

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Is Published every THURSDAY, by
BARNES & Co.,
AT THEIR OFFICE,
60 Prince William Street,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
TERMS:—Cash in Advance.
One Copy, for one year, \$3 00
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.
THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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.
Current Funds, Specie and Sterling Exchange.
Sums of £10 and upwards received on deposit, for which
receipt 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 15th, 1868.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY,
Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1867, \$215,194.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick
Currency, with an without participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to
W. J. STARR, 105 Prince St.,
Opposite Commercial Bank.
Oct 15—77

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

**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY,**
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1825.
CAPITAL, £2,000,000 Sterling.
Invested Funds (1864), £2,504,512 7 10 Sigs.
Annual Revenue, £544,466 16 8 5/16.

LIFE 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 favourable 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.
INDISPURABILITY.
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,
St. John, N. B.
HENRY JACK, General Agent.
March 25.

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 Ford & Co.'s celebrated Cooking-Range,
Stoves, &c.
Ship and Mill Castings made to order.
28, 30, and 32 Water Street,
St. John, N. B.
March 5—6m.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, 1st July, 1865, £230,000.
New Brunswick Agency—7 Princess Street, opposite Com-
mercial 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 Pro-
fits for the past nine years, amount to 44 1/2 per cent.
References of the first respectability, and any other in-
formation given by W. J. STARR,
Oct 15, 1866—7.

**LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!**
Fund paid up and invested, £2,312,848 6s. 1d. sig.
Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, 2748,674 sig.
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 529,459 "
Premiums in Life Risks, 1864, 235,348 "
Losses paid in Life Risks, 1864, 143,197 "
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Share-
holders of the Company are personally responsible for all
Policies issued.
EDWARD ALBISON,
Agent for New Brunswick,
(Commercial Bank Building.)
1867.

FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS!
PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867.
The first and only prizes for CABINET ORGANS was
awarded to A. LAURELLIARD.
READ THE JUDGES REPORT:
Mr. LAURELLIARD exhibits a fine toned large Cabinet
Organ, with two banks of Keys, Eight Stops,
FIRST PRIZE.
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.
Also an Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Wal-
nut, without Stops.
FIRST PRIZE.
These instruments are equal in every respect to the best
American makes, and will be sold at 20 per cent. less than
can be imported.
Every instrument fully warranted. An inspection re-
spectfully solicited.
PIANO WAREHOUSE—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market
Square. (Oct. 17.) A. LAURELLIARD.

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 in this country, I have the honor to inform
that I am now prepared to receive orders for the same.
My description, would do well to give us a call before pur-
chasing elsewhere.
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at
the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H.
KROHAN, 21 Grenville street, or at the Manufactory, where
patterns can be seen.
The Subscribers have always on hand—Doors, Sashes,
and all which, under their facilities, they can make to
order with the utmost despatch and upon the most reason-
able terms.
Personal attention is given to every variety of Car-
pentering, 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 build-
ing, 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 1867, 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 fact—that 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 1865 being, £130,000
While the Premiums for the year 1868 are, 156,148
Showing an actual increase of 20 per cent. in former years.
Only one among the London insurance offices exhibits an
advance to the extent of one-half the increase of the Com-
pany, while all the others respectively fall short of the
increase 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 more far exceed the
average of amount received by the most successful offices
in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year
was 520, the sum assured £267,712 9s. 6d., and the premium
£13,254 1s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid exten-
sion of business during the last ten years. Thus—
Years. No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.
1854. 89. 56,550 11 5,627 1 0
1855. 130. 85,500 11 5,627 1 0
1856. 432. 181,500 10 5,598 1 0
1857. 428. 181,948 10 4,896 18 0
1858. 719. 297,124 11 5,580 2 11
1859. 593. 297,738 8 12,554 3 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 25 per cent. per
annum on the sums assured and averaged 50 per cent. upon
the premiums paid.
FREDY W. DOWE, 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
reference to the head office.
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Princess Street,
Feb. 15. Opposite Judge Nichol's Building.

