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£48,764 17 0 £1,380 9 1 95,650 9 11 2,627 4 7 1848 ... 98 1850 ... 190 1870 190 95,650 9 11 2,627 4 7 1852 422 181,504 10 6 5,829 5 10 887,752 6 8 12,854 8 4 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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Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$312,194.

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

New Series, Vol. V., No. 6. Whole No. 214. SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1867.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH. There's a Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod, Unpolluted by sorrow or care;

It is lighted alone by the presence of God, Whose throne and whose temple are there; Its crystalline streams, with a murmurous flow, Meander through valleys of green, And its mountains of jasper are bright in the

Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,
Make the air with their melodies rife; And One, known on earth as the Angel of Death, Shines here as the Angel of Life!

On his brow is an infinite calm. And his voice, as it thrills through the depth of the skies, Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalm.

An infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,

Through the amaranth groves of the Beautiful Land,

Walk the souls who were faithful in this; And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the zephyrs are fanned. That evermore murmur of bliss;

They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the And breathe the sweet odors of flowers, More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze

In Araby's loveliest bowers. Old prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame, Blazing out o'er the darkness of time; And martyrs, whose courage no torture could

Nor turn from their purpose sublime; And saints and confessors, a numberless throng, Who were loyal to truth and to right.

And left, as they walked through the darkness of Their footprints encircled with light.

And the dear little children, who went to their Ere their lives had been sullied by sin,

While the Angel of Morning still tarried, a guest, Their spirits' pure temple within; All are there—all are there—in the Beautiful

The land by the Spoiler untrod. And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are fanned That blow from the Gardens of God!

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams,

On the City all paven with gold,

As through the green valleys they rolled; And though it still waits on this desolate strand, A pilgrim and stranger on earth, Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful

That it gazed on the home of its birth!

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

This precious passage of the Word of Life receives daily confirmation in the reminiscences that are called up by the departure of the Lord's faithful servants, one after another, to the spirit world. The lamented death of the Rev. Samuel Hartt adds another testimony to the thousands given in the past records of the Church to the truthfulness of the passage above quoted. He was a "just" man in his day, and now that he is gone, "his memory is blessed."

The Religious Intelligencer of the 1st inst. publishes some interesting facts in the life, character, and death of this good man, from which we extract the following. Speaking of his early labours, our contemporary says :

No organized body of christians existed then in this Province who held the whole system of christian doctrine as he believed he was taught it by the word extraordinary scriptural sensitiveness and the consci-encious integrity of his heart, prompted him in entering on the work of preaching the gospel, to go forth relying entirely on the divine guidance, and uncon-trolled by the ordinary forms and usages of religious meetings. It is known beyond dispute that his early labours were much opposed; that those who should have fostered and nourished, rejected and scorned. The cry of delusion and fanaticism was raised against The cry of delusion and fanaticism was raised against him; by many he was represented as bereft of reason and filled with wild-fire; parents restrained their children from attending his preaching, and some would flee from his presence as though he carried with him a deadly contagion. And yet he persevered and laboured on. Aiming only at God's approval and the salvation of souls, like his Divine Master before him, he "went about doing good." And wonderfully did God own his ministry. Without the education of the schools—and hence, destitute of advantages which every man should seek to possess vantages which every man should seek to possess, who can—but "taught of God," and "constrained by the love of Christ," he was mighty in the spirit, and his ministry was attended with gracious revivals.

