THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Is Published every THURSDAY, by

BARNES & Co.. AT THEIR OFFICE, 60 Prince William Street. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TERMS :- Cash in Advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR affords an excellent medium for advertising.

The "Visitor" for 1868.

Many thanks to the good brethren who have ren-dered us such timely and kindly aid in conducting and in circulating our denominational organ in the past. We need scarcely add that the Visitor confidently relies upon a continuance of their valuable assistance for a successful future. It affords us unmingled pleasure to be able to say at the close of some fifteen years of anxious toil in the management of the Visitor, that, so far as we know, there is not a pastor or missionary of the Baptist body in New Brunswick who is not prepared to do cheerfully what he can by his pen and in all proper ways to help us forward in our responsible work. We have now several very valuable articles on hand by our city pastors, just adapted to the necessities of our churches,

all of which will appear in successive issues, and cannot but be exceedingly useful.

In addition to the assistance rendered by those esteemed brethren of New Brunswick, we rejoice to say that our editorial columns will be enriched in future by the able pen of Rev. Dr. Crawley of Acadia College on subjects of lege on subjects of paramount interest to the denomination. The first of a series of excellent papers from his pen on "Baptist Polity," appears in our present issue. Rev. George Armstrong, of Bridgetown, will also give variety and strength to our editorial columns by the able productions of his matured mind. A ready writer in Halifax will supply a weekly resume of Nova Scotia news of latest date, and a St. John young gentleman of excellent literary attainments will furnish a condensed weekly review of the news

of the world. The reading space on our last page will contain a choice story for the young.

For the purpose of encouraging efforts to extend the circulation of the Visitor, we make the following proposition—viz.: Every minister of the Gospel, and other friends, who will send us the names and address of three new subscribers, with the advance pay (six dollars) enclosed, will receive a copy of the Visitor each for one year free of charge by us.

We send specimen copies of this week's issue to non-subscribers, with the understanding that if they wish to obtain the paper by adopting our proposition as above, or by paying for a single subscription, they will have the opportunity of doing so; if they do not wish the paper, they will please return it by mail. Our ministers and readers generally must bear in mind that the value of their denominational paper must be somewhat preportioned to the extent of the subscription list. A good paying list will be of the subscription list. A good paying list will be sure to provide good paper, good type and all the other good things which go to make up a first class journal. Our expenses will be increased by the new tariff, which puts 15 per cent, on printing paper. The tax on newspapers, we are informed, does not come into effect until April next.

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Many as I Lo REV. 111. 19. ov as I love!

ows a upon our sunn Darkess and sorrow The shadows Amid our treasres, in our joy-built bowers; Yet this sweet omfort ever may be ours—
As may as I love!

As rany as I love! To human eye God's dealings oft seem dark! But e would only prove
The sunlight were the cloud alone we mark;
He says, if wonded souls would only hark, As many as I love!

Oh, burdenedsorrowing heart, this is for thee! Is meteing on these trials but to be The measure fa good thou caust not see: any as I love!

eany as I love! Oh-! earth's ch reaches from above! frailties-change, and But this onthought gives everlasting bliss-

many as I love ! recones are the bearers of the cross, beir Christian faith to prove All earth yeain is counted but as loss, When Gorsays—clearing from the drossrain is counted but as loss, s many as I love!

many as I love!

as many as I love! it, work, pain, and waiting all are o'er, or earth tied feet shall move on streets on the celestial shore, And weshall sing with saints for evermore-As many as I love!

For the Christian Visitor The Pleiades.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid. In order to distinguish the stars from one ano-

ther the ancients divided the heavens into different portions or spaces, called constellations, or groups of stars. They supposed each group to occupy a space which a lion, a bear, a man, a harp, or other object would fill if it were there delineated; and hence the different constellations were depicted as if they had borne a resemblance to dragons, dogs, rams, altars, ships, and similar objects, whether imaginary or real. The invention of the constellations, particularly those of the Zodiac, is generally attributed to the Chal-deans, or the Egyptians; but most probably the merit, such as it is, is due to the former, although the Egyptians appear at a very early period to have derived the knowledge of astronomy from the inhabitants of Chaldea, and imparted it to the ancient Greeks and other nations.

