

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Weekly

THE

Visitor.

Devoted to the interests of the several Temperance organizations.

Vol. X.

ESTABLISHED AND PROPRIETOR,
P. H. STEWART.

Entertainment, Improvement, Progress, &c.

OFFICE—41 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
BOX 500 P. O.

No. 4.

One Dollar a Year.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1866.

Four Cents per copy.

HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heavens above us,
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's one we love to meet us.

FRANK NETHERTON,

OR

THE TALISMAN.

CHAPTER I.

FRANK NETHERTON.

THE mother of Frank Nether-ton died at his birth, and from that time his father would scarcely suffer him to be out of his sight. No one thought that the infant would live; but God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, took care of the little motherless boy, and raised him up to be a comfort to his surviving parent. Frank was never so happy as when seated on his little stool at his father's feet, learning "something new," as he termed it; or

listening to the wonderful histories of foreign lands which his father used to narrate.

When Frank was six years old he knew more than most boys of ten or twelve, and was so quick and diligent that it was a pleasure to teach him. Many people observed, and with truth, that he understood almost too much for his age, and that he often sat poring over his book when he ought to have been playing about in the green fields. That might have been partly the reason why he was not strong and healthy like other children, but used often to come and rest his weary head against his father's knee, and ask him to repeat the story of the child who went out to his father among the reapers, and said to him all on a sudden, "My head! my head!" and was borne home to his mother and died, and was raised again by the power of God. Frank liked all the Old Testament histories, but this was his favorite at such times, and he never grew tired of hearing it.

Mr. Nether-ton was a man of studious and retired habits. After the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, he cared less than ever for society, and wholly devoted himself to his books and the education of his little son. But his health rapidly declined; so rapidly of late that the old housekeeper, who had lived in the family for many years, and was much attached to her master, thought it her duty to write to his sister, the only relative he had in the world, and confide to her her fears for the result.

Mrs. Mortimer set off immediately on receiving the letter, and arrived at the Grange quite unexpectedly, and much to the surprise of every one but the faithful domestic before mentioned. The brother and sister had not met since the death of his wife. She had been opposed to

their marriage; but all unkind feeling on both sides was buried in the grave, and Mrs. Mortimer embraced her little nephew with almost maternal affection.

"He is very like you, William," said she, looking at her brother with the tears in her eyes. "But how short for his age! Why, my Frederick, who is only a year older, is above a head and shoulders taller. And how pale he is! I am afraid that he does not take exercise enough. William, you are killing this boy by inches."

"My dear sister!" exclaimed Mr. Nether-ton. "But he is not ill. You are not ill, Frank, are you?" and he trembled as he took the boy's little thin hand in his.

"No, papa; my head does not ache to-day."

"Go away, child," said Mrs. Mortimer. "Go into the garden and amuse yourself."

Frank immediately obeyed her; but he took his book with him, and sat down under the trees to read it.

"You are killing the boy, I tell you," repeated Mrs. Mortimer, when he was gone, "and yourself too. The air of this close room is absolutely poisonous. No wonder the poor child looks so pale and miserable. You must get him a pony the first thing."

"He shall have one to-morrow," said Mr. Nether-ton.

"And you must ride and walk with him every day."

"I do not think that I could walk very far," said her brother, with a sigh, thus unconsciously admitting his own weakness.

"Not just at first perhaps, and yet how you and I used to walk, William! Do you remember?"

"Yes; we were children at that time."

"About the age of our children now. Do you imagine that Frank could walk as you did then?"

"I am afraid not."

"Well, well, I will not say as I have heard some people, that what is done cannot be undone, but will try and help you to undo it as fast as possible. Look at the boy now! instead of playing about like other children, there he is lying under the trees reading. William, you will be very sorry for all this if you should lose your child."

"I am sorry now," replied the sick man, meekly. "You are right, dear sister. I am afraid that I have been very thoughtless and selfish. God forgive me! You will stay here a little while, will you not, and help me to amend the past?"

Mrs. Mortimer was touched by his gentleness and forbearance, and with much kindness of manner promised not to leave the Grange until they were both better.

Mrs. Mortimer was several years her brother's senior, and had always exercised upon him that influence which a strong mind invariably possesses over a weak one, until his marriage, which, as before stated, she had opposed. It matters little now what her reasons were for this opposition: she thought herself right at the time, but was very sorry for it afterwards, and when, alas! it was too late. She wrote and told her brother this, but, with his loss still fresh upon his mind, his reply to her letter was such as prevented all intercourse between them for some years.

Beneath a somewhat rough exterior, Mrs. Mortimer possessed a kind heart, and much practical good sense, which only required at times to be exercised in a gentler spirit. At the period of which we are speaking she was a widow, with one son, Frederick, and a little girl whom she had called Helen, after her sister-in-law. Mr. Netherton was pleased when she told him of this mark of attention and begged earnestly that the child might be sent for, and that Frederick might also be permitted to spend his holidays at the Grange; to all of which Mrs. Mortimer willingly agreed.

"I am so glad that you are come," said he. "It was very kind of you after that cruel letter. I have often thought of sending to ask you, but I put it off from time to time, and should have done so, I believe until it was too late. I used to think, When I am dying she will not refuse to forgive and come to me again."

"We were both to blame," answered Mrs. Mortimer, with tears in her eyes: "I the most so; but my little Helen must plead for me. Now do not let us say anything more about it," added she, observing that her brother looked pale and exhausted; "and I will write at once and make arrangements for her coming."

But before Mrs. Mortimer began to write, she went into the garden and took Frank's book away, bidding him run about, and not lie there on the damp grass.

"Have you a hoop?" asked she.