Prior to this time, scattered elements of the Free Baptist denomination were found here and there Baptist denomination were found here and there throughout the country, but no attempt had ever been made to bring them together, and give form and substance to their faith and practice. It was soon ascertained that the labours of brother Hartt tended in this direction, and to many it became evident that the Spirit and providence of God were preparing and opening up the way for the organization of a religious body in New Brunswick, holding the identical Christian doctrines entertained and taught by him. That he was mainly instrumental in giving form and existence to the Free Baptist denomination is well known. True, others aided in their proper sphere and place, and were worthy coadjutors in this good work. The Churchills, the Shaws, the Colpitts, the Cronkites, the Messereaus, long since departed to Cronkites, the Messereaus, long since departed to their rest, and some others still living, were devoted pioneers with brother Hartt, and performed their

That the Rev. Samuel Hartt did more in his day to mould and form the religious doctrine and sentiment of the people in the Counties on the St. John river than any other man, is, we believe, beyond dispute. Through his labors and influence, with the co operation of those who laboured with him, the doctrines held by the religious body of which he was a member, and whose views and interests are represented by the Religious Intelligences, has more sympathizers, if not positive adherents, in the Province, than any other Protestant religious system existing in it. The little one has become thousands—the small body of believers, imperfectly organized into a denomination at Victoria Corner in 1833, has spread through most That the Rev. Samuel Hartt did more in his day to CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.,

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Agent.

Delievers, imperfectly organized into a denomination at Victoria Corner in 1833, has spread through most of the Counties in the Province—has increased in numbers, and wealth, and power; and exerts an influence, socially, politically, and religiously, quite equal to some others of far greater age. Besides this, that body is the only one, we believe, in this Province, that sustains, wholly and unaided, a Missionary in the Foreign Field. Strong hopes are entertained also that a second one may go out before lung from our own Conference; while a pious brother already in the ministry, feels his beart deeply moved, and contemplates going, as a voluntary missionary—rely-

ng alone for support on God's providence—to a dis- imperial vestments—we transfer to him the imant colony of the British empire, more than twenty housand miles away, to plant the standard of Christ in free gift the city of Rome, and all the western

here, on the principles held by the Free Baptists Towards these results, brother Hartt contriouted largely and nobly, and probably to a greater legree than any other single individual. His life was ne of great activity and labour, and the fruit was a oble success; infinitely more, viewed even from a numan stand-point, than his whose energies and toils ended only to amass wealth, and left his riches to is heirs.

But is this all we may contemplate in making an stimate of his life and labours? Ah, no! Instru-nentally, by his earnest and faithful ministry, he converted many sinners from the errors of their ways, and many souls from death." Many brought to Christ through his labours, reached the mansions of bliss before him, and we may reasonably conclude, welcomed his freed spirit into the society of the re-leemed. Many still live, who owe their hopes of heaven to his ministry, and who, if faithful unto death, will, with those who went before him, be stars in the crown of "bis rejoicing in the day of the Lord."

Strictly speaking, our deceased Brother Hartt was not an organizer; he was an evangelist, a gatherer: this was his especial gift and calling; he might not have been as well adapted to the pastoral office as some others; but the place which God assigned him in the church was one of great responsibility and great trust, and one which few men could have filled as well as he. His work is completed, and he has gone to his reward. However much any might differ from him in sentiment, or in some practical points, none, who were really acquainted with him, could doubt but he was a sincere lover of the Saviour."

"To him to live was Christ, and to die was gain." May the mantle of his genuine spiritual devotion fall upon those in the ministry who survive him, and may many young men be raised up in the denomination he has left, of similar consecration and zeal in the

The Rev. Mr. Taylor, in a letter to the Intelligencer, thus speaks of his death and funeral:-

