## THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co.,

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highly satisfactory results were shown :--

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The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase slove of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct fire insurance companies of this kingdom.

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While the Premiums for the year 1855 being......£130,060

While the Premiums for the year 1858 are.....£130,080

or upwards of 50 per cent. in three years.

The recent returns of duty made by Government for this latter year (1858) again show the "Boyal" as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years. Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the mojety of its advance.

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Oct 12, 1865—v profits.
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Short Term Assurances.

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a Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent, on the assured was declared for the past year. In place of the profits will in further assertained and allocated quinquennially. Poparticipate from the date of their issue, but the Bodo not vest until they have been five years in exist Rates of Assurance and all other information may need from the Agent,

\*\*Rate of Assurance and all other information may need from the Agent,

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THOMAS & WETMORE, COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

GEORGE THOMAS.

come and all its infinite riches of blessedness. It is written upon the tomb of Cyrus, "Stranger, here lies he who gave the empire to the Persians, grudge him not the little earth that covers him." But the Christian does not lie there, for he is risen. Have you never heard a dying man exclaim, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil!" It is a ghastly thing to die and believe there is an end of you. But there is worse than death. The angel will cry, "One woe is past, and, behold, there come two woes more, the judgment and to AVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!

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the supplies than the supplies of the supplies 

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

New Series, Whole No. 229.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1867.

laam also said something respecting the "last

end." We do not believe that life is the latter

end of man. Those who do believe it are wel-

come to their belief. We certainly shall not

quarrel with them; when a dog has a bone, let

im keep it. We can see nothing in it suitable to

us. If men like the thought of dying like brutes, perhaps they know their own value best. So

they shall keep it if they like. But as for us, we believe ourselves to be immortal; that God has

andowed us with a spiritual nature which is to

outlive the sun, which is to outlast the stars; we

believe, in fact, that we are to exist and be coeval

with eternity. We suppose that the first thing after death is that the spirit is disembodied.

What it is like, you and I cannot guess. It is a

hing not to be seen, or touched, or handled. It

s quite out of the realm of materialism; yet you

(From the London Freeman.) REV. C. H. SPURGEON AT THE AGRICUL-TURAL HALL.

The monster services which have been held for five Sunday mornings in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, concluded on Sunday last. Being the last occasion, the hall was densely packed by a congregation which numbered from 20,000 to (some say) 25,00. Anyhow, there was no standing room, the aisles being crowded, and numbers of persons standing behind the gallery seats who, though unable to see the preacher, were determined to hear his voice. Almost all the seats were occupied by those who had tickets, and when the doors were open to the public, a large crowd came running in, occupying the few seats that remained for them, and securing every inch of standing ground. It has been stated that a larger audience, perhaps never occupied the hall at any meetings of the Reform League. Before preaching Mr. Spurgeon announced that next Sunday the Tabernacle at Newington would be ready for his own congregation, but he did not desire any who could attend elsewhere to go to his chapel, which was already too full. He expressed a wish to correspond with any who were interested in the establishment of new churches of the Baptist denomination. He confessed he saw no way of meeting the spiritual destitution of London unless every denomination bestirred itself to its utmost in organizing churches in neighborhoods where hey were urgently needed. This could be done by those christians who would consent to band together for the purpose, and he hoped that they would each do their duty towards constituting new Baptist churches in every part of the metro polis where such churches were required. Mr. Spurgeon chose for his text the famous exclamation of Balaam, as stated in the 10th verse

of the 23d chapter of the Book of Numbers, "Let

me die the death of the righteous, and let my last

end be like his!" Carlyle, in his "History of the French Revolution," tells us of a Duke of Or-

