

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, 1. 13

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MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Make your home beautiful—bring to it flowers; Plant them around you to bud and to bloom; Let them give life to your lonely hours— Let them bring life to enliven your gloom. Make your own world—one that never has sorrow.

Of music, and sunshine, and gold Summer air; A home world, whose forehead care never has furrowed, And whose cheek of bright beauty will ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful—weave round its portals Wreaths of the jessamine and delicate sprays Of red fruited woodbine, with gay immortelle, That blesses and brightens wherever it strays. Gather the blossoms, too—one little flower, Varied verbena, or sweet mignonette, Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower, Still may be something to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful—gather the roses That hound up the sunshine with exquisite art; Perchance they may pour, as your darkness closes, That soft Summer sunshine down into your heart! If you can do so, O make it an Eden Of joy and gladness! remember, 'tis wise; 'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing, That heaven of beauty beyond the blue skies.

Make your home beautiful; sure, 'tis a duty; Call up your little ones—teach them to walk Hand in hand with the wandering angel of beauty; Encourage their spirits with nature to talk. Gather them round you, and let them be learning Lessons that drop from the delicate wings Of the bird and the butterfly—ever returning To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive, where all beautiful feelings Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring; Make it a temple of holy revelations, And love its bright angel with "shadowing wing." Then shall it be, when afar on life's billows, Wherever your tempest-tossed children are flung, They will long for the shades of the home-weeping willow, And sing the sweet song which their mother had sung.

THE RIGHTS OF THE RED MAN OF NORTH AMERICA. Having diverged, in point of time, from our intended course, we now return to the primitive state of the red man—enjoying all the blessings incident to his simple mode of living. In the midst of this enjoyment, a party had just arrived, laden with the spoil of the chase to a spot beautifully situated by the sea shore, where a large number had assembled to celebrate the discovery of this Indian paradise. No sound was heard save the bubbling of the crystal fountain, whose rill soon mingled with the waters of the deep blue sea, or the scream of the distant eagle, till a voice clear and prophetic as that of the Siren, arose from a secluded nook—a voice wildly pathetic, which, no doubt, graphically set forth some legendary tale of love or valorous deeds. The old, in idle attitude, recounting the noble deeds of their ancestors: while the young, like spirits of the days of fable, appeared and disappeared in fantastic dress on the wide arena prepared for the occasion. No order characterized their proceedings. The ebullition of joyful feelings seemed to know no bound. Immediately silence reigned, as at the first, and the warriors, veteran and young, their visages deeply bronzed by exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, fully armed, proceed to the arena and form a circle, around which are gathered at a respectful distance, their wives and children.

Their chief, a venerable Sachem, whose hair was bleached with the snows of eighty winters, arose and said: "Fellow warriors, thirteen moons have again passed, and the Great Spirit, who guided our fathers to this happy land, calls upon us and says, 'My children, to whom I gave these hunting grounds for an heritage, which will never fail in venison, fowl and fish, when you are hungry; water when you are thirsty, or furs when you are cold. From the encroachments of neighbouring tribes I have kept you and your little ones, so that you may hunt on your own grounds, and fish in your own rivers in safety. Offer then to me the grateful incense of the heart for all these benefits.' Let us then, said the chief, obey the Great Spirit, whose children we are, lest the enemy come upon us, despoil us of our hunting grounds, and take captive our wives and children. At this moment a European ship, with all sail set, passed the point, in full view of the whole assembly; she rounded up, took in sail, let go anchor, and immediately sent an armed pinnace on shore. Each party approached the other with the most intense interest and anxiety. The pinnace crew presented the wretched spectacle of men, who, from their haggard and emaciated appearance, told too plainly the fact that they were fastidious of hunger. The natives approached them confidently, trusting to the superiority of their numbers not cautiously, as might be expected. One of the ship's crew—the mate—by gesture and signs, informed the Indian chief that they were children of the same Great Father with themselves; that they had come a great distance over the ocean; that they were hungry, thirsty, and wore out with fatigue. The chief immediately beckoned them on shore, armed as they were with such logic as might defend them from any serious consequences, and showed them all the rights of hospitality. All that this land supplied, was furnished in abundance. Provisions were sent on board the ship, and all the crew invited on shore—an invitation gladly accepted.

