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, \$2 00 Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50 Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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 to be surpassed. We now offer THREE HUNDKED and FIFTY CASES of the usual assortment, embracing all qualities and styles made.

Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Serge, Kid, Goat, Calf, Pebled Calf and Grain, in Balmoral, Congress, Imitation Balmoral, Imitation Button and all the newest styles made.

Men's, Boys' and Youths Welling on BOOTS; Balmoral, Congress, Oxford Ties and Brogans, suitable for Spring and Summer wear, made of the best English, French and Domestic manufacture.

The above Stock will be sold as low as any other estab-

The above Stock will be sold as low as any other estab-ishment in this City.

Wholesale and retail buyers will please call and judge for themselves in regard to quality and prices.

The Goods recommended in this establishment can misrepresent goods. Terms OASH.

M. FRANCIS & SONS.

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.

Royal Insurance Company.

FIRE. MODERATE PREMIUMS.

Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Losses

LOSS AND DAMAGE BY EXPLOSION OF GAS MADE GOOD.

LIFE BONUSES Hitherto among the Largest ever Declared by

by villa pany Office. RESOLUTION OF DIRECTORS, 1867, To increase further the Proportion of Profits

- reverse costole of oto Assured: PROFITS DIVIDED EVERY FIVE YEARS. To Policies then in existence, Two entire Years.

to evaluating the CAPITAL. TWO MILLIONS Sterling, (TEN- MILLIONS DOLLARS),

And Large Reserve Fund. ANNUAL INCOME, nearly £800,000 Sterling.

Deposited at Ottawa in Dominion Securities, \$150,000. AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK. JAMES J. KAYE, Savings Bank Building. St. John, N. B., April 2, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPHS ! SPECIAL NOTICE. Right on the Corner King and Germain Streets. M. MARSTERS thanks the public for their very liberal and legs to say that having just theroughly Renovated, Enlarged and Improved his Establishment and increased his facilities for producing First-Class Work, he is determined to merit a largely in-

creased patronage.

He has now the finest rooms and best skylights in the City, and is enabled, by long experience and practice, to promise his patrons a style of work that is not surpassed anywhere, with perfect confidence. Notwith standing the present low prices, he will use only be Best Materials, having made ample arrangements to A newly fitted up Ladies' Dressing Room, which is en-irely private, has been added for the convenience of his

tirely private, has been added for the conver Lady customers.

All kinds of work furnished at short notice All kinds of work turnished at short notice.

Miniature, Magascopic 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
May 30.

J. D. MARSTERS.

FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS! PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION. Cet. 13, 1867

The first and only prizes for Cabinet Organs was awarded to A. LAUBILLIARD.

READ THE JUDGES REPORT:

LAURILLIARD 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, Bouble Reed, with Knee Stop and Automatic Swell, of great power and purity of tone, which is entitled to Honorable Also, an Organ in Native Wood, and one in Black Wal-nat, without Stops.

FIRST PRIZE.

These Instruments are equal in every respect to the best American makers, and will be sold at 20 per cent. less than can be imported.

Every Instrument fully warranted. An inspection re-

PIANO WAREROOM—Sheffield House, No. 5, Market Square. (Oct 17.) A. LAURILLIARD. NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

THIS COMPANY Insures against loss or damage by Fire—Dwellings, Household Furniture, Farm Property, Stores, Merchandise, Vessels on Stocks or in Harbour, and other Insurable Property, on the most favorable terms. Claims settled promptly without reference to the Head

LIFE DEPARTMENT. Ninety per cent. of the Profits are allocated to the Assured on the Participating Scale.

INDISPUTABILITY. ifter a Policy has been five years in existence it shall be I to be indisputable and free from extra premiums, even he assured should remove to an unhealthy climate after

For Rates and other information apply at the Office of the Company, on the corner of Princess and Canterbury treets.

HENRY JACK,

March 26.

General Agent.

FIRST GOLD MEDAL MASON & HAMLIN.

DMUND E. KENNAY, Pianoforte Maker gs respectfully to inform the public that he has ob-the Agency of the two most celebrated makers in rld, viz., Mason & Hamlin's Cabiner Organs, and

world, viz., Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, and increasing & Son's Planopolities.

