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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 must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 832, the sum assured £387,752 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,854 8s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension

95,650 9 11 2,627 4 7 181,504 10 6 5,829 5 10 The remarkable increase 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

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CAPITAL, 25,000,000.

Dizitor. Christian

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1867. Vol. V., No. 8. Whole No. 216.

For the Christian Visitor. GOD FIRST AND LAST IN A SINNER'S SAL VATION.

There are a few love God, and what's the cause Since man by nature hates Jehovah's laws: Man born in sin, he goes from bad to worse-If man love God, then God must love man first.

Then you who love the Lord, remember this, God is the Author of eternal bliss; If man possess one heave 1-born wish or thought. It is a covenant blessing Christ has bought.

Since all like wandering sheep have gone astray Man never of himself could find the way. Till Christ, the blessed Shepherd, finds him ou And what was foreordained is brought about.

O ve whom heaven has taught this truth to know Jehovah was your friend, and sin your foe; But if, through grace, you trust in Christ for all, Then God had chosen you before the Fall.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have you-I have ordained to save my chosen few; Go bring forth fruit, and Jun the heavenly race, Trust not yourselves, but my almighty grace."

O God! unfold salvation's glorious plan, That covenant of peace for dying man, That fathomiess abyss of love and grace, That only can be seen in Jesus' face.

Tis all of grace, from first to last, I see-All covenant blessings flow entirely free: They follow God's eternal love and choice-God's purpose stands, let this my soul rejoice

HORÆ BIBLICÆ.-No. 2. BY J. L. DUNLOP.

"And the Loan God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."—GEN. ii. 7.

Names-given to persons and to things, in the Hebrew-are the designed indices to the senti ments intended to be conveyed. In the investigation, therefore, of a passage in the Pentateuch, a notice of the meaning and force of terms-par ticularly those given to the Divine Being-is of importance. The name LORD God, in this text, may be taken as an instance. The word LORD, in capitals here, in the original is Jehovah-God's own name-expressive of his nature and cover pant relation :- and the word God -differently prioted—is Elohim—pre-eminently ascribed to "the Father of spirits," as the Creator and su-preme Governor of the Universe;—and in a secondary way, to others, as his representative, in ries idea respecting them, and not of their real nature. The etymon of this term is uncertain: it is however, in the plural, and-literally rendertogether, so as to form one name. They are so, erwise have obtained life except by its being giwell as in the text before us-and, in our opinion, not without reason. The "words of the Lord are tried words." Not one of them is written in

But, to proceed. As the name Jehovah indicates the incommunicable essence of God, in like manner, the word Elohim implies a personal plu-Moses elsewhere informs us, is one Jehovah. tion, and spiritual nature, is pregnant with meaning. What was done, in this case, was the act of Jehovah Elohim; -and, as Jehovah Elohim, did Being, of whose nature, and its properties, these two Hebrew words are the index. This account of man's origin is majestic, in its own simplicity. Jehovah Elohim formed man of the dust of the ground. This intimates special and exquisite workmanship, on the part of God. After this was done, and the human body lay before its Maker-a perfect specimen of his handiworkmaterial out of which it was made-then it was, and not till then, Jehovah Elohim breathed into man's postrils the breath of life. The production of the human soul was the last and noblest work of God, in the formation of the world—the finish and ornament of the material fabric-on which a Triune Jehovah bestowed his most mature deli-

tion; -but endowed, we have reason to believe, with natural immortality. But the soul—there is no evading it—is an immediate immaterial emanation from this Jehovah Elohim, that the Bible makes known :- an inspiration from the ever-blessed Trinity himself. True it is, that the revelation. The origin of the soul in man, shows its real nature, and points to its destiny. Dust. the reader may rest assured, enters not into its composition, and forms no part of it; and when the body returns to the dust from whence it was formed, the soul does not go along with it. In its nature, it is purely spiritual—coming, as it does, from the Deity himself—directly from him: -and, as such, it must, from its very nature-be immortal. Its chief end, as also the completion of its happiness, is in its original source—the bosom of its Father, and its God. The only begotten Son of God, the second person in this Elohim, as Mediator, is perfect God, and perfect man-without mixture or confusion-and, as such, it is only by the work that he completed on the cross, in its stead, when he poured out his soul unto death, that the human soul can be re-deemed;—for the redemption of the soul is precious, and, as far as a mere man or angel is conof the soul for its high and holy destiny—to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever—can only be effected by the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, the third person in this Elohim, who proceeds from the Father, and the Son—and who, effected by the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, the third person in this Elohim, who proceeds from the Father, and the Son—and who, with the Father and the Son together, is worshipped and glorified. The human soul is spinings are only met, and its gratifications fully satisfied, when "filled with all the fulness of God."

