THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Is Published every THURSDAY, by

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One Copy, for one year,\$2 00

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 unminimized to the continuance of their valuable assistance for a successful future. sistance 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. tors, just adapted to the necessities of our churches, all of which will appear in successive issues, and can-

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. Urawley of Acadia College on subjects of paramount interest to the denomination. The first of a series of excellent papers from his page on "Reintist Polity" appears in our present

nation. The first of a series of excellent papers from his pen on "Beptist Polity," appears in our present issue. Rev. George Armstrong, of Bridgetown, will also give variety and strength to our editorial columns by the acid productions of his matured mind. A ready writer in Hallfax 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

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 proportioned to the extent bear in mind that the value of their denominational paper must be somewhat proportioned to the extent 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.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance build-

ngs, Liverpool.

Chairman of the London Board.—SAMUEL BAKER, Esq.

Chairman in Liverpool.—Charles Turner, Esq.

The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest Offices in the kingdom.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following nighly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT. The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase alone of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct

If the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 832, the sum assured £387,752 es. 8d., and the premium

5,829 5 10 4,694 16 0 8,850 8 11 12,854 8 4 The remarkable increase in the business of the last four years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than £2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured and averaged 80 per cent. upon

the premiums paid.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

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All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire losses paid promptly, on reasonable proof of loss—without ference to the head Establishment.

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CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY. Capital \$500,000-all paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £250,000.

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The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profits for the past nine years, amount to 44½ per cent.

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CAPITAL, . . . £5,0
nsurances effected at the lowest rates

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St. John, March 8, 1866.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY!

Fund paid up and invested . . . £3,212,343 5s. 1d. stg.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY, Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$312,194.

POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with an without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARR, Agent, Princess St., Opposite Commercial Bank.

GEORGE THOMAS. Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B.
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Dec. 4. GEORGE THOMAS.

MASON & HAMLIN'S PARLOUR, CHURCH, AND SCHOOL CABINET ORGAMS. Have taken the first Prize at the

GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.

DR. J. W. PITCH,

Disitor. Christian

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

New Series, Whole No. 263.

The Burial of Moses.

By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave; And no man dug the sepulchre, And no man saw it e'er ; For the angel of God upturned the sod, And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth; But no man beard the tramping, Or saw the train go forth. Noiselessly as the davlight Comes when the night is done And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the Spring-time Her crown of verdure weaves. And all the trees on all the bills Open their thousand leaves : So, without sound of music. Silently down from the mountain's crown

The great procession swept.

Perchance the hald old eagle, On gray Beth-peor's height, Out of his rocky eyrie Looked on the wondrous sight. Perchance the lion, stalking, Still shuns the hallowed spot; For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not.

Amid the noblest of the land, Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bards an honored place, With costly marble dressed, In that great minster transept, Where lights like glories fall, And the choir sings and the organ rings Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword; This was the most gifted poet That ever breathed a word; And never earth's philosopher Traced with his golden pen On the deathless page truth half so sage As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor! The hillside for his pall, To lie in state while angels wait, And stars for tapers tall; And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes Over his bier to wave, And God's own hand in that lonely land

In that deep grave without a name, Whence his uncoffined clay Shall break again-most wondrous thought! Before the judgment day; And stand with glory wrapped around On the hill he never trod, And speak of the strife that won our life

O lonely tomb in Moab's land ! O dark Beth-peor's hill ! Speak to these curious hearts of ours, And teach them to be still. God hath his mysteries of grace, Ways that we cannot tell : He hides them deep-like the sacred sleep

Of him he loved so well.

With the incarnate Son of God.

Come to me in the silence of the night; Come in the speaking silence of a dream ; Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright As sunlight on a stream; Come back in tears, O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream! how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet Whose wakening should have been in Paradise, Where souls brimful of love abide and meet; Where thirsting, longing eyes Watch the slow door

That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live My very life again, though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams that I may give, Pulse for pulse, breath for breath: Speak low, lean low, As long ago, my love, how long ago.

The Great City of London.

LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA By " Carleton" in the Boston Journal. LONDON, Nov. 9, 1867.