A Large Stock of the above ou band. Please call and amine, or send for an illustrated Circular. As the whole the above stock has been personally selected by the selected warrant every instrument with confidence.

Planofortes and Melodeors Tuned and Repaired are in Exchange and to Rent. (Established 21 years.)

No. 120 Germain St., St. John, N. I LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY! Fund paid up and invested £8,212,343 5s. 1d. ste Premiums received in Fire Risks, 1864, £748,674 stg.
Losses paid in Fire Risks, 1864, 520,459

Premiums in Life Risks, in 1864, 235,248

Losses paid in Life Risks, in 1864, 143,197

In addition to the above large paid up capital, the Shar

EDWARD ALLISON,

abscribers have always on hand—Doors, Sasues which, from their facilities, they can make to or the utmost despatch and upon the most reasons



Christian Visitor.

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

New Series, Vol. VII., No. 17. Whole No. 329. SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1869.

Rift in the Cloud.

So dreary and dark," were our words that day Again and again rereated; is the hours wore on, and the tall old clock

Told them, and their duties completed. Such a dismal day"-for the clouds were dark And the rain in its wearisome falling. Dripped an answer in tears to the desolate cry Of the blast through the roof-trees calling.

Not a glimpse of blue-not a gleam of gold In the arch above us bending; Only the clouds in their drapings of gray, Sad with grief that seemed unending. So the day crept on, and we talked of the night In darkness upon us stealing,

And wondered if brightness would come with the Much of beauty, now cloud-veiled, revealing.

There's a rift in the cloud," called a gladsom voice, And the words had a setting of sweetness,

That rounded the jubilant tidings she spake.

To the fullest grace of completeness. 'A rift in the cloud"-and it spread as we gazed Till the west was a marvel of glory, Where the broken clouds in the sunlight gleamed Pauses bright in the golden writ-story. 'A rift in the cloud"-the words crept back

Through many an after-time thinking, And a sweeter meaning lent them grace, Its truth to their loveliness linking. And I thought when hours were dark with fears, Or draped with a mantle of sorrow, How a word of cheer is " a rift in the clouds,"

Fair type of a bright to-morrow. A whisper of love-a smile that is sweet-A deed that is sympathy's token-Little aids that give to our weakness strength, So the power of temptation is broken. These are "rifts in the clouds," and they come to our lives

Amid woes and stern lessons of duty; Amid wearisome labors and hopes that are vain, As perfected glimpses of beauty.

of or half land should you For the Christian Visitor. The Rise of English Literature. BY PROFESSOR J. DEMILL. No. 5.

Such men as the parson whom Chaucer has described live in this age, known and honored by the poet of the age, but of them all no one is more honored than John De Wycliffe.

Wycliffe is also a man of the age. The events of the time have quickened the minds of all, placed men in a new position, and enlarged all the horizon of thought. The end of the middle ages approaches, and a new era dawns world.

All thought circles round the university, and centres there, and appears in its highest form. It has taken the place of the cloister forever .-For the church which once led the way has fallen behind, and given up its place. The head of the is all relaxed, and the monks bring reproach upon the church, which is bitterness to all good men in the church. Where is the fiery zeal, the fervid missionary spirit that once dared all things for Christ? Alas! not in these monks in this age, who draw down upon themselves even the laugh-

ter of the vulgar. The world must move on even if the church holds back, at the impulse of ideas that pass with vast undulations through the wide ocean of thought. The men of thought do their work in the university, and here where men devote all their lives to study and to reason, thought reigns supreme. And so it must ever be, in our day, and in the future. It is a vain dream which some men have that practical science will supplant mental. Never in the ages of time can natural philosophy supplant intellectual. The savan can never

But there is one great danger in the university. The scholar is a slave to the past. From that past he draws his inspiration. He who can rise superior to this influence, who is alive to the present and can apprehend the future, he is a great man in his age.

take the place of the scholar.

