

The Christian Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
Is Published every THURSDAY, by
BARNES & Co.,
AT THEIR OFFICE,
58 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.

AGENCY.
HAVING recently, and at considerable expense, fitted up the necessary machinery and appliances for the most perfect carrying on of the manufacture of VENETIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H. KEOGAN, 31 German Street, or at the Manufactory, where patterns can be seen.
The Blinds are always on hand—Dross, Sashes, &c., and which, from their facilities, they can make to order with the utmost despatch and upon the most reasonable terms.
Our personal attention is given to every variety of Carpentry, House Building and General Joining, and moderate charges made.
A. CHRISTIE & CO.,
April 4. Dooley's Building, Waterloo St.

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.

M. FRANCIS & SONS,
New Brunswick Boot and Shoe Manufactory,
88, Prince William Street.

WE have been manufacturing very extensively during the winter, and are now prepared to meet our Wholesale and Retail customers with an assortment not surpassed. We have a new order THICK RUBBER and FIFTY CASES of the usual assortment, embracing all qualities and styles made.
Ladies' Misses' and Children's Serge, Kid, Goat, Calf, Patent Gait and Grain, in Baltimore, Congress, Imitation Baltimore, Imitation Button and all the newest styles made.
Men's, Boys' and Youth's Welling on BOOTS; Baltimore, Congress, Oxford Ties and Boots, suitable for Spring and Summer wear, made of the best English, French and Domestic manufactures.
The above stock will be sold as low as any other establishment in this city.
Wholesale and retail buyers will please call and judge for themselves in regard to quality and price.
The Goods recommended in this establishment can be relied on—strict orders being given to the salesmen not to misrepresent goods. Terms CASH.
April 18. M. FRANCIS & SONS.

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

M. LAURILLIARD exhibits a fine toned large Cabinet Organ, with two banks of Keys, Eight Stops.

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 Walnut, without Stops.

These instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 50 per cent less than can be imported.
Every instrument fully warranted. An inspection respectfully solicited.
FLAND WAREHOUSE—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market Square.
(Oct. 17.) A. LAURILLIARD.

PHOTOGRAPHS.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
MR. MAISTERS thanks the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, and begs to say that having just thoroughly renovated, enlarged and improved his Establishment, and increased his facilities for producing the best quality of Prints, he is determined to merit a largely increased patronage.

He has now the finest rooms and best skylights in the City, and is enabled, by long experience, and practice, to produce his prints in a style of work that is not surpassed anywhere, with perfect confidence.

Notwithstanding the present low prices, he will use only the best materials, having made ample arrangements to procure them.

A newly fitted up Ladies' Dressing Room, which is entirely private, has been added for the convenience of his lady customers.

All kinds of work furnished at short notice.
Miniature, Magnifying and Stereoscopic in Photograph, Ambrotype or Oil.
N. B. Having in possession the Negatives of his predecessor, Mr. J. N. Durland, copies can be furnished.

Remember, right on the Corner King and Germain Sts. March 30. J. D. MAISTERS.

Royal Insurance Company.
FIRE.
MODERATE PREMIUMS.
Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Losses.
LOSS AND DAMAGE BY
EXPLOSION OF GAS MADE GOOD.
LIFE HOMES.

Hitherto among the Largest ever Declared by any Office.
RESOLUTION OF DIRECTORS, 1857.
To increase further the Proportion of Profits to be Assured.

PROFITS DIVIDED EVERY FIVE YEARS.
To Policies then in existence, Two entire Years.

CAPITAL.
TWO MILLIONS Sterling,
(TEN MILLIONS DOLLARS),
and Large Reserve Fund.

