, this nuisance." Why, what a blessing that is for you to be stung to your Father's feet!—blessed sting that brings you there! You would not value the promise half so much if it were not for the hornets; but you turn to those precious words of God that just suits your case, and you say, "I never saw such sweetness in that as I do now. Blessed be God for sending a passage so suitable to my condition." The hornets take you to the promise, and seem to point you to the place where the milk and honey flow.

And how they also tend to lay you at his feet after you have been hasty in temper. After you have felt how proud you must have been, all because of the hornet that brought the pride out, you have gone to God, and said, "Lord, I did not think I was such a fool; I should not have believed it. If any one had said to me yesterday, 'You would do so-and-so,' I should have said, 'Is thy servant a dog that I should do such a thing?'" But this has so troubled me, bit me in a sore place, irritated me, that I have done what I would not have done for all the world. That just shows what there was there before. You see, if sin had not been in you, it could not have come out. All the trouble in the world does not put sin in the christian, but it brings it out. And just as a disease is all the better when it is fettered out to the surface, that so its power in the interior may be destroyed, so is it a blessing—a painful blessing—when the hornet comes and makes us see the evil that otherwise would have lain hidden in us. You know, my dear friends, practically, I dare say, what I mean. The other day you were in such a heavenly frame of mind—you had had half an hour alone, or had just come home from Tabernacle and enjoyed the service, and something patted you on the back, and said, "How you are grown in grace!" You did not say it in words, but you did really think, "Well, I am getting on; there is something good in me after all." When you get home, perhaps the meat was badly cooked, or there was something done the very opposite of what you had wished, and it seemed to be done on purpose to irritate you. You thought so, and without a moment's consideration, you said some very strong words—very! Then something came and touched you on the other shoulder, and said, "Ah! is this growing in grace?" and you felt very humbled, taken down a great many notches; and when you went up stairs to bed, if you had gone up there without that hornet, your prayer would have been a Pharisee's prayer, and as it was, when you got up, all you could say was "God be merciful to me a sinner." The hornet had done you a world of good. It might have fetched out a little bad temper, but for all that it had fetched out your pride and self-conceit. The daily troubles we have are meant to drive us to God, to drive us to the promise, and also to show us where our weak points are, in order that we may contend with our own might against them. I believe, my dear friends, that the hardest-hearted, most cross-grained, and most unlovely Christians in all the world are those who never have had much trouble, and those who are the most sympathizing, loving, and Christ-like are generally those that have the most affliction. The worst thing that can happen to any one of us is to have our path made too smooth, and one of the greatest blessings that ever the Lord gave us was a cross. "I should never have been able to see," said one, "if I had not been blind," and said another, "I should never have been able to run the race set before me if I had not broken my leg."

Our infirmities are channels of blessing; our difficulties, trials, vexations, and perplexities, our sorrows, sweet and blessed means of grace to our souls. I think we ought to be very thankful to God for the hornet. "Severe," I am not. No trial for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it worketh out the peaceable fruits of righteousness." When you are in a same mind, my dear brother, and God the Holy Ghost really teaches you to be wise, you will go and thank God for hornets. "Lord, I bless thee that thou hast not left me unchastised. I praise thee for the cares and troubles which are so unpleasant to my flesh, by which that flesh is mortified." I thank thee, Father? You never hear a child say this, but if it were a wise child it would. "I thank thee, my Father, for the rod. I thank thee, O my God, that thou hast not let me have my own will; that thou hast blighted my prospects, crossed my hopes, marred my plans, cast down my expectations, taken away my joys; I thank thee, O thou great Liberator, for having broken the golden bars of my cage to give my spirit liberty, and for having snatched the bonds of my captivity which bound me to the earth, that I might be able to mount upwards to thyself." Whenever you are singing God's praise, say, "He sent us hornets, for his mercy endureth forever: let him be blessed evermore."

There is one point I want you to notice in the text; it would be guilt on my part to pass it without observation; and that is, we are expressly told the hornets came from God. He sent them. "The Lord thy God hath sent the hornet." This will help you, perhaps, to bear their stings another time. God weighs your troubles in scales, and measures out your afflictions, every drachm and scruple of them; and since they come therefore directly from a loving Father's hand, accept them with grateful cheerfulness, and pray that the result which Divine Wisdom has ordained to flow from them may be abundantly realized in your sanctification, in being made like unto Christ.