leans, who did not believe in death. He must, I think, have been somewhat insane. He believed or pretended to believe, that men did not die; so that when his secretary said in his presence, "The late King of Spain," he angrily demanded what he meant by it. The obsequious attendant replied. "It is the title which some King of Spain has taken." I do not suppose that I am addressing any such lunatics. There is no man here who does no expect that inevitable hour. A certain King of France believed in death, but he forbade that it should ever be mentioned in his presence. The King was like the ostrich, which, it is said, when pursued and unable to escape, hides its head in the sand, foolishly fancying that it is secure from its enemy because it does not see it. I trust that I do not speak to men so foolish as went into a tavern and ordered this and that-he feasted sumptuously; but when the host came with the bill he said that he had quite forgotten it, that he had not thought of the reckoning, and that he had not a farthing with which to pay. Alas! my hearers, are you living like that in the inn of life ! Do you go from cup to cup, from merriment to merriment, from feast to feast, as though you were prepared for the last reckoning day? Be assured that it will come. We must die. There is no discharge from it. We must pass through the iron gate. Let us then be prepared for that emergency. All men think all men mortal but themselves; they regard others as having death written on their brow; and they reckon, at least, that they shall last for years to come. They will not dare to say that they are immortal, but, alas! they act as if they thought so. Balaam, though a base man, was no fool. He had thoughts of death. He did not shut his eyes to what he did not like. He believed that he should die. He expected it; and though his desires were never carried out, but the reverse, he had wit enough to say from the very bottom of his heart—I doubt not it came sincerely—" Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" The exclamation had in it a double wish-a wish about death; and secondly, a wish about after death-the last end. First, Balaam, seeing that he must die, anxiously desired that he might die such a death as the righteous die. A certain carping infidel, after arguing with a poor countryman, who knew the faith and but little else, said, "Well, Hodge, you are so stupid there is no use arguing with you, I cannot get you out of that said stupid religion of yours." "Oh, well," said Hodge, "I dare say I am stupid, but I like to have two strings to my bow." "Well," asked the man, "what is that?" "Why, suppose, Mr. Infidel, it should all turn out as you say; suppose there is no God, no hereafter, don't you see I am as well off as you are; at all events I shan't be any worse; but if it should happen to be true, what is to become of you?" So that either way, it is well for the righteous. If it should be true! Ay, ghastly "if." If it should be true, ye who doubt it, your weeping and wailing will be a horrible contrast to the joy and glory which God has reserved for those who love Him. Upon that low ground the righteons are as well as other people. There is this to be said of the righteous man that he meets death with a quiet

conscience. At the hour of death the mind is marvellously quickened. It puts on, as it were, an express speed. When a man lies dying, his actions rise like ghosts before him. But a right-

eous man knows though his sins he as scarlet

they shall be as white as wool through the pre-

cious blood of Christ. He remembers that the

Lord Jesus Christ has paid for his soul; he can

therefore sleep upon his dying bed as softly as he ever slept a night in his life. When Saladin lay dying, he ordered that, as soon as he was dead, a

herald should take his winding sheet, and as he showed it to the people should say, "This is all that is left of Saladin, the conqueror of the East!" But he could not have said that if he had been a

Christian, for there is left more than the winding sheet and the grave; there is left the world to