The first series of constellations which were

formed appear to have been those of the Zodiac. Finding that the year consisted neither of twelve or thirteen lunations, in order to know the precise bounds of the annual course of the sun, they were under the necessity of carefully examining what stars were successively obscured in the evening by the motion of the globe, and what stars after emerging from its rays shewed themselves again before the dawn of day. In another artimethod which the first astronomers used to de-termine exactly the course which the sun describes in the heavens, and to thus divide the year into equal portions.

The constellations which pass our meridian in the months of January, February and March, present to us the most brilliant and interesting portion of the beavens, embracing an annular number of stars of the highest order and brightness; all so conspicuously situated that the most inexperienced can easily trace them out.

Among the most beautiful at this season is the PLEIADES. The Syrian name of them is Succoth or Succoth-Benoth, Jerived from a Chaldaic word which signifies "to speculate, to observe," and the "men of Succoth," (2 Kings xvii. 30) have been thence considered observers of the stars. The ancients described them as the seven daughters of Atlas, and the nymph Pleiome. They are said to have died of grief for the loss of their sisters. The Hyades and the pitying gods changed them to stars, in memory of the purity of their lives, and as an eternal testimonial to the power of the "Friendships of Women."

This charming cluster of stars is situated in the shoulder of Taurus, which is now the second sign and third constellation of the Zodiac, and may be easily traced in the evening in the eastern sky. It receives its name from the Greek word, meaning to sail, because it was considered by the ancients, at this season of the year, "the star of the ocean" to the benighted mariner. It is also called the Seven Stars, and sometimes Virgilae or Virgins of the Spring, because the sun enters this cluster in the season of blossoms, about the 18th of May. It came to the meridian ten minutes before nine o'clock on the evening of the 1st of January, and now with royal grace this constellation sits enthroned high in the empyrean, and leads the host of glittering stars that make the winter sky "tremulous with excess of brightness."
There is a fascination about this group of stars, which is not attached to any other in the broad concave. There is a mystery in its history which lends a charm to its sparkling gems. What has become of the missing one among the bright sisterhood? Mythology tells us Merope married a mortal, and therefore is her star dim among her sisters. Who was the favored mortal for whose fove she gave her immortality and shining place in the starry sky, History is silent as to the de tails. We once saw a stereoscopic view, representing her just as she had fallen from the sky. She lay extended on the ground, the sleep of death stealing over her beautiful features, and the torch of life grasped in her dying hand, was pointed downward, and just expiring. Byron has im-

"Like the lost Pleiade, seen no more on earth." The name of the Pleiades are Alc. one, Merope, Maia, Electra, Tayeta, Sterope and Celeno. Five of them of the fourth and lifth magnitude are grouped around Alcyone of the third magnitude, which from being the brightest star of the cluster is called the Light of the Pleiades. Only six stars guent upon the large boaus related and to no less than \$20 per can be seen with the naked eve, but the telescope reveals from fourteen to two hundred, according to its power. One of the first uses that Galileo made of his newly discovered telescope, was carefully to examine this cluster, and finding there forty stars, triumphantly refuted the time-honored doctrine of the human destiny of the universe, that the fixed stars were made only to light the dearth. The posts have celebrated them as an

Christian Misilor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1868.

index of time, and a guide to the surrounding

stars. Hesiod says: "When Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise Before the sun above the dawning skies,
"Tis time to reap; and when they sink below
The morn-illumined West, 'tis time to sow."

"Then first on seas the shallow alder swam : Then sailors quartered heaven and found a name For every fixed and every wandering star— The Pleiades, Hyades and the Northern Car."

