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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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 104, St. John, N. B.

“Hold fast the form of sound words.”—2d Timothy, 1.13

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

New Series, Whole No. 269.
Vol. VI., No. 29.

Old Series,
Vol. XXI., No. 29

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

AGENCY
HAVING recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery and appliances for the successful carrying on of the manufacture of VENETIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H. KEOLAN, 21 Germania street, or at the Manufactory, where patterns can be seen.
The subscribers have always on hand—DOORS, SASHES, &c., and which, from their facilities, they can make to order with the utmost despatch and upon the most reasonable terms.
Our personal attention is given to every variety of Carpentry, House Building and General Jobbing, and moderate charges made. A. CHRISTIE & CO.,
April 4. Dooley's Building, Waterloo St.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92
Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance buildings, 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.
The recent meeting held in August 1859, the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following:—The increase of the last three years exceeds the entire business of some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct fire insurance companies of this Kingdom.
The Premiums for the year 1858 were.....\$230,040
The Premiums for the year 1859 were.....196,148
Showing an actual increase of.....33,892
or upwards of 60 per cent. in three years.
The recent return of date of meeting of Government for this year (1859) again show the “Royal” as more than maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years. Only one among the London and Liverpool companies advanced to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the moiety of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
The amount of Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 393, the sum assured £37,756 6s. 8d., and the premium £12,354 4s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus:—
1849 .. 190 .. £48,744 10 .. \$1,880 9 1
1850 .. 190 .. 45,650 9 11 .. 5,227 4 10
1851 .. 423 .. 52,524 .. 5,228 4 10
1852 .. 423 .. 61,543 13 4 .. 4,694 16 0
1853 .. 703 .. 397,560 18 8 .. 8,850 2 11
1854 .. 893 .. 357,153 6 8 .. 6,654 2 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 22 per cent. upon the premiums paid, and averaged 50 per cent. upon the premiums paid.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.
All descriptions of property and loss—without reference to the head establishment.
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Feb. 15. Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building.

SAMUEL J. SCOVIL,
BANKER.
Agent for St. Stephen's Bank.
OFFICES:
Corner Prince Wm. Street and Market Square.
INVESTMENTS made and Sales effected of Bank Stock, Mortgages and Securities of every description.
Drafts, in Gold and Currency, on the United States, Halifax, Montreal, Prince Edward Island, and all the Provinces.
Interest Pans, Specie and Sterling Exchange.
Sums of £10 and upwards received on deposit, for which receipts will be given, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and payable either at call or fixed periods, as may be required upon application.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Water Street, St. John, N. B.
Central Fire Insurance Company Agents at St. John.
Dec. 4. GEORGE THOMAS.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1829.
CAPITAL .. £2,000,000 Sterling.
Invested Funds (1864).....\$2,305,512 7 10
Annual Revenue.....\$54,468 10 2 8 1/2
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
THIS COMPANY insures against loss or damage by Fire—Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels on Steers or in Harbour, and other insurable property, on the most favorable terms. Claims settled promptly without reference to the Head Office.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Ninety per cent. of the profits are allocated to those Assured on the Participating Scale.
INDISPENSABILITY.
After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be held to be indispensable and free from extra premiums, even if the assured should remove to an unhealthy climate after that time.
For Rates and other information apply at the Office of the Company, on the corner of Prince and Canterbury streets, ST. JOHN, N. B.
HELVY JACK,
General Agent.

