THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

6

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I render thee, Father, Supreme, For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?" Said a young mother, as she fondly watched Her sleeping babe.

There was an answering voice That night, in dreams

"Thou hast a tender flower Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love. Give me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven."

-But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip Blanch'd in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp. How sweetly would it swell the angel's song. Lend me that harp.'

Then burst a shuddering sob As if the bosom by some hidden sword Was cleft in twain.

Morn came. A blight had found The crimson velvet of the unfolded bud. The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain and

Again the voice

broke, And that young mother lay upon the earth In childless agony.

That stirr'd her vision.

" He who asked of thee Loveth a cheerful giver."

So she rais d Her gushing eye, and ere the the tear-drop tried Upon its fringes, smiled.

Doubt not that smile Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteous ness.

Lamily Circle.

MY DREAM.

struction. My attention was particularly benevolence?

me, let him deny himself, and take up his shall be hardly worth the saving. cross and follow me." "Thou shalt love attention, when the door of the ante-room showered upon us. near the pulpit opened, and a noble-looking old man, with silvery locks and firm, erect step, entered. He was one of those speci mens of beautiful old age of which we occasionally see a type. As he gazed upon his people, the love in his heart seemed to light." shine through and illuminate his whole countenance. After the preliminary exercise the pastor preached an excellent sermo: on Faith and Works. At its close, pointing to the inscription back of the pulpit, he said, "We will now prove our faith by bound, suddenly he vanished from my our works, by making our usual weekly sight. contribution. But first, brethren, suffer a word of counsel. Last Sabbath some of you, in your deep love for the cause, made larger contributions than your circumstances would warrant. Remember, Paul says, "Lay by in store as the Lord has prospered you." I know it is so pleasant to give to the needy, that we are liable to mistakes in this direction."

"No," he answered, "no larger than anxious to see you, so I let him in." usual. You heard my caution to my people; they enjoy giving so much, that, every now self, or how he opened his business, but I and then, I find it necessary to hold them know that after talking a while, the back, lest some of them do more than they Principal put aside the paper he was are able." "Why sir," I exclaimed, "how have you educated them? Most ministers are obliged to arge, coax, and sometimes examination lasted some time. Every sums?"

almost drive their people to give." "Educate them? With the Bible, to be sure. They are Christians, and even exclaimed the Principal, "you certainly do the poorer of them, want to show their

love to their Master by obeying his foot, over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, commands." "Christians! but you don't wish me to my spare moments," answered the boy. understand that all the Christians in your

Why sir, in the communion to which I be- and yet almost fitted for college, by simply long, two-thirds of the churches do nothing | improving his spare moments ! Truly, are for Foreign Missions and many of them not spare moments the "gold dust of nothing for Home Missions, and other like time?" How precious they should be! operations." The old man raised his hands in surprise

and horror, and his voice was very sad as spare moments? What can you show for he answered,

denomination?"

reply.

seemed to be in a large church filled with in being derelict to duty in this matter. moments that I got acquainted with wickattentive worshippers. All around me Almost every benevolent organization is ed associates." Take care of your spare were strangers; yet so pleasant were the crippled for the want of lunds. Many moments !- The Children's Record. countenances, whose cheerful smiles seem. Christians feel that they have no obligations ed to say, "Make yourself quite at home, to discharge to others, at least pecuniarily." you are among triends," that the lonely "No obligations !" exclaimed the old feeling which often comes over one in a man. "What is it to be a Christian? Why, crowded church, to not one of whose the very essence of Christianity is to deny have no old garret, with its piles of all worshippers he is known, troubled me not self. If there is one duty emphasized from at all. While waiting for the pastor's Genesis to Revelation, it is the duty of "rainy days." entrance, I gazed around the building. It giving. Don't you remember the many was neat and testefel, but plain in con- injunctions to God's ancient people on fixed-up play room would ever seem so

walls, most of them inculeating the duty of Jewish laws were only for that people to have such royal times. who have long been obsolete."