What gem more exquisite is there in Hebrew poetry than, "Cans't thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" and "Seek him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night." But to bright Alcyone, Light of the Pleiades, is given the great honor of being the CENTRAL SUN of our astra! universe. Look reverently upon the fittle star, bow humbly before the power then enthroned, while a feeling of unutterable awe takes possession of the soul, seeking to comprehend the systems of suns upon suns with their revolving worlds, which in obedience to the great law of gravitation, in perfect harmony revolve about this beaming

The honor of the discovery of this brilliant hypothesis is due to M. Maedler, of the observatory of Dorpat. Taking as his starting point the discovery of Herschel, that our sun is one of the great astral system forming the Milky Way, and is situated not far distant from the centre of the stratum, and near the line where the principal current of stars divides into two great streams; recognizing the law of gravitation as extended to the fixed stars from the actual demonstration of the revolution of sun around sun in the binary systems., From point to point, from star to star the great astronomer groped his way, subjecting each to the severest tests, employing in the operation seven years of the closest and most patient research, until at length his efforts were rewarded, and he found a star fulfilling in a remarkable manner the requisitions demanded by the nature of the problem.

This star is Aleyone; and, accepting his theory, is at present THE SUN around which the universe of stars comprising our astral system is revolv ing. The known parallax of certain fixed stars give us the approximate parallax of Al cyone, and shows us that such is the distance of our sun from the central star about which it performs its revolutions, that it takes the light 537 on the angular motion of the sun and system as already determined, it will take more than eighteen millions of years for one revolution around this grand centre. St. John, January, 1868.

For the Christian Visitor.

Jewish Civilization at the time of Christ. At the birth of Christ, Palestine was a Province of Rome. The government was a military despotism, administered by Governors appointed by the Roman Senate, and by their subordinates. These rulers only sought to get the most money they could out of the people. Everything was taxed; exports and imports. Every article gold paid a special tax; every man paid a tax on his property; a poll tax for himself, and every old ing close by. A breath from its peaceful coolbachelor a special tax for his independence. The of justice, practically the Governors and centuri-ons were the only judges, a d from their decision there was no appeal. Mal-administration of go-vernment rendered robbery and brigandage common, and life and property insecure. The people is consequence were forced to live in towns and villages. Farm houses and villas were unknown. The houses of the peasantry, built of mud, contained but one room, and at night afforded shelter to the cattle as well as to their owners. The houses of the better classes were built of brick or stone, around an open court yard; they were sometimes luxuriously furnished, but could not be called comfortable. They were never plaster, ed; they had no fire-place, were warmed, if at all, by fire built in a brazier placed on the floor.

The window was a simple hole in the wall,
which admitted rain as well as son light.— The housekeeping was simple, bread and fruits being the principal articles of diet. The dresses worn in those days, though simple in structure. were luxuriant and ornate in form.

The following is a description of a Jewish belle: She had rings in her ears and nose, a gold chain about her neck, bracelets covering her arm from the shoulder to the wrist, her hands ornamented with costly rings; her flowing robes of white, richly embroidered with gold and scarlet, were gathered about her person with pins of precious stones, while on her ancles were manacles of gold which, chained together, ompelled her to adopt a mineing gate, and, tinkling at every step, made it literally true of her that "she has music wherever she goes."

The roads were mule paths over the mountains: a few two wheel carts were the only carriages, and were of little use; men generally travelled on foot. There were no inns, but resting places where travellers could get shelter and cook their

There were but few manufacturers, and but little foreign commerce. The merchants were generally peddlers and hucksters, and on great national feast days erected temporary booths about the city gates for the sale of their wares. resembling somewhat agricultural fairs in our day. The chief employment of the people was agricul-ture, which was, however, rade in its materials and implements. Vineyards covered the hill

sides from the foot to the summit. Great is the contrast of the civilization of the Jews at the period above alluded to with the civispread of Christianity.

