# THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be id to be indisputable and free from extra premiums, even the assured should remove to an unhealthy climate after

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

Vol. VI., No. 32. Whole No. 292.

Remember Thy Creator in the Days of Th Youth."

Remember him, in life's sweet early morning. When many a dew-bent flower before thee lies When untried scenes gleam brightly through tha

And life to thee wears only roseate dyes.

Remember Him while youth looks onward ever To the long vista'd years of coming joy, Ere from thy path the angel Hope will sever, And life present to thee a dark alloy!

Remember Him, through busy noontide hours, When worldly cares and earthly schemes ar

Ere o'er thy sky the cloud of evening lowers,

And life's bright morning glories cease t So, when thy day sinks to its sure declining, When rise the waves on Jordan's restless sea

When earth recedes, then, mortal, cease repining Thy God so honoured, will remember thee!

Away from God.

Away from Thee, my God! Sin's surging wav Hath borne me far away from Thee, my rest Stretch out Thine arm omnipotent to save, And let me once again repose upon Thy breast.

Long have I toiled to stem the billowy tide, And yet, alas! no progress have I made; My faith is sinking; o'er the waters wide, O! let me hear thee say, "Tis I, be not afraid."

Again within the haven of Thy love, O! let my weary spirit sheltered be; Forgive my waywardness, nor let me rove, To risk my happiness on sin's deceitful sea.

Hope of the erring, Pardoner of the vile, Who hearest all that truly seek Thine aid, E'en through the gloom I see thy beaming smile, And hear Thee say, "Tis I, be not afraid."

For the Christian Visitor.

A Dream. BY S. T. RAND, MISSIONARY TO THE MICMAC IN-DIANS, NOVA SCOTIA.

It requires some courage to tell a dream. But we cannot altogether throw away dreaming without some serious charges against both theology and philosophy. Certainly God in former days spoke sometimes to men in dreams and visions of the night. And the greatest philosophers of these days, as well as those of ancient times, are free to admit that there may be something sometimes in dreams. The pious Dr. Doddridge once had a dream, which, it is said, he could scarcely ever relate without tears, for he had been "Caught up into Paradise," and had seen and heard unutterable things. Dr. Watts told this dream of his friend in verse; and a late writer, in recording the dream, remarks, that it was not wonderful that a man who lived so near heaven as Dr. Doddridge did, should occasionally dream of being there. I have heard individuals say they are never conscious of dreaming; but I cannot say this. I always dream, always did dream, and hope I always shall, while the necessity of sleep lasts. But I never had more than half-a-dozen dreams which particularly impressed me. One of these I have many times related, and have often been assured that its relation has had a tendency to quicken the devotional feelings of others, as well as my own; and with the hope that its perusal

may have the same effect, I now write it. It was in the winter of 1867. I was from home in a place called " Forest Glen," near Stewiake, where a dear daughter-now I trust in heavenwas teaching school. It was Monday night (Feb. 18th); and I had had a sweet season preaching Jesus in my daughter's school-house, and had preached three times the day before, to as many congregations. I was very peaceful and happy in the Lord; and I dreamed of seeing Him-the Lord Jesus Christ himself-and awoke with an ardent desire that it might not be long before I should really see Him. "And at the morning dawn the pleasant sight was twice presented to my gaze." First I saw an image of Him. The face seemed beautifully carved out of wood, but the coloring was bad. The image stood in the corner of a small, high, square room. All but the face seemed as though intended to be covered, as there was no beauty or form about the body and legs. Several persons were in the room; and when my attention was first directed to the image, While the Premiums for the year 1558 are ... 196,148
Showing an actual increase of ... 66,088
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 "Royal" 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 mage, and none even after I was informed that it was an image of the Saviour. But directly it began to move and to speak. This arrested the attention of all present.
We approached it. It bent forward and kissed us.
Every person present seemed to have a very marked and significant countenance; but they were all strangers to me. One short elderly looking the strangers to me. presented in his face a somewhat revolting appearance. He seemed bloated by intemperance. But as soon as he noticed that the image bent forward and kissed all who came up to it, he looked very serious, approached reverently, and received a kiss. I instantly felt differently towards this man. In good old new-light phraseology, I had a "fellowship" for him. I seemed to think " Poor fellow! you may have your infirmities, and may be struggling against besetting sins, but if the blessed Redeemer loves you, I will love you