There are two kinds of minds among menone looks to the past, the other to the future. The one longs to place himself under the protection of venerable creeds, where he can see the mighty CAPITAL, - 22,000,000 Sterling. framework, reared in past ages, and find safety in its protection. The other seeks to escape, to get into the broad free air, where he can breathe; he feels the structure of the past to oppress him like the walls of a dungeon; he wants nothing over his head but the vault of Heaven into which he can look and seek for God. These minds are opposed, they struggle against one another, in the university, in the church, in the world, and struggle yet, and will struggle evermore. But the future comes on, and the past fades away, and the lovers of the past from generation to generation, find the ground slipping away from their feet. The past must always lose, the future must al-

The past is strong in this age, and Wycliffe, has grown up amid dogmas, and infallible doctrines and inflexible forms of faith. Yet he has nerve enough to look at that past and question it. He sees that it is contradicted by the hypocrisy and fallibility of man. How can the past and the present be harmonized ? Is this religion of this day, which is rapidly becoming a mockery, the last and best revelation of God to man? and can it do no more than this for the world?

Yet it is not without a struggle that a man of this age or any other can uproot the past. He tears his heart up with it. He could not do it except there be something to animate him, which is stronger than old associations and higher than

I recognize in this Wycliffe one of those spirits that pant for some opportunity of doing some noble thing in this life which shall greatly benefit man—a stout high hearted nature, ready to sa-crifice everything for this, and while the whole nation struggles for freedom, he seeks after the trnth, as one who knows that the truth shall make

He has one advantage. The head of the church has fallen, as has been said, and has become that which would make Englishmen the last to heed him. The church is in the captivity at Avignon, and the Pope is little better than a French ecclemastic. Those who have broken the power of a French king are not the ones who will bow their haughty heads at the menace of a French bishop.

Now all authority is weakness, and the church

Successful carrying on of the manufacture of VENE.

TIAN BLINDS, parties in want of BLINDS of this description, would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhers.

Orders for any style of VENETIAN BLINDS received at the Clock and Picture Frame Establishment of T. H. KECHAN, 21 Germain atreet, or at the Manufactory, where patterns can be seen.

The Subscribers have always on hand—Doors, Sasues, and goes to the Bible. This is the commonest of facts now, but for a teacher in this age. ge there is immense originality in this ; and so e has to stand up alone in the time, seeking after ruth, and when he has made any discovery he It is not enough to rail at monks. Others can

do this. Dante, Buccaccio, Chaucer, and othershave already lashed them. But for Wycliffe his He must not be a destroyer only, but a creator. In a later age it had not been enough if Bacon

had contented himself with battering down the stronghold of the old philosophy. He must supply its place with something else, and rear upon the ruins of the old scholastic method the new inductive system. He must not only pull down. He must build up.

This Wycliffe does. He is not all negative, he is positive. He has something to say, and he

He is as great as Bacon. He stands up in his head, advancing far beyond the others, along a perilous way, through the dark,—to the light, a man of the time that is to be, rather than of the time that is; the herald of others that shall rival him but never surpass him. This is the work of England, and while the names of Creey and Poictiers are echoing throughout the world, there are greater achievements wrought in the lecture room at Oxford. Here is the battle field where a greater triumph is won, and over the scene presided the grand supreme mind of the century.

Christ our Passover.

A city pastor was recently seeking to lead an inquirer to Jesus, not alone as the only ground of salvation, but as the all-sufficient atonement for

"I know I cannot earn my salvation," said the young lady in reply to a remark of the pastor, "but I dare not ask Jesus to save me as I am. My heart is too hard and cold, and I do notwith shame and agony, I confess it-but I know I do not love him as I ought to love such a Saviour, It would be an insult to ask him to bestow the benefits of his great salvation on one so utterly

"Is it not a much greater indignity," asked the minister, " to doubt the truth of what he calls you to believe? He says, ' Come unto me, and I will give you rest;' but you doubt his willingness so do so. He says his 'blood cleanseth from all sin; but you think your prayers, your tears, your repentance can do for you what that precious blood, poured out on Calvary, is unable to accom-

"No, no," interrupted the weeping penitent, " know full well that there is no merit in my tears and prayers; but surely I ought to weep over the sins and follies of my misspent life, and until I do so I cannot expect God to have mercy on my