Souls' REST. - The needle point in the seanan's compass never stands still but quivers and shakes till it comes right against the North Pole. The wise men of the East never stood still, till they were right against the star which appeared unto them; and the star itself never stood still, till it came right against that other star which shone more brightly in the manger than the sau did in the firmament. And Noah's dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot all the while she was fluttering over the flood, till she returned to the a.k with an olive branch in her mouth. So the heart of every true Christian, which is the

(From the Watchman and Reflector.) John Holbrook's Punishment.

Only a lonely, solitary man, standing there un-der the summer sky; so lonely and so solitary that it seemed as if earth rejected and heaven had forsaken him. Behind him, a quarter of a mile, lay a great gray pile of buildings -a State Prison—and glancing at them, and his closely shaven head, you might have asked if it was not his own fault. Doubtless. And for the rest of us, sarely we never deserve punishments we do not receive, vengeance that is not swift to over-

take us. Because he got his due, in full measure, pressed down and running over, it is well that the rest of us should amuse ourselves by throw-ing stones at him.

Yet not even in the one sin which worked his

woe was he the sole offender. A great fraud had been perpetrated by a company of men, and he -not more guilty, but less subtle than the rest -had been the scape-goat whose doings came within reach of the law, and brought upon him its penalty, while the others escaped.

To day his prison doors had been opened, and after seven years he stood once more a free man,

under the free sky. Seven years, and then the jubilee; but for him what was there to rejoice in -what meaning had freedom? When those orison walls shut him in they had shut him away from every thing he cared for in life. He had loved his wife so well that she filled his horizon as the sun does the sky at mid-day there had been no room for any stars to shine. So her loss had been the chief of his miseries, and that loss was total. She had never looked upon him after his conviction. He saw her face in the court room when the judge was reading his sentence—a set, wide-eyed face, white with eagerness. Their child, a little girl of four, with wistful eyes and tender mouth, was in her arms; but he had never cared much about the child, her mother had filled his heart so full. When his sentence of doom was uttered he had seen that woman's face only, and it had seemed to him to harden into

He thought fate had done her worst when he was shut away from his wife. But a vet heavier blow awaited him, in the silence of his prisonhouse; for even through the prison walls the tid-ings penetrated that she, his wife, had sued for a divorce from him and obtained it. After that, he years to travel the distance; and if we can rely longed to die, but he only tasted the bitterness of death with the lips of life. So to-day he stood in his freedom alone.

And as he stood, a voice seemed to fall from the summer sky, and say, " Go home, John Holbrook, go home." But what home had he to go to ! Jane had married again, doubtless. At any rate she had east him off; and, of course, she would have taught their child to hate him. But still the voice urged, and now it seemed like a

ness seemed to soften the sultry heat of the snmprivilege of collecting the taxes was sold in Rome to the highest bidders, who employed the worst class of people in their collection; these were the publicans of the New Testament. . As to couris might be in the old home now; but at least he could stand in the cool garden shadows, and drink some water out of the old well. Then he be thought him of his shabby clothes and his empty pockets. His home was nearly fifty miles away, He could walk there in time, but to what end?

Better lie down and die at once. He turned his face toward the place where he had lived seven years. It seemed to him just then that it was the only home for him in the world; and he was tempted to go back and beg them to open its door to him again. As he looked, he saw the chaplain driving down the hill.-He had missed Chaplain Marcy when he came away, and now he would wait till he should come by, to say a few words of thanks to his Christlike sonl, who had been kind to him through the years of his disgrace, The chaplain drew rein,

as he came near.
"I meant to be back before you left, Holbrook," he said, cheerfully, "but I just missed it, so I came on to overtake you. I want to know what your plans are. I've taken too much inter est in you to be willing to lose sight of you al together."