> I then rushed out into the street, and called to every one I saw to come in and behold the wondrons sight—an image of the Lord animated by the Lord himself, so that it both moved and spoke. Among those to whom I made the announcement, there was a small company of In-dians. They looked wild and war-like, thoroughly copper-colored, and not one of them did I know, but called out to them to come. "I can show you an image of Christ," I said, "that can move and speak." Many a time, thought I, they have looked on images of Christ; but never before have they seen one that was animated by a living spirit. Instantly, they assumed a look of impressive solemnity, and came in to look at the wonder. In a short time he told us he must leave. We

felt sorry to have him go; but clustered round to assist him, as the wooden image seemed after all to need human help in order to move. A lad-der was procured, and we ascended all together to the top of a large flat-roofed building. Here I immediately lost sight of the image and all the other attendants. It seemed to be night—a summer night-all calm and still, but cloudy. But there were some openings in the clouds, and bright claims settled promptly without reference to the Head office.

\*\*LIFE DEPARTMENT\*\*

Ninety per cent. of the Profits are allocated to those assured on the Participating Scale.

\*\*INDISPUTABILITY\*\*

After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be pen I seemed neither to know nor care. All was SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1868.

harmony, and uttering the same words in the night, with some openings through the clouds, same strain; and I heard the words and remem-giving bright glimpses of the glory beyond." bered them, and I learned the tune. They sang the high praises of God and the Lamb; and I "There is no night there," but it is still night heard it as we sometimes hear sounds in gradually here: often wintry, and cold, and stormy. But awakening from our sleep, when some of the it is summer sometimes, and calm, and the air senses are aroused before the others. The sense is balmy and sweet, and there are openings of hearing seemed awake, and the words were, through the clouds, revealing the glory beyond. "Glory! glory! glory!" and the reader has And morning is coming on. The "day-star" has only to strike these two syllables to one and already risen, and three of the musical scale (do, mi), and make the first a half-note and the second a quarter, and he has the strain. But can he conceive of the rapturous melody? Oh, how I struggled for a voice to sing! but no words would come. Finally, I

succeeded in uttering a shout; but this awoke me, and, lo! it was a dream. But I slept again, and again I dreamed. And the same face exactly was again before me; but now it was no longer an image, but a living person that I saw. It was the Lord himself. So I thought, and the impression was immediately confirmed; for there stood by a young man, with more of heaven than of earth in his countenance, though there was nothing peculiar in his dress. And I asked him what it meant. "It is the Master," said he, in soft, subdued accents; and my heart seemed to thrill at the sight. I have just dreamed, thought I, of seeing His image, but now I see Himself. I approached him. He looked at me with a look-shall I say of indescribable sweetness and love. "Lord," said I, "I have been trying to see Thee for the last three years, haven't I." [For I did not feel disposed to go back beyond that period, though I have been now a professor of religion for nearly forty years, and a preacher for thirty-five years; but in 1863, the Lord was pleased graciously to arouse and quicken me. "The angel that talked with me came again (at that time), and awakened me as a man is awakened out of his sleep" (Zach. iv. 1.); and since then I really have been endeavouring to serve the Lord more faithfully than for many years before. I thought he replied, "Yes; you have." Then it rushed over me, " But, oh! how far short I have come in every thing !" and I replied, " But with a great deal of imperfection and

many shortcomings." "Yes," he answered, "yes." "But," said I, "I have been accepted hotwithstanding, haven't I?" Oh, how his answer thrilled my soul! "Yes," said he, "you have." Now, thought I, I have it from His own gracious lips; I have firmly believed, but now I know, that I am accepted in Him and by Him!

had seen in the first dream. One wish seemed to soul be so imbued with his love, that both wakanimate us all: it was to see one of his feet, to see the scar, and the "print of the nail" that Ghost and faith, and be enabled from time to had fastened it to the cross. Gently and sweetly time to rise above the darkness and earthliness of he raised his foot, and placed it upon something, for us to inspect. There was a linen cloth wrapper about it, all but the toes. We could see them; and when we had removed several folds of the cloth, the foot was displayed to view. And it was levely to look upon. It seemed a perfect human foot, but of a divine pureness. The blossom of a lily, slightly tinged with yellow and red, just so as to give it the appearance of life, is the comparison that comes most naturally to me. And we did see a scar. [And is it not there still? and will we not see it by and bye?] Then every one of us begged permission to kiss that foot, and were graciously permitted to do so. When my turn came I did not content myself with simply stooping down and kissing it, as the others had done; I took it in my two hands and raised it to my mouth, placing the sole of the foot to my lips, and I kissed it again and again. As I brought it near my eye (as I am obliged to do when I examine an object without glasses), I saw a stain of crimson about the breadth of my hand surrounding the foot. It seemed as though the blood that had flowed from the wound had never been washed or wiped off. It seemed to me in my dream that as that stain of blood caught my eye, and the foot came in contact with my lips, that there went over my whole form a thrill of holy joy-" unutterable and fall of glory," and

