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distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of Policy-holders.

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tence. Rates of Assurance and all other information me be learned from the Agent, WILLIAM MACKAY, july 13.—wpw lv Constom House Building. THOMAS & WETMORE,

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INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested . 1 .. £3,212,343 5s. 1d. stg Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, E743,674 stg.
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which receipts will be given, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and payable either at call or fixed periods, as may be agreed upon. LIFE, FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.

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C. W. WELDON, Agent for New Brunswick. St. John, March 8, 1866,

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 9 nairman of the London Board.—SANUEL BAKER, Esq. Chairman in Liverpool.—Charles Tox Liverpool.—CHARLES TURNER, Esq. nee Company is one of the larges

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following xpansion of the bu

plations. He can trace the current of time back to its commencement, and survey the innumerable events of importance which have transpired during its progress—the rise of kings, the battles of warriors, the revolutions of empires, and the consequences, good and evil, which have followed in their train. Looking at the earth on which he lives, he can view it in all its variety of aspects—the continents, islands, and oceans which compose its exterior—the mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers which diversity its surface—and the volcanos, icebergs, cataracts, and other strange and wondrous phenomena which mark its different regions and climes. In the invisible atmosphere with which it is surrounded, and in which others discern nothing but an immeuse blank, he

both. By analyzing it, he discovers in the ele-ments of which it is composed an invisible sub-stance in which the hardest metals will melt like niums paid.

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acriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire
aid promptly, on reasonable proof of loss—without wax, and another of so opposite a nature that in it a lighted taper will be instantly extinguished; and by their different combinations and operations, the most diversified and beneficent effects JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Princeas-atreet,
Opposite Judge Litchie's Building.

This fiant The second over the second of the second over the second over

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

Vol. V., No. 27. Whole No. 235.

THE DYING WIFE.

Smooth the dark hair, once so glossy and bright.

Tenderly, tenderly, speak to me tenderly; Death fays his icy-cold hand on my brow.

Life's sunny day-dreams are vanishing now.

Tenderly, tenderly kiss me and gently sigh;

Evening's soft shadows are wearing to night.

Tenderly, tenderly soothe me a little while,

Calm all my fears with a tender caress;

All that is earthly is wearing away.

Tenderly, tenderly, sweetly in pity smile, Tenderly foudle, and tenderly bless.

Deeper and deeper the shadows fall over me ;

Leave me not, love-let me die on your breast.

Speak to me, comfort me, kindly bend over me

Clinging to me with that fond heart forever, love

Tenderly, tenderly, here, while I may;
All that is earthly the death-pang will sever,

Long have we wandered in Life's sunny mea

Long have we gathered its fruits and its flowers

Hush me and soothe me, love, tenderly, tenderly,

Pray for me fervently, tenderly pray.
Voices I hear! 'Tis the dead; they are calling

Fain would I linger with thee, my beloved one

Lift me up, let me once more see the setting sun

Lay me down softly, I'm breathless and blind.

Glorified spirits are waiting to welcome me,

Sorrow and darkness forever are past;

Day on the mountain is dawning at last.

Christ to His bosom is folding me tenderly;

The first Annual Oration of the Alumni Society

DELIVERED IN THE VESTRY OF THE BAPTIST

CHAPEL, FREDERICTON, ON THE 6TH OF JUNE, 1867

BY THE REV. J. C. HURD, M. D.,

and published by special request.

(Continued.)

set forth as a subject of vital importance, it may

be proper to notice some of the advantages most

And I may remark that the value of knowledge

is inestimable when considered as a source of

pleasure and enjoyment to its possessor. There

may be a species of gratification apart from that

which is enjoyed by the exercise of the higher intellectual and moral faculties. The body has

been furnished with external senses, and these are the natural inlets of knowledge. The universe abounds in objects fitted for their exercise and

gratification. And so long as the pleasures aris-

ing therefrom are controlled by the dictates of

reason or confined within the limits of morality,

they are so far from being improper or unlawful

that, in the enjoyment of them, we are only ful-

filling the design of the Creator in the formation

of our species. But the pursuit of sensitive plea-

sure is not the ultimate end of our being, nor is

the gratification derived therefrom the highest of

which our natures are capable. We enjoy these

in common with the lower animals, and when we

rest in, or remain satisfied with them, we pour

costempt on our intellectual faculties, and virtual

ly, by our own act, reduce ourselves to a level with the beasts that perish. Besides the organs