An itinerary was formed between the parties, and friendship established. The ship's party informed the Indians that they had come to trade with them; that they would give them guns, ammunition, axes, and other articles in exchange for furs, and that thus both parties would be benefited. Lands were obtained on each side to build houses. The European and Indian hunted together in amity, until, in process of time, more ships arrived. The paleface fished in the rivers, and slew the animals of the forest in such numbers that the red man upbraided him with dissimulation and treachery; that instead of trafficking with the natives, he was destroying, personally, the fish of the rivers with nets, and the game of the forest by capturing more than nature required, and that, by their mode of hunting, the timid deer were flying from their forests. The number of the adventurers increasing, and their acts becoming but too palpable their intention of seizing the territory, or the

the natives. The decision of which council was that their chief should wait upon the chief of the palefaces, and inform him that the decision of their tribe was, that, as the treaty between the parties was violated by the white man, he should re-embark in his big canoe, and leave the natives in the quiet possession of the hunting grounds of their fathers. This mandate, of a mighty people, was disregarded, until, at length, a colony being landed, and forts established, the Indian chief arose, and like a lion shaking the dew drops from his mane, prepared himself for the coming storm. Another council of war is called. The neighbouring chiefs, in this common case, are summoned to attend. The ceremonies, invariably preceding an Indian council of war, being over, a venerable chief of majestic form, arises slowly, amidst the gathered thousands of armed men on that memorable occasion, the scale bearing in equilibrium, and says, "Warriors and brethren, strangers, famishing, whom we received into our bosoms, fed and cherished, under the pretence of bartering with us, are destroying the fish from our river, and the game from our forests, so that our children grow hungry and cry for food. We ask them to leave; they grow saucy and say, 'Get out you Indian dog.' More palefaces come. They hew down the forests, and drive the merciless ploughshare through the graves of our fathers. The Great Spirit says, 'My children arise in your might; grasp the bow and the hatchet; gird on the quiver. I have heard the voice of your children crying for food. The ashes of your dead given to the four winds of heaven, cry for vengeance. Your lands are seized; your homes are invaded by strangers. Get ye up, and drive the paleface from the land, that ye may dwell in peace, according to the customs of your forefathers.' Let us," says he, as his countenance bespoke the firm resolve, "arise according to the direction of the Great Spirit, grasp the tomahawk, seize the bow, and go against the paleface, and smite him even to the Salt Lake, towards the rising sun. Shall our children cry, and we not bear? Shall the ghosts of our fathers wander without a resting place, calling upon us, in vain, to avenge their wrongs? No! was the response of every heart; vengeance and extermination to the paleface, the determination of every mind. That high, noble, patriotic resolution was destined never to meet its accomplishment. (To be concluded.)

SPURGEON UPON GEORGE FOX. We have been not a little interested in reading the address delivered by Mr. Spurgeon to the Society of Friends not long since, upon George Fox. At first thought it would seem that the great talker and stirring worker of the Tabernacle would feel little sympathy with the Founder of the Society of Friends, or with the quiet, meditative spirit which is supposed to distinguish that people. But the address indicates, on the contrary, that Fox is really one of Mr. Spurgeon's heroes, and that he finds much to sympathize with in the principles and spirit of Fox's spiritual descendants; and counts confidently on them to render an effective service in the warfare of today against the Ritualistic tendencies and soulless etiquette which rob religion of its power.

The following extracts, which are all we can find room for, will be read with interest. He closes his address by a confident and fervent appeal to his audience to come forward with their strong and effective testimony in favor of the vital and spiritual religion for which their great moral ancestor so nobly contended, and upon which it is their special privilege and duty to insist.

