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From the Athenæum.

IN MEMORIAM.

FINLAY D. MARTIN, CLASS OF 1884.

As a bark upon the wide life-sea
Glide smoothly onward in the golden morn;
Soft favoring winds blew ever cheerily,
And calm the waves so oft by tempest torn.

The bark bore precious freight, — a Christ-
bought soul,
A heart that felt keen grief for human sin,
Purpose pressing toward that God-like goal—
From death to life immortal man to win.

As I looked I saw a crested wave,
Huge, black, resistless, moving toward the
bark;
No sat therein no earthly power could save;
His hour, alas! had come! — the sky grew dark.

The wave rolled on, and moaned; the clouds
dropped tears;
From stricken hearts a mighty wail arose,
Which pierced the sobbing air, and, 'yond the
sphere,
Reached Him who wept and died for human
woes.

His command came angels, like the two
Who said, "The Lord is risen. Why seek ye
the living 'mong the dead?" To mortal view
Unseen that throng, though bringing peace
to men.

Light ineffable bathed sea and sky,
And voices sang, as when the Lord was born:
They sang of life and heaven, that they who die
In Christ but haste to greet eternal morn.
And as they sing the clouds divide; the skies
Roll back their purple veil; the woful moan
Changed to joyful song, for mortal eyes,
By faith made strong, behold th' eternal
throne.

And him whom blood-washed throngs surround;
And there in shining garments glistening
white,
Who whose light faded here, but who has
found,
Beyond the stars, the Fount of fadeless light.

OMEGA.

For the Visitor.

The Song of Songs.

BY REV. L. C. STEVENS, GREAT FALLS, N. B.

It is matter for a reasonable feeling of
surprise, that the Song of Songs, written
by Solomon, receives so little attention.
Few people fail to speak of songs. The
word is sometimes, it is true, used in an
inferior sense, as, "It sold for a song."
But, then, from this low view, it rises in its
application to feathered songsters. Dryden
wrote—

"The lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray."

Then, poetry, poesy, any measured num-
bers are of the nature of song. Hence,
Pope has this couplet,

"Names memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song."

But, better than this, a simple lay—a
gushing strain—a hymn—a poem—is a
song; for, in this sense, that same Dryden,
quoted already, wrote:

"The bard, that first adorned his native tongue,
Tuned to his British lyre, this ancient song."

Then, Shakespeare speaks of "songs of
woe," and "songs of peace," in which
sense, the oldest literary compositions,
were songs. Hence, Sydney wrote, "I
never heard the old song of Percy and of
Douglass, that I found not my heart moved
within me more than with a trumpet." In
a higher sense, that which is uttered with
musical modulations is a song. In this
sense, a song, a psalm, an anthem, a ballad,
a ditty, a dirge, a requiem, are synonymous;
and are all songs, because capable of being
uttered musically.

But Solomon's Song of Songs was al-
together of another cast, resting all its claims
to its song character, more upon its spirit
and purpose, than upon its rhythmical words,
or numbers, or ring. To see the beauty of
this song, we must understand, that it em-
braces an entire book, and that the subject
of which it treats, is one of the highest
moral sublimity, of which we can have a
conception. And it is the subject of a
song more than all else, that imparts to it
its charm, and significance, and thrilling
grandeur. Virgil's *Bucolics*, and *Georgics*,
and *Aeneids*,—Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—
Milton's *Paradise Lost*,—Thompson's
Seasons—Pollok's *Course of Time*,—Long-
fellow's *Hiawatha*—all derive their great
excellence from the things of which they
treat, as well as the manner in which they
are treated. It is the Pastoral life,—the
pleasures of Agriculture—the Sackings of
Troy—the departing and returning of
Ulysses—the driving of man from Eden—
the sublimities of spring and summer
and autumn, and winter—the unfolding of
Human Destiny—the wild heroism of the
Indian Chief—it is these grand ideas under-
lying the poet's work, and which no poetry,
or philosophy, as such, could increase or
diminish, that impart to the song its real
fascination, its supreme and attractive
power. So, in this Song of Solomon, what-
ever may be said of its beautiful symbolism,
or of its high style of poetical elegance—it
is really the subject matter of which it
treats, more than anything else, and all
things else, that impart to it a glorious and
transcendent interest.

