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December 12.

The Christian Visitor.

“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, i. 13. SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1867.

New Series, Whole No. 240. Vol. V., No. 32.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

A shadow rests upon thy fair young brow, My sweet and gentle friend, and pensiveness Looks from thy soft dark eye even while The half-formed smile wreathes the pale lips.

With yearnings wild to rest thine aching head Once more upon thy gentle mother's breast—

Alas! thy resting place no more on earth; Poor aching heart, thy nestling place no more.

Of Jesus, the compassionate, who wept While standing near the tomb of one He loved:

He is the “Resurrection and the Life.” And our beloved ones who've believed in Him,

“Though they were dead, yet shall they live again.”

Yes, live again in realms of perfect bliss! Where sorrow, sin, and death can never come, And tears forever shall be wiped away.

Canning, Q. C. LITERARY.

BRAZILIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION. No. 4.

“Espere un pouvo!”—Just wait a little.

BY C. FRED. HART, A. M.

Touching at Camamu, a little town near Bahia, on our way home, we dined at the house of a wealthy gentleman named Sr. Piraja, in company with the captain and a number of passengers for the steamer.

This gentleman's son had been educated in America as a Civil Engineer, and had carried home with him some of our American customs.

I well remember my surprise at seeing his sisters come into the parlor and join in conversation. One of these was of most remarkable beauty, and played with very good taste some airs on the piano.

Well, I have certainly been making a diversion, but I have done so purposely, in order to give you, my reader, some more correct idea of Brazilian civilization than we have in America at present.

We laid our plans before the Commodore, who immediately offered to do every thing in his power to fit us out.

So, at the end of a few days, we found ourselves fairly off for the Doce, descending the river in a canoe with two men, while two others were sent ahead with mules and horses with which to continue our journey when we should have gone as far as we could by water.

We rowed down the river about half way to the mouth, and then struck off up a branch. Our boatman was Jose, a slave of the Commodore, a rather aged negro, but certainly one of the most intelligent of his race I ever met with.

He had travelled all over that section of the country, and was able to give information on all subjects; he was, without exception, obliging, doing many a little favor without being asked.

As we rowed down the beautiful narrow river, now close in under the thick veil of climbing vines, hanging from bough to bough, from the thickly set forest trees along the whole river bank, or now paddled quietly along the broad leaved *amings* and tall water-plants, Jose was ever on the alert to point out something of interest.

It was too late that night to reach the point where the horses were sent; so, as night fell, we were obliged to put up at a house by the river side.

It was a poor, miserable place. The owner seemed to be a sort of carpenter, but he kept a little *carne secca*, a few bananas, rapadura, a coarse kind of sugar, &c. I cannot pretend to describe the house. It had a low-tiled roof, and was open in the middle. Jose soon had a fire built and a supper cooked, which we ate from a crazy table by the light of a flaring castor oil lamp.

I had here the pleasure of tasting, for the first time, the eggs of the large-sea turtle common on this coast. The woman of the house had some cooked for us as an omelette, and they were really very nice.

There were several rough-looking fellows at the house, whose faces I did not much fancy. One of these, a mulatto, was a tailor, and was engaged in cutting out a pair of tight pants, measuring his customer with a piece of bark, and marking out the pattern on the cloth with a lump of charcoal.

This poor fellow was a *lunatic*. He took a fancy into his head during the night that we wished to kill him, and he kept on the watch through the whole night, mumbling constantly a prayer to the Virgin Mary to protect him from his enemies.

We had wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and stretched ourselves out on hides on the floor, in hopes of a quiet night's rest; but a cloud of mosquitoes settled down upon us, and there seemed to be no escape from their stings.

Travellers in Brazil exposed by night in low places, as, for instance, on the swampy river banks, complain, with good reason, of these pests; but, troublesome as they are, they are mild compared with those of Maine, for instance. One's face, after a night's campaign with the musical *dixiers* in Maine or New Brunswick, is swelled and disfigured by the bites; but not so in Brazil—there the effects soon pass away. What with the whizzing and stinging of the mosquitoes, and the uneasy movements of the crazy tailor, we enjoyed no sleep.