George Fox thought that a kingdom of this world could not be the kingdom of Christ, and that enforced support of ministers by state aid was only fit for hirelings and false prophets. I have sometimes said that there was an old superstition that the royal hand would heal diseases, but that the truth was far otherwise, for when ever the king puts his hand on the church of God it causes disease. Never has any more evil ever happened to the church of God than when that baptized heathen, Constantine, pretended to be a Christian, and set up Christianity as a State Church. Upon this matter the whole spirit of Fox's teaching is decided and clear. Besides, Fox was a man with so many angles and corners that he was best alone, or with others who would recognize his gigantic spiritual proportions. He could not do as some people do, put his conscience into his pocket and say nothing about it. He had an awkward kind of conscience for that age, and it would be still more awkward in the present state of things. He would not straight-forwardly; his mind was devoid of that doubling, rotary machinery which is found to be so useful now-a-days when men claim to be honest, and yet declare that black is white and white is black, and that it does not signify if both be blue as long as they pay. Words, when they refer to religious truths, are in some quarters treated as if they were cards for men to shuffle, making them mean anything or nothing as the case may require. Fox did not understand double meanings. He believed that words meant something, and when he used them he meant what he said, and said what he meant. His convictions were too deep to be trifled with, or concealed for the sake of a living. Hence he was downright in the extreme, and never erred upon the side of flattery; it may be possible that he went too far in the direction of severity, I am very conscious that he would have chastened me pretty smartly as a "Chaffy Baptist," and probably I might not feel satisfied that I deserved all the bolts that he would be certain to launch at me; but what of that? It is not better to be openly censured by an honest heart than to be in association with men whose approbation would be forfeited if you dared be faithful to a truth! The separated walk of George Fox as a Christian, however accounted for, was fraught with blessing to his land.

As for his labors, he shames us in the present day. The man was everywhere. He flew as swiftly as a seraph in obedience to his Lord. He preached the gospel to almost every town and every village, from Palmouth up to Aberdeen, and then crossed the Atlantic to preach to the settlers and the Indians in the land of the setting sun. When did he rest? Fifty prisons could not have yielded him ease, and yet a sojourner in jail was the only rest he had. He was a man all ablaze with the fire of zeal and the light of unselfishness. We all like a little recreation now and then, and need it, but he had it not. Who is there amongst us who has not had a fortnight, at least, at the seaside this year, and felt we wanted it? But Fox had no fortnights, nor even minutes of rest. It was all work, work, work from the day when he found himself saved till the day when he died in harness, and slept because his work was done, and his Master had said to him, "Friend, come up higher."

Nothing comes upon George Fox more in his whole character than his perfect self-possession. Sometimes it was outwardly winter with George Fox, same to him inwardly. I cannot detect him unbelievably depressed; I cannot find him unduly exalted. If he is bound in prison, he does not despise a poor girl who is there detained for execution, but draws up a petition on her behalf, that her life may be spared; and when he visits Oliver Cromwell—let me say a right royal man, a true king—he is not at all abashed before the Protector, but speaks to him just as plainly as he speaks to the poor girl in prison at Derby; he does not forget the little or fear the great. When he writes to friend Charles the Second—who, by-the-by, scarcely deserves so honorable a title—it is just in the self-same bold but courteous style. There is not a grain of the fear of man about him. He is humble before God, but there is no affectation of humility in the presence of kings or princes. He never held men's persons in admiration because of advantage, but spoke to men as his fellow mortals, and as God's servant he was bold to tell them the Lord's mind concerning them.

I would like to think every man honest, but I really cannot think that Macaulay was honest in what he wrote as he did concerning George Fox. I fear that he slandered him. I am afraid he had a prejudice against Quakers in general, and against George Fox in particular; like Sydney Smith, who wanted to roast just one Quaker, only one, just for the satisfaction of the thinker. The story which Macaulay tells of Fox giving as an authority for wearing his hat the fact that the three holy children were cast into the furnace with their hats on, is not according to the fact of the case, but is a manifest perversion of the true story in which Fox, instead of being ridiculous, might even claim to be eminently witty. The outside world supposes that George Fox was a wild, mad, scurrilous fellow in a suit of leather, who went about making disturbances in churches and abusing ministers; and, to say the truth, the outside world cannot make out how it is that you sober, quiet people could have sprung from him.

