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The CHRISTIAN VISITOR
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1867.

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Letters to the Editor, Box 104, St. John, N. B.
The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.
SPRITUAL FOOD.
Two friends living in the country met together
at the village church, a little way from the
dwelling.
"What is the use of going to church so often,"
said the younger to his companion, "since we
always hear nearly the same thing?"
"What is the use," replied the other, "of taking
your meals so regularly every day, since they
are composed of nearly the same dishes?"
"The cases are very different. I must eat to
nourish my body, which would otherwise perish."
"Not so different as you suppose; for what
food is to the body, the exercises of worship are
to the soul; and spiritual life will languish if we
cease to support it by the means which God has
graciously given us."
"But how happens it," said the younger, "that
all men have not the same relish for these exer-
cises as they have for their food?"
"You are mistaken again," replied his friend,
"all men, it is true, receive their food with pleas-
ure when they are in health; but when they
are sick, food becomes not merely tasteless, but
disgusting. It is the same with the soul; that
is, in health, while it has peace with God through
the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord,
then it desires the exercise of religion; it enjoys
them, and cannot consent to omit them. It is
sick when it is hardened in sin, it has then no ap-
petite for spiritual food; it avoids opportunities
of receiving it. The sanctification of the Sabbath
is unpalatable. The resemblance goes further
still; for, as sickness of the body, if not cured
by medicine, ends in death, so also the corrup-
tion of the soul—that disease with which all men
are infected—ends, unless God heals it, in spiri-
tual and eternal death, that is, in the exclusion
of the soul from the presence of God."

From the Morning Star.
MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.
I am watching the silvery moonbeams that fall
on shore and sea,
Bringing their silent fancies and treasured memo-
ries to me;
Wreathing a pearly garland, linking a brilliant
chain,
Dancing in quiet gladness over the open plain.
Bathing the leafless forest, barren and cold and
gray,
Peering into the valleys, chasing the gloom away;
Diving beneath the ocean, home of the gleaming
shell,
Where, in their dreamless slumber, the long-lost
loved ones dwell.
The Frost-King comes with the north wind, paint-
ing the window pane,
Sending his frost-tipped arrows over the starlit
plain;
Clasping the laughing waters close in his chill
embrace,
Building a bridge of crystal over the river's face.
The silver-tipped wings of the moonbeams glide
thro' the casement low
Of many a cheerless dwelling, where sorrow and
suffering go;
Scattering pearls of pity over the well worn floor,
Giving the broken spirit hope of a brighter shore.
The children of earth may gather a treasure of
golden dust,
Forgetting the great commandment, and give to
the world their trust;
But deep in their souls' recesses, shining with
holy ray,
A heavenly spirit lingers, unfolding a nobler way.
Down from the star-gemmed heaven—down thro'
the silent night,
The moonbeams bring me a vision, a beautiful
dream of light;
Picture a pearly portal, guarded by angel bands,
Mansions of grace and beauty that are builded
not with hands.
I remember with tearful sadness those who are
lowly laid,
Those who have long been sleeping under the
willow's shade;
Flowers of rarest beauty, blooming but soon to
die—
Buds that the dark-winged angel hatched as he
hastened by.
Silently gather round me memories cherished of
yore,
Friends that are widely severed, forms I shall see
no more;
Lips that have long been silent, eyes that have
ceased to beam.
Voices of gentle sweetness that come to me only
in dream.
Many an autumn sunset has brightened the golden
sheaves,
Many a frost-painted leaf has shown the falling
leaves;
Yet I can see the lost ones dimly thro' gathering
years,
Looking thro' life's thick shadows, piercing the
mists of years.
Down from the far-off heaven, lighted by starry
gleam,
Cometh another vision, fatheth another dream;
Hope from the mystic future lifeth the veil away,
Shows me the radiant temple lit by eternal day.
Thus do the mellow moonbeams, brightening the
shore and sea,
Bring, on their silvery pinions, beautiful dreams
to me;
Smoothing my life's rough billow, cheering my
spirit's night,
Over my spirit's midnight haing a pillar of
light.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B.
Central Fire Insurance Company, Agent at St. John.
Doe 4.
GEORGE THOMAS.
**LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!**
Fund paid up and invested, £2,212,043 5s. 1d. stg.
Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1866, £745,674 stg.
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1866, 50,459 do
Premiums in Life Risks, in 1866, 1,483,500 do
Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1866, 148,307 do
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Share-
holders of the Company are personally responsible for all
Policies issued. EDWARD A. BAYNE, Secy. at St. John.
170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177
The Royal Exchange Buildings
(Commercial Bank Building).

