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The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1870.

L. L. SHARPE, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, 13 King Street, St. John, N. B.

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FIRST PRIZE CABINET ORGANS, PROVINCIAL EXPOSITION, Oct. 13, 1867. READ THE JUDGES REPORT.

SPECIAL NOTICE, Right on the Corner King and Germain Streets. MR. MARSTERS thanks the public for their very liberal patronage in the past.

POETRY.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. When from scattered lands afar Speaks the voice of rumberd war, Nations in conflicting pride, Heaved like ocean's stormy tide, And the solar splendour pale, And the crescent waxeth pale, And the powers that star-like reign, Sink dishonored to the plain, World do thou the signal dread, We exalt the drooping head, We uplift the expectant eye— Our redemption draweth nigh.

THE TEUTONIC RACE.

BY PROFESSOR J. DEMILL. Continued. Another prominent characteristic of the Teuton deserves to be mentioned. It is frankness and simplicity—a love of plain speech, an absence of guile. The Teuton is one of the oldest of races but the freshest of all. After his thousand of years he is yet young. Other races faint and grow gray; but he renews his strength, he runs and grows not weary, he walks and faints not. This freshness, this undecaying bloom, seems like an eternal childhood, and promises to endure with all time. This freshness and simplicity that is born out of this youthful freshness, marks our own English stock and all our literature.

This was the beginning of complete ruin. Theodosius kept the enemy in check for a time; but after his death Alaric appeared upon the scene, and when in 410 Rome was sacked by his Goths, the triumph of the Teuton was complete.

1. In Britain the Saxons have landed and carried out a system of extermination against the Celt. 2. In Gaul the Allemanni, Burgundians and Visigoths have all been subdued by the Franks, who occupy all the Province with the exception of a narrow strip of coast on the south. 3. In Spain the Suevians and Vandals, who first had the preeminence, have submitted to the Visigoths, who establish a power which endures until bad management and treachery opens a way for the Saracen invader.

SERMON BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

SINNERS BOUND WITH THE CORDS OF SIN. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins."—Prov. v. 22. The first sentence has reference to a net, in which birds or beasts are taken. The ungodly man first of all finds sin to be a bait, and, charmed by its apparent pleasantness he indulges in it, and then he becomes entangled in its meshes so that he cannot escape. That which first attracted the sinner, afterwards detains him. Evil habits are soon formed, the soul readily becomes accustomed to evil, and then, even if the man should have lingering thoughts of better things, form frail resolutions to amend, his iniquities hold him captive like a bird in the fowler's snare. You have seen the foolish fly descend into the sweet which is spread to destroy him, he sips, and sips again, and by-and-by he plunges boldly into it, and then he becomes entangled in its meshes so that he cannot escape. That which first attracted the sinner, afterwards detains him. Evil habits are soon formed, the soul readily becomes accustomed to evil, and then, even if the man should have lingering thoughts of better things, form frail resolutions to amend, his iniquities hold him captive like a bird in the fowler's snare.

but a mind enslaved by sin builds its own dungeon, forges its own fetters, and rivets on its chains. It is slavery indeed when the iron enters into the soul. Who would not scorn to make himself a slave to his baser passions? and yet the mass of men are such—the cords of their sins bind them.

1. First, then, the doctrine of the text, that iniquity entraps the wicked as in a net, and binds them as with cords is a SOLUTION OF A GREAT MYSTERY. When you and I first began to do good by telling out the gospel, we labored under the delusion that soon as our neighbors heard of the blessed way of salvation they would joyfully receive it, and be saved in crowds. We have long ago seen that pleasant delusion dispelled; we find that our position is that of the serpent charmer with the lead adder, charm we ever so wisely, men will not hear so to receive the truth. Like the ardent reformer, we have found out that old Adam is too strong for young Melancthon. We now perceive that for a sinner to receive the gospel involves a work of grace that shall change his heart and revere his nature. Yet none the less is it a great mystery that it should be so. It is one of the prodigies of the god of this world that he makes men love sin, and abide in indifference as if they were fully content to be lost. It is a marvel of marvels that man should be so base as to reject Christ, and abide in wilful, and wicked unbelief. I will try to set forth this mystery, in the way in which, I dare say, it has struck many an honest-hearted worker for Jesus.