Bro. Hartt was born in April 1799, and consequent

ly, at the time of his death, was 67 years and about 9 months old. Forty years ago he professed the religion of Christ, then being about 26 years of age, and about two years later he commenced to hold meetings, and to proclaim the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. He was baptized by his oncle, Rev. Lathrop Hammond, and was not ordained to the work of the ministry until nearly seven years from the time of his conversion, or when he was in his 32d year. He filled the office of an ambassader for Christ for a large number of years. For some time before he was attacked by his last illness, he was unusually well and smart, and was working day and night in the labour of the Gospel, and he never had a better prospect opening before him for seeing a large revival of religion, and a glorious harvest of souls. But then the hand of disease was laid upon him, and God called him away from his work. He was sick just six weeks, at the house of John Bubar, Esq., Brighton, where every attention was paid to him that kindness could devise or friendship bestow, with two of his the hours of one and two o'clock, when his happy spirit took its flight to a better home on high. His disease was erysipelas, combined with jaundice, and a great tendency in the system to dropsy. Our respected brother, G. W. Boyer, was with him when he died, and immediately took on himself the charge of his funeral. His coffin was prepared, and his body conveyed to his own home, and Saturday the 19th lnst., at 11 o'clock, was the time appointed for the funeral services. On Friday we were visited with the severest snow storm of the winter, thus far; and on Saturday morning it was a most difficult thing to get to the meeting house. Hundreds were thereby hindered from attending; but as it was, the meeting house was filled by the time appointed. The ministers present were—Revs. W. E. Pennington, C. Mc-Mullin, J. Noble, E. Siprel, A. Taylor; and Licentiates G. T. Hartley and S. Smith. The services were ates G. T. Hartley and S. Smith. The services were opened by Elder Taylor reading the 27th Hymn, 1st Book, followed by reading of Scriptures by Elder Noble; prayer by Elder McMullin; second Hymn (140th, Book 2), by Elder Siprel. Then Bro. Pennington preached a short sermon, but much to the purpose, from 2d Tim. iv. 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have from the purpose, I have kept the faith." after which addresses were delicated by the services were delicated faith;" after which addresses were delivered by all the Elders present. Closing prayer by Elder Noble, who also pronounced the benediction, and then the congregation gathered around the coffin, and with sorrowful hearts and tearful eyes, took a last look of him who so many loved, now cold and silent in death !
His remains were conveyed to the grave, and deposited beside his beloved wife. Elder Siprel offered prayer, and the grave was filled up, and all that was mortal of our dear Bro. Hartt was hidden forever from our view; there to rest until the resurrection's trump shall wake the sleeping dead, and he receive a glori-fied body, and reign with Christ for ever and ever As we saw his remains lowered to their final rest-

ing place, we felt that we had lost a brother and a By this dispensation of Providence, seven sons and fectionate father; a numerous circle of relatives, a kind friend; our Church, a venerated father in the ministry; and the Province, a differnt and faithful ambassador of Christ. But our loss is his gain, and while children, relatives, friends, and brethren, mourt his departure, his happy spirit has fled to the mansions of glory and peace, to sit down with Christ on

his throne, and reign with him for ever and ever.

The thanks of the family, relatives, friends, and the denomination, are due to John Bubar, Esq., and family, for their kindness and attention to him in his sickness; and also to G. W. Boyer, Esq., of Wakefield, for his unceasing care, and for the satisfactory arrangements for the funeral; also to the many warm hearts and kind hands, who done all they could to alleviate his distress while living, and who willingly assisted at his burial. May God sanctify this afflic-tive bereavement to the good of his family, and the community in general; and especially may it be sanctified to the good of the ministry in the Church of which he was a member, is the prayer of your unworthy brother in Christ.

(From the Bulwark or Reformation Journal.) THE CRISIS OF THE TEMPORAL POWER. (Concluded.)

In the way we have already described did the temporal power project itself into the Middle Ages. Century after century it shot up loftily and grimly. The lamp of the gospel was put out, and the darkness that covered the earth was unbroken save by the lurid bolts that were launch- that's no offence, is it?" ed at times from the pontifical arm. But now it came into the minds of the Popes that the world might one day ask by what title they exercised all this power, and who gave them this authority; and that it might be well in the prospect of such a question to fortify their temporal sovereignty, by alleged donations of kingdoms, cities, and provinces: and now began a series of forgeries unequalled in the history of the world.

