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moiety of its advance.

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5,829 5 10 4,694 16 0 8,850 3 11 12,854 3 4 422 408 708 297,560 16 8 387,752 6 8 1858 . . . 832 387,752 6 8 12,354 3 4 The remarkable sucrease in the business of the last four years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than £2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured and averaged 80 per cent. upon PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
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The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profits for the past nine years, amount to 44% per cent.

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it affords for the due fulfilment of every contract, but like-wise to the Company's extensive and influential connexions and to the liberality of its dealings.

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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 fu-ture be ascertained and allocated quinquennially. Policies participate from the date o their issue, but the Bo-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, july 13.—wpw ly Custom House Building.

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Fund paid up and invested . . . £3,212,343 5s. 1d. stg. Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £743,674 stg. Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 520,459 "Premiums in Life Risks, in 1864, 235,248 " Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864, 143,197 "
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareolders of the Company are personally responsible for all holders of the Company are personally responsible for a Policies issued.

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Risks taken at the lowest rates.

Christian Dizitor.

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

Vol. V., No. 29. Whole No. 237.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words can never die. Heaven gave them birth ; Winged with a smile, they fly All o'er the earth. Kind words the angels brought, Kind words our Saviour taught-Sweet melodies of thought! Who knows their worth ?

Kind deeds can never die; Though weak and small: From his bright throne on high God sees them all. He doth reward with love All those who faithful prove: Round them, where'er they move, Rich blessings, fall.

Our souls can never die; Though in the tomb We all may have to lie Wrapped in gloom: There, though the flesh decay, Souls do not pass away : They live in endless day Or writhe in woe.

> NEARER HOME. Romans xiii. 2.

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I've ever been before! Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne; Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,

Where we lay our turdens down; Nearer leaving the cross; Nearer gaining the crown! Jesus, perfect my trust, Strengthen the hand of my faith; Let me feel Thee near when I stand On the edge of the shore of death.

For the Christian Visitor

BRAZILIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. No., 1.

> " Espere um pouco"-Just wait a little. BY C. FRED. HARTT, A. M.

Edwardo and I having failed to find at Victoria-the capital of Espirito Santo, Brazil-the means of conduction to the Rio Doce, turned back to Rio in August, 1865, to take a fresh start. Prof. Agassiz was away on the Amazonas, way of communicating with him. Should we go to Goyaz? or should we return and finish up the coast exploration between Rio and Bahia? We determined to return, and, somehow, find our way to the Doce. Senator O ___ assured us that in a few days there would be a steamer for the city of Sao Matheos, situated some sixty miles north of the Doce. Arrived at this place, he promised us that a rich Fazendeiro, to whom we were to receive letters of introduction, would fit us out with mules and means for the exploration of the river we had so much desired to see. So we packed up our trunks, laid in a new supply of fish-hooks and lines, a quantity of bottles, &c., for collecting, and waited for the steamer. "Espere um pouco," said our friend-"Just wait a little." Still he announced in a day or two, "You'd better not go far out of town. So every morning, as we took our early cup of cafe noir at the Exchange or the Leao d'ouro, we scanned eagerly the advertising columns of the Journal do Commercid' for the announcement of a steamer for Sao Matheos; but day after day slipped by, and no news of her.

The situation was trying, to say the least of it. Everything was packed up. To-morrow we might have to leave; and as we could lay out no work ahead-nothing systematic could be undertaken -we stole away from the city on little excursions to the Tijuca, Sao Domingo and Botafogo, adding constantly something new to our collections.

A week, a fortnight, three weeks, and no steamer; and still the cool-anything but "cooling"advice, "Espere um pouco," from our Brazilian friends. "Espere um pouco?"—why, it seemed to be whispered in our ears on every side. We heard the phrase in the mouths of the clerks in the stores, on the pretty street of the Ouvidor, and from the gabbling knots of negroes gathered around the hydrants at the corners, until we wished some kind genius might expunge it from the Brazilian vocabulary. Every midshipman that has set his foot on shore at Rio has carried home with him that phrase.