The boys and girls, I am sure, would give a great deal to see this city—the largest in the world, and growing bigger every year. New buildings are growing up, and new streets are opened every year in the suburbs, so that what a few years ago was pasture land or wheat fields, is now covered with buildings. Just imagine that you are at the west side of the city, riding on top of an omnibus, going east, you pass dwelling houses, shops, churches, hotels, factories of various kinds, great buildings for public and private use, banks, offices, railroad stations—riding ten miles before you get into the open country again.
Or if you were on the north side, going south,
you would ride five miles before coming to the river Thames; crossing that, over one of the magnificent bridges, you could ride three miles further with houses all the way, before reaching an open field

cabs, omnibuses, men and women on foot, all harrying this way and that way, jostling against each other, crowding and pushing, and sometimes coming to a stand-still—so thick and dense the crowd. More than three and a half million of people live here on a piece of ground about ten niles square; more in number than all the inhabitants of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Vermont put to-

Think for a moment how much food is con-Second Hand Planes and Organs TO LET.

Second Hand Planes and Organs TO LET.

Second Melodeons Bought, Sold, or Taken in

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1868.

see what the people are going to have for dinner.
You look down upon the busy throngs in the street; you are up so high that you are on a level with the belfries of the charches. And there are railroads also which run under ground for miles, passing under houses where the cooks are getting dinner over your bead. Great teams, omnibuses, and thousands of people, are above you; and if the arch should give way they would all come tumbling down upon the train.

A TRIP DOWN THE THAMES.

As it will be impossible for us to see all the city at once, let me ask you to take a pleasant excursion on the Thames. We will start up the river at the west end of the city, on a steamboat, and go down with the tide. Our general course will be east, but the river winds here and there, giving us many pleasant views. That portion of the city which is on our right hand as we go down the river, the south side, is called Surrrey, while that on the north side is called Middlesex. There are a great many parishes or districts; on the north side, Kensington, Brompton, Chelsea, Westminster and others; on the south, Lambeth, Newington, Bermondsey, and many others.

There are hundreds of small steamboats, long and parrow, with a little close cabin under the deck-also an engine, puffing and clanking-which run up and down the river, touching at a great many places, carrying passengers only.
We start just above Chelsea, at Battersea

bridge, a wooden structure on tall piers. The Thames would not be called very much of river in America. It is only about 200 miles in length -not near as large as Connecticut.

But the time for starting has come, and we shoot down the stream; passing boats filled with-coal, barges loaded to the water's edge with corn and flour, rafts of timber, boats loaded with fish and oysters, other steamboats going and coming, so many of them that the man at the wheel has to keep a sharp look-out to avoid accidents. Sometimes when the fog hangs low and thick on the river, there is a tremendous screeching of steam-whistles and men shouting at the top of their voices. The captain of our boat stands on one of the paddle boxes and speaks to a little boy on the deck, who repeats his words to the engineer down below, who stands with his hand on the lever to stop the engine, or to put on more steam in an instant. We are approaching the Chelsea landing; just listen to the boy: "Ez er,"
"Op-er," "Back-er," "Ed." It is a queer language, but the engineer understands it perfectly. Ease her, stop her, back her, go ahead. The litboy, ten years old, dressed in a blue jacket, a blue broadcloth cap with a gold band, struts round the deck as if he was the captain and the there are trains of cars thundering overhead, and just below it a beautiful iron suspension bridge, hung on wire cables, for foot passengers. On our gun just about the time of the battle of Bunker left hand is Chelsea hospital for the old and disa- Hill, but was not completed for several years. bled soldiers of the British army. Charles II., Below Somerset House is a dwelling in which when he was King, laid the foundation in 1681 Peter the Great of Russia lived when in England with great pomp and ceremony. It is built of and close by it is one in which William Penn red brick on three sides of a square. Some of the old pensioners are walking beneath the trees in the square, and here is one of them coming on board—an old fellow, with a red face, as if he had drunk a great deal of ale in his life, and who would not object to another mug.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

A few minutes, and we are opposite the great building in which the Commons and the Lords hold their sittings to make laws for the people of Great Britain - just as the Senators and Representatives assemble at Washington to make laws for the United States. It is one of the largest you sweep down the river, you see rising above the tops of the houses two tall towers, one 320 feet high and the other 340. Besides these, there are ever so many gilded spires on the roof, gleaming in the sunshine.