**SAMUEL J. SCOVILLE,
BANKER,**
AGENT FOR THE
ST. STEPHEN'S BANK.
OFFICE—Corner Prince Wm. Street, and Market
Square.
Current Funds, Sterling Exchange, Specie.
Drafts (both Gold and Currency) on the United States,
Canada, Nova Scotia, &c.
Bills Discounted; Dividends, Interest and other Monies
Collected.
Investments made and Sales effected of Bank Stock, Mort-
gage Loans and Securities of every description.
Sums of £10 and upwards received on deposit, for
which receipts will be given, bearing interest at the rate of
six per cent. per annum, and payable either at call or fixed
periods, as may be agreed upon.
LIFE, FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE.
First Class English and American Companies.
TWENTY-SIX MILLION DOLLARS.
Risks taken at the lowest rates.
Claims promptly and liberally adjusted.
These Companies are distinguished by extreme caution
and prudence in their management, have large surplus
and reserve funds, and afford the most ample security to Policy
holders. The stock of the "IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY" sells in the London market at £750 for every
£1000 paid up capital.
THE PHOENIX FIRE OFFICE, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1783.
CAPITAL, £5,000,000.
Insurances effected at the lowest rates.
C. W. WELDON,
Agent for New Brunswick.
Office—70½ Prince William Street,
St. John, March 8, 1867.

**THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92
Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance build-
ing, Liverpool.**
of the London Board.—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.,
Chairman in Liverpool.—CHARLES TURNER, Esq.,
The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest
of the kind in the world.
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1866, the following
highly satisfactory results were shown:—
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying feature of the management of the busi-
ness exhibited in this one following fact—that the increase
of the last three years exceeds the entire business of
some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct
companies operating in this kingdom.
The Premiums for the year 1866 being, £120,000
While the Premiums for the year 1865 are, £164,108
Showing an actual increase of, £44,108
The recent returns of duty made by Government for this
latter year (1866) again show the "Royal" as more than
maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years.
Only one among the London Insurers of any office exhibit-
ing an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Com-
pany, while all the others respectively fall far short of the
majority of its advances.
ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.
The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is
by far the largest received in any similar period since the
commencement of the business, and thus far exceeds the
entire amount of new Premiums received in all offices in the
kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year
was 252, the sum assured £367,574 6s. 8d., and the premium
£12,424 3s. 4d. These figures show a rapid extension
of business during the last year. There were, however,
Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.
1848 189 248,764 10 0 2,180 9 1
1849 206 363,950 0 0 2,962 0 11
1850 248 465,238 10 0 3,525 5 10
1851 308 617,848 10 0 4,264 10 3
1852 370 797,508 10 0 5,200 3 11
1853 450 1,017,508 10 0 6,200 3 11
1854 530 1,247,508 10 0 7,200 3 11
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 42 per cent. per
annum on the sums assured and averaged 50 per cent. upon
the premium paid.
PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN M. JOHNSON, Secretary to the London Board.
All descriptions of property taken on fire and marine risks.
lowest and most prompt and reasonable proof of loss without
reference to the head establishment.
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building,
Feb. 15, 1867.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY,
Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, Jan. 1, 1865, \$213,124.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates and with liberal participation
in profits, and every insurance afforded on application to
W. J. STARR, Agent, Prince William Street,
Oct. 15, 1866.
CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, Jan. 1, 1865, \$225,000.
New Brunswick Agency—7 Princess Street, opposite
Commercial Bank, St. John.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New
Brunswick Currency, with and without participation
in profits.
The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Pro-
fits for the past nine years, amount to 44 1/2 per cent.
References to the Registrar of the Company, and for any other
information given by W. J. STARR,
Oct. 15, 1866-cv
Agent.

