From My Arm-Chair.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The following poem, print d in the Cambridge Tribane, we writen to the children of Cambridge by Mr. Longfellow on his seventy-second bithday. Feb. 21, on neceit ig from them a chair made from a large chestnut-tree in the

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebon throne Or by what reason, or what right divine.

Can I proc'aim it mine? Only, perhaps, by right divine of song

It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnu tree Of old was sung by me

Well I remember it in all its prime. When in the summer time. The affluent fol age of its branches made A cavern of cool shad

There by the bl d'smith's forge, beside the street,

Lo blessoms white and sweet, Enticed the been, undir. emed alive, And murmured like a hive:

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout, Tossed its great a ms about,

The shining chestnuts bursling from the sheeth Dropped to the ground beneath. And now some fragments of its branches hare,

Shaped as a strictly chair, Have by my hearths one found a home at last, And whisper of the Past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride Repel the ocean tide. But so ited in this choic. I can in rhyme

Roll Lak the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in a sion sees The blo 643 and the bees. And hear the child, as voice shout and call

And the brown chestnuts fall. I see the smithy with its fires a row.

I hear the bellows blow And the sh. "I hammers on the anvillan The iron while with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye are le for me

Brought back my youth again

The heart hat's its own memory. I'ke the mind. And in it are enshrined

The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought The giver's loving thought. Only your love and your remembrance could

Give life to this dead wood. And make these branches, leatiess now so long Blossom again in song.

The Ladder on the Cliff.

One dark and stormy night a vessel was wrecked on a rocky island on the coast of on these rocks was to seal their doom. as it was thought that a Christian woman in The cabin was filled with water, and the to gain access to doors which would be closed captain's wife was drowned. The sallors against a lady or a minister, a city missionary climbed into the rigging, and prayed as was applied to, to know if he could recomthey never had before, that God would mend one. In the providence of God, the right have compassion upon them. That he would person was found prepared. A poor woman save them from temporal death seconed all though preserved from its grosser evils, and

on, till the very foot of the awfol cliff wa. Bible: and full of gratitude, desired to reached. Oh, if they could only reach the communicate to others, the blessing she prized top. There would be safety, and, no doubt, friend'y hands to help them. Just as they the week to the work of selling Bibles and struck the rock, they appeal on the face of Testaments, carrying with her in a bag specithe cliff a ladder. Then was their des- mens of the various types. A friend writes. pair changed to joy. They sprung from the rigging and climbed the topes as rapidty as their benumbed fingers would per- behalf of her one Bible woman, adding, many mit; but they were all rescued, and in a of the friends who prayed with her at the comfew moments more the vessel went to men ement of the work, have again and again

That ladder seemed to them almost a miracle. Yet its presence there was easily explained. It was used by the quarrymen as they climbed up and down to their work every day. Though usually drawn up when they left, the suddenness of the storm that night had caused the workmen to hurry to the shelter of their humble homes without taking time to remove the ladder. It was God who had ordered this seemingly trifling matter for the preservation of their lives.

Some writer has well said, "However long the chain of second cause may be, the first link is always in God's hand." Learn to discern this loving Father's hand in all the events of your life, and it will save you from many dark hours .- Cottager and Artisan.

Entered Halt into Life.

"It is better for thee," says our Lord. "to enter into life halt or maimed, than, having two a pang. This tender story of a mother's hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire." This is sometimes verified in the literal sense. We are told of Professor George Wilson, of Edinburgh, that he began his career full of ambition to scale the heights of science and master all knowledge. In the midst of his triumph he was laid low with an illness, which ended in the amputation of his foot and the crushing of his health. In that deep valley of pain and humiliation he found God. And he asked a friend to preach his funeral sermon from the above solemn words.

of Departure.

I have done with earth—the hour is nigh When to all things here below-I die; This flutte'ring pulse, this laboring breath, And the shadows closing round are death; The vell of the flesh is wearing thin, And the world beyond is breaking in. Save, Lord! I sink in this troublous sea;

I have done with earth—the fear is past I ve grasped the hand of my guide at last; And I care not where this robe of c'ay As my spirit drops it, is hid away; No terems now in the omb and shroud. With angel guards in you shining cloud, 1 se to my long desired bourne, The rest in Jesus, whence none returns.

I have nothing left but faith in thee.