of sensation, and vastly superior to them, there

are the intellectual faculties in man-faculties not

only of a higher and capable of taking in a wider

range of objects, but are susceptible of gratification

far more varied and sublime than any which the

senses can produce. It is the possession of these

powers which chiefly distinguishes us from the

ower orders of animated existence; and in the

proper exercise and steady development of them

we experience the highest earthly enjoyment of

which our nature is susceptible, and it is thus, in

an important sense, that we are gradually prepar-

ed for the higher and purer employments of an immortal life: for if we are destined to spend

eternity where every power of our intellectual

being shall find constant employment on objects worthy of its nature, "the more we acquire a

relish for such pleasures on carth, the better shall we be prepared for associating with the intelligence of a higher order in a future world." But

we are speaking now of the pleasures derived from intellectual pursuits in the present life, and

it is evident that the man whose mind has been

irradiated with the light of science has views and

feelings fraught with enjoyment vastly more re-fined and elevated than any which can be expe-

rienced by the man whose intellect is shrouded

in ignorance, or who exercises his powers only to

secure a subsistence, and who sets but little high-

er estimate on human life than is usually attache

to the lower animals, that are fed and nourished

for the slaughter. The merest tyro in natural

science, as taught in our schools and academies, is capable of acquiring a multiplicity of ideas and sentiments, which introduce him into a sort of

new world, where he is entertained with an im-

nense variety of scenes and movements of the

most intensely interesting description, which, to the mind enveloped in darkness, can never be known. During his hours of recreation, or quiet

olitude, when others are indulging in sensi

gratification or idle gossip, the man of knowledge can occupy himself in the most sublime contemplations. He can trace the current of time back

beholds the wonders of Divine Wisdom and Om-nipotence. He sees in it a substance compound-ed of two opposite principles, the one the source, of flame and animal life, the other destructive of

likely to accrue to society therefrom.

But if the universal diffusion of knowledge be

Forms I behold that have long passed away,

Gliding around me, so solemnly, silently;

Voices that still to my bosom are dear;

Tenderly, tenderly, nowise appalling me-From those I love I have nothing to fear.

God wills it not-to His will be resigned.

Now I descend to the Valley of Shadows,

Vacant and vain seem its perishing hours.

Soon will this faint-throbbing heart be at rest,

Penderly, tenderly, care for me tenderly,

Tenderly, tenderly, evermore tenderly

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1867.

are being produced on everything existing triumphantly-for hear what Jesus said Himself.

throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms. It is my lesson for next Sabbath: With a species of wondering awe be views this huge globe on which he lives flying through space at the rate of sixty thousand miles an hour, and by the inclination of its axis producing the regular succession of summer and winter, seed this? time and harvest. If not content with the innumerable multitude of objects with which he is surrounded on earth, he may leap beyond its boundaries and range through the planetary system and trace the physical aspects and revolufrom his own. And winging his way far beyond the sun and all his planets, he may gaze with his that it is. That same little girl became my wife mental eye on suns and systems which astronomy in after years—and her whole life was a blessed has never explored, rolling in grandeur through-out the boundless dimensions of space, and those countless worlds, perhaps - and who can say they are not-peopled with intelligences of various orders, living under the government and worshipping at the shrine of the great beneficent Supreme, whose wisdom is infinite, whose power is the utmost stretch of human imagination. But a coward, for a bolder man I do not know, where should I end if I were to follow the mind in its contemplations and excursions through the boundless range of creation, looking into the secrets of nature, and exploring the almost infinite variety of objects which come within the sphere of its enquiries; and it is evident that the enjoy-

veloped in intellectual darkness. (To be continued.)