ADAM YOUNG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cooking, Office, and Parlour Stoves,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Block Tin and Japan Ware, Register Grates, &c.,
PENKYN MARBLE MANTLE PIECES.
Agent for Messrs P. & Co.'s celebrated Cooking-Range, Stoves, &c.
Ship and Mill Castings made to order.
March 5.—26, 30, and 32 Water Street,
St. John, N. B.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, \$250,000.
New BRUNSWICK AGENCY—7 Princess Street, opposite Commercial Bank, St. John.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in profits.
The average dividends to Policy Holders entitled to Profit for the past nine years, amount to 44 1/2 per cent.
References of the first respectability, and any other information given by
W. J. STARR,
Agent.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
Funds paid up and invested.....\$3,219,343 5s. 1d. 1/2
Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £245,674 4s. 6d.
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, .. 630,459 4s.
Premiums in Life Risks, in 1864, .. 235,248 11s. 10d.
Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864, .. 141,197 11s. 10d.
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued.
EDWARD ALLISON,
Agent,
Commercial Bank Building.

FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS!
PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867.
The first and only prizes for Canada Organ was awarded.
READ THE JUDGES' REPORT:
Mr. L. also shows a Cabinet Organ in Rosewood Case, Double Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic Swell, of great power and purity of tone, which is entitled to honorable mention.
An Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Walnut, without Stops.
FIRST PRIZE.
These instruments are of special respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 25 per cent. less than can be imported.
Every instrument fully warranted. An inspection especially solicited.
PIANO WAREHOUSE—Sheffield House, N. E. Market Square, (Oct. 17.) A. LAURILLARD.

I Rise to Seek the Light.
I saw a little blade of grass
Peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
Beyond its parent clod!
It seemed to raise its timid head,
All sparkling, fresh and bright,
And, wondering at the question, said,
“I rise to seek the Light.”

I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given,
As if he scorned each earthly thing,
And knew no home but heaven!
He answered, as he fixed his gaze,
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
“I rise to seek the Light.”

I asked my soul, what means this thirst
For something yet beyond?
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?
It answers, and I feel it glow
With fires more warm, more bright,
“All is too dull, too dark below;
I rise to seek the Light.”

Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and Punshon.
BY REV. JAMES COOPER, LONDON, ONT.

We arrange the names of these three in the order in which we listened to them. They are all Englishmen, in the prime of life, and leading preachers in their native isle. They are all great men, whatever little detractions may be made, or preferences given by denominational prejudice. No three men could more the English heart a these three men know doing, unless they were men of extraordinary power. Let us not hesitate, then, for a moment to give them this honor; by all means, “Honor to whom honor is due.” The two last named have visited our new world; we may soon see and hear the first also in our pulpits and on our platforms. But though these are three great men, there are striking differences between them. They resemble three noble trees of colossal growth, but how different their shape! They have basked in the same sunlight, breathed the same atmosphere, sipped the same dews, been drenched in the same rains, and rocked in the same storms; but there is no sameness, there has been no imitation. They may have seen each other and admired each other, as doubtless they have; but their admiration has not even blurred the finest edges or chipped the finest angles of their respective individualities. And they are not only great men, but they are good men; thank God for them. What they might have been to the world at the bar, on the bench, or in the halls of legislation, it is not for us to say; but as they now stand before us, it is in the light of goodness that we see and feel their greatness. They have each enlarged views of the dignity of man. They see him great in his creation, great even in his fall, precious in his ruin. Their life work, too, is one. They see man under a remedial scheme, where, by the application of truth to his conscience and his heart, he may be saved for glory, honor and immortality.

A glance at the external physique of this trio prepares us to expect very different mental manifestations. Newman Hall is a fine looking man, rather tall, and well proportioned. I suppose his features are Grecian; at any rate, his forehead, eyes and mouth all bespeak refinement and intellectual power. Spurgeon's forehead, though somewhat broad is rather low, and gives very little indication of mental calibre; he must stand about three inches below Mr. Hall, and has nothing prepossessing in his appearance. Punshon's appearance is that of a jolly Englishman who both loves his beef and gets it, but at first sight does not appear to have read much or thought deeply, until he has got fairly into his subject, when his countenance lights up, and all is glow of enthusiasm. His eyes are rather small, and recede rather than protrude from their sockets.