The Redeemer of men is represented in
this song—which is an allegory—as the
living Bridegroom, and the redeemed
church as the loving Bride. In most tender,
and beautiful, and inimitable words,
the character of the Redeemer is set forth.
The song makes Him say, "I am the rose
of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Of
Him, it makes the redeemed say, "The
voice of my Beloved! behold He cometh,
leaping upon the mountains, and skipping
upon the hills." "My beloved is white
and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thou-
sand. His head is as the most fine gold—
His locks are bushy and black, as a raven."
"His eyes are as the eyes of doves, by the
rivers of waters, washed with milk and
fity set. His cheeks are as a bed of spic-
ies, as sweet flowers: his lips like lilies
dropping sweet smelling myrrh. His hands
are as gold rings set with beryl. His body
is as bright ivory overlaid with sapphires
His legs are as pillars of marble, set upon
sockets of fine gold: his countenance is as
Lebanon, excellent as cedars. His mouth
is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely."
Then, this song expresses, in most tender
and delicate terms, the love of Christ, the
Bridegroom, for the church, this bride.

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah,
comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army
with banners. Who is she that looketh
forth in the morning, fair as the moon,
clear as the sun, and terrible as an army
with banners? A garden enclosed is my
sister, my spouse, a spring shut up, a foun-
tain sealed. The plants are as an orchard
of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits, cam-
phire with spikenard; spikenard with saff-
ron, calamus, and cinnamon, with all the
trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes, with
all the chief spices; a fountain of gardens,
a well of living waters, and streams from
Lebanon." Where else can such language
be found? Just think of the lily and the

rose. How sweet and fragrant! And yet
this rose and this lily are Christ, the Saviour.
Think of music breaking over the hills!—of
snowy whiteness!—of fine gold and bushy
locks!—of raven blackness and dove-like
eyes!—of spices, and flowers, and myrrh!
—of golden rings with beryls!—of ivory
and sapphires! And yet these are the
glorious symbols, that in this song set forth
the charms of Jesus. Nor are those less
glorious, which set forth the beauties and
graces of the ransomed church.

Our new S. S. Paper, *The Gem*, will be
issued this week. Our new *Lesson
Quarterly* for 1881, will be ready in a
week, and it will be beautiful and worthy
of general patronage. Any school intend-
ing to introduce a Quarterly should not
fail to send for specimen copy.

Take the Children to Church.

Almost all good things are liable to mis-
direction. There seems to be a growing
tendency among parents, particularly in
our large cities, to give up the Sunday-
school to the children and then to excuse
them from all attendance at church. Now
in this there is a double wrong. So far as
is practicable, it is the duty of parents to
go with their children to Sunday-school.
The salutary influence upon the children,
who are quick to perceive this evidence of
interest, as well as upon the Sunday-school
as a whole, to say nothing of reflex benefits
which may be expected by the parents
themselves, ought to induce a much larger
attendance of grown people at these Sun-
day morning gatherings for Bible instruc-
tion.

But it is a far graver mistake which those
parents are making who fail to accustom
their children regularly to attend divine
worship. The Sunday-school is in no sense
"the children's church," and it cannot take
the place of the church. "The great con-
gregation" is the place where, of all others,
united families, fathers, mothers, and chil-
dren, should join in praising God. Indeed,
much as we value the Sunday-school, and
incalculable as are its benefits as an institu-
tion, we should say if children can go to
only one, and a choice must be made, that it
is the church, and not the Sunday-school,
which the children should attend.