he seemed to press the holy foot gently to my lips, and long and earnestly I held it and kissed it. Instantly it flashed across my mind that this too was a dream, and that having dreamed twice in succession of seeing the Lord, some important event was thereby indicated. "What is the meaning of all this ?" I asked him : " Am I going to die soon?" His answer conveyed the impression to my mind that this was a point about which I need not be informed, and about which I need not be in haste, as it would soon take place that I should see Him as He is-not through a glass darkly, but face to face. One earnest petition from the very depths of my soul followed, and one look of deep sympathy and affection from him, and the vision vanished. I was broad awake; but I seemed still to feel the pressure of that soft, velvet foot, and the lingerings of that sweet thrill of joy still vibrated through my soul. I lay and wept for very joy. I can never forget that dream. What child of God will blame me?

It was long before I could again fall asleep. sought for the " interpretation" of the dream. soon found that it was sweetly suggestive, and without pretending or supposing that there was anything out of the usual course of the "Spirit's operation" of "fellowship with the Father and with his son Jesus Christ," with which all true believers are favored from time to time, " both when we wake and when we sleep," the following reflections occurred to me. I may say, I thus

"interpreted my dream ;" 1. What image? This puzzled me the longest. But at last it occurred to me, and the mean ing seemed as plain as day. What have I been doing, as a minister of Christ! I asked myself. Have I not been describing, painting, exhibiting Christ, and setting Him forth before the people? making an image of Him? And sorry work I have made of it. Yes; I see, that wretched wooden image is my own work. But, oh! wonder of wonders! how amazing! He has acknowledged this imperfect representation, and has spoken by it, and through it, and has made the gos-pel as I have been enabled to preach it, the power of God uuto salvation to some souls. Blessed be

2. There was no difficulty in taking a signifi cant suggestion from my "rushing out into the street to call in every passer-by to behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." There could be no objection to forming a determination more than ever to make it the whole business of my life to invite my fellow-saints and fellow-sinners to come to Christ. Oh, for grace to carry out the resolution!

3. Then those poor, wild, ignorant Indians.— How glad I was that they had not been forgotten. whither I was going, or what was about to happen I seemed neither to know nor care. All was peace within. A firm reliance on the arm of the Lord seemed to dissipate all fear and all care.—
Presently my ear caught strains of the most heavenly music. The air seemed filled with thousands of intelligent, happy beings, all singing in

Yes! yes! O, my soul! I see what this means.

Christian Visitor.

"We are watching for the dawning,
For the first bright morning ray;
And we're watching, watching, watching,
For the dawning and the day."

5. Yes; and we can sometimes, in our musings, hear celestial beings sing. Ten thousand, thousand voices come to us from heaven and air and earth and sea, and all those voices flow in one harmonious sound of glory, glory, glory to the Lamb. And we pant "and groan within ourselves," an our abortive efforts to join the sa-cred choir! But our efforts shall not forever be in vain. E'er long we'll raise the shout, and with it "wake to glory and to joy."

6. And Joseph said unto Pharoah. " For that the dream was 'doubted,' it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass." And every believer may appropriate the words, whether he is or is not favored with a sweet dream of seeing his Lord. Are we not all dreaming? Are not our highest brightest conceptions of our "Beloved" and "His glory" but the feeble reveries of those asleep. Bless God for the dreamings; but soon we shall be "awake," and then all will be real. And we will not have to watch long for His bright vision. " Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly."

7. And even now we may draw as near to Him as we like. "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for Thy love is better than wine," "His mouth is most sweet" (Canticles 1st, 2d, 5th, 15th). I did not know at the time of that sweet verse in one of Wesley's hymns (hymn 33, verse 4), or I might have supposed that the verse had suggested that part of the dream, so beautifully described by it:

"O, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet!
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found."