"Espere um pouco," "pacienza," and "logo mais"—the latter meaning "by and by"—are three little expressions that are exceedingly characteristic of the Brazilians. A newly arrived American has to learn by experience that things don't move with a rush in this country. It's a sheer impossibility to do anything in a hurry. One has to learn to keep cool and let things move along at their own will. So no wonder Edwardo and I were disappointed in our first excursion, and in despair of finding a steamer we had just a little attack of the "blues;" and, I may add, that there is a peculiarly deep azure tint to the blues when experienced in Rio by one who has nothing to do but wait.

A month had already elapsed when, one morning, we sat down disconsolately at the Cafe Americano to some huge stewed oysters, and tried to hink we were in Yankee land, when E., who had been laboring to make out a difficult knot in Paraguayan politics, suddenly cried out in a fearfully excited manner, as he turned over the paper-"She's come at last!" and he began to translate—"On such a day there will sail for Sao Matheos the schooner"—bah!—"Venus."
"Let us take passage in her" was suggested, and we did forthwith. "Will be off to-morrow," said OFFICE-Corner Prince Wm. Street and Market the Captain; but that could not be done. So we waited a day or two, and then joyfully set our swelling sails, and having passed the inspection of the Custom House officers, we turned our prow towards the entrance of the Bay. But a head wind chose to blow, and we found our little vessel at night at anchor under the church-crowned rock of Boa Viagem, and we were once more on the Ouvidor. The next day we passed under the the Ouvidor. The next day we passed under the superior foot of the Sugar Loaf, and were out of the harsix per cent. per annum, and payable either at call or fixed
periods, as may be agreed upon.

the Ouvidor. The next day we passed under the foot of the Sugar Loaf, and were out of the harbor; but the fates were against us. Our lesson of patience had not yet been learned. Day after bor; but the fates were against us. Our lesson of patience had not yet been learned. Day after day we beat about almost in sight of the hills of with her. Now that he was away, the agitation fellow heard what she had to say, and then quiet-

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1867.

break. Morning after morning found our little with him. craft riding the deep blue waves on the landward beneath the horizon, while the magnificent serras first-rate temperance speech. lay soft and blue against the gray western sky.

adown the valleys, and we gazed rapturously on julep or gin cocktail? Anything you please .day we were disappointed, and three times were the treat." we obliged to run back some forty miles to the little island of St. Anna, and anchor. Let me say a few words about the vessel. She sport.

was a little schooner, but rather a staunch craft. Cabin, there was none; but on the after deck there were on both sides two little coops, or state rooms, big enough to lie down in, but scarcely Here, mount this table." And two or three of high enough to admit of one's sitting upright. the most forward took hold of his arms. Conto, the capitao-a big, coarse, laine, swearing, drunken fellow-of course occupied one; the mate, an old, consumptive, dried up Porteguese, you as well I'll sing you a song." had another, which he shared with the "contre mæstre," a young Porteguese, who could take the sun so as to find out within twenty or thirty miles the position of the ship; a lone negro wo- the song first, if I sing at all." man passenger took up another, and the fourth was generously devoted to the use of the two Ame- for a little drink of some kind or other?" ricans. It was not very convenient for two to ocof planks that seemed to have a strong dislike to place." 'staying put" during a heavy sea; but this berth was quite untenable on rainy nights, or when the a little hold astern, lumbered up with a very mis- rest. The voice of the old man was low and trecellaneous kind of cargo, where we were obliged mulous, yet every word was uttered distinctly, to pass the night on an irregular heap of sail- and with a pathos which showed that the meancloth, with one's head wedged between a couple ing was felt. The following well written temperof trunks, and the feet resting on a bale of dried ance song was the one he sang; and while his meat, while indefatigable cockroaches, attracted voice filled the room, every other sound was by the cod fish and other provisions, scampered hushed: over our faces all night. And then, when it rained, we were compelled to be shut up, one in the berth, the other in the hold; or if the heat was too great, we had no alternative but to sit on the hen-coop in our rubber clothes and make the best of it.

The weather was, as a general thing, very fine. and had we had shelter, it would have been very agreeable; but all day long we had to sit on deck, under the scorching sun. We passed the time in reading and writing, as we were able, and in sketching the sea birds, whales and porpoises.