III. And now I have to close by observing, that we have here a very suggestive lesson to ourselves, a lesson which I have already anticipated, but let us repeat it. It is this: What is my particular besetting sin? Have I been careful in self-examination? Have I issued a constant search-warrant against the subtle forms of evil? If not, I must expect to have the hornet. God never punishes his children for sin, penalty, but chastens them for it paternally. You may often discover what your sin is by the punishment for you can see the face of the sin in the punishment—the one is to like the other. Dear friends, when I see your faces, I see a day-worn, weary, and sad countenance, with a look that says, "I have had a hornet."

request, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me;" for if the consolations of God be small with thee, it is because there is some secret sin in thee. Look at the trouble you have to-day, and see if you cannot discover the sin. A disobedient child—is it possible that you also are living in some act of disobedience to your heavenly Father? Is it a servant who annoys you? Is it possible that you also are an ill-servant of the King, idle and inefficient to his command? Is it a loss in business? May it not be possible that you are not attending to God's business, and therefore his church is a loser, and therefore he makes you a loser in your own business? Is it sickness in the flesh? May there not be some spiritual sickness there, which it is necessary to keep in check and to subdue? Has some one else treated you haughtily? May not also be haughty? Has another slandered you, and you are smarting under it? Have you never spoken against the children of God? May you not have an itching tongue, too, and God is making you feel the smart of it, that you may mind how you remove the bridle from an unruly tongue?—Has some one undervalued your labor, and spoken depreciatingly of your motives? May you not also have had hard thoughts concerning some of your brethren in Christian labor? Do you feel, just now, under great depression of spirit? Is it not possible that you have neglected to enter into fellowship with Christ in his suffering, and therefore he is bringing you down into it by main force? I know not how it may be with you, beloved, but this I know: I have not searched my own soul as I would desire to do in the future. I would wish to find out everything that is within me that is evil, that it may be dragged forth and executed at once. It is stern work. It is work that never could be done, if it were not for that precious assurance; that God is with us. God, the mighty God of Jacob, will have us to be his people. He has prepared a heaven for a perfect people, and he will make us perfect, that he may never lose us, nor the place he has prepared for us. He has sworn by himself that he will never leave you. He will, with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, drive out your lusts and corruptions, till you shall be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect. Come, then, ye men of war, take to your harness, and buckle on the armor, and nerve your souls for combat. Ye have not resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be weary in yourselves, and now henceforth and forever fight the good fight for the crown that fadeth not away.

THOUGHTS UPON HEAVEN.
STATE OF THE SAINTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER DEATH.
Some persons take the ground that the spirits of both saints and sinners sleep with the body until the day of the general judgment, when they will be awakened to consciousness, and sentence passed upon each according to his deeds. Others believe that the soul, at the death of the body, retains its consciousness, and enters at once upon a state of happiness or misery; and that at the judgment day, the Sovereign will manifest his authority and justice, by pronouncing the final and irrevocable sentence upon the subjects of his moral government. For light upon this great and interesting question, we must look to the Holy Scriptures. But before examining the word of God, we may remember that human reason favors the idea that the consciousness of the spirit is not suspended by the dissolution of the body. If the soul is to live at all in a future state, we cannot see any possible advantage in a long and indefinite suspension of all its faculties. We are unable to discover any important providential designs to be fulfilled; any useful or disciplinary purpose to be accomplished by the soul's sleeping, like the dust, for a long series of ages. When it is so active in these, the first stages of its being; when, as is often the case, its powers awake to new strength, and are lighted up with an unwonted brilliancy in the very hour of the sinking away of the life of the body, we cannot suppose that it instantly falls into a sleep from which there is no waking until the grand drama of the world's history is closed.

The idea that the millions who have lived upon this planet, at this hour, in a state of absolute unconsciousness as though they had never existed; that faithful patriarchs had no conception of the fulfillment of the divine promises made to them; that prophets do not know that the sacred words they uttered have passed into history; that apostles and martyrs have no knowledge of the mighty spiritual kingdoms that have sprung from the divine blessing upon their zealous labors; and heroic sufferers; that as yet no anthem of praise has been heard in heaven from the lips of the Redeemed, is an idea that finds no favor with human reason.

SINGING BY SPURGEON'S CONGREGATION.
A writer to the *Western Presbyterian* thus describes the singing, as he heard it recently, of Spurgeon's congregation, London:—

The hymn was read entirely through, and each verse was read before it was sung. The singing was started—not led—by a person who stood beside Mr. Spurgeon. I welcomed the familiar notes of "Old Hundred," and for the first time for several months, essayed to join in singing it. But I was surprised into silence, by the manner in which the audience took possession of the tune. The most powerful organ, if there had been any thing of the kind used, could not have led them. The second hymn was announced to be "Jesus, lover of my soul." The preacher said, "Let us sing this precious hymn softly to the tune of Pleyel's Hymn." When the first verse had been sung, and after he had read the second, he said "Sing it softly." With a countenance uplifted and beaming with fervor, his book in both hands, keeping time involuntarily to the music, he sang with the congregation. When he had read the third verse, he said, "You do not sing it softly enough." They sang it softly. It was as though some mighty hand had dammed up the waters of the Falls of Niagara, leaving a thin sheet to creep through between two fingers and make soft, sweet music in its great lap and plunge into the great basin below. Then when he had read the fourth verse, he said, "Now if we feel this we will sing it with all our might." And the great congregation burst forth into song. It was as though the Great Hand had been suddenly uplifted, and the gathered waters were rushing on their united way in awful grandeur.