"On the first day of the week let every as a curious smile played around his mouth. than five hundred years ago! and that was one of you lay by him in store as God hath "Then what do these people do with all the age of "Trinity Manor House," which prospered him." In other places I read, the injunctions of the New Testament on "It is more blessed to give than to receive." this same subject? Are they also obsolete? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of If so, we modern Christians are much to the least of these, my brethren, ye have be pitied. If, caring nothing for the done it unto me." "Go ye into all the interests of our neighbor, we are to look world and preach the gospel to every out only for ourselves, our minds and creature." "If any man would come after hearts will become so dwarfed that we

I do not know how he introduced himstudying and took up a Latin book and began to examine the new comer. The

question which the Principal asked the boy well!" looking at the boy from head to

Here he was, poor, and hard working, church contribute for benevolent objects? with but few opportunities for schooling,

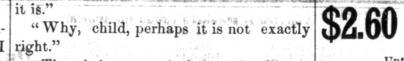
and yet how apt we are to waste them? What account can you give of your "Surely, they cannot be Christians. tell you how much, how very much can be your teacher was quite right." What book do they take as the foundation laid up by wisely improving them, and of their faith? Not the Bible! for almost there are many, many other boys, I am holy." every page of that volume is luminous with afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, precepts of love and self-sacrifice. A in the forecastle of a whale ship, in the Christian, and not love to bestow in charity ! gambling-house or the tavera, who, if you It can not be. But may I ask," eyeing me could ask them when they began their sincuriously, "what is the name of your ful course, might answer," In my my spare moments." "In my spare moments I I have never been ashamed of my religious gambled for marbles." "In my spare home; yet the blood rushed to my face as moments I began to smoke and drink." began to steal chestnuts from the old It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. It "But, sir, my denomination is not alone woman's stand." "It was in my spare

IN THE OLD GARRET.

sorts of queer old thinks, to play with

I am very sure that not any neat, new, attracted by the numerous motioes on the ...O, yes! but many now affirm those old length of the house, where we children used

Back of the pulpit was this inscription, "Obsolete, indeed!" repeated the pastor, must be stowed away in a garret more Just think of how many queer old things you will find marked down in the map of Jersey, and which had belonged to the old De Carteret family for many years, many generations.



"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father?" "O I don't quite know that; if it is only Best Quality Tenpenny Board Name in a while." once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of

"Yes, John, I am glad you are; I want answered readily as could be. "Well!" you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures; but why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little where did you pick up so much?" "In figure put wrong in a sum it makes it all wrong, however large the amount is." "To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please father, don't you think if Cod's day is put wrong now and then, it nakes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child-how?"

I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

father, as if speaking to himself; and then added, "John, it is wrong to break God's them? Look and see. This boy could holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it, and

"Remember the Sabbath day to keek it

Smiles.

MODERATE CHRISTIANS .--- "I never intended to be more than a moderate drinker,' said a drunkard, now happily converted and saved from his cup. "My parents did the question was put, and I hastened to "It was in my spare moments that I first not object to my drinking wine and beer, and that is the way it began," Were your parents Christians ?" I asked. "Yes" he replied, hesitating, "they were moderate Christians." Alas, thought I, moderate Christians are often the best promoters of that moderate drinking which is the path to drunkenness .- The Watchword.

> A WESTERN JURYMAN.-It was out West, in one of those local courts where a friendly, talkative way marks the intercourse between judges, juries, counsel, and clients. A man of the law, after developing considerable eloquence and perspiration in behalf of a prisoner, perorated by say ing: "Gentlemen, after what I have stated 91 Prince William Street, Saint John to you, is this man guilty? Can he be guilty? Is he guilty?"

the jury, after a copious expectoration, replied : "You just wait a little, old hoss



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uilty? Is he guilty?" Greatly to his disgust, the foreman of iury, after a copious expectoration. St amships, Grand Trunk Railway, &c. lyrsep3

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I was thunderstruck, "Where an I?" thought I,-"in a Christian church, and the pastor cantioning his people against too large contributions."