Do not let the Heart Grow Cold.
BY SOPHIA WEBSTER.
Oh, do not let the heart grow cold
Amid the toil of life,
But rose and, and with spirit bold
Do battle 'mid its strife.
Meet all its dangers and its foes
With stalwart arm and true;
Nor let its trials nor its woes
Bring dark despair to you.
What though the sunshine of thy way
Be clouded for awhile?
The roses from thy path decay,
And friends forget to smile.
We bless the gathering clouds that sail
Along the summer skies;
The verdure of the earth would fail
Did storm-clouds not arise.
And so the verdure of the heart
Would grow decreas'd and die;
Kind thoughts would wither and depart
Beneath a cloudless sky.
We need the gentle dew of tears,
The deeper shower of grief;
And if the tempest storm appears,
Pray that its hour be brief.
But do not murmur when the day
Of life is overcast;
The sun will send a purer ray
When the dark hour is past.

A Courteous Mother.
During the whole of one last Summer's hot-
test days, I had the good fortune to be seated in
a railway car, near a mother and four children,
whose relations with each other were so rarely
beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was
quite enough to make one forget the discomforts
of the journey.
It was plain that they were poor. Their clothes
were coarse and old, and had been made by in-
experienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone
would have been enough to have condemned the
whole party on any of the world's thorough-
fares. I remembered afterwards with shame,
that I myself had smiled at the first sight
of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was
one which it gave you a sense of rest to look
upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and
strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color
in it; it was thin, and pale, and livid; she was
not young; she had worked hard; she had evi-
dently been much ill; but I have seen few faces
which gave me such pleasure. I think she was
the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that
clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watch-
men of souls. The children—two boys and two
girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the
youngest could not speak plainly. They had
had a rare treat; they had been visiting the
mountains, and they were talking over all the
wonders they had seen, with a glow of enthu-
siasm which was to be envied. Only a word
for word record would do justice to their conver-
sation; no description could give any idea of it—
so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions,
no contradictions; and the mother's part bore
all the while with such equal interest and eagerness
that no one not seeing her face would dream
that she was any other than an elder sister.
In the course of the day there were many ques-
tions, and it was necessary for her to deny re-
quests, and to ask services, especially from the
eldest boy; but he was young, and anxious to please
a lover, could have done either with a more ten-
der courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover
could have been more tender and many than
this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple
and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal ban-
quet. At the last, the mother produced with
much gloe three apples and an orange, of which
the children had not known. All eyes fastened
on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I
watched to see if this little would bring out selfish-
ness. There was a test which showed just the shade
of a cloud. The mother said:
"How shall I divide this? There is one for
each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for
I expect you to give me some of it."
"O, give Annie the orange. Annie loves
oranges," spoke out the eldest boy, with the sud-
den air of a conqueror, and at the same time tak-
ing the smallest and worst apple himself.
"O ye, let Annie have the orange," echoed
the second boy, nine years old.
"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because