've done with earth, with its toil and care I have nothing more to do or bear; The emof no earthly friend may know How sweat within me these musings flow To the sounds of the spirit world I wake I'm hushed to the din that mortal's make; Oh. Lord! in this hour of mystery I have nothing left but faith in thee.

I've done with earth, and its nearest ties; I've faith to think thou wilt hear the cries Of those who looked to me as their stay Who weep bereft on my dying day My tender Father will wipe their tears; My gracious Saviour will hush their fears; We're clasping the same Almighty hand We meet again in that better land.

I have done with earth, have done with sin, Thou Lord hast cleansed my heart withn; It's mighty burders, its daily dross Lies there at the foot of the Holy Cross Escaped from the tempter's constant wiles, To live forever beneath thy smiles; No conflict more, and no more discress: I have passed the weary wilderness.

I have done with earth, till the blessed day, When I see it new in fair array. Till I come again in the countless train Of the King whose right will be to reign When that I now give to the grave to hide Shall awake incorrupt and glorified; May mine unclothed spirit accepted be My Lord and Saviour, I sleep in thee.

The above lines were written in 1852 by the late Mrs. Ranyard, the authoress, (under the signature of L. N. R.) of "The Book and its story" and others works. In early life she was an enthusiastic lover of literature, but as time went on, a still more ardent zeal was awakened for a nobler cause,—the diffusion of the word of God. Deeply convinced that therein was contained the remedy for human misery, she was accustomed to visit the homes of thep oor, inducing them to purchase the Scriptures for themselves by small weekly instalments. After residing for some time in rural or suburban districts, she removed to London, and was led to explore in company with a friend, the degraded and populous neighborhood of St. Giles. Scotland. The crew had watched with "Have these people the Bible;" was the terror the white waves as they dashed on thought that pressed upon her amidst the scenes the stately cliffs, and felt that to be driven of vice and wretchedness that met her eye; and humble garb would be the most likely person possessed of good understanding, had herself But the waves flowe the vessel on and become converted by means of reading the so much. She was engaged for a moderate um to devote five hours a day for five days in My earliest rememberance of Mrs. R. is connected with a happy gathering of friends at Barnet, when she earnestly craved prayer on during the twenty years of its progress, had the privilege of praising with her." During this time not less than \$175,903 Bibles and Testaments have been purchased by the poor at a cost of £21,803,5,8 much of which would probably otherwise have found its way into the London gin shops. During the year 1878, 182 Bible women were employed in and about London, while not only in many parts of England and Continental Europe has the same kind of agency been found useful, but we hear of Bible women in Syria, in India, in Burmah, and even in China. Mrs. Ranyard superintended to the last her beloved Bible Mission, besides editing the Missing Link, a magazine which furnishes monthly detailes of the work. In the month of February last, when in her 70th year, she was called, after a short and severe illness,

A Tired Mother's Victory.

to exchange her labors of love for the rest which

remains for the people of God.

A little timely gentleness sweetens a parent's recollection in after years with a thrill of gratitude; whereas the memory of hasty severity to little ones must bring many million feet. experience, published in the Christian Weekly, is a beautiful lesson in itself. The mother had laid her table with great care and pains for a company of distinthe snowy cloth.

What should I do? It seemed to me a drops too much for my table-cloth. I was Let us hope not.

The Christian to His Soul in the Hour about to jerk my child down angrily from the table when a blessed influence held me.

> I caught the expression on her face; such a sorry, frightened, appealing look I never saw, and suddenly a picture of the past came and stood out vividly before my mind's eye. My child's face revealed feeling which I had experienced twenty years

> I saw myself a little nervous girl, about eight years old, in the happy home of my childhood. It was a stormy afterneon in winter. It was when coal-oil lamps were first introduced, and father had bought a very handsome one.

> The snow had drifted up against the kitchen windows, so, although it was not night, the lamp was lighted. Mother w.s. sick in bed up stairs, and we children were gathered in the kitchen, to keep the noise and confusion away from her.

> I was feeling very important helping g supper; at any rate I imagined I was helping, and in my officiousness, I seized that lamp and went down cellar for some butter, I tried to set iton the hanging shelf, but alas! I didn't give it room enough, and down it fell on the cemented floor.

