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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS! PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, OCT. 13, 1887.

READ THE JUDGES REPORT: M. L. LITTLEWOOD exhibits a fine toned large Cabinet Organ, with two banks of Keys, Eight Stops.

FIRST PRIZE. Mr. L. also exhibits a grand organ in Rosewood Case, Double Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic Swell, of great power and purity of tone.

FIRST PRIZE. These instruments are equal in respect to the best American makers, and will hold at 50 per cent. less than can be imported.

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.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 92 Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.

At the Annual Meeting held in August 1886, the following highly satisfactory result was achieved.

LIFE DEPARTMENT. The amount of new Life Premiums received this year in the United Kingdom, was the largest since the commencement of the business.

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The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1868.

Love One Another.

A little girl with happy look, Sat slowly reading a ponderous book.

All bound with velvet and edged with gold, And its weight was more than the child could hold.

Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er, And every day she prized it more.

For it said, as she looked at her dear little brother, It said, “Little children must love one another.”

She thought it was beautiful in that book, And the lesson home to her heart she took.

She walked on her way with a trusting grace, And a dove-like look on her meek young face,

Which said as plain as words could say, The Holy Bible it must obey.

So, mamma, I’ll be kind to my darling brother, For “Little children must love one another.”

I’m so sorry he’s naughty and will not pray, But I’ll love him still; for I think the way.

To make him gentle and kind to me, Will be better shown; if I let him see.

I strive to do what I think is right; And thus when I kneel to pray to-night,

I will clasp my arms around my brother, And say, “Little children must love one another.”

The little girl did as the Bible taught, And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;

For the boy looked up in glad surprise, To meet the light of her loving eyes;

His heart was full, he could not speak, He pressed a kiss on his sister’s cheek;

And God looked down on the happy mother, Whose little children loved each other.

Baptist Anniversaries in London.

We are anxious to give our readers as correct an idea as possible of the proceedings of our brethren in the fatherland.

Our exchanges are filled with interesting sketches of what was said and done at the recent Anniversaries of our denomination; but, in most instances, these sketches are too long for our pages.

In the Christian Era, of Boston, we find a letter from Rev. John Stock, D.D., of England, which furnishes, in a condensed form, just what we want; we therefore copy his letter entire.

London, April 22.—I arrived here last evening, and am staying at my mother’s residence.

My business in London is to attend the anniversary of our various Societies. I propose to send you a diary of each day’s engagements, with my impressions of the state of our denominational institutions as they are successively presented to the public notice.

April 23.—The Anniversaries opened with a public prayer meeting in John Street Chapel (Baptist Noels), presided over by Rev. J. P. Murrell, of Leicester, who warmed our hearts by a few stirring words on the excellence of the spirit of prayer.

Several brethren engaged in prayer with deep earnestness. A hallowed influence rested upon the assembly, but I am sorry to say the number of those present was very small—disgracefully so, considering the thousands of Baptists who live in London.

Several minor prayer meetings were held in different parts of London simultaneously on the evening of this day.

In the afternoon we had a most important and anxious meeting of the committee of the Baptist Union for Great Britain and Ireland, of which committee I am a member.

We met at 3 P. M., and did not separate until 9 P. M. Final arrangements were made for the session, which will take place next Monday and Thursday.

On the evening of this day a sermon was preached in Mr. Spurgeon’s Metropolitan Tabernacle, by Rev. E. T. Gange, of Landport, and formerly one of Mr. Spurgeon’s students.

April 24.—This morning I attended the meeting of the committee of our great Foreign Mission, prior to the assemblies of next week. Many grave questions came before us. The Society being the financial year just closed with a debt of £2096 13s. 6d.

During the year £4549 19s. 2d. had been raised to liquidate the deficiency, leaving £249 14s. 8d. still uncollected. But a fresh debt on the present year’s operation has been accruing, and has reached the alarming amount of £2795 1s. 5d.

add to which the balance of last year’s debt not raised, and we find ourselves at the beginning of the new financial year with a debt of £3342 13s. 8d.; and this, too, when the churches have been just appealed to for special contributions towards the extinction of the old debt.

It was felt that this is a most undesirable state of things. Several brethren suggested that the operations and expenditures ought to be curtailed within the limits which the income will sustain; and that we ought to wait until the churches are sufficiently awake to the importance of the work to warrant an extension of the society’s operations.