"Did you ever reflect," said the pastor, " on Passover?' In that fearful night when the destroying angel passed through the land of Egypt, smiting the first-born in every house, from the king on his throne down to the very beasts of the field, why were the people of Israel so calm, and safe? Was it because they were eating that church has fallen from his lofty seat, its discipline paschal lamb of which they had been commanded to eat in haste, with shoes on their feet, and loins girt about ready for a journey ? Surely not ; yet they were obeying the command of God him self. They had been told to eat of the lamb, ' with bitter herbs,' and they were doing so; but they might have done all this, and yet not have escaped the dreadful judgment that was causing the heart of every Egyptian in the land to quake with fear. It was the blood on the door post, that was the real ground of safety to the Israelite, and he knew it; and having put the blood there, he felt secure and unmoved, as from every house the wail of anguish rose on the midnight air. It was right that he should cat the lamb-eat it in haste and with bitter herbs; but all this did not give him safety from the destroying angel, who looked at the door posts sprinkled with blood, not at what ment over his sins, he ought to repent and pray; as it is held out, 'without money, and without price.' No one sin he has ever committed is so heinous as unbelief; and the longer he refuses to heinous as unbelief; and the longer he refuses to heinous as unbelief; and accept it on God's own But Christ died for sinners even the unconbelieve God's offer, and accept it on God's own terms, the more guilty he becomes, and his condition the more dangerous."

"Oh, I see it now," said the weeping girl, as a ray of heavenly light seemed to dawn on her tell you"-his voice sharpened, almost whistled soul, "I see it all now; my sins already atoned seen only shadows that have bewildered and perrican Messenger.

The Good Wife-

"He that hath found a virtuous wife, hath a greater treature than costly pearls." —PROVERBS XXXI. 10. Such a treasure had the celebrated teacher. Rabbi Meir, found. He sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school, and in-structed the people. During his absence from his house, his two sons, both of them of uncom-

mon beauty, and enlightened in the Law, died. His wife bore them to her bed-chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies.

Towards evening, Rabbi Meir eame home. "Where are my beloved sons?" he asked, "that I may give them my blessing ?" "They are gone to the school," was the an-

" I repeatedly looked round the school," he replied, "and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they may

drink of the cup of blessing?"

"They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, she then

"Rabbi, with thy permission I would propose "Ask it, then, my love," he replied. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some

jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again. Should I give them back to him?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What I wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own ?"

"No," she replied; "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee

She then led him to their chamber, and, stepping to the bed took the white covering from their bodies.

"Ah, my sons ! my sons !" thus loudly lamented the father, - " my sons! the light of mine task is not done noless he can do something more. eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but you were my teachers in the

The mother turned away, and wept bitterly. At length, she shook her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away,—and blessed be the name of the Lord !"

"Blessed be the name of the Lord !" echoed Rabbi Meir ; " and blessed be his name for thy sake, too ! For well is it written, ' He that has day and he stands up alone, -a bold intrepid found a virtuous woman has a greater treasure thinker. Of all the mighty movement he is the head, advancing far beyond the others, along a wisdom, and on her tongue is the instruction of perilons way, through the dark,—to the light,—

The duty of family worship is, permiss, not enjoined by any positive Scriptural precept. It is, however, clearly taught inferentially in the Scriptures. Family religion must have been the first established in the world. In the patriarchal ages the father was, religiously, the head of the family. He was the household priest, whose duty it was to impart religious instruction and offer sacrifices in behalf of his family.

It is said of Abraham, that "his household shall keep the way of the Lord." Joshua declared, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." We read that Job "sanctified" his children, and offered burnt offerings according to their number.

This relation that the father anciently sustained to the household was not abrogated either by Moses or Christ. It must, therefore, remain essentially the same. The dreadful imprecation of the prophet Jeremiah involves the cuty of family prayer: "Pour out thy wrath upon the heathen, and all the families that call not upon Thy

It is stated, I think, of Dr. Payson, that he once stayed over night at a hotel, and, before retiring, asked the privilege of praying with the family. It was denied him. He arose to depart, saying that he did not feel safe in staying where prayer was neither observed nor suffered.