Apart from Jehovah Elohim—its great origin and source—it is, from the very nature of the thing,

Is a necessity, therefore, the tevery one of the thing, the third person in this Elohim, who proceeds from the Father, and the Son—and who, who are now saved would have person order of things; no more tripplers lounging there, father was a stirring man of business—here and those men who are now saved would have person order of things; no more drunkards staggering forth at night, no more thieving and wasting. And the workmen who boarded at the house of their employers, found it a house of prayer. Edward led in the worship of the morning, and their employers, found it a house of prayer. Edward led in the worship of the morning, and their employers, found it a house of prayer. Edward led in the worship of the morning, and their employers, found it a house of prayer. Edward led in the worship of the morning, and told her so sometimes, but knew as much of her inner life as the king of Persia. At home every paired, the shrubbery trimmed, the walks put in order, and the garden made to "blossom as the one servant in the kitchen.

Mrs. Grahame was a thoroughly practical wo-

mere assumption-a fallacy-in direct opposition | will often come upon sincere souls, who feel a

SPURGEON'S SERMON.

LIFE ETERNAL.

" And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither a hand."—John x. 28. neither shall any man pluck them out of my The text implies, first, somewhat concerning the

past of these people; the text plainly states in the second place, a great deal about the present us; he who swears to bring us safely home proof these people; and, thirdly, the text not obscurely hints at something about their future.

I. In the first place, the studious reader will observe that the text implies somewhat concerning the past history of the people of God. It is said, "I give unto them eternal life."

There is an implication, therefore, that they had lost eternal life. Every one of God's people fell in Adam, and all have fallen also by actual sin; consequently, we came under condemnation, and Christ Jesus has done for us what Her Majesty the Queen has sometimes done for a condemned criminal - he has brought us a free pardon. He has given us life. When our own desert was eter- described." nal destruction from the presence of the Lord, Jesus Christ stepped in, and he said, "Thou art forgiven; the sentence shall not take place upon lots "—" a two-story house "—" a barn and carthee; thine offence is blotted out; thou art riage house "—other improvements "—" the garclear." Nay, the text implies that there was den well planted with choice fruit trees "-" taken something more than condemnation, there was as the property of John Hartley, at the suit of execution. We were not only condemned to die, we were already spiritually dead. Jesus did not merely spare the life which ought to have been taken, and in that sense gave it to us, but he imparted to us a life which we had not before enoved. It is implied in the text that we were spiritually dead; nay, we are not left here to our own surmisings, nor even to our own experience, drink will drive him to the wall, and I must have for the apostle Paul has said, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." What, Paul dead ! Are you not mistaken ! Perand near to death, but surely they had a little the mercies of the law. They overcame me once, vital energy, a little power to assist themselves ! "No," says the apostle, "you were dead, dead in trespasses and sins." The work of salvation is tantamount, not only to the healing of the sick, but to the actual resurrection of a dead man from his grave. All the saints who are now alive unto brought himself to the verge of financial ruin. God were once as dead as others, quite as corrupt | The lawyer's eye kindled with a bright idea, and and offensive as others, and as much an ill savor in the nostrils of Divine Justice by reason of and persuade my friend Allen to make the hightheir sins as even the most corrupt of their fel- est bid for the property. He wants to move into lows. We had altogether gone out of the way; town. we had altogether become abominable, for "there is none that doeth good, no not one." When we sor, as he hastened into the office, "John Hartwere all shut up under sin then Jesus Christ came ley has reformed! That is all the talk up the their judicial capacity. Its use, with regard to into the region of death, and brought life and imther gods, is indicative of their deluded vota- mortality to us. Life was forfeited by all the "Too much for me to believe," replied saints; spiritual life they had none; Jesus the