It is sometimes objected that children
cannot understand the sermon and are
little benefited by it. That depends very
much on the kind of sermon they listen to.
Cases have been known when grown peo-
ple have made similar complaints, and in
some instances, we fear, with only too much
justice. Still, most discourses that aim at
and not over the heads of the congregation
will, at least in part, reach down to the level
of its younger members. Besides, all wor-
ship does not consist in sermons or in listen-
ing to them. The prayers that are offer-
ed, the hymns that are sung, even the rever-
ential attitude and the solemn air of
thoughtful and respectful attention which
characterises decent worship, all have their
influence upon young minds. They leave
an impress for good which is simply beyond
computation or estimate. "Train up a
child in the way he should go, and when he
is old he will not depart from it." Habits
of church-going early formed are likely to
be permanent. If, on the other hand, we
permit our children to remain at home and
at the same time to encounter those tempta-
tions which the busy adversary of souls
is sure to multiply upon the Sabbath to
those who are left unguarded or under the
care of servants, the hazards are great and
the danger is imminent. "I can always
trust my children when I leave them at
home on Sunday," you say. So thousands
of over-confident parents have said, and
wondered in bitterness and tears how the
rank weeds of sin were sown that in after
years sprang up into such a harvest of woe.
By all means take the children to the
house of God. Accustom them early to its
solemnities and to its worship. It is the
safe, the sensible, the prudent way. It is
only thus that children can be taught to
find "the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the
Lord honorable." We may not be
master of the future of those whom God
has given us; but safety for the young lies
in joining, not in neglecting, the customary

worship of the sanctuary; and those par-
ents who kindly and wisely but still firmly
insist that their children shall accompany
them regularly to church can best plead
the promises of God and most confidently
look for his blessing upon their families.

Lest any of you be hardened through
the Deceitfulness of Sin.

In all ages of the world men have been
hardened by the deceitful character of sin.
Sin has allured men to perdition, under
glittering promises of enduring pleasure,
which could never be fulfilled.

We have no reason to believe our first
parents would have sinned against God, if
they had not been deceived. Satan did not
portray to Eve the death sting of sin. He
did not make manifest her desolation after
being driven out from Eden, nor that one
son would murder the other; that Cain
would become a fugitive and a vagabond
in the earth; the scenes of the mighty flood;
the bloody carnage of wars, and that death
would come upon all men for all time, as a
result of her primal disobedience. Satan
did not open to her the vista of perdition,
and shew the woe of the millions of lost
souls, caused by sin that then had its be-
ginning. But he deceived her with the
words, "Ye shall not surely die," "Ye
shall be made as gods knowing good and
evil." She was deceived, and thus lost
Eden's joys.

Satan has been deceiving men ever since
that time. He tempts us to entertain dis-
loyal thoughts of God. He encourages us
in false hope of great advantage growing
out of a sinful life. He allures only to
deceive, and deceives only to ruin.

Jael lured Sisera to her tent under pro-
mise of safety, but when he slept she drove
the death nail through his brain. Ehud
brought a present to his king and feigning
the greatest friendship, would deliver to
him a special message of confidence that
none else must hear. But while the king
leaned his ear to listen to this special mes-
sage, Ehud with his left hand drove into his
body the double-edged dagger, that unex-
pectedly and instantly sent the king to
eternity. So sin allures to her pleasing
haunts, and to her gilded halls, only to drive
home a death-nail in the soul. Deception
comes again with apparent blessing, with
offers of wealth, and loving embrace, with
special confidence, or with honors to bestow;
but while pretending this, it strikes the sud-
den death wound, and hurls the soul into
eternal woe.

Sin is the Delilah that rocks the soul to
sleep in her lap of fair promises and tempo-
ral pleasures, and deprives it of its power to
resist Satan, or to seek the Lord. "The
wages of sin is death," even though it comes
in the form of virtue, or as an angel of light.
Arsenic buried in most delicious food is ar-
senic still, and will destroy life as quickly
as when taken with less attractive surround-
ings. Sin is as deadly under a mask of pro-
fession or of sweet flavored popular sin, as
it is in its most unchaste and revolting form.