Old Conto was a hard case, and the sailors, when they spoke of him, exhibited the clenched hand to show his closeness and stinginess. He was not a true Brazilian, else he would have been courteous and hospitable. Hard fare we got-a miserable, weak cup of coffee at sun-rise, with wretched rusk; a villainous mess of fried, indigestible carne secca, or dried beef, that looked like bits of stringy sole leather, chopped up and floating in melted fat, with, as a concomitant, a kind of pudding made by wetting farinha flour with hot water. Musty black beans, or feijao and carne secca, to which the usual bit of fat pork was denied by the stinginess of the capitao, formed our dinners. Well, it was rather wretched, and almost unbearable, because there was no need of being kept on such fare, as there were better provisions on board. There was grumbling all around. The sailors complained, and so did the mate; and the negro woman, when the captain was out of sight, timidly ventured to express the opinion that she would not live to get into port. As for E. and myself, we had fortunately brought with us a few dozen cans of preserved meat, with which we managed to eke out our wretched fare. the line-Even the poor, sick deer-hound and lean rooster. that were always underfoot on a promenade, seemed to bewail the hardness of their fate.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

" Dear father," said Mary Edwards, " don't go out this evening;" and the young girl who had scarcely numbered fourteen years, laid her hand upon the arm of her parent. But Mr. Edwards shook her off impatiently,

muttering as he did so, "Can't I go where I please?"

"Can't I go where I please!"
"Oh, yes, father," urged Mary, drawing up to him again, notwithstanding her repulse. there's going to be a storm, and I wouldn't go

"Storm! nonsense! That's only your pretence. But I'll be at home soon-long before

the rain, if it comes at all." And saying this, Mr. Edwards turned from his

daughter and left the house. As soon as she was alone, Mary sat down and commenced weeping. There had been sad changes since she was ten years old. In that time her father had fallen into he habit of intemperance, and not only wasted his substance, but abused his family, and sadder still, her mother had died broken-hearted, leaving her alone in the world with a drunken father.

The young girl's trials, under these painful cirumstances were great. Night after night her father would come home intoxicated, and it was so rare a thing to get a kind word from him that a tone of affection from his lips would move her instantly into tears. Daily the work of declension went on. Drunkenness led to idleness, and gradually Mr. Edwards and his child sunk lower and lower in the scale of comfort. The pleasant home where they had lived for years was given up, and in small, poorly furnished rooms they hid themselves from observation. After this change Mr. Edwards moved along his downward way more rapidly; earning less and drinking

Mary grew old fast. Under severe trials and afflictions her mind rapidly matured, and her affections for her father grew stronger and stronger as she realized more fully the dreadful nature and

gry repulse, adding bitterness to her cup of sorrow. The appearance to which we have alluded gave Mary an excuse for urging her father not to go out. How her remonstrance was received has been seen. While the poor girl sat weeping, the distant rolling of the thunder indicated the approach of the storm to which she had referred. But she cared little for it now. Her father had

day we beat about almost in sight of the hills of Rio before we could pass the promontory of Cape Frio. Then wearily we beat against the N. E. within was too great to have any concern for the turbulent element without.

On leaving his home, Mr. Edwards, who had not taken any liquor for three or four hours, and so close in shore that we could hear the shrill piping of the cicadas, and the song of the multitudinus frogs of the swamps that came to us borned to the deep thunder of the great ocean breakers that tumbled in on the deep thunder of the great ocean breakers and then, having at night nearly reached the

Cape, standing off to sea, running till near day the inmates were disposed to bave a little sport

"Come now, fellow!" said one, just as Edtack, the flat lands bordering the coast sunken wards came in, " mount this table and make a

" Do, and I'll treat you to the stiffest glass of Morning after morning we watched the dawn-light | whiskey toddy the landlord can mix," added creeping down their peaks, throwing black shades another. "Or, perhaps you would like a mint the gorgeous clouds of sunrise. But day after Make a speech and call for the liquor. I'll stand

"What d'ye say, landlord? Shall he make the speech?" said another, who was eager for first annual report.