that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and
her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother,
quietly.
Then there was a merry contest as to who
should feed the mother with largest and most
frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on.
Then Annie pretended to want apple, and ex-
changed thin golden strips of orange for bites
out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and, as I sat
watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she
saw longing in my face, and sprang over to me,
holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying,
"Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother
smiled, understandingly, when I said—
"No, I thank you, dear, generous little
girl; I don't care about oranges."
At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting
at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a
narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till
it smelled of heat. The oldest boy—the little
lover—held the youngest child, and talked to her,
while the tired mother closed her eyes and rest-
ed. Now and then he looked over at her, and
then back at the baby; and at last he said confi-
dentially to me (for we had become fast friends
by this time):
"Isn't it funny, to think that I was ever so
small as this baby? And papa says that then
mamma was almost a little girl herself."
The two other children were toiling up and
down the banks of the railroad track, picking ox-
eye daisies, buttercups and sorrel. They work-
ed like beavers, and soon the bunches were al-
most too big for their little hands. Then they
came running to give them to their mother. "O
dear," thought I, "how that poor tired woman
will hate to open her eyes; and she never can
take those great bunches of wilting, worthless
flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags."
I was mistaken.
"O thank you, my darlings! How kind you
were! Poor hot, tired little flowers, how thirsty
they look! If they will only try and keep alive
in some water, we will make them very happy
in our home; won't we? And you shall put
one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."
Sweet and happy, the weary and flushed little
children stood looking up in her face while she
talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for
the drooping flowers, and with delight in the giv-
ing of their gift. Then she took great trouble to
gather a string and tie up the flowers, and then
the train came and we were whirling along again.
Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nod-
ded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest
boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie
put her head on your shoulder and take a nap?
We shall get her home in much better case to see
papa, if we can manage to give her a little
sleep." How many boys of twelve bear such
words as these from tired, overburdened moth-
ers!
Soon came the city, the final station, with its
bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy
family, hoping to see the father.
"Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disap-
pointed little voice after another.
"Never mind," said the mother, with a still
deeper disappointment in her own tone; "per-
haps he had to go to see some poor body who is
sick."
In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, and
the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and butter-
cups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack.
I wondered if the mother had not intended this.
May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few mi-
nutes after, I passed the little group standing still
just outside of the station, and heard the mother
say—
"O my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty
bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could
find them if I went back. Will you all stand still
and not stir from this spot if I go?"
"O mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get
you some more. Don't go," cried all the chil-
dren.
"Here are your flowers, madam," I said. "I
saw that you had forgotten them, and I took
them as mementos of you and your sweet chil-
dren." She blushed and looked disconcerted.
She was evidently unused to people, and shy with
all but her children. However, she thanked me
sweetly, and said:
"I was very sorry about them. The children
took such trouble to get them; and I think they
will revive in water. They cannot be quite
dead."
"They will never die!" said I, with an em-
phasis which went from my heart to hers. Then
all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we
shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes
with the smile of kindred as we parted.
As I followed on, I heard the two children, who
were walking behind, saying to each other:
"Wouldn't that have been too bad. Mamma
liked them so much, and we never could have got
so many all at once again."
"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the
boy, sturdily.
They are sure of their "next summers," I think,
all six of those souls—children, and mother and
father. They may never again raise so many ox-
eyed daisies and buttercups "all at once." Per-
haps some of the little hands have already picked
their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers
are certain. To such souls as these all trees,
either here or in God's larger country, are trees
of life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves
for healing; and it is but little change from the
summers here, whose suns burn and make weary,
to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the
light."
Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.

Popular Religion.
We find the subjoined paragraph in the Lon-
don correspondence of the New York Times:
There are some men who have the courage to
break through all the prejudices of the class in
which they were born and reared, and to go about
even among the very poorest of God's creatures
as if they were brethren in truth as well as in
name. An incident occurred lately which it
would be almost wrong to pass over unnoticed.
There is in that part of England which is known
as the "Black Country," a Bishop of the Epis-
copal Church, who for many years laboured in
New Zealand, and left that colony amid the tears
of all who knew him, white or black. There was
a church to be opened for the collier population
the other day at a place called "Talk-o'-th'-hill."
Before handing it over to those benighted crea-
tures, the colliers, the respectabilities of the dis-
trict resolved to have one day in it of special and
exclusive devotional exercises. To complete their
plans they induced the Bishop to conduct the
services, and arranged that admission to the
church should be gained only by tickets. Those
tickets of course were only distributed to persons
whose piety was guaranteed by the elegance of
their shawls, bonnets and coats. But the Bishop,
having duly consecrated the church, and without
saying a word to the respectable congregation,
suddenly walked down the aisle of the church to
the porch, and preached barched to the great

mass of people who had assembled outside. "He
reminded them of the great mining catastrophe
of 1866, and of the dangerous character of their
occupation; he argued that, as the soil was un-
dermined by them, so was life undermined by
sin and death, and pressed them to seek the only
refuge in life eternal." This great crowd of col-
liers were profoundly affected by the earnestness
and pathos of the appeal, and it is said that many
were moved to tears. Should we hear much
about the decline of the church, of any church,
if all Bishops and all preachers were like Bishop
Selwyn?