In private, Newman Hall is gleesome as a boy, very communicative, gentlemanly, and winning in his manners, and true to those who are intimate with him, a true Christian friend. The prominent feature in his character is benevolence. In conversation, Spurgeon is very easy, disposed to ask questions rather than tell what you what is being done in the Tabernacle; and it is only now that you begin to discover a roguish wickedness in his eyes, which tells you that if he had been a frequenter of the bar-room, he could have kept it in a roar of laughter, and sung a song and cracked a joke with the most experienced loofer.

We have seen less of Punshon in private, but we should judge him to be very genial in his nature; his personal friends say he is, yet we should expect to see him, all in fidgets at the appearance of anything new or cunning. He is one of nature's nobility.

In the pulpit, Newman Hall's voice is very agreeable—well modulated, and his action is all perfectly natural. His language is free, simple, no expostives, and chastely correct. As an extemporaneous style, he is certainly a model. Punshon's voice is much against him. It is at best, husky, sometimes gruff, but his language is culled with the most scrupulous care. Here the Methodist differs from the Congregationalist. The correctness of the diction of the latter stands forth amid all the surroundings of a natural ease and carelessness. The correctness and beauty of that of the former is the result of pick and choice. He is designedly beautiful—intentionally classic. Spurgeon's style is not at all classical, except in the sense in which Shakespeare and the English Bible are. You soon feel that he is more of a self-made man than either of the other two, and has not enjoyed the advantage of drill that they have. His style is colloquial, his language thoroughly Saxon, and he is intensely earnest. But hear his voice. It is not loud, yet clear and penetrating, and in its multiplied variations is like the chiming of silver bells.

Newman Hall is a philanthropist; Spurgeon is a theologian; Punshon is a religious lecturer. Hall was in his element when on his late mission of peace and love he visited our shores, rubbing down the asperities of American feeling, and talking with Mr. Seward at the breakfast table about the adjustment of the Alabama claims. That mission has done more to weld in gospel harmony the two greatest religious nations on the face of the earth. Blessings on the head of the peace-maker!

Spurgeon is in his element when he is ringing his silver bells at the ear of a sinner, dead in trespasses and sin, or helping a timid believer to buckle on his armor and fight for the crown. Clinging the former by the arm he shakes him, and rouses him by Jesus! Into the fainting spirit of the latter he infuses courage by pointing to the horizon already being reddened with the beams of breaking day. Punshon feels that the Methodist pulpit is too small for him, and the religious experiences and love feasts too limited a sphere for the range of his thoughts; and in this

age of sham and blow-hard scoffers, he takes the platform with his manuscript lecture, and pours truth on his audience like a stream of Greek fire, in which are commingled all the beauties of the rainbow, that he may burn up the bad in our nature, and make us better men and women. Welcome to our shores the Methodist lecturer!

We do not mean to say that the Congregationalist is no theologian, or that the Methodist cannot preach, or that the Baptist cannot lecture. In saying what we have said, we merely fix on the prominent gifts of these gifted brethren. A man is always seen at best advantage in his own uniform, and in his natural armor. We heard Hall preach; his text was, “Lord increase our faith,” and he kept to his point; it was an excellent sermon. He brought his theology out of his text, as every preacher ought to do, instead of bringing the same thing to every text, and preaching really the same sermon, whatever the text may be, as is often done. And we heard Spurgeon deliver a lecture in his college, full of startling facts and stirring thoughts. The facts had respect to the number of students he had sent out, and the harvest of souls that they had gathered in; and the burning thoughts had respect to the necessity of a growing earnestness in preaching Christ and the glories of the kingdom. He has also a “Lecture on Candles,” that he has delivered with great power in many places, in which he deals out his shot and shell on the new institution of altar candle-burning in the Church of England. It is very like man's way of lighting up this dark world to do it by candles. Punshon is no mean preacher; a goodly number of his sermons are now before the world, beautiful specimens of classic English, and acting as refreshing May showers on the Church of Jesus Christ.

