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FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS!
PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867.
The first and only prizes for Cabinet Organs was awarded to A. JACQUELLE.

READ THE JUDGES' REPORT:
M. L. LULLIBLAD, each like a fine organ. Cabinet Organ, with two banks of Key, Eight Stops, FIRST PRIZE.
Mr. L. also shows a Cabinet Organ in Rosewood Case, Double Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic swell, of great coverage and purity of tone, which is entitled to Honorable Mention.

Also, an Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Walnut, without Stops.
FIRST PRIZE.
These Instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 20 per cent. less than can be imported.

Every Instrument fully warranted. An inspection respectfully solicited.
PIANO WAREHOUSE—Shelburne Road, N. B. Market Square, St. John, N. B. A. JACQUELLE, Proprietor.

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.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1859, the following highly satisfactory report was made:
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the business is exhibited in the one following fact—that the increase of the last three years exceeds the entire business of all the existing and of many of the recently defunct fire insurance companies of this Kingdom.

The Premiums for the year 1856 being \$1,150,000 While the Premiums for the year 1858 are \$1,850,000 Showing an actual increase of 60 per cent. or upwards of 50 per cent. in three years.
The recent returns of duty made by 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 insurance offices exhibits an advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Company, while all the others respectively fall far short of the ratio of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
The amount of new 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 of amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 855, the sum insured \$2,745,000, and the premium \$1,254,384. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last ten years. Thus:—
Years. No. of Policies. Sum Assured. New Premiums.
1850 .. 120 .. 105,630 9 11 .. 2,537 4 7
1851 .. 189 .. 161,594 10 6 .. 5,823 2 0
1852 .. 423 .. 404,115 15 6 .. 13,494 10 0
1853 .. 708 .. 297,590 14 8 .. 8,550 8 11
1854 .. 833 .. 397,752 6 8 .. 13,364 8 4

The remarkable increase in the business of the last four years is mainly confined to the large bonus declared in 1855, which amounted to no less than \$2 per cent. per annum on the sums assured and averaged 50 per cent. upon the premiums paid.

FREEDY M. JOY, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.
All descriptions of property taken at fair rates, and Fire Losses paid promptly, on reasonable proof of loss—without fee to the insured.

JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick, Prince Street, Feb. 15. Opposite James Ritchie's Building.

AGENCY
HAVING recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery and appliances for the efficient carrying out of the most perfect of YENETIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give us a call before pur. having elsewhere.
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H. KOHMAN, 31 German 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 Carpentering, House Building and General Jobbing, and moderate charges made.
April 4. Dooley's Building, Waterloo St.

SAMUEL J. SCOVILL,
BANKER.
Agent for St. Stephen's Bank.
OFFICES:
Corner Prince Wm. Street and Market Square.
INVESTMENTS made and Sales effected of Bank Stocks, Mortgages and Securities of every description.
Drafts, in Gold and Currency, on the United States, Halifax, Montreal, Prince Edward Island, and all the Provinces can be seen.
Uncurrent Pounds, 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 agreed upon.
St. John, January 10th, 1858.

FORBELLARD INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, Feb. 1st, 1858, \$311,194.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STANTON, Agents, Prince St., St. John, N. B.
Oct. 15—77. STANTON, Commercial Bank.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent at St. John, N. B.
No. 4. GEORGE THOMAS.
NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1803.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 Sterling.
Invested Funds (1856), £2,501,519 7 10 3/4.
Annual Revenue, £1,468 16 8 3/4.
FIRE AND MARINE DEPARTMENT.
THIS COMPANY insures against loss or damage by Fire—Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels on Stocks 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 Policy.
INDISPENSABILITY.
After a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be held to be indisputable 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. HENRY JACK, General Agent, March 26.

ADAM YOUNG,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cooking, Office, Hall, and Parlour Stoves,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.
Importer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Block Tin and Japan Ware, Register Grates, &c.
PENNYN MARBLE MANTLE PIECES.
Agent for Messrs Pond & Co.'s celebrated Cooking-Range, St. John, N. B.
Ship and Mill Castings made to order.
28, 30, and 32 Water Street,
March 6—6m. St. John, N. B.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, last July, 1858, \$230,000.
New Business Agency—1 Princess Street, opposite Commercial Bank, St. John, N. B.
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 Profits for the past five years, amount to 4 1/2 per cent.
Responsibility of the first, respectability, and every other information given on application to W. J. STANTON, Agents, Oct. 15, 1857—77.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Fund paid up and invested, £2,312,343 5s. 1d. 5/4.
Premiums received by Fire Risk, 1854, £748,774 5s. 1d. 5/4.
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1854, £60,459 3s. 6d.
Premiums in Life Risks, 1854, £14,197 10s. 6d.
Losses paid in Life Risks, 1854, £1,254 10s. 6d.
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for the claims insured.
EDWARD ALLISON, General Agent, Commercial Bank Building.