> [From the Watchman and Reflector.] A TEA-MEETING INCIDENT.

ment thus produced is vastly superior to any that

can be experienced by the man whose soul is en-

At a tea-meeting in London, I noticed a tal fine-looking old gentleman, evidently a clergy man, whose face reminded me of pictures of the old saints, tranquil, beaming and joyous with the light of a sanctified life. It was a very happy occasion, on which the parents and children of one of the most flourishing Baptist churches in the east of London gathered at an annual festival. The Rev. Mr. Katterns is the pastor, and his congregation is one of the best in that part of the me-

The usual grace was sung, all standing; the tea, bread and butter and English plum-cake (I assure you there is no better) had been partaken of, and speeches followed as a matter of course. There were many good speakers present, and their theme was the children and the blessed influence of Sabbath schools. There were many effective anecdotes told, but nothing so touching but however it is not our business," and he keeps as fell from the lips of the clergyman before men-

As he stood up I knew that he had been chastened by suffering, purified as by fire. The lines upon his brow, the soft, elevated expression, the very repose and gentleness of his manner told of implore you before the Lord never let this

a child, a little girl of seven years of age, whose name was Helen. Helen's mother was delicate and often ill. At last she was taken with a mortal How many fervent and agonizing prayers did he Janet."

In vain all his watching, all his care, all his "What do you mean?" cried Madge, "our anguish. Day by day the destroyer made new house is as clean as your's; I mend my husband's the fatal word-his friends feared insanity from woman in the parish, and yet he never stays a

Alas! that time came all too soon. The sweet, can be." patient, Christian wife, confident in her love of "As happy as can be on earth," said her Christ and her home in heaven, felt the honr friend, gravely, "yes and I shall tell you the drawing near. She tried to comfort him, but he secret of it, Madge?" listened in a dull, apathetic way—he could not "I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep find consolation in her words. His heart was sigh, "it's misery to live as I do now," steeled against reason, almost against revelation. "Well, then," said Janet, speaking slowly and He said that God was laying His hand too heavilistinctly, "I let my husband see that I love ly upon him, and he rebelled, nor would be comhim still, and that I learn every day to love him forted, although for her sake he repressed the more. Love is the chain that binds him to his misery that was overwhelming him, and stifled home. The world may call it folly, but the back his cries.

'No,' whispered the dying woman, 'she is thing?"
sleeping sweetly, don't disturb her. After all, "For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.
the longest life is but a vapor; it is but a little "Yes; they don't feel at all as we do, Janet

cternal—let her sleep.'
So the gray shadows gathered over the saintly countenance, but there was no agony there. A I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and beautiful smile as she breathed her last, an ex-alk so." pression of exultation that glorified the whole "No, because your husband is different, and being mourners there that heaven in these last months had opened upon her vision; that the future was not a dream but a glorious reality; that I know that he said to my husband the other clouds of witnesses' held all in that dying chambar, that courting-time was the happiest of a ber in full survey; that the hand of Jesus wiped nan's life. William reminded him that there is the tears from all who suffered but believed in greater happiness than that, even on earth, if men thim.

The husband could not realize this comfort out after his opinion but he went away still.

Weak in faith himself, it was on her strong

his strong hold was gone.

with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the Tearless, almost despairing, he left the cham-sappiness of seeing him."

ber of death and sought his own room, there to "Just so," said Janet, "Do you ever feel like

sit in darkness and sorrow. Presently he heard hat, now ?" little footsteps. He had locked his door, but could not withstand the soft voice that cried, "And why not?"

"And why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Madge, "married him. Seeing the marks of suffering on his face, "Love do you mean?" asked Janet a second

What is the matter, papa?

'Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou

Suddenly, as he listened, a great flood of light was let into his soul. The words seemed as if

forted.
Some of you," continued the clergyman, " may ask if this is a true story. I'll give you a proof that it is. That same little girl became my wife Gospel of faith."

SPEAK TO HIM ABOUT HIS SOUL.

At a meeting for prayer and fasting, a brother, who was, I think, the best man among us, made a confession of cowardice, and we all looked at omnipotent, and whose dominion extends beyond him and could not understand how he could be

> He told us that there was a man in his congregation who was a wealthy man. If he had been a poor man, he would have spoken to him about his soul; but, being a wealthy man, he thought it would be taking too much liberty. At last one of the members happened to say to him, "Mr. So and so, have you found a Saviour?" and bursting into tears the man said, "Thank you had arrived that Harley left the public house and tor speaking to me; I have been in distress for months, and thought the minister might have spoken to me. Oh, I wish he had; I might have found peace."