Finney on Prevailing Prayer.
A lady who attended President Finney's fall
lectures to the Theological classes at Oberlin,
sends to the Advocate these fugitive notes of a
lecture on Prevailing Prayer:—
If any one will not grieve the Spirit, and will
comply with the conditions of Prevailing Prayer,
he may have this power. If he may, it is a duty
and privilege, if a duty and privilege, then it is a
sin not to have it.
Mr. Smith, his dying friend, of Rochester, N. Y.,
told him he had on such a day, had what he called
"the Prayer of Faith for Watsonville Church;
again at a later date, at Rome, Paris Hill, or the
whole country." A revival followed, and thirty
thousand souls were supposed to have been con-
verted in that immediate region. After Mr. S.
died, his journal was put into President Finney's
hands, and it was a fact that the revival began at
Watsonville two or three weeks after the date re-
corded in his journal on which he had the Prayer
of Faith, and followed the order precisely in
which he recorded his prayers for different places
at different dates, ending (in that county) in Ro-
chester, the place last prayed for. He prayed for
Ceylon and other missions, received the assur-
ance that God would pour out his Spirit there
(as he soon did), and then with his map before
him, he prayed for other places with equal suc-
cess.
He wrote to President Finney not long before
his decease, "I am wearing out—am dying for
lack of strength—praying night and day with
my map before me. I cannot help it, the world
is upon me; I must pray!" He was soon after
found dead, in the attitude of prayer.
Father Nash, too, a layman, who used to ac-
company and assist President Finney in revivals,
had no talent in exhortation, but prevailed in
prayer. His hands became callous through the
centre of the palm from his grip pressure, from
the ends of his fingers when engaged in agonizing
prayer.
Evangelists are dependent on prevailing prayer.
Could not accomplish as much as pastors were it
not for this. They prevail in prayer. They go
to a cold church, gather about them one or two,
or a few of the warmest Christians, get them to
praying, etc., till they prevail. Unless a minister
lives in a state in which he can prevail with God,
he will fail. A spirit of prevailing prayer is worth
more to a minister than the intellectual endow-
ments of an angel!
A man who can prevail with God, cannot fail
to be useful, no matter what his endowments or
education. "Nichols, of Boston—an itinerant
—prevailed with God wonderfully. He could
not talk much. The first time President Finney
met him, after talking a little, President Finney
said, "Let us pray together." Nichols began
thus: "What are promises good for, if they are
not to be kept? What good for if not used?"
He increased in earnestness, and was soon mighty
in prayer.
Neglect of prayer is the great mistake of min-
isters generally. They first take time to write out
a good sermon, and then what time they have
left they pray in, whereas they should take
time to wrestle with God in prayer, until they
can get into a state of mind which will prevail
for themselves and then for their message, first,
that it may come directly from the heart of God,
and next, may do its work on the masses.
This spirit of prayer is not put on a par with
the special gifts in Cor. xii, xviii, xxxi, is not
spoken of as a sovereign gift in such a sense as
to belong to but a few. It was not mentioned
among those special gifts, because it is for all
Christians.

Children of Ministers.
"Barleigh," correspondent of the Boston Jour-
nal, gives some interesting facts in regard to the
success in life in New York, of many children of
New England ministers:
Call the roll of the sons of New England cler-
gymen, who have married the daughters from a
New England parsonage, and the number of those
who would answer to the roll-call would be sur-
prising. Their standing, their success would lead
the host. The wealthiest ladies in New York,
who live in the best style, roll through Central
Park in the gayest equipages, who give tone to
fashion, and are among the most liberal and be-
nevolent of our ladies, were trained among the
New England hills. They had a good education
and a severe discipline. They were patronized by
the families of the lawyer, the merchant, and the
doctor. Though living on a scanty salary, and on
the narrow verge of land that lies between gen-
tleness and poverty, they were admitted, by virtue
of their fathers' cloth, to the society of children
who had money to spend and fine clothes to wear.
These pampered children of luxury are driving
omnibuses, taking toll on street cars, or at best,
clerking it in the city. These daughters from the
humble parsonage married within their own rank,
and expected nothing but a support, or a compe-
tence at the best. The good principles learned
in the little red school-house and in the church
served as capital to the penniless young man, the
little village in which he was brought up became
too strait for him. The din of the great city, heard
in the distance, seemed to peal out to him a wel-
come. This city shows no favor, but offers gain
to all who will take it at the price. The changes
constantly occurring in New York have brought
these young men to the surface, and placed the
children of the parsonage in affluence.
The same is true of the sons of New England
clergymen. The merest glance at successful busi-
ness men refutes the scandal that ministers' sons
turn out badly. When the doctor who intro-
duced vaccine dare not go out nights for fear his
life would be taken, it was a New England clergy-
man who came to his rescue and gave the arm
of his son to prove that this practice was harm-
less. The son of a New England clergyman laid
the foundation for the leading and the oldest reli-
gious paper in this city. From the brain of an-
other son came the telegraph. Another laid the
Atlantic cable. The most eminent judges, law-
yers, civilians, members of Congress, and princely
merchants in this State, came not only from New
England, but are the sons of New England cler-
gymen. Were every office in the National Govern-
ment vacant to-day, they could all be filled
creditably by New England men residing in New
York—then there would be enough left to man
the governments of our several States. So much
for New England in New York.

