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March 26.

March 26.

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THE Managers of this School claim for it a rank second to none, of like pretensions, in the Provinces.

Care has been taken (not without success) to secure the best Teachers, and to make the School, in all respects, worther of carenage.

worthy of patronage.

Miss Emerson, whose past labours in the School have been eminently successful, and whose regard for their well-been eminently successful the successful their well-been eminently successful the succ

Principal.

Mr. Frederick Crawley has charge of the Drawing department, together with French. Mr. Crawley's long residence in Europa, and the attention given there, as also at
Institutions in America, to those branches, are ample guarantee of success.

Miss Crawley has still charge of Instrumental Music;
and Miss Morris, the assistant, gives instruction in Vocal

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Fund paid up and invested . . . £8 212,343 5s. Id. stg Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £743,674 stg. Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 520,459
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AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK, FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS! PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867.

and bus The first and only prizes for Cabinet Organs was awarded to A. Laurilliand. R. LAURILLIARD exh bits a fine toned large Cabinet Organ, with two banks of Keys, Eight Stops,

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Double Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic Swell, of great
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FIRST PRIZE. These Instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 20 per cent. less than can be imported. Every Instrument fully warranted. An inspection re-PIANO WAREROOM—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market PIANO WAREROOM—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market (Oet 17.)

Baptist Seminary !

THE First Term of the Academic Year will commence.
Senior Male and Femile Departments, August 27th,
1868; Junior Male Department, July 28rd, 1868. 1868; Janior Male Department, July 28rd, 1868.

Male Department.

REV. J. E. HOPPER, B. A., Principal, Tutor Classics and Ancient and Modern Literature.

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Science.

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Epward Cadwallader, B. A., Professor Instrume Music. Assistant English Teacher. The year is divided into four Terms of ten weeks each.

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Common English, \$3.00; Higher English, \$5.50; Classics, \$6.50; French, \$2.00 per term extra; Fuel, 50 cents

ry, N. S., Preceptress, with competent Assistants.

Classics, Modern Languages, Music and Drawit g.
Classics, Modern Languages, Music and Drawit g.
Tuition Fees:
Common English, \$4; Higher English, \$5; Classics, \$6;
Modern Languages, \$2 per term extra; Music and Drawing, usual rates.
Suitable Boarding Houses are provided for young ladies in the town at moderate rates.

AGENCY.

AGENCY.

HAVING recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery and appliances for the successful carrying on of the manufacture of VENE-TIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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patterns can be seen.

The Subscribers have always on hand—Doors, Sasnes,

the Subscribers have always on hand have al

der with the atmost despatch and upon the der with the atmost despatch and upon the desp THE RUYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92

Chairman of the Lendon Board.—Samuel Baker, Esq. Chairman in Laverpool.—Charles Turner, Esq. es in the kingdon. al Meeting held in August 1859, the following

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,

GEORGE THOMAS SEORGE THOMAS.

Saton Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B

Insurance Company Agent at St. John.
GEORGE THOMAS.

who is a state of the state of

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

New Series, Vol. VI., No. 53. Whole No. 313

Come, pile them on this mountain top,

"Bring out Your Dead." BY ELLEN H. M. GATES. Bring out your dead, bring out your dead! A great bell tolled and tolled, the foundation of the world." and over sea and over land The dread commandment rolled. Bring out your dead, bring out your dead! One funeral let there be

That all the world may see. Bring out your dead, bring out your dead! The great bell tolled again: The burden-bearers came. Their heads were bowed in speechless shame,

No word of hope was said, As to that dreadful Golgotha They bore dishenered dead. The dead! the dead! the sun that show, Through thrice a thousand years,

Had never looked upon a scene o fit for groaus and tears. Bring out your dead I bring out your dead All nature shrank, appalled, As o'er and o'er the solemn words Each frightened echo called,

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead ! And long processions came, Slow toiling up the mountain side; While tears dropt like the rain. The winds blew wild, the clouds hung low. The very heaven's did frown, That they should climb so near the blue To lay such burdens down.

Pale mothers brought their precious boys-Ah! me! they weighed like lead-And wives their husbands' corpses bore, And lond bewaited their dead. Fair children staggered neath the weight Of fathers - Shame that you, O little ones, so pure and weak. Should have such work to do.