> I am afraid that often and often you good people have sinners convinced of sin sitting by your side, when in the place of worship, and when the you forget it, and go your way. Now is this a come to Madge, he was very sure. She wore a thing to be forgotton, as if it were of no great dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat offence? Let me give you a picture which may

See yonder poor wretches whose ship has gone down at sea, they have constructed a poor tottering raft, and have been swimming on it for days; their supply of bread and water has been erhausted, and they are famishing, they have bound a handkerchief to a pole and hoisted it, and a vessel is within sight. The captain of the ship takes his telescope, looks at the object, and knows that it is a shipwrecked crew. "Oh," says he to his men, " we are in a hurry with our cargo, we cannot stop to look after an unknown object; it may be somebody perishing, and it may not be, on his course. His neglect has murdered those case, only it is worse, because you deal with imnortal souls, and he only deals with bodies very repose and gentleness of his manner told of that.

"I want to say something to you"—he commenced quietly, but in such a tone as set all to listening intently—"upon faith. And I wish to illustrate it by a little story. That story is about a child, a little girl of seven years of age, whose

A TALE FOR WIVES.

disease. Day after day the eye grew brighter "Now this is what I call comfort," said Madge and the flush deepened upon her cheek. She Harley, as she sat down by her neighbour's fire was a lovely woman, and her husband was very one evening; "here you are, at your sewing, deeply attached to her. He did not know how with the kettle steaming on the hob, and the teato give her up. His home, his children, all be-things on the table, expecting to hear your hus-came as nothing to him in comparison with the band's step, and see his kind face look in at the life he was watching over with such eagerness. door. Ah! if my busband was but like yours,

send up to the Throne of Grace on her behalf! "He is like mine in many of his ways," said He could attend to nothing else. His business Janet, with a smile, " and, if you will allow me was neglected, his personal appearance, every- to speak plainly, he would be still more like him thing, he was in such constant agony with refer- if you took more pains to make him comfortable."

progress. His physician dreaded to pronounce clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any the vehemence of his grief when he should know home of an evening, whilst you two sit here by all.

world is not my lawgiver,"
"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge It was three in the morning. "And do you really think," exclaimed Madge 'Shall I bring Helen in? asked the nurse. "that husbands care for that sort of

while before those who have gone, meet those and it don't take many years of married life to who are coming after. This separation is not nake them think of a wife as a sort of maidof-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing

peiog, as it were, might have convinced the weep- values his wife's love, while John cares for me

The husband could not realize this comfort, not alter his opinion, but he went away still The shock had shaken his soul, because she had hinking of his courting-time as a joy too great

"Dear fellow!" cried Madge, smiling through confidence he had leaned in his religious life. She ier tears, "I do believe he was very happy then. had first led hun to the Saviour, and he felt as if remember I used to listen for his step as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the

" No, but what people call being sentimental."

'Have they not told you, my child, that your aid Mrs. Harley.

"Longing to see your husband is a very proper

'No, papa, dear mamma is not dead;' she entiment," replied Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish be
'Yes, my dear—these hards closed her even, pre others." reasoned Madge.

'Yes, my dear—these hands closed her eyes, ore others," reasoned Madge,

'But mamma is not dead,' persisted the little "That proves they want sense. I am not likecreature.' y to approve of that, as William would soon tell

'My child, what can you understand about it l'on; all I want is, that wives should let their
he cried, bitterly. 'If I could only hear her usbands know they are still loved."

speak one word to me—if I could only look in
her living eyes!

'But, papa, did mamma believe in Jesus?'

'Yes, my child,' he answered; almost broken ou saying? Have you then married with the
down.

'Then none she's not dead,' exied the child are him!"

'Then, papa, she's not dead,' cried the child, ove him?'

Old Series, Vol. XX., No. 27.

" No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them.' "Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you." "Dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, " would

it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?" " Of course not. I wish he'd try;" and Mrs. Harley laughed at the idea.

"Then, you don't think enough of yourself already? and nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This of course put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home, to think of Janet's words; and to confess secretly that they were wise. Hours passed before John Harley returned

home. He was a man of good abilities, and well-to-do in the world, and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, and partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold towards each other; so cold, that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour hastened towards his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, " used to that;" but he was not "used" to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him; nor to find warm clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach sermon is over, you ought to get a word with for late hours, and neglect, and dirty footmarks, them—you might be the means of comfort, but as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar round the neck, and had a cap, trim-

med with white ribbons, on her head. "You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed, at last, when he had stared at her for some little time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night ?"