The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1868.

New Series, Whole No. 280.
Vol. VI., No. 20.

New York Correspondence of the Watchman and Reflector.

CHURCH REMOVAL.
The first Baptist church of this city has yielded at length to the great pressure, and is to become an up town church. It is to be yielded to the Lutherans on a first of May, to whom it has been sold. The closing services were held on Sunday, and the old members gathered in from all quarters, to bid farewell to the venerable place so full of sacred association. Scattered all over this region, the members of the First Church have always been reluctant to sever their connection with it or take letters to any other body, and the final communion in the afternoon was a very impressive one. The history of this church, dating back to the time when baptisms were held in the night, to prevent a riot, is a remarkable one. The church has always been strong in its devotional meetings. After the death of the lamented Not, the church was for a long time without a pastor. Yet its prayer meetings were always crowded, were deeply interesting, and a continuous revival seemed to attend them. The church is not a unit on this removal. Three of the deacons, with many members, thirty-six in all, have taken their letters, determined to labor down town, where the population is dense and church privileges are few.

BROOKLYN CHURCHES.
Peace and prosperity, with much religious interest, attend the churches of Brooklyn. The Washington Avenue, by far the most elegant and charitable of any in this region, is very large and prosperous. Galleries have been put in to accommodate the increasing growth, and a Sunday school room of great beauty and of large size indicates the increasing interest in that direction. The Clinton Avenue church has a lecture room and Sunday school arrangements that are not excelled by any in the city. The location is in the most fashionable part of the city of churches. An enterprising and devoted merchant of New York, not content with paying his pew rent and quietly enjoying the religious privileges of a prosperous church, proposed to do something for his Master on his own account. He built a very fine mission chapel, and called one of the first pastors of New York to the new enterprise. He then purchased elegant lots on Clinton Avenue, and put up the commodious building now occupied by the Sunday school and for worship. It was his intention to have built a church edifice that should not cost less than \$250,000. This sum was to have been realized from the profit of his business, which was to be devoted to this work. He was out down in the midst of his plans by death; but still he left the young church strong enough to carry on the enterprise so well begun. The Congregationalists, under Rev. Mr. Evers, are erecting a spacious church in a new portion of Brooklyn. Rev. Mr. Duryea's people have their plans consummated for a magnificent edifice. No city in the country grows faster than Brooklyn, and churches keep pace with its growth.

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY.
This prelate is as unlike Bishop Hughes as the stealthy tiger is unlike the bounding, roaring bull. He makes no noise, creates no demonstrations, appears on no platforms, engages in no controversies, but confines himself strictly to the pulpits of his own diocese, and avoids every demonstration that made the career of Archbishop Hughes so remarkable. Yet the diocese was never in so complete working trim nor so efficient as now. The tactics of the Jesuits prevail, and the work, though silent goes on. Nearly the whole city government of New York is Catholic. There is not an office of emolument or trust in the city that is not controlled by men who are in subordination to the Roman communion. Immense grants of real estate have been made under the plea of education or charity. To keep Catholic children from our Sunday Schools and from the reach of our missions, a Catholic Protective Society has been organized, and the city government pays to this institution many thousand dollars a year to sustain it. Besides a Sunday night service, which the Catholics keep up for the defence of their faith, they have taken hold of the tract system. Their tracts grapple with the popular objections to Catholicism, and are scattered broadcast in hotels, steamboats and horse-cars. The coverings to the great cathedral have been removed, and the work has been recommenced on this costly structure. The silent, bland and gentlemanly McCloskey is more dangerous than the noisy and demonstrative Hughes.

REVIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.
A letter just received in this city brings the intelligence that a revival of great power exists among the Baptist churches in Philadelphia. Mr. Earle went from this city to labor with Dr. Boardman's church, in connection with Rev. Mr. Poltz. The work has assumed a most remarkable power. The churches are densely crowded and numbers go away every night unable to get in. Many conversions are reported, and the interest is increasing.

MR. BECKER ON BAPTISM.
Mr. Beecher gets off some smart things and many loose ones. On Friday night last he announced that he should baptize at a given time in his church by immersion. He stated that, if there were any in the congregation who had been sprinkled and who desired to be immersed, he would accommodate each at the time named. If a person had been immersed and was not satisfied, he was prepared to immerse him again. He saw no reason why baptism, the same as the Lord's Supper, should not be repeated as often as the candidate desired or his conscience demanded. Besides his bowl for sprinkling, Mr. Beecher has a baptistry on the most approved plan, under the platform on which he stands to preach.

PERSEVERANCE.
I imagine I see a little boy tripping up the street of a certain town, singing, “Hosanna to the Son of David!” A poor afflicted woman stands on her doorstep and hears the child. “What is that you say?” she asks, as he is passing by her house. “Oh,” says he, “have you heard about Jesus of Nazareth? He cured blind Bartimeus that used to sit at the wayside begging; and he has raised a young man to life that was being carried to his grave; and he healed ten lepers all at once; and the people who have sick relations bring them and lay them at His feet and He cures them all. And those who have no friends to bring them, if they can only just touch Him, are made perfectly whole.” “Oh,” cried the poor woman, “if that's true, He can cure my bloody issue, that I've been tormented with these twelve years. When will He be here, my little man?” “Why,” says the child, “He'll be here directly. He's coming this way. There, don't you hear the noise of the multitude? Look! here they come. Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David!” and away goes the little boy to his mother that the Prophet she had taught

him to look for is come at last. “Well, I'll go,” says the poor thing, timidly. “I'll get behind him. Maybe He won't pity me; but that dear little lad said as many as touched Him were made whole. I'll go and try, however.” I imagine I see the poor weak creature, who has spent all her living on physicians, that only made her worse, drawing her tattered shawl around her and wringing her way through the crowd. They push her aside, but she says, “I'll try again.” She winds to the right, and then to the left, now near, and the next minute farther off than ever. But still she perseveres, although she seems to have so little chance of getting through the throng, which is thickest around the Man she wants. “Well done, poor woman! Try again; it's for your life, you know. That bloody issue will be your death if you don't get it cured, and a touch of His clothes will do it. I imagine I hear one rudely ask the fainting creature, “Where are you pushing to? You've got a bloody issue; you've no business here.” “Ah,” she answers, “I see there a Man whose like I never saw before. Let me but touch His garment and I shall be as well as any of you.” And now another step or two, and she can hear His gentle voice speaking kindly to Jairus, as He walks home with him to heal his little daughter lying at the point of death. “The woman stretches out her hand, but she isn't near enough. Another step—yes, now she touches—it is but the hem of His garment; but it is all she needs. Glory to Jesus! her issue of blood is dried, and she immediately feels in her body that she is healed. Glory to Jesus! she touched, and was made perfectly whole. And if there was virtue in His garment, isn't there efficacy in His blood!—R. Weaver.

LOVING JESUS BEST.
“Mother,” said little Hugh, coming in from an evening prayer-meeting, where he had met the Saviour, and held in his little heart sweet communion with him, “mother, would it hurt your feelings if I should love Christ more than I love you?”
“No, my son!” replied the trembling mother, as she hardly dared to think she had heard aright, “no! Jesus has done a great deal more for you than any mother has done, or can do, for her dearest child.”
Looking up into her face earnestly, Hugh said,
“I asked you first because I do, mother.”
“How many mothers would be willing to have their feelings hurt” in this way? Then let them pray for the Spirit: for it is the Holy Spirit alone that can unlock the heart of even a little child, and open it to such love. We may instruct them in the most blessed Bible truths; but the Spirit must “take of these truths and show them unto them.” The disciples, on their way to Emmaus, talked with Jesus himself; but until their eyes were opened, they “knew not that it was Jesus.” The Spirit can open the eyes of the blind, unstop deaf ears, and make the dumb to speak; even more, it can call the dead to life. And this Spirit comes in answer to prayer. If you would have your child love Christ more than he loves you, pray that the Spirit may show Christ to him, not as “a root out of a dry ground,” but as the “chieftest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely.”