I never shall forget the shock that it gave me. I seemed almost paralyzed. I didn't dare to go up stairs, and I was afraid to stay down there, and to make it worse, I heard my father's voice in the kitchen. He had cautioned us all, again and again, to be careful of that lamp, and now there it lay smashed to pleces.

But his voice seemed to give me the impetus I needed to go up and meet the scolding or whipping, or both, which I felt sure awaited me, and which I really felt I deserved. So I crept up over the dark stairway, and as I entered the kitchen I met father with such a stern look upon his face that I was frightened.

I saw there was no need to tell him what had happened. He had heard the crash, and if he hadn't, I guess my face would have told the story. The children stood silently around, waiting to see what father would do, and I saw by their faces that they were horror-struck, for that lamp had been the subject of too much talk and wonder to be smashed without a

As for me, I felt so frightened,, so confused and sorry, that I couldn't speak. But upon glancing again at father, I saw the angry look die out of his eyes, and one of tenderest pity take its place.

I doubt not that he saw the same look in my face then that I saw in my child's face to-day. In a minute he had lifted me in his arms, and was hugging me close to his breast. Then he whispered oh! so kindly. "Never mind, little daughter; we all know 'twas an accident, but I hope you will take the small lamp when you go down cellar again."

Oh, what a revolution of feelings I experienced? It was such a surprise to me that I was suddenly overwhelmed with feelings of love and gratitude. and burying my face, I sobbed as if my heart was breaking. No punishment could have affected me half so much, and nothing can ever efface the memory of it from my mind.

How I loved my father to-day, as the sight of my own little girl's face brought it all so freshly before me!

Will she love me as dearly, I wonder, twenty years or more from now, because, moved by the same God-given impulse that stirred my father's heart in that longago time, I was able to press the little frightened thing to my heart, and tell her kindly that I knew she didn't mean to spill the gravy, and that I knew she would be more careful another time. Will she be helped by it when she is a mother as I have been helped to day.

Smiles.

A curious misprint occurred some time ago in a Halifax religious paper. It was intended to inform the public that certain three men, whose names were given, had so many thousand logs, which they were going to saw up into so many million feet. By some strange mishap an e had taken the place of the o in logs, by which naughty behaviour on the part of o, the readers of the -n were informed that the aforesaid men had so many thousand legs which they were going to saw up into so

For weeks and months past in an advertise ment of a work by a Charlottetown minister, on a much controverted subject, it was intended to tell the readers of the—that a certain periodical in reviewing the aforesaid work, descare and pains for a company of distin-guished guests, when her little girl acci-dently overturned a tureen of gravy on "i," and the "r" went with it, thus making it read "a devout and christian spit." The poor "p" as if ashamed, astonished and What should I do? It seemed to me a abashed, lying flat on his face. Would adding drop too much for my tired nerves—many "s" an to the above brings it nearer the mark.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong." "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

In the examination by the Teller Committee at Charleston, week before last, the cross-examination of a colored witness brought out this answer. The witness was that agre specimen of humanity, a colored Democrat. And after his test mony had revealed the leveliness of colored Democracy, Senator Cameron asked him 'Are you married?" "Yes, sah." "Is your wife a Democrat, too?" "What, sah?" "Is your wife a Democrat, too?" "Good Lord, boss," exclaimed the negro, springing up to his full height, "my wife a Democrat?" Why, no, she's a Methodis."

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM G. BURNHAM, A.B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the Visitor for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes" and addressed to William C. Burnham, Visitor Office, No. 85 Germain St., Saint John, N. B.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A place of confinement. 2. A plant.

3. A measure.

4. A term in measurement. Summerside, P. E. J.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Quig.

A consorant; equal value; a race of people; a great naval battle, to send; to perch as a bird; a consonant. Westport. N. S. TECUMSEH.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My first is in hand, but not in arm; My second is in safe, but not in harm; My third is in well, a'so in ill;

My fourth is in dale, but not in hill; My fitth is in fortune, but not in fame. And my whole you will find is a lady's name.

CHARADE,

HATTLE B. CAHILL.

My first is what all should avoid; my second is a vowel; my third is an effectual remedy. My whole is an easy position in life. DUPLEX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters. My 4, 6, 20, 16, 9, 5, 12, is a sort of armor. My 1, 8, 11, 22, 10, 19, is one who takes care of cattle.