" Please yourselves," replied the landlord, and you'll please me. "Very well. Now for the speech, old fellow

" I'm not in the humor for making a speech," said the temperance man, "but if it will please "Give us a song, then. Anything to accom-

modate. But come, let's liquor first." " No, said the other, firmly. " I must sing "Don't you think your pipes will be clearer

"Perhaps they would," was replied. "So, procupy it together, so we took it turn about-one vided you have no objection, I'll take a glass of of us sleeping in the launch amidships on a couple | cold water-if such a thing is known in this

The glass of water was presented, and then the man who was somewhat advanced in launch was used as a drying place for salt fish. years, prepared to give the promised song. All In that case it was necessary to retire below into stood listening attentively, Edwards among the "Where are the friends that to me were so dear?

Long, long ago—long, long ago?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer, Long, long ago—long ago?

Friends that I loved in the grave are laid low,
Hopes that I cherished are fled from me now,
I am degraded, for rum was my foe— Long, long ago-long ago ! "Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head, Long, long ago—long, long ago! Oh, how I wept when I found she was dead!

Long, long ago—long ago!
She was an angel—my love and my guide,
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried. Poor broken-hearted! 'twas well that she died Long, long ago-long ago!

"Let me look back on the days of my youth,
Long, long ago—long, long ago.

I was no stranger to virtue and truth,
Long, long ago—long ago.
Oh, for the hopes that were pure as the day!
Oh, for the joys that were purer than they!
Oh, for the hours that I've squandered away,
Lang long ago. long ago." Long, long ago, long ago!"

The silence that pervaded the room when the old man's voice died, or might rather be said sobbed away, was the silence of death. His own heart was touched, for he wiped his eyes, from which the tears had started. Pausing scarcely a moment, he moved slowly from the room and left his audience to their own reflections. There was not one of them who was not more or less affected, but the deepest impressions had been made on the heart of Edwards. The song seemed as if it made been made for him. The second verse, particularly, went thrilling to the very centre of his feelings:

"Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head."

How suddenly arose before him the sorrow stricken form of the wife of his youth at these words ! and when the old man's voice faltered on " Poor broken-hearted! 'twas well that she died!"

The anguish of his spirit was so great that he only kept himself from even sobbing aloud by a strong effort at self control. Ere the spell was broken, or a word uttered by any one, he arose and left For many minutes after her father's departure

Mary sat weeping bitterly. Tenderly did she love her parent, but this love was only a source of the keenest anguish, for she saw him swiftly passing along the road to destruction without the power to save him.

Grief wastes itself by its own violence. So i was in this instance. The tears of Mary at length dried; her sobs were hushed, and she was about rising from her chair when a blinding flash of lightning glared into the room, followed instantly by a deafening clap of thunder. "Oh, if father were home!" she murmured,

clashing her hands together. Even while she stood in this attitude, the door

opened quietly, and Mr. Edwards entered. "I thought you would be afraid, Mary, and so came home," said he in a kind voice. Mary looked at him in surprise. This was

soon changed to joy as she remembered that he was perfectly sober. " Oh, father !" she sobbed, unable to control her feelings, and leaning her face on his breast as she spoke-" if you would never go away !"

Tenderly did the father draw his arms around is weeping child and kiss her pure forehead.
"Mary," said he, as calmly as he could speak, "For your mother's sake"—but he could not finish the sentence. His voice quivered, and became inarticulate.

Solemnly in the silence of his own heart did the father as he stood thus with his child in his arms, repeat the vows he had already taken. And he kept his vows.

Wonderful is the power of music! It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from heaven, and should ever be used in a good cause.

PRAYING AND TRYING.

Two little girls went together to school. One always said her lessons well, and was commended, ultimate tendency of the infatuation by which he but the other was always getting into disgrace, because she could not say hers. So she went one At last, in the anguish of her concern, she ven- day to her schoolfellow, and asked her how it was tured upon remonstrance. This brought only an- that she always said her lessons so well. She regry repulse, adding bitterness to her cup of sor- plied that she always prayed that the might be

Old Series, Vol. XX., No. 29.

GATHERING SOULS FOR CHRIST.