At day break we were off again, and ere long had reached a point on the river where, from the floating islands of water plants, it was no longer navigable. Just here it flowed parallel with the coast, and only a short distance from it. A few miles of cocoa-nut trees and castor bean plants, are here located, and are inhabited by negroes and half-breeds. We halted under a large tree, arranged our baggage, rested from the intense heat of the sun, and waited until the horses came up.

On our trip we had been constantly picking up specimens of various kinds, and I secured a few birds during the heat, which was too intense for hunting.

Presently a negro made his appearance with two fine horses and a couple of mules, and hastily saddling our horses, E. and I set off down the beach southward, leaving the servants to follow on foot with the mules.

The weather had been very fine; but now dark clouds gathered in the East, away on the water-horizon, and boded a storm. At night-fall it threatened instant rain. We chose a cleared space on the top of the beach ridge, pitched our little canvas tent, and prepared for the night. A good fire was built, and supper cooked. I had just lain down and begun to doze, when a flash of light

startled me, and hastily looking out of the tent, I ascertained that the fire had communicated itself to the dried grass, and was spreading on every side.

Our trunks, containing a considerable quantity of powder, were encircled by the flames, and a small barrel of spirits we had brought with us was also being attacked by the fire. It was not without some difficulty that we rescued our baggage and extinguished the fire.

Down came the drenching rain, and we lay all night with the water dripping down upon us through the canvas.

Morning found everything wet and no fire. Jose exhausted his skill to no purpose, when, filling several mussel shells with spirits and lighting it, we succeeded in obtaining a fire. A dismal ride of half a day in the rain brought us to Barra Secca (the place of our destination), where we found shelter in a hut, tenanted by an old mulatto and an Indian woman.

AMERICAN BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY. EXTRACT FROM ANNUAL REPORT FOR 1867.

This Society, small as it is, represents a denomination of Christians now second in numbers to one only in this country; but as we believe, first in freedom, in scriptural simplicity, in spiritual vitality, in missionary energy, and in rapid development.

A denomination with such high principles, with such expansive views, with so heroic a past, so united a present, and so magnificent a future, presents the richest materials for the pen of the historian.

Yet the historian has not yet appeared, and the precious materials of our history lie scattered and unworked.

Du Chailu, the celebrated African explorer, tells us that the barbarous tribes in the interior of that continent used to wonder at the interest he took in the past; and would ask why he cared about the years gone by. They thought he was “cracked.”

Are there not Americans almost equally careless about inquiries into the past?—Are there not Baptists, who are yet without interest in the work of the American Baptist Historical Society?

We know that indifference to the collection of materials and the composition of our history, does not necessarily imply a want of interest in our history.

The continual demand for such imperfect works as we already have, is a pledge of deep, pervading anxiety of our people for a work worthy of the denomination.

The apostles and evangelists were required by divine authority to write what they saw, and send it to the churches. We claim to be honorably distinguished from all sects, and have been praised by Sir Isaac Newton and others not belonging to it, that we alone have “never symbolized with the Church of Rome,” but through all ages, all trials and temptations, have adhered strictly and immovably to the New Testament.

For this we have labored and suffered, as no other people have ever while the history of state religions—false to Christ in their first principles, whether Romanist or Protestant,—have been often and minutely written, under the sounding name of the History of the Church,—the more glorious deeds of our martyr-churches have been seldom or scantily recorded, and the recording hand has most often been the hand of an enemy.

A recent example will illustrate this. A century has passed since our fathers, then but 5,000 in number, founded Brown University,—the first of our American Baptist Colleges, yet its history has not yet been published, though recently prepared by Mr. Guild, the librarian, and about to go to press.

The Life of its first President, Dr. Manning, did not appear until three-fourths of a century from his death were suffered to pass away, and many of the most valuable sources of information had perished. Such was the unaccountable carelessness in preserving the manuscripts of Dr. Manning, that the wonder now is that his Life, so full of the most important events to our country and our churches, was ever published at all.

The greater portion, however, of Dr. Manning's papers, being loosely kept in barrels, were, through a sad mistake which good house-wives sometimes make, unfortunately destroyed. These papers comprised, without doubt, private diaries, important narratives, records pertaining to the church, the college, the Warren Association—in short, ample materials for the history of his times.