Think of a building covering eight acres of ground, an area larger than a great many cornfields or potato-fields in New England. It is built of dark gray stone, very nicely hammered and there are many beautiful figures, chiselled in the rock, of leaves, vines, lion's heads, and busts of great men famous in history, and many other forms of beauty. If we were to go inside, we might travel from noon till sunset through the halls, rooms and passages. There are eleven large courts, 100 flights of stairs, 1,100 rooms, and more than two miles of passage ways. The front, which we gaze upon from the river, is 940 feet long, richly decorated with statutes of the kings and queens of England. Between the windows are panels of stone, cut in beautiful flowers and scroll work, and coats of arms, and at each end rise the two great towers. At the west end is the Victoria tower, 80 feet square and 340 feet gold and golden lances between the turrets.

THE QUEEN'S VISITS TO PARLIAMENT.

When the Queen visits Parliament in the royal coach, she enters this tower, passes up the royal court, between the statutes of St. George, the patron saint of England; St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, and St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, and there also is a statute of herself. It would give you much pleasure to walk beneath this grand archway, rising sixty-five feet over your head, blazing with gold. Here noblemen stand in waiting to receive the Queen on great occasions, bowing very low as she passes into the rooms prepared for her reception.

The tower at the other end of the great pile is

called the Clock Tower, which has four great white dials, thirty feet in diameter, where the golden hands, fifteen feet in length, point the passing hours. I know not how many bells there are in the belfry, but you hear them sweetly chiming, filling the air with silvery sounds, and when the hour comes round, you hear one louder-toned, deeper and heavier than all the others, striking slowly and solemnly. In the night, when the roar of the city is bushed a little, it is heard niles and miles away.

THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

If we had time, we might leave the steamboat where the peers of the realm hold their sessions. It is lighted by six lofty windows, each pane of There are about 40,000 tailors, making clothes all the time for men and boys, and about 50,000 women and girls making dresses. There are 35,000 boot and shoe makers. You can buy anything you want in the stores, goods from all countries—from China, India, Japan, Russia, Egypt, South America and the United States. Egypt, South America and the United States ter is intended to be an emblem of honor, a great world. There is no end of railroad trains, some railroads running over the tops of the

houses on great bridges, built of bricks and stone, niches of the walls statutes of, men who laid the and as you glide along you can look down and foundations of constitutional liberty, such as the people of England and of the United States enjoy to-day; statutes of the barons who, in a green meadow on the banks of the Thames, twenty

miles up stream, in 1215, compelled King John to sign the Magna Charta.

You look up to the roof fretted with gold, and see that it is divided into diamonds and squares, with symbols and devices of curious design, with coats of arms and monograms. At one end of the hall is the Queen's throne, a chair of gold; and the State chair, which the Prince of Wales occupies when here; and another seat, with a cushion of rich crimson cloto, which is called the woolsack, the seat of the Lord Chancellor-one of the high officers of the crown. When the Lords are in session they sit with their hats on, which people in the United States would not call very good manners; but then the Lords don't put their feet on their desks higher than their heads, nor spit tobacco juice on the floor, as it is said some American legislators are in the habit of doing, which is as unmannerly as to sit with one's hat on. One reason why the Lords do not

At the east end of the building is the chamber in which the Commons meet. The hall leading to it has a great many paintings on the walls of scenes in English history.

put their feet on their desks is because there are

FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE TO LONDON BRIDGE. The bridges are very thick now. Here is Westminster bridge, a beautiful and massive structure with stone piers and iron arches, which cost more than twelve hundred thousand dollars. -1160 feet in length. The barges and boats in the river are much more numerous here-black. dirty hulks are in sight, thousands of boats loaded with coal, the men on board grimy and dirty. so blackened that you cannot tell whether they are white men or negroes.

Now a railway bridge of iron on hollow iron piers, great tubes ten feet or more in diameter driven down deep into the mud, and supporting the immense iron girders, beams, braces and supports-more iron than you could put into a dozen meeting houses. The cars are rolling over it almost every minute during the day—six or seven hundred times during the twenty-four hours.

A little further and we glide beneath the most beautiful of all the bridges, the Waterloo, which is admired by everybody, built of stone, with nine arches, each having a span of 120 feet. It cost about five million dollars, and was opened with great festivities on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, 1817. Just before reaching the bridge, we pass the house in which Lord Bacon was born. Just below it, on the West side, you see a great palace, built of stone, called Somerset House. The Earl of Somerset built a palace on most important fellow in the world. Now we trouble in the country about that time on politisweep under a magnificent iron bridge, where cal matters, and the Earl, instead of finishing it

a happy day after his death.