One bitter wail of agony Rolled over the mountain then; Hell from beneath was moved to see That pile of murdered men. Nor sun nor moon was in the sky; Earth shook through all her zones: For oh, what glorious hopes expired Among those whitening bones!

Tell me, I cried, O Earth and Time, What means these sights and sounds? Why with this mournful monument Is the great mountain crowned ? I listened, and this answer dread Tolled slow through heart and brain : "This is the funeral of those -Examiner and Chronicle.

Sermon by Rev. G. A. McNutt. Not long since we referred to a sermon by this

esteemed brother, which had appeared in the Canadian Baptist, and promised an extract from it. The discourse was founded on the Song of Solomon 6, 7: "My beloved is gone down into his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies." The preacher describes the beauty and loveliness of the lily of Palestine, and then shows how it is illustrative of the perfection and glory of Christian character.

The inspired writers in speaking of Christ's people as lilies, no doubt refer to the beauties of holiness in which they are to shine, the comeliness of their appearance when duly apparelled in the graces of the Spirit; but there seems to us a The Boarding Establishment is under the superintend.

Bearting Board, Light, Fuel, and deeper and more important meaning, which we shall endeavour to infold.

The apostle says, "ye are complete in Him,"

Miss Rosis A. Bearting Graduate of Wolfville Semina.

Miss Rosis A. Bearting Graduate of Wolfville Semina.

And connecting this with its context, we find it to

and connecting this with its context, we find it to mean just this In Him dwelt," not part of the fulness, nor most of the fulness, but all of the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Inst as the glorious Shekinah dwelt of old in the tabernacle, so the Godhead was in Him who tabernacled with men. and hence the apostle says, "Ye are filled"—for this is the idea—"out of that fulness," for "out of it, we all receive, and grace for grace," or grace answering to every grace which is found in Christ himself, for we are "created anew after his image," we are given his mind, we are identified with Him in the relationship of brethren, and thus, being "accepted in the Beloved," we stand before God in all the perfectness of his likeness and

And this is true, not of some but of all his Colossian brethren whom he is addressing. It is not only advanced believers, fathers in the Lord, those who are ripe and yellow in the golden graces of the Spirit, but even the newly quickened and newly saved among those people of his care and love. Nor does he intimate that any addition would be made to what he speaks of as com-Plete, for nothing can be added to completeness.
You might as well try to purge a sunbeam, or to cleanse the foam on the billow, or to wash white the pure snow that cometh down in perfectness from heaven, yea, to whiten and make more beautiful the lily itself, as to endeavour to improve the standing of the believer as he appears before

ished and everlasting righteousness.

And, noting particulars here, we observe that Christ's people are complete as it regards atonement. The blood of Christ cleanses, yea, hath cleansed them from all sin. The Lord hath laid on Jesus the iniquities of them all, and God was Christ indging sin in the flesh, taking vengeance on it, executing the curse upon it, when he died upon the cross, and thus he hath made "an end of sin." as it respects the believer in acceptance, having put it away by the sacrifice of himself, Ah! yes, brethren, though your sins be as the drops of the ocean, or the sands of the shore, or as the mistwhole heavens, and brings darkness upon mounthem all, "I have blotted out thy transgressions as a cloud," "I have cast them behind my back," "as far as the east is distant from the west," with stars and systems rolling between so far have I removed your transgressions from you." And thus, brethren, as to all sin upon the conscience and the heart, believers are "as the lily," white and comely, there is no spot nor blemish in them.

But some may be disposed to say, "This may all be very true as it regards the sins we commit before conversion, but what of our every day sins, for what man is there that breatheth, and sinneth not. What has been said refers as much to "every day sins," as the sins we committed "before conversion." Our sins were all future as to God and his purpose of grace in saving the lost. Before ever the cross was recetted, or the garden resonnded with the groans of the curse-bearer, or the hill of Calvary smoked with the blood of expi-

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1868.

ation, the Father said in full view of it all, "your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more."

the serpent,"

And thus it is, brethren, that believers are spoken of as "lilics," as being "complete in all God's "lil" as being "all fair, and spotless, and beautiful.