The first pretended donation is that of Constanwit.

tine. The document that contains it must have been forged after the middle and before the end of the eighth century. Its anthenticity was for ages believed; it was engrossed by Gratian into his another loud laugh in the crowd. tine. The document that contains it must have been

cities of Italy, also the western cities of every other country.

" To cede precedence to him we divest ourselves of our authority over all those provinces, and we withdraw from Rome, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium, inasmuch as it is not proper that an earthly emperor should preserve the least authority where God has established the head of His religion."

This document has absurdity and imposture written upon the face of it. The credit given itin the Middle Ages is the measure of the ignorance of those ages. Laurentius Valla demonstrated its falsity in the middle of the fifteenth century. The Italian writers of the sixtcenth speak of it with contempt; and Ariosto places it among the chimeras which Astolphus meets with in the moon.

The second set of forgeries are the donation of Pepin, and the addition made to it by Charlemagne. The wording of these deeds is more modest, but their imposture is equally transparent. The original document of Pepin exists nowhere in the world; and as regards the gift of Charlemagne he is made to bestow upon the Pope cities and provinces in Italy which he never pos-

In some respects the most remarkable of these orgeries is the third—the decretals of Isidore. These profess to be a collection of the decrees of the Popes from Peter down to Sylvester in the days of Constantine. They clothe the Pope with the highest political and spiritual powers, as might be expected; but the forgery was done in so bungling a style, that it is astonishing that it should have escaped detection for one moment in even the darkest age. The compilation appears to have been fabricated in the eighth century, and abounds with errors in dates and places, and is full of historical anachronisms referring to men and events. These were the great props of the temporal power in the dark ages; they mightily promoted its growth—they are now quietly laid aside. The only grounds, we observe, on which the Pope founds in his allocution of the 29th October last, is the Divine right, or vicarship; and the fact that when the Roman empire fell, he was by " a singular arrangement of Di-

vine providence" invested with his civil sover-The Franco-Italian convention, which was framed with the view of quietly extinguishing the temporal sovereignty—so at least did Italy understand it; what Napoleon understood by it is not so plain-is on the point of expiring. Before these lines can meet the eye of the reader it will have expired. What lies beyond is hid at this not regard them? own children constantly attending on him. But all have expired. What lies beyond is hid at this was of no avail; he continued gradually to get worse, until Wednesday morning, the 16th instant, between the affair are just as little able as other men to prognosticate what will be the effect of their own leeds. The hour is felt to be so big with fate, that now when it is come all parties would gladly ostnone it. But onward it comes with inexorale steps. The emperor of the French cannot recede, he is pledged in the face of Europe, and must withdraw his troops from Rome. Victor Emmanuel cannot recede, for behind him is the nation of Italy, pressing for consolidation, and moving as with the force of gravitation towards Rome. The Pope cannot recede, for behind him are the bishops and cardinals, and a countless array of pontiffs, his predecessors, whose memories he would disgrace, and whose anathema he would incur, should he lay down the temporal power. Besides, there are his own encyclicals and allocutions, of which the ink is as vet scarce dry, pledging him in the most solemn manner to defend to the death the regalities of the chair he occupies. The three stand eyeing one another. Which of the three will yield? The Pope at this moment is, on the whole, master of the situation. He seems weaker than the other two, but that weakness is his strength. He may, it is true, be driven from Rome, he may be stript of the rag of territory left him; but can the kings unmake him as Christ's vicar? Can they strip him of his authority as the infallible head of al Romanists ! Or can they circumscribe that power by which, with a word, he can evoke the fierce fanaticism of the whole Popish world in his de-fence? Those who thought that the execution of the Franco-Italian convention would consign the Papacy to its tomb, that it had only to be stript of its temporal crown and it would die, will find that they have made a great mistake. It will only thereby be set loose with vastly expanded powers and intensified hate to ravage the world. We are approaching times of great convulsion. So long as the Papacy was permitted to retain its place at the centre of European po-

litical society, its interests were identified with that society, and it had a motive to uphold the present order of things. It was a friend of kings while it was itself a king. But take from it its crown, take from it its capital, drive it outside the pale of the political order of Europe, and it will how itself the demon it is by rending society in

pieces-it will revolutionize Europe. THE VOW AT THE BARS.