We are opposite Temple Bar, which used to be a gate in the city wall, but there is now ten times more of the city outside than inside. The wall has all been taken down, but the gate still stands. It was built in 1670, by Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of those days. It was the custom then to cut off the heads of men who had committed the crime of high treason instead and most elegant buildings in the world, and of hanging them, and the heads were stuck upon there are few which have cost more money. As this gate, so that all who passed up or down the street would have an opportunity of seeing what

a terrible fate awaited all such transgressors. The next bridge is Blackfriars, and below it we find ourselves opposite St. Paul's Cathedral. It is on our left hand—the great dome rising high above all the houses-higher than the tallest steeples. A little further and we are at Southwark Bridge, and on our right hand we see one of the great breweries of London-Barclay'swhere ever so many thousand barrels of beer are brewed during the year. It stands on the spot where Shakespeare's theatre stood when he used to take part in the dramas of his own writing.

We glide beneath another immense iron bridge the steamer shooting like an arrow down the tide-the water rushing with such rorce that the upward bound steamboats have hard work to stem the current.

Oh! how beneath you arches To the vast unbounded deep. Like an army in its marches, The rushing tide doth sweep.

One more-London bridge-crowded day and night, two lines of heavy teams, two of light waghigh, with four turrets on the corners, tipped with gons, two streams of foot passengers moving over it, processions having no end, no cessation, day nor night. It is the most crowded thoroughfare in the world:

Below it lies the shipping, forests of masts or both sides of the river, reaching miles and miles down stream.

On the left hand is the tower where Anne Bolyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Gray, and her husband, were beheaded; where Elizabeth was once a prisoner; and where a great many illustrious persons have also suffered imprison-

IN THE STREETS.

Here our steamer stops, though we might take anothea and go eight or ten miles down the river. Close by is the Billingsgate-fish market, and not far distant is the rag market, to which the old clothes of London are brought for sale, where buyers and sellers are clothed in rags. As we pick our way through crooked and parrow streets, with old houses on both sides just ready to tumble down, we hear strange cries,men, women, boys, and girls having something to sell. One boy has a basket on his head, and keeps crying: "'Eat, 'eat, 'eat." The moment he begins to cry all the cats in the neighborhood run toward him, rubbing themselves against his legs, jumping upon his shoulders, and purring, just as you have seen your own pussy perform when smelling something good to eat. This pedler has "cat meat," and so he cries "'eat, 'eat." It has been ascertained that cats are very fond of horse meat, and a man has gone into the busin

Old Series, Vol. XXI., No. 3.

(From the Watchman and Reflector. Culture and Discipline.

When Horace Greeley depreciates a knowledge of Latin and Greek as not necessary to enable a modern man to do his work, the men of culture may be pardoned for replying to his criticisms on classical education by the expressive words, " sour grapes." Mr. Greelev is not a classical scholar. and therefore may be supposed by an ungenerous critic to sneer at that which he does not possess. But when it is announced that a book of "Essays on a Liberal Education" will shortly be publish ed in England, in which nine distinguished scholars, graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, enter their protest against giving to Latin and Greek the prominent place which for ages they have held in the course of academic study, when the Hon. Robert Lowe, a graduate of Cambridge, a distinguished colonial lawyer, and one of the marked debaters in the House of Cammons, says to an Edinburgh audience. The present system of classical and mathematical education provided by the universities, colleges and schools of England does not educate men for the business of life, and is grossly inadequate to fit voters for the intelligent discharge of their duties, then it is becoming and graceful for the men of culture to listen to such deliverances with respect, for against such men the sneer of "sour grapes" will rattle as harmless as bullets against an earthwork.

The truth is, the whole work of education, both in this country and the old, must be re-examined. its fitness to instil into men a knowledge of their vocation and to fit them for it must be analyzed. and its adaptation, not to a few who would be scholars, but to the masses who would be intelligent doers of their duty, should be criticised in the broad spirit which affirms that this is the best education which produces the most intelligent men who are educated for their appropriate work. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," says

Tennyson, and in thus saying he pronounces critcism on the educational institutions of the age, which no iconcelast, imbued with the modern spirit, would nave uttered. For our education, whose principles centuries have settled, proposes to give to its disciples, not knowledge, but mental discipline, or that ability to do his work when it is set before him which distinguishes the educated from the uneducated man. It does not aim to supply him with facts, that is, knowledge, but with wisdom, that is, mental culture. If it fails in this it fails to supply the one thing which has given to it the " solidarity," the reputation and the influence which it has enjoyed for hundreds