**CITY OF GLASGOW
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.**
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Governor.—The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.
Subscribed Capital, £200,000
Accumulated Fund, £200,000
Annual Revenue, £400,000
WALTER BUCHANAN, Esq. of Shandon, Esq. M.P., Chairman.
W. F. BIRNEY, Esq., Manager and Actuary.
Various modes of Assuring.
Half Premiums granted on loans of cash or interest.
Endowment Assurances.
Partnership Assurances.
Short Term Assurances.
The City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company was
established in 1836, by special Act of Parliament. It
has been conducted with much success for 30 years, and
which is attributable not only to the perfect security which
it affords for the due fulfillment of every contract, but also
to the liberal and liberal management and to the extensive
and to the liberality of its dealings.
The Premiums are equitably graduated. The Profits are
distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of
Policy-holders.
The last declaration of Bonus was made 20th January,
1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year,
when a Bonus of the rate of one and a half per cent. on the
sums assured was declared for the past year. In place of
the Bonus being annually divided, the profits are in fu-
ture to be accumulated and allocated subsequently. Pol-
icy-holders participate from the date of this issue, but the Bon-
us does not vest until they have been five years in exist-
ence. States of Assurance, and all other information may be
learned from the Agent, WILLIAM HACKAY,
July 18, 1867-vp
Ontario House Building.

**THOMAS & WETMORE,
INSURANCE AGENTS, SHIP BROKERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,**
58 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. B.

primitive, natural and valuable dress, and, above
all, with a benevolent heart, capable of appre-
ciating all the tender attachments of home, wife,
children, connections—nay, with the spirit of pa-
triotism in an eminent degree, fitting them for
mighty deeds of daring in defence of all they re-
gard as valuable; yet subject to the direction of
the Great Spirit, for whom they had a profound
veneration, and whose moral actions were per-
formed in compliance with His will, as they un-
derstood it. How, we ask, could they have been
unhappy. Nay, the contrary was the case, not-
withstanding the wars which frequently happened
between neighboring tribes.
As, Mr. President, that the knowledge of
many of Indian life should be so scanty as to
lead them to suppose that, because they have been
called savages, there was no law—no order among
them. Not so, Sir, they had their councils, were
those only who were reputed for wisdom were
permitted to speak. Order characterized all their
deliberations for the public good. Their laws
were absolute, and they inflexible in the admini-
stration of justice. The like spirit of order reigned
in the domestic circle. The peculiarities of this
ill-fated race strikingly distinguish them from
other savage tribes. They have long been in
collision, but have never blended with the materi-
als of civilized society.
One of the most interesting features in the
character of North American Indians, is the su-
perior purity of their religious belief over that of
other savage nations, and we may add, over even
the boasted elegance of the poetical mythology
with which the polished nations of antiquity
thinly veiled the grossness of their superstitions.
They believe in the existence, omnipotence,
and unity of God, and in a future state of rewards
and punishments. To the Great Spirit, whom
they worship, they attribute both the creating
and the government of all things, with infinite
wisdom, power and goodness. Their heaven is a
delightful country, far in the Western ocean,
where their employments will be divested of pains
and trouble; not changed in their nature; where
the sky will be cloudless and serene, the game
abundant, and the spring eternal. There, it is
the perpetual fruition of ease and happiness; they
hope to be again restored to the favour, and to
enjoy the immediate presence, counsel and pro-
tection of the Great Spirit. But they have the
enduring conviction that the cultivation and ob-
servance of good and virtuous actions can alone
secure to them a blissful futurity; and they are
equally sure that the pursuit of an opposite course
will curtail on them endless affliction, wants and
wretches; such as barren, parched and desolate
hunting grounds. The habitual piety of the
Indian mind is remarkable. "Brothers, we all
belong to one family; we are all children of the
Great Spirit." was the commencement of Tecu-
mseh's harangue to the Osages, when that famous
Chief sought their aid to resist the hostilities and
outrage of the enemy against their tribes. "When
the white man," he continues, "first set foot on
our grounds, they were hungry; they had no places
on which to spread their blankets, or to kindle
their fires. They were feeble; they could do
nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated
their distress, and shared freely with them
whatever the Great Spirit had given to his red
children. Our lives are in the hand of the Great
Spirit. He gave the lands which we possess to
our fathers. If it be his will, our bones shall
whiten on them; but we will never quit them."
An old Oneida chief who was blind from years,
observed, "I am aged hemlock; the winds of
100 years have whistled through my branches. I
am dead at the top. Why I yet live, the great,
Good Spirit only knows." Such are examples of
patriotism and piety.
(To be Continued.)