2. Aries met with a singular fate. Those provinces rich, populous and luxurious, were the prey of the Vandals, who founded a monarchy there which lasted for a century. Then the Greek Empire put forth its strength, and the Vandal was crushed beneath the arms of Belisarius. A period of convulsion followed, but the Greek power retained its hold till the coming of the Saracen.

Moreover, brethren, there is wonderful attractiveness in the gospel. If the gospel could possibly be a revelation of horrors piled on horrors, if there were something in it utterly inconsistent with reason, or something that shocked all the sensitive affections of our better part, we might excuse mankind, but the gospel is just this; man is lost, but God comes man to save him, "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost." Out of infinite love to his enemies the Son of God took upon himself human flesh, that he might suffer in the room and stead of men what they ought to have suffered. The doctrine of substitution, while it wondrously magnifies the grace of God and satisfies the justice of God, thinks ought to strike you all with love because of the disinterested affection which it reveals on Jesus Christ's part. O King of Glory, dost thou bleed for me! O Prince of Life, dost thou lie shrouded in the grave for me! Doth God stoop from his glory to be spat upon by sinful lips! Doth he stoop from the splendor of heaven to be despised and rejected of men, that men may be saved? Why, it ought to win every human ear, it ought to entrance every human heart. We ever love like this? Go ye to your poets, and see if they have ever imagined anything nobler than the love of Christ the Son of God for the dying sinner! Go to your philosophers, and see if in all their maxims they have ever taught a diviner philosophy than that of Christ's life, or ever have imagined in their pictures of what men ought to be, an heroic love like that which Christ in very deed displayed! We lift before you no glory banner that might sicken your hearts; we bring before you no rattling chains of a tyrant's domination; but we lift up Jesus crucified, and "Love" is written on the banner that is waved in the forefront of our hosts; we bid you yield to the gentle sway of love, and not to the tyranny of terror. Alas! men must be bound, indeed, and fettered fast by an accused love to sin, or else the divine attractions of a crucified Redeemer would win their hearts.

SOMETHING FROM CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of the Examiner and Chronicle: I promised to write to you only when we had "anything to write about." We have something now—an earthquake, a monster concert, an other things.

THE LAST EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake came off last Thursday. I shook the cities, the plains, the mountains, and the whole State pretty generally, from end to end, and from the ocean to the crest of the Sierras. I had long wanted to experience an earthquake; I have now experienced one, and am satisfied. It was noon. A large congregation had gathered in the First Baptist church, to attend the funeral services of a noble young Christian, a son of Deacon Thomas Watson, of Philadelphia. The sermon was ended. The choir had sung one verse of the hymn, commencing:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, At that moment a sound like a sudden, rushing, mighty wind broke upon us. The building seemed to tremble. Half the audience sprang up; a few started for the door; the organ ceased, the singers vanished. A few seconds of consternation were followed by an upheaving of the building. It quivered, trembled and creaked. Alarm and terror paled every face. A woman's scream added to the dismay. But it was all over. From the first sound and quiver to the close of the second shock may have been fifteen seconds—not more. Yet, in that moment of time, we all seemed in the presence of a double death. With singular fortitude, when the shock was over (though filled with apprehension of another upheaval) the hundreds present became calmed, and solemnly moved down the aisles to look upon the face of our sleeping brother, Henry Watson. Unmindful of earthquake shocks, he had passed beyond the reach of our alarms. Less than two years ago he had been baptized by Dr. Thomas. His Christian life was short and glorious; his death triumphant. He left us in the prime of life. No one can fully take his place. General, generous, and full of love to his dear Redeemer, he had become a chief brother among us. The day of his burial will ever be associated in our memories with the awful moan and terror of the earthquake.

WAR OF RACES—COURTESY TO THE CHINESE.