but in another's person. They have upon them between the beauty of the Lord." They are enwrapped in raiment of needlework, of heavenly workmapship, and thus, as the King's daughter, "they are allglorious within." They are like the woman of pares the table and wields the rod. From one the apocaly pse, "clothed with the sun," even the and the same heart flow both comfort and cross. Sun of Righteonsness, and thas exemplify the God continues our loving and gracious Father import of that gracious name which was formerly in so great favor in the church—they are Chris tophers, or Christ-bearers, and thus it is, also, bretheen, that Christ views his people with such complacency and satisfaction. They are new-created after his own image. He puts upon them his own comeliness, decks them with his cwn jewels, as Isaac did Rebecca, and makes them more beautiful for apparel than Esther ever was ; and hence he rejoices over them as the bridegroom over his bride, and rests in his love, and joys over them with singing, yea, He cometh down to regale his eye with a contemplation of their graces, to feed and refresh himself with the spices of their love and devotion, and the lily whiteness of their spirits sanctified in himself

History of the Week of Prayer.

The week of prayer, which has now been observed for ten years, has become an institution dear to the bearts of Christians all over the world. The remarkable ontponrings of the Spirit of Fod, that have followed the observance of this week in close and constant connection, and the wonderful displays of his power among the nations, causing the wrath of man to praise him, and restraining the remainder thereof, have abundantly testified to his willingness to hear and answer the united prayers of his people.

It is well known that the proposal for this world's concert of prayer, came, not from the heart of Christendom, but with singular appropriateness, from a mission station among the beathen in the worth of India. Two of the missionaries of the Lodiana station of the Presbyterian Board, who first made the suggestion that led to the invitation for the observance of this week, Rev. Mossrs. Morrison and Newton, have recently published a history of the origin of the move-ment to which such signal results in the Christian world can be traced.

he had been pursning the idea of engaging the people of God in earnest, united prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit, having been deeply impressed with the remarkable results of the observance of the first Monday in January 1833, appointed by the General Assembly of the Presby terian church in this country. At the annual meeting of the Lodiana mission in 1858, while the members were engaged three days in united prayer, it was resolved to invite the Christian churches throughout the world, to unite in a concert of prayer. The impression was general that it was from the Lord, and the invitation was issued. It was then suggested that a week be observed instead of a day, and the second veek in January was named, which has since been generally observed.

The call was responded to by Christians in all parts of the world, and almost every quarter of the word has experienced large blessings, in answer to their united prayer. No subject lies so close to the throbbing beart of Christians, when on their knees, or can so move him who inspires and answers prayer, as that which was originally proposed, and should be the great burden of each annual return of this precious week, "that God that all the ends of the earth might see his salva- formed, Beware of the first glass!

The Secretaries of the British, American, French, German, Dutch, Swiss, Swedish and Turkish branches of the Evangelical Alliance, have issued the call for the observance of the first week in January, 1869, as a week of prayer, and have suggested appropriate topics for consideration on its successive days. This will call forth a general response from those who love to ever may follow their united supplications, that shall encourage the faith and quicken the zeal of all who long for the salvation of the world.

On CENSURE. -" For my own part," said Rev. John Newton, " If my pocket was full of stones, I have no right to throw one at the greatest backslider upon earth. I have either done as bad or the world, and staff of her declining years. the standing of the believer as he appears before worse than he, or I certainly should if the Lord Aye, he was her support even then, but she God arrayed in the robes of Christ's perfect, fin- had left me a little to myself; for I am made of did not know it. She never realized that it was

> The following is from a sermon addressed to a the brink of a dark despair. congregation in Turkey, in a community all of But the son has forgetten the mother's tender to be given to lying. "Now, you know that all home be is cold, selfish, heartless. "Mother has with his feet down in the oven, are addicted to old woman," wrinkled, gray, lame and blind.

> for all; well if we can, ill if we must. Would a longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nonrman who saw fire bursting out from his neighbour's ished through a careless childhood, but, in rewindows refuse to shout the alarm because the turn for all this wealth of tenderness, has only city bells could sound it londer and farther? We given back reproach. Reader, are you guilty of world is burning. The flames of God's wrath are

party of Carpet . In these tree . The world de Citing of the 100 Prince of all the

Visiting a friend one day, Gotthold found him They were all prospective, uncommitted and un seated with his family at table, and observed that perpetrated when we were a chosen in Him before the children all received a due portion of food, and the foundation of the world."