"Yes, aunt, I believe so."

"Well, you must look for it; and when your cousin Frederick comes, he will teach you all sorts of games. Shall you not like to have some one to play with?"

"Yes, very much," answered Frank; "but I like being with my father."

"Are any of these flower-beds yours?" inquired his aunt.

"No, the gardener takes care of them."

"We must ask your father to give you one to dig and plant, and do what you please with—shall we? And a little rake, and a hoe, and a watering-pot?"

Frank's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"That would be delightful!" exclaimed he, and then slipping his hand into Mrs. Mortimer's, he added, in a confidential tone, "It is very strange, but I was just reading about flowers when you came into the garden; and how some bloom till December, while others perish in May. I think that if I were a flower, dear aunt, I would rather die in May, when everything looks so bright."

"But as you are not a flower, Frank, but a little boy, I do not see any use in thinking about it."

"One cannot help thinking," said Frank.

"What a little, old-fashioned thing he is!" murmured his aunt. "But then Frederick might have been the same if he had no mother:" and passing her hand carelessly over his long hair, which she inwardly determined should be cut off the first opportunity, and cautioning him not to remain after the dew began to fall, she went into the house to write her letters.

CHAPTER II.

BRIGHTER DAYS.

WHEN Frank returned to the study, he found his father still sitting where he had left him, with his face bent down and buried in his hands.

"Are you ill?" asked he, gently. Mr. Netherton started, and drawing the boy towards him, embraced him in silence.

"Papa," exclaimed Frank, after a pause, "you are thinking of what my aunt said just now about me; but indeed I do not want to live after you are gone."

Mr. Netherton aroused himself at the voice of his child, and, struggling against his own weakness, both of mind and body, answered cheerfully:—

"You must not say that, Frank. I hope, if it be God's will, that you may live to be a great and good man, and do good to others."

"Like Howard, for instance, who went about visiting all the prisons: how much good he did!"

"Yes; you must study hard while you are a boy—that is, not too hard; and when you are a man there is no fear but what God will give you something to do for himself and others."

"I should like to be a missionary, such as Henry Martyn, whose life you were reading the other morning."

"There is time enough to think what you will be ten years hence. And now I will tell you something that I think will give you pleasure. You remember the pretty bay pony which you admired so much the other day?"

"O yes, to be sure I do!"

"Well, it is yours; and to-morrow you shall begin to learn to ride."

Frank clapped his hands for joy.

"But will you not ride too, papa?"

"Yes, as soon as ever you are able to accompany me."

"How delightful that will be! how kind of you to think of it!"

"It was your aunt who first thought of it, Frank; so you must thank her. I need not tell you to be very obedient to her, and to do all that she bids you, for I am sure that it will be for your good."

Frank promised that he would. And then he related to his father what she had said about the garden, and obtained his willing consent to a small portion of it being allotted to Frank's peculiar use.

"I will see the gardener about it the first thing to-morrow morning," said Mr. Netherton, "and order him to procure tools suited to your size and strength, and whatever seeds or cuttings you may require."

"I must ask my aunt about that," said Frank.

At that moment Mrs. Mortimer entered the study, and smilingly inquired what he was going to ask her with that radiant countenance.

"I declare the boy has quite a color," said she pinching his flushed cheek. "But come to tea now, and then to bed. I never allow my children to sit up late. You know the old proverb, William," added she, turning to her brother,

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"I know a great many things once that I have forgotten," replied Mr. Netherton, as he offered her his arm. "You must remind me of them, my dearest sister."

"To be sure I will. Come along, Frank." And her cheerful voice sounded pleasantly in the halls of the old Grange, where no female, except the domestic, had ever come since the death of its gentle mistress.

"But about the seeds, aunt," said Frank, as soon as they were seated at the table. "What sort had I better have?"

"Come to me to-morrow morning, and we will talk it over. You will find me in the garden by six o'clock."

"Six o'clock!" repeated Frank.

"Well, is that too early? Do you not think that you are as capable of getting up early as I am?"

"Why, I suppose you are used to it, aunt."

Mrs. Mortimer could not help smiling.

"And you must get used to it too, Frank. Do you understand anything of arithmetic?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Well, then, to-morrow you shall calculate for yourself how many years are wasted in an average lifetime by lying in bed in the morning."

"And the shorter the life is," said Frank, thoughtfully, "the less we can spare them. I will begin to-morrow morning, I am determined."

"Do so, my dear boy, and you will soon reap the benefit of it every way. And in order that you may be the better able to keep your good resolutions, I would advise your going to bed at once."

Frank was very obedient; and hastily swallowing his tea, he arose from his chair, and went away without another word, having first kissed his father, and held up his face to his aunt with an affectionate confidence that completely won her heart.

"God bless you, my child," said Mrs. Mortimer, and then turning to his father she added, "I need not ask whether you have taught him to pray. Whatever you may have neglected, William, I am sure that you have not forgotten that."

After Frank was gone, Mr. Netherton and his sister had a long and earnest conversation together, in which he admitted the justice and good sense of all her plans, and promised his assistance in carrying them into practice. And then they both kneeled down and asked God's blessing upon the future, without which they could never hope to succeed, leaving the result to Him who orders all things for the best, and who, as Mr. Netherton said, had sent her to save his child.

From that time Mr. Netherton ceased to talk to Frank of the past, but spoke cheerfully and hopefully of the present and of the future. And when he did allude, as he could not help occasionally doing, to her who was never long absent from his thoughts, he spoke of the joy that it would give her—if angels were permitted to behold what passes upon earth—to see her beloved child good and happy.