Under the old educational regime the work to be done was to furnish the community with men of culture who possessed the amenities of education, the training of the taste-in short, belles lettres and æsthetic scholars. From these, as from the clouds of beaven, an influence was supposed or, like the sun, they were thought to draw to-wards themselves all who sympathized with their aims and culture. The modern spirit has changed all that, and those "lower classes," who not long since were classified as the piles of society, whose usefulness depended on their obscurity, have forced themselves upon the attention of the men of culture, who now, with anxious hearts, ask,-What is our system of education doing for the masses of society? They are "our masters." says Mr. Lowe, fresh from the passage of the new Reform bill, and must be educated, and our system is inadequate to provide them with the trainrequire to make them useful and intelligent citizens. We may think that we escape these English difficulties, but to say nothing of the hund reds of thousands of ignorant negroes who have been enfranchised, or of the as ignorant Irish, whom our naturalization laws rapidly turn into citizens, the industrial classes of this nation are clamoring loudly for an education which, if it makes fewer men of culture, shall train more men who will be able to work intelligently with their hands and their brains. The nine English essayists, the Hon. Robert Lowe are right, and Dr. Wayland was right, when, from his experience, his wisdom and his patient thought, he devised a system of education for Brown University, which, if it had been retained, would have made that ancient institution the foremost leader in a region which Yale and Harvard, and our schools of Technology are now so assidnously exploring .-There will be a demand for culture and our col leges will continue to supply it, but there is a demand for the discipline and knowledge which fit men for merchants, engineers, miners, machinists; in a word, for workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, and our colleges must supply that

demand or be ignored by the great mass of stu-"A man." said Plato, " is a biped without feathers." " Behold Plato's man," said the cynical Diogenes, as he threw among the students of the academy a plucked chicken. An educated man, says the old classical spirit, is an urbane man possessed of the amenities of polite learning, a knowledge of belles lettres, an æsthetical taste, an acquaintance with Greek and Latin, and a mind imbued with the best thoughts of classical literature. Behold the educated man, says the modern spirit, and it thrusts into the marts of business a college graduate, who has no mastery over the English language, no knowledge of political science or business, who cannot manage a factory, direct a railroad, carry on a mine, run a locomotive, or do a day's practical work. It is evident that the classical and the modern spirit are antagonistic. Can they be reconciled ? That is for educators to say; but if they cannot reconcile them, it needs no prophet's vision to see which system will go to the wall.

The Earnest Christian.

Said a weary pilgrim in Chicago the other day: "I long to be rid of this world, and to depart where I may sing the praises of God forever and ever. Would to God that I were in heaven!" Said a brother who had been intently listening to his rapturous description of heaven-" Better stay here, brother. You are wanted

more in Chicago than in heaven just yet." The former seemed the earnest christian, the latter was one. The first requisite of an earnest man is faith. Men who need five hundred dollars a year, and the American board to back them, don't make very earnest missionaries .-These are the kind that make out that yearly re port of one convert from heathenism, and two deaths, three lapses from the faith, and general declension. Think of Paul not starting out until be had drawn on five hundred dollars, to keep misdirected. More than a million and a half others the latter. One in God, the other in his salary.

To be really in earnest, a man must believe impossibilities. He must cut loose from his base entirely, and trust God to help him forage on the country. First of all it must be faith, not in himself, not in means, not in man, not in his Word even exclusively, but what includes them all, faith in Christ. It must be an unreasoning, not an unresonable faith.

THE OFFICE OF THE

58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET. SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL.

Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. P.

Che Christian Bisitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

Christian, you must ask no questions when you see a line of duty. Does God or conscience, for that is his voice, say, " Do this?" Do it, if the heavens fall. "Danger here !" is the devil's device to kill faith. No man ever went to ruin loving truth too much.

Human and Divine Law.

Between the law of the land and the law of God, the laws of human governments and the laws of the divine government, there is a radical difference, which is too rarely considered. Perhaps no mistake is more common, and certainly none more fatal, than is made on this point.