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.
First, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah made the experiment; but he soon found himself where all his initiators will in the end find themselves. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.
Second, to become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, that affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.
Third, to form an independent character except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and sickly; away from its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field where it is continually beat upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.
Fourth, to be a growing man and look to your post for influence, instead of bringing influence to your post. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up hill with difficulty, than to roll down with inglorious ease.

TEMPTATION.
There are two degrees in temptation, as it were—the drawing away and the enticing, as set forth in James i. 14. “But every man is tempted, when he is drawn of his own lust, and enticed.” Our hearts are, alas! too prone to evil, and to follow “after the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.” And truly indeed is it said in chaps. iv. 5, “Do ye think that the scripture saith in vain? The spirit that dwelleth in us lusteth to envy?” For we cherish too much that spirit of envy, hatred, and malice, with every evil work, and have continual heed of “more grace” to enable us to overcome this spirit.
Then there is the enticing. The world and the devil are constantly in league against us, to draw our minds from that which is good. The enemy does at times come in like a flood; and nothing less than the Spirit of the Lord can enable us to lift up a standard against him. The Apostle Paul might well exclaim, “O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?”
But, blessed be God, there is no “condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,” and to the praise of His glory “He will perfect that which concerneth us.”

BOY NOT DROWNED.—On Saturday afternoon a fatal accident befell Mr. Stephen Britt, for many years the harbor-master of the port of Rye. In company with another old “salt,” he was returning from the mouth of Rye Harbour, distant about two miles from the town, when his boat was capsized by a sudden puff of wind, and both ancient mariners were in the water struggling for life. One of them, Captain R. Wright, succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the soft mud, where he stuck until a chance wayfarer came to his aid. Captain Britt was carried down by the strong tide, then ebbing, and his body was found about an hour afterwards, left on the shore by the water, quite dead, yet warm. He was the last survivor of a family of six sons, every one of whom had died by drowning—three at sea, one in Rotterdam Harbor, and one, eight years old, in a well. This strange fatality so powerfully impressed the mind of the last remaining Stephen, that he abandoned going to sea, and relinquished even the command of a harbor steamer, which he lately had charge of.

(From the Standard.)
WILLIAM CAXTON.
“Oh, Albion!” will thy gratitude confess
To Caxton, founder of the British press;
Since first thy mountains rose and rivers flowed,
Who on thy isles so rich a book restored?”

How many, among the thousands and tens of thousands who daily hang with raptures upon the printed page, have ever stopped to offer the incense of thankful hearts to the memory of the man who introduced to English hearts and homes this golden blessing? And how many of the millions of English and American school children who have, through “the mystic characters,” sought acquaintance with “Nature's deep unfoldings,” or to “the sweet wild days of childhood,” the pleasant converse with “the tales of the soft wildernesses of poetic lore,” have forgotten even the name of the man to whom they are so greatly indebted?
Far back in years gone by in quiet England, homelived the youth and happy mother of the boy who in time became the man.

founder of the British press
and by her teaching it is said, the little boy was trained to habits of carefines and diligent industry in a home of rural simplicity. He was less brought up to understand the value of time and labor, and that to insure success, diligence of aim and persistence of effort is always essential. We have a hearty pleasure in thinking of the mother of William Caxton as possessing sound natural abilities, united with unusual strength of purpose and tenacity of will. The son evidently inherited these traits, and though the world offers no indications of marked genius, or brilliant wit, or sparkling repartee, his modest appreciation of his powers, when he styles himself “Simple William Caxton,” brings his very near our hearts, and we regard with grateful veneration the man who can so unostentatiously “sum up the consecrations of a long and arduous career,”—a career beyond all estimate on earth, which can only be known in heaven when myriads of redeemed ones shall make glad mention of the printed page, whereon was made known to their famishing souls the message of salvation!

A celebrated German writer says: “Among all the suddenly-enriched and intellectually fruitful periods of European history, the most brilliant is, perhaps, the fifteenth century.” Early in that age, in 1413 or 1418, William Caxton was born. The county of Kent, England, will ever be honored as his birth place, and “the world of letters” will ever hold his name in grateful remembrance. Even the meagre educational advantages of that period were not long allowed him. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a mercer in London. Here his faithfulness and devotion to the interest of his employers secured so good a name that a sum of money was bequeathed to him, sufficient to secure some capital in his own name. Very soon the confidence of the “Merchants' Co.” was indicated by the appointment of their young clerk to represent their interests in Holland and Flanders. Here he passed twenty-three years.

