For the Messenger and Visitor

A Talk With Jesus.

BY J. CLARK.

Lord! bid this heart rejoice;
Each thought and wish control;
And let Thy tender, loving voice
Go echoing through my soul.

In serving Thee alone
Let life's short span be spent;
And grant me, Saviour! all mine own,
Sweet peace and calm content.

What mention round me throng!
And love in all I see;
Oh! make me pure, and brave, and strong,
Through fellowship with Thee.

Possess this heart of mine;
Keep every rival out;
Within me let Thy Spirit shine,
And leave no room for doubt.

For me Thy plea prevails;
To Thee my soul aspires;
Thy loving kindness never fails,
Thy goodness never tires.

Make bri lit each passing day,
And sweeten sorrow's cup:
And all along life's rugged way
In mercy hold me up.

Let needful grace descend,
And blessings round me fall,
Until this changeful life shall end,
And heaven explain it all.

A FAITHLESS WORLD.

What we publish below is from an article in the last Contemporary Review, by Frances P. Cobb. Her object is to meet the Agnostic on his own ground. We bespeak for it an attentive perusal. After showing that there would be no public or private worship, or preaching—no Sabbath and no Bible, she proceeds.

I now turn to those less obvious consequences of the expected downfall of religion which would take place silently.

The first of these would be the *belittling* of life. Religion has been to us hitherto (to rank it at its lowest), like a great mountain in a beautiful land. When the clouds descend and hide the mountain, the grandeur of the scene is gone. A stranger entering that land at such a time will commend the sweetness of the vales and woods; but those who know it best will say, "Ichabod!—The glory has departed."

If the window which Religion opens out on the infinite expanse of God and Heaven, immeasurably enlarges and lightens our abode of clay, the walling of it up cannot fail to narrow and darken it beyond all telling. Human nature, ever pulled two ways by downward and by aspiring tendencies, cannot afford to lose all the aid which religious ideas offer to its upward flight. Only when they disappear will men perceive how the two thoughts—of this world as *God's world*, and of ourselves as Immortal beings,—have, between them, lighted up in rainbow hues the dull plains of earth. When they fade away, all things, Nature, Art, Duty, Love and Death, will seem to grow grey and cold. Everything which casts a glamour over life will be gone. * * * * *

Again, it will not merely belittle life, it will *carnalize* it to take Religion out of it. The lump without the leaven will be grosser and heavier than we have dreamed. Civilization, as we all know, bore under Imperial Rome, and may assume again any day, the hateful type in which luxury and cruelty, art and sensuality, go hand and hand. That it ever changed its character and has come to mean with us refinement, self-restraint, chivalry, and freedom from the coarser vices, is surely due to the fact that it has grown up *pari passu* with Christianity. In truth it needs no argument to prove that, as the bestial tendencies in us have scarcely been kept down while we believed ourselves to be immortal souls, they will have it still more their own way when we feel assured we are only mortal bodies.

And the life thus belittled and carnalized will be a more cowardly life than men have been wont to lead while they had a Providence over them and a heaven waiting for them. Already, I fear, we may see some signs of this new poltroonery of reflective prudence, which holds that death is the greatest of all evils, and disease the next greatest; and teaches men to prefer a "whole skin" to honour and patriotism, and health to duty. Writing of this Hygeiolatry elsewhere, I have remarked that it has almost come to be accepted as a canon of morals that any practice which, in the opinion of experts, conduces to bodily health, or tends to the cure of disease, becomes *ipso facto* lawful; and that there are signs apparent that this principle is bearing fruit, and that men and women are beginning to be systematically selfish and self-indulgent where their health is concerned, in modes not hitherto witnessed. In public life it is notorious that whenever a Bill comes before Parliament, concerning itself with sanitary matters, there is exhibited by many of the speakers, and by the journalists who discuss it, a readiness to trample on personal and parental rights in a way forming a new feature in English legislation, and well deserving the rebuke it has received from Mr. Herbert Spencer. As to military courage, I fear it will also wane amongst us, as it seemed to have waned among the French atheistic soldiery at Metz and Sedan. Great as are the evils of war, those of a peace only maintained by the nations because it has become no longer possible to raise troops who would stand fire, would be immeasurably worse.

From the general results on the community, I now pass to consider those on the life of the individual which may be expected to follow the collapse of Religion.