I have heard the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, with a great company of their wives, and daughters, and friends, sing "Old Hundred" with a fervor that thrilled me; I have heard oratorios rendered in Exeter Hall by a thousand selected voices, five hundred instruments, and a great organ; I have heard operas rendered in the Imperial Opera House of the French Emperor by a great number of the best vocalists and musicians that could be found in Europe, but I have never heard music so pathetic, grand and soul-stirring as that made by those who worshipped with me in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I was too much carried away to take part in it myself. Mr. Spurgeon always uses those "precious hymns" and the old loved tunes.

PICTURES FROM MOSCOW.
A recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an interesting paper, by Edward Dicey, from which we extract two vivid descriptions:—

THE KREMLIN.
is the great temple of religious worship in Moscow. The very ground you tread on is holy ground. About you, you may see peasants turning, time after time, towards the East, crossing themselves with an infinity of signs, kneeling before pictures of the Saviour or the Virgin, lying at times prostrate upon the cold, hard stones which surround the sacred shrine. And here it is not as in Catholic lands, where the way worshippers are chiefly children, where grown-up men kneel but seldom in public, and where the prayers recited are gabbled over like a lesson learned by rote. Here, as elsewhere in Moscow—and to a great, though a less extent, in St. Petersburg—the major part of the population, no matter what their sex, or age, or rank, seem to share in this open air worship, and pray aloud with a fervor whose accents are unmistakable. Entering the Kremlin shrine, the sense of gloom, of which I have spoken, increases on you. The building you look upon is the kind of edifice you see in dreams, and do not expect to meet in real life. Critics say it is of depraved style, false to every true principle of art, unsightly in construction, barbarous in ornamentation. It may be so; I do not dispute the verdict of experts; I can only say that I do not, any persons who are not carried away at first by its overwhelming gorgeousness.

From the pavement to the summit of its lofty domes, supported on its vast porphyry pillars, it is one mass of gold and color. You can hardly put your hand upon a place not decorated with stones and jewels. Amethyst and onyx, jasper and opals, and all the stones whose names are recorded in the adornment of Solomon's Temple seem to have been employed to make the shrine more splendid still. Upon the dusky portraits of the Virgin Mother and her child, with which the walls are covered, you see hanging necklaces of diamonds, strings of jewels, each one of which must be worth a fortune. It is a common saying that all the wealth of all the Russians could not suffice to buy the treasures in this the cathedral church of Moscow; and I suppose that, if purchasers could be found to buy all the articles contained there at their nominal price, the amount realized by the sale would be something fabulous. The very walls are wrought of silver; the roof is of solid gold. The odd thing is, that all this gorgeous splendor harmonizes with itself. There is nothing tawdry or gaudy, as with it all; the dim twilight in which the church is always sunk subdues the glare of its colors; and when at times, as I chanced to see it, a ray of the setting sun shines through the windows of the lofty cupola, golden beams shoot through the gloom, and are reflected back again by the burnished walls.

A place of almost equal interest is the great market of Moscow, situated not a stone's throw from the Kremlin, passing from which you seem to enter another world from that you have left behind you. That immense low block of one-storied buildings, faced with gaudily-painted stucco, peeled and broken from the walls, is the Gostinny-Dvor, the great mart of Moscow. Entering by any of the gateways, you see before you a very labyrinth of dark passages, and hear a confused jargon of many voices. On to the dark corridors, crammed with a dense crowd pacing constantly up and down, open the shops of the merchants. A picture of the Saviour hangs wherever the corridors intersect, and the glare of the lamps suspended before it only serves to make the general gloom more visible. Each corridor is more or less strictly reserved to one class of traders; but there is not much outward display on their open counters; and the interiors of the small shops are so dark that it is difficult to see what sort of goods are piled up on the long layers of shelves. But as you pass along, the merchants call to you from their door-ways, and offer you wares of every form and class and fashion. I suppose there are not many articles in the world you might not obtain at this enormous depot; and the vendors are ready to do business with you for a trifle of a million rubles, just as you choose. In one row there are fine fur coats, enough to clothe all St. Petersburg; in another there are as many shoes and boots as would be found in Manchester and Stafford. There are