As the law of the land takes cognizance only o the outward actions, persons conclude that the same is true of the law of God; and not conscious perhaps of committing any remarkable breach of it, a breach so remarkable as to elicit the censure of their neighbors, they flatter themselves that all is well. They forget the solemn announcement by the voice

of Omniscience, that He looketh upon the heart; they lorget that to stand fair in the opinions of ignorant, depraved man, is one thing, and to stand approved in the pure and spiritual records of heaven is quite another thing; they forget, that though they may stand bright and faultless in the eyes of their fellows, they will not necessarily stand thus before the judgment seat of Christ; they forget that though in a fallen world they may bear the character of men of bonor and integrity, may look with abhorrence upon every violater of civil law, may even receive tribute of human applause for their moral worth; yet so far from these satisfying their Maker, he sees them miserably wanting

Consistent with all these merits in the eyes of their fellows? His omniscient eye glancing into their bearts may read there distaste and disaffection for Himself may behold mere rebellious affections; may see that in all motives by which they were made honest and virtuous, His claims were unheeded, and His glory had no part.

Miscellaneous.

Ten thousand negroes in Virginia have learned to read during the past year. Idleness is like the night mare: the moment

you begin to stir, you shake it off. The English language has 60,000 words in the lictionaries. Good talkers and writers use but

5,000 in all, and a foreigner can travel on 500.

The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both

There are moments when the two worlds, the oarthly and the spiritual, sweep by near to each other, and when earthly day and heavenly night touch each other in twilight. Huge blasts are frequently reported from quar-

ries, but the largest we have lately seen a record of was made at the Salt Lime Works at Clitheroe, in Great Britain. Two tons of gunpowder were used in the blast, and 20,000 tons of stone were The following recipe is vouched for as a sure

tion of soda. The alkali dissolves the indurated ing, the wisdom, and the knowledge which they ling a small cavity, which soon fills." The university of Paris dates back in its age to the year 702, Oxford to 886, Cambridge 1110, Glasgow to 1450, Edinburgh to 1580, Dub-

cure for corns: "Put the feet for half an hour,

two or three successive nights, in a strong sofu-

The Calvary Baptist Church, in Washington D. C. was burned last Sabbath. It was nearly new, and cost \$117,000, of which Amos Kendal

gave \$90,000. Insured \$52,000. Life is a book in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive ncident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence: and, if we may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life. In I all the bodsharq

THE HAPPY COMBINATION .- There is nothing purer than truth, nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love, nothing brighter than virtue, nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind form the purest, sweetest, richest, brightest, holiest and most enduring hap-piness. A study of Paul's advice to the Philippian Christians (Phil. iv. 8) will serve to beget and strengthen these graces in the soul.

FAITH AND PRAYER.-A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who has recently visited George Muller, the founder of the orphan establishment at Bristol, England, consisting of five large stone houses, containing 1,200 children, who has received and expended \$2,750,000 sent to him without solicitation in answer to prayer, says that he is a poor man, who lives in the simplest style, not allowing himself a lounge or rocking-chair. He has great executive ability, and is the sole manager of his immense concern. The correspondent talked with merchants, tradesmen, draymen, and people of all classes in Bristol, religious and irreligious, and all expressed the highest confidence in his piety, honor and integrity.

THE USE OF RICHES.—The good that is in riches lies altogether in their use. If they are not broken, like a box of ointment, and poured out for the refreshment of Jesus Christ, or His distressed servants, they lose their worth. Therefore, the covetons man may justly write upon his rusting heaps. "These are good for nothing." St. Chrysostom tells us that "he is not rich who lays up much, but he only who lays out much :" and that "it is the same thing not to have as not to use. I will, therefore, be the richer by a charitable laying out, while the worldling shall be the poorer by his covetous hoarding up. When Thou, O Lord, takest the place of man, and from Thy high abode where Thor dwelfest among the praises of the blessed, askest my charity in the person of Thy needy people, assist me to take Thy place, and so give alms of such things as 1 have. Teach me, in giving my alms, to give my mind, to give my heart; to commit to Thee, not only a little portion of my property, but also my body,

MISDIRECTED LETTERS. - Not less than a million letters were mailed last year without signatures, and letter office. Thus it seems that at least two and a half million of mistakes were made, in an operation which one would think likely to enlist the sufficient care of the writer, the addressing of a letter. These letters contained nearly \$150,000 in money, bills of exchange, deeds, checks, etc., to the value of over \$5,000,000, and over 49,000 contained photographs, jewelry etc.