“An instance like this,” continues Mr. Guild, “illustrates the folly of making the garret and the storeroom of private dwellings places of deposit for valuable manuscript papers, for the care and preservation of which historical societies are instituted.”

For the purpose here indicated the American Baptist Historical Society was instituted. Nor for this purpose only. The library is to contain whatever is written by Baptists, home and foreign, on any subject, thus presenting a view of our literary history and character. It is to contain whatever can be had of works written against our distinctive views,—the church histories of all sects and persuasions, the religious periodicals of every denomination and their chief controversial works. It will thus contain every thing which a student of theology will need to consult on any subject. It cannot be said to be popular like many other of our denominational societies, but it has friends among our wisest and best men, and is gaining more every year, as its objects, its activity, and its success in its honorable endeavors become more widely known. Its officers work without salaries, and find their great reward in the consciousness of doing good—good as wide as humanity itself, and lasting to the world.

During the year were added: volumes, 457; pamphlets, 2046; manuscripts, 9; likenesses, 16; views of Baptist edifices, 7; autograph signatures (from Dr. D. Benedict), 160; historical letters, describing churches and associations as in 1844 and 1845, from the same, 300. Also from Rev. Dr. Malcom, a large marble image of Gaudama.

From Rev. Mr. Roberts, of China, a large and small Chinese “Queen of heaven,” and many very interesting articles.

Also, various interesting articles from Rev. Dr. Dean, of Backo, Siam.

Whole number of our collections at present: volumes, 3,040; pamphlets, 12,466; portraits, 455; views, 87; autographs, 537; manuscripts, 308.

Books are daily consulted at the library by brethren living far and near. Some are loaned (under proper regulations) to distant states.

Books will be examined by request from abroad, and the desired information furnished.

Duplicates can often be supplied to complete defective sets.

113 volumes of Baptist newspapers are bound, and neatly arranged in cases for consultation.—Whole number of bound religious periodicals, 664.

Receipts for the past year, \$363.21. Expenditures: for books, \$77.47; binding, \$133.50; printing, \$23.00; freight, stationery, postage, &c., \$35.53; book case, \$17.00; insurance; \$12.00; amending charter, \$39.50; total, \$338.

Courage, brethren of the Baptist Historical Society. Our Canada Baptist brethren have just formed a historical society on kindred principles.

Our Methodist friends in Philadelphia have also organized a similar institution this spring. Our work is honorable and glorious in itself. A few appreciate it now. Hereafter it will be appreciated generally. And even now we know it is fully and unanimously appreciated in heaven, and will be forever.

THE GIRLS.

My last letter was written to the boys, but now I am going to write for the girls. Some people think girls are not of much importance in this world, they are just thrown in to count or make weight in life's great scales.

But I think quite differently. They must have been sent into the world to make it happier and better; and it is the fault of those who train them if they do not make it so.

“But what can they do?” says a great big boy at my elbow. “They can't go to the wars cos they're afraid of guns, and they can't go to Congress, cos when they quarrel, instead of fighting, they cry and snivel; they won't have guns for doctors, cos they can't cut off a feller's limbs; or for lawyers, cos they won't cut up a witness; or for ministers, or anything else,” and the boy stops to bite something that looks very filthy to me.

“Can't the girls chew tobacco?” I asked. The big boy blushed a very little, and strode away to do the big things of life, I suppose, while I resume my pen to tell the girls what they can do. But do not suppose that in one little letter I can tell them all; it is a lesson that they must learn day by day. At home and at school, in church and Sabbath school, and in play with their little mates, they can learn by reading good books and nice stories “written for children.”

There is one virtue that adorns little girls, makes them happy, and those happy with whom they live; I mean kindness. Some people lay great stress on obedience, and it is of importance in all governments; but I want to see *kind, loving obedience*. “The willing and obedient eat the good of the land.”

Not long since I called to see a lady who had been ill, and was still in poor health. A grown up daughter met me at the door, and as we sat in the keeping room, a nice little girl came tripping in, and took a seat on the sofa beside her sister. She was so bright and rosy and happy-looking, that I addressed several questions to her, and received pleasant and proper answers.