Since Mrs. Mortimer's arrival, a change seemed to have come over the whole establishment at the Grange. Some of the servants were sent away, and no one missed them; while the others were obliged to do their duty, and, above all, to attend public worship regularly on the Sabbath, besides being ready for family worship, which Mr. Netherton conducted with his household morning and evening. At such times, or when she listened to the merry voices of Frank and his cousin Helen, and saw her master smilingly regarding their childish sports, the faithful housekeeper blessed the hour when God had put it into her heart to write the letter which had brought back Mrs. Mortimer to the home of her childhood, and made them all friends again.

Helen was a quiet, good-tempered little girl, and Frank soon became very fond of her, and used to give her all his prettiest flowers, and was never weary of playing with her, and relating stories, the greater part of which she did not half understand.

"How clever cousin Frank is!" said Helen one day to her mother.

"Yes, I dare say he appears so to you, Helen, who are only a little girl."

Frank colored.

"I do not believe that Frederick knows half as many wonderful things," persisted Helen.

"Tell mamma about the nasturtiums, cousin. Only think, dear mamma, on summer nights they actually send out——"

"Emit," interrupted Frank.

"Emit sparks of fire. Who was it that first saw them, Frank?"

"The daughter of Linnæus, the great botanist."

"I forget what you told me botany meant."

"The natural history of plants and vegetables," replied her mother; "in which Linnæus, the great botanist, by great perseverance and application, was well skilled. It has been said of him that he never took a thing in hand which he did not resolutely accomplish and bring to an end; and therein lies the secret of his success. Application and observation are two very desirable qualifications. It was doubtless by means of the latter that his daughter made the discovery about the nasturtiums. We may all make discoveries, if we will only learn to use our eyes."

"Eyes and no eyes, Helen. You remember that story in the 'Evenings at Home?' said her cousin. "How I should like you and me to make some wonderful discovery!"

"But we are only children," answered Helen, meekly.

"I have heard my father say," continued Frank, "that it was two little children who first invented, or led to the invention of the telescope. They were playing one day in their father's shop at Middleburg—we will look for Middleburg on the map when we go in—and chanced to set up two pieces of glass, such as are used in making spectacles, at a little distance from each other, when to their great surprise, they saw the church steeple, which in reality was a great way off, nearer than they had seen it before. Did you ever look through a telescope, Helen?"

"Yes, once when we were by the seaside; and it seemed to bring the ships so close to the shore, that we could see what some of the men were doing on board."

"Well, I suppose the children could not see quite so plainly as that, but they were very much astonished, and ran to tell their father what they had discovered, who immediately procured some pieces of glass of the same size, which he fixed in tubes; and so the telescope was first invented."

"How strange, was it not, mamma?" said Helen.

"Not strange, my dear, but very interesting. It was observation that led to the invention of

the telescope, and application which finally brought it to its present perfection. I am glad, my dear Frank, to find how well you remember what you read and hear. After dinner I will have the great telescope fixed up on the balcony and you shall both look through it as long as you please."

To BE CONTINUED.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, I. O. G. T.

- Rev. Jas McLean, London Chief
- Bro. P. W. Day, Collingsbay Councilor
- Sister M. A. Heather, Peterboro Vice
- J. W. Ferguson, Hamilton Secretary
- R. Morrill, London Treasurer
- J. McNeil, Guelph Marshal
- Sister Rattan, Collingsbay Dep. Marshal
- Sister Perry, Napane Inner Guard
- Bro. Tuttle, Iroquois Outer Guard



The Weekly Visitor.
VOLUME X.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, '66.

GOOD WORDS. THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE
Strahan & Co., London and Edinburgh.
50 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

The January numbers of these two favourite periodicals are received. In "Good Words" are commenced a new tale by Mrs. Oliphant, and there are papers from Vambery, the Bokharian traveller, Henry Rogers, Sarah Tytler, Isa Craig, and several other able writers. The "Sunday Magazine" gives some chapters of that admirable serial, "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," an essay from K. H. B., papers from Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hanna, John DeLiefde, Dr. Greenwell, Rev. T. B. Stephenson, and half a dozen others.

BRITISH TEMPLARS—MEETING
OF THE COUNTY LODGE.

The County Lodge of Northumberland will meet at Mount Zion Lodge on the Second Saturday in February, at the hour

of 10 o'clock, a. m. precisely. All Lodges in this County will please take notice of this and govern themselves accordingly. See that the required number of representatives is appointed and all the officers required to attend.

The Lodge will be opened in the Degree of Charity, and none but those who have reached that grade of the Order will be admitted. Dinner will be served at noon precisely. Business of great importance to be brought before the Lodge.

A. M. PHILLIPS,
County Chief.

Chester Temple, I. O. G. T., intend holding an open meeting in the Lodge room, Don Mills, next Wednesday evening, to which all are invited.

TEMPERANCE REFORMATION
SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the Temperance Reformation Society, held last Wednesday, addresses were delivered by Bishop Richardson, Mr. J. Withrow, Revds. King, Gilles, and Mellville, and Messrs. Rodden and Finch. The following are the officers for the ensuing year :

- President . . . Hon. R. Spence.
- 1st Vice do. . . Henry Loyd, Esq.
- 2nd do. . . W. S. Finch.
- Treasurer . . . S. Rogers.
- Cor. Secretary . . W. H. Rodden.
- Secretary . . . M. Nasmith.

Directors—Rev. H. Mellville, Messrs. W. Cullen, J. Thomson, Dr. W. C. Adams, Braid, Jessamine, R. S. Williams, Snarr, McEachern, E. M. Morphy, and Woodall.