"I Love to Steal Awhile Away."
The Religious Herald thus tells the story of
this poem:
The circumstances under which this beautiful
hymn, justly a general favorite, was written, may
not be known to all our readers. Its author,
Mrs. Poole H. Brown, was an intelligent, pious
woman, who labored industriously to support a
large family of children. She was wont, after the
toils of the day were over, at the quiet twilight
hour, to ramble to a neighboring grove, where,
alone and unobserved, she might spend an hour
in meditation and prayer. A wealthy lady, who
lived near Mrs. Brown, seeing her go often to
this retreat, without knowing her object, censured
her severely in the presence of other persons,
for her "rambles," and told her 'she had better be
at home with her children.' Mortified at being
charged with neglecting her family, and deeply
wounded that her retirement for communion with
God had excited evil surmises, Mrs. Brown re-
mained at home that evening, and, with her babe
on her knee, wrote her "Apology for My Night
Rambles."
A friend found this beautiful gem among her
manuscripts, and sent it to Mr. Nettleton, who
inserted it in a collection of hymns he was then
preparing. Mrs. Brown was, doubtless, success-
ful in bringing up her children in the nurture and
admonition of the Lord, as one of them, we are
informed, attached to the Dutch Reformed
Church, was the first American missionary to Japan.

Twenty-Minute Sermons.—Paragraphs upon
short sermons are in vogue. Mr. H. is said to
"have made himself very popular with the students,
by preaching only fifteen minutes." Perhaps his
popularity would reach the height of uncontrolled
enthusiasm, if he would make his discourses shorter
by just one-quarter of an hour. Dr. L. is said to
have "held his position for forty years, over one
of the wealthiest churches, by preaching sermons
that never exceeded twenty minutes." Evidently
this Doctor of Divinity achieved his success, like
some of our politicians, by what he did not say.
But is not such a remark as this on the length of
sermons palpably absurd? Does it mean anything
more than a positive dissatisfaction with the
preaching or the preacher? If the preaching is
lifeless, then of course the less of it the better.
But if effective, then it is preposterous to assume
that he must confine his work to so many minutes
of a week. Persons who do not care for religious
instruction and spiritual labor, do not care for
even fifteen minutes of sermon, and those who do
care for preaching will enjoy it as long as it occupies
a proper portion of an ordinary religious service.
The man who cannot interest a general audience
for more than twenty minutes in speaking on divine
things, is not capable of interesting them for ten
minutes. If it is necessary for his usefulness to
preach only fifteen minutes, it is probable that the
work would not suffer if he were to omit entirely
his infantile efforts. The cry for short sermons is
nothing but an outcry against what is felt as
dullness. It is merely a petition for a diminution
of the term of sentence, a device for more speedy
relief, the argument of the dentist and the achung
tooth, "that it will take but a minute, and then
it is all over." Where sermons, by common
consent, are reduced to this minute-measure, the
ministry will have ceased to perform its functions,
in declaring the whole counsel of God.—N. Y.
Observer.

A Common Mistake.—It is a common mistake
of Christians to represent their faith as alone
valuable, and as containing all that man can want
or desire. It is only one of many revelations,
and is very insufficient, by itself, for man's hap-
piness. Some of the men in whom the Christian
spirit has been the strongest, have been among
the most miserable of the race; some nation-
ally apostoly. It were matter of regret that
those should have wasted their own quarter of
an hour; but here are seven besides myself, whose
time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the
whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was
thine own property.