The flower of the Judas tree that allures
large numbers of insects by the sweet
juices of its flowers, carries in those very
blossoms of beauty, the poison that kills.
Instead of honey and delight they sip the
deadly poison. Sin is to the soul what the
flower of Judas tree is to the insect.—
death.

How shall we escape the power of sin?
Fly to the Cross! The blood of Jesus Christ
"cleanseth from all sin." "Whosoever
will may come." "Neither is there sal-
vation in any other: for there is none other
name under heaven, given among men
whereby we must be saved." No other is
needed, the provision is ample. If the
people had refused to go to Joseph for corn
in Egypt, they would have perished. He
had enough for all. So Christ has enough
of the Bread of Life. All that seek shall
obtain. But what of those who refuse to
avail themselves of this Bread of Life?

Coaxing the devil to support the Gospel
is a modern device. The primitive church
knew nothing of it. When Paul was col-
lecting funds to aid the poor saints at Jeru-
salem, he used no fairs, festivals, "num-
sociables," kissing games, or other sacri-
legious snares, to accomplish his object.
The Christians paid their own bills, and did

not expect Satan to pay for the weapons
which they used in warfare against him.
When the devil does support a church, he
does so in his own interest. He carries on
his operations with a full knowledge of the
fact that "a kingdom divided against itself
cannot stand." For every dollar paid out
of his coffers to the church, he receives full
value. Church partnership with the evil
one never benefits the former, but always
the latter.

Untold harm comes to the church by the
use of questionable measures to raise
money for the support of God's work. It
creates the impression on the minds of the
worldly that the church is a kind of a pau-
per dependent for its existence on the com-
munity; that it is a sort of genteel beggar,
which it is proper and fashionable to sup-
port; that it is an object of charity, or even
pity and contempt, which is grateful for
the tolerance of the people that let it live.
The ungodly regard such churches as en-
gaged in seeking money rather than souls,
and exalted wealthy members more than
poor saints. To stand before the world in
this light, is humiliating and degrading be-
yond expression. Such churches ought to
be cleaned or closed, cured or killed.

Churches that are doing the Lord's work,
and are worth supporting, can be supported
without the use of questionable means.
Others deserve no support. Let them go
down.

Commandment Cards, 3 cents each.

In Memoriam.

It is our duty this week to record the
death of Mr. Norman MacLeod, of Dundas,
P. E. I., under very melancholy circum-
stances. On the 4th of November he left
home and started for Maine, and was em-
ployed there by Messrs. F. W. Palmer & Son,
of Bangor, to work in the lumber woods at
Katakadin Iron Works, Maine. On the 17th
November he was standing on a tree which
was balanced on another. Still another
fell on the butt of the tree on which he was
standing, throwing him into the air some
12 or 15 feet. He struck on his neck and
back, and was paralyzed and remained so
until Sabbath, the 21st, when death ended
his sufferings. His body was sent home
for interment. He was 42 years of age,
and leaves a father, mother, eight brothers,
three sisters, and a wife and six children
to mourn his untimely end. For upwards
of a year he was a consistent member of the
Dundas Church. In a letter written only
a short time before the accident he writes:
"Though here among strangers I find one
sticketh closer than a brother, even Christ
my Saviour." Fears were entertained on
the part of the family at the effect this very
sad news would have upon the mother of
the deceased, who is a most tender hearted
woman. But the Saviour prepared her for
the great blow which he saw coming and
so filled her heart with a flame of divine
joy and love, that on the morning of the
day that she was informed of the death of
her eldest and best loved son she was en-
abled by grace to submit to the ordinance
of baptism though in the decline of life.
Her son whose duty it was to break the
sad news writes that after the first shock,
she said: "God knows best," and meekly
submitted to his will. It is a consoling
thought to the bereaved family that he was
born into the kingdom of God, and that
now he has gone to the

"One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting home."

The deceased was the eldest son of Mr.
Murdoch MacLeod, of Uigg, and brother
of Mr. M. G. MacLeod, assistant clerk of
the P. E. I. Association.

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