But if they would really read the man's life—and you must make them do that, for it would do them good—I think they would say, "Well, though there are many eccentricities, yet this is the biography of a great man." He has left to the Christian church, in the clearest and most unmistakable utterances, a testimony for the spirituality of true religion. It is wonderful how full the testimony is. If you were to read through the lives of all the eminent saints, I believe you would come to the conclusion that of all others George Fox is the most distinct upon one point, that "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." I delight to hear him talking about the "steeples-houses." Quite right, George Fox! That is what they are, and nothing better! "A church!" said he, "did Christ shed his blood for the steeples-houses, and purchase and sanctify the steeples-houses with his blood? And seeing the church is Christ's bride and wife, and that he is the head of the church, dost thou think that the steeples-houses are Christ's bride, and that he is the head of that old house?" Some of our dissenting friends are coming to call their buildings for public worship "Churches," because a church means in them. Why do not they call them "Suns" or "Moons," because the light shines in them? The title would be quite as appropriate.

Fox had no sort of respect either for consecrated persons. "Priests had no quarter at his hands. By a little imagination I think I hear George Fox addressing one of those 'green and gilded' gentlemen of the Church of England who now-a-days dress themselves up to such a splendor of absurdity. The highly-decorated creature would win small favor from the honest Friend; and if he proceeded to perform in his mass-house, George would be as plain with him as Elijah with the priests of Baal, and mock him with as grim a scorn as did the prophet, when he said, 'Cry aloud, for he is a god.' It would be worth any price to hear George Fox pour contempt upon the rubbishy paraphernalia of the modern Popery which is spreading around us. He had a very copious and forcible vocabulary when he came to talk of priests, and little cared he to what set they belonged; if they set up for priests, he was very much at home in pulling them down. Far beyond that any man who preached the truth in the power of the Holy Spirit was God's minister, but he would not have it that a man was a minister merely because he was educated at Oxford or Cambridge or any other University, and had obtained the family living, and had the hands of a bishop put upon his head. It is incredible to imagine that we must sing, or read, or pray in a certain order; or must sit still just so many minutes; how much better while all things are done decently and in order, to conduct worship as the Divine Spirit may direct! The Spirit of God is free, and sometimes the best worship will be with words, but at other times the best worship will be without words. Fox tells us this very unmistakably.

Furthermore, Fox has left us a noble legacy in his teaching concerning the sin of intolerance. Intolerance was looked upon as a virtue in his day, and men persecuted each other for the glory of God. With a few noble exceptions, Fox alone, the sufferer, the patient one, who never had a hand to lift to strike his fellow man, but was always ready to pray for and to bless his persecutors. Fox almost alone taught the sin of intolerance. "What does God think of me?" was his ruling thought. Am I acting according to the voice of God within my heart? If I am, the unclean may hiss at me, or thrust me into prison, or call me what they will, but it matters not, I shall rest in peace, because my conscience is void of offense; but if all men speak well of me, then shall it be: we will not have it that the still small voice within shall tell me that I have not acted rightly in the sight of God. This way of conscience will enable a man to be singular, when to be singular is to be right. It will give him the noble egoism of Athanasius when he said, "I, Athanasius, against the world." It will make him feel, "If the skies must be upheld by my doing wrong, let them fall; for even to avoid the universal wreck I would not degrade my spirit to unallowable acts of which my Lord and Master would disapprove." Worthy Fox! thou wast as a brazen pillar and an iron wall when conscience was concerned.

One of the grandest points in Fox is his constant recognition of the existence, operation and indwelling of God. Are we professing Christians sure that we are not infidels: are we certain about it? I am not so sure about many professors. What is God to most men but an abstraction? He is in heaven, and they look up after him as though he were not here, as though he were not so much down as up. They speak of him as though he filled the heavens and were yonder, and then act as if there were a thick cloud between themselves and him. If there were no God they would not change their lives; they would live as they now do, actuated by the same motives and appetites. But to George Fox, "One Father who art in heaven" was one near at hand, and the Holy Spirit was one who dwelt in

One thing more which one admires in the great man's character is his fearless reliance upon the force of truth. He states a truth boldly, and does not bolster it up with human authorities, a though he felt it to be too weak to stand alone. He knew that truth springs fully armed from the mind of God, and is able to fight its own battles. He declared the truth, not in gaudy periods draped with rhetorical embellishments, but he let it fall upon the conscience in its simplicity, believing that it would make an echo there which, if it did not bring the man to salvation, would at any rate leave him without excuse. Truth was to him: fire-brand, which he hurled upon the standing corn of the Philistines. He knew that what God gave him to proclaim would win its own way. Certain ministers have got into the habit of always apologizing when they are about to speak. Should God's servants do this? It was never so with Fox. His cry is like that of Peter and John, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I speak." He had something better than gold and silver to give; he had the truth of a spiritual religion to declare, and he tells them that it is their peril that they reject it, and with tearful anxiety he beseeches them to lay hold upon it.