In 1444 he was one of a commission to continue a treaty of commerce between Edward IV. of England, and Philip, Duke of Burgundy.—When the English Princess, Margaret of York, married Charles, Duke of Burgundy, she took Caxton into her household, and it was while he was in her service that he translated from French into English Raoul le Foyre's *Recueil des histoires de Troye*, a work which he commenced at Bruges in 1468, and finished at Cologne in 1471.

During his residence upon the continent Caxton became deeply interested in the progress “of the new invention,” then everywhere spoken of, and at a great expense of time and labor, with an unconquerable industry he soon made himself complete master of it as then understood. “The histories of Troy,” just mentioned, was the first book ever printed in the English language. The next year, 1473, Caxton returned to England, and in 1474 put forth the “Game of Chess,” remarkable as being the first book ever printed in England.

Upon his return to his native land, he settled in the vicinity of Westminster Abbey, London. His printing-office was in the “Armory,” as appears from an old placard in Caxton's largest type, which is now preserved at Oxford. It runs thus: “If it please any man, spiritual or temporal, to buy any Pyles of two and three commemoracions of Salisbury vntprinted after the forme of this present lettre, whiche ben wech and truly correct, late hym com to Westminster in to the Almoneray at the red pale, and he shall have them good chepe.”

All of Caxton's works were printed in black letter. The largest collection of books from Caxton's press, are those in the British Museum, and in the library of Earl Spencer at Althorp. The names of sixty-four productions from his pen are known. Entries in the parish accounts of St. Margaret, Westminster, in 1492, are the only information we have of his death.
“Irem—atte burying of William Caxton for liij torches vs—viijd. For belle vjd.”
“Lord! tyngh by thes, when Caxton vade
His silent works for ever speak;
A grave for tyrans thus was made—
Then cracked the chain which yet shall break.”

ANECDOTES OF WEBSTER.
Daniel Webster was a firm believer in divine revelation, and a close student of its sacred pages. On one occasion, a small company of select friends spent an evening at his house. Tea over, the Bible, and the relative bounties of its several parts, became the topic of conversation. Each one of the guests had a preference. When the turn came to Webster, he said: “The masterpiece of the New Testament, of course, is the Sermon on the Mount. That has no rival, no equal. As to the Old Testament writings, my favorite book is that of Habakkuk, and my favorite verses, chapter iii, v. 17. “Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no more; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” This, continued Webster, “I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature. And often have I wondered that some artist, equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting.”

“When in Paris, some years ago,” continued Mr. Webster, “I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, his most infidel writers, he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the above prayer of Habakkuk. Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course, they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquires the elated infidel replied, ‘A writer by the name of Habakkuk, of course a Frenchman!’ Judge of the

infidel's surprise, when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called free-thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much-despised book—the Bible.”—*Lutheran Observer.*

JOAN WASTE.
Among many who glorified God by suffering martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary, Joan Waste, a poor woman, deserves never to be forgotten. Though blind from her birth, she learned at an early age to knit stockings and sleeves, and to assist her father in the business of rope-making; and always discovered the utmost aversion to idleness and sloth. After the death of her parents, she lived with her brother; and by diligent attendance of the church and hearing divine service, she became deeply impressed with the principles of the Christian religion. She was a possessor of the word of God; so that at times, having been in labor earned and saved as much money as would purchase New Testament, she would read it, and she could not read it, she would have others to read to her, especially an old man, seventy years of age, the clerk of a parish in Dorset, who had a chapter to her almost every day. She would also, sometimes give a penny or two to the same clerk, to those who would not read to her without pay. By these means she became well acquainted with the New Testament, and could repeat many chapters without the book, and daily increasing in sacred knowledge, she spent the remainder of her life, till when she was about twenty-five years of age, she was condemned for not believing the Popish doctrine of Christ's bodily presence in the sacrament, and burnt at Smithfield, August 1, 1556.—*Townley's Biblical Records.*