Is it not also very clearly implied that, so far ed-is "Gods." These two words are joined from having any life, these people could not othin many other places, in the Old Testament, as | ven to them ! It is a rule well known to all Biblical students, that you never meet in God's Word with an unnecessary miracle, that a miracle is never wrought where the ordinary course of you had passed by his house last night as I did, nature would suffice. Now, my brethren, the and heard him praying like one grasping for the createst of all miracles is the salvation of a soul, last hope." If that soul could save itself God would not save it, but would let it do what it could do; and if rality, in that essence. Jehovah, our Elohim, as the spiritually dead could quicken themselves, rest assured, from the analogy of all the divine The connection of this name with man's forma transactions, that Jesus Christ would not have come to give them life. I believe that it would be utterly impossible for any one of us to enter heaven, let us do what we might, unless Jesus he that act. He did it, in that character—as the Christ had come from heaven to show us the way, to remove the bolts and bars for us, and to enable us to tread in the path which leads to glory and immortality. Lost! lost! lost! The race of man was utterly lost, not partly lost, not room. They talked half an hour right earnestly. thrown into a condition in which it might be ruall was motionless—as dead and lifeless as the but for the stupendous transaction upon Calvary, and the work of God the Holy Ghost in the heart, not one dead soul ever could come to life. I like to be merciful, you know. Eternal life would not be the peculiar work of the Lord Jesus if man had a finger in it, but as good as your bond. But will you hurry after

Quickener has made them alive unto God.

It is clearly to be seen in the text, by a little to be stopped?" beration, and expended his richest treasures. It any one of God's people, for it is said that it is and Parson Blake hastened to tell Mrs. Hartley stood amid creation, the fair and beauteous image given to us. Now, a gift is the very opposite of of the happy results in the matters of law. payment. What a man receives as a gift he cer-"And man became a living soul." His body tainly does not deserve. If it be given to us, was prepared and organized, upon principles of then it is no more a debt, but if it be a debt then it can be no more a gift. None of us merits eighteen years of age, who could not bear his word Elohim conveys—not the particular idea of the law it would be impossible for him to oba trinity in unity—but only that of a plurality in unity—that, however, is determined by further must be the free gift of God. "The wages of to associate the struggled on, of the law it would be impossible for him to obtain it. Man merits nothing but death, and life for she had a son on earth and a Father in heaven sin is death;" that is to say it is earned and "And he will come home now," said she, them like feathers in your cap? I pray you re-change when he learns the mercy of the law." collect what you were! You be proud! do not "And the mercy of God," added the pastor, forget the dung-hill where you once grew! Re- as he stood in that beautiful home, and thought member the tilth out of which God took you, how nearly the fires of intemperance had consuand instead of being scarlet with the garments of med it. It was saved to the family by the vow pride, your cheeks may well be scarlet with a at the bars. blush ! Oh ! may God forbid, once for all, that Edward's welcome, a few days after, was like

It is clear, too, from the text, that those who are now righteous would have perished but for not the father also a Christian! He had begun a Christ. Christ says, "they shall never perish." new life, at the right point—that of his own Promises are never given as superfluities. There is a necessity, therefore, for this promise. There was a danger, a solemn danger, that every one of "John Hartley & Son." In the mill was a new sign— Apart from Jehovah Elohim—its great origin and source—it is, from the very nature of the thing, miserable, in this world—and, finally separated from Him, in that which is to come—it is perfectly so, and that throughout all eternity. Talk they of annihilation, after temporary suffering, as some do! Why, all the positive evidence is against such a notion. We have no reason—none whatever—to think that Omnipotence, who alone can do it, will ever annihilate anything. All analogy is against the supposition. It is a

to sound philosophy, as it is contrary to the holy jealousy of themselves. But we need have plain dictate of the Word of God. no fear when we come to the promise of God, but I drank the wine. That bride was your mo for if we are really in Christ we have a guarantee ther. I never took another glass in her presence. of security, since Christ's own word is, " They shall never perish." The promise was certainly given because it was wanted. There is a danger of perishing; there are ten thousand risks of perishing; only Omnipotence itself keeps off the fiery darts of Satan ; the blessed Physician gives the antidote or the poison would soon destrov tects us from a thousand foes, who otherwise would work our ill. "They shall never perish." (To be Continued.)

THE VOW AT THE BARS.

(Concluded.)

THE BLESSED RESULT.

Early the next morning the sheriff entered the office of lawyer Edson, and laid upon the table a paper headed, "Sheriff's Sale!" saving, "Please look it over, and see if the property is correctly

The lawyer began to hum off such phrases as these: "To be sold on the premises, two large

W. Pitt Edson, Esq."

The sheriff stood thinking of what disagreeable duties his office imposed upon him, and seeming to be in no haste to perform them.