ANNUAL INCOME, nearly £200,000 Sterling.
Deposited at Ottawa in Dominion Securities, \$150,000.
AGENTS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

JAMES J. KAYE, Swinburn Bank Building,
St. John, N. B., April 2, 1859.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.
OF EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

CAPITAL, £2,000,000 Sterling.
Invested Funds (£1,800,000), £3,800,000 7/10 Sigs.
Annual Revenue, £1,200,000 10/12 Sigs.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.
THIS COMPANY insures against loss or damage by Fire—Buildings, Household Furniture, Fire Property, Stores, Merchandise, Yachts 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 Participating Scale.
INDISPUTABILITY.
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 Catherine Streets.
March 26. General Agent.

FIRST GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED TO
MASON & HAMLIN,
PARIS EXPOSITION 1857.

EDMUND E. KENWAY, Piano-forte Maker,
has respectfully to inform the public that he has obtained the Agency of the two most celebrated makers in the world, viz. Mason & Hamlin's Grand Square and Chickering & Sons' Piano-fortes.

A Large Stock of the above on hand. Please call and examine, or send for an Illustrated Circular. As the whole of the above stock has been personally selected by the Subscriber, and being a Piano-forte maker himself, he can warrant every instrument with confidence.

Refrigerators and Stoves Tuned and Repaired, taken in Exchange and No Rent.
(Established 21 years.)
No. 129 German St., St. John, N. B.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Fund paid up and invested, £2,319,848 5s. 1d. etc.
Premiums received in Fire Risk, 1864, £24,674 6s. 6d.
Premiums in Life Risk, 1864, £26,945 4s.
Losses paid in Life Risk, 1864, £14,197 10s.
In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shareholders of the Company are personally responsible for all Policies issued.
EDWARD ALLEN,
Agent for New Brunswick,
(Corner of Market and Water Streets.)

New Series, Whole No. 348.
Vol. VII, No. 36.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1869.

Old Series, Vol. XXII, No. 36.

THE OFFICE OF THE
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
REV. I. E. BILL,
Editor and Proprietor.
Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.
The Christian Visitor
Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family
It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

Christ—Our "All in All."

I need no other plea.
With which to approach my God,
Than his own mercy boundless free.
Through Christ on man bestowed,
A Father's love, a Father's care
Receives, and answers every prayer.

I need no other priest.
Than one High Priest above;
His intercession ne'er has ceased
Since first I knew His love.
Through that my faith shall never fail,
Even when passing thro' the dark vale.

I need no human ear.
In which to pour my prayer;
My great High Priest is ever near;
On Him I trust my care.
To Him, Him only, I confess,
Who can alone absolve and bless.

I need no works by me
Wrought with laborious care,
To form a meritorious plea,
The bliss of heaven to share.
Christ's finished work thro' boundless grace
Has there secured my dwelling place.

I need no prayers to saints,
Beads, relics, martyrs' shrines,
Hardships, "neath which the spirit faints,
Yet still, sore burdened, plies.
Christ's service yields my soul delight,
Easy His yoke, His burden light.

I need no other book
To guide my steps to heaven,
Than that on which I daily look,
By God's own Spirit given;
And this, when He illumines our eyes,
"Unto salvation makes us wise."

I need no priestly mass,
No purgatorial fires,
My soul to annual, my guilt to efface,
When this brief life expires.
Christ died my eternal life to win;
His blood has cleansed me from all sin.

I need no other dress,
Large no other claim,
Than His imputed righteousness;
In Him complete I am.
Heaven's portals at that word fly wide,
No passport do I need beside.
Charlotte Elliott, Author of "Just as I am."

The London City Mission.
is a mighty power for good. It is admirably adapted to bring the truth of God in all its searching and saving power into direct contact with all those wondrous forces of evil that are found in that great city. The origin and progress of this Society are thus briefly sketched by the English correspondent of the National Baptist.

Rather more than thirty-four years ago Mr. Nasmit, a Scotchman, came to London. He had been engaged in mission efforts in his own country; and came impressed with the importance of doing a similar work in this city, in which all evangelical Christians should unite. He came with letters of introduction to various ministers. They approved his object; but doubted his practicability. But he would not be discouraged; and I think it was on May 16th, 1836, he and two others formed the society; they immediately sought for missionaries and for funds to carry on the work they had determined on. The Society soon gained the confidence of the Christian public, and rapidly increased the number of its supporters.