"I have no plans. You know about my wife. and that I've no home to go to. I've been longing to see the old place, even if nobody in it be longed to me any more. I want to hear some-thing, too, about my child. But I must try, first, to find a little work. I don't want to go home in these clothes, and I must have some money." "That's just what I came to speak about," Chaplain Marcy said, cheerfully. "Come home with me for to-night, and you shall make a fresh start in the morning, with some other clothes, and money enough to take you home and bring you back here if you want to come. If you don't care to stay, after you get there, just get back here, and I'll help you to some sort of hon-

A deep flush of emotion overspread John Ho! brook's face, and his voice was husky as he an-

" I'll pay you, sir, if I live, for the money and the clothes; but I never can pay you for being my friend when I thought I stood all alone in the

The next afternoon John Holbrook got out of the stage, at the Easport inn, and went along the highway with throbbing pulses toward his old home. He stopped just in front of the garden, and looked in between the tree boughs. Were lization of the present day, and of the rapid pro-gress still making through the influence and For a moment he half expected to see little todstrangers there, or did his own live there still dling four years old feet trotting through the grass-edged paths. Then he remembered that httle Jenny must be eleven now. Would he know her if he should see her? He should know her mother, at any rate. Eternity itself couldn't change Jane so that he would not know her.

While he looked a young girl came out into the garden, and sat down by the old moss grown well. Was it his child, or a stranger? He watch ed her closely. She seemed to be in bitter grief. Soon she lifted up her sad eyes, and he saw her mother's looks in her face. As he watched, she grew dearer every moment. He began to feel the full tide of a father's love throbbing in his heart, and to wonder how it was he had lived in the same world with her bitherto, and never untill it have the silver wings of a dove, and with the olive branch of faith, fly to the true Noah, which signifieth "Rest," till Christ put forth his hand out of the ark, and taking it in, receive it to him self.—Old Writer. ide, and spoke to her:
"I am tired. May I come in for a drink of

The character of a man is a good deal known by the tendency of his thoughts in his leisure "Certainly," she tenwered, with quick courtemoments.—Peley.

So he went in, a stranger in the old scenes, and sat down by the well. The girl-his girl -offered him a drink of cool, clear water, the taste of BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. which he remembered so well ; and then she sat down again and buried her face in her hands.

> tle while she got up to go.
> "Are you in trouble?" something moved him o ask her. She evidently had no distrust of him, stranger though he was. The quiet of her life had spared

seeming to forget that he was there. After a lit-

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her that lesson. "Yes," she answered, " in very sad trouble, indeed. My mother is very sick. She has not known me at all, to day; and they think she will not live till morning. Dr. Green made me come out here, because he said I looked so tired."

Jane going to die! His Jane! He struggled a moment for the mastery over himself before he asked his next question.

"Isn't your father there?"
"No, sir,"

" Is he dead ?"

To save his life he could hardly have helped asking this. She was his -he had a right to know whether she understood or cared about his faie. He was not prepared for the white pain that crept into her young, wistful face. "Oh, I wish I knew, I wish I knew," she cried,

with a passionate voice and gesture. "Dou't you know?" he asked, not even pity for her pain strong enough to restrain him.

She shook her head mournfully.

"I just remember, long ago, some one for whose coming my mother used to watch and wait, with me in her arms. I think it must have been my father; but that was years ago, and I have never seen him in all the time since. If ever I ask about him, mother only says, . Child. that is something never to be talked about between us; but her face grows so set and stern it

makes me cold." "May I go in and see your mother?" He tried to keep his tones calm as he asked the question. "I used to live in this place once Perhaps I knew her. She may be an old friend of mine.

"I wonder if she is ?" the girl said eagerly, brightening up for the moment with the vague idea of some help in friendship which other things had failed to give. "Her name is Jane Hol brook." "I knew her very well, then, very well," he

On the threshold be met Dr. Green, and as little Jenny ran in before him the eyes of the two men encountered each other in instant recogni-"I am going in to see my wife," John Hol

said lingeringly, getting up to follow the child.

brook said, quietly. Dr. Green's face was full of compassion. He waited a silent moment, then said, as tenderly as

"You did not know, I suppose, that she got a divorce from you almost seven years ago?" "Yes, I know." The man's voice was hoarse.