Newman Hall has been known to the world for quite a number of years; and as the successor of the venerable Rowland Hill and James Sherman, he stands high as a London preacher. He is the author of several works, chiefly of a devotional character, and they do equal credit to his head and to his heart. But it was the distress in Lancashire growing out of the American Rebellion, when days were dark and friends were fearful, that drew Mr. Hall more prominently out as a philanthropist. Believing that that war would be the death blow of slavery, and that law and humanity would gain the ascendancy, he threw his whole soul into the trouble, and by stirring up the operatives to patience, and calling the rich to come to the rescue, he has won for himself laurels that will never fade. C. H. Spurgeon is publishing all the year round. His sermons, delivered to a regular congregation of 8,000, are taken in short-hand every Sunday, the proof is read on Tuesday, and on Thursday morning they fly by mail through the length and breadth of the land. Occasionally both sermons are thus published, but generally only the one preached in the morning. Nine volumes have been published in Boston. He edits the *Sword and Trowel*, a monthly of a hundred pages, preaches when in health at an average about five times a week; superintends his college with 80 students, and he has just lately got up an Orphanage, capable of maintaining 400 boys. The number of communicants in the Tabernacle is 3,643, the increase last year was 224. The preaching stations supplied by the young men, number 117, and the annual expenditure of the college last year was \$27,115. The breadth of character that this one man is developing, and the amount of work he goes through is perfectly amazing. W. M. Punshon has also been abundant in labors. He has published a volume of poetry, a mastery lecture on Macanley, and quite a number of sermons. In addition to his own regular work as a City minister, he has, for years past, run all over the country, preaching at anniversaries, chapel openings, &c., and now he comes amongst us as the President elect of the Canada Conference. But it is as a lecturer that Punshon proves himself a strong man; and the one that we have just heard of “Daniel in Babylon” is said to be amongst his best. In matter it is weighty, full of good thoughts, ennobling sentiments, and good practical lessons for every day life. The grand features in Daniel's character are brought out with singular power and beauty. His fidelity to the right, his calm dignity and decision in the midst of the most terrible perils; his fear of God and fearlessness of man, and his greatness, is shown to be the outgrowth of his secret life of goodness. In the elaboration of these points, poetry brings her richest treasures in vindication of the Babylonian captive. Skepticism is exposed by a most withering rebuke. Now by sarcasm, and then by irony, quiet but keen, irreligion and hypocrisy are undressed and exhibited in such a manner as to make every sinner ashamed of himself. Throughout the lecture there is a sprinkling of allusions to classic story, which a fastidious critic might take exception to, as savoring of pedantry and useless to a common audience; but then, since Punshon has done it so well, why not let him take his own way? He gives us noble thoughts in settings of the finest gold; and when we get true gems we shall not quarrel with nature about the mould in which she has shaped them. We hope that W. M. Punshon's visit to this country may be productive of lasting good, and that he, with C. H. Spurgeon and Newman Hall, may long be spared to defend the great truths of our common salvation, feed the flock of Christ, and gather in many as heirs of the believer's inheritance. —Canadian Baptist.

Little by Little.
“Only one stitch at a time, Martha,” said her mother; “one stitch at a time, without leaving off, and your task will be done, for it is not a long one. Remember, it was by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to read; by one stroke at a time that you learned to write.”

“One stitch at a time, one step at a time, one letter at a time, one stroke at a time! Oh, mother, I never thought of that!” said Martha. “And it is by one stone at a time that the man builds the wall, and by one weed at a time the boy weeds the garden.” And her little fingers passed dimly over the ruffe she was weaving, and in a little while the work was done.

Two little girls were sent into the garden by their mother to pick strawberries. One kept fretting and leaving off to look into the field where children were playing whom she wished to join. The other kept on picking, and before her sister's basket was half full, hers was heaped up with red berries.

“One berry at a time, without leaving off, and she was ready to carry her well-filled basket into the house, receive her mother's smile, and join the other children at their play; while her sister not only lost half her play-time, but made herself solitary by her idleness and discontent.”