But some are constrained to ask again, "What but, that beside the father's plate, there was also as to the removal of sin from my wicked heart lying con the table a rod, to warn them against improprieties of conduct and manners. He therewithin me be considered pardoned?' Oh, breth- upon observed to his friend: You treat your children, when will we fully understand the gospel, for the gospel is this, and nothing less, that sin—side in the act; and sin in the nature; or the flesh, the old creation, or the first Adam's progeny—has been already dealt with, and expiated and buried and washed completely away, finally and forever by "the blood of the cross." The heel of "the best of the blood of the cross." The heel of "the best of the best of seed of the woman" there crushed "the head of given us an almost similar emblem in Sacred

when He chastises and corrects, no less than when He refreshes and comforts us. A good man once pertinently said, that it was a doubtful matter whether bread or chastisement

was best for children, because, while bread wanecessary for them to live, chastisement was necessary for their living well. Even so must we too, confess that the dear cross is as needful to us as life itself and far more needful and salutary than all the blesings and honors of the world. In heaven, the glorified spirits, who now fully understand its mystery, and enjoy, in the everlasting rest, the sweet fruit which grow upon this thorny brier, will thank the all-wise and gracious God, especially f r his holy cross and fatherly correction, without which they would never have reached the seat of bliss and glory. Let us also learn this lesson, and say from the heart: It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Whether we like it or not, the Lord our God will not change his ways. Whoever wishes to be his child, must take bread and sorrow together from his hand. No guest at his table need think it strange to see the rod upon it, and be obliged often to eat his heavenly Father's bread moistened with tears. Here, in this world, it cannot be otherwise : but when we shall one day sit at his table in heaven, every rod shall be cast into the fire.

O, my Fatherd I am becoming accustomed, by degrees, to the ways, and have no objection to feel that there is an awkward gap in their system the rules of thy domestic government. Daily do of life. The Hindoo upper classes are too intel-I strive to learn, not only to relish the bread, but lectual to be grossly sensual. Baboos repudiate also to kiss the rod .- Gotthold's Emblems.

A Young Man's History in Brief.

I first saw him in a social party; he took but single glass of wine, and that at the earnest solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been ntroduced I next saw him, when he supposed be was un-

een, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire by his sordid indulgence, and thought there was no danger. I next saw him, late in the evening, in the

street, anable to walk home. The assisted him thither, and we parted a store of I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery

and a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blaspheiny were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and mo-

tionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow : his mother wept that she had ever given birth to I returned home musing on his future state.

opened the Bible and read : " Drunkards shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

When a boy our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of you. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my tectotalism; when I arged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me and scouted at the bare sug gestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had would now poor out his Spirit upon all fesh, so the glass on the table, and there the appetite was

"The Old Woman."

Once she was "Mother," and it was, "Mother, I'm hungry," "Mother, mend my jacket," and "Mother, put up my dinner," and "Mother," with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affecpray, and we trust that more signal results than tion for the impetuous, little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with

Now, she is the " old woman," but she did not think then that it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful leve. Neverwas there a more noble son than he-honored of

just the same materials. If there be any differ- her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil, ence it is wholly of grace." that his slender form was all that upbeld her over

phose members, with one exception, were known ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of f you, except Brother Sarkis, who sits over there no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is " the lying; and God means you when he says, 'All Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.'" To speak for Jesus, to toil for Jesus, is the one law it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it

Social Life in India.

Old Series.

Vol. XXI., No. 53.

"Carlton," whose interesting letters from abroad form one of the most interesting features of the Boston Journal, thus writes of Hindoo society:

let us take a look at one of their homes. The family is patriarchal. The father is the head; his sons bring their wives home one after anthus populous, the head of the family has quite as much as he can attend to in settling family They are wholly ignorant; they know not a letter of their language. Whe should a woman They cannot go upon the street. If they neighbor, it must be in a close palanquin, their faces veiled. They know nothing except family gossip. They cannot do the plainest sewing. The little tow-head on the lowest seat of an infant school in America, making petchwork, can use the needle more dettly than most of the wives of the millionaire Baboos.