We understand it is the intention of the new Board to appeal to the public through their agent for subscriptions to pay off the debt of the Hall and give them enlarged means to carry on the work by agents and otherwise, and we trust all friends of the cause will aid in this effort.

BRITISH TEMPLARS

Will please take notice that the Grand Worthy Secretary, Jas. Robertson, Esq., having removed to Newmarket, all communications in future are to be addressed

to that Post Office instead of Toronto as heretofore.

The Sabbath Afternoon Temperance Meeting is held from 3 to 4 o'clock, in the Temperance Street Hall. Please attend.

GREAT EASTERN TEMPLE I. O. G. T.

This Temple held a meeting at their Hall in Leslieville on Thursday evening last. The hall was crowded. The Chair was taken at 7.30 by Mr. M. Nasmith, who, after a few pointed remarks, called upon Messrs. E. M. Morphy, Ferguson, J. Nasmith, W. Finch, Cudmore, and Rev. R. Pomeroy, who addressed the audience in most convincing and eloquent speeches. At the close of the latter gentleman's address forty-three signed the pledge, many for the first time. It was a heart-stirring scene, and the enthusiasm of the audience as one and another known to be drinkers rose and came forward to sign, rose to a point seldom witnessed. Good singing between the speeches and while the pledge was being signed, added much to the pleasure of the meeting. At a late hour Rev. P. Pomeroy fervently invoked the Divine blessing on those who had signed, and on those who still halted between two opinions. Another meeting will be held soon.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A poor lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the street was unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross, another lad saw him and cried out, "Stop, stop! I'll carry you over!"

In a moment he gently took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him safely over to the opposite side of the street. In doing it he got quite wet and muddy; and he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the inward reward which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully, and thanked him kindly; but the satisfaction of doing a kind act paid him better. Doing good to others brings its own reward, which the selfishness of the world cannot appreciate.

Flower Basket.

NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO.

We hear often about the condescension of the high towards the low; yet how it all fades away in the light of the life of Him "who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor." We are commended sometimes for the few spare hours which we give to the poor; but what are these to his gifts, who always "went about doing good;" who sought not "to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and who closed all by "giving his life a ransom for many?"

Haydon remarked about his pictures, "I was never satisfied with anything I did until I had forgotten what I wished to do." With the example of Christ before us at which to aim, it will surely be long before any of his followers will be able to say of their work that they are satisfied.—*Rugged Homes, and How to Mend Them.*

SATIRES ON THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

It is not unusual for the polite literature of the time to sneer at, or to satirize and caricature the Christian ministry. I do not remember the worthy portraiture of a single preacher of righteousness in the writings of Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Dickens, or in those of Mr. George W. Curtis, one of our own rising young authors. They have favoured the world with pictures of the Stigginses, Chadbands, Honeymans, Creamchesses, and Peewees of their acquaintance; perhaps they had been so unfortunate as to possess none other. If so, I am sorry for them. But let us assure them, and all who think as they seem to think, that while there may be unworthy members of the clerical profession—for patient toil and disinterested labour, for self-sacrifice extending through life, for brave and cheerful performance of duty, that profession stands unrivalled, unapproached in the annals of the world. I submit, if it be fair in art, to represent a class by an exception, or to stigmatize those, who, notwithstanding all that has been written against priestcraft, the tyranny and superstitution of the clergy, have, nevertheless, been in every age the best friends of their kind, and in no age more truly than in our own.

Shall the hire be denounced because it contains solitary drones? or the entire literary profession held up to ridicule, because it may hap-

pen to have lust-hunters or rogues in its ranks? I claim for my brethren no exclusive sanctity, I ask no tribute for them which is not justified by their courage, honour, fidelity, their love of man, and fear of God; and the worst wish I cherish for those who have been, unconsciously or not, their detractors, is that they may die as happily. "Our people die well," said Mr. Wesley. And his own last words, echoed by thousands of his sons in the gospel on the both sides of the Atlantic, in their final hour, were, "The best of all is, God is with us."—*Milburn.*

SWEARING.

Would you trust a swearer? Howard the philanthropist was standing in a crowd by the door of a post-office, when a man uttered a volley of oaths. "Look to your pockets!" cried Howard, buttoning up his own tightly; "always take care of your pockets when you find yourself among swearers. He who takes God's name in vain will think little of taking your purse, or doing anything else that is evil."

Would you employ a swearer? A worthy clothier in Edinburgh was accustomed, previous to engaging his clerks, to put the question to them directly, "Do you swear?—if so you need not think of entering my house. I permit none to talk to my customers whose tongues are set on fire of hell."

God abhors this sin. He exercises amazing "goodness and forbearance" towards the swearer, as he does towards all sinners; but he has written it,—and "what he has written, he has written,"—"EVERY IDLE WORD THAT MEN SHALL SPEAK, THEY SHALL GIVE ACCOUNT THEREOF IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT." If therefore he never punished a swearer in this world, we should be confident that he was allowing him to "heap up wrath" for himself "against the day of wrath."

OBLIGATION AND PRIVILEGE.

How insipid and foolish a thing were life, if there were nothing laid upon us to do! What is it, on the other hand, but the zest and glory of life, that something good and great, something really worthy to be done is laid upon us. It is not self-indulgence allowed, but victory achieved, that can make a fit happiness for man. Therefore we are set down here amid changes, perils, wrongs, and miseries, where, to save ourselves and serve our kind, all manner of great works are to be done. Besides, we practically admit the arrangement much oftener than

we think. Tell any young man, for example, who is just converted to Christ, of some great sacrifice he is called to make,—as in preaching Christ to men,—going to preach him to the heathen; and that call, set forth as a sacrifice of all things, will work upon him more powerfully, by a hundred times, than it would if you undertook to soften it by showing what respect he would gain, how comfortable he would be, and how much easier in this than in any other calling of life. We do not want any such caresses in the name of duty. To let go self-indulgence and try something stronger, is a call that draws us always, when our heart is up for duty; nay, even nature loves heroic impulse, and oftentimes prefers the difficult.