THE ROPE OF FAITH. A COLLIER'S SERMON. Brethren, I am now going to show you how a poor sinner is saved by grace; and I am sure many of you have been so saved. Let us take the case of a man in the pains of conviction. He is, we will suppose, down at the bottom of the pit of despair. Now let us ask him how he got there and how he means to get up. Then leaning over the pulpit to the right hand, the preacher curved and hollowed his hand, and applying his mouth to it, spoke along this imaginary colloquy, as if from the surface down through the pit-shaft, after the manner of the "bankman" at the colliery: "Hallo! hallo! who's down there?" "Oh, minister, a poor sinner; a miserable sinner."

"How came you there, my poor brother? how came you there?" "My load of sins weighed me down, and I fell deeper and deeper." "Oh wretched man that you are; how do you mean to get up?" "I never shall get up, I am lost! lost forever! I've been trying ever so long to climb up by the side of the shaft, but I cannot; I fall down again."

"You cannot succeed of yourself. I'll send you down the rope of faith. Lay hold of that, and you will be got out. Cling to it; cling to it; here it is!" (imitating the paying out of a rope.) "Now then, it must be down to you. Lay hold of the 'only hope set before you.' Have you got hold now?" "I'm so feeble I can hardly grasp it; but I think I have got a good grip now."

"Then pull-a-way, lads! Let us help this poor sinner up. Oh, how heavy he is. Why, what have you got besides yourself hanging on to the rope?" "Only a few good words of my own." "Good words! good words! Throw them down: Down with them, or they'll break the rope." "Well, if I must, I must; but sure they would do me some good."

The preacher continued to represent the lifting, but suddenly stopped, as if his arms had received a check, exclaiming to the imaginary ascendant: "Why, what is the matter now? What are you struggling with?" "Doubts and fears, sir. I am afraid I cannot hold on."

"Lay firmer hold of the rope. Doubts and fears are nothing to strong faith. But what now? Trembling again. What is it now?" "A great light of afflictions, master; and I cannot hold on." "Hold on, sinner; hold on; you'll come out of the afflictions. But what is this? shaking again! What can be the matter now?" "Strong temptation, master. Oh, I shall fall! I'm falling! Oh, help me! Oh, help me!" "So we will. But at what dreadful thing has happened now? The weight is three times as great. What a horrible noise! What have you got there?"

"It's the devil himself has gripped me. He is gripping me hard. Oh, minister, I'm lost! I'm lost!" Hereupon the excitement in the congregation became intense. Women wept, men rose up, and the minister, seizing his opportunity, continued: "Now, lads, let us all pray and pull together. This poor sinner is in great danger. But Satan cannot long buffet him. The great Captain is with us, and he is too strong for demon and devil."

Straining at and lifting the imaginary load, the preacher greatly excited himself as well as his hearers. Finally he appeared to succeed in bringing the imperilled and hard-gripped penitent to the surface. Then with great effect, he uttered the words, "Lads, he's safe! he is saved! There he is! The rope of faith never broke yet, and I knew it wouldn't break now."—Guthrie.

ALL FOR CHRIST. The following deeply interesting incident was related by Rev. W. W. Keep, in a sermon recently preached at Dr. Dowling's church in New York, and by request has been written out for the Christian Visitor. While I was pastor of the First Baptist church in Quincy, Ill., a young lady, whose parents were Quakers, on a visit was induced to attend our meetings; was interested, convicted, and after a hard struggle, found the evidence that God had shined into her heart and given the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ. Her hope was clear and the work satisfactory. She wanted to unite with the church, but it was hereby ever to attend the meetings of any of the "sects" much more to join them. She wrote to her mother, frankly stating her conversion, her hope in Christ, and desired permission to become a member of our church. In reply she received the cold statement from her mother, "If you join those heretics, we will never see you at home again." She knew her mother's ways and positiveness, and that no appeal could be made, but what was to be done? Could she give up all for Christ? A few days and nights of struggle and temptation and of prayer gave her decision, and bright and cheerful she came and gave herself up to the church. On the Sabbath following, I was baptizing in the Mississippi river; twenty-two were to be baptized that day in baptism. About 4,000 people were present standing and seated in "arcade" of the high bluff like an amphitheatre. I happened that