Such was my dream. I have related it as nearly as possible exactly as it occurred. Such were the reflections suggested by it. And now, dear read-But the most affecting part of the dream was yet to come. There seemed to be present about five persons; but they were not the same that I pose so lovingly upon his bosom, and may your our present state, and "Rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Oh! to be filled with the Spirit ! to have Christ abiding in us ! to have our affections set on heavenly things! to have our treasure in heaven and our hearts there also to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth! to behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and to be changed into the same image from glory, as by the spirit of the Lord !

> For the Christian Visitor. MR. EDITOR .- Rev. and Dear Sir-As I know you to be a friend to every moral movement, I drop you the following items of moral progress. in which both you and your thousands of numerous readers will rejoice.

It is not to chronicle any triumphs (just now) over the rum fiend, that I write; but rather over his twin brother, the Tobacco Devil. I should be pleased to write an article on the physiology of this poison, and to demonstrate its physical and moral effects on the family of man; but at present, I must deny myself that pleasure.

I write you now merely to notice two very prominent cases of very respectable men, who live in this community, who have been slaves to this Juggernant of our Christian land-viz.: tobacco; and as "honour to whom honour is due" is a motto which you must endorse, I shall give you their names, with a few particulars. You remember, no doubt, that some time ago, I noticed, in a short article in your paper respecting that old, venerable Baptist champion, Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, aged 77 years, how that, from a clear conviction of Christian duty, he had abandoned the weed after fifty years use; and I will now add that Mr. Bradshaw is rejoicing in the liberty of that deliverance. He has renewed his age, like the eagles, and is going on his way rejoicing.

But your good Baptists cannot have all the glory. We Pedos put in for a share; and I am happy to say that, in this present case, we have got a very good representation. The first name I shall take the liberty of giving is Mr. John Patterson, aged 77 years, who has carved out for himself and family an affluent position out of the two great staples of our country—soil and timber; from small beginnings, through sterling honesty, and dogged perseverance, he is now safely anchored where the ripples of poverty will never reach him. For forty-five years did he bow down to that great idol of our country, and paid his most sincere devotions to tobacco; but from a clear sense of Christian duty, he, about three years ago, demolished the idol, and stepped forth in all that liberty of cleanliness and health in which he is now rejoicing. His cheek is now as smooth and bright as a lady's at seventeen; and, from present appearances, he offers fair for a centenarian; and he is as firm a friend of sprinkling,

as Bro. Bradshaw is of dipping.

The next name in order is Mr. William H. Rourke, senr., a thorough double-milled lumber-man: so much so that, although he is an old grand-father, he could very peaceably, and without any concern, make his bed on a sprace log in the river St. Lawrence, and steer down through the rapids in 'that terrific place while about half asleep, without wetting a hair of his head. He and sons are established on the Vaughan Creek stream, and doing an immense business. Mr. Rourke, like too many of his own and all classes was a regular tobacco mill nearly all his life-time until about two years ago, when, from a sense of duty to himself, to his family, and to society, he demolished the idol, and is now rejoicing in his new-born liberty: he has thus set an example to bis numerous workmen and to society which I hope they will imitate. Mr. Rourke is a respec-table but high-breasted Episcopalian, as solid on a rock as his own mill sills.

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, that light is arising in the darkness. Mr. Bradshaw first unsheathed the sword, and then Mr. Patterson, and then Mr. Rourke, three of our most respectable and influential men, have each, separately, without any concerted action, but merely from the dawnings of enlightened reason, abandoned the filthy practice, and have erected a standard whose pennon shall point the way in which thousands and tens of thousands of humanity's ransomed sons and daughters shall triumphantly march. More anon.

Very respectfully, &c.,

NEWRY.

"Well, I suppose dat ish my son, too," replied the old man with a crest-fallen look. "He has been riding your mare too, and got a

of Myers himself.

Vol. XXI., No. 32.

(From the Examiner and Chronicle.) Dragged Down to Her Death. BY REV M. S. RIDDELL, D. D.

At noon, up came the bucket from the well, and our beautiful white dove, with wings close folded to her breast, and her eyes death-shaded. lay lifeless on the bucket's brim. What dragged her down to the deep, dark well? Some one had snared her foot, but she had broken away, and carried the strong, fine cord into her nest, and the thread twined itself around her unfledged nestling; then the frightened bird flew from her nest, and was dragged down the open mouth of the well to her death. The dead weight of her own fledgling drew her under the chill waters, and quenched her life. As I thought of the poor bird's struggle, the wild beating of wings and the sharp cry of dis-

