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

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THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, 68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor.

The Christian Visitor is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

The “Visitor” for 1868.

Many thanks to the good brethren who have rendered us such timely and kindly aid in conducting and 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.

For the purpose of encouraging efforts to extend the circulation of the Visitor, we make the following proposition:—Every minister of the Gospel, and other friends who will send us the names and addresses 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.

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As many as I Love.

As many as I love, As many as I love, The shadows upon our sunny hours; As many as I love, As many as I love, Amid our treasures, in our joy-lit bowers;

As many as I love, As many as I love, To human eye God's dealings oft seem dark; As many as I love, As many as I love, The sunlight were the cloud above we mark;

As many as I love, As many as I love, Oh! earth's beauties are but poor to this; As many as I love, As many as I love, They—most frailties—change, and fade and miss;

As many as I love, As many as I love, When his work, pain, and waiting all are o'er; As many as I love, As many as I love, Up go our streets on the celestial shore—

As many as I love, As many as I love, For the Christian Visitor, The Pleiades, “One night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the yellow shade;”

As many as I love, As many as I love, In order to distinguish the stars from one another the ancients divided the heavens into different portions or spaces, called constellations, or groups of stars.

As many as I love, As many as I love, 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 appear emerging from its rays showed themselves again before the dawn of day.

As many as I love, As many as I love, Among the most beautiful of this season is the Pleiades. The Syrian name of them is Sesoeth, or Sesoeth-Benoth, derived from a Chaldean word which signifies “to speculate, to observe;” and the “men of Sesoeth,” (2 Kings xvii. 30) have been thence considered observers of the stars.

As many as I love, As many as I love, 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” or the beighted mariner. It is also called the Seven Stars, and sometimes Virgine or Virgins of the Spring, because the sun enters this cluster in the season of blossoms, about the 18th of May.

As many as I love, As many as I love, There was 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 for star dim among her sisters. Who was the favored mortal for whose love she gave her immortality and shining place in the starry sky. History is silent as to the details. 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 gasped in her dying hand, was pointed downward, and just expiring. Byron has immortalized her in—

“Like the lost Pleiade, seen no more on earth.” The name of the Pleiades are Alcyone, Merope, Maia, Electra, Tayeta, Sterope and Celeno. Five of them of the fourth and fifth 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 can be seen with the naked eye, 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 sixty stars, triumphantly refuted the time-honored doctrine of the human destiny of the universe, and the fixed stars were made only to fight the world.

John Holbrook's Punishment.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Only a lonely, solitary man, standing there under the summer sky; so lonely and so solitary that it seemed as if earth rejected and heaven had forsaken him.

“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 Star.”

What gem more exquisite is there in Hebrew poetry than, “Canst 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.”

This star is Alcyone; and, accepting his theory, is at present Tax Sun around which the universe of stars comprising our astral system is revolving. The known parallax of certain fixed stars give us the approximate parallax of Alcyone, 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 years to travel the distance; and if we can rely 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.

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.

Then he began to bethink himself of the old place where he and Jane had lived together—the roofed, hospitable brown house, with the great rambling garden at the east, where the old well, with the pear and cherry trees hanging over it, and the foxgloves and four-o'clocks growing close by.

“I have no plans. You know 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 belonged to me any more. I want to hear something, 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 honest work.”

“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 world.”

“The next afternoon John Holbrook got out of the stage, at the Esport 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 strangers there, or did his own five feet still find for a moment he had expected to see little tottling four years old feet trotting through the grass-edged paths. Then he remembered that little Jenny must be eleven now. He would 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.”

“I am tired. May I come in for a drink of water from your well, and a little rest?” “Certainly,” she answered, with quick courtesy, moving to open the gate for him.

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.

“I know her very well, then, very well,” he said lingeringly, getting up to follow the child. On the threshold he met Dr. Green, and as little Jenny ran in before him the eyes of the two men encountered each other in instant recognition.

“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 Holbrook.”

“I knew her very well, then, very well,” he said lingeringly, getting up to follow the child. On the threshold he met Dr. Green, and as little Jenny ran in before him the eyes of the two men encountered each other in instant recognition.

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The Best Thoughts of Good Books.

The title of bishop is a name not of honour, but of work.—Bede. A man may as soon be well without health, as happy without goodness.—Tillotson, episcopate by merit.

Fortune is painted blind that she may not blush to behold the fools who belong to her.—Douglas Jerrold.

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

“A Wonder.—I never wondered to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.”—Dean Swift.

Success.—You may depend upon it there is no even in this world, nothing in the world so dangerous for a man as to be for a long time so prematurely successful.—Arthur Helps.

Proverbs.—I hate proverbs; they are such blameworthy 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 people.—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? Its skin—its letters stamped in human blood—its golden clasps the pillage of nations! It is illuminated with tears, and broken hearts.—Douglas Jerrold.

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 earnest; he must not only act as if he were earnest, or try to be earnest, but he must be earnest, or he cannot be effective. We have loud and eloquent, we have smooth and graceful, we have splendid and elaborate preaching, but very little

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