The whole question was remitted to the incoming committee which will be elected next week. They will have to decide whether the expenditure shall be adjusted to the present income, or renewed efforts shall be made to raise the income to a level with the present expenditure. We have clearly come to a financial crisis in the history of our Mission; and if the churches are not stirred up to renewed and increased generosity, some of our fields will have to be abandoned. Pray for us, my brother.

In India there are many cheering indications that the celebrated system of idolatry which has held sway there for many centuries is gradually losing its hold upon the minds of the people.

It would be sad, when the fields are just whitening for the harvest, to withdraw any of the reapers; but what can we do if the churches will not furnish the means for keeping them at their posts?

Many places rendered vacant by the death of honored brethren, have not been filled up; or will they be, until the annual revenue of our Mission is increased.

On the evening of this day Bro. Gange preached a second sermon for the British and Irish Home Mission at Mare Street Chapel, Hockney; and the annual Welsh sermon for the Foreign Mission was preached in Castle Street Chapel, Tottenham Court Road, by the Rev. John Bay, Morgan, of Llanelli. I am told that this annual sermon in “the language of Paradise” invariably rouses our Welsh brethren to a very high pitch of enthusiasm.

April 25.—This day being Saturday, is free from public meetings. The Lord’s day sermons have to be prepared for.

April 26.—Lord’s Day. On this day sermons were preached and collections made for our Mission in all the Baptist pulpits of London, where there is any sympathy for the society. The “hard-shell brethren,” of course, do nothing of the sort. The pulpit that I have occupied to-day, is Blandford Street Chapel, Manchester Square. Here there was once a flourishing Baptist Church, with about 500 members, in John Keble’s day; but the interest has decayed, and

the congregation is miserably small now. The chapel is a queer old-fashioned building, the entrance being up a narrow court; but the church is one of the few left in London that still retain their allegiance to the close communion order.

The variations in the fortunes of some of our Metropolitan churches are wonderful. Many interests once prominent in influence and moral power are now hourly extinct; while such places as Messrs. Brock, Landells, and above all, C. H. Spurgeon occupy, have become the great centres of Baptist energy and effort in the Metropolis.

April 27.—On this day was commenced the annual session of the Baptist Union. Dr. F. W. Gotch, President of Bristol College, gave the annual address, which was a calm, thoughtful statement of the reasons why Baptists should still preserve a distinct denominational existence in this country. Dr. Gotch is an open communionist, but he spoke in very kind terms of his “strict” brethren. I look at it as a bad sign that in this country it is necessary to have elaborate papers read every now and then on the necessity of preserving our distinct denominational existence.

Does not this indicate an uneasy consciousness of the fact that there is growing up among us a widely-spread desire to merge our distinctive existence into union churches, to which all Evangelical Non-conformist, Baptist and Pseudo-Baptist, shall be admitted? Some of our foremost men have declared for this policy, and have become the pastors of such churches; and the movement is not arrested, but becomes every year wider and deeper.

At this meeting a paper was read on National Education, by Rev. S. G. Green, B. A., President of Rawdon College. I followed, with a full account of our glorious New England public school system, which was extremely well received; but the whole question was adjourned to Thursday morning next.

On the evening of this day the Bible Translation Society, founded to sustain faithful versions of the Word of God in the East and elsewhere, which versions the British and Foreign Bible Society had discarded, celebrated its anniversary at Kingsgate Street Chapel. The meeting was attended by about 300 people only, but was thought a remarkably good one. The income of this valuable Institution is £1654 18s. 1d., a mere pittance, considering the grandeur of the principle which the Society represents.

April 28.—This morning I had the pleasure of breakfasting with a countryman of yours, the truly apostolical Rev. W. C. Van Meter, of the Howard Mission, New York. He leaves to-day for Rome and other Italian cities, and is resolved to see what Popery is doing for homeless little wanderers. His daughter accompanies him. Mr. Van Meter has met with a most enthusiastic reception here, wherever he has spoken in public. He is indeed one of the most fervent types of a Christian man that I ever met with. The Lord bless both him and his mission!

This morning I attended the annual meeting of the members of the Baptist Foreign Mission, for the election of committee and other officers. This meeting is not open to the public. A review is always taken at it of the proceedings of the committee during the preceding year. The whole of their decisions are open to remarks and debate at this gathering. Englishmen are proverbial grumblers, and all the grumbling with regard to the Missionary business of the year generally comes to a head at this members’ meeting. However, we got on very well, after a little thunder and lightning had cleared the atmosphere. I have already spoken of the financial condition of the Society.