THE IRISH CHURCH
is doomed. Disraeli, though sustained by the whole weight of the aristocracy of the Empire, cannot keep it up. The English Premier may appeal to the people to sustain his policy, but he will appeal in vain. Gladstone's measure will ultimately triumph. The *Standard* very justly says:—
“No event of more significance has occurred in England during the present century than the vote in the House of Commons on Mr. Gladstone's measure for abolishing the Irish Church establishment. Disraeli, the English Premier, is said to have written, in view of the disposition of Parliament in this matter: ‘In my opinion the crisis of England is at hand, for the purpose is now avowed, and that by a powerful party, of destroying that sacred union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilization, and the only security of our religious liberty.’ It is because this Irish Church question connects itself so closely with the stability of the establishment in England that the position of the House of Commons is alarming to the conservatives. In itself, the Irish Church is a monstrous anomaly, and a disgrace to English Protestantism and religious freedom. It has been, indeed, one of the chief reproaches of Romanist writers against Protestantism. The annual revenues of the establishment are about as follows: Salaries of archbishops and bishops, \$400,000; benefices, \$2,515,000; trustees and their chapels, \$8,500; ministers' money, \$7,500; ecclesiastical commission, \$550,000; total, \$3,485,000. There is also \$250,000 annually to Trinity College, Dublin; 190,000 acres of land, and \$160,000 from the students' fees annually to the college. If the church property were put into the market it would bring an annual income of over \$6,000,000. This enormous income is devoted to sustaining a church to which only a small minority of the Irish people belong. The total population of Ireland in 1861 was 5,798,967, and of these 4,505,265 were Catholics. The remaining 1,293,702 comprise Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Quakers, Plymouth Brethren, Moravians, Unitarians, Covenanters and Jews, beside the members of the so-called ‘National’ Church. Of the 1,293,702 Protestants in Ireland, in 1861, not more than 600,000 belonged to the Established Church, leaving 693,702 other Protestants; and since 1861 the Established Church has decreased. Under all these circumstances, we may safely believe that the Establishment, in the present day, does not number more than 500,000 of the inhabitants of Ireland as bona fide members. Thus the Irish people are to be taxed to sustain a church to which less than one-eleventh of them belong.

The destruction of such a system as this is subject for rejoicing to the lovers of religious liberty. But the English establishment will follow too, it is said. This is only less obnoxious to liberty because the proportion of the English people not belonging to its communion is not so large as of the Irish. The alarming declarations which come from the startled aristocrats seem only amusing on this side of the water. We regard that this move betokens the downfall of religious liberty, and that it will let in a tide of irreligion which will sweep away the Bible and the church, and other presages of evil which are as confidently uttered as though the world had never seen the severance of Church and State.

OBSCURE PASSAGES IN THE BIBLE.—A gentleman, who visits with great regularity the Philadelphia Penitentiary, the inmates of which his piety prompts him to instruct, had given a Bible to a convict, who would ask him at each visit, with much awkwardness, some difficult question formed from passages of that sacred volume; each time declaring that he would not go if this was not first explained to him. The gentleman was unable to persuade him that it was best for him first to dwell upon those passages which he could easily understand, and which plainly applied to him in his situation. After many fruitless trials to induce the convict to this course, his friendly teacher said:—
“What would you think of a hungry man who had not eaten a morsel of food for the last twenty-four hours, and was asked by a charitable man to come in and sit down at a richly covered table, on which were large dishes of choice viands, and also covered ones, the contents of which the hungry man did not know, who, instead of satisfying his exhausted body with the former, raises one cover after another, and insists on finding out what these unknown dishes are composed of; in spite of all the advice of the charitable man to partake of the more substantial dishes, he dwells with obstinate inquiry on nicer compounds, until overcome by exhaustion, he drops down. What would you think of such a man?”

“He was a fool,” said the convict, “and I will be no longer. I understand you well.”
Who wrote the note—Dickens, Warren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote “Now and Then.” Bulwer wrote “Night and Morning.” Dickens wrote “All the Year Round.”

EXTENT OF THE AMAZON.
The following extract is from Prof. Agazzi's new book, entitled, “A Journey in Brazil”:
“A region of country which stretches across a whole continent, and is flooded for half a year, where there can never be railroads or highways, or even pedestrian travelling to any great extent, can hardly be considered as dry land. It is true that in this oceanic river system the tidal action that its rise and fall obeys a larger orb, and are ruled by the sun and not the moon; but it is nevertheless subject to all the conditions of a submerged district, and must be treated as such. Indeed, these semi-annual changes, of level are far more powerful in their influence on the life of the inhabitants than any marine tides. People sail half a year above the districts where for the other half they walk, though hardly dry-shod, over the soaked ground; their occupations, their dress, their habits, are modified in accordance with the dry and wet seasons.