yarns and cottons and Manchester goods, and Sheffield cutlery, and French silks and German leather; and every article, in fact, which can possibly be smuggled across the frontiers. Then there are the Persian stalls, where Armenians in high dark fur caps sell Astrakhan wool and Persian silks and arms studded with stones. On other counters there are displayed all sorts of Cossack silver ornaments, cigarette cases, match boxes, filigree caskets, crosses and amulets; and, if you ask for anything better, and look like a possible purchaser, the shopman will take, from some queer hiding place concealed beneath his clothes, little dirty papers, which, on opening them, are found to contain turquoises and pearls and diamonds. There also are the money-changers, seated behind desks covered with immense piles of silver rubles and copper kopecks. You would think that in this community of traders, who do business with all parts of the world, you would find no difficulty in making yourself understood in some one of the Western tongues, with which most travellers are acquainted. But the impression would prove, on putting it to the experience, to be a rash delusion. You are here in Russia proper, and nobody knows any language but the native tongue. With the aid of fingers, and chalking numerals upon the counter, you can with difficulty arrive at the price asked for any article; and then, if you need it, you offer a third of the price demanded, as a mere matter of course. Suppressing you are a real Russia, you walk away at the first refusal, pretending not to look behind you; the merchant watches you all the time, trying to look as if he never noticed you, and then you return and walk off again, till at last the game of hide and seek is played out, and you and the vendor have come to some satisfactory compromise.

(From the Canadian Baptist.)
MATERIAL PROSPERITY.
Canada is certainly assuming a place of more importance in the eyes of enterprising men. Our facilities for raising superior wheat; and the extensive lumber interest, have always constituted resources of no mean advantage. These two items alone, with partially developed manufacturing capabilities, constituted the chief sources of material prosperity. And, formerly, upon the extent of the wheat crop alone depended very much the thrift of all our commercial and mechanical branches. When it was abundant, money was more readily obtained, and the various departments of industry received additional stimulus. This was especially the case when the lumber interest had not assumed its present proportions. The discovery of petroleum has also tended to contribute much to the material wealth of the country, as every dollar produced from the soil constitutes so much capital gained for the development of the interests of the country. And the number of oil wells now in operation has certainly done much to introduce means, and to give greater stability to general trade. It is true the price of petroleum has very much fluctuated for the last twelve months, and is considered now very low; yet, still the yield secured, without loss, adds to the capital of the country. Were it possible to export the petroleum to Britain, so as to make it pay, and thereby gain relief from the surplus stocks on hand, the price of the article here would soon rally. Until this can be done, or the supply become less, and the demand greater, oil investments cannot pay as they did formerly. But every gallon of Canadian oil now used prevents so much money going from us to purchase the same article from our neighbors.

The gold deposits of Madoc also are likely to do something towards increasing the wealth of Canada. It is difficult to say what will be their real worth, or extent ultimately. Enough has transpired to show that gold is found, and in paying quantities; but, after a faithful trial has been made, the question of loss or gain in the aggregate can alone be determined. At the present moment speculators are reaping a beautiful harvest; and those who sell their lands while the excitement runs highest, will be found, in all probability, the greatest winners. This has been certainly found true in regard to oil property. Those who sold when land ruled high, did the best; those who purchased, missed the mark. In regard to the Richardson mine, six miles north of Madoc, there are deposits found highly remunerative. The product consists of crumbling quartz of dark color, and dark sand containing gold, and both it and the sand yield largely. Miners, who have examined the specimens exhibited, report very favourably of their richness. This, in connection with the cheapness of labour, may develop it to be a very lucrative and fortunate possession, as its gold bearing value may be considered questionable, as there are tricks practised by the knowing ones to place the value of property in the most favourable light. But, on the whole, from what we can gather thus far, the gold deposits may constitute a real source of gain to Canada; yet, in the present incipient state of things, it is difficult to affirm how much of good this new phenomena will do us.

That's Me.—A poor Hottentot in South Africa lived with a good Dutchman who kept up family prayer daily. One day he said, "Two men went up into the temple to pray. The poor savage, whose heart was already awakened, looked earnestly at the reader, and whispered, 'Now, I'll learn how to pray.'"
The Dutchman read on, "God, I thank thee I am not as other men."
"No, I am not, but I am worse," whispered the Hottentot.

Again the Dutchman read on, "I had twice in the week; I give tithes of all I possess."
"I don't do that. I don't pray in that manner. What shall I do?" said the distressed savage.

The good man read on until he came to the publican, who "would not lift so much as his eyes to heaven."
"That's me," cried his hearer.
"Stand afar off," read the other.
"That's where I am," said the Hottentot.
"But smote upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"
"That's me; that's my prayer," cried the poor creature, and smiting on his dark breast he prayed, "God be merciful to me a sinner," until, like the poor publican, he went down to his house a saved and happy man.

When Alexander the Great visited the Greek philosopher, Diogenes, he asked him if there was anything that he could give him. He got this short answer: "I want nothing, but that you should stand from between me and the sun." Let the spirit of that answer run through our religion. One thing there is which should never satisfy and content us, and that is "anything that stands between our souls and Christ."—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

Christians are made, not born.—T. W. Higginson.

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