come and all its infinite riches of blessedness. It

there come two woes more, the judgment and

and I are quite sure there is an immaterial something within us infinitely more precious than the eyes, the hands, the feet. The saints in heaven are happy, but they are not yet quite perfect, nor will be until we are all gathered in and the resurrection day comes. Some of you have never exercised your spirits at all about the spiritual world.
you have talked with thousands of people in bodies, but you have never spoken with any who have not bodies. But let me tell you that the Christian is in the daily habit of communing with the spiritual world. So, when they die, they will not go to an entirely strange place. All disem-bodied spirits will have to come before the fiery eyes of God. Some of you have never thought of Him-some of you have cursed Him to His face, and have even asked Him to damn you! Depend upon it that He will do it except ye repent. Why, some of you could not be happy if you were in heaven. It would be a dreadful place to an ungodly man. There is a dream told of a young woman. She dreamed that she was in heaven unconverted. She thought she saw the pavement of transparent geld, and spirits danc-ing to sweet music. But she stood still, and when the King said, "Why do you not partake in the joys?" she answered, "I cannot join in the dance or in the song. I cannot join in the dance because I do not know the measure; I cannot join in the soug, for I do not know the tune." Then said He in a voice of thunder, "What doest thou here?" And she thought that she was cast out forever. Heaven is a prepared place for uprepared people. If you do not learn its language on earth, you cannot do so in the world to come. What would it be to you to be praising and serving God there who never did so here! You would be a stranger in a strange land. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." But the body and soul will be re-united; for Christ has not only bought the souls of His people, but their bodies also. Think of that tremendous day, when a voice, earth and cry, "Awake, ye dead; awake, ve dead; come to judgment, come to judgment!" Then up will start the bodies of the wicked. I know not what forms they will assume. But the righteous shall be glorious as the Lord Jesus. They shall have all the loveliness which heaven itself can give them. Their bodies there shall be as much better than they are here, as the flowers of the spring are better than the seed which is cast into the ground—a glorious body, raised in honour, raised no more to die. Let us make a practical use of this lesson. There is an old proverb which says, "Wishers and woulders make bad housekeepers;" and there is another which says, "Wishing never filled a sack." It is useless merely wishing to die the death of the righteous. There is an old story of the Goths and Huns, who, having once drunk the sweet wines of Italy, used to say as they smacked their lips, "Where is Italy?" And when their leaders pointed to the gigantic Alps covered with snow, they said " Can't we cross them?" So I would have you say with Gothic ardour, "Where is heaven for I fain would go there!" There was a Roman Emperor who fitted out an expedition and sent it to England; when the soldiers reached the coasts of Britain they leaped ashore and gathered shells, after which they went back, and that was all! Some of you are just so. You are gathering shells and nothing more. Hear me when I say that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. I am Christ's enlisting officer to-day. If you want to be a Christian come to Christ; take Christ, that is God's shilling, and you are enlisted—not bringing anything, but taking. If you enlist you will have to give up your sins and some of your empty pleasures. Give your heart to Jesus, and rest on Him alone. The victory will make amends for whatever you endure. Onthe floor of this hall the other day men wrestled for the mastery. It was a somewhat dangerous sport, but to those who gained the victory that seemed ample compensation. At old Rome, when the legionaries passed in triumph through the streets, and all the people crowded to see them, it was a great thing to have been a soldier. Think of the victory and triumph of heaven, the shouts of the angels, the songs of the redeemed, the hallelujahs, the blessings for ever. Ay, these will make amends to the brave Christian warrior. Fight manfully in his cause, and the crown of victory will more than repay your toil. At the close of all the services, boxes were held at the doors for voluntary offerings on behalf of the Pastor's College.

The Christian Times of last week gave an admirable portrait of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Referring to the work of the church at the Tabernacle, the writer of the memoir which accompanies the engraving says: "The Metropolitan Tabernacle itself is like a great office—an emporium or exchange of spiritual commerce. Mr. Spurgeon is happy in a thorough and indefatigable secre-tary, Mr. Blackshaw; with him a staff of other people seem to be always at work. The men round the pastor seem to be men of the right

kind, of an earnest and hearty stamp. It is easy to love Mr. Spurgeon, but we who have been per-mitted to see a little of the workers in back rooms

of the Tabernacle, have been affectingly and de-

pressingly struck with the buoyant and overflow-

ing affectionateness not less than the prompt downrightness with which things go on there. It seems a happy family in which every member knows his own place and his own work; and to

this, no doubt among other things, much of the success which has crowned the whole enterprise is due.

For the Christian Visitor. OUR LOV'D AND MISSING ONE.

Mother! idolized one, we miss thee. We mourn because thou hast left us; and our hearts feel sad when we realize that thou can'st never return. The few days that have passed since we followed thy dear remains to the tomb seem like so many weeks crowded with sorrow. Often we visit the place where we beheld thy loved form for the last time : but it is as quiet and lonely as the grave itself, and we drop a few more scalding tears for thy memory. We enter the chamber where disease stamped thee for its victim, and thy frail form wasted away under its effects, till the cold hand of death finished the work, and thy tried spirit wafted its flight to the spirit land; but, meditation only adds a fresh sting to our sorrow, and impresses us with the fact that death has visited our home-circle, and taken a loved one from our fond embrace.