At the East you once had a troublesome social problem. To solve the "everlasting negro" question cost a mint of money and a million precious lives. On the Pacific coast our problem is the "everlasting Chinese." It runs into politics. The party lines are drawn and the party whip is flourished. The same class of men who told us that the negro had no soul, that he was not human, could not govern himself and must be enslaved to the superior race—the same kind of men are here, the same party; and the same kind of wickedness is being developed towards the Chinese. Scarcely a day passes in which some poor Chinaman is not suddenly fallen upon by vicious boys, and the poor fellow is fortunate if he escapes alive. Yesterday four instances of this kind occurred in three hours. In three cases the Chinaman was walking along peacefully; in the fourth he had just stepped out of the door of his tenement, and was standing upon the sidewalk, as innocuous as you are, Mr. Editor, in your sanctum. The attack in every case was made by gangs of idle boys. They begin by throwing mud upon their victim; followed by a shout, "There he is! there he is! the haythen spalpeen!" With this they begin to chase him, throwing sticks, stones and bricks, howling like demons. As if prearrangement, a crowd of vicious men, reeking with fumes from drinking saloons, scores of such persons, appear on the scene. They follow close to the heels of the young blood-thirsty demons, cheering them on, and protesting that if good citizens interfere to save the Chinaman. Even a policeman, if he is alone, is usually powerless. One of the victims yesterday ran nearly half a mile before a crowd that increased to 400, when he sought refuge in a stable. A policeman fortunately was near, who stood at the door, and there at the peril of his own life kept the mob off, wretches at bay, until a squad of 75 other officers came and rescued the poor fellow. Scarcely a day passes that does not witness a cowardly and brutal attack on some of these poor, inoffensive people. This outrageous diabolism towards the Chinese is becoming intolerable. Their persecutors are encouraged by political pests. One of the parties (now dominant in the State) has not been careful to avoid inciting lawlessness towards these people. Speeches have been made, articles have been published in newspapers, and bills introduced into our Legislature, which could not fail to encourage these demonstrations. It is true that good men of all parties condemn such wickedness. To-day one of our Democratic Judges sentenced one of yesterday's rioters to a long period of reflection in prison, refusing to let him free by paying a fine; and he remarked, "This treatment of the Chinese must be stopped!" If an American in China were to be treated as I have lately seen Chinamen abused in San Francisco, all the power of our Government would be put forth to redress the wrong. Will not our Government see to it that innocent, industrious and unoffending persons, who wish to live and labor here, shall be protected in their persons, property and lives. One of our legislators has offered a bill to "Protect White Citizens," &c., on which action is yet to be had. It is urged in behalf of the wretched class of Chinese laborers, that a law be passed requiring every man or woman in this State who employs a Chinese laborer to pay a license for the privilege—for the first month, \$1; second month, \$2; third month, \$4; fourth month, \$8; fifth month, \$16, for a license, and so on in arithmetical progression. And it is believed that the majority of our present Legislature will pass a law of some kind in that direction!

Our hymns, and hearing some words about Jesus. If Satanic influence could be restrained, if the vicious classes could be civilized, there would be better hope for Christianizing the Chinese among us, and thus reaching their great empire beyond the sea.

THE GREAT RAILROAD IN WINTER.

We feel very near home now since the railroad was completed, and The Examiner and Chronicle reaches us so regularly, within seven days after its publication. Every evening at 7 o'clock, the New York train with wonderful promptness rolls its Eastern passengers in among us. We are surprised to hear them describe their winter's passage across the continent as more pleasant than the summer trip. The detentions from snow have been unexpectedly few, and of short duration. It seems to be a settled fact that our great national highway is a success.

COME OVER AND SEE US.

We hope to greet you, Mr. Editor, ere long, in this our new home. We will give you a glad welcome, and if you come in the winter, you will find yourself basking in a summer climate, for winter here is not known. Not a snow-flake has fallen upon us. The warm sun, refreshing showers, fragrant flowers, green fields and blooming trees in and around the city, remind us of April and May in our Eastern homes. Come over and see us. San Francisco, Feb., 1870.

THE HIGH MOUNTAIN.