It is well, therefore,—all the better that we are put upon the doing of what is not always agreeable to the flesh. And when God lays upon us the duties of self-command and self-sacrifice, when he calls us to act and to suffer heroically, how could he more effectually dignify or ennoble our liberty? Now we have our object and our errand, and we know that we can meet our losses, come as they will. Before every man, and in all his duties, there is something like a victory to be gained; and he can say, as the soldier of duty, Strike me, my enemy! beat upon me, O ye hail! Mine it is to fulfil God's statutes, and therein I make you my servants.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

THE DYING SABBATH SCHOLAR.

THE last night of her life [she was in a hospital] nothing was heard to break the silence, but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hour, e-l-e-v-e-n, t-w-e-l-v-e, o-n-e o'clock, when there came from the couch of the little sufferer a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday-school hymn—

"Jesus the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all our guilty fear,
And turns our hell to heaven."

Then all was silent again, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, until she broke out after a while in another verse:—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but speak his name;
Praise him to all, and sing in death
Behold! behold the Lamb!"

The nurse hastened to the bed side of the little sufferer, but she was too late. The angel's

had been there before her, and carried that little Sabbath-school girl, from beholding the Lamb on earth, to his bosom in the sanctuary above.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

BITTER MEMORIES.

"I FORGET a great many things which happened in the year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear dead mother."

"Oh," said another little girl, bursting into tears on hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak *kind* to Amy."

The last time they were together she spoke *cross* to her, and the thought of that last *cross* word now lay heavy on her heart.

Ah, my reader, speak kindly—*always* kindly, to father, mother, brother, sister, playmate. It may be your *last time* to speak to them.—*Child's Paper.*

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"WHEN I hear my mother pray like that, I know we are going to get through one more dark place, any way. I tell you, boy, she has prayed us through the narrowest spots you ever saw."

This was little Charlie's confidence in his mother's prayers. Poor Charlie had a drunken father, but was blessed with a praying mother—so truly prayerful that the demon Drunkenness, and his compeers, Poverty, Crime, and wretchedness, were driven out of the house and Jesus came to reside there, with whom, as always, came a company of angels.

Prayer! blessed prayer! Heavenly Father, teach us all how to pray.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

FAME AND USEFULNESS.

A MAN capable of achieving distinction in any one department of the great field, may deliberately forego the inviting possibility in order to attain a larger usefulness. He may sacrifice ambition at the shrine of Piety; and prefer, to the approbation of admiring minds, the gratitude of saved souls. In all professions, and even in the humblest walks of life, there are men of a noble temper, and it is our belief that they abound in the ministry of the gospel. Many a vision of earthly glory has gleamed, with happy but a transient splendor, along the path of the young minister of Christ, and

has then faded away in his closet before "the glory that excelleth." He has listened, amid the ardours of his youth, to siren voices calling him to the fair realms of fame, but these have been stilled by the notes of higher music falling upon a more inward sense—by "a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and by the voice of harpers harping with their harps." All honours to those who, by "denying," do thus transcend themselves; and who, taking their stand at the cross, feel that life for them *can* have but one business—to explain its significance, and carry with them its conquering force wherever they go. The more honour let us give them that they claim none for themselves, as, with lowly mind and amid incessant toils, they esteem it far better to be "faithful" than to be great.

Our departed friend was often heard to say that he possessed no high scholarship, and no acute intellectual power. His own estimate of his attainments in such respects was much too humble; yet, in truth, it must be granted that in these exterior gifts and qualities he was in no way distinguished from some of his fellow-labourers; but by the singleness of a spiritual aim, by the strain of an onward endeavour, by the glow of a burning purpose, by the pathos of a loving heart, he broke down all impediments, and heard voices of gratitude and new songs of salvation around him for fifty years. This is perhaps the grand lesson of his life—that God *will* crown with his blessing every earnest and sincere endeavour to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth, and saints into a deeper experience of his love—that a man must and will be successful if he does what he can. There needs no fresh endowments, no better opportunities, no circumstances of more auspicious aspect—there needs but the living consecration of the man, and "old things will soon pass away, and all things become new—the wilderness will soon bloom like Eden, and the desert be as the garden of the Lord." All things are now ready. See you not a dying world around you? and hear you not the falling rains of grace as "seasons of refreshing" come from the everlasting Presence? The whisperings of life are all around. The field are whitening to the harvest. The glory of the latter day is coming on. And yonder! on the fair heights of immortality, our friends, glorified, yet lingering, look back ere they enter into the eternal rest, to see if we are equal to the days on which we have fallen—willing for the work we have to do.—*Rev.*

Alexander Raleigh, in Sermon on Death of J. A. James.

LOST BLOSSOMS.

As I look through the gate of the arbor
Out into the wintry wood,
I remember how green in the spring-time
The grove in its loveliness stood;

And how the anemonies glistened,
Drooping, snow-like, all over the ground;
While the little white violets listened,
To the spring-brooklet's musical sound.

I remember how trustful the other
Blue violets opened their eyes;
Looking up, like a child to its mother,
To the blue of the smiling skies.

I remember I pressed to my bosom,
My boy, in the bright woodland green,
And thought him the loveliest blossom
The Spring-angels ever had seen.

As I look through the gate of the arbor,
Out into the forest lorn,
I can see that the leaves are all withered—
I can see that the flowers are gone.