Mother! we gather all things that were thine and fold them up carefully, piece by piece, and lay them safely away, with a tear-drop on each for a precious memorial of thee in days to come. O, how can we forget, when every thing we look upon reminds us so much of thee; fancy pictures thy form in each, and in the stilly-hours we seem to bear thy voice again; for every spot and every object brings some fond recollec-tion of thee, and we live for the moment in the supply days of yere. Here we kneeled by thy side and learned from thy lips our first prayer .-There we were taught of the manger in Bethle-hem, of the birth, the life, and suffering of a Saviour, and learned the story of Gethsemane, and of the cross. Youder sits the little cot where our heads were pillowed when we knew nought of trouble, and with a loving kiss and gentle " good night," we were left to drop away in the sound sweet sleep of childhood. Here around the fireside we have spent many a happy hour when the toils of the day were over, or Sabbath morning brought its hallowed rest. Here too we have oined in songs of praise, and offered to heaven from the family altar the incense of prayer. But these days and scenes have become as things of the past, and we see nothing but the empty seat, the vacant chair. O, mother! the tears start afresh when we recall these scenes, although friends drop in and kindly ask us not to grieve, and reason prompts us not to weep; but the tenderest cords of love are severed since thou art gone. Mother, could you only come back a little while, that we might kneel by your side and tell you of our sorrows, for the world goes on as coldhearted as before, never heeding the downcast look or the burdened sigh. Did nature seem to mourn and the world to sympathize, perhaps that would stay our grief; but only those can pity who have known a kind mother's love and experienced its loss. The future too looks dark dreary; the bright prospects that hope raised so cheerily in the distance, have all disappeared, and the pathway of life seems barred by difficulties

and strewn with disappointments. But mother, when evening draws her shadows around, and sad and lonely feelings come stealing o'er us, there is something bids us look away from the quiet, death-like scene to a heavenly land, where we know thou art at rest; for in your dying moments you committed us to Him who has promised to hear the orphan's cry, and told us to meet you there. And through the gloom and mist of the present and future there steals a faint, soft ray of light, as we realize that the words of the book that was as "A lamp to thy feet" are all "Yea and amen," and the cheering thought that "He doeth all things well," finds a odgment in our wounded hearts.

O, mother! may our lives be as pure and spotless as thine, ornamented with the brightest of gems-a christian character-and the same heavenly calmness and blest assurance hover round our dying moments, then shall we meet thee in that better land, where sorrows never enter and farewells are unknown. Then Onward, &c.

> For the Christian Visitor. BIBLE ILLUSTRATION. BY BEV. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, A. M.

The proposition that the Bible is the best source for illustration of its own truths, is one that cannot fail to be regarded as self-evident by every sincere believer in Divine revelation. As the Ark of God needed no human support, so the canon of scripture needs no foreign aid in the ac-complishment of its benevolent design.

The Bible not only sets forth the existence and attributes of God, salvation for our guilty race through Jesus Christ, the duties and destiny of all men-thus becoming a code of laws to nations and individuals, to the governing and the governed, to parent and child, master and servant, in a didatic form-but, by its most lively exhibition, it is a guide to the erring, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame.

And as the trnths it reveals are above and beyond the proudest systems of unaided reason, so the imagery it employs embodies a liveliness, a power, and a pathos, unequalled by human effort. We have not an abstract system of doctrines and precepts, challenging the judgment alone; but as men have affections to be caressed, as well as an understanding to be informed, illustrations which enlist the deepest sympathies of the soul are incorporated with divine truth. And these representations, setting forth truth in living characters, are so interwoven with doctrine and duty, that, without this scenic exhibition, truth would be deprived of its full influence over the hearts of men. Earth is not rendered more attractive by her varied, beautiful, and sublime scenery, than is Re-

vealed Truth by its own illustrations.

Though Reason is one of the noblest gifts of Heaven, true philosophy cannot safely exalt human reason above revelation. In its highest exercise, it receives truth it cannot discover, nor spheres in their course, as to add one essential ment to set forth in more glowing colors or effectiveness the truths of revelation. The highest efforts of human genius can wreathe no garland to deck the brow of heaven-born wisdom. She comes not only with majesty, but in the most attractive form. And shall truth, thus presented in a living, endearing form, be divested of its own

tell with much zest a story of a man who tried to the wrath to come." The Christian dies in peace, and sometimes in triumph. Sometimes it is still as the summer's evening, and the Christian cross- as the summer's evening, and the Christian cross- and the waves are up, and the Jordan overflows and the waves are up, and the Jordan overflows its banks; but then the saint rests in the arms of God, and safely crosses. The Father is sometimes pleased to give His people strength that times pleased to give His people strength that the triumph of Elijah. In all cases there is peace, and a certain confidence of God's love for His children. Ba-

are to look for mode as well as matter. Thus religious truth is exhibited, not as a creed; but in living embodiment, where truth and illustra-

tion are so associated as not to be severed with-

There is a false philosophy—a pride of learnng, especially among those who are least likely in no danger of being classed among its votaries which strains every nerve to reduce the teachings of the Bible to a systematic form, such as its Author has not given it, and to invest it with all the pomp and circumstance of a Scholastic Philosophy. Hence much of the existing disinclination to seek scripture illustration in setting forth scripture truth.