"It is hard to turn John Hartley out of house and home," said the lawyer; " for he is one of the cleverest men living, when he is sober. But my money. Those who have mortgages on his mill will take alarm, and you may soon have to sell that under the hammer. I must find some haps they were only a little sick? Nay, we are business to take me out of town, or his wife and ready to admit, O apostle, that they were sick the parson and the deacons will all be here to beg but now the law must have its course.'

> It was a favorite notion of Mr. Edson that he was the most merciful lawyer who ever gave work to a sheriff. In the present case he had the justice of the law on his side. John Hartley had he said to himself, "I'll ride into the country,

"Would you believe it?" exclaimed a neigh-

lawyer. "Can't take hearsay evidence in this

"John Hartley has quit drinking!" said another, happy over the event.

"Quit until he gets over the present disgust," said Mr. Edson. "Such reformations are quite common after an election day." "Perhaps you would have more confidence, if

"Drunken men often take a religious turn; you would think them models of piety, if it were not

for the odors of rum." "It was never so with Hartley, He became humorous, then coarse in song and anecdote."

"But never profane," said the lawyer. "We must give him credit for that. When most drunk, he would lash a man with the keenest rebukes for profane swearing."

Thus ran the conversation upon John Hartley's virtues and vices, until Parson Blake and Deacon Watson came and drew the lawyer into another "Just try him!" entreated Mr. Watson, "Spare

ined unless it worked hard to save itself; but so him-spare his wife and children. Give him lost, that but for the interposition of a divine arm, time. You know his business talents. If you but for the appearance of God in human flesh, ask it, I will be his security for every dollar that he owes you." "Good security," said the lawyer. "I'll take it.

now man's power is excluded and grace reigns. the sheriff, and tell him that all further process is thought, that eternal life was not the merit of The deacon never went on a gladder errand,

"I was just writing to Edward," said Mrs.

eternal life, or ever can merit it. Mere mortal father's treatment, nor the taunts that be was a life is a gift of divine mercy, we do not deserve drunkard's son. Seeing that his father was likely it; and as for the eternal life spoken of in the text, it is a boon too high for the fingers of human merit to hope to reach it; if a man should mother and her children, "against the day of adwork never so hard after it, yet upon the footing versity." Right manfully had he struggled on,

procured as a matter of debt; "but the gift of "when I tell him the good news. I was saying God," the free grace of God, "is eternal life." that his father had gone to the mill this morning Now, this is a very humiliating doctrine, I know, but it is true, and I want you all to feel it. Children of God, I know you do. You see the hole of the pit whence you were drawn? Do you see it? Or have you grown proud of late? Those fine might prove to him a fearful temptation. Edfeelings and prayings of yours have you stuck ward never liked Mr. Edson, but his heart will

we should glory, for what have we to glory in? the meeting of the prodigal son and his father, What have we that we have not received?

It is clear, too, from the text, that those who digal, and the son the rejoicing Christian. Was are now righteous would have perished but for not the father also a Christian? He had begun a

Old Series, Vol. XX., No. 8.

she had made the wine. The bride protested with her entreating eves and a shake of her head. But I was easily tempted to take my second glass at a public dinner given to the newly-elected governor. After that day, I needed no temptation; my only difficulty was to find an excuse. The argument which made me a drunkard was learned from the lips of a man in the pulpit. It was this, 'It is not a sin in itself to drink wine.' Grant the statement, yet it made me a sinner in drinking of the cup of death. I bless God that our pulpit now rings with a more certain sound.

"My last glass was taken in the bar-room of a disreputable tavern. There was no wealth, nor elegance, nor fashion, nor purity around me, as at the first. There was no 'man of God' there to engage our respect and reverence. A curse was uttered over the decanter by the landlord. The air reeked with the vilest utterances. And we talked of our liberty! We drank it away. We staggered forth the slaves of the destroyer.

"At the wedding I saw intemperance in his nfancy. He was the gleeful child of the social circle. I took him to my heart. He won me by his apparent innocence. I pressed his lips to mine, and smiled at your mother's jealousy. "But in the low tavern I saw intemperance as

giant in his strength, repulsive to the sight, lisgusting in his habits, yet a tyrant over me. Fashionable society spurned him from its doors, driving him to the lower haunts of vice, where he found his slaves crouching for his smile. He gave it, and then cast them into the ditch. What murders he commits! What homes he desolates! What hearts he breaks! What graves he digs! What souls he sends to hell! Widows have wailed over his cruelties to them; orphans bear his disgraceful mark upon their brows. I know his tyranny. Your mother knows the horrors of his countenance.