John Wesley says, "No day should pass without family prayer seriously and solemnly per-In the absence of the father this duty falls upon

the mother. In the absence of both, it devolves upon some other member of the family. Dr. Clarke says: "If the parents do not perform family prayer, and if there be a converted child, it devolves upon him. Should he refuse,

A Death-bed Scene.

he will soon lose the comforts of religion."

"I have nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation; nothing to expect but condemnation." The speaker articulated with difficulty. He was a large man, massive of features and musca-lar of limb. The awful pallor of the face was increased by masses of thick black hair that lay in confusion about the pillow, set off by the dead whiteness of his forehead. Struck down suddenly from full, hearty life to the bed of death, he made there and then an agonizing confession, such as racks the ear of the listener at unhappy

death-beds. A meek woman sat near the nurse, who was striving quietly to alleviate the suffering he en-

"Oh, don't talk to me of pain !" he cried bitterly, " It is the mind, woman-the mind;" and agony overclouded his face.

He continued slowly and deliberately : " There s a demon whispering in my ear forever. You knew it at the time, and at every time; you the people were doing within; and it was that blood, and that alone, that was his salvation. So it is with the sinner; he ought to weep and laentered a church ; yet the very recollection that but, after all, the blood of Christ alone can save my mother taught me to pray (and she died when his soul from perdition. That blood is already I was only six,) has passed judgment upon all my spilt, sin is already atoned for, and the sinner has only to accept the offered pardon, freely, fully, wrong : first with a few qualms, then brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend. Sir, in one minute of all my life I have

verted thief." "Oh, yes; Christ died for sinners; but my intellect is clear, sir; clearer than ever before. it was so shrill and concentrated-" I can see alfor, and Jesus offering me the pardon I so much need. How could I doubt the efficacy of that preis desired, sought after, longed for—that unless cious blood, or keep my eyes fixed so persistently on my poor sinful self, when they should have been raised to Him. Looking at myself, I have hand impressively, "that I have so cursed myplexed me, when I might have been rejricing in self. Is that repentance? Do not try to console the full rays of the Sun of righteousness." -- Ame- me; save your sympathy for those who will bear it, for I cannot.

"Thank you, nurse;" this as she wiped his brow, and moistened his parched lips. "I am not dead to kindness, if I am to hope, I thank you, sir, for your Christian offices, though they do me no good. If we sow thorns, you know, we cannot reap flowers; and corn will not grow from the seed of thistles. Heaven was made for the holy; 'without are dogs, whoremongers, and adulterers.' There's a distinction; it's all

After al' that, till eleven o'clock, his mind wandered; then he slept a few moments. Presently. roused by the striking of the clock, he looked around dreamily and caught the eye of the nurse, and of his friend.

"It's awfully dark here," he whispered. " My feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. Oh, for some foundation!" He stretched his hand out as if feeling for a way.

"Christ is the only help—'I am the Way, the
Truth, and the Life,'" whispered the man of

"Not for me!" and pen cannot describe the mmeasurable woe in that answer. "I shall fall—I am falling!" he half shrieked in an instant after; he shuddered and all was over. The wilfully blind, deaf and maimed had gone before his Judge. The despairing soul had taken that last plunge into eternity.

Dear reader, stand in awe, and sin not. Make sure work for eternity. Through grace do it now.

The Rev. Charles White (late Minister of Cornwall-road Baptist Chapel, Notting-hill) formed a "Free Church," open to Christians of every name, last Sunday, at Cornwall Hall, and preached morning and evening to large congregations. Mr. White stated that he would have no deacons in The Rev. Charles White (late Minister of Corn-

his new church, but aimply a secretary, treasurer, and committee, to manage the secular and financial affairs. Your escape to Jesus must not only be prompt, it must be decisive and determined. "Look not behind thee?" said the angels to Lot.

Old Series, Vol. XXII., No. 17.

Bible Idea of Marriage.