Mr. Mallock in his "New Republic," made the original and droll remark that even vice would lose much of its savor were there no longer any morality against which it might sin. As morality will probably not expire—though its vigor must be considerably reduced—by the demise of its Siamese twin, religion, it would seem that vice need not fear, even in such a contingency, the entire loss of the pleasure of disobedience. Nevertheless (to speak seriously), it is pretty certain that the temperature of all moral sentiments will fall so considerably when the sun of religion ceases to warm them that not a few will perish of cold. The "Faithless World" will pass through a moral Glacial Period, wherein much of our present fauna and flora will disappear. What, for example, can become, in that frigid epoch of godlessness, of Aspiration, the sacred passion, the *ambition sainte* to become perfect and holy, which has stirred at one time or other in the breast of every son of God; the longing to attian the crowning heights of truth, goodness, and purity? This is surely not a sentiment which can live without faith in a Divine Perfection, existing somewhere in the universe, and an Immortal Life wherein the infinite progress may be carried on. Even the man whose opinions on the general unimportance of religion I am venturing to question in these pages, admits frankly enough that it is not the heroic or saintly character which will be cultivated after the extinction of faith. Among the changes which he anticipates, one will be that "the respectable man of the world, the lukewarm, nominal Christian, who believed as much of his creed as happened to suit him, and led an easy life, will turn out to have been right after all." Precisely so. The easy life will be the ideal life in the "Faithless World;" and the life of Aspiration, the life which is a prayer, will be lived no more. And the "lukewarm" men of the world, in their "easy lives," will be all the easier and more lukewarm for leading them thenceforth unrebuked by any higher example.

The results of the real spiritual phenomenon of repentance (not Mr. Darwin's child's-play) are so profound and far-reaching that it cannot but happen that striking them out of human experience will leave life more shallow. No soul will survive with the deeper and riper character which comes out of that ordeal. As Hawthorne illustrated it in his exquisite parable of "Transformation," men, till they become conscious of sin, are morally little more than animals. Out of hearts ploughed by contrition spring flowers fairer than ever grew on the hard ground of unbroken self-content. There bloom in them sympathy and charity for other erring mortals; and patience under suffering, which is acknowledged to be merited; and lastly, sweetest bloom of all! tender gratitude for earthly and heavenly blessings felt to be free gifts of divine love. Not a little, perhaps, of the prevalent disease of pessimism is owing to the fact that these flowers of charity, patience and thankfulness are becoming more and more rare as cultivated men cease to feel what old theologians used to call "the exceeding sinfulness of sin;" or to pass through any vivid experience of penitence and restoration. As a necessary consequence they never see the true proportions of good and evil, joy and grief, sin and retribution. They weigh jealously human pain; they never place human guilt in the opposite scale. There is little chance that any man will ever feel how sinful is sin, who has not seen it in the white light of the holiness of God.

In all I have said hitherto, I have confined myself to discussing the probable results of the downfall of religion on men in general, and have not attempted to define what they would be to those who have been fervently religious; and who, we must suppose (on the hypothesis of such a revolution) to be forcibly driven by scientific arguments, out of their faith in God and the life to come. To such persons (and there are, alas! many already who think they have been so driven, and to whom the sad result is therefore the same) the loss must needs be like that of the darkening of the sun. Of all human sorrows, the bitterest is to discover that we have misplaced our love; laboured and suffered in vain; thrown away our heart's devotion. All this, and much more must it be to lose God. Among those who have endured it there are, of course, as we all know, many who have reconciled themselves to the loss, and some tell us they are the happier. Yet, I think to the very last hour of life there must remain in every heart which has once loved God (not merely believed in or feared him) an infinite regret if it can love him no more: and the universe, were it crowded with a million friends, must seem empty when that Friend is gone.

As to human love and friendship, to which we are often bidden to turn as the best substitutes for religion, I feel persuaded that, above all other things they must deteriorate in a "Faithless World." To apples of Sodom must all their sweetness turn, from the hour in which men recognize their transitory nature. The warmer and more tender and reverential the affection, the more intolerable must become the idea of eternal separation; and the more beautiful and admirable the character of our friend, the more maddening the belief that in a few years, or days, he will vanish into nothingness. Sooner than endure the agony of these thoughts, I feel sure that men will check themselves from entering into the purer and holier relations of the heart. Affection, predestined to be cast adrift, will throw out no more anchors, but will float on every wave of passion or caprice. The day in which it becomes impossible for men to vow that they will love for ever will almost be the last in which they will love nobly and purely at all.