Think of your little rosy-cheeked darling who climbs upon your knees for her good-night kiss, being affianced in marriage at the age of five, and at twelve being a bride, shut up for the rest of her days with nothing to do-no knittingwork, no bed quilts to make, no knowledge of needle work; surrounded with books, yet not knowing a letter; her room a blank wall; her daily daties for the remainder of life being the performance of her daily paojea, a worship of a little brass or stone image in the form of a monkey, or a figure with six arms and four faces; hanging flowers round its neck, sprinkling it with water, bowing before it, walking around it, talking to it as little girls do to their dolls, lighting little wax tapers; nothing but this, except to dandle her children, bring food to the husband, and cat her own, and rearrange the folds of cloth which answers for a garment; doing this and sleeping the rest of the time from morning till night, from night till morning, through the twenty-four hours, the weeks, the months, the years, from childhood to old age! Such is the daily, unvarying life of the Hindoo women of the upper classes.

The Baboos, who read Shakespeare, who know what is going on in America, even to the rappings of the spirits, who will discuss the Theism of Theodore Parker with you, are beginning to Brigham Young. They are not polygamists; are love their children, especially if they are sons. But there is no Eve in their paradise. They come home from the counting house when the day's work is done, read a play from Shakespeare, or an article from Blackwood, or Longfellow's last poem, and then comes the painful reflection that the wife, so far as all this is concerned, is an idiotal Many of the Data the have their wives educated; but the women, knowing nothing of the sweets of knowledge, as a rule manifest but little desire to obtain an education. Yet they are desirous of learning embroidery. Those who have undertaken to do something toward raising the women of this land from degradation have seized upon this, and are using it to great advantage.

Being His own Pilot. A bright boy, who strongly loved the sea,

entered upon a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion and while quite a young man, was made master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the vovage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port. Anchor! no, rot I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide." "I thought perhaps you would signal for a pilot:" "I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old bronzed and gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young captain and besought him to take the wider course, but be only laughed at their fears and repeated his promise to be in dock at daybreak. He was ashore before day break. We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind and the wild orders to get the life-boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised tossed sportively apon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of-a toy that the tempest was tired of playing with and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder - fatal, suicidal blurder. O, young men beware of being your own pilot. Take the true and able Pilot on board who can stride upon those waves, who can speak "Peace, he still," to that rough Boreas, so that " with Christ in the vessel you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And, encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time A MONSTER EVIL - Read and ponder the strong

words-not too strong of Dr. Guthrie on the greatest evil the world knows. He says :-

Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls in this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the causewhatever be their source elsewhere - of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the world is burning. The flaines of God's wrath are sweeping on to consume the impenitent; and all who have found sanctuary in the Gospel must help to swell the warning cry—the voices of the pew responding in chorus to the more thunderous bells of the pulpit.

When men hear me speaking of myself, how can they know whether I speak truth or not. For "no man knows what is done in man, expectated to pay the contribution of the spirit that is in man,"—Avanting. misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all

He surely never prays at all who does not end the day as all men wish to end their lives-in

Envious people are very miserable, because the happiness of others torments them as much as their own misery.—Agis,

. Will post to a well Prince Than surveys

Managara M. Sala

THE OFFICE OF THE

CHRISTIAN VISITOR

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. P.

REV. I. E. BILL Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business

Che Christian Visitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELEGIOUS AND SECULAR.

Anecdote of Baron Rothschild.

A short time ago the Baron Von Rothschild took a walk in Patis, and suddenly found himself behind the Pantheon, in a part of the city with which he was not familiar. He entered the shop "To comprehend domestic life among Hindoos, of the deafer in old curiosities, and "discovered among a great deal of worthless trumpery an old barometer, of the time of Louis XVI., the carving of which was exceedingly well preserved. The baron, who is a conneisseur of such things, immediately resolved to buy the parometer. The price was ten francs, and Rothschild, glad to get t so cheap, put his band in his pocket to give the woman who kept the store a ten franc piece. Unfortunately, he discovered that he had left his pocket book at home.