The Protestant Churchman utters words that are timely in these days of social display and society hollowness:

The symbolical use which is made of marriage,

in the Bible, is full of the most important instruction to us. It is impossible that anything could be so conservative of the true interests and happiness of married life as the deep seated conviction that it is only in making it representative of Christ's relation to His church, that its true, normal idea can be realized. Suppose this conception were thoroughly rooted and grounded in our life, what would be likely to be its effect upon us in this, the most sacred relation which on earth we can sustain. The law of our duty and privilege is that we shall make this relation, as far as possible, similar to the relation which Christ sustains to those whom He has purchased with His own blood. Now this similarity must exclude not only all unfaithfulness, but everything but the most perfect concord and love. No unkindness, no false suspicion, no upbraiding, no selfishness can find place in this relation if it is to represent Christ's blessed and eternal union with is people.

It is sad, indeed, to think how far we have wandered from the pure and beautiful ideal of wedded life which is presented in the Scriptures. That ideal involves the union of two beings whose love is fixed supremely upon God, and who strive to cherish towards each other such feelings as Christ cherishes towards us, and as we should cherish towards Him. There is one book in the Bible, greatly misunderstood, and therefore robbed of its spiritual meaning, in which the pure and noble ideal of this relation is presented. It s Canticles. We only need the key to this wonderful book, and it stands before us at once in unrivaled purity and beauty. It is a picture of wedded life, in all the sweetness and innocence of Paradise, in exquisite harmony with the loveliest manifestations of nature, and made to represent and typify the love of Christ and the Church. With the exception of a few expressions in our translation, which do not accurately reproduce the original, it is the most pure and elevating conception possible of conjugal love. That mind must be fearfully tainted already to which it could appear in the slightest degree sensual or gross. It comes from the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to set before us the idea of the tenderness, and purity, and love, which should be realized in wedded life, and which would make it typical of the relation between Christ and the Church.

A "Beautiful" Process.

The pains which many people take, in order to following description of a novel way by which old age is made to wear the mask of youth and beauty:

The latest process of making women " beautiful forever," is that invented by Madam M., of Paris. An ointment, the secret of which is known only to the inventor, is spread upon a stiff linen, which is applied all over the face, and takes the shape forming a mask adjusted to the features. The mask remains on until the skin rises in thick pustules. It is then withdrawn, and a certain salve rubbed over the face, when the patient must remain entirely motionless, not being permitted to speak, laugh or cry during the formation of the new skin, which operation generally takes about a week to accomplish. The new skin is soft and tender as that of an infant, delicate in the extreme, and must be maintained by the daily use of the softening compound manufactured by

The first sensation in taking off the mask is one of horror. The visage is swollen and very sore, exactly as if subjected to a severe scald or burn. Many of the patients swoon at the first sight of their own deformity, as reflected in the long trumeau looking-glasses which adorn the partment. But Madam M. points to her own ooming visage, and hope replaces alarm. As a matter of course, this skilful renovator of faded charms has a host of customers, and it is hinted that the Empress of the French desires to become one of them .- Household.

A Clergyman's Joke.

I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I went into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveller, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on different topcs, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on kissing, just about the time the train was ap-

proaching." Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the

This proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deeply in it as I could be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw

his black eyes fairly dance with daring.
"Yes," said he, "I'll try it first, You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her."

I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest looking women my eyes ever fell on. A beautiful blonde. with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger at her, slyly, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge, and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made my "mouth water." I expected, of course, a shriek of terror, and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment sucseeded astonishment when I saw her return the kiss with compound interest.

h he turned to me and said "Now, sir, it is your turn," pointing to a hide-cusly ugly, wrinkled old woman, who sat in the seat behind."

"Now, sir, it is your turn," pointing to a hide-cusly ugly, wrinkled old woman, who sat in the

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must!" I exclaimed. "I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me whom you have been kissing?"

"Well, said he, "since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off." And we all burst into a hearty peal of laughter, as he said, "This is my wife. I have been waiting for her. I knew that it was a safe proposition."

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, 58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. P.

REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business

Che Christian Bisitor

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,

He told the story to his wife, who looked tenfold sweeter as she heard it. Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher of Chicago, whose name I had frequently heard. Whenever go to Chicago, I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural and eloquent preacher is hard to find. He was then a young man; he is

The Oldest City.

now well known as one of the ablest divines of

the Episcopal denomination in the West .- Har-

per's Weekly.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Banlbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham-a centre of trade and travel -an island of verdure in the deert a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun: the street which is called Strait, in which it is said he "prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy thee with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mohammed surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter " because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world" is to this day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria." From Damascus come the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco-damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk with vines and flowers raised upon smooth, bright ground; the damask rose introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII. ; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture, called damaskening, with which boxes. bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "rivers of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of Syrian

French Husbands and Women's Rights.

Several gentlemen in Paris, whose wives participated in the meetings emphatically advocating the emancipation of women, played their spouses the following little trick: A lawyer whom they engaged for the purpose, called at their houses in their absence, and desired to see Madame. Madame was engaged with her toilet, but the visitor insisted on seeing her. So she was obliged to receive the lawyer, who very politely handed her a stamped paper. The lady read it in surprise, and turned very pale. The lawver left her. What did the paper contain ! An application for a divorce on the part of the husband. The lady passed long hours of painful suspense. At last her husband came home from his office. " My friend, what is the meaning of this paper ?" she asked, with a pale face. "Why, it is an application for a divorce from you. I believe you want to be free! I do not want to be your tyrant any longer." "I am sure," she said with her kindest smile, "you have wet feet and will eatch cold, dearest husband! Pray sit down by the fire and warm yourself. Shall I get you a cup of tea?" Oh, no, I am quite well," replied the wicked husband, laughing mwardly at her desire to do something to make him comfortable; " I am quite well, and I am sure you will likewise get well as soon as you are free." "But, my dear husband, I do not understand what you mean! Shall I fetch your slippers?" "No, thank you. Why should you impose on yourself this slavish yoke which you have never borne? I heard your cries for deliverance. I am oppressing you, as you say, and henceforth I shall no longer work for you. Hitherto we men had to bear all the burdens and cares; we toiled all day long, passed sleepless nights in order to devise new ways of making money, and struggled with a thousand competitors in order to earn our daily bread, while you were dressing taking rides, and allowing your idlers to make love to you. All this will cease. Down with slavery! We are in duty bound to restore such poor women as you to freedom and independence! Hurrah for liberty!" An hour afterwards the two sat down to supper. The lady no longer talks of her wrongs, and of her desire to recover her liberty. Similar scenes occurred at the house of the other gentlemen.

A CHRISTIAN TRACT .- In one of our exchanges we recently lighted upon the following incident in the life of the late Lord Jeffrey, one of the most remarkable men of his time : One morning, while a friend was with him, the post brought his letters, and, on opening one of them, his lordship said, "Oh, here's my monthly friend?" and, passing it over to his friend he continued, " Do you know that I have been very much impressed by this thing. It has come to me for a long time. At first I paid no attention to it, and put it in the waste-basket; I was so bothered by lots of things coming to me that I thought it was some trash. and cast it aside; but one day I was led by some accident to read a tract, and do you know I was very much struck with it ? As a literary man it pleased me exceedingly, it was so beautifully written. So I began and rummaged my waste-basket, and got hold of those tracts that were destroyed, and I read them all from beginning to end. Well. now, I thought, who sends me these tracts ? It must be some good person who has some interest in my poor old soul; and I am determined to read them regularly as they come. I may say I quite long for them, and when one comes to me, I always keep it till the quiet of the evening, when everybody has retired, and sit down by the fireside and read it, and you can't tell how I en-

A PROTESTANT NEWSPAPER, IN SPAIN. - Under the auspices of the American and Foreign Christian Union, a weekly Protestant newspaper, giving utterance to the facts and truths of the Gospel, is now established in Seville. In that city Mr. Alonzo is addressing audiences of ten to fif-

The Spanish Government has granted permission for the introduction into Spain of Protestant beoks printed in a foreign language.

If you have religion enough to save you, everybody will know it. Love must tell it. Fools line the hedges along the road of life;

let the wise man pass with a smile and a tear. The living Christian finds grace sufficient for all the duties of life.