"No one until you came," said Madge, half "1? nonsense, you didn't dress for me?" cried

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she has given me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like for your supper ?" John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could d, thought Madge's offer too exce fused, and very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wonder, by his side, and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he couldn't help it, he said, " Dear old Madge ?"

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After a while John spoke again-

" Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen ?" "Yes."

"I was a vounger man then, Madge, and as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you loved me; do you love me still ?" She looked up in his face, and her eyes an-

swered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ear alone.

She never once asked if this would make him vain;" she knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and Yes, prayed for pardon, through the blood

of Jesus Christ, for strength to fulfil every duty in the future, for the all-powerful influence of the Spirit, for blessings on her husband evermore. She prayed-and not in vain .- British Work

THE LIVING EPISTLE.

Dr. Guthrie says, in the Sunday Magazine He who so orders his life and conversation as to bring no dishenour or reproach on religion, who gives no occasion to its enemies to blaspheme. nor by his falls and inconsistencies furnishes scandals to be told in Gath and published in the streets of Askelon, does well. He may thank God, amid life's slippery paths he has prayed, nor prayed in vain. 'Hold up my goings that my footsteps slip not.' He does better still in whose life religion presents itself less in a negative, and more in a positive form; for while it is well to depart from evil, it is better to do good; nor does he live in vain who exemplifies by his daily life and conversation the pure and virtuous, and holy, and beneficent, and sublime and saving doctrine of God and his Saviour. The first is good, the next better, the last is the best of all. So to live as to be beautiful as well as living epistles of Jesus Christ as seen and read of all men-so to live as to recommend the truth to the admiration of others—so to live as to constrain them to say What a good and blessed thing is true religion ! as in some measure to win the encomium of her who, looking on Jesus, exclaimed, 'Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that gave thee suck !'-so to live, in fact, as to resemble those books which, in addition to their proper contents, are bound in gold, are illuminated, and illustrated with paintings; or those pillars which, while with their plainer neighbors supporting the superstructure, are also ornaments, rising gracefully from the floor is fluted columns, and crowned with wreaths of flowers-this is best of all !"

Motives to Holiness .- A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon—he knows not how soon—to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God. Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be holy; and I should be dead to the world and, live for heaven.

Our influence is a fearful responsibility. Few think of its extent. And yet it lives while eternity lasts! The deeds of to-day influence others, and from their acts the tide rolls on. A little act, a pebble cast into the stream, sends away to shores unseen the circling eddy. Then, reader, let your influence be ever exerted on the side of that which is good and noble and just.

THE OFFICE OF THE

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.

Che Christian Visitor

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

GARDEN WORK.

"God Almighty first planted a garden," says Bacon, "and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man." "There is no ancient gentlemen," says the

grave-digger in Hamlet, "but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profes-

Said the gentle old Archbishop Sancroft to his friend Hough, who was visiting him in Suffolk: "Almost all you see is the work of my own hands, though I am bordering on eighty years of age. My old woman does the weeding, and John mows the turf and digs for me; but all the nicer work—the sowing, grafting, budding, transplanting, and the like—I trust to no other hand but my own, so long, at least, as my health will allow me to enjoy so pleasing an occupation."

— The Poets are full of the delights of gar-

dening: Cowley and Pope, at least, came to realize their dreams in this respect. One can run through very few pages of English verse and not have to leap hedges of allusions to gardens, or without bringing away a memory stuck full with their fragrant blossoms. An appreciative writer observes that "Bacon and Milton were the prophet and herald, Pope and Addison the reformer and the legislator, of horticulture." Spenser's stanzas abound with real garden pictures, terrace raised above terrace, and lawn stretching beyond laws. The garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet' is the favorite one with all readers, because in the fragrant atmosphere of the garden, in the tempered moonlight, and to the sound of trickling waters, love is made in the true spirit of romance. Tennyson has shown how it is attempted in the more exquisite passages of his everywhere quoted 'Maud." The poet Shenstone wrote from his favorite Leasowes: "I feed my wild ducks, I water my carnations—happy enough if I could ex-tinguish my ambition quite." Father Adam was placed in a garden to "dress and keep it." Every reader of English recalls at once Milton's fine description of our first parents in Eden, rising with the dawn to dress the alleys green