The increase during the last few years has not been so great as formerly, because numerous other agencies of a similar character have sprung into existence; but it is still by far the largest of them all, the number of missionaries being three hundred and sixty-one, and the receipts for the last year being £40,288 or £194,994. The object of the Society is to seek the spiritual good of those who are careless about, or opposed to, religion. The missionaries are entirely devoted to their work, and are not allowed to engage in any secular occupation in connection therewith. The character of their work, and the large blessing that has attended it, will be seen from the following statements:—During the last year the missionaries paid 1,987,259 visits, of which 255,102 were to the sick and dying. They distributed 2,607,901 religious tracts, and 6,756 copies of the Scriptures, and lent 45,514 books. They held 26,859 in-door meetings and Bible classes, at which the average attendance was twenty-nine, and 3,764 out-door services, at which the average attendance was eighty-eight. They introduced 1,298 persons to different Evangelical Churches, and were the means of restoring 242 others; 277 couples who were living in fornication, were induced to marry; 665 fallen females were introduced to asylums, restored to their friends, or otherwise rescued; 141 shops were closed on the Lord's day; and 3,297 children induced to attend school.

The general missionaries have separate districts, with definite boundaries, assigned to them, and within those boundaries they visit the people at their homes, and at their workshops; hold religious meetings in rooms, preach in the open air, distribute tracts, periodicals, and books; and in various other ways seek the good of the people, and especially their spiritual good.

In addition to this general work, the Society also engages in much special work. Races and fairs have been visited; and tracts distributed, sermons preached, and conversations held with many persons; and the Society has been the means of putting down a number of fairs. At international exhibitions, and other occasions where large numbers of foreigners have assembled, special efforts have been made for their benefit. The Society has seven missionaries engaged in visiting the public houses and coffee shops of London: one visits the day cabmen, and two the night cabmen; three visit the Jews, two the policemen, one the Orientals, another the bakers; and there are also missionaries who, either in whole or in part, visit the soldiers, drovers, sailors, gypsies, gas men, letter-carriers; the French, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Irish, Welsh, and Danes; and also the workhouses (including the casual wards), hospitals, docks, railway stations, &c., and in all these departments of labor the Society has been much blessed.

A Live Church.
Do our readers wish to see a live church? Here is one as reported by the Baptist Witness. It is a Baptist church in Louisiana composed of 100 members, about one half white, and they mostly females. They have two Sunday schools in which nearly all take part. Raise their pastor's salary in advance, to be paid him quarterly, and more than he would accept as necessary for his support. They are building a parsonage worth \$2,000; expended seven hundred dollars last year to repair their meeting house; sent \$140 to the association for missions; some of the members travelled

over 200 miles to attend a Sunday School Convention, and another went at his own expense a few hundred miles to attend the Southern Baptist General Convention.

This may well be designated "a live church." One hundred such churches would find plenty to do in New Brunswick alone. A living ministry will not fail to beget living churches. O for ministers full of burning zeal for the honor of Christ and for the salvation of souls!

Awakened by a Dream.
[This article is from the advance sheets of a book in press by A. F. Graves, Esq., of Boston, entitled "Helps and Hindrances to the Cross," and written by a popular American author.]

The Holy Spirit, not willing yet to leave Godfrey, the man who had so often delayed repentance, once more sought to turn his attention to salvation by a dream, out of which his wife, alarmed by his distressing groans, roused him with difficulty.

He was bathed in perspiration, and lay for some time weak as an infant, revolving the subject thus suggested; then, thinking it would relieve him, he communicated his dream to Ida, his wife.