It is by carrying one straw at a time that the bird builds her nest; by one tiny drop of honey at a time the bee fills her hive; by one grain at a time the ants build their houses. Let us think of this, and lay up in our hearts the lesson it teaches.—Child's Paper.

The Dying Heiress.
Alice was an only child, an heiress. Lovel and accomplished, she lived for this world, and this world offered her no ordinary attractions. Idolized by her parents, and beloved by an accepted suitor, she knew not the meaning of a wish ungratified.
But an unexpected visitor arrived at the mansion. A pale messenger came to Alice. A hectic flush suffused her beautiful face, rendering it, if possible, more lovely still. The eagle eye of affection soon perceived that the seeds of consumption had been laid. The skilled physician pronounced the heart-rending verdict that her days were numbered, and self-indulgence would soon close.
Alice sank by degrees, and as she lay on her couch, surrounded with all the luxuries the wealth could procure, began to think how sad it was to leave her loving friends and all her brilliant prospects, and to go—where? where!
She could not find an answer satisfactory to her soul.
So she sent for the High Church clergyman.
He came. The family were assembled. He produced a missal. They all knelt round the bed. He intoned the service for the sick. Having received her confession, and pronounced absolution, he, with peculiar genuineness, administered the sacrament, and placing his hands on her, blessed her, and pronounced her a good child of the Church. He departed, perfectly satisfied with his own performance, and assuring the parents that all was right.
She was Alice satisfied!
She had submitted to all. She had endeavored to join in the service, but in her inmost soul she felt a blank.
“Father,” said she, “I am going to die.—Where am I going?”
The father gave no reply.
“Mother, darling, can you tell me what I am to do to get to heaven?”
No reply save tears.
“William, you who were to be guide of my life, can you tell me anything of the future?”
No response.
“I'm lost! lost!” she exclaimed. “Am I no father? Is there any one who can tell me what I must do to be saved?”
At length the father spoke.
“My child, you have always been a dutiful daughter, and have never grieved your parents. You have regularly attended the Abbey Church, and helped in its services, and the minister has performed the rites of the church, and expressed himself satisfied with your state.”
“Alas! father, I feel that is not enough. It is not rest to my soul. It is hollow—it is no real. Oh! I am going to die, and I know not where I am going. Oh, the blackness of the darkness! Can no one tell me what I can do to be saved?”
Blank despair was pictured on her countenance. Misery overshadowed the circle. They were overtaken by a real danger. Death was in their midst. Eternity was looming before them. They knew not how to answer the appeal of an immortal soul, awakened to a sense of sin—to a dread of appearing before God,—to the terrors of hell.
Alice was attended by a little maid, who was in the habit of frequenting a meeting held in a barn in the village, where prayer and praise were offered up in simplicity, and where they sang the old hymns—
“There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.”
and
“I lay my sins on Jesus,
The Spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.”
and where she heard words which reminded her of the good old pastor.
She longed to tell her mistress that she might “wash and be clean,” but felt diffident. At last she took courage, and just as the Israelitish servant said unto Naaman's wife, “Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria for he would recover him of his leprosy,” she told her mistress, “There is a preacher in the village who proclaims salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and urges us to accept the forgiveness freely offered in the gospel!”
“Oh, that I could see him!” exclaimed the dying girl.
Alice besought her father to invite the strange preacher to the house; and though he thought it extraordinary, her wish was law.
Again the family were assembled, and the man of God entered the room. The dying girl, raising herself, appealed to him. “Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest for my soul, and die at peace with God?”
“I fear I cannot.”
Alice fell back. “Alas!” said she, “and is it so? Is there no hope for me?”
“Stay,” said he, “though I cannot tell you what you can do to be saved, I can tell you what has been done for you.”
“Jesus Christ, the Saviour God, has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be righteously saved. God, who I love, saw us in our lost and ruined state. He pitied us, and in love and compassion sent Jesus to die for us. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” He shed his precious blood on the accursed tree, in the stead and place of sinners, that they might be pardoned and saved. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”
“And have I nothing to do?”
“Nothing, but to believe. No doing, working, praying, giving, or abstaining, can give relief to a conscience burdened with a sense of guilt, or rest to the troubled heart. It is not a work done by you, but a work done for you by another, long, long ago. Jesus has completed the work of our redemption. He has said, ‘It is finished.’ Through faith in him you have pardon. It is impossible for a sinner to do ought to save himself. It is impossible to add anything to the perfect work of Christ. Doing is not God's way of salvation, but ceasing from doing, and believing what God in Christ has already done for you—God has given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.”
“I do believe that Jesus died on the cross for sinners; but how am I to know that God has accepted me?”
“Jesus, the God-man, has ascended into heaven. He has presented his blood before God, and has been accepted for us; and when you believe, you are accepted in him.”
The awakened sinner listened with breathless attention. She received the word of God, which revealed Christ to her soul. The glad tidings fell as balm upon her wounded spirit. Her face was lit up with heaven's sunlight. Looking up-