One or two meetings of minor Societies were held to-day, which my space will not allow me to chronicle. Among these were the meetings of the trustees of our new hymn book, “Psalms and Hymns;” and of the Baptist National Society for the relief of aged ministers and widows.

In the evening was held the annual meeting of the British and Irish Baptist Home Mission, at Bloomsbury chapel (Rev. Wm. Brock’s). The meeting was a spirited one, for a London Baptist gathering. The income of the Society was returned at £4394 18s. 2d.; but some county associations do much home-mission work in their several localities, which is quite distinct from the operations of the Society having its headquarters at London. The Irish branch presents many hopeful indications just now.

April 29.—To-day the two great annual sermons have been preached for the Foreign Mission, by Rev. James Spencer, D.D., an influential Congregational minister of London; and the other in the evening at Waltham Road Chapel, by Rev. John Trafford, M. A., President of Seton College, East India. The sermons were essentially distinct in style, but each was excellent in its way, and must tend to awaken a missionary spirit in the churches.

On the evening of this same day the Baptist Tract Society celebrated its anniversary in the lower room of Exter Hall. One of the speakers was your humble servant, his subject being the Relation of the Society’s operations to Popery. The point I insisted on was, that there is no logical halting place between decided Baptist views, which reject not only tradition itself, but everything that rests only on the authority of tradition; and that the signs of the times demand the vigorous assertion of this truth. The Baptist Tract Society is our only English Baptist Publication Society, a very humble imitation of your own. It has one redeeming feature, it is sound on the communion question. I hope it will not become Hyper-Calvinistic in doctrine, but there is great danger of its coming under the dominant control of the Hyper-Calvinistic school. We want men who will hold the doctrine of grace fearlessly, and who will assert the duty of all men to repent and believe, as earnestly. Sovereignty and responsibility should never be separated. The total income of the Baptist Tract Society is £294 13s. 0d.

April 30.—To-day the Baptist Union resumed its sitting in Waltham Road Chapel, and the discussion on National Education was re-opened. The following resolution was at last adopted by an overwhelming majority:

“That this Union regards the establishment of an equitable system of National Education as now possible in England, the essential conditions being:—

1. The separation between secular and religious instruction.

2. The limitation of school inspection and control to the secular department; and

3. The recognition of efficiency in this department as constituting the sole claim to Government support.”

Other resolutions were submitted, but were withdrawn, and the entire question will again come up for consideration at the autumnal meeting of the Union. A proposal to start a fund for the augmentation of the salaries of poorer Baptist ministers, was also deferred. The following facts will be interesting to your numerous readers.

They are gleaned from the report of the Union not yet printed.

During the past year the clear increase of the denomination in Great Britain and Ireland has been 7757, giving an average increase of five per cent; a higher rate than we have attained since 1860.

The average increase in the metropolis and South Wales has been twenty-three per cent. Twenty-seven new churches have been formed, of which nine have been formed in London or its suburbs. The total number of churches is 3411, of meeting houses or chapels 2642. Our entire membership amounts to 221,524. During the year 32 ministers have died, and 63 new ministers have been ordained; while 25 new chapels have been built, at a total cost of £33,623, and 31 chapels have been enlarged, at a total cost of £11,230, giving a grand total of money spent on chapels of £44,853; certainly by no means a large sum when compared with the resources of our body.

The Baptist Union passed a resolution, commending to the sympathy of the churches, The National Freedmen’s Aid Society, formed two or three years since, to aid you in the education and elevation of your recently emancipated colored people. The resolution was adopted with much enthusiasm. A pastor of the old Waldensian Church in Italy was also introduced to the Union, and very warmly received. He is on his way to your country to collect money towards the erection of a new Waldensian Church in Naples.

Altogether, this session of the Baptist Union has been the best I ever attended. The assembly was numerous, and a spirit of brotherly love and forbearance marked all our proceedings.

On the evening of this day the great annual meeting of our Foreign Mission was held in Exter Hall. It was a most enthusiastic gathering. As far as I could judge about 3000 people were present. It reminded me of Chicago in May 1867. The Rev. G. Korry, of Calcutta, spoke most hopefully of the prospects of Christianity in the East Indies; indeed all our missionaries speak in the same strain.

Night’s candles are burnt out, and jowled day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-top.