"I had accompanied you and Cousin Alice to an evening lecture, where Mr. D., a revival preacher, was holding forth. The text, strange enough, was this: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

"Even in my dream this carried me back to the time when I wrote that verse in my copy-book. I remember I had been ill, and was at home from school. Father set the copy, and I wrote it over and over in my best hand till I could say every word of it. But after all, I had never thought much of its meaning until the preacher explained it."

"After the meeting I seemed to be transferred to a great plain, stretching on every side almost as far as the eye could see. Behind there was a cloud which, even as I looked, grew darker and darker, till it threatened some fearful whirlwind. But in front, far away in the distance, there was a little gleaming of light. As the cloud behind me grew darker, this brightness gradually increased, until I could scarcely endure the glory."

"I seemed to be led on toward the light, until I came to a deep, bottomless abyss. There I was stopped, and my guide said: 'Show your passport, and I will take you safely across this yawning gulf to the land beyond the brightness, where the glory as much exceeds that in view, as that does the gathering darkness behind.'"

"I remember that as yet I had felt no fear, only a certain wondering as to what was to follow. When he asked for my passport, I put my hand in my pocket, and took out a pile of papers which seemed prepared for just such an emergency. Selecting the first, which was a schedule of my property, I passed it to him. But he had no sooner glanced over it, than with a terrible frown, he threw it into the cavern."

"This is no passport," he said, gazing sternly at me. "Have you nothing better than this?"
"Oh, yes," I answered; "I am prepared with a variety of passports."
"Only one is necessary, but let me see it."
"I gave him the next in order in my file. It was a brief sketch of my moral life; the integrity of my business transactions, my faithfulness to you as a husband, the honor I paid my father, the general regard I had shown for the Bible and the Sabbath, my freedom from profanity, the readiness with which I gave up forty thousand dollars to Alice from a sense of justice, etc."

"These papers I abstracted in succession, and passed them into his outstretched hand, even while doing so recreating as nearly as possible to the chasm to avoid the darkness which threatened to overwhelm me; but by the light from the opposite shore I could see that the face of my guide grew sterner and sterner, and now I could perceive that he had wings, and that by means of them he could reach the brightness in safety."

"As he read, one after another, he threw it into the chasm, where it was lost forever, until my heart grew heavy with fear."

"What will become of me, I asked myself, if none of the passports will ensure me a safe passage over the gulf?"
"I had but two more, and I remember how reluctantly I let these go out of my hands, lest they should share the fate of the others. The first was a record of the prayers of my father and mother; the certificate of my having been dedicated by them to God as soon as I was born, and the faith my mother experienced when dying, that I should meet her in heaven."

"To my horror this fluttered a moment over the gulf, and was then lost in the abyss."
"I clung to the last paper as my only hope, until he forcibly possessed himself of it. All my life I had considered each of these valid, and had not a doubt but such an accumulation of these would bear me in triumph to the land of glory. What do you think it was, Ida?"
"It was your labors for my conversion. Every word you have said to me on the subject of religion. The letter you wrote me from A—; and even the scrap you cut from the newspaper that was worn with being carried so many months in my wallet; and the prayers you have offered in my behalf."

"This was to be my passport to the presence of a great King; a kind of recommendation to his favor, which I expected would gain me a place near his throne."
"What then was my terror, my anguish, my despair, which caused the distressing groans which you saw awakened you, when, turning his face full toward me, he said, in a voice like thunder: 'By the deeds of the law no man living is justified.' 'Out of Christ God is a consuming fire.' Unless you can show me a passport like this, holding up to my view a long scroll where every action of my life, every thought, even, was recorded, and a red, pierced hand wiping out the account; unless you can show me a passport like this, you must be cast into the gulf of black despair. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin. On one side the darkness will shroud you like a veil; but there will be light enough from the land of glory for you to read and reflect upon the passports you have given me; and also to read the inscriptions on the walls of the deep cavern below. 'Too late! too late! lost! forever lost!'"