I do not know why they are hidden
Away from our vision to go;
I do not know why they are hidden,
— This, only, I surely can know,—

That when the long winter is ended,
And the dark earth grows warm in the sun,
The Lord will give back to its bosom,
Each lost little blossoming one.

I do not know where they have borne him,
My blossom! so fair and so pure;
I do not know why I must mourn him;
Oh this, *only this*, am I sure,—

That when the long winter is ended
And the spring time of Heaven begun;
The Lord will fold back to my bosom,
My lost little blossoming one!

KIND WORDS.

BY E. S. E.

The dews of evening fall softly upon the parched earth, yet each little drop revivifies and refreshes. The tender plant, looking so weary, bowed as if with grief, raises its delicate cup to catch each little pearl. Invigorated, it stands erect, and anon could bear with wind or shower. Kind words! How sweetly they fall upon the

wounded spirit. They are truly heaven's messengers, sent to us in our darkest moments, like angels of light and mercy, and in moments of pleasure, right glad are we to treasure them. And why should we not cultivate a stock in the garden of our hearts, or why not rather cultivate the soil there?

Heaven's teachings would foster and cherish them, "growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength;" sincere would they be, those kind words! It has been thought that kindness of heart and manner belong most appropriately to woman's gentle sphere; she is called a "ministering angel," and not underrivally. But cannot man, "head of the woman," also let words of kindness dwell on his tongue? Oh, if he but only would! How many a trusting woman's heart would respond, "for sweet are such tones from lips we love." Would not each domestic circle become a little paradise under the influence of kind words? Let each member thereof suppress the angry retort, smooth the unamiable frown, look cheerily, answer softly—would it be wonderful if happiness entered there, and took up her willing abode? Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, all knit together by sweet ties of affection; their hopes, their interests, all undivided, their cares lightened, their hearts gladdened, and all by the influence of kind words!

And this spirit, as the circle gradually widens, would permeate through society. A simple thing is a kind word, yet how important!—Young folks, let your words as well as deeds be kind, always kind. If nature has not graced you with personal beauty, she will fully compensate, if you, like the fairy in the fable, let only pearls and diamonds drop from your lips. Will you try it, by rule and cultivation? You will, you must succeed. One day, your hearts will be full of light, and you will suddenly find yourselves winged angels, and God will whisper, "Faithful servants, come up higher!"

A BLIND GIRL FEELING FOR A SUNBEAM.

The sun has just burst out of the clouds, and a heavy golden beam comes in at our window. How bright and cheerful! It comes in so silently, yet it speaks to the heart. Thank a kind God for sunshine! Ages on ages it has illuminated and gladdened a world, yet we hardly think of the great fountain of light and beauty. Writing of sunshine brings to mind a touching incident which came under our observation as

we were travelling in the cars. Opposite us was seated a family of four, consisting of a man and his wife, and two children—boy and girl—twins, and totally blind. Two lovelier children we never saw. The family were from the South. A southern sun had given each cheek a rich olive complexion relieved by a beautiful bloom upon the children's countenances. The boy was lightly built, and finely chiselled features, and hair of a dark brown, clustering in rich curls around his neck. The girl was yet more slender, and fragile as a leaf, and of the same spiritualized beauty. Her habit was dark. Her hair was black as night, its heavy glossy tresses confined by a golden band which glittered brightly upon the dark back-ground. They both seemed happy, conversing with an intelligence beyond their years. The train stopped for a moment on the route. The windows were all raised, and the children leaning out as if to see. The little girl heaved a long sigh, and then leaned back in the seat, exclaiming, "O mother, I cannot see anything." A tear trembled in her eye, and her voice was so sad and low, that it went to the heart of every passenger who heard the beautiful and unfortunate creature.

"Neither can I see, Bell; but I know everything is beautiful," said her brother, as the light winds lifted the thin lock. "You're beautiful, are you not, Bell?"

Just then a flood of sunshine gushed from the white clouds in the west like a flash, and fell full and warm upon the cheek of the sad girl, and upon the tears in her eyes.

Quick as thought she put up her hand, and attempted to grasp the golden pencils that were playing through her thick braids upon her neck and cheek. Eagerly she shut her hand upon vacancy, and a shadow fell upon her countenance as she failed to touch the sunshine. "Mother, I cannot feel it; has it fled out of the window?"

"What, Bell?"

"The sunshine, mother. It touched my cheek, but I cannot touch that."

The mother's eyes swam in tears, as did those of nearly all in the car. A blind girl feeling for a sunbeam upon her cheek! That beam was radiant with beauty, yet she could not behold it. It gleamed upon a world, but was night to her. Its silver bursting in the east, or its golden fading in the west, followed as day followed day; but it fell not upon her vision nor faded at the decline of day. It glowed in the sky, upon forest and field, lake and river; but not in the blue orbs of the sightless girl. By a

singular coincidence, the boy tried to feel of the breeze that came cool upon the cheek as the cars sped swiftly on. The breeze swept over the yellow fields and meadows, coquetted with the locks of the blind boy, but his footsteps were unseen by him. We involuntarily thanked God that we could look upon the beautiful world He has made, and dropped a tear over the hapless children who must grope their way to the grave through a long night. May the light of bliss burst upon them. Long shall we remember the two blind children.—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

DANGERS OF TIPLING.

This is a time when every well-wisher of humanity should admonish the young to beware of the evil of strong drink. I am alarmed to see the prevalence that there is of intemperance. You have known cases in which a fire broke out in a building, and engines came and poured their streams upon it, until at last the flames were subdued, and the great clouds of smoke rolled up, and one by one the engines were taken away, and the policemen set to watch the place; and by and by the flames broke out again here and there, so that it was necessary to again invoke the engines, although the fire had seemed to be extinguished.