But if these things hold good as regard the prosperous and healthy, and those still in the noon of life, what is to be said of the prospects in the "Faithless World," of the diseased, the poverty-stricken, the bereaved, the aged? There is no need to strain our eyes to look into the dark corners of the earth. We all know (though while we ourselves stand in the sunshine we do not often feel) what hundreds of thousands of our fellows mortals are enduring at all times, in the way of bodily and mental anguish. When these overtake us, or when Old Age creeps on, and

"First our pleasures die, and then
Our hopes, and then our fears,"

is it possible to suppose that it will make "little difference" what we believe as to the existence of some loving Power in whose arms our feebleness may find support; or of another life wherein our winter may be turned once more to spring? If we live long enough, the day must come to each of us when we shall find our chief interest in our daily newspaper most often in the obituary columns, till, one after another nearly all the friends of our youth and prime have "gone over to the majority," and we begin to live in a world peopled with spectres. Our talk with those who travel still beside us is continually referring to the dead, and our very jests end in a sigh for the sweet old laughter which we shall never hear again. If in these solemn years we yet have faith in God and immortality, and we recall one dear one after another—father, mother, brother, friend,—we can say to ourselves, "They are all gone into the world of light; they are all safe and rejoicing in the smile of God;" then our grief is only mourning, it is not despair. Our sad hearts are cheered and softened, not turned to stone by the memories of the dead. Let us, however, on the other hand, be driven by our new guide, Science, to abandon this faith, and the hope of eternal reunion, then, indeed, must our old age be utterly, utterly desolate. O! the mockery of saying that it would make "no great difference!".

We have been told that in the event of the fall of religion, "life would remain in most particulars and to most people much what it is at present." It appears to me, on the contrary, that there is actually nothing in life which would be left unchanged after such a catastrophe.

But I have only conjured up the nightmare of a "Faithless World." God Liveth; and his light we shall see light.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Missionary Items.

The Baptist mission work in Sweden is of larger proportions than is commonly supposed.

The last report shows the existence of 371 churches, having a membership of 25,277, and 23,310 pupils in Sunday-schools. Last year 3,623 persons received baptism, and the entire contributions amounted to $61,903. In Stockholm, where there are three Baptist churches, the First has more than 2,000 members. From the theological seminary in that city, during the eighteen years of its existence, ten per cent. of the graduates have come to America as preachers.

Dr. George Smith, in his "Short History of Christian Missions," gives some recent figures in reference to the missionary forces now engaged in sending the Gospel to non-Christian lands. He affirms that there are 100 organizations engaged in the work, and that they together send out 2,900 ordained missionaries, or, including medical missionaries, 3,210. Counting female missionaries, wives and single women, there are 5,000 European and American laborers in the field, and 30,000 Asiatic, African and Polynesian native helpers. Protestant Christians have raised in one year for foreign missions $11,375,000 of which $7,650,000 are from Great Britain, $3,000,000 from America, and $725,000 from the continent of Europe.

King Thebau's Great Crime.—All the civilized world was shocked, when, at his accession to the throne, King Thebau, of Upper Burma caused to be murdered one hundred of his own relatives. In doing this, he was following the example set him by his ancestors. Now he has gone far beyond any act recorded of even the proverbially cruel rulers of Burma, and has firmly established his reputation as the most arbitrary and outrageously cruel of all rulers of modern times. A few men confined in one of the jails at Ava being suspected of treachery in holding communication with an exiled prince, the king ordered the slaughter of all the inmates of the jail. His orders were strictly carried out; and between three and four hundred persons, many of them women and children, families of the prisoners, and innocent of any crime, were massacred. Much indignation is felt at this terrible atrocity; and it is a serious question whether it is not the duty of civilized nations to interpose in the interests of outraged humanity, and depose a ruler so indifferent to the obligations of his position.

"Kiss Me, Mamma, I Can't Sleep."

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; as one day when she had displeased me exceeding by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you tonight."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her little little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying: "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas! in my desire to be severe I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma, do kiss me; I can't go to sleep? You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little angel! she did go to sleep one gray morning and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered: "I will be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God's knows how passionate, but unavailing, were my kisses upon her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rosebush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day; and there lies buried the freshness of my heart. —*Evangelist.*

"Some years ago, while digging in the Nile deposits," says the Observer, "a brick was found. From the depth from which it was brought it was contended by those who would discredit the Bible that it must have been there sixty or seventy thousand years. Every one on the other side cried out that the brick had hit Moses on the head and crushed him completely. After a while men accustomed to bricks investigated this one, and found on it an inscription that it belonged to the age of the Cæsars, and was made in Rome about the time Christ came into the world. The brick passed away, and scientific atheistic lecturers never mention that brick nowadays."