"I felt the darkness clinging about me as I began to sink down, down into the gulf; but over and above the roaring of the chasm beneath, I could hear the voice of my guide ringing like a trumpet through the air, as he summoned another soul into his presence, with the words: 'What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what will a man give in exchange for his soul?'"

Ida shuddered, while tears streamed down her cheeks. She had no words in which she could

express her horror. There was a long pause, in which both husband and wife were revolving the possibility of such a doom for the impenitent; and then Godfrey exclaimed, with a long sigh: "It is such a relief to wake up, and find it only a dream."

"But how terrible, my dear husband, will be the state of the sinner, when he finds himself banished from the presence of his Saviour, and from all who are dear to him! there will be no awakening from that to find it only a vision of the night. It will last forever, forever!"

Anecdotes of Dr. Elliott.
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My father used to relate many pleasant things of a certain Dr. Elliott, a noted character of a noted old Connecticut town.

This gentleman, who must have been a charming person to know, was a physician, as well as a minister, and practiced as well as preached,—a double Doctor of Medicine and Divinity. Profane jokers used to say that it was a question which were hardest to take, his doses or his discourses; that he went from Catechisms to Catastrophes; that where his drugs and draughts failed, his spiritual consolations came in; that he finished up his work handsomely.

Countless capital stories were told as coming from him, for he was one of those characters to whom things were always happening; but unfortunately we can now recall but few of those anecdotes with sufficient distinctness to venture on embodying them in this veracious history.

Coming home late one night, from a visit to a poor patient, he heard, on passing through his kitchen, a strange whistling noise in his cellar, soon followed by the sound of stealthy steps coming up the stairs. Hiding behind the door, he saw emerge a tall man bending under a huge basket, filled with salt pork, just taken dripping from the brine.

The Doctor recognized a poor neighbor, and stepping forward, said kindly: "You have a heavy load there. Allow me to assist you."

With a cry of dismay, the culprit dropped the basket, and actually fell on his knees, entreating forgiveness, on the plea that this was the first offence, and that his family were suffering from want of food.

"But, my friend," said the good Doctor, "you certainly knew you had only to come to me and ask for help to get it, without damaging your soul with sin, and your coat with brine, in this way. I forgive you, of course; but I do think you have taken more than your share of pork. I will divide this with you; and when you want more, or any thing else, just come and tell me frankly."

And, against the almost frantic remonstrances of the poor wretch, he compelled him to take just half the stolen meat, saying: "Carry it to your wife, with my compliments. I hope it will go down just as slick as though you had taken it without leave."

Dr. Elliott never revealed the name of this man, though he enjoyed telling the story; as he did one somewhat similar, which is well worth preserving.

Late one dark night, being summoned to a patient in a neighboring parish, he went for his horse to his barn, which was at some distance from the parsonage. Just as he was about to enter, he heard some one coming out, and immediately concealed himself behind a large bush in the lane, hiding his lantern under his cloak. Presently the wide barn-door swung open, and a man appeared, bending beneath an immense load of hay bound together by a rope. Through loops of this rope he had thrust his arms, and he carried the huge mass like a peddler's pack. The Doctor suffered this thieving Atlas to pass him; then, taking the candle from his lantern, he crept softly forward and set fire to the hay; then again concealed himself. In a moment that moving haystack was one great, crackling blaze, and the thief, with wild cries, was frantically flinging it from his head and back. He succeeded in extricating himself without help, and then ran, as though pursued by fiends, across the snowy fields.

Some months after this, there came to the Doctor's study a pale, thin, melancholy looking man, who, after much painful hesitation, expressed a desire to make a confession of sin. With a serious and sympathetic manner, yet with, I suspect, a sly twinkle in his eye, the minister set himself to listen.

"I've had a dreadful load on my conscience, Doctor, for considerable spell; and it does seem as if it would kill me. I'm eeny most dead now."

"Ah! is it possible? What could you have done? You are a respectable man and a Church member," replied the Doctor, in seeming surprise.