The voters of Nobleton were required to go

about three miles to another village to cast their votes. On an election day, Mr. Watson went to the polls, put in his ticket, and turned away, when denied. he heard some one saying: "Well, deacon, you're my man; if you want

an office, just say so."

He looked aside, and saw Mr. Hartley, who came tilting against his companions, and saying to the descon : " In my humble judgment, you are the best man in our town, except Parson Blake-must respect the parson, you know-

"Not at all," was the reply. "I am glad you have so high an opinion of me. If I am so good a friend, you will perhaps join me."
"Join you? In what? In a glass? No, no, deacon, that would not do. It would corrupt your

There was a loud laugh among the men who were lounging about the polls, and ready to roar at any remark that bore the slightest breeze of

Old Series, Vol. XX., No. 6.

This was too true. It stung the soul of Mr. Hartlev. who could not hear himself called a drunkard without a feeling of shame.

"Am I drunk, deacon?" he asked, as they walked away from the noisy scene.

"I am afraid you are," was the mild reply. "I have seen the day when you could walk more erect than you do now, and without leaning upon my arm."

"That's a fact, deacon—a solemn fact. But ust let me try if I can't walk straight." He did try, and went off aslant across the sidewalk, and would have fallen in the street had not

post saved him. "Yes, deacon," said he, "I am drunk! How am I to get home?"

The men who had brought him to the polls early in the day, had driven home in their waggon, and left him behind, as a joke. Mr. Watson had ridden over on horseback. He sent his horse home by one who had come on foot, and resolved to walk with Mr. Hartley through the

They started when the sun was setting, and the evening cool. No one could have been more patient than the good deacon, humoring the drunken man in his whims, and gently caring for him when his fits of sickness came upon him. At length Mr. Hartley became more sober, and they talked of total abstinence.

"You say that intemperance will ruin my business, ruin my family, ruin my body, ruin my soul. I believe it. But do you think I can quit drinking, and stay quit?" said Mr. Hartley. "Certainly you can, with the help of God's

"The help of God! I have not thought of

that. How can I get it?"
"Pray for it. Confess all your sins. Repent of them. Seek a new heart and a right spirit. Trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his word will be true to you, when he says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' "

"You are commending religion to me. You mean that I should become a thorough Chris-"Certainly; the best reformation is regenera-

tion. Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good." "Parson Blake told me that; but I thought it was his duty to preach it, rather than my duty

to practice it." "And your excellent wife"-

Mr. Hartley stopped suddenly at the reference to his wife. What unkindness on his part, and what gentleness and Christian endurance on her part, flashed upon his mind! Her entreaties, her tears, and her prayers, seemed to rise up beforehim to heaven. God knew them all. Would he

They walked on together, and entered a wood. were twinkling through the tree-tops above their heads. At length Mr. Hartley suddenly halted. "Do you see those bars?" he inquired.

"I here vow before the God of heaven that I will not pass through them until I have settled this question of total abstinence!"

It was a solemn moment. Mr. Watson dared not break the silence. He feared the decision. And yet he hoped. He lifted his whispered prayer to God. He heard a sigh and a groan. He saw his friend clench his hands together, as if wrestling with his old habits, and heard another sigh as if all was over. But he trembled lest the decision was fatal.

"God helping me," said the resolute man. "I will never drink another dram. My vow is taken : it will stand in God's book forever."

(To be Continued.)

(From the National Baptist.)