ON PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight ladies,
in London, was appointed to meet on a certain
day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual
but the eighth came hurrying in, with many
apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind
time. She said that the time had passed away
without her being aware of it; she had "no idea
of being so late." A Quaker lady present said,
"Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit
this apology. It were matter of regret that
those should have wasted their own quarter of
an hour; but here are seven besides myself, whose
time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the
whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was
thine own property."

Raising Early Potatoes.
Every cultivator has his own opinion upon this
subject. If potatoes can be planted early, with
sprouts already started an inch or more in length,
several days in time will obviously be gained,
because the sets must always make sprouts for
the young plants. But how is it that so many
find no advantage in planting sprouted potatoes,
and prefer rubbing them smooth before cutting
them? Simply because the sprouts, being ex-
ceedingly delicate, are bruised by rough hand-
ling, and the growing points irreversibly injured.
These entirely fail, and new shoots must start
from the eyes. Sprouted potatoes should there-
fore be handled with extreme care, and the points
not even touched. When buried, fine earth should
be cautiously placed upon them. With this care,
from one to two weeks will be gained by employ-
ing seed which has been sprouted an inch or two
in length.
We have adopted another mode, by which still
more time may be gained. A little space is left
in a late hot-bed, trenches two inches deep are
made, and the cut pieces are placed in these
trenches side by side in contact, and covered
slightly with earth. By the time spring frosts
are over, they will have grown some inches, and
have made green leaves. They are then set out
like strawberry plants, in good mellow ground,
and hoed like other crops. Two small trenches
across the end of a hot-bed will thus furnish plants
enough for a hundred hills of potatoes. Should
any sharp nights happen to occur, the young
plants may be covered in a few minutes with han-
dfuls of straw, a little coarse manure, or pieces of
newspaper.

Whitefield's Power.—A striking feature in
Whitefield's preaching was singular power of de-
scription. The Arabians have a proverb which
says, "He is the best orator who can turn a man's
ears into his eyes." Whitefield seems to have had
a peculiar faculty of doing this. He used to draw
such vivid pictures of the things he was handling,
that his hearers could believe they actually saw
and heard them. "On one occasion," says one of
his biographers, "Lord Chesterfield was among
his hearers. The great preacher in describing
the miserable condition of an unconverted sinner,
illustrated the subject by describing a blind beg-
gar. The night was dark and the road dangerous.
The poor mendicant was deserted by his dog near
the edge of the precipice, and had nothing to aid
him in groping his way but his staff. Whitefield
so warmed with his subject, and enforced it with
such graphic power, that the whole auditory was
kept in breathless silence, as if it saw the move-
ments of the poor old man; and at length, when
the beggar was about to take the fatal step which
would have hurled him down the precipice to cer-
tain destruction, Lord Chesterfield actually made
a rush forward to save him, exclaiming aloud,
"He is gone! he is gone!" The noble lord had
been so entirely carried away by the preacher
that he forgot the whole was a picture."

Testimonies of Ministers.—1st.—Rev. Dr.
Campbell, London: "I can tell you, that there has
scarcely been an instance requiring from me the
exercise of Church discipline, or the exclusion of
members, which has not arisen through strong
drink."
2d.—Rev. Dr. Adam Clark: "Wine is the
devil's way into man, and man's way to the
devil."
3d.—Rev. Richard Knill: "Nearly all the
blemishes which have been found on the character
of ministers for the last fifty years, have arisen,
'directly or indirectly' from the use of intoxicating
liquor."
5th.—John Wesley: "When visiting the
Society at Newcastle, I excluded from the Society
seventeen persons for drunkenness and two for re-
tailing spirituous liquors."
6th.—Rev. R. M. McCheryne: "Public houses
are the curse of Scotland. I never see a sign
'Licensed to sell Spirits,' but I think it is license
to ruin souls; they are the yawning avenues to
proverty and rage—the short cut to hell."
6th.—Rev. T. Guthrie, D. D., Edinburgh: "I
have seen no less than ten clergymen with whom
I have sat down at the Lord's table deposed
through drink. Out of a hundred children in our
ragged schools, ninety-nine are 'the children of
drunken parents.'"
7th.—Rev. William Jay, Bath: "In one
month, not less than seven Dissenting Ministers
came under notice, who were suspended through
intoxicating drink."
8th.—Rev. Henry Tarrant, Leeds: "At least
90,000 members of the Christian Church are lost
yearly through drink."