"Yes; I joined the Church thirty years ago," replied the old farmer, then, sinking his voice to an awfully confidential tone, he continued: "But I'm a dreadful sinner, for all that, Doctor; and been a Church-member, my sin, you see, was of too much account to be winked at, and judgment followed close after it. Oh, dear, oh!"

"Pray, tell me your trouble, brother."
"Well, doctor, it concerns you."
"Indeed!"

"Yes. One time, last winter, I got a leetle short of fodder, and I thought to myself as how you had more'n enough for your critters; and so, one night, the devil tempted me to go over to your barn, an' tu—Oh, dear, oh!"

"To help yourself to a little of my surplus hay; eh?"

"Yes, Doctor, jes so! But I never got home with that hay. The Lord wouldn't let me do it. I had a load on my back, and was a carryin' it away, when all in once it burst into a blaze about my ears!"

"Struck by lightning?"

"No, Doctor, it was a clear night. I've just made up my mind that fire dropped down from heaven, and kindled that hay. 'Twas a judgment on a wartin', an' I am afeard a sort of forerunner of the flames of hell. I hadn't had no peace of mind since, nor felt eatin' a good meal of vittals. At last, I thought I might feel a leetle better, ef I'd just own up to you, an' ask your pardon an' your prayers."

"To the astonishment of the poor penitent, the minister laughed out right merrily. Then he said: "Be comforted, neighbor; your little thieving operation was hardly of such consequence to heaven as all that. It was I who caught you at it, and set fire to the hay from my lantern; and I must say you yelled lustily, and ran briskly, for a man of your years. Why didn't you tell me, if you wanted hay? Now go home in peace, get well, and steal no more."

"You, Doctor! You! Be you sartin sure you set fire to that ear of bundle of hay?"

"Yes, quite sure; that was my own little bonfire. I hope it didn't scorch you much. I noticed when you came to meeting the next Sunday, that your hair was a little singed. As for the flames of hell, neighbor, that is your own lookout. I trust there is time to escape them yet."

"So, so! 't was you did it all! The Lord be

praised!" exclaimed the farmer fervently. "It really is an amazin' relief, an' my old woman was right; for she says: 'Go to the minister an' confess,' says she, 'and that'll lift the biggest heft of the sin off your conscience, an' be better than doctor stuff,' says she. An' so you did it? Well, folks say you're a master man for a joke; but this 'ere one was more solemn than a sermon to me, and more effectual, Doctor, I do believe."

So saying, the farmer departed in peace; and the parson kept the secret of his name, even in his own family, always, I think.

Some One Must Do It.
The New York Observer gives the following bit of wisdom, which we incline to think is not yet quite obsolete:

In a vast number of minds there is a feeling of disquietude. Things are not as they would have them. Just where they are, the burdens are heavy and the rewards light, and they sigh over them, and wish they could change them. I am not free from this spirit myself, and one day, intimating as much to a noble friend, since gone to his rest, he said to me: "John, I must tell you how I was cured of that feeling." I begged of him to do so, and it was in this way:

He sat in his pulpit one Sunday, when an eccentric minister, whom he knew well, came in unexpectedly and took a seat beside him. "I am full of trouble," said he, "and, if you wish it, I had rather preach for you than not." He engaged in prayer, and pleaded fervently for the pastor and his people, among other things saying, "Lord, this is not a very encouraging field, but it is a very important one, and he may as well be here as any one else; furnish him for his office." Odd as this remark appeared, the good pastor pondered over it, and felt that it was not far out of the way; he might as well be there as any one else.

And is it not quite as true of a thousand other fields, where the laborers are chafing and thinking that somewhere else they would find it easier, and some one else find it easier where they are. It may be true that the parish is a different field, the Sunday School burdensome, the journal exacting, the household care wearisome; but then it may as well be to you as any one else who will wrestle with these difficulties and bear with these burdens. For, indeed, who are you, that you shall demand freedom from the strife and toils of religious life? Who are you, that you shall be spared fatigue and anxiety and care? Who are you, that, unlike the Son of Man, you shall not minister, but be ministered to?