House hands, in general, are the most
clumsy, unskilled, untrained, delaying, deferring,
shirking tribe that can be imagined. The idea
of doing anything at the same hour and time for
two consecutive days, of keeping any regular lines
and departments of labour, and going on system-
atically as in a Northern household, seems never
yet to have dawned on their minds, any more
than the kindred idea of washing dishes at regu-
lar seasons when you have done using them, in-
stead of letting them all stand in jolly confusion
till they are wanted again.
There are some old families here who are ex-
cellent housekeepers, and who have managed to
retain under the new regime their old house ser-
vants, and such proceed without trouble. But
the generality of professed house servants are
fond of congregating in cities, ask extravagant
wages for coming out on plantations, and would
be considered, as to any of our Northern stand-
ards of housekeeping, good for very little. A
woman with ordinary strength and a pair of
hands would much prefer cooking her own din-
ner, sweeping her own parlor and making her
own bed, to allowing that jubilee of dirt and con-
fusion which results from the combined efforts of
Judy, Lizzy, Sophy, Viry, and any half dozen
others, all of whom consider themselves neces-
sary to help along each other's operations, and think
themselves excessively abused if they are not al-
lowed to do everything in company.
A glance at the Southern kitchens at once
shows that they were made for this barbarous,
unsystematic, noisy dirty way of getting on. A
neat, tidy kitchen, in a house with hot and cold
water, set tubs, sinks, and other arrangements for
cleanliness and order, is a thing quite undreamed
of by these poor souls. The kitchen of our es-
tablishment is a log hut, about twenty paces from
the house, with a great open fireplace. The win-
dows are unglazed, and can be only closed from
wind and rain by wooden shutters which shut out
light as well; and in windy weather the great
chimney smokes to that degree that the Stuart's
cooking stove—which has lately been introduced
there—seems utterly confused in its mind, and to
ask itself the question, Am I really a Stuart's
stove, or am I a leaky old chimney flue? There
is no sink or drain of any kind; the only resource
for getting rid of house-slops is to pour them out
of the window aforesaid. Luckily, this fine, dry,
white Floridian soil swallows any amount, and yet
looks clean as if nothing had happened. Finally,
there is no resource for bringing water into this
kitchen except the well, which is situated quite a
distance off in the yard. One cannot but admire
the composure with which our cook, who, by-
the-by, asks twelve dollars a month for her ser-
vices, will sit at about ten o'clock finishing her
everlasting breakfast, which is taken by easy sta-
ges from eight o'clock onward, while her fire
goes out in the stove, and there is not a drop of
water in her water pail, nor a thought of heating
any dish-water. Then when the idea of washing
dishes actually is brought to her mind by a mes-
sage or expostulation from her mistress, she com-
placently it wholly as a new and unexpected
emergency, and probably discovers for the first
time that she is out of wood, and must send Liz-
zy down in the lot to call up Joe to get some, or
else that she has the rheumatism in her shoulder,
and must get Aunt Winnah to draw her water,
and send Sophy down to the cow-pen to look
for her. Pending these operations she will seat
herself quietly with all her unwashed dishes
around her, fold her arms and appear lost in con-
templation. To do her justice, she often in the
most hidden, unperceived and unexpected ways
gets up something that is very good to eat, makes
excellent coffee and corn muffins, and stews some
of this tough Florida beef so that it is really a
most presentable dish, and has odd intervals of
cleaning up her kitchen and washing her dishes,
which take one entirely by surprise, because the
most philosophic mind can never predict when
they are likely to occur—they are the secret
counsels of her own inscrutable will.
Speaking of beef leads us to treat of the dairy
matters of a Florida farm, which to a Northerner
have truly an original air.
Our dairy woman is an ancient, strong-minded,
strong-limbed sylbil from South Carolina, who is
generally called Aunt Winnah. The whole care
of milking, butter-making, and the disposing of
milk and cream is lodged in her hands. We
were astonished to hear that the plantation num-
bered forty cows, and that Aunt Winnah, with
one assistant, did all the milking.
But on inquiry we found that this operation
consisted only in milking so many of the forty
cows as Joe felt disposed to bring up from the
woods, or that came up of their own accord to
visit their calves, of whom there are about fifteen
in a pen near the house.
In Florida cows run wild in the woods; every
calf is allowed to grow up to maturity, and every
cow's calves run together in the woods, being
first branded with the owner's name. Many stock
owners never see their cattle all together from
one year's end to another. Enough calves are
kept near the house to attract up some of the
cows, and it is considered the proper, orthodox
way to let the calf suck while the cow is being
milked; in order to make her give down her milk.
The consequence is, that the forty cows together
do not yield in actual milk more than we have
seen given by two good cows treated in the
Northern way.
Winnah churns every day—unless Joe forgets
to bring up the cows, or something else happens,
in which case they go without being milked for
a morning or an evening—which fact dawns on us
in the sudden perception of there being no
milk or cream for our breakfast or tea.
Winnah makes valiant fight for her butter, and
feels aggrieved at the demand set for by the ladies
of the establishment for cream morning and
night. Somebody, "naw jes bring up more of
dem cows; I's to gib de ladies so much milk
an cream; dere wib be no better shog." We
have sometimes described to Winnah the man-
ner of proceeding with Northern cows, which
seems to fill her soul with horror. She informed
us that "de cow would jes dry right up if you
kill her child."
In vain we described to her the charms of fresh
veal, a dish unknown and inadmissible in Florida.
We did succeed in bringing an unctuous glow on
the face of the cook by describing the charms of
veal-pie, but Winnah's brow grew dark as if we
had proposed to make it of babies—"I jes so
soon see one of my babies killed as one of dem
calves." The calves, in fact, are the prettiest lit-
tle things in the world, and at uncertain intervals
Winnah stops her washing, or whatever she may
chance to be about, because her bowels yearn
for her calves, and it suddenly comes into her
head to carry some hay to them. Then she will
leisurely pet and pat each one, portion off the
weaker, discipline the stronger one with a ma-
sonic ruff, now and then, to teach them not to be
greedy, and then leaning on her elbow over the
fence, will smoke her pipe and laugh with full-
hearted satisfaction.
If cows were to be milked like this,