Now, the human heart is so inflammable, the passions are so temptable, that it is necessary to keep playing upon them all the time—and for that matter, in this particular sin, with cold water. For there is a recurring liability, in every generation, to lapse into intemperance. And there is this about it; that the temptations are most insidious! the appearances are most specious; the risks are terrible; and the expectations are exactly contrary to the probable results. Men do not expect to be drunkards. Men do not become drunkards suddenly. The work of their degradation is gradual. At first they take a social glass, they take a glass for social reasons, not dreaming that the time will come when their appetite for strong drink will be irresistible; and with more and more frequent indulgence, the habit increases, and at last carries them beyond their own control. They sip and sip, always declaring that they could stop well enough if they wanted to; but they never stop. They slide down step by step, till their life is bought. Their noble powers are wasted. They have lost the errand of life. And even if men at a late period do reform, still their life is gone. It seems the most fatal thing in the world—

this fascination, this infatuation, that falls upon men in this respect. Sound a trumpet, call the roll of drunkards, bring up the hideous crew—those that are damned, and those that are to be damned—and assemble them on some vast plain, and go through the ranks, man by man, and find me, if you can, one that set out to be a drunkard. Find me one that did not expect to get clear of drunkenness. You that tamper with the dangerous beverage are putting your feet in the very prints that their feet made, you are repeating the same things that they said, and are going right straight down to destruction as they went. And I say to you, Watch! Take care! Be Vigilant! One thing is very certain: He that lets strong drink alone is safe, so far as this vice is concerned. Who else is safe God only knows.—*Beecher.*

The citizens of Rushville, Illinois, have subscribed ninety odd thousand dollars for the suppression of the liquor traffic in that town. And each subscriber is liable to such assessment as may be made on him by the officers of the association, for the purpose named, provided it does not exceed the amount of his subscription.

An innkeeper in Andernach, on the Rhine, lately made a bet that he could drink ten quarts of beer in a day. He won his bet, drinking five quarts more than was required.

The Hillsboro (Ohio) News says there is a great temperance revival in that place. Over five hundred new members have been added to the temperance society. At Lancaster, Ohio, a temperance association has been organized. Some of the leading men of the city are said to be at the head of it.

“ABOUT MIDDLING.”—Old Rev. Mr. R., the Worcester divine, was one day attending the funeral of one of the members of his church, when after praising the many virtues of the deceased, he turned to the bereaved husband and said:

“My beloved brother, you have been called to part with one of the best and loveliest of wives”—

Up jumped the sorrow-stricken husband, interrupting the tearful minister by sorrowfully saying:

“Oh, no, brother R—, not the best; but about middling—about middling, brother R—.”

A QUICK RETORT—A late well-known member of the Scottish bar, when a youth, was somewhat of a dandy, and somewhat short and

sharp in his temper. He was going to pay a visit in the country, and was making a great fuss about preparing and putting up his habiliments. His old aunt was much annoyed at all his bustle, and stopped him by the somewhat contemptuous question: ‘Whaur’s this your guan, Robbie, that you make sic a grand work about claes?’ The young man lost his temper, and very pettishly replied: “I am going to the devil.” “Deed Robbie, then,” was the quick answer, “ye need na be so nice; he’ll jist take ye as ye are.”

Agents for The Weekly Visitor.

- MR. P. STEWART,.....City and General Agent
- THOMAS J. MARSH,.....Bowmanville
- SAMUEL JAMES,.....Bruce Mines
- J. CHAPMAN,.....Brighton P. O., Northumberland
- GEORGE MANFIELD, Postmaster,.....Cashmere
- MISS MARIA McTAVISH,.....Clifton P. O.
- CAPT. GEO. PRENTICE, P. G. W. F. B. O. G. T.,.....Columbus, P. C.
- W. W. ALLAN,.....Fullarton P. O., Perth
- Mrs. M. E. DEGRÉ,.....Greentank P. O., Reach
- JOHN WILKINS, P. G. W. F. B. O. G. T.,.....Hamilton
- JOHN CARMICHAEL, Staffs P. O.,.....Hibber
- CHAR. E. McKENNA,.....Kirkfield P. O.
- REV. E. W. FRAZER,.....Napier P. O., Bruce
- JOHN CULHAM,.....Midhurst P. O., Vespra
- DANIEL BISHOP,.....Morpeh P. O., Kent
- JOHN COOK, Dep. Registrar,.....Newmarket
- JAMES NEELANDS,.....North Bruce, Co. Bruce
- J. B. KEDDIE,.....Cahawa
- EDWARD VINCENT,.....Orono P. O.
- E. R. JACQUES,.....Malvern P. O., Scarborough
- T. G. FORSTER,.....Smithville P. O.
- REV. T. WILKINSON,.....London P. O.
- Mrs. T. H. NEFF,.....Selkirk, P. O., Co. Haldimand
- MISS MARTHA STACY,.....St. Thomas
- M. B. WAYER,.....Trouton and Wooler
- JOHN P. DAVES,.....Lhamoville
- JAMES BIGGAN,.....Tyrono P. O., Daerlington
- M. H. FIELDHOUSE,.....Warkworth, P. O.
- REV. MR. SAYAK, S. G. W. C. T., B. O. G. T., Berlin P. O., Waterloo
- REV. JAS. SCOTT, S. G. W. S. B. O. G. T.,.....Waterdown P. O.
- A. M. PHILLIPS,.....Frankford, Co. Northumberland
- J. A. McCOLL,.....Wooler
- JOHN DUNCAN,.....York Mills
- DR. H. HEWSON, News Agent,.....Yorkville

CANADA EAST.