Life Lengthened.
1. Cultivate an equable temper; many a man has fallen dead in a fit of passion.
2. Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.
3. Go to bed at regular hours. Get up as soon as you wake of yourself, and do not sleep in the daytime, at least not longer than ten minutes before noon.
4. Work always by the day, and not by the job.
5. Stop working before you are very much tired—before you are "fagged out."
6. Cultivate a generous and an accommodating temper.
7. Never cross a bridge before you come to it; this will save half the troubles of life.
8. Never eat when you are not hungry, nor drink when you are not thirsty.
9. Let your appetite always come uninvited.
10. Cool off in a place greatly warmer than the one in which you have been exercising; this simple rule would prevent incalculable sickness, and save millions of lives every year.
11. Never resist a call of nature for a single moment.
12. Never allow yourself to be chilled through and through; it is this which destroys so many every year, in a few days' sickness from pneumonia, called by some lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs.
13. Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment; and it is excess in eating which devastates the land with sickness, suffering and death.
14. After fifty years of age, if not a day laborer, and sedentary persons after forty, should eat but twice a day, in the morning and about four in the afternoon; persons can soon accustom themselves to a seven hour interval between eating, thus giving the stomach rest; for every organ without adequate rest will "give out" prematurely.—Half's Journal of Health.

In his instructive volumes, called very significantly, "Chips from a German Workshop," Max Muller lays down an important law, learned by his profound studies of the early religions of the world: "We shall learn that religions in their most ancient form, or in the minds of their authors, are generally free from many of the blunders that attach to them in later times." He finds the facts of history bearing witness against the philosophy of Comte, that worship began with Fetichism, and advanced to Monotheism. Monotheism and the purer forms of worship mark the normal state of the race; idolatries and superstitions are the corruptions of later ages.

He gives an interesting illustration of this degeneracy in one of the most revolting practices of India. Sutteeism, or the immolation of the widow on the corpse of her husband, was a universal custom, a few years ago, among the higher classes of India. It carried with it the solemn sanctions of religious duty. The Brahmin insisted on it as a law, imposed by the bedas, and observed from the earliest ages. When the British government attempted to abolish the custom by a penal statute, the Brahmins threatened a social revolt, as this was an interference with religious practices, which the government had promised to respect. They quoted, as they said, from the Rig-beda, the passage, "Immortal, not childless, not husbandless, let them pass into the fire, whose original element is water."

The careful study of the bedas by English scholars, and especially by Max Muller, has discovered the fraud. This passage was deliberately falsified by the Brahmins. It does not enjoin the duty of immolation on widows surviving their husbands. It has no reference, even remote, to such a custom. The connection shows conclusively that the custom was unknown at the time the religious books were written. The preceding sentence describes the widow going to the funeral pile where the body of her husband is to be burned, but a verse is quoted from the Rig-beda, ordering her to leave her husband, and return to the world of the living. The verse reads, "Rise, woman, come to the world of life: thou sleepest night unto him whose life is gone. Come to us. Thou hast fulfilled thy duties of a wife to the husband who once took thy hand and made thee a

position in society for influence, instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty, than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.—Church Gazette.

JOHN BUNYAN being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer, because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ, and live a holy life, that he might by and by go to heaven and see for himself. "Lord, are there few to be saved?" asked a curious questioner of Christ. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," was the instant and pertinent reply.

A worthy Quaker thus wrote: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good that I can do to any fellow human being, let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again.

A generous soul never loses the remembrance of the benefits it has received, but easily forgets those it has dispensed.

We often omit the good we might do, in consequence of thinking about that which is out of our power to do.

Our lawless mind is the best cordial against consumption of the spirits.