I knew all: but I must see her once more be for she dies." The doctor stood aside to let him pass, saving

to himself-"Let him go, let him go. She's too far gone to be troubled by it. She won't know him now." But his science was at fault. Those who were watching Jane Holbrook saw a change pass over her face when she heard her husband's footsteps in the kitchen outside. The moment he cro-sed the threshold of her room, she started up with

strength they thought had forsaken her forever,

and cried out in a clear, loud voice-"You shall not take little Jane away. You cannot; the law gave her to me." "Heaven forbid that I should take her from you. I came to see you. You and I used to love

each other once, Jane." His voice had a pitiful quivering in it. His eyes saw nothing but the dying woman on her bed. I do not think either of them knew that there was another soul in the room.

"I know it, but you committed a great crime." "Yes,' he said sadly; "and you were always o good."

He meant the words in simple literalness, but she took them as irony.

"I know I wasn't perfect," she said, "but I never did anything like that anything to disgrace an honest name, and shame every one who belonged to me. But I did love you, John, I think if I hadn't I would not have taken it so hard. I was so proud. But somehow, now I'm lying here, I can't feel about it as I used. I believe I'm ready now to forgive you; and its the

sofbing passionately. He reached out his hand nd took hers into it, and held it to his quivering Oh, Jane! do you mean it sure and true ?

John Holbrook was kneeling beside her bed

first time in all these years.

Will you forgive me, just as if it never had happened?"

"Yes, I forgive you. I need forgiveness too nuch myself to die with scorn or anger in my heart. I do forgive you; and I never stopped loving you, John, never for one hour. It was only my pride that was so strong."
"But you will live, Jane, you will get better

and live, now-for me, if you love me-for me." "I wish I could," she said slowly; "but it's oo late. I believe I began to die seven years

"And I killed you !" The words burst from his lips like a wail of agony. She drew nearer to him, and got her arm over his shoulder.

"No, it wasn't you, John. It was my own pride. If I had been a true, Christian woman I should have lived, in the hope to comfort you some day, and do you good. But it's too late now. Seeing you has brought me back from the very jaws of death. I couldn't speak before you came, But this won't last. I know that all the springs of life bave failed."

"And you won't even die as my wife. O, if could only mourn for you feeling that you were "Yes, I'd ondo all that if I could."

"Will you - now? Will you let some one narry us again -for the next world, this time ?" No young lover ever asked such a question with half John Holbrook's passion of pleading -the entreaty of a soul that would not be de-

She had enough comprehension still of the world which she was leaving to feel what this thing would be to him; and, now that the old enderness had flowed back into her heart like a full tide, she longed to give him this proof of her ove-make so much atonement to him before hearts.—Douglas Jerrold. would have kept her up, for already her eyes were glazing. Her very voice was failing her again, as she answered—

"Yes, John, yes; but hurry."

THE OFFICE 58 PRINCE WILLIAM STR

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

those two, husband and wife once, quite alone, save little Jane, whom no one noticed, and who was kneeling at the bed's foot, hearing every thing, seeing every thing, and beginning to understand that this was her own true father, come back after all the long, sad years. "We want some one," John Holbrook said.

priest or justice, whoever can be got first, to marry us."

"I will," Dr. Green answered. "It is well to hasten things, and I hold a commission as justice of the peace.' So, in three minutes more John Holbrook's

wife of the old time was all his own again-his and death's. He took her in his arms. He pressed his

mouth wildly to hers, so cold, so cold. He caught the words coming faintly through her stiff-

"Now Jenny will be yours and I am yours again, too, before I die."

And then the lips closed, and the eyes looked at him till all speculation passed out of them, and they only saw heaven. His voice had called her back for an hour, when already she was crossing the silent river; but now death had his own again, and John Holbrook held in vain in his arms the woman he loved. There would never more be word for him from those still lips, or look from those sightless eyes.

They took her from him at last, and made him go out. He obeyed silently, but except this passive obedience he gave no sign of feeling or sense. until Jenny came up to him, and laid her head on his shoulder. His arms closed round her then with a convulsive pressure, and he groaned out-"O, child, child, if I could only have died with

your mother !" "And then I should have been all alone," she whispered, "with no one to live for me. I think, father, God will help us to comfort each other."

