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A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

[The following lines, by an accomplished young lady—a member of the Society of Friends—were found in her portfolio after her death, having been written shortly before that event for the consolation of her friends.]

shine in the light of God, His likeness stamps my brow, Through the shadows of death my feet have trod,

No breaking heart is here, No keen and thrilling pain, No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear Hath rolled and left its stain.

And I reign in glory now!

have found the joys of heaven, I am one of the angel band, To my head a crown of gold is given,

And a harp is in my hand. have learned the song they sing, Whom Jesus hath set free, And the glorious walls of heaven still ring With my new-born melody !

No sin, no grief, no pain, Safe in my happy home! My fears all fled, my doubts all slain, My hour of triumph come!

O friends of mortal years, The trusted and the true! Ye are walking still in the vale of tears, But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget ! Oh no! For memory's golden chain Shall bind my heart to the hearts below, Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright, And love's electric flame Flows freely down a river of light, To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star Shines out from the glittering sky?

Do you weep when the raging voice of war

And the storms of conflict die?

OFFICE-Corner Prince Wm. Street and Market Then, why should your tears run down, And your hearts be sorely riven, For another gem in the Saviour's crown And another soul in heaven!

> HORÆ BIBLICÆ.-No. 6. BY J. L. DUNLOP.

"Soul and body."-Mar. x. 28. A sect arose among the Jews, in the third cen tury before the Christian era :- the followers of Sadoe, the disciple and successor of Antigonus, the president of the Sanhedrim, and learned doctor of the Law, at Jerusalem. Among other informs us, "that the souls of men perished with their bodies." \* It appears to have been a central dogma of their system, that man is entirely, dependent on bodily organization for conscious existence, so that when the corporeal frame is dissolved by death, he, in reality, ceases to be. As the separate existence of the soul after death, and the resurrection of the body, were inseparable in the resurrection of the body, were inseparable in the mind of an Israelite, this influential, but small portion of the Jewish people denied both. They went even so far, as to affirm, that there are no spiritual beings beneath God, and above man. The teaching of Christ was antipodal to that of this sect. On one occasion, for instance, in opposition to them, he not only established the fact. of the resurrection, in a way, that they appear not to have thought of, -but also made known to their confusion,-that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob-after their bodies had lain in the grave, in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre, for many centuries—were, indeed, still living,—which could not have been the case had the souls of these Patriarchs died, and as we are assured, returned to dust, with their bodies, at Hebron, nearly two thousand years before. Abraham, our Lord informs us, was in Paradisc, -and. no doubt, Isaac and Jacob were there, too. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. It is absurd to say that God rules over those who are extinct or annihilated, for he is the God only of those who have an existence ;- " for all live unto him." These people erred, as many do now, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power Throughout the whole Book of God, wherever

there is any reference to the subject, the language of Holy Writ uniformly implies that the soul of man is capable of exerting its powers, and facul-ties, in a state of separation from the body. Of the son of the widow at Zarephath, whom, after his death, Elijah restored to life—it is said that "the soul of the child came into him again," § i.e., into his body, from which it had—for a time —been separated. Stephen, too,—"a man full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom,"—when about to be stoned, for his adherence to truth, said to Jesus—"receive my spirit," —an expression, certainly, not compatible with the idea, that his soul, as well as his body, was to return to dust. The "spirits in prison" \*\*—mentioned by Peter, in his first epistle, are the souls of the disobedient. in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparin the days of Noah, while the ark was a prepar-ing:—and the prison—where they were confined and guarded. The language is perfectly conson-ant with the idea of the conscious existence of the human soul—apart from the body—in an intermediate state:—but on no other hypothesis.

These souls, in the opinion of some, were, at the time Peter wrote, at least two thousand years time Peter wrote, at least two thousand years in dust, with their respective bodies;—and yet; as Peter has it, still in prison—guarded, no doubt, to prevent their escape. The idea of a little dust so confined is absurd in the extreme. In his epistle to the Church at Coristh, Paul speaks of the body as a house—an earthly house—made of the dust of the ground—a tabernacle—in which the soul dwells for a time, that can be taken down, when its end is answered. The soul, he tells us, while at home, in the body—in this house—is absent from the Lord,—and goes on to say—on behalf of himself and those along with him that had obtained like precious faith—we are rather pleased to migrate out of the body, and to dwell at home with the Lord. This transition of the soul to its new abode is very quick. To depart, we are elsewhere informed, is to be with Christ. †† It takes place, in the article of death, immediately when the soul separates from the body. Then, ly when the soul separates from the body. Then, at that instant, shall the dust return to the earth who gave it. Those who die in the Lord are said to be blessed from henceforth # - from that moment and forever. On the supposition that the soul is distinct from the body—has a conSAINT JOHN, N. B., TH