And not only the ways of life, but the whole aspect of the country, the character of the landscape, are changed. The two picturesque scenes, at one of which we took our bath the other morning, and at this season such favorable resorts with the inhabitants of Manaus, will disappear in a few months, when the river rises for some forty feet above its level. Their bold rocks and shady nooks will have become river bottom. All that we hear or read of the extent of the Amazon and its tributaries fails to give an idea of its immensity as a whole. One must float for months upon its surface, in order to understand how fully water has the mastery over land along its borders. Its watery labyrinth is rather a freshwater ocean, cut and divided by land, than a network of rivers. Indeed, this whole valley is an aquatic, not a terrestrial basin; and it is not strange, when looked upon from this point of view, that its forests should be less full of life, comparatively, than its rivers.

TO WHICH PARTY?—To be made like the Son of God; to behold his unveiled glory, and to be forever with him; these particulars must include every ingredient which can belong to the highest perfection and happiness of a creature! Oh! are we among the happy few who seek the light of God's countenance above all things? There is no neutral person in this case. Every man that liveth upon the earth is either “carnally-minded, which is death; or spiritually-minded, which is life and peace;” either a child of God, or a drudge and slave to the world. To which party, then, do you belong? What are your hearts principally set upon, and whither do you bend your chief and most vigorous endeavors? If you can find but little leisure for the service of God and the care of your souls; if you can spend whole days without calling upon God, then beware!—Walker.

CHRIST IN THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE.—No biographer, moralist, or artist can be satisfied with any attempt of his to set forth the beauty of holiness which shines from the face of Jesus of Nazareth. It is felt to be infinitely greater than any conception or representation of it by the mind, the tongue or the pencil of man or angel. We might as well attempt to empty the waters of the boundless sea into a narrow well, or to portray the splendor of the rising sun and starry heavens with ink. No picture of the Saviour, though drawn by the master hand of Raphael, or Durio, or Rubens; no epic, though conceived by the genius of a Dante, or Milton, or Klopstock, can improve on the artless narrative of the gospels, whose only but all powerful charm is truth.—Schoff.

THE WAY TO THE CROWN.—We must taste the gall if we are to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulations. When God saves a soul, He tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all He permits them to do is to suffer for his sake. Go round to every one in glory; each has a different story to tell, yet every one a tale of sufferings. But mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but it passed away. The water was deep, but they reached the other side. Not one there blames God for the way He led them thither. “Salvation!” is their only cry. Child of God, murmur not at your lot. Learn to glory in tribulations also.

DIFFICULT PLACES. Ex. iv. 24, 26.—A strange event this in the history of Moses. From the connection it appears that Moses had neglected the circumcision of his child, and for this “the Lord met him and sought to kill him,” and so, after the circumcision, “He let him go.” Pool gives this interpretation, and it is probably the correct one.
Who knocks? Oh, careless sinner! this is the Saviour whom we have always been preaching to you; this is the Divine Redeemer whom you have always trodden under foot. You would think it a great thing if the king left his throne, and besought you to accept a little gold; but, oh! how much greater a thing is here. The King of kings has left his throne and died, the just for the unjust, and now knocks at your door. Careless sinner, can you still resist!—McCheyne.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—A Western pastor having written a reply to some malignant newspaper attacks, sent it to a friend to be submitted to Dr. Wayland for his advice. The doctor read the article, considered it a few moments, and said, in substance: “Tell brother—do not take notice of the attacks. A man's CHARACTER will take care of his REPUTATION, and he need not fear the malicious attacks of his enemies. It is never well for a man publicly to vindicate himself from charges which the whole tenor of his life contradicts. Those who know the man do not need the vindication, and those who don't know him will not care enough about it to read what he may write.” Our ministering friend said he had lived long enough to be more thankful than he could express for the advice thus given.

A MISTAKE.—A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk: “I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and tear, and of an exceedingly pale blue color, in the place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. I say, my brethren, it was probably by mistake, that of those articles the one was taken and the other left; though it is a very improper mistake, and should be discontinued if possible. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common.”

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