"Father, he has been driven from us. Mother sees him no more. The good Master has come to our house, and she will entertain him, like Mary and Martha of old."

"And may be remain our gnest! But if I could reach the social circle, I would say to those who wish to see this frightful monster destroyed, Slay him in his infancy! I had to fight with it at the bars in the woods. Tell your young friends to crush him in his childhood, when so many call him innocent."

Whoever may sojourn a week in Nobleton, will hear the noise of the mill which paid off every debt that John Hartley had incurred, and gave him the means for large generosities to the church, of which he became an honored member, and to the poor, for whom he "devised liberal things." He will hear none speak evil of the man who lived to prove that regeneration of the heart works the surest reformation of life, who came to "full | the old hopeless circle again. son." and who was so recently buried that the grass is scarcely green over his grave. He has gone up on high to celebrate the victory which he won when he made his vow at the bars.

WHAT AND HOW.

" Dear me, Annie," said Aunt Cordelia, openng the stove door to see whether the fire would last through the evening, " it is your birthday, isn't it? Shouldn't have thought of it, if I had not heard Sarah just now wishing you a happy new year," and she rattled the dead coal into the pan. " Eighteen, isn't it?" " No. I'm nineteen to-day."

"My! how fast you are all growing up. Annie, do get me the coal-hod. You never think of the fire till it is just going out," and that was the total sum of Annie Grahame's conversation respecting her nineteenth birthday.

If you, that are reading about her, long ago outgrew all birthday thoughts, you will wonder any one should think Aunt Cordelia lost a chance -or that Annie put her hand up suddenly to her throat as if something choked her, as she stepped out for the coal. You are forty, fifty, perhaps. The passing day that marks off one year more from the flying earthly life finds you too busy to reflect, too occupied to do more than glance, it may be, quickly toward the west, and pray a glad, short prayer for strength till the end. You long ago steered your boat into the right current; just to row steadily is all you have to

Annie was so much younger. There are not many girls who are very settled and happy at nineteen. They laugh and talk, go to parties, read some books, make calls, alter their dresses, and do a thousand such things that are necessary, but by this time they have done them all a good while. The cry will not be hushed-What ! is this the whole of life?"

Such a question as this was the actual knot in all the tangled mass of questions and entreaties that had filled Annie Grahame's mind through the dull November day her birthday. A wreath of red berries round a little loaf of cake, and a special kiss all round, had quite satisfied her on hese days, till she had counted a good many vears-but even at nineteen there are fewer lips to give the birthday kiss, and those red berries only grew in the old garden.

Besides, life had come now. That wonderful future she used to dream about was right here. She was already in it, and "What is it all What am I amounting to !" she kept saving to herself. "I don't see but I am busy all the time, but it isn't living. When I get through I shall have nothing to show. There's Lizzie Porter. She can draw and paint. I see how she can fill her life up well enough-and Lucy King is going south next month, to teach in a colored school but as for me, I can't see my way out." Poor Annie! something definite was what she

wanted. Of vague energy and eagerness she had mough. She didn't need so much to be taught. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," as how to find. It is true of half the young Christian girls, who want to serve, and live to real purpose, but don't know where to begin. When they come down from abstract thinking to the regular, hopeless Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, it is coming against a blank

THE OFFICE OF THE -CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

of Prince William and Church 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.

Che Christian Bisitor

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

bear. There was no use in going away to cry over it. She had tried that before. She was in no good mood for reading; so she took her unfinished dress, put the shade on the lamp, and sat down to sew on the braid,

"Tinkle, tinkle," went the door bell. "O dear," she sighed to herself; "I cannot talk to-night;" but she went to the door.

"O, Mrs. Thayer, good evening," and the minster's wife had a hearty kiss and welcome. Something in her quiet eyes met Annie's mood

Her mother was out. She untied the strings of her friend's white hood, and sat down close by her with a very wistful look. Now they were alone, if Mrs. Thayer would only talk to her and help her a little. However, it was only by intuition one could have learned her thought. She never knew how to speak first.

"Do you know, Annie," said Mrs. Thayer, when they had talked a little about commonplace things, " I often wonder if you are quite contented ?"