I remember reading a similar occurrence in a heathen land, among the new converts to Christianity; but to be an eye witness of such a scene in a Christian congregation, it seems incredible.

I watched the people closely as the boxes were passed, and became more and more amazed; for nearly every person, men, women and children, contributed, and did it so cheerfully, even joyfully, that it was a pleasure to see them. "I must speak to ing the boy's request, she went about her that man, and learn the secret of his success with his people," thought I.

After the congregation had dispersed, boy, after eating his bread and butter. many of them greeting me cordially as they passed out, I said to the pastor, as he be interrupted, he must, but he does like took me warmly by the hand,

"You must have had an unusual collection to-day."

"But thank God! his commands are not the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and binding upon us; and it is not only a duty, thy neighbor as thyself." These, and other but a most blessed privilege to sow bountipassages of similar import, occupied my fully and broadcast, of the rich gifts

"When my people are converted, they not only lay themselves, but their possessions, on God's altar, and thus each one of them becomes a centre of holy influence, a point from which radiate beams of yellow

The old man had waxed eloquent as he preached. His eyes flashed, as his tall form seemed to tower far above me. In his excitement his tones became deeper and more thrilling; but while I gazed spell-Behold it was a dream .- Morning Star

"MY SPARE MOMENTS."

A poor country lad came one morning to the door of the head-master of a celebrated school, nd asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. The boy did as he was desired, and soon appeared at the back door.

"I should like to see Mr. "story" said he. "You want a breakfast, most likely, said the servant ; and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy; "I've no objections to a bit of bread, but I should like to see Mr. ____; if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, maybe you want, remarked the servant again eyeing the boy's patched clothes. "I think he has none to spare ;" and without at all mindwork.

"Can I see Mr. ----?" again asked the "Well, he's in the library; if he must to be alone sometimes," said the girl, in a peevish tone. Opening the library door, she said, "Here's somebody, who is very

Under the eaves in that old garret were suits of armor, and helmets and big swords,

ou could think of.

monstrous mangle.

looking fire-place, where Molly heated the irons.

But the mangle was the attraction for us little folks, and as soon as we heard the rumbling and rolling of the monstrous stones in the mangle-box, we used to run to see Leonard turning the great handle, while Molly would place between the smooth, heavy rollers the nicely damped and folded linen sheets and table cloths, which would roll out on the other side, not only smooth, but really polished by the great pressure. We called the rumble of the mangle our "garret thunder." Ope what splendid times we had in that grand old house ! / I think I told you some little time ago about my school days in Jersey. Well, that was the house we lived

in then. The De Carteret family had gone abroad for three years, and my father had rented the place, furnished just as it was, until they returned."" and I should like some time to tell you of SPRING OVERCOATING the drawing rooms, and the library, and the "unknown room," and all sorts of

queer places about the old house; but I think, after all, our big play room at the top of the house was the charming room to us children .- Companion.

"IT MAKES IT ALL WRONG."

"Please, father, is it wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's day ? My teacher, says and we'll tell you."

As the poker-player would say : "Foreman had the age, and counsellor passed out."-EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for October.



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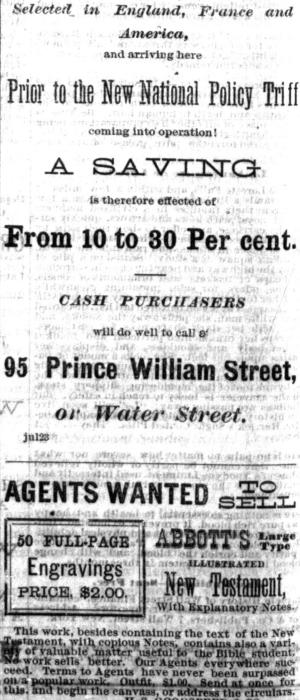
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