Soon the elder sister looked up from a bit of embroidery she had been holding, saying, “Will you run up stairs, Etty, for my scissors? you will find them in my room.”

Etty wanted to be asked the second time, and then shrugging her shoulders, she whispered, “I don't want to,” and the matter rested.

There was something that the little girl might have done.

Soon another grown-up daughter entered and paid her compliments to me. “Mary,” said the first, “will you give me a little of your ‘peargreens’ for this bud?”

“Don't think I have any, Lu; at least I don't know where to look for it,” and down plumped the lady without looking at all.

“Didn't learn to be kind when a little girl,” thought I, and wondered that Lu did not seem hurt. “Is your mother too feeble to receive callers?” I asked.

“Oh no,” answered one of the young ladies; “she will be in presently. Father has so many men that we have a great deal to do.”

Soon in came the mother, walking slowly, and oh, so weary and worn. Her hand was hot as I took it, and I saw that she looked anxiously at the girls as she said—

“You had better go out and help Anna; her work is all in a snarl!”

“It's always in a snarl,” said Lu, and her tones were not so soft as they had been.

“But the supper will not be ready when the men come from work,” urged the mother.

“Let them wait, then, and Anna take a scolding from pa,” chimed in Mary.

“She won't get the scolding,” said the mother; and I thought those tones betrayed that the feeble wife got more scolding than sympathy.

I looked around the room; everything denoted thriving industry; the large house was well filled with comforts, and there was no want of books, pictures, music, and all those little adornments that make home pleasant and inviting.

And yet there was something wanting. The spirit of kindness was not there. I know that love would have softened the lines on that mother's pale face.

Louisa—or “Lu,” as they called her—would not have kept her kindest tones for company if she had well learned the “law of kindness.” Mary would not have wished the tired servant scolded for tardiness she could not help; nor would little Etty have made a strike for independence if she had not seen the example every day before her.

Little girls, you must be kind in childhood if you mean to practice it in after life. The great tree always inclines the way that the twig is bent. Thus do grown up people practice the faults of their childhood.

I once knew a little girl to do a very wicked, selfish thing. A kind aunt had sent a present each to her and her little sister. There was a doll and a spangled fan, and the mother was to divide them as she thought proper; but knowing that little Kate would be delighted with either, she allowed Anna to take her choice of the doll, while the fan was laid away in the drawer for Kate to carry to church. Now Anna enjoyed her doll very much, and would scarcely allow her sister to look at it. After a time Dolly's dress got soiled, and then its poor nose was battered, and at last by some means one leg became shorter than the other, and all the time the pretty fan lay snugly in the drawer, bright and pretty as ever. But one day the mother found the fan with its gilt edge cut off and all the spangles punched out, and there was Anna's scissors left to tell who had done the naughty deed.

I don't know how, or how much, the selfish girl was punished; but I know that the mother wept and prayed before she punished her at all, and the little girl washed Dolly's dress and got cousin Mary to mend the ugly leg, and when it was quite tidy she gave it to Katy, who was very happy, and soon forgot the fate of her fan. Not so with Anna; the fan was found long after among her treasures, and I have no doubt that, looking at it, she resolved to be the kind girl she became.

Who asks for love, must love impart, Nor seek his own to keep; Send it outgushing from the heart, In rivers broad and deep.

—Zion's Herald.

A LONG SERMON.—A brother complained to his minister that he had to go six miles to church. “Never mind,” was the answer. “Recollect you preach a sermon six miles long—to all who reside on the road along which you pass.”

KIND WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

“A soft answer turneth away wrath,” and even so will a pleasant word, seasonably spoken, cause the heart to rejoice, work miracles, and change the world to the weary and care-worn. A kind word fitly spoken! Ah, millions can trace their happiness to its magnetizing charm; many owe their success in life to its wonderful effects; and many immortal spirits are garnered up in the eternal mansions through its magical influence.