"Get thee up into the high mountain."—Is. xl. 9. Our knowledge of Christ is somewhat like climbing one of the Welsh mountains. When you are at the base you see but little; the mountain itself appears to be but one-half as high as it really is. Confined in a little valley, you discover scarcely anything but the rippling brooks as they descend into the stream at the foot of the mountain. Climb the first knoll, and the valley lengthens and widens beneath your feet. Go higher, and you see the country for four or five miles around, and are delighted with the widening prospect. Mount still higher and the scene enlarges; until at last, when you are on the summit, and look east, west, north and south, you see almost all England lying before you. Yonder is a forest in some distant county, perhaps two hundred miles away, and here the sea, and there a shining river and the smoking chimneys of a manufacturing town, or the masts of the ship in a busy port. All these things please and delight you, and you say, "I could not have imagined that so much could be seen at this elevation." Now, the Christian life is of the same order. When we first believe in Christ we see but very little of him. The higher we climb the more we discover of his beauties. But who has ever gained the summit? Who has known all the heights and depths of the love of Christ which passeth knowledge? Paul, when grown old, sitting gray-haired, shivering in a dungeon in Rome, could say with greater emphasis than we can, "I know in whom I have believed," for each experience had been like the climbing of a hill, each trial had been like ascending another summit, and his death seemed like gaining the top of the mountain, from which he could see the whole of the faithfulness and the love of Him to whom he had committed his soul. Get thee up, dear friend, into the high mountain.—Spurgeon.

ROMAN AND PROTESTANTS.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS. In a recent sermon on "The Bible and Public Schools," Rev. Dr. C. P. Sheldon, of Troy, N. Y., says, "I confess that I do not strongly sympathize with the fears of some, that the Roman Catholics will overrun our country, change our institutions, and become a dominant and State Church among us. With all their apparent increase among us, they are but a small minority. Our whole population cannot be less than 35,000,000. The Catholics claim to number, embracing their entire population, 5,000,000. Now, if they had retained all their natural increase in population, they ought to number in our country to-day, from eight to ten millions. They have lost here many more than they have gained. Converts to them are comparatively few, and mostly from those who have run mad with ritualism. There are single Protestant denominations in the country, who are nearly or quite equal to them in numbers and strength. The Episcopal Methodists number 1,595,305, actual members,—and the population that adheres to them must be at least 5,000,000. The regular Baptists number 1,109,926,—and the population that adheres to them cannot be much less than 5,000,000. The Presbyterians, in all their branches, claim a population of 2,500,000,—the Congregationalists, a population of 1,000,000,—the Episcopalians, a population of 700,000,—and the Lutherans and foreign Protestants, a population of 1,000,000. The Catholics are thus a small minority of religiousists among us. In some of our cities,—as here in Troy,—they are strong, and seem largely to increase,—but analyze this increase, and it will be found to be almost exclusively from immigration, and the natural increase of population, and their strength is local, not relative. In the country at large, they are not numerous, and are relatively strong. They are active, energetic, and lay their plans with wise and prudent forecast; but we cannot blame them for that."

Mr. BECKER, in the last number of the Christian Union, has a good natured reply to the strictures of some of his Baptist contemporaries. The spirit which he shows is every way commendable, and the statements which he makes concerning our denominational position are honest and frank. For example, in replying to one point, he says:

We have never supposed that our Baptist brethren were more bigoted than their Congregational brethren. Even in matters about which we quite differ from them, we have found them both intelligent and candid. As matters now stand, all evangelical Churches are "close communion" Churches in this sense, that they all take it for granted that the Lord's Supper is an ordinance of the Church, to be administered according to the discretion of the Church, excluding all whom the Church deems unfit, and permitting to communion those whom it judges to have a right to commune. The opposite view would be, that every individual had a right to the communion of the Lord's Supper by virtue of his personal relation to the Lord Jesus Christ, and that no man or body of men has a right to judge for him. This is an "open communion" ground. But the Baptist, the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Methodist Churches, are all, in principle, alike, and hold to "close communion," only using different tests in determining the fitness of candidates. If this view were universally taken, as touching the differences between Baptists and Presbyterians, it would not be difficult to talk over those differences in a Christian spirit, and without the imputation of wrong motives and aims.—No. Baptist.