NEWSPAPERS.
If we could know what parts of a newspaper
are read most carefully and regularly, we presume
that they would be those very notices of mar-
riages, deaths, ship news, and, perhaps, advertise-
ments. The parts of newspapers that are made
most conspicuous are not commonly the most in-
teresting and valuable. A prominent literary
man of New England once said that the adver-
tisements were the most instructive and valuable
parts of our journals, and they convey the most
practical information in the fewest words. All the
ladies will agree that the marriage column is
the most interesting, and that which they read
first. Most people of both sexes, above thirty-
five years of age, never fail to notice the record of
deaths. This is a department which all watch
more carefully the older they grow. In a mari-
time place, the dense columns of small type con-
veying the ship news is always sure of attentive
readers. The young people look first for the con-
undrums and jokes, and those a little older re-
gret that the experiments of publishing "mar-
riages intended" have always been so feebly sup-
ported. We do not know how numerous those
are who admire the editorials, but we apprehend
that they must occupy a "back seat" in the clas-
sification.
It would be difficult, indeed impossible, to say
absolutely what portions of a newspaper are most
interesting and important and please the largest
number of readers. All departments are essen-
tial; for the production of a modern journal has
become such a fine art, that the several depart-
ments, or classes of information to be contained
in it, are as well defined as the parts of a ship.
And the secret of good editing is by the judi-
cious use of scissors and pen to furnish such va-
riety of selections and original matter as will suit
a variety of tastes. Some of the best newspapers
are made so, simply by the excellent judgment
displayed in the selection of news and miscellany.
As a general rule, all kinds of information are
interesting in proportion as they have a direct
personal interest. Abstractions are dull, but per-
sonalities are full of life. This is why the mar-
riages and deaths are interesting, and why
"marriages intended" and "births" would be so
very pleasing if it were practicable to announce
them. In pursuance of this idea—although at
the other end of life—the New York Tribune
publishes its list of "Funerals to take place to-
day."

Children of Ministers.
"Barleigh," correspondent of the Boston Jour-
nal, gives some interesting facts in regard to the
success in life in New York, of many children of
New England ministers:
Call the roll of the sons of New England cler-
gymen, who have married the daughters from a
New England parsonage, and the number of those
who would answer to the roll-call would be sur-
prising. Their standing, their success would lead
the host. The wealthiest ladies in New York,
who live in the best style, roll through Central
Park in the gayest equipages, who give tone to
fashion, and are among the most liberal and be-
nevolent of our ladies, were trained among the
New England hills. They had a good education
and a severe discipline. They were patronized by
the families of the lawyer, the merchant, and the
doctor. Though living on a scanty salary, and on
the narrow verge of land that lies between gen-
tleness and poverty, they were admitted, by virtue
of their fathers' cloth, to the society of children
who had money to spend and fine clothes to wear.
These pampered children of luxury are driving
omnibuses, taking toll on street cars, or at best,
clerking it in the city. These daughters from the
humble parsonage married within their own rank,
and expected nothing but a support, or a compe-
tence at the best. The good principles learned
in the little red school-house and in the church
served as capital to the penniless young man, the
little village in which he was brought up became
too strait for him. The din of the great city, heard
in the distance, seemed to peal out to him a wel-
come. This city shows no favor, but offers gain
to all who will take it at the price. The changes
constantly occurring in New York have brought
these young men to the surface, and placed the
children of the parsonage in affluence.
The same is true of the sons of New England
clergymen. The merest glance at successful busi-
ness men refutes the scandal that ministers' sons
turn out badly. When the doctor who intro-
duced vaccine dare not go out nights for fear his
life would be taken, it was a New England clergy-
man who came to his rescue and gave the arm
of his son to prove that this practice was harm-
less. The son of a New England clergyman