the Lord :- but we are told that the body is t whole man :- if so, for a man to be present wi the Lord, it is necessary that his body be so to and on the contrary, if his body be absent a man must be absent also-in direct opposition the assertion of the Apostle. On the same hyp thesis, to be absent from the body is for a m to be absent from himself, which is absurd. rarely has fallen to our lot to come in contact w a dogma so stupidly erroneons. It has neith common sense nor Scripture for its support. It but a part of a scheme—devised to set aside t Bible idea of eternal punishment that awaits t wicked—as a quietus for a conscience labouri under a sense of guilt: that is all. It would exceed our present design to refer

the variety of Scriptures scattered over t whole Bible-that, more or less, throws lig on this subject. Of the Egyptians, Isaiah te his countrymen that they were "men, and I God; and their horses flesh or body and not s The distinction here is very marked a pointed. We could scarcely conceive it more Paul could not tell "whether," during his visi he was in the body or out of the body." read of "things done in the body," which c tainly implies that the same agent is capable doing things out of the body. We read of "spirits of just men made perfect," as we do of innumerable company of langels." Paul had "desire to depart, and be with Christ," as better than living on earth :- but, he would have been any sooner with Christ for depart hence, if, as we are told, his soul were to be d until the resurrection;—nor could he "be p sent with the Lord" when "absent from t body," if never made capable of beholding Chi until his second coming.

In reply to what has been said on Rev. vi -11: xx. 4. we wish to say that it is a visi -that, though it is so, the circumstances are ranged so as to give a correct idea of the reali in an emblematical manner. As such, we ma tain that the representation is in perfect cordance with the doctrine of an intermedia state, and is altogether incompatible with t dust notion of the soul until the resurrection The change of the word "souls" for persons in way alters the general idea. The word litera is breath. It is applied to the spiritual and i mortal part in man, -of whose presence and istence breathing is the manifestation, and also the whole person, because this part of the man the most important.

\*Antiq. xviii. 1—5. † Mat xxii. 82. † Luke xx. § 2 Kings xvii. 22. † Acts vii. 59. \*\* 1 Pet. iii. 19. †† 2 Cor. v. 1—8; Phil. i. 28. ‡‡ I xiv. 13. §§ 2 Cor. xii. 1—4; Isa. xxxi. 3.

GABRIELLI MENTONINI.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REFORMATION IN VENIC

was standing one bright morning admir the many beauties of the church and the Pis of San Marco, and watching the pigeons wh twelve, when my attention was directed to beautiful little creature among the rest, entir white, perched on the bars of a grated wind

"It is not the first time a pigeon has gone that window," said the man who was feed them; "for in times long ago one of those li creatures used to bring words of comfort to imprisoned husband from a broken-hearted wit

My curiosity was aroused. I know full whow full of strange incident was this city of sea. I asked the man to tell me the tale to wh he referred. This he readily consented to and pacing up and down the beautiful Riva de Schiavoni, he narrated to me the following to tale. I have since found fuller records of it, I the few touching incidents, which form the ch interest of the parrative, I first heard as they h probably been handed down in unwritten tra ion from generation to generation.

It was long ago, in the cruel times of the quisition. Gabrielli and her husband Vincer Mentonini, had learned the "Nuova Fede." new faith of the Reformation, from some Vand who had taken refuge in Venice from the per cutions then raging in Piedmont. There w many in those times whose eyes were opened see the wickedness of the priests, who, under name of religion, deluded and robbed the peo and who urged the government to put down " heretics," as they termed those who worship God in spirit and in truth.

Gabrielle was a high-born Venetian, celebra for her beauty and her virtues. ... Like man her countrywomen, so different from those other parts of Italy, she was fair, and her litresses of blonde hair set off her bright and pling countenance. She had a clear sweet vo which she used in singing the hymns then for first time heard, when the followers of the r faith assembled to praise God for the light of gospel of Jesus Christ: d wildosis

It was in the fall season, when masking revelry were at their height. Gabrielle and husband had assembled their fellow-worship; in a room at the back of their apartments, for

exercise of their religious duties.

On the previous day had been celebrated gorgeous ceremony of the espousals of the A atic, and the Bucentaur had sailed with its jestic freight amid the loud evvivas of the V tians, than whom none better like all pageant a showy character. Through the perfidy of of the servants of the Mentonini, who though gain favor with his priest, was revealed the cumstance of the religious meetings of "nuova fede" at the house of Gabrielle and others. Thus the truth had become known to the priest, who was a minor inquisitor, and priest of the

church of Santa Maria Maggoire.