Annie looked up quickly, and read something in the thoughtful face that opened her heart. She hadn't much to say, for her trouble was rather intangible—a blank, a sense of life slipping away with no real thing done. "I sew," said she, for John, and I dust the rooms every morning; but most of things mother would rather do herself; then auntie takes a good deal of care, so I don't seem to be very necessary. The weeks go on, and I don't see what it all amounts to." "You were through school last summer,

weren't you, Annie ! You are young for that." "Yes, but father thought I had been long enough; besides, my head troubled me so much when I was studying, it was of no use for me to try to go on. O dear! sometimes I wish I were so poor I should have to support myself. I believe I should be happier.

Mrs. Thaver was silent a minute, pondering while she drew Annie to her with a caressing

"I understand," said she, "I've lived through it all I think the great thing for you now is to know just what you ought to do. You want to find the right path between yielding in a lazy way to circumstances and trying to force your dreams against Providence. Suppose we think things over, and see a little.'

"Well," said Annie, "I've wanted to go south with Lucy, to teach. I believe I know enough for that; and there's such a need there. But you see I can't stir a step. I'm the only daughter, and they think I'm not strong, so I never could persuade father and mother it is anything but nonsense. There's no use in thinking any more of that. If I lived in a large town there'd be plenty to do for poor people, but you know how it is here. There it is-I seem to be so shut up' -and her lip quivered a little as she went round

something that calls out all your power. If he shuts you up here in this town the work is here. I know what you want to say. You have lived right here so long, with everything going on in a regular way, you can't break through. You don't know how to get any thing to begin with. It is like putting out your hand to take an apple in a dream ; just as you put it out you wake up. Annie looked up with a smile, and eyes brim-

ming over. This was just the trouble. Mrs. Thaver was silent another minute or two. She knew Annie Grahame didn't need to be directed into seeing home duties better just now. She was already a good daughter and sister. The finer shades of help and home service she would find by degrees, if she could once start in the right direction. To go out was the best thing for

The silence was broken rather abruptly.

"Can you sew well, Annie? Do you like it?" "Why, yes, pretty well; but why?" "You know Mrs. Watts. Did you ever think what she has to do-with her feeble health, to take care of her house and sew for those three children? I propose that you take your work-

bag, the first pleasant afternoon, and go down there and sew for her. You can manage it all pleasantly, and you would give more comfort than you can think. When you come away, bring home something to finish. Then if you can, interest some of the other girls in it. If you had ever been very tired, and seen piles of sewing waiting to be done, you could feel what good it would do her. Look around you then, and see if there isn't some one else who needs just such help. I am very sure you couldn't make so much of your life amount to more in any way. Then, Annie, be all the time looking out for chances to do something for everybody you see. If you go over to the post-office, don't go dreaming or thinking of yourself, but watching. If you meet Jim Clark, speak to him pleasantly, however sulky he looks. He is one of the kind nobody likes, so a little sunshine like that is what he needs. If you see Martha Cricks, don't say in your mind, 'Pah! how cross and gossippy she is!" but give her a kind word, and try to imagine what made her so, and what she might have been in different circumstances. And so on, Annie; keep it up week after week, watching for little chances in all sorts of ways to make somebody happier, better if you can. Don't let anybody slip by your thought, simply because he always has. Stop and ask yourself, 'Now isn't there something for him?' You will have to think in a flash sometimes, but do it. Then Christmas is coming. There are ever so many people here who live right on past all these holidays, and dist. hardly ever know in their lives what it is to bre made a present. You could make some little this are greatly Maretzek some cushion, or necktie, or collar, justoster similar small thing, and astonish them with it, observation.

give a thrill of hearty pleasure to per it general class. give a thrill of hearty pleasure to proper not used to thrills of any kind."

Annie drew a long breath, while

slowly kindled in her eyes.

"I think I shall have enough to do so She laid her head down on Mr. shoulder. A silent kiss told the story zle solved, a life-long rest and work beg eager desire, her underlying Christian p. of self-denial, would develop the little hints rane life—a life, however, possible to any girr who is at this moment saying, "What does all this amount to?" and " What can I do?"- Watchman and Reflector, to have of days I de

LIKE CALORIC IN THE GLOBE. - No possible selection of proof-texts could be the strongest evidence of the scriptural doctrine of regeneration. The climax of proof of such a doctrine is that it pervades the system of Biblical It is one of the constructive ideas of inspiration which are not so much here or there, as every-where. It is pervasive, like the life-blood in the body. It is like caloric in the globe. If a tortuous exegesis evades it in one passage, it is inevitable in the next. Expel it from a thousand texts, and it remains in secret implications all along the interval pages between. Wrench it away from every text in which theologians have found it, and its echo reverberates from one end