tress, remembrances of wilder human struggles

came to mind-of mothers dragged to their death

by reckless, willful sons, who are rushing down to dark and dismal forms of life. That, strong, fine cord of mother-love will not break. No strain of ingratitude can part it, no strain of sorrow can snap it. Along the rough, down-grade of sin and crime and shame is dragged her faithful, loving heart. At times you shall hear her distressful cry. It will break forth in defiance of all pressure of prodence or opinion, and this from sheer agony of soul. That child, broken from her authority and regardless of her love, is trampling the wine of life from her heart's ripened clusters under his very feet. It would seem enough that maternal love should endure birth-pang and years of weariness and watching; yet added sometimes are cruel neglect, sharp, cutting words, and what is worse, bitter cursing. The bird whose nest has been torn by storm from its cradle branch, and flung upon the swollen stream, follows her fated young, fluttering above them, vainly trying to snatch them from the swirling waters, and al the time ringing out sharp notes of distress. And so have I seen a mother follow the sad fortunes of a wicked, dissipated son down the stopes of his depravity, into the very dens of shame and misery, to snatch, if possible, her darling from the jaws of death. Nothing save death can quench maternal love. These fires will flame under the mightiest deluge of scorn. A mother will cling to a son when all others have abandoned him. There is no chasm that she will not bridge, no lepth into which she will not plunge, no depth into which she will not plunge, that she may lift

We know of mothers whose woes, if told, would chill the blood-patient, sorrowing women, on whose hearts grief presses with dead, crushing weight, and who look out of sad eyes into the calm faces of mothers who are marching in life or the side of noble, manly sons, and mournfull ask, Why has God given me gall to drink? Why these ashes to my lips?

up and bring back to God and purity her sinning

O ye sons, gone out from the home shelter, splashed by the waves of dissipation, and rushing down the steeps of death, know ye not that you are dragging down with you the truest heart God ever gave to child? You are dashing from you what worlds cannot purchase. You trample un-told wealth under your feet. You cannot go down alone for you are double souled, so closely clings that broken-hearted mother to your bad fortunes. Remember that she wails her soul into the ear of God, while you, perhaps, are shricking your blistering oaths into the midnight air. Some day, not in the far future, you may stand by the side of that mother's grave, and your hot but unavailing tears may fall upon the mound. You would give worlds to have her back for one brief hour; but you shall fold the bitter consciousness. to your heart that your cruel, unnatural and criminal neglect dragged her to that grave, and quenched the holiest love ever laid at your feet.

## Successful Temperance Logic.

A small temperance society had been started in a community very much under the control of a rich distiller, commonly called "Bill Myers." This man had several sons who had become drunkards on the facilities afforded by their education at home. The whole family was arrayed against the movement, and threatened to break up any meeting called to promote the object .-Learning this, the Rev. T. P. Hunt went to a neighboring district for volunteers for that particular occasion. He then gave out word for a meeting, and at the same time found his friends and enemies about equal in number. This fact prevented any outbreak, but could not prevent noise.

Mr. Hunt mounted the platform, and by a few sharp anecdotes and witty sayings soon silenced all noise except the sturdy "Bill Myers," the old Dutchman, crying out, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go." To every shot, which seemed ready to demolish him, the old fellow presented the one shield, "Mishter Hunt, money makes the mare go."

At last Mr. Hunt stopped, and addressed the importurbable German: "Look here, Bill Myers, you say that 'money makes the mare go,' do

"Yes; dat ish just what I say, Misther Hunt." "Well, Bill Myers, you own and work a distillery, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hunt.
"Dat ish none of your business, Misther Hunt. But den I ish not ashamed of it. I has got a

still, and work it, too." "And you say, 'money makes the mare go;' do you mean that I have come here to get the

money of these people?"
"Yes, Mishter Hunt dat ish just what I mean." "Very well; you work a distillery to make money, and I lecture on temperance to make money; and as you say, 'Money makes the mare go,' Bill Myers, bring out your mare, and

I'll bring out mine, and we will show them together.' By this time the whole assembly was in a titter of delight; even Myer's followers could not repress their merriment at the evident embarrassment of their oracle. In the meantime we must premise that Mr. Hunt knew a large number of the drunkards present, and among them the sons

"Bill Myers, who is that holding himself up by that tree ?" inquired Mr. Hunt, pointing to a young man so drunk that he could not stand alone, The old man started as if stung by an adder, but was obliged to reply, "Dat ish my son; but what of dat, Mr. Hunt?"