> For the Christian Visitor. TWILIGHT.

How eloquent is the silence of nature as the dim twilight hour draws near. At this hour there are scarcely any sounds which are audible to the ear, except the rustling of leaves, the lowing of cattle, and the chirping of birds, waking a wide charm of joyous thought, each growing more in-distinct in the distance, till the last response falls on the ear in scarcely distinguishable sounds. How sweet to listen to the numerous voices in the great orchestra of nature, chanting their vesper songs to Him who has created them. What a beautiful aspect does the landscape present while the shadows of evening cast their mystical light on the surrounding objects, and casting a veil over the events of the closing day, cheering us with a prospect of a season for rest. The weary traveller, while pursuing his journey, looks forward in anticipation to the close of the day, when he may rest his exhausted frame. What a source of happiness is anticipated as the twilight hour draws near, when all who constitute the household are gathered around the family hearth, except those who are far away on the ocean or in other lands, and still how many anxious thoughts there are around that hearth for the absent ones who are perhaps tossed by the waves on the restless ocean, with no harbour for shelter, unless they look to the invisible power of the Almighty, who is mighty to save and who controls the raging billows. And to the labouring man how agreeable is the twilight as it bespeaks to him that his work is finished. It affords a season for reflection as the last rays of the setting sun are hid from our view by the sombre clouds which are floating in the mazy distance. How delightful to gaze on the ethereal sky in twilight as the stars, one by one, make their appearance, when the queen of the night has spread her gossamer wings over the mountain side, the sparkling ocean and the rippling hill, making sweet music when all nature seems wrapped in the visions of dreamland, when not a sound is to be heard but the mantic to stay by the banks of a river and survey the works of nature, the elegance and splendour which we see displayed in the minutest objects which the Almighty has created.

Nor YET .- "My son, give me thine heart." "Not yet," said the little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older, will think about it."

The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now.

Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion."

He lived to be a gray headed old man. "Not yet," still be cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died. He put off to another time

what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope. A POOR MAN'S WISH .- I asked a student what

three things he most wished. He said, "Give me books health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked a miser, and he cried, " Money-mo-

asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread

bread-bread. I asked a drunkard and he called loudly for frong drink.

I asked the multitude around me, and they ifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, " wealth, fame, pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He reblied that all his wishes might be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire three things: first, that I be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may to with Christ.' I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE PLAGUE BROKE OUT N 1664.—At the north-west corner of Drury-lane there is a narrow alley, called Ashlin's-place. Two hundred years ago this neglected neighborhood was the residence of noblemen, baronets, and fa-shionable gentlemen. What it is now we all know-dirty, squalid, the home of every variety of struggling poverty. In Ashlin's place, by no means fashionable now, but dismal, dark, and dirty almost beyond conception, there still stands an old, dilapidated house, in the last stage of misery and decay. The building leans forward in a staggering, crippled way, like a sick and de-crepit old man with one foot in the grave. It has seen evil days and much sorrow, always has been a doomed sort of place, and is, in fact, ripe for carting away, whenever the improver ventures up Ashlin's-place. Bathed in the noisome and pestilential air of an ill-paved, filthy, and badlyof adhering closely even to the mode of scripture illustration, in elucidating divine truth. As well might man paint a sun of increased splendor with charcoal—hurl back the thunderbolt—arrest the spheres in their course, as to add terror and disgust when one is told that in this very house, exactly opposite the Coalyard, that awful visitation, the great plague of London, broke out on one too memorable December day, 1664. Here began that ghastly disease that carried off not much less than a hundred thousand persons in London alone. It was in this spot that the fatal bale of cotton goods from Smyrna, where Divine ethics are not a part of a metaphysical system, but are set forth in the most alluring, as been sent through Holland, where, in Amsterdam

CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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Che Christian Bisitor Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR SOCIAL SECULAR.