My 17, 21, 14, 7, is the beginning. My 3, 2, 15, 13, is a species of manna. My 8, 13, 7, is a sort of Indian cotton. My whole is one of "Poor Richard's" sayings

MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS.

A man being asked the time of day; answered that two-thirds of the time past midnight, was equal to two-sevenths of the time past noon. What was the hour?

The sum of three numbers is 18, the sum of the first and second is equal to the third, and half the sum of the first and third is equal to the second. What are the numbers?

Answers in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Word-Square. -

ALOE SOME HEEL

To Decapitations.-1. D-own. 2. 3. C-ram. 4. B-ray.

To Enigme - Chromo.

To Cross-Word Enigma. - Cook-Stove.

To Charade.—Cottongin.

To Numerical Enigma. - Hold the Fort. To Rhomboid .-

OPEN OLLO LANE

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Quig, Summerside, P. E. I., answers correctly the Numerical Enigma in the VISITOR of April

CHAT WITH OUB VISITORS.

We intend in future to give answers to the Pastimes" two weeks after publication, to accommodate our Visitors who live in remote sections of the country.

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VEGETINE

pri.

HER OWN WORDS.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 13 Dr. H. R. STEVENS:-Dr. H. R. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir,—Since several years I have got a so, we y painful foot. I had some physicians, but couldn't cure me. Now I have heard of your learning to the several s couldn't cure me. Now I have heard of your y
TIME from a lady who was sick for a long time,
became all well from your VEGETINE, and I
and bought me one bottle of VEGETINE; and a
had used one bottle, the pains left me, and it
to heal, and then I bought one other bottle, and
take it yet. I thank God for this remedy and y
self; and wishing every sufferer may pay atten
to it. It is a blessing for health.

MRS. C. KRABE, 638 West Baltimore 8 re

VEGETINE

SAFE AND SURE

MR. H. R. STEVENS:-MR. H. R. STEVENS;—
In 1872 your VEGETINE was recommended to and, vielding to the persuasions of a friend, I sen doty it. At the time I was suffering a general debility and nervous prostration, supeduced by overwork and irregular habits. Its deriul streng hening and curative properties see to af eet my debilitated system from the first dand under its persistent use I rapidly recover gairing more than usual health and good feel. Since then I have not hesitated to give Vegen gairing more than usual health and good feel since then I have not hesitated to give Vegen my most unqua ified indorsement, as being as sure, and powerful agent in promoting health a restoring the wasted system to new life and ener Vegethne is the only medicine I use; and as long I live I never expect to find a better.

Yours truly,

120 Monterey Street, Alleghany, Pa

VEGETINE

THE BEST SPRING MEDICINE.

MR. STEVENS :-

MR. STEVENS:—

Dear Sir, +This is to certify that I have used your Blood Preparation" in my family for several year and think that for Scrofula or Cankerous Humon or Rheumatic affections it cannot be excelled; and a blood purifier and spring medicine it is the betting I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can obserfully recommend it to a one in need of such a medicine.

Yours Respectfully. Yours Respectfully, MRS. A. A. DINMORE, 19 Russell Street

VEGETINE

WHAT IS NEEDED. MR. H. R. STEVENS, Esq. Boston, Feb. 13, 187

MR. H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

Dear Sir,—About one year since I found myself in a feeble condition from general debility. VEGETIME was strongly at commended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I procured the article, and after using several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued its use. I feel quite confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially prepared and would cheerfully recommend it to those who feel that they need something to restore them to perfect health. fect health

Respectfully yours.

Firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co.,
No. 10 State St., Boston

VEGETINE ALL HAVE OBTAINED RELIEF.

SOUTH BERWICK, ME., Jan. 17, 1872.

SOUTH BERWICK, ME., Jan. 17, 1872.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.

Dear Sir,—I have had dyspensia in its worst form for the last ten years, and have taken hundreds of dollars' worth of medicines without obtaining any relief. In September last I commenced taking the VEGETINE, since which time my health has steady improved. My food digests well, and I have gained fifteen pounds of flesh. There are several others in this place taking VEGETINE, and all have obtained relief.

Yours truly, THOMAS E. MOORE, Overseer of Card Room, Portsmouth Co.'s Mills

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H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. Vegetine is sold by all Druggists.

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Men's and Youths' Frieze Ulsters. TWEED COATS, VESTS, TROUSERS AND

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