less, all agree to come to Florida, for they have it
all their own way here.
It is but justice to Winnah to state that her
butter is the only butter we ever ate in America
that seemed to us as good as the continental ar-
ticle. It is made every day of fresh cream, and
is itself in taste only solidified cream, as butter
should be. The buttermilk resulting from the
process is rich and slightly acid, a delightful drink
for warm weather. This buttermilk, together
with all the skimmed milk, goes to the hands as
a sort of requisite, and it is one of Winnah's
morning tasks to fill the pails of numerous ap-
plicants who come from the different cabins at
the quarters. In this dispensation she magnifies
her office, and dispenses admonitions, orders and
advice with loud emphasis. Evidently she feels
herself to be a power in the earth, but she en-
deavors to bear rule with justice and equity, and
no more leaning to the tribe of her own children
and grandchildren than might fairly be expected.
So go matters in this easy, rollicking, sunny
climate, where the warm days so outnumber the
cold that the laborer never thinks it a hardship
to live in a house without glass windows, gener-
ally being certain that no rain storm will beat in at
all four sides of his house at once, so that he can
have an open shutter somewhere.
It is hardly possible to run a plantation with
hands trained under the old regime without run-
ning in the same old, worn, rattling grooves in
which the machinery of plantation life has always
moved.
A climate whose summer lasts pretty much the
year round, inclines people, spite of themselves, to
the large, leisurely, easy way of doing things.
Nature here does not bring you up with the
short decided, step-mother turns of northern lati-
tudes, where if you do not sow to-day it will be
too late to-morrow, where frost stands sentry on
both ends of the three months called "summer",
to warn you that it is now or never with you,
and a cold winter bids you look ahead and store
provisions and fuel for its long months. Here,
where one can go on sowing and reaping and
tending garden the year round, every thing in-
clines one to take matters by the day, to comfort
one's self that there is time enough to-morrow for
what isn't done to-day. So even Northern Yan-
kees led the grim clutches of care relaxing their
hold; they laugh at inconveniences which at
home they would find matters of grave impor-
tance, and agree to take life as our friend Romeo
is convinced the last trumpet will find them,
"cool and easy."
But we are out-running our space, and must
defer what more we have to say of Florida life to
another letter.