As a gleam of sunshine irradiates the dim forest, and infuses freshness, life and beauty through the darkest ravines, even so will a gentle word find its way to the coldest heart—even so will it wander far down among its inner recesses, stirring the pure, holy fountains of kindly feeling. There are deep-gushing wells of truth and tenderness, of beautiful, unobtrusive nobleness, hidden away in the stilly depths of the most stern and silent soul, and one dashing sweep from some potent wand, one soft word kindly whispered, or breathed with the fervent, touching eloquence of true friendship, falls with the sweet symphony of mingled flutes, notes, with the murmuring melody of Eolian strains to the obdurate prodigal.

A kind word fitly spoken can still the cry of discord and lull the harsh outbreathings of turbulent passion. When feelings of resentment and anger are aroused, when the heart is submerged by the heavy waves of disappointment and adversity, will upbraiding and scorn dispel the cheerless gloom—will the defiant spirit meekly bend to the soothing rebuke? Ah! no, but the soothing emollient of gentleness and kindness will quiet the tempest, and fill the soul with a heavenly serenity. Let kind words be spoken earnestly, softly. Thousands are languishing for the music—the aroma of gentle words.

Thousands are stifling all that is noble and great in the human soul, while the world is unkind and relentless, while the jostling thrush on and rock or not of the waste, the deepening desolation of human hope and human happiness. Speak kindly to the youthful and the lovely and the great. Whisper that pleasant word, that tender admonition that is just rising from the truer, better part of your nature, for thereby a brother may be redeemed from long drear hours of anguish and guilt. And there is a poor, weary pilgrim, pressing on to his Eternal Home, that fits dimly before his obscured vision, refuse him not the blessing of kind words, for he sees the Ethereal Light with the shadow, and perhaps he hears not now the glad blithesome tones and loving voices of his boyhood. His buoyant ardor, his gay dreams are all buried, and he stands as the desolate oak in a wild and desert land; but O! the melody of kind words will waft his visions to the spirit-world, where harmony and love fill the seraphic realms with unfading beatitude. Speak kind words, ay, even to that penniless beggar, that woe-begone sufferer, who meets the frigid looks of the purse-proud and iron-hearted, day after day, who looks not here for joy, for a scant happiness. Does he not yearn for the sympathetic kindness which fills other hearts with sunshine and gladness, and do you not pity the sorrowful loneliness of that haggard countenance? And if you turn from that eager, beseeching look coldly, will not a still voiceless something reproach you with shame, with an utter abhorrence to your manhood? Remember when you look upon that shattered wreck, that his heart once beat high as yours, that his voice, now trembling and broken, was once thrilling and powerful in its deep, manly eloquence, that his brow, now grimly furrowed by the paining hand of time, once bespoke the lofty intellect, the heaven-born inspiration of genius. Speak kind words, truly, sincerely, and they shall be to you as jewels in the day of reckoning. If in ought you in your needs and human frailty, befriended a helpless, ill-starred brother, a brother who has sacrificed his own legal “birthright,” his priceless honour, and peace of conscience, if in the simplicity of faith you halm to the Right Way—in other days that deed shall bring blessings and a full perfect joy to your pathway.—Advocate.

NOT SAVED.

Not saved! Fearful words! Salvation is deliverance from sin. Jesus saves his people from their sins. He saves them from the guilt of sin—from liability to punishment on account of sin. When he pardons, he acquits and justifies, not because they are innocent, but because he has shed his blood for the remission of sins, and satisfied the justice of God in their stead. His blood cleanseth from all sin. He saves them from the pollution of sin. Sin vitiates, corrupts, debases, defiles; it renders man odious in the sight of God, filthy and abominable. But the washing of regeneration purifies the heart. The fountain which Christ hath opened takes away the stains of sin; it makes the soul white and clean. He gives a new heart and a right spirit. He plants a principle of holiness in the soul, and makes his people in some measure like himself. He saves them from the power of sin. They were bound in its fetters, and were impotent in their efforts to deliver themselves. Alas, how many are the slaves of sin! They are led captive by its tyrant power. If the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the leopard his spots, then may they do good who are accustomed to evil.—Can the prey be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive be delivered? Yes, indeed; Jesus was manifest to destroy the works of the devil. He came to deliver the captives, to seek and to save the lost. He can break off the chains of sin; he can restore the captive soul; he can impart the liberty of the sons of God to the bond-slaves of lust and pride. His own people he has thus delivered. The Son has made them free, and they are free indeed—free from the guilt of sin, free from its pollution and its power. They have a title to heaven and are preparing for it. They have eternal life united to Christ by faith. They are safe—they are saved.—Observer.