An earnest Christian young man, who not long since left his home in New England and went to the far West, that as a Colporteur he might do more for his Lord and Master, has enjoyed a continual blessing on his labors. A revival has visited every village and neighborhood where he labored the past year, and numerous conversions are traced to his instrumentality and to the more than fourteen hundred dollars worth of books and tracts he circulated. It is not strange that, with such experience, he can write as he does in his

My own experience in love and sympathy with my dear Saviour, during the past nine months, far excels that of any former year. That trembling hand that rappped upon the first doors of my field, and that voice that faintly carried conviction to impenitent hearts, have become so moulded into the image of Christ, that I have become a wonder to myself. I have been permitted, during the last few weeks, to see results that cause deep regret that I never entered the work of the Tract Society before.

I entered a city of three thousand inhabitants, where there was such indifference to my work that I found shelter only with the people of one church. They gave me ready access to their hearts as I told them what a dear Saviour I had found. I sold books and tracts, conversed on personal religion and prayed in the families, and since then, although they have no permanent pastor, twenty-four converts have united with their church, and there is still a deep interest.

thing but religion. Since my visit they have enjoyed a deep work of grace. Many have been led to Christ, and many are inquiring. In another place of two thousand inhabitants, so great was the indifference, that it was difficult even to when even his best friends, who had known him procure wood to warm the church for evening meetings, but for the energy of one lady, who disposed of a gold chain to get wood to warm the house. One brother accompanied me from house to house, inviting the people to attend the meet- all he possessed, and placed his books at their ing in the evening. An interest soon began disposal for inspection. He stood in his place in which spread through the place, and when I left | Parliament and demanded an investigation, willyesterday there had been twenty-one hopeful conversions. The people desired me to get a new stock of books and return as soon as possible.

In a letter two months later, this soul-loving brother says: I am unable to express the joy I have for ever entering this work. The last month has been the brightest in my life. Up- this twelfth anniversary of its pastor's settlement wards of fifty conversions can be traced to my he should participate in the ovation. He had feeble instrumentality and the books and tracts, faced the world. The leading men of the nation and still the good work goes on .- American Mes- in the House of Commons had declared that

TAKING OFFENCE IN THE CHURCH.

Many christians, if aggrieved in church relations, feel that they are relieved from church duties. They nurse their sense of injury, and absent themselves from the public and social meetings of the church. A contributor to the National

This proceeding is wrong, the most wrong you could take. Come, now, and let us reason together. Let me put together, in the fewest words possible, some of the pros and cons. By staying

1. You violate your duty to God, who commands you to "walk orderly," and not to forsake "assembling together" with His people. If renewed, and when he attempted to speak he was you are sure you cannot be comfortable in that so overpowered that for a time the words refused church, ask for a letter and join another, at once. to come. The hearty speeches of Dr. Brock, Mr. But if you act as you do, you cannot have a letter granted you.

2. You break your covenant with the church. Turn to it now, read it prayerfully, and see if you are not in danger of committing a great

3. You are showing resentment against the whole church, for what a few members, or perhaps only one, has done.

4. You set at naught the great rule, Matt. 18. Unless you can freely and fully forgive those who have offended you, go and do as Christ commands, re Agent and begin a hely discipline with them, or you accombring on yourself His condemnation. 5. If you refuse to do this, and still absentint,

yourself, the church must put you under discipline. A committee will wait on you, and you ines, Salmust then act according to Gospel order, or youkstore. will be excluded; and most justly. Now read sels. For on your knees, Matt. xvi. 19, and xviii, 18. 6. The persons who have offended you may esale and be pillars in the church. You are getting up a Street.

party to destroy their usefulness; yea, as far as your influence goes, to destroy the church ; and you will be responsible before God for all the good eaper rate you prevent.

7. You are keeping yourself in a miserable supply of state of mind, and running an awful risk of and if per-Now look on the other side. By keeping street. cept in gospel order-

Ging Street 1. Will you be in any way damaged? very large 2. Will anybody else? 2. Will you be setting a bad example? t strict and 4. Is it not Christ's command that you over in Europe come evil?

5. Is there any way to overcome evil, but by intending The Lord help you back into the path o Broad, Doeoths, Alpaca

"NAE STRIFE UP HERE."