"Then you must leave the house: I cannot afford to let people live in my tenements who are always in arrears." This was the answer given by John Jones to

Mary Stevens, on a cold December morning in Mary Stevens' husband, Robert, had, by strennous exertions on his part, succeeded in obtaining a collegiate education, and soon after was or-

dained and entered upon the profession for which he had fitted himself-that of a minister of the The church at Rossville extended to him an nvitation to accept the pastoral charge, and there he settled. The salary was small, but Robert's heart being in the work of his Master, he did not stop to count how much he could make, in a worldly point of view, but rather busied his mind

in studying how many souls he could win from the path of darkness and woe, into the fold of At Rossville he was instrumental in doing a vast amount of good, and succeeded in gaining the

affections of all the residents of the place. Among those who were most attentive at the church, was Adam Porter and his niece Marv. Adam was a wealthy farmer, and as such, enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. He was not a member of the church, but was willing to contribute his share towards any object

which had for its end the good of his fellow-man. Mary had been left, by the sudden death of herparents, to his care, and he had fulfilled his trust nobly. She had received an excellent education, and had never known what it was to have a wish

With all his kindness of heart, Adam did not like to be thwarted in his plans. He had for years been looking forward to the day when his niece would be the wife of some one who could support her in a style similar to that in which he had raised her. But when Robert Stevens had begun to preach in Rossville, and Mary would talk so enthusiastically of him, Adam shook his head. Still he knew that it was useless to say anything, and when Robert visited his house he

always treated him kindly.

At length the intimacy between Robert and Mary grew into something warmer, and after a year's time they were married. Adam did not object. All he said was, "God bless you both."
Soon after they were married, Robert was attacked with a disease of the throat, and was finally compelled to resign his charge. They moved to the city of New York, and there he opened a school. At this time he was enabled to earn a respectable income, on which to sup-port himself and his wife. Years rolled on, and

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REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor.

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RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

had occupied was given up, and a cheaper one taken. Thrice had they moved, and with each removal matters had become worse. His scholare had all left him, and all that he could now do was to use his pen in writing for the different journals. But this kind of labor is irksome and poorly paid; and, as a last resort, one little luxury after another had been parted with to supply

Mary had written to her uncle, but he never answered her letter; and Robert had told her that it was useless to worry; that the Father above would provide some way for them.

It was nearly Christmas now; but a sad one it promised to be to them. The landlord had notified them to move; and where they were to go to was more than they could tell. Robert had been very busy for a week, preparing some manuscripts for sale, and after the departure of the landlord he re-examined them, and laid them aside. Then the Bible was taken from its accustomed place. and the evening lesson read, after which the prayers were offered, and the children put to bed.

In the morning Robert started to sell his manuscript, but had not been gone many hours, when he was brought back, having fallen on the ice and broken his thigh.* It was a painful job to reduce the fracture, but this was successfully performed. In sorrow Mary prepared the little sup-per she was able to spread, and after it was eaten, seated herself at the bedside of her husband.

Various were the plans devised as to what course they should pursue. Mary insisted on going to her uncle and imploring his assistance, but to this Robert would not give his consent. His spirit was too proud, even in his sore affliction, to bear the thought of his wife being a beggar. At last she said she would try to get something to do. "I will do something, mother," said little Adam. "I saw some boys carrying parcels for the travellers at the steamboats. To-morrow I will go and see if I cannot earn a few pennies."

Little Adam was about twelve years of age, being the oldest of the children. He had been named after his mother's uncle, and ofttimes had he stood by her side and listened with delight, as she would relate to him the beauties of Rossville, and the wonders of his uncle Adam's farm, and horses, and cows, and poultry, and growing crops, Many a time had he longed to go there, but his mother would sigh and say "No; we cannot go."

Robert and Mary yielded a reluctant consent to their son's entreaty to be allowed to try to do something, and when he arose on the next morning, he brushed his threadbare clothing and blacked his shoes, and then started off. He reached the wharf just as the boat was coming in, and taking a position, waited for the passet gers to come off. There was a large crowd of rude men and boys, who jostled him about, and he had asked almost every one to let him carry their was about to leave the place, when he saw an elderly gentleman, who had lingered behind the rest of the passengers, approaching him, having a large bundle in his hand.