THE STUDENT'S FIRST GLASS.—A youth once threw his head upon my knee in the bitterest agony, and said, “Oh, cousin! if I could only describe to you these awful feelings of insatiable thirst! It is like ten thousand devils gnawing at my vitals!” Said I, “Why will you not be persuaded to break off from these habits of drink?” He replied, “It is impossible. I would give every thing I own to be able to do it; but the raging fire within can only be assuaged by another drink, and another, and another! and so it must go on till death! Oh! it is hopeless, hopeless!” And he a noble youth, with collegiate education and native grace, of excellent family connection, and having just completed the study of the law, with fine opportunities for honor and usefulness opening before him. In a few weeks from the time of that conversation he was found in the street, was taken to the almshouse, and there died in a few days. Is more than one such record needed to prove the danger of taking the first glass?

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 191, St. John, N. E.

The Christian Visitor Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the best intelligence, BAPTISTS AND SECTARIANS.

The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of these lower Provinces, at its recent session in New Glasgow, gave the following encouraging utterance on Temperance:—

Rev. H. Crawford submitted the Report on this subject, containing much interesting information. A circular had been sent to all the sessions, and from replies sent from 65 the following facts were elicited:—There are but nine communicants who are engaged in the Liquor Traffic. There are eighteen in a subordinate position engaged in the business as clerks, &c. Sixty-six regular hearers are in the traffic. 4000 communicants in the 65 congregations are total abstainers. The congregation of St. Mary's was specified as being total abstainers and free from the traffic in all its forms. In reference to Tobacco the Report was less encouraging, and the Committee asked and obtained leave to confine their efforts specially to Temperance in Spirituous Liquors.

Rev. John Munro in moving the adoption of the Report spoke with great power and earnestness of the evils of intemperance. He drew a striking parallel between Slavery and the trade in strong drink. Much was said and could be said in defence of Slavery; it had even its advocates on Scriptural grounds. But God destroyed it in its last stronghold in Christendom by the thunderbolt of war. In like manner, if we, Christian countries, tolerate the importation of shipsloads of Run to make widows, dig untimely graves, and send souls to a drear and hopeless Eternity, God may “bombard Christendom” as He has done the United States!

Rev. A. Sutherland referred to the state of Temperance in his own congregation. None connected with it had any thing to do with the traffic. Outsiders were at one time doing serious harm; but there is improvement. He showed the beneficial influence exerted by Temperance organizations properly regulated, in grappling with this most mischievous, soul-destroying and God-dishonouring vice.

A brief discussion took place on the “vile weed Tobacco,” which, however ended in nothing practical.

The Financial Report of the Auditing Committee of the Presbyterian Synod of these lower Provinces, shows their contributions for the year, thus:—

FOREIGN MISSION.—Received, \$4,743.51; Expenditure, \$3,772.92.

DAYSPRING.—Received, \$1,225.58; Expended, \$1,303.07.

HOME MISSION.—Receipts, \$3,592.21; Expenditure, \$3,641.69.

GIVING IN NEW YORK.

Not only are the calls upon the wealthy and the benevolent of our great cities constant and pressing, but the response that is made to them is increasingly liberal; showing that in the hearts of many whom God has blessed, there is, with the accumulation of wealth, a growing sense of the responsibility of its stewardship. Facts recently collected by Mr. Lewis E. Jackson, the active secretary of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, in reference to a portion of the benevolent contributions of this city for the past year, give some idea of the various and world-wide channels through which the beneficence of the city is constantly flowing.

There are in the city of New York three hundred religious and benevolent societies, hospitals, dispensaries, and asylums, supported or aided by the contributions of its citizens. The report of twenty-four local societies, depending directly upon the benevolence of the citizens