sent three doctors to inspect the bodies in this

alley, and certifying that they had died of the plague, the horrible fact was announced in the next weekly bill of mortality. All the city trem-bled. A few weeks later a wise law was passed, to lock up the infected houses through London, and to place watchmen at the doors, night and day, to prevent exit or entrance. A great red cross, too, was painted on the door of all the houses where the disease had shown itself, with these words, "Lord, have mercy upon us!". The livid, plague-struck bodies were emptied from carts into great pits, that had been dug for the purpose at Finsbury and elsewhere. On several occasions persons who had fallen down sick on the steps of churches or in doorways, were carried off in these carts, and came to their senses only just in time to escape being buried alive. Many of the London doctors basely fled; but others (such as brave Dr. Hodge) persevered in their daily visits, taking the precaution of smoking a pipe and drinking a cerdial before they sallied out on their daily rounds; when they entered infected houses, holding to their noses their walking canes, the hollow tops of which were smelling bottles, filled with sponges dipped in aromatic vinegar.—Cassel's Magazine.

## PITHY AND INSTRUCTIVE.

THE PREACHER AND THE BIBLE -- Constant perusal and reperusal of the Scriptures is the great preparation for preaching. You get good even when you know it not. This is one of the most observable differences between old and young theologians. Give attendance to reading.

Go to the Bible as a fund, not so much of pre-

mises as conclusions. Cut off superfluous studies. Come back to the

Bible. This rings in my ears as years go on.— Consider all past studies as so much discipline. Make Scripture the interpreter of Scripture? The very best preparation for extempore dis-

ourse is textual knowledge. Luther says truly: Bonus textuarius est bonus theologius."-Dr.

A French physician has composed, on the authority of the Standard, a liquid which he calls gazeol, and which is said to produce remarkable and certain cures in cases of whooping-congh. A tea-spoonful of it is placed in an open phial, which is put into a water-bath always kept at the same temperature. Children suffering from the whooping cough are taken into the room, and are cured by inhaling the emanations from the gazeol as it mixes with the air of the room. It evaporates very rapidly. The remedy is said to have been used with complete success in the Orphan Asylum at Paris.

his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long one and a short one. See, my child," he said, " the long piece is the will of God, the short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross; lay it athwart, and you make a When death comes we walk down in the valley

of the shadows, knowing that we shall find there shining footprints of the Saviour, and confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be Out of 1025 clergymen in Massachusetts who

expressed their opinions on temperance, all but 56 were in favour of prohibition. Of the 56 there were Roman Catholic 25, Episcopal 8, Tripitarian Congregationalist 2, Universalist 2, Unitarian 12, Swedenborgian 5, and unknown 3. Miss Geraldine Hooper, a young lady of about

five-and-twenty, and belonging, it is said, to Bristol, has, during the past ten days, been delivering "Gospel addresses" at the Bath Saloon, and the Royal Assembly Rooms, Torquay. According to the Western Times, she has produced a profound impression, and her services are densely crowded, hundreds being unable to obtain admission—in fact, the rooms are invariably filled an hour before she commences. Miss Hooper possesses marvellous powers, and uses them wisely. SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW. A fellow went to

the parish priest, and told him, with a long face. that he had seen a ghost "When and where ? said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man,
"I was passing by the church, and up against
the wall of it did I behold the spectre!" "In
what shape did it appear?" asked the priest—
"It appeared in the shape of a great asa." "Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; " you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow." On the 1st of January last England had 39

armour-plated vessels of all classes; France had 60. The greatest number of guns mounted by the French in one ship is 52; our maximum is 41. A steel rail on an English railway is said to be wearing out the twenty-fifth face of iron rails con-

iguous to it, and subjected to the same amount An English machinist, instead of casting his steel cranks, obtains them by sawing them out of

The salmon has been actually transplanted with

practical success to the antipodes of its habitat to the rivers of Tasmania in Australia. A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS .- Sidney Smith.

good authority on this subject, says, "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." The same writer says, "All pleasantries should be short, and for that matter, all gravities too."

The tools and machinery on many farms are more injured by exposure to the weather than by

"The best of all is that God is with us," was the climax with which an eminent Christian ended a story of fruitful service and joyful victories.

Lately, whilst excavations were being made at Pompeii, the workmen discovered a bronse vase hermetically closed and enveloped in a thick crystallized crust. The interior of the vessel was ound to contain a considerable quantity of water Some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all agreed in pronouncing it clear, of fresh, and of remarkable softness. The water in uestion must have been preserved for nearly

Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar is his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one; carry it higher, and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same through out, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mits, i more than the rich man's high according and widely trumpeted benefaction.—Meratre Star.