Venice at this time was suffering from the failure of a political plot, and the names of some of the first families of the republic were whispered as having taken part in it; and when for want of proof against them, the family of Gabrielle and her husband were acquitted of that, up rose the grand inquisitor, and denounced them as having received the new doctrines, and practiced them to the detriment of the holy Catholic Church. True, the husband of Gabrielle was not included in the number who died of starvation in the dungeons of the Doge's Palace, nor was he one of the many who were executed as forming one of the conspiracy discovered by Jaffiero; but when, five months after this dreadful time, the Doge and nobles went in solemn mockery in state to return thanks for the downfall of the conspiracy, we shall see in all this rejoicing where was Vincenzo Mantanini

The service is over, in which all have joined in

of love from one of his own. "Surely God supported me," said he, in one of his written missives to his wife, before the death of their little messenger, or else I must have died for the want of ing you, my own life, but for the blessed trust have in my heart that all is well with those who have Jesus for their friend. He will not let me have more to bear than is fit, and when it is most heavy, and the tears which wisdom has taught

saloon, which seemed to serve as a kind of recrestion place. The true that she could only see the
top of his head as he walked; but to her who
so besought to see him only once, and was denied,
this was a boon indeed.

It was a melancholy sight, and yet beautiful,
to see Gabrielle with her infant on her lap, hours
before the time she could possibly see her hus
band, as he passed up and down on his dreary
reals of more led to serve as a kind of recrewould not disgrace you. I am going to write
you all about it, and when I am gone you may
tell my comrades. I can't now.

"You know I promised Jemmy Carr's mother I
would look after her boy, and when he fell sick
I did all I could for him. He was not strong
when he was ordered back into the ranks, and
the day before that night, I carried all his lug-

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er frame of mind would succeed, and she was filled with spiritual peace and consolation.

Other months passed by, and Gabrielle's baby was now a twelvemonth old. Her husband had been twice before the Grand Inquisitor, and, on refusing to tell who had instructed him in the doctrines of the "nuova fede," he had been subjected to the trials of the torture chamber. And now he suffered so greatly, that only the remembrance of one who had suffered, and who when he was reviled reviled not again, gave him strength to endure his bodile pain; for he seemed to hear mingling with the accents of the rude storm, "It is I, be not afraid," and then as the countersign, " Peace, be still."

Mentonini's trial was put off time after time, for at this period arose a fierce political discontent in Venice against the then Doge, and men's minds were so taken up with what was to them of more consequence than the matters of religion. that it seemed that Vincenzo Mentonini would die of grief and the want of God's good gifts of light and air. To his patient and long-suffering wife, Gabrielle, time had brought many and accumulated sufferings. We have said that at a certain hour of the day she could, in her new apartment, see just the head of her husband, as he walked daily in his prison. Lately a new distress had arisen—the constant straining of her eyes at one particular place, for long before his hour of recreation Gabrielle was at her post of observation, had brought on a dimness of vision which troubled her very much. The physician had forbidden her the use of her eyes, and ordered her to keep over them a covering of Venetian silk, which would shield her from the too great light. But what could hinder the loving and desolate wife from her daily morsel of consolation? Talking with her mother, who endeavoured to console her, she said "Madre mia cara, let me but watch these few hours, and I will afterwards hide my poor head where you may please to tell me; but believe me, I could not live through the day, for without that sorrowful joy my heart would break; and again, after I have seen his dear hand-oh! how thin it has become! and how gray that dear, noble head !- I can pray, resting on the promises, faithful and true, of my Saviour. and try to say, " Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight!" (To be concluded.)

ASLEEP AT HIS POST. AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE WAR.

Mr. Owens, a pious farmer of Vermont, gave his eldest son, Benjamin, to the Federal cause, in the late fearful struggle. One day a message arrived, which fell like a thunderbolt upon the anxious yet hopeful family. The lad had been found asleep at his post, and was condemned to

The terrible news soon spread in the village, and the good minister (a Mr. Allan) came at once to see if it were possible to administer consolation to the heart broken parents. " Oh, sir!" cried the sorrowing old man,

"such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought that when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land, made so precious a gift,—no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allan, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the brown fields with such a perplexed, wondering look. "I know he only fell off one little second; he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty!" Mr. Owen repeated these words very slowly, as if endeavouring to find out their true meaning. "Twenty-four hours, the telegraph said; only twenty-four.— Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father." said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

Yes, yes, let us hope. God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good,—I do not mean holy,"

he said, correcting himself sharply; "there is none holy, not one; but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allan, tell me that, O Bennie, Bennie!" The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and turning, said, with a smile, " Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off; he will come soon,"

"God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her without making any direct reply. " She has not been justly her-self since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me; she makes no wail!" Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the bowed

man, as he came now and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face.