proper depth she withdrew and in a quiet tone said, "I turned to inquire what it was the presence of all this light and eyes to heaven; her face lit up with peace of God, and with solemn earnestness said, 'O Saviour, thou seest how I have all to come and consecrate myself to holy baptism. Thou knowest I have my home, my father, my mother, my sisters, and all my friends follow thee. Be now my guide, O my protector, and alone in this cold, lone place, in the night, and forever turned to me, and said, 'I am now stepped forward, and she was plunged into the water, as far as we could see was full, and tears fell on every beautiful illustration of those who 'Whosoever doth not bear his cross after me, can not be my disciple.'

ANSWER TO SPECIAL PRAYER. A septennial geologist was, once traveling a thousand miles from home, and seized with an unaccountable anxiety, troubled that it excited the observation of his companions. He feared that his wailing; though at the last news from his home was usual health.

His associates strove to laugh away. One suggested that he was turning sick. But their efforts were all useless, and he increased to such a degree that he had to go and went alone by himself, and read by turns with an earnestness he had before in any pursuit. Though he disbelieve in God and the Bible, he thought that there was help for him nowhere. The Lord met with his lonely wilds and spoke sweet words. He went once more to his duties with light and glad.

The next letter home was one that heart of his pious wife more joy would have felt had she announced the birth of a gold mine. Her whole soul was wonder and admiration at the marvellous God works to accomplish his designs of. But a short time before, she had been led to establish a female prayer meeting with eight friends, in which the wanderer had been especially prayed for. His conversion to God was blessing most earnestly asked. It was just this time that his anxiety commenced, a very visible cause. When he reached his home in Boston, he united at once with the church and wife sat down together at the table of the Lord.—Christian Banner.

MISCELLANEOUS. LET YOUR LITTLE SISTER. When Lord is borrough lodged for a season with Fenelon, a bishop of Cambray, he was so delighted with piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I stay here any longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." A young minister when about to be ordained stated that at one period of his life he was an infidel. "But," said he, "there was a gungim in favour of Christianity which never refuted—the 'consistent' conduct of father."

Thus shall we best proclaim about the honors of our Saviour. When his salvation rests within, And grace subdues the power of sin.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP. We've gathered all who think a great deal, or who work hard; to take all the sleep they can without medical means. We caution parents, particularly, not to let their children be waked up of mornings; let sure wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at early hour until it be found that they get up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before rising, has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain. Let parents make every possible effort to let their children go to sleep in a placid, sweet, never-sold or give up. Preserving a child's feelings as a sacred thing, and his business and eyes, and let sleep come and let sleep come, and let the world go.

CHEERFUL WOMEN did not know what spirit! How the face, a merry tongue, which, either naturally conscientious principle, things on the bright side of life being all perfect to can make him to be a child of good and what a child who, when once he lives in all his doings understands them or not.

Among the secondary in employed, either by or upon or morbid temperament, they to hand, or so wholesome, as a red to constant employment number of women, particularly by nature constituted so excels of mind, or with such a strong tendency to depression, that they can by themselves in a state of evenness, except by becoming convinced.

HEMORRHAGE FROM EXTRACTS remedies are few and simple, and every family. The first remedy held in the mouth, and copious outside. This in many cases, yet there are instances when this in such a case like cotton or in a strong solution of alum was a small hard wax, and press it to the tooth so as to seal the north of the bleeding vessel, and at the same time to keep the teeth upon and compress it so as to retain that position, where it should be kept from to twelve hours without being removed, remedy we have never known to fail.

A NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE.—The Nat Bible Society of Scotland, has assumed charge of publishing a new translation of the Testament, made by Rev. Mr. Robb, a Presbyterian missionary to Africa, into the Elik, which is intelligible throughout all Africa.