wards, she exclaimed, “Oh, what love! what grace!”
“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”
And in a few days she departed to be with Christ. Reader, were you in similar circumstances—were you on your death-bed—could you die happy, believing in Jesus? Are you now resting on His finished atoning sacrifice.—British Herald.

Letter from Mrs. Van Meter.
SAR JONAS BOSTON,
Near the Island of Ceylon, April 10, 1868.
DEAR BROTHER BRIGHT—I think you will be glad to notice the precious revival of religion with which God is again blessing us on board ship. You may perhaps remember the *R. E. Forbes*, in 1860, when God poured out his Spirit, and captain, officers, and nearly every one of the crew, were converted during our voyage to Rangoon. In returning this time we longed for a like blessing, and we knew that many dear Christian friends in the churches and Sabbath schools of our beloved land were praying for us. Often during our voyage have we felt that we were enveloped by an atmosphere of prayer.

Deeply as we are interested for the seamen—believing that God is ready to perform His promise to Zion as soon as she fulfills her part, that “The multitudes of the sea shall be converted unto Thee”—and knowing that often these weather-beaten men are not so gospel-hardened as many of the regular attendants upon our churches in the highly favored cities of America, we still could hardly tell how we, a company of only women, could labour for them. But God prepared all before us. As soon as we were able to be up from sea-sickness, we invited Mrs. Nichols (the captain's wife), and after a time the captain also, to join us at our evening worship. They had just come from the death-bed of a pious father, and having a high respect for religion received kindly and courteously our messages, as we pressed home the claims of God upon their hearts. O, how rejoiced we were when they were first willing to kneel with us! and now for many weeks their voices unite with ours in prayer and praise.

From about the fifth week out, with the hearty co-operation of the captain and officers, we have met on deck for regular evening worship, which is generally accompanied with Bible-class instruction; and Wednesday and Sabbath evenings are appropriated for prayer and conference, in which for some time past all the converts (which includes most of the crew), take part—so that we have indeed a *Bethel ship*. Would that every ship carrying missionaries to and from their fields of labor might be alike blessed, and why not, if it is prayed for, and expected? and if it is not done, how is this important department of missionary work to be accomplished? At our last Wednesday evening meeting one of the sailors prayed “that the time might soon come when every ship should be a ‘Bethel,’ every captain a missionary, and every man a Christian,” a prayer which should meet a response from every Christian heart.—When, at one of our first meetings with the men, we urged upon them the duty of prayer as the sure and only way of finding forgiveness and mercy, he, with several others, thanked us, saying that our words and manner of instructing them recalled their mother's teaching, when, as children, they knelt by her knee in prayer, but it was little they had heard of such things since. A beautiful tribute, certainly, to woman's work in persuading men to be reconciled to God!