"Their walk at noon with branches overgrown," The gray old monks, in fact, who had an eye open to the good things of life in their day, were the first genuine cultivators of flowers and finits, and around their solitary keeps of learning slent securely many a productive garden and blossomng orchard. They had the true relish for what those things brought them, and tended a tree or a flower with the same zeal with which they wore the pavement smooth with their frequent devotions. They taught us horticulture, and we are thus become their debtors for more than the mere learning they were instrumental in handing

- The sincerest pleasures of the home-life are woven closely in with those of the garden. I have almost made one of my own heart, from the habit of living over again the delight I used to take in digging, planting, weeding and watering the little half-acre Elysium, where grew so luxuriously my bulbous cabbages and bright-eyed beans. I am conscious that Goethe did not miss of the general truth in his observation that he took the solidest delight in the simplest pleasures: and, for an enduring pleasure, clean and sweet both in itself and its memories, we can truly think of nothing in Nature before a little garden. It should not be so large as to become a task-master. and thus worry out the placid zeal; but only spacious enough to excite the physical energy and

give a healthy start to the thought. I am not making any allusion to city gardens now, nor to their more luxuriantly gay cousins of the suburbs, where the owner is far from being the author, but employs his gardener as many a man does his upholsterer; those make beautiful estates," and are objects of attraction alike to shrewd brokers and fashionable lovers of Nature: but they have few of the savory associations of simplicity, and peace and home. Fine enough exotics may grow and show there, whose health and beauty salaried gardeners look carefully after: but you will search in vain for simple morningglories, climbing like eager children to the window sill to peep in, or for snowy caps out among

Work, before breakfast, in the retired gardenspot is a sort of inspiration for the rest of the day. In that still hour, you mark how your lettuces and cabbages have sprung up during the night, and at once renew your faith in Nature. I fear my closest friend would have failed to recognize me then, as I used to look in that patched and shredded apparel, the limp hat-rim falling down about my face and eyes, and on my knees, too-before many others were-for striped bugs and green cabbage worms.

the bean poles in the delicions summer weather.

Or, next to the early morning work, with the dewy earth offering its grateful exhalations to the nostrils, the twilight stroil through the limited. grounds is full of peaceful delight and tends to provoke contemplation. If you were in the morning the laborer, you can realize that you are the lord at evening; going about and pulling up scattered weeds, perhaps changing around a few plants, thinning the sprouted rows of beets or onions, grubbing up some pestiferous roots, or planning somewhat for the next morning's in-

In all the old fashion gardens one finds a donble row of currant bushes, almost as inevitable as the lilac or the white rose-bush at the garden gate. A charming alley is thus opened up for nearly the length of the plat. They maintain, their lines as faithfully as appointed metes and bounds; and, spread over the green ruffles of their leaves, may be seen, all through the season, a white erop of old ladies' caps, that tells of the grandmother whose hand planted the purple morning glories under the windows, and whose head now and then shows itself between the verdurous walls of the beauvines. A man would as soon think of tearing a true sentiment out of his heart, if such a thing could be done, as of poiling up the current bushes that are so well rooted in the garden.

How the red beet-tops glisten in their lor rows, as if some pains-taking hand had varnishe them, one by one! How crowded stand thos carrots, boring each its long yellow fingers into the mellowed subsoil! With what a Dutch-like and dogmatic air the swelling cabbages erect their pulpy heads in the performance of the useful work they are set to do!

At the further end of the plat stands the sum-mer house—a sort of Pomona's shrine, in its way, as well as a moonlight resort for lovers; a conbelow and a canopy of green overhead, whose purple tributes you may sit and pluck in the dreamy afternoons of September, while the rellow finches are clustering on the bushes and the poultry are wallowing in the soft garden mould.

RELIGIOUS DECISION .- The Rabbi Eliezer said to his followers, "Turn to God one day before your death," "How is a man to know of his death?" was the reply. "Then turn to God every day."