- L. C. McKINSTRY,.....Barnston P. O., C. E.
- FREEMAN SMITH,.....Johnsville P. O.
- JOHN PHILLIPS,.....Montreal
- J. E. WATT,.....South Durham P. O.
- C. H. BAKER,.....Stanbridge East P. O.
- HUGH ELDER,.....Stanstead
- JAS. CHALMERS,.....South Granley O., Shefford
- L. W. WILKIN,.....Waterville P. O.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- G. P. TANTON, Esq.,.....Charlottetown P. O.
- JOHN B. SCURMAN, Esq.,.....North Bedouque P. O.
- H. C. CHURCHILL, Esq.,.....Centreville P. O., Bedouque.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

- JAMES McNICHOL, Esq.,.....St. John.
- CAPT. A. SIMPSON,.....Shediac.

NOVA SCOTIA

- H. B. McCher'l, Esq.,.....Chester

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

SUPREME GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

- REV. WM. SAVAGE, Berlin, C. W.,.....Chief
- R. McNeill, Esq., Charlottetown, P. E. I.,.....Lecturer
- J. Ryan Esq., Sussex, N. B.,.....Counsellor
- REV. S. N. JACKSON, Montreal, C. E.,.....Chaplain
- Jas. McNicholl, Esq., St. John, N. B.,.....Vice
- REV. JAMES SCOTT, Waterdown, C. W.,.....Secretary
- Mack, Esq.,.....N. S.,.....Treasurer
- H. B. Mitchell, Esq., Chester, N. S.,.....Financier
- J. A. McColl, Esq., Wooler, C. W.,.....Recorder
- P. H. Stewart, Esq., Toronto, C. W.,.....Marshal
- Mrs. G. P. Tanton, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dep. Mars'l
- Chandler, Esq., Windsor, N. S.,.....Inner Guard
- A. M. Phillips, Esq., Murray, C. W.,.....Outer Guard
- Capt. N. Matheson,.....P. E. I.,.....Past Chief

BRITISH ORDER GOOD TEMPLARS.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF CANADA WEST.

- REV. DAVID CASTLON, Peterboro',.....Chief
- Mrs. S. O. Robertson,.....Vice
- Rev. William Savago,.....Lecturer
- Miss C. A. Leech,.....Counsellor
- James Welsh, Esq.,.....Chaplain
- Jas. ROBERTSON, Esq., Newmarket,.....Secretary
- J. J. Williams, Esq.,.....Treasurer
- A. M. Phillips, Esq.,.....Financier
- P. H. Stewart, Esq.,.....Recorder
- M. H. Fieldhouse, Esq.,.....Marshal
- Miss S. E. Stewart,.....Dep. Marshal
- Miss E. J. Williams,.....Inner Guard
- J. A. McColl, Esq.,.....Outer Guard
- Wallace Millichamp, Esq.,.....Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

- W. P. FLEWELLING, Esq., Clifton,.....Chief
- G. H. WALLACE Esq., J. P., Sussex,.....Lecturer
- F. Morton, Esq., Barrister at Law, Sussex Counsellor
- Rev. Wm. Downey, Sussex,.....Chaplain
- C. T. Curtis, Esq., Shediac,.....
- E. N. SHARP, Esq., A. B., Apohaqui,.....
- J. S. Wetmore, Esq., J. P., Clifton,.....
- T. Scott, Esq., M. D., Kingston,.....
- A. Manger, Esq., Kingston,.....
- G. Allan, Esq., St. John,.....
- Miss O. A. Flawelling, Clifton,.....
- N. H. Upham, Esq., Upham,.....
- D. Johnson, Esq., Sussex,.....Outer Guard
- J. McNicholl, Esq., St. John,.....Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

- REV. WM. RYAN, Pownal,.....Chief
- James W. Falconer, Esq.,.....Lecturer
- Angus B. McKenzie, Esq.,.....Counsellor
- Rev. Alex. McLean, A. M.,.....Chaplain
- Geo. P. Tanton, Esq.,.....Vice
- FREDERICK STRONG, Esq., Cornwall,.....Secretary
- T. R. Hall, Esq.,.....Treasurer
- C. S. Lane, Esq.,.....Financier
- J. C. Gidley, Esq.,.....Recorder
- Miss Martha Gay,.....Marshal
- Joseph Wise, Esq.,.....Dep. Marshal
- Alexander Campbell, Esq.,.....Inner Guard
- J. W. Coles, Esq.,.....Outer Guard
-Past Chief

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

- J. N. FREEMAN, Esq., High Sheriff for the County of Queen's, Liverpool P. O.,.....Chief
- Rev. Joshua Jordan, Truro,.....Lecturer
- Elihu Woodworth, Esq., Lower Horton,.....Counsellor
- Rev. J. G. Angwin, Dartmouth,.....Chaplain
- Mrs. Charlotte E. Mitchell, Chester,.....Vice
- FREDERICK A. LAWRENCE, Esq., Truro,.....Secretary
- Charles A. Maisters, Esq., J. P., Kentville,.....Treasurer
- John F. Oandler, Esq., Windsor,.....Financier
- Stephen Sheffield, Esq., Canoning,.....Recorder
- Nelson Hardenbrock, Esq., Wolfville,.....Marshal
- Miss Sarah Michener, Canning,.....Dep. Marshal
- Miss Gould, Wolfville,.....Inner Guard
- Henry Mitchell, Esq., Kentville,.....Outer Guard
- John Murray, Esq., Windsor,.....Past Chief