TREADING UNDER FOOT THE SON OF GOD.
Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers
and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army
lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The
General reasoned with his soldiers: "Expostulat-
ing with them, he appealed to their love of coun-
try, to their honour, and to their oaths. By all
that could revive a fainting heart he sought to
animate their courage and shake their resolution.
Much they trusted, they admired, they loved
him, but his appeals were all in vain. They
were not to be moved; and carried away, as by
panic, they faced round to retreat. At this jun-
cture they were forming a mountain pass; and had
just cleared a gorge where the road, between two
stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming
river on the other, was but a footpath,—broad
enough for the step of a single man. As a last
resort he laid himself down there saying, "If you
will retreat, it is over this body you go, tramping
me to death beneath your feet." No foot ad-
vanced. The fight was arrested. His soldiers
could face the foe; but not mangle beneath their
feet one who loved them, and had often led
their ranks to victory—sharing like a common
soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and
ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one
to inspire them with decision. Hesitating no
longer to advance, they wheeled round to resume
their march; deeming it better to meet suffering,
and endure even death itself than trample under-
foot their devoted and patriot leader. Their
hearts recoiled from such an outrage. But for
such as have named the name of Christ, not to
depart from iniquity, for such as have enlisted
under his banner to go back to the world, for
such as have renounced sin to return to its plea-
sures, involve a greater crime. A more touching
spectacle bars our return. Jesus, as it were, lays
himself down on our path; nor can any become
backsliders, and return to the practice and plea-
sures of sin without trampling him under their
feet. These, Paul's very words, call up a specta-
cle from which every lover of Christ should re-
coil with horror: "If he," says that apostle,
"who despised Moses' law died without mercy,
of how much more punishment suppose ye shall
be thought worthy who hath trodden under
foot the Son of God?"—Dr. Guthrie.

THE BAD MARK.
A man came up to the master workman of a
large establishment to get a situation for a neigh-
bor's boy.
"I've got a new boy for you," he said to the
foreman.
"Glad of it," said the other; "who is he?"
The neighbor mentioned his name and resi-
dence.
"Don't want him," said the master promptly.
"He's got a bad mark. I meet him every day
with a cigar in his mouth. I don't want smok-
ers."
It was a bad mark, indeed for any boy, though
I dare say he thought it made him appear very
smart and man-like. It was certainly like the
men one sees about the benches and doors of
taverns and liquor shops. They usually have a
cigar or an old pipe stuck in their mouths. But
they are not very good models for our young
men and boys. They can find a great deal bet-
ter ones.
When a boy strolls off for a walk on Sunday,
instead of going to the church or the Sabbath
school, it is a "bad mark."
Two boys, who studied side by side in day-
school, and were about on a level as schol-
ars, both sharing about equally in the regard of
the teacher, went forth into the world with ap-
parently equal chances of success in life.
John pursued his studies for a term of years,
and was at last ordained as a minister of the Pres-
byterian Church. Five days after his old friend
and classmate, Henry, was hanged.
What could have made such a fearful difference
in their future, when their early years gave such
different promise? While John was a faithful
Sunday school scholar, as well as a regular atten-
dant at church, Henry was always strolling off on
the Lord's day with irreligious companions. He
had a "bad mark" upon him, and you see he
what it led.