"Well, never mind," he said: "I will take the barometer, anyhow. Send it to my frouse. I am troubles. Think of the life of these women le Baron Rothschild, The money will be paid to

you at my house." of other data like the second of the "I do not know your name, monsiour," replied for. The baron was greatly puzzled. He had never

dreamed that anybody could be ignorant of his name, but, as he happened to be in very good humor, he felt highly amused, and was just about to give her some information as to who he was, when he saw a Commissionaire pass by on the other side of the street. He beckoned tochim, and when the honest Anvergnat stood before him he asked him:

"Do you know, perhaps, Baron Rothschild ?" "That is a funny question, sir. Rothschild! Why, that is our money-king. Why do you ask the question?" he said, growlingly; for he supposed it was a mere mystification.

"Because madame here refuses to trust him for ten francs," said Rothschild, pointing to the

"Is that really true, Madame Duclos?" cried the Commissionaire in surprise.

"Yes; you see, Mons. Pierre, we cannot know every body in the world," replied the woman in confusion. "I know you, and if you will go the gentleman's security-'

At these words the baron burst into a fit of "Very well, Monsieur Pierre," he said, " if you

go and fetch me a back, and then carry this barometer to my house." The Commissionaire received a very handsome reward at the house of the rich millionaire for

will go my security, do so; but above all things,

going security for Baron Rothschild.

What noble Willie did.

"Pa, I have signed the pledge," said a little boy to his father, on coming home one evening: will you help me keep it?" "Certainly," said the father.

"Well. I have brought a copy of the pledge : will you sign it, papa? "Nonsense, nonsense, my child! What could do when my brother officers called"-the father had been in the army-"if I was a tectotaler?"

"But do try, papa ?" "Tut, tut; why, you are quite a little radical." "Well, you won't ask me to pass the bottle,

mise not to ask you to touch it." Some weeks after that, two officers called to pend the evening.

"What have you to drink ?" said thev. "Have rou any more of that prime Scotch ale ?" " No." he said, "I have not, but I shall get

"Here, Willy, run to the store and tell them to send some bottles up. The boy stood before his father respectfully, but did not go.

"Come, Willy; why, what's the matter? Come, run along." He went, but came back presently without any bottles.

" Where's the ale. Willy?" "I asked for them at the store, and they put it noon the counter, but I could not touch it. Oh, pal pal don't be angry; I told them to send it up, but I could not touch it myself !"

The father was deeply moved, and, turning to his brother officers, he said : " You hear that, gentlemen? You can do as you, please. When the ale comes, you may drink it, but not another drop after that shall be drunk in my house, and not another drop shall pass my lips. Willy, have you your temperance pledge?"

"Oh, pa, I have."

" Bring it, then !" And the boy was back with it in a moment. The father signed it, and the little fellow elung around his father's neck with delight. The ale came, but no one drank, and the bottle stood on

the table untouched. Children, sign the pledge, and ask your parents to help you keep it. Don't touch the bottle, and try to keep them from touching it .- Youths' Temperance Banner.

A NEGRO'S PRAYER FOR HIS TEACHER .- " O Lord, bless de teacher who come so far to 'struct us in de way to heaven. Rock her in de cradle of love! Backen de word of power in her heart. dat she may have souls for her hire, and many stars in her crown in de great gittin' up morma when de general roll is called. And when all de battles is over, may she fall all kivered with victory, be buried wid de honors of war, and rise to wear de long white robes in glory, and walkin de shinin' streets in silver slippers, down by de golden sunrise, close to de great white throne; and dere may she strike glad hands wid all her dear scholars, and praise you, O Lord, forever and forever, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

GOOD ADVICE- Never shirk your duties, however low and mean they may seem to you. Remember that to do as well as ever you can what happens to be the only thing within your power to do, is the best and surest preparation for bigher service. Should things go against you, never give way to debilitating depression; but be bopeful, brave, courageous careful not to waste in vain and unavailing regret the power you will need for endurance and endeavor. Learn well your business, whatever it may be; make the best of every opportunity for acquiring any sort of knowledge that may enlarge your acquaintance with business in general, and enable you to take advantage of any offer or opening that may come. Above all things, remember that character is essential to success in life, and that that character is the best which is real and thorough -true and geomic to the core-which has nothing underlying it of the consciousness of scoret sin, a videlin a vd. costada

The threatenings of God's law are the hourse voice of his love saying, Man, do thyself no harm.

It is not what we cat, but what we digest that makes us fat-not what we make, but what we save, that makes us rich -pot what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise.

Men spend their lives in the service of their passions, instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.