God have mercy on you; he is trying you in a furnace seven times heated " he exclaimed, almost involuntarily. The daugher, a fair young girl, -Blossom, as

they called her had sat near them listening with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still, not one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household care, which her mother's condition devolved entirely up on her. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she

Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it towards Mr. Allan with the helpssuess of a child.

The minister opened it, and obedient to a motion from the father, read as follows:—
"DEAR EATHER,—When this reaches you I

shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now me to keep in my heart unshed begin to flow, that it has no terror. They say they will not there is a Divine hand which wipes them away." bind me nor blind me, but that I may meet my Gabrielle was fortunate in procuring rooms in the large hotel-like house where her friend was already located, and to her inexpressible joy she found that at a certain hour of the day her husband, with others, were promenaded in a large saloon, which seemed to serve as a kind of recression place. The true that she could only not the day her that when I fell it would be fighting gloriously; in the server of the day her ing it,—to die for neglect of duty! O, father! I wender the very thought does not kill me! But

the soul is distinct from the body—has a conscious existence spart from it—all this is plain;—but, on the hypothesis, that the whole man—the soul or person—is the body that dies, when the breath is taken away, and returns to dust—such language is perfectly inexplicable. It has no meaning. As the Bible has it—to be at home in the body is to be absent from the Lord—and to danger signals, went on to the balcony to see many set of the body is to dealed at home sits.

SAINT CERISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—One of the gage, besides my own, on our march. Toward he little family are seated at their five of clock supper, "cena," when a sould knocking, or rather bumping against the goulding root, and the name of the balcony to see the body is to be absent from the Lord—and to danger signals, went on to the balcony to see the body is to dealed at home sits.

SAINT CERISTOPHER COLUMBUS.—One of the gage, besides my own, on our march. Toward he that his luggage, besides my own, on double quick, and thought the view went in on double quick, and thinking—with how much sorrow let civery mother away, every body of the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybedy and thinking—with how much sorrow let civery mother away, every traceive the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybedy and thinking—with how much sorrow let civery mother away, and then it was Jemmy's to danger signals, went on to the balcony to see the body is to be absent from the Lord—and to danger signals, went on to the balcony to see the body is to dealed at home sits.

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awake if I had had a gun at my head; but I did not know it until, - well, until it was too late!" "God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen. reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances, 'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And don't lay my death against Jemmy. The poor boy is brokenhearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead. "I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom.

Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me! it is very hard to bear! Good-bye, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish for ever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour, in a better, better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owens's heart, Amen!" he said, solemnly, "Amen!"

"To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture. Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand waiting for me, but I shall never, never come. God bless you all! forgive your poor Bennie!"

Late that night the door opened softly, and a

little figure glided out and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking turning her head neither to the right nor the left; starting not as the full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at

the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear-strained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him

all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her : no good, kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York. and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be a year in her broth-And so in an incredibly short time Blossom

reached the capital, and was hurried at once to the White House. The President had just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of anuouncement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with eves downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, citeery tones, "What do you want so bright and early in the morning ?" "Bennie's life! please sir!" faltered out

Blossom. "Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

" My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post." "Oh, ves;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eve over the papers before him; "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special

danger. Thousands of lives might have been "So my father said," said Blossom, gravely.
"But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmy so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmy's night, not his; but Jemmy was too

tired, and Bennie never thought about himself that he was too tired." "What is this you say, child? Come here; I don't understand;" and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justifica-

tion of an offence. Blossom went to him ; he put his hand tenderiv on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxions face towards his of How tall he seemed; and he was President of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her story now simply and straightforward, and handed Mr.

Lincoln Bennie's letter to read. He read it carefully; then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given "SEND THIS DESPATOR AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and stell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or wait until to-morrow, Bennie will need change after he has

bravely faced death; he shall go with you." "God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder."
Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and farmer Owens's head towered above them all; and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the boliest blessing he could pronounce upon his child .- " Just and true are thy ways, thou King That night Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet came

That night Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they heard a well known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie, as he pats his old pet and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his puritan father's voice, as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words,—"Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather them from the west: I will say to the north, give up; and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name; for I have greated him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him."—Abridged from the "Sunday School Magazine."