Oh! there is a great record book in which all
these marks are carefully entered.
If cows were to be milked like this,

THE "GOOD TIME COMING."
A California writer ("Mark-Twain") takes a
lugubrious view of the projected millennium of
women's rights:
In that day a man shall say to his servants,
"What is the matter with the baby?" And the
servant shall reply, "It has been sick for hours!"
"And where is its mother?" "She is out elec-
tioneering for Sallie Robbins." And such con-
versations as these shall transpire between ladies
and servants applying for situations:
"Can you cook?"
"Yes."
"Wash?"
"Yes."
"All right. Who is your choice for State
milliner?"
"Judy McGinniss," murmurs the timid
maid.
"Well, you can't tramp."
And women shall talk politics instead of dis-
cussing the fashions; and they shall neglect the
duties of the household to go out and take a
drink with candidates; and men shall nurse the
baby while their wives go to the polls to vote.—
And in that day the man who hath beautiful
whiskers shall beat the homely man of wisdom
for governor; and the youth who waltzes with ex-
quisite grace shall be chief of police, in preference
to the man of practised sagacity and determined
energy.
Every man, I take it, has a selfish end in view
when he pours out eloquence in behalf of the
public good in the newspapers, and such is the
case with me. I do not want the privileges of
woman extended, because my wife holds office in
nineteen different female associations, and I have
to do all her clerking. If you give the women
full sweep with men in political affairs, she will
proceed to run for every office under the new
dispensation. That will finish me. She would
not have time to do any thing at all then, and
one solitary thing I have shirked up to the pre-
sent time would fall on me, and my family would
go to destruction; for I am not qualified for a
wet nurse.
CONSUMPTIVE LOCALITIES.
Not those which cause consumption, but which
prevent or tend to cure it. Whatever represses
the action of the lungs, as grief, or binding cloth-
ing, tends to develop phthisis; whatever expands
them, wards it off, on the principle that the larger
the lungs are, the better is the blood purified,
because more air is consumed—that is, more oxy-
gen is conveyed to the blood, and oxygen is its
life. All know that the narrow chested are more
liable to the disease than those who have well
developed lungs—not so much that the latter
had more lungs originally, but that from habits
of life the now good pair of lungs were exercised,
more developed, were brought to their full capac-
ity, thus enabling them to receive a much larger
amount of air at each breath than would have
been the case otherwise.
A bladder partly filled with air will soon dis-
tend to bursting if held near the fire, because the
heat rarifies the air, and makes a given amount
occupy a large space. The higher we ascend
above the level of the sea, the more rarified the
air becomes, and distends the lungs more fully;
but this given quantity being less nutritious than
an equal bulk of common air, the lungs make in-
stinctive efforts to take in more, and this has the
effect to give the lungs a permanently fuller de-
velopment. If half an hour daily is expended in
taking in forcible, full and deep inspirations, the
circumference of the chest is perceptibly in-
creased. Besides, the air of elevated situations being
purer, is more nutritious, gives more life and vig-
or to the system. All know that mountain air
is purer than that of the plain, and that mount-
aineers are more healthy than those who live on
flat lands. About one person in six dies of con-
sumption in England and the United States. In
the city of Mexico, seven thousand feet above
the level of the sea, about one person in every
hundred dies of consumption. In the higher
Alps it is almost absent. It is a rare occurrence
among the priests on the great St. Bernard, and
is scarcely ever observed among the inhabitants
of the upper Alps, and when they do become
consumptive away from home, and return to their
native mountains before the disease has made
great progress, they are generally cured. The
further we go north, the less elevation is required
to almost banish consumption. In the tropics it
is rare above seven thousand feet; in the tem-
perate zone it is rare above four thousand feet;
in Switzerland, between forty-six and forty-eight
degrees, north latitude, its frequency diminishes
above three thousand feet; in the Black Forest,
between forty-seven and forty-nine degrees, north
latitude, above two thousand five hundred feet;
in the Hazy Mountains, and those of Thuringia
and Silesia, between fifty and fifty-two degrees,
north latitude, at an elevation of one thousand
five hundred feet, consumption is almost un-
known.
Bremer assures us, that he has never seen tu-
bercular consumption in the Gorbard at one
thousand seven hundred feet. Birds which
live in the higher regions, and which are