May 1.—Our annual gatherings were wound up to-day by two meetings. We have a Young Men’s Missionary Association formed to aid the funds of our Foreign Mission. This Association is full of life and vigor. It celebrated its anniversary this evening in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, under the presidency of Mr. Sheriff McArthur. The Baptist Building Fund, founded to aid Baptist churches in the building of chapels, by advancing money without interest, was recommended to our people at the same time, in John Street Chapel (Baptist Noels). This closed our London meetings for 1868. I hope your readers will admit that this time, at any rate, I have given them a good budget of Baptist intelligence.

For the Christian Visitor.

Choices of Reading.

“Of making many books there is no end, and much reading is a weariness of the flesh.” This utterance of the wisest of men seems applicable to the present, an age of “many books” and “much reading.”

Written on all subjects, their character is as varied as the field of thought they cover is vast. Their influence has been, and ever will be, great. Did they contain truth unmingled with error, and present only true views of the duties and purposes of life, the shortness of time and magnitude of the tasks the present imposes, would demand a well advised choice. But as their influence is, in many cases, most pernicious; as by their minds are weakened, morals destroyed, and talents perverted, the selection becomes a matter of the highest importance—a matter worthy of earnest, prayerful consideration. What should guide it? The rule for every action, the summary of every duty, the true object of every endeavor is found in Christ’s summarization of the law—Love God supremely; thy fellow as thyself. The Creator is to be honored, man to be aided, self to be made the subject of improvement. This is the whole duty of man. Calm reflection on the application of these principles will seldom fail to reveal clearly the right course. Does the reading of any book occupy time that should be devoted to these objects? Does it alienate the affections from the Creator? Does it unfit for the discharge of duty to man? Does it hinder the development of talents given? Then let it be discontinued. Life is a theatre of labor—an opportunity given for improvement. Many are the difficulties to be surmounted; continuous the toil required to fit for the discharge of life’s responsibilities and ensure lasting success. The choice of reading, which at present, exerts so great an influence, is then of moment. May each pay no moment but in purchase of its worth.

The High Mountain.

Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of our Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one-half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you discover scarcely anything but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the foot of the mountain. Climb the first rising knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet. Go higher, and you see the country for four or five miles around, and you are delighted with the widening prospect. Mount still, and the scene enlarges; until at last when you are on the summit, and look east, west, north and south, you see almost all England lying before you. You are in a forest in some distant county, perhaps two hundred miles away, and here the sea, and there the shining river, and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or the masts of a ship in a busy port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, “I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation.” Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we believe in Christ we see but very little of Him. The higher we climb the more we discover of His beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has known all the heights and depths of the love of Christ, which passes knowledge? Paul, when grown old, sitting gray-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome, could say with greater emphasis than we can, “I know whom I have believed;” for each experience had been like the climbing of a mountain, each trial had been like ascending another summit, and his death seemed like gaining the top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the Christian life.

Repentance is not, like summer fruits, fit to be taken a little, and in their own time; it is like the bread, the provisions, and support of life, the entertainment of every day; but it is the bread of affliction to some, the bread of carelessness to all.

Spare Minutes.

How much we can accomplish in them if we will only try. If the farmer, while he is waiting for the dinner to be “dished up,” would nail on that loose paling to the garden-gate, or do five minutes’ work on the door-step which needs repairing, or tack up the vine which the storm has beaten down, he will feel none the worse for it when he sits down to dinner, and yet the piece of work will give him satisfaction every time he thinks of it. More than this, the mended gate will keep the chickens from destroying the garden, thus saving him dollars of money and hours of time. The mended step may save some member of the household a heavy fall, and perhaps broken bones. It certainly will add much to the happiness stock, to feel that it is all sound and safe. The vine over the window gives an air of taste and refinement to the house, which is very different from the effect produced by a ragged, wind-beaten vine trailing in the path. How sadly these things are neglected about too many households!

For want of a nail the shoe was lost, For want of a shoe the horse was lost, For want of a horse the rider was lost— And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail!

There’s not much poetry in the old ditty, but there’s a great deal of truth in the lesson it is intended to teach.

It is quite as true in-door as out. The woman who is quick to observe little things that need doing—who mends garments as soon as possible after they are torn—who does not think it too much trouble to get her needle and thread and sew a rent up in an odd five minutes—will never have her mending-basket piled up so high it half distracts her to look at it. The forehanded housewife cuts her carpet-rags a handful at a time, as she cuts out her work, instead of throwing all the odds and ends into a barrel together, until the week before she wishes to send it off to the washer. It seems to take no time when she cuts them as she makes them, and they can be safely stored away in some safe place, and a smaller bag kept convenient, into which the cuttings from day to day are placed.