Satinett, &c. It is related that an old Scotch elder had once serious dispute with his ininister at an Elders ess and Fan meeting. He said some hard things, and almostnits; Neck broke the minister's heart. Afterwards he went; Half Hose, home, and the minister went home too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife THS, from said to him: "Ye look sad, Jan; what is the matter withinties.

vced, Russel

"Ah!" he replied, you would look sad too, ifyou had such a dream as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the Elders' meeting, and said TORY some hard things, and grieved the minister; andre, when he went home I thought he died, and went to heaven; and thought afterward I died too die of his RE and went to heaven; and when I got to the gates those favours of heaven, out came the minister, and put out E STOCK of his hands to take me, saying, 'Come along, Jan's, SHOES and there's nae strife up here—I am happy to see and Retail you.'"

The elder went to his minister directly to begradies, Gents, his pardon, and found he was dead. The elders and SHOES, was so stricken with the blow that two weeks in the also departed; "And I should not won der," said he who related the incident, "if hel, Serge, Glove meets the minister at heaven's gate, and hear him say: 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife upnd Patent Calf. here's "Through Tickets to Halifax can be procured at the Office or on board the Steamer. der," said he who related the incident, "It no der," said he who related the incident, "It no meets the minister at heaven's gate, and hear him say: 'Come along, Jan, there's nae strife upnd Patent Calf. irds, and at pri-H. HALL, 57 King St. after he also departed; "And I should not won-der," said he who related the incident, "if hel, Serge, Glove

THE OFFICE OF THE

CHRISTIAN VISITOR, 58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

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

Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. P.

The Christian Bisitar

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

SIR MORTON PETO.

A recent telegram asserts that the estate of this celebrated English gentlemen has gone into bankruptey; but it is pleasing to know that unexpected financial embarrassments have not shaken the confidence in his integrity of those who know

Bunyan, in furnishing the New York Examiner and Chronicle a description of an ovation given to Rev. Mr. Landells, pastor of the Regent's Park Chapel, London, refers to Sir Morton Peto thus:

It was his first appearance in public since his commercial reverses. No man, who has been carried under by a financial convulsion, has been more maligned than Sir Morton. For many years he has stood in the front rank of all the great enterprises of the church. His donations to the poor and the lowly, and to the cause of Christ, have been large as the seas. A decided Baptist, his liberality has never been confined to his own sect. He built Bloomsbury chapel, settled the minister, became responsible for the salary, and when the church was able to purchase the edi-

fice, he gave one half to it. The other half he used to build the Regent Park chapel, which he built himself, and again settled the minister and guaranteed his salary. He built several other chapels, and was identified with every denominational interest as a leader. His elegant mansion was the home of all the friends of the Redeemer, especially those back from a foreign land. Of course such a man could not go under without its being In T the people were engaged in every noticed. A howl of contumely, reproach and accusation arose from the press, secular and infidel. He was accused of every form of wrong and dishonor. Punch for weeks lampooned him in some of his most telling pictures. There was a time so long, feared that he was morally as well as financially ruined.

But Sir Morton calmly waited till the storm had blown itself out. He gave to his creditors ing to be expelled if, in the midst of his immense business transactions, involving hundreds of millions, and running over a period of a quarter of a century, he had done aught that a man of honor should not do. Mr. Landells' chapel was a monument to his liberality, and it was fitting that on their confidence in him was undiminished, and that his integrity was without a stain. He had now to meet his brethren.

HOW SIR MORTON WAS RECEIVED.

I made one of the great congregation who participated in the exercises referred to. While Sir Robert Lush was making the opening speech a perfect storm of applause broke out, which to me was inexplicable. Men and women came to their feet. Clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs, attended with intense excitement marked the proceedings.

I soon found that Sir Morton Peto and his lady had entered the chapel. Overpowered with the reception, he sank into a pew. The heartiness of the reception could not be mistaken. When he was led to the platform the excitement was again Landells, Mr Spurgeon, Sir Robert, and others, showed Sir Morton clearly that he held the old place in the confidence and love of the Baptists of England. No one doubts that with the blessing of God he will retrieve his fortune, which he desires to do to relieve his indebtedness, which was thrown on him through the wrongs of others, and consecrate more fully his wealth and talents to the cause of his Great Master, who has sus-

tained him amid his severe trials. touching at GAGETOWN, on each Wednesday about pay morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, on Mondays and

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