less, all agree to come to Florida, for they have it
all their own way here.
It is but justice to Winnah to state that her
butter is the only butter we ever ate in America
that seemed to us as good as the continental ar-
ticle. It is made every day of fresh cream, and
is itself in taste only solidified cream, as butter
should be. The buttermilk resulting from the
process is rich and slightly acid, a delightful drink
for warm weather. This buttermilk, together
with all the skimmed milk, goes to the hands as
a sort of requisite, and it is one of Winnah's
morning tasks to fill the pails of numerous ap-
plicants who come from the different cabins at
the quarters. In this dispensation she magnifies
her office, and dispenses admonitions, orders and
advice with loud emphasis. Evidently she feels
herself to be a power in the earth, but she en-
deavors to bear rule with justice and equity, and
no more leaning to the tribe of her own children
and grandchildren than might fairly be expected.
So go matters in this easy, rollicking, sunny
climate, where the warm days so outnumber the
cold that the laborer never thinks it a hardship
to live in a house without glass windows, gener-
ally being certain that no rain storm will beat in at
all four sides of his house at once, so that he can
have an open shutter somewhere.
It is hardly possible to run a plantation with
hands trained under the old regime without run-
ning in the same old, worn, rattling grooves in
which the machinery of plantation life has always
moved.
A climate whose summer lasts pretty much the
year round, inclines people, spite of themselves, to
the large, leisurely, easy way of doing things.
Nature here does not bring you up with the
short decided, step-mother turns of northern lati-
tudes, where if you do not sow to-day it will be
too late to-morrow, where frost stands sentry on
both ends of the three months called "summer",
to warn you that it is now or never with you,
and a cold winter bids you look ahead and store
provisions and fuel for its long months. Here,
where one can go on sowing and reaping and
tending garden the year round, every thing in-
clines one to take matters by the day, to comfort
one's self that there is time enough to-morrow for
what isn't done to-day. So even Northern Yan-
kees led the grim clutches of care relaxing their
hold; they laugh at inconveniences which at
home they would find matters of grave impor-
tance, and agree to take life as our friend Romeo
is convinced the last trumpet will find them,
"cool and easy."
But we are out-running our space, and must
defer what more we have to say of Florida life to
another letter.

TREADING UNDER FOOT THE SON OF GOD.
Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers
and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army
lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The
General reasoned with his soldiers: "Expostulat-
ing with them, he appealed to their love of coun-
try, to their honour, and to their oaths. By all
that could revive a fainting heart he sought to
animate their courage and shake their resolution.
Much they trusted, they admired, they loved
him, but his appeals were all in vain. They
were not to be moved; and carried away, as by
panic, they faced round to retreat. At this jun-
cture they were forming a mountain pass; and had
just cleared a gorge where the road, between two
stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming
river on the other, was but a footpath,—broad
enough for the step of a single man. As a last
resort he laid himself down there saying, "If you
will retreat, it is over this body you go, tramping
me to death beneath your feet." No foot ad-
vanced. The fight was arrested. His soldiers
could face the foe; but not mangle beneath their
feet one who loved them, and had often led
their ranks to victory—sharing like a common
soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and
ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one
to inspire them with decision. Hesitating no
longer to advance, they wheeled round to resume
their march; deeming it better to meet suffering,
and endure even death itself than trample under-
foot their devoted and patriot leader. Their
hearts recoiled from such an outrage. But for
such as have named the name of Christ, not to
depart from iniquity, for such as have enlisted
under his banner to go back to the world, for
such as have renounced sin to return to its plea-
sures, involve a greater crime. A more touching
spectacle bars our return. Jesus, as it were, lays
himself down on our path; nor can any become
backsliders, and return to the practice and plea-
sures of sin without trampling him under their
feet. These, Paul's very words, call up a specta-
cle from which every lover of Christ should re-
coil with horror: "If he," says that apostle,
"who despised Moses' law died without mercy,
of how much more punishment suppose ye shall
be thought worthy who hath trodden under
foot the Son of God?"—Dr. Guth