Some say "Consumption can't be cured," Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as proved by forty years experience, will cure this disease when not already advanced beyond the reach of medical aid. Even then its use affords very great relief, and insures refreshing sleep.

From the Late Hospital Surgeon J. A. Spomgate, M. D. C. M.

From what I saw of your new REMEDIES, ASTHMA and Rheumatism while residing in the F. and G. Hospital I have no hesitation in recommending it as a MOST ADMIRABLE and POWERFUL preparation of OUR LIVER OIL.

For debility from many causes, and more especially when the youth of one of three years and upwards, I know of no preparation like Scott's, it has proved itself of great and permanent value.

J. A. SPOMGATE, M. D. C. M.
Late House Surgeon of F. and G. Hospital.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal commendation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:

RHEUMATISM.—Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, or something more that I could not move from the bed, or dress without help. I tried several remedies without relief, when I was induced to try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public. E. F. HARDY.

River St., Haverhill, Mass., May 15, 1875.

SALT RHEUM.—GEORGE ANDERSON, overseer in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell adjusted with Salt Rheum in the worst form. His operations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See testimonials in Ayer's Almanac for 1876.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared. A single drop will be found sufficient to scent a handkerchief or even a room. It is put up in a new style of glass-stoppered bottles and sold by all perfumers and druggists.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,
(Sole Agents,)
MONTREAL.

McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Manufactures those celebrated Church and Other Bells for Churches, Fire Alarms, Town Clocks, etc. Price List sent circular sent free. Address
HENRY McSHANE & CO.
Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.
46 1y

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.
Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY
Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also Chimes and Peals.
Meneely & Co., West Troy, N.Y.

Baltimore Church Bells
Have long been renowned for superiority over others, are made only of Purest Bell Metal, (Copper and Tin.) Rotary Mounting, the most durable and easy for Ringing. Circulars, &c., address BALTIMORE BELL FOUNDRY, J. REGESTER JR. & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

BLYMYER M'F'G CO.
BELLS
Church, School, Factory, Farm and Locomotive Bells; also Chimes and Peals. Blymyer Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.
NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS.

ISAAC ERB'S
Photograph Rooms,
13 CHARLOTTE STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PANELS.....$5.00 per dozen.
CABINETS.....4.00 " "
CARDS....$1.00 & 2.00 " "

FINEST IN THE CITY!

PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED

PARKER BROS.
Market Square,
Would call the attention of their friends in the Country to their well assorted stock of

—DRUGS—
AND
Proprietary Medicines,
PERFUMERY, TOILET REQUISITES,
DIAMOND DYES, DRUGGISTS' AND OILMEN'S SUNDRIES, BRUSHES, ESSENCES, SYRUPS, &c.
Quotations respectfully solicited.
PARKER BROS.
N. B.—Wax Flower Materials a Specialty. M

C. H. LEONARD,
Commission Merchant,
31 & 32 SO. MARKET WHARF,
Saint John, N. B.

J. E. COWAN,
Importer and Dealer in
General Groceries,
Fish, Country Produce, &c.
Glass, Earthenware and Lamp Goods. Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
MAIN STREET, Indiantown,
16-1y

NEW FALL GOODS
At McNally's.

Several car loads New Furniture (all kinds) at greatly reduced prices. All the latest styles in Parlor, Chamber, Dining Room, Hall, Library and Office Furniture kept in stock and made to order at short notice.

50 crates, cases and bbls Crockery and Glassware, Lamps, Table Cutlery and Fancy China.

7 cases and bbls Silver Plated ware. Finest assortment and lowest prices in the City. I have been appointed agent for Tur who Table Oil, and shall keep a full line of their goods in stock. Every article guaranteed as represented.

My stock of Fancy Household Goods is unusually large and will sensation for Holiday trade.

Twenty years experience in the best and frequent visits to the best markets, and buying for Cash, enables me to give Great Bargains to every customer. Orders by mail carefully attended to. J. D. MCNALLY

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 22nd, 1875.

50 CHROMO CARDS, with name, post paid, 10 cts. 40 assorted Chromos, 10 cts. A. W. KNAPP Cadiz, N. Y. 4Dsmwly