Long enough before she needs them, to prevent any hurry, she says to the girls, and perhaps to the boys (it won’t hurt them at all), “Now let us each sew one ball of carpeting every evening, and we shall soon have them all done.” The work, which is commonly looked upon as such an interminable heavy task, is thus passed off lightly and comfortably.

And so with every department of work—the housekeeper who improves the odd minutes is the one who has the most abundant leisure, and whose house abounds in the most substantial home comforts.

You hardly ever go into Mrs. Willis’s kitchen during the summer, without seeing her preserving-kettle on the back of the stove, with some sort of fruit in it. She does not think it too much trouble to put up a couple of quarts of currants or raspberries, as she can gather them from her garden. The rinds of water-melons are saved from the dinner-table, and nicely spiced; and nobody in this town has such a variety of mixed pickles, far exceeding in excellence any that can be bought of the grocer. The result is, that she has a large store-room filled with choicest preserves, jellies, jams, and canned fruits, all ready for winter’s use, and yet she could hardly tell when it was all done. The jars, cups, bottles, tumblers, and bowls, are of the most miscellaneous kind, but all are most carefully sealed and neatly labeled. Many housewives covet her stores, who have not the diligence necessary to acquire the same. The grand secret of Mrs. Willis being able to accomplish so much in this line is, that she improves the spare moments.—Country Gentlemen.

The Deacon’s Rule.

Thirty-five years ago, or more, a young man then pastor of a rural church in the State of New York, was driving through the parish village in his buggy, having at his side the senior deacon—a very portly, heavy, good old gentleman, known far and wide as “the Squire.” He was a very prudent man, rather timid and careful of his life and limbs, all of which were of signal benefit to “the church and the society.” Having ascended a slight elevation in the road, the deacon observed about a hundred yards ahead, stretched on his broadside, right across the narrow wagon track, basking in a mod puddle, a huge, fat, lazy hog, weighing probably more than three hundred pounds.

“Look there, elder,” said the deacon, nervously, “see that old hog across the road. Turn out.”

“I see, sir,” said the elder. “I can’t turn out.”

“But you must, or we shall be overturned.”

“Can’t do it, sir. I have the right to the road. The hog must give way.”

Pony trotted on. They drew nigh the hog.

“I tell you,” said the deacon, now nervously excited, “turn out, or we are gone.”

“Never fear, sir; the hog must clear out.”

By this time they were nearly to a stand-still, the elder presuming that if he could arouse the attention of the sleepy beast he would at once rise and clear the track. But no; his hogship just raised his head, gave a slight glance at the little buggy, and with a short grunt laid it down in the mud. The end was, the elder had to make a short turn out and take circuit round, while the hog remained “master of the situation.” The elder having regained the track and the squire his composure (the driver rather crest-fallen), “Elder,” said the deacon, “when I am on the road (and he drove much) I never stop to contend with a hog. I think it is better to turn out.”

The deacon ended, and the elder sat for some minutes, silently revolving in his mind the deacon’s rule about hogs, and its obvious moral. And the rule, “never to stand in the road to contend with a hog,” has been one of the most useful rules of his life.

A Beautiful Incident.

William IV. expired about midnight, at Windsor Palace. The archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, was in attendance. As soon as the “accepte had departed” with the last breath of the king, the archbishop quitted Windsor Castle and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess—already by the law of succession Queen—Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met her venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the death of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. “The sovereignty of the most powerful nation at the feet of a girl of eighteen.” She was, de jure, Queen of the only realm, in fact or history, on which the sun never sets.” She was deeply agitated at the formidable words, so fraught with

blessing or calamity, and the first words she was able to utter were these, “I ask your prayers in my behalf.” They knelt together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in olden time, by asking from the Highest who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, “an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude.” The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such beginning. Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as at this hour. Queen Victoria enjoys personal influence, too, the heartfelt homage paid her as a Christian woman—incomparably wider and greater than that of any monarch now reigning.

Concerning the House we Live in.

Wonders at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but hence it happens that many know but little about “the house we live in”—the human body. We look upon the house from outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangements of the house; or of the wonderful structure of the man, the harmony and adaptation of all his parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones.

The muscles are 500 in number.

The length of the alimentary canal is about 32 feet.