"A good deal of that Bill Myers; for I guess that son has been riding your mare, and got

Here there was a perfect roar from all parts of the assembly, and as soon as order was restored, Mr. Hunt proceeded, as he pointed to another

"Bill Myers, who is that staggering about as if his legs were as weak as potatoe vines, after frost?" THE OFFICE OF THE

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Editor and Proprietor.

At this point the old man put up both hands in a most imploring manner, and exclaimed-'Now, Mishter Hunt, if you won't say any more, will be still."

This announcement was received with a roar of applause and laughter, and from that moment Mr. Hunt had all the ground to himself.

### Reasons for Not Going.

" Prayer meeting and lecture as usual on Wednesday evening, in the lecture room. Dear brothren, I urge you all to attend these weekly meetings. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

Some of the "dear brethren" deported themselves in this way:

Bro. A, thought it looked like rain, and con-cluded that his family, including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Tuesday evening it was raining very hard, and the same Brother A, hired a carriage and took, his whole family to the Academy of Music to hear a scien-

Bro. B. thought he was too tired to go, so he staved at home and worked on the sled he had promised to make for Billy.

Sister C. thought the pavements were too slippery. It would be very dangerous for her to venute out, I saw her next morning going down street to get her old bonnet "done up." She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her

Sister D. thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen people at the prayer meeting.-She doesn't like these little meetings; so she didn't go. If she had gone, there would have been thirteen. I met her next evening at a social gathering, where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a most delighful

Bro. E. thought he might be called upon to lead in prayer, or make some remarks. He stayed at home. Next day, he went around with a petition, praying Congress to repeal the tax on beeswax. His name headed the list of petitioners, and he spoke eloquently and waxed warm as ne urged his reasons in favor of repeal.

Three fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer meeting. The pastor was there. One fourth of the members were there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were represented by a vacant seat. God don't bless empty pews .- United Presbyterian.

### A Warning.

The French Revolution had never disgraced humanity, but for the preliminary steps of dragooning out of being every vestige of vital piety in the books possessed by the people, and then unchaining the tiger," and letting him loose of the people in millions of infidel and atheistical pamphlets and tracts, (to say nothing of the Encyclopedia and other works of atheistic science for the learned), by which the people were prepared for anarchy and the reign of terror. And what was it that threatened to inundate England towards the close of the eighteenth century, with the infidelity of France? Not, surely, the personal presence of Voltaire, Marat, and Rousseau: but their poisonous writings, which, for aught apparent, might have accomplished their diabolical purpose to "crosh" Christianity, but for the kind Providence that raised up able champions of the cross, who wrote for the masses as well as the learned, and "lifted up a standard against the enemy when he came in like a flood."

In this country the source of immediate danger is not so much from an avowedly infidel press, as from a more insidious attack on public morals and private virtue; first, by dissevering the connection between science, literature and religion, in the means of early instruction; and secondly, by fostering a love for the fictitious and extravagant, interlarded with the profane and li-

The great purposes of infidelity are mainly answered if only religion can be kept out of the popular reading of the masses, and especially of the young. The natural heart will lead far enough away from the cross without any positive evil influences, if only the gospel can be excluded.

## Evidence of a Good Hope.

1. An inward and heartfelt satisfaction in contemplating the character, and attributes of God, as revealed in the Scriptures. "A spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth."

2. Delight in God's law, its precepts and penalty. 3. Satisfaction in the worship of God, and in the ordinances of the gospel. Secret prayer; family prayer; the prayer-meeting; public worship; the Lord's Supper. 4. A peculiar love to those who are striving to

5. A benevolent affection and desire for the happiness of all mankind. 6. Cheerfulness in practising self denial for Christ's sake; leaving off bad and expensive habits

be like Christ.

for Christ's sake, or for the sake of other people, as for our own sake; giving cheerfully to bless the world and spread religion. 7. A mind to forgive and pray for enemies.

8. Au habitual mind to consult God in all our ways: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" 9. A fixed determination to do every duty to God, to ourselves, to all men.

Remarks. 1, The "assurance of hope" is des 2. Others have obtained it, and why may not

we obtain it? 3. The comfort of a good hope will amply compensate for all the effort which attainment costs. -Christian Secretary

## Responsibility.

A young man, living in the State of Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power, but he had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would he urge his friend to take the social glass in vain.
On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the barkeeper said :

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and the friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunk-ard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and

"Set down that glass." It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word. Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequen-ces of the first glass! Even in his madness for

liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibi-lity of another becoming a drunkard.