Another man, who has evidently been very well brought up—his mother, of whom he always speaks with tenderness, was a French lady, educated in Paris—had been for many years skeptical, reading infidel books, and asking questions which sages could not answer, remarked, as he related to us his religious experience a few evenings since:—
“When I began to pray, I doubted almost everything, but I felt wearied of myself and almost everything. I thought, surely there is little good to me in this world, and there can be little harm come from my praying to Jesus Christ as the Son of God, even if he is not so—and I want to find peace somewhere; and” (in his broken English) “this is what has come of it. I hope I am a different man from what I was; and I trust God has for Christ's sake forgiven all my sins, though I know they have been very great.”
“And you believe now, Philip, that the Lord Jesus Christ is the very God, do you?”
“Yes; I know, ma'am, that He must be, or He could not bear my prayer and give such peace and love to my soul.”
“But how is this? You have not been reading any particular arguments or books to make you change your belief? What has become of your skepticism? What makes you believe now?”
“Well, ma'am, I surely cannot tell what it is. There are many things which I cannot understand, but it seems to me I feel this in my heart—that Jesus is the Son of God, and I have only prayed to God to teach me, and to lead me in the way He would have me go. It is nothing I have done, or that I have made myself believe, and yet I think I can say I know it.”
“Blessed art thou, Simon Bar Jonah, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee; but my Father which is in heaven.”
“Does any one read this who would know the blessedness of the child of God, be you skeptical or not, let me ask you to faithfully try prayer. It is the way by which the Karen—the way by which sages—the only way, and the sure way by which any who will, may come unto God and find peace to their souls.”

During all this voyage, and all this work, I have found the young ladies who are going out with me in sympathy and prayer—and judicious, as well as zealous, in labouring for the conversion of souls; and trust the prayers of Christian friends will continue that God will thus bless us in our labours on heathen shores.
In the service of Christ,
I am ever, sincerely,
MRS. VAN METER.

SIMPLICITY IN PARAGRAPHS.—Blessed be God that the longer I live, the more I desire to be plain familiar, evangelical, and searching in my ministry; not to dress up my sermons as if I were trimming a statue with laurels and roses, or as if, at a heathen altar, I was scattering abroad the incense of an idol; but as one who, while he preaches to souls, must himself be accountable for sincerity and faithfulness. Once I aspired to be a popular preacher, and strewed about the flowers of speech, and offered to the people the nosegays of my fancy; but now I willingly recede from this rank, and would gladly occupy the most retired station, so that I might be a useful minister. Oh to be of service in the Church of Christ! This were better than to be pre-eminent in the esteem of men. I trust I find a pleasure in the work to the utter exclusion of applause or gain. The Lord give me a greater portion of His Spirit, that I may be more plain and more faithful.—Late Rev. T. Flint, of Weymouth.

The Universe and its Capital.
Jupiter is 1,281 times larger than this earth, and capable of accommodating a population of more than fifty times all the human beings that ever existed on this earth since the creation. It has four moons. The planet Uranus is large enough to accommodate a population of 1,347 times more than this earth; it has six moons. The Sun is 1,435,000 times as large as this earth. To pass over its surface at the rate of thirty square miles a day, would take two thousand million years. Were the Sun to be placed where the earth is, its surface would extend beyond the Moon 300,000 miles in every direction. The Moon is 237,000 miles from this earth. It is estimated that there are at this time 1,000,000,000 inhabitants on this earth. The planets that compose our system are large enough to accommodate more than 27,000 times as many as dwell on this globe. The Sun will afford a free range for more than 540 times as many as the whole planetary system united. In a clear night you can see in the assemblage of stars a mass of matter equal to 1,320,000,000 of globes like this earth. To the unaided eye, about 1,000 orbs are seen twinkling in the firmament; through the telescope 100,000,000 of these worlds beam out of space. As our World revolves around the Sun, and as our Sun, with its whole planetary system, revolves around some distant and unknown centre, so is it a reasonable conjecture that our whole starry canopy—that all the 100,000,000 of Suns which compose our firmament, each with its attendant train of tributary worlds is revolving together around some distant centre, moving off in the sweep of their awful orbit probably countless myriads of ages. Contemplate the planet Herschel revolving around the Sun in an orbit whose diameter is 3,800,000,000 of miles, and then the Sun with its 100,000,000 of other Suns, and each of these Suns with its planetary system wheeling in their majestic sweep around an orbit, whose centre is in those limitless regions which eye or telescope has never penetrated.