"Father." He had not realized before how sweet that word might be. He held her close, and close-this one thing left to be his own; and around them the twilight of the summer day fell softly, and they thought a presence gentle and viewless was in the room, glad, at last, to have given them to each other. down mebers a -- red

Mr. Spurgeon on Penny Readings.

When the Penny Reading, or the lecture, is elevating in moral tone, let every right-minded man be thankful for it; but when it is a broad farce, a coarse comedy, a silly love song, or worse, it is altogether out of place in connection with Christian men, their schools and associations Leto of the church enter into rivalry with the theatre, and we know which will get the better of it : on in our side such contention would be all loss and no gain. We would by no means interdict the use of wit and humor; far otherwise, we hold that our plentiful use is frequently justifiable and advisable; we should like to see a more abundant spice of them, not only in lectures, but in sermons and in religious books; but there must be an end and a purpose in the humour, or it bearen comes idle jesting, which is not convenient. "To be make men laugh at folly, at superstition, at meanness-to pour ridicule upon contemptible moi tives and actions until men laugh them to scorn airly -is one thing; to keep an audience in a roar by a series of empty withicisms without moral purport, is quite another. Against the cheerful, the genial, the humorous, there is no law; for the frivolous, foolish, and indelicate, there is no excase. Between the moroseness which will not allow a smile, and the lawless levity which would med turn our Zion into a Vanity Fair, there is a wide is difference. Will not all the managers of those non societies which cater for the Christian public, look well to this matter, and act upon the rules of Christian prudence in arranging their programmes? Shall the world be allowed to entrench itself within the Church itself? Shall folly The deliver its delusive teachings from the chairs of our own prophets? Let the mischief die at once. and as the lecturing season now commences, let and sweeping reforms be accomplished forthwith. wherever they may be required, before the plague spreads further in the camp. In some places great dissatisfaction is felt concerning past pro-ceedings; and this smothered fire will break out in a flame of discord if fresh fuel be put upon it; in others old heart-burnings have already led to divisions through this offence; before such ills shall fall upon other churches, let the accursed 7 thing be sought for and put away. Id Honest in-ai nocent, instructive, interesting entertainments are not so difficult to get up, that we are driven to ribaldry to help us. Let us try again, and show the world henceforth that, even in their recreations, Israelites are not Egyptians, Christians are not men of the world .- Sword and Trowel.

The Best Thoughts of Good Books, b new aid The title of bishop is a name not of honour. out of work .- Bede

A man may as soon be well without health, as nappy without goodness .- Tillotson, buttername Fortune is painted blind that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her - 170 Douglas Jerrold.

If we are commanded not to judge individuals, it is surely more presumptuous to pass sentence abaid on a whole nation.—Anon.

A WONDER .- I never wonder to see men wick-bone ed, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed. Success.-You may depend upon it there is, I have

ven in this world, nothing in the world so dangerous for a man as to be for a long time supremely successful .- Arthur Helps. PROVERBS.—I hate proverbs; they are such supplied things; they are like boys of sixteen;

they all want taking down, not one peg, but many pegs.- Ibid. ELOQUENCE.—The power to translate a truth into a language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. All poetry and the finest prose must be written in the language of the peo-

ple. - Emerson. The wounds and wrongs which, coming from without, would nerve to heroism and endurance, bring shame, depression, and almost self-contempt when administered by deceitful friends.—J. R.

Campbell, D. D. THE BOOK OF EARTHLY GLORY .- Are not its leaves dead men's skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations? It is illuminated with tears, and broken

EARNEST PREACHING.—The great reason why we have so little good preaching is, that we have so little piety. To be eloquent, a man must be in earnest; he must not only act as if he were in With an eagerness like hope if it had not been so infinitely sad that it was almost despair, John Helbrook got up and sought Dr. Green, in the next room, where they had all retired, leaving aplended and elaborate preaching, but very little