"Please, sir, let me carry that for you," said

"Yes, youngster, if you think you can." Through narrow and crowded streets they travelled, until they reached the destination of the gentleman, when taking the bundle from the boy. the traveller handed him a silver coin, and asked him his name. "Adam Stevens, sir."

The traveller started. "Where do you live?" " In --- street."

"And what made you attempt this kind of "Oh, sir, father broke his thigh vesterday, and the landlord warned us out of the house, so I

thought I would try to do something to help mother. Father and mother used to live at Rossville, and mother's uncle lives there now. He is very rich, but he never comes to see us. How wish I was a man! I would go to see him, and get him to come and take us to his home. But must go, sir, mother will be uneasy about me."

"Hold on, boy. Would you like to see your "Yes, sir." "And do you think your father and mother

would like to see him ?" " Yes, sir." "Then carry this bundle. I am Adam Porter. your uncle. I will go home with you, and then

you will all go home with me."

Little Adam opened his eyes wider than ever before, and together they started. Great was the joy at the house of Robert Stevens that night. Uncle Adam fulfilled his promise to his grand nephew, and as soon as his father was able, took

the whole family home to live with him. Years have passed since that day. The old farm house at Rossville is the home of a happy family. Often does Uncle Adam talk about the boy who carried his bundle, and say, "The hand of the Lord guided him that day."

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

Some thirty years since, a lad of one of our Eastern States, about ten years of age, was sent by his employer to carry a basket, heavily laden with wares, to a purchaser. While staggering under its weight upon a somewhat steep hill, a gentleman of about thirty years proffered his assistance, and beguiled the tediousness of the way by pleasant anecdote, good advice and kind words. They parted—fifteen years passed away—the senior of the two, now nearly fifty years of age, sat in his study with melancholy countenance and heavy heart. His door opened, and his young and faccinating daughter, just blooming into womanhood, entered to announce that a gentleman desired to see her father. "Show him in, my darling daughter, and do you my child, leave us to ourselves." She obeyed. The gentleman entered. "Well, sir," was his salutation. "have you considered my proposition?" "I have, and have determined, happen what may, I will not force or sway, by any act of mine, the will of my child. She shall be left to her own free choice." " Then, sir, to-morrow by three o'clock, your property must go into the hands of the she riff, unless you find some friend to pay the twenty thousand dollars." This he said with a sneer, and coldly bowing, left the house. The poor father's heart was racked. I am a beggar—my daughter is homeless—I have no friend to offer assistance in this hour of my severest trial. In the midst of these bitter reflections, again

his daughter entered, introducing a gentleman of some twenty-eight years of age—a stranger.
"Am I in the presence of Mr. G. ?" was his openeighth century. Its anthenticity was for ages believed; it was engrossed by Gratian into his another loud laugh in the crowd.

"Perhaps," retorted Mr. Hartley, "you would like to have the court hush up that affair of the flour, which was proved against vou, when the deacon was on the jury." This thrust produced a starting is made to say, "all the dignity, all the glory, all the authority of the imperial power. Furthermore, we give to Sylvester and to his successors our palace of the Lateran, which is incontestably the finest palace on earth; we give him our crown, our mitre; our diadem, and all our hand of the continued by saying that he was a successful their proper tuition and rearing did both father and mother fulfil their duties.

"Am I in the presence of Mr. G. ?" was his open-bis family had been increased. Three bright, bis family had been increased. Three bright, bis family had been increased. Three bright, bis family had been given them, and in their proper tuition and rearing did both father and mother fulfil their duties.

But the financial troubles of 1857 came with unrelenting hand, and the poor were made to bear the heaviest part of the burden. Robert had never been able to save anything; and with the ruin of that year, he found many of his most profitable scholars withdrawn. He economised in every way possible, but still he could not make his income meet his expenses. The house they