It is now considered by astronomers as highly probable, if not certain from late observations, from the nature of gravitation, and other circumstances, that all the systems of the universe revolve round one common centre, and that this centre may bear as great a proportion, in point of magnitude, to the universal assemblage of systems, as the sun does to his surrounding planets. And since our sun is five hundred times larger than the earth, and all other planets and their satellites taken together; on the same scale, such a central body would be five hundred times larger than all the systems and worlds in the universe. Here, then, may be a vast universe of itself; an example of material creation, exceeding all the rest in magnitude and splendor, and in which are blended the glories of every other system. If this is in reality the case, it may, with the most emphatic propriety, be termed, *The Throne of God*. This is the most sublime and magnificent idea that can possibly enter into the mind of man. We feel oppressed and overwhelmed in endeavoring to form even a faint representation of it. But, however much it may overpower our feeble conceptions, we ought not to revolt at the idea of so glorious an extension of the works of God; since nothing less magnificent seems suitable to a being of infinite perfections. This grand central body may be considered as the *Capital* of the universe. From this glorious centre, embassies may be occasionally dispatched to all surrounding worlds, in every region of space. Here, too, deputations from all the different provinces of creation, may occasionally assemble, and the inhabitants of different worlds mingle with each other, and learn the grand outlines of those physical operations and moral transformations which have taken place in their respective spheres.

Here may be exhibited to the view of unnumbered multitudes, objects of sublimity and glory, which are nowhere else to be found within the wide extent of creation. Here, intelligences of the highest order, who have attained the most sublime heights of knowledge and virtue, may form the principal part of the population of this magnificent region. Here, the grandeur of the Deity, the glory of his physical and moral perfections, and the immensity of his empire, may strike the mind with more bright effulgence, and excite more elevated emotions of admiration and rapture, than in any other province of universal nature. In fine, this vast and splendid central universe may constitute that august mansion mentioned in Scripture, under the designation of the *Third Heaven—the Throne of the Eternal—the Heaven of Heavens—the High and Holy Place—and the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.*

THE SCOTCH ROBBERS.—One day, as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane, a tremendous thunder-storm came on. He was observed by two men of bad character at a considerable distance. They had not courage to rob him; but, wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, “I will lie down by the wayside, as if I were dead, and you shall inform the archbishop that I was killed by lightning, and beg money of him to bury me.” When the archbishop arrived at the spot, the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. The archbishop sympathized with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion, he found him really dead. Immediately he began to exclaim aloud, “Oh, sir, he's dead.” On the archbishop discovering his fraud, he left the man with this important reflection, “It is a dangerous thing to trifle with the judgment of God.”

THE MOTHER.—Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense and estate; but her relation as a mother's is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relations is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yes, winter, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But, when she is dead and gone—when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our heart—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few love us for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

THE ATHEIST AND THE IRISH WOMAN.—During the month of November, 1843, a clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister. In answer to a question of the latter as to what would be a man's condition after death, the atheist replied:—“Man is like a pig; when he dies that is the end of him.” As the minister was about to reply, a seduced Irish woman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with passion, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon her, and addressing the clergyman in a voice

of indignation, she exclaimed, “Oh, what love! what grace!”
“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.”
And in a few days she departed to be with Christ. Reader, were you in similar circumstances—were you on your death-bed—could you die happy, believing in Jesus? Are you now resting on His