The Christian Visitor.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men.'

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The Christian Visitor,

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From the Temperance Telegraph.

FIFTH SERMON.

An immense congregation, composed of members of all the evangelical denominations of this City, attended the delivery of the fifth Sermon of the course, on Sunday evening last, in the Brussells Street Baptist Church, by the

REV. SAMUEL ROBINSON.

OTTLINE OF SERMON.

TEXT.—Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him;

Let him know, that he who converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.—James v: 19, 20.

There is a sentiment in my text which I think applies to our present meeting—or rather to the object we have in view to-night. I do not merely wish to deliver a Temperance Lecture, or to preach an abstract Temperance Sermon, but to preach faithfully the glorious gospel of the blessed God, including that part of the councils of God relative to the great subject before us to-night.

The sinner's way is a way of error.—Sometimes men's errors become their principles of action. But these errors will lead to irregularities. Let us suppose ourselves in a Mahommedan land—never having even seen the Koran; or in Papal Rome—and you may gather from the way men live and act what grevious errors prevail.

This idea applies forcible to the work of intemperance, and we see also much to commend in that Reform which seeks to convert men from the error of their way on this subject. I am convinced there are great errors abroad in this matter and men must be converted from these. Error herein does exist. The majority do not see the great sin of turning precious food into poisons, which destroy the bodies and souls of men, and lead to the dishonor of Almighty God. I believe it is foreign, it is opposed to the will and mind of God, to take the wholesome grain, and by destroying its nutritious ingredients, make these poisonous liquors;—it is antagonistic to every principle of that Holy Being who made all things, and breathed over all "It is very good!"

Then come down to the Traffic. It is a crime to commit certain offences—and the laws hold the offender guilty; but men buy and sell intoxicating drinks, and therewith destroy the persons, properties and souls of men with impunity. Such public sentiment is wrong; all wrong.—So, a few years ago, on the subject of Slavery, an iniquity so prevalent throughout the world a short time ago; the buying and selling of human beings. The public became inured to this great sin and practice. So in regard to intemperance. The evil and fatal consequences of this demon sin have become familiarized. We cease to look upon them as sinful, although God abhors them.

This also applies, I believe, to the moderate drinking of our day; this keeping up of those fashionable drinking customs of society, so entirely opposed to the mind and will of God. Out of this moderate drinking arises drunkenness. Hence it is a course of error—and this view I believe to be clear, distinct, and Scriptural. These must be cast off—and here let me say, it is not irrelevrant, I never want a Prohibitory Law until public opinion is "converted" to it. We must have public opinion for the downfall of the accursed Traffic, so dishonoring to God, and so destructful of our fellow men. The day will come when this evil, like any other that destroys property and man will be prohibited. But public sentiment must be educated and converted. I should like to see, and I believe we will see it, two-thirds of our people favourable to Prohibition.

But the errors alluded to in my text are progressive, and become "a multitude of sins. One sin leads to another. The first sin committed in the world, was not in the simple act of eating the prohibited fruit, but in covetousness, which is in itself, and led to a violation of God's law, and then the woman tempted Adam and he sinned also. So follow it on, and you will find one sin leading to another. Lust in David progressed to murder.—But where more so, than in application to the poor drunkard, staggering on the verge of everlasting ruin. He did not become a miserable drunkard at once.—Oh how many young men are daily becoming drunkards—how many of them have already done so, and as such passed the awards of time. Some of these were perhaps, brought up under the prayers of pious parents, but also under the influences of moderate drinking. The Ministers of Christ never warned them of the terrible danger; they had only heard that preaching against the *abuse*, not the *use!* Acting upon these fatal errors the young man goes to the brilliant saloon. The intoxicating bowl is introduced—and gambling—and he becomes spell-bound beneath some strange instance or infatuation. His poor mother awaits anxiously at home, and the time flies on and he is not at home (perhaps for the first time) at the solemn hour of prayer, or when the members of the family retire to rest. Late in the hours of night he returns to his home, overcome by the drinks of his debauch. Oh, the sorrow of that mother—who shall describe it? On the morrow how bitterly he repents as he recovers. How he solemnly promises never to partake again, to that fond mother; but ungodly companions allure him away, and from one step to another he degrades himself, till he loses all consciousness of manly dignity, and at length he is found by the way side, or carried home by his wicked associates.

And intemperance is connected with and the parent of almost every other sin; the profanation of the Lord's Day; the blaspheming of holy things and of God, &c. Indeed we might write on the brow of every drunkard—"Ichabod, the glory has departed!" God alone knows the sin of moderate drinking. The light of eternity alone will reveal what attends upon this first step in sin.

But this way of error is also the way of death. "Shall save a soul from death." Yes, death is the end of the course.—Mark the young man in his path of error. He will not have to consume many years of prodigality, ere he will arrive at the fatal end by disease, or, it may be, self-murder—hurried by his own hand into eternity. It is indeed the way of death.

How many have had blood upon their hands through this error. There is now a man lying in Gaol awaiting his trial, on a charge of murder, committed while intoxicated. In King's County Gaol lies another, who, after drinking, imbrued his hands in his brother's blood, and will shortly be arraigned at the bar of his country. In another county, another committed a crime at which humanity shudders. He murdered his beloved wife, whom he had sworn to love and cherish, at the Altar of God. He fell under intoxicating drinks, and drew his wife's blood, and is now before the country.—Surely the error leads to death. Bet we are inured to these things. We see the trials at our Police Court, we hear of those sent to the Penitentiary—the Asylum—and we become familiarized with such things. If the horrors of this business were the results of any other system, men would be horror-stricken and shocked. If some wild beast of prey came from the adjacent woods, and destroyed but three lives, we would arm ourselves against the danger, and for its destruction. But here is a demon sin, which destroys life, joy, respectability, and the soul, and men are not conscious of their duty in relation to it. It is a way of progression in sin, in irreligion and intemperance.

There are motives held out why we should convert such. "Let him know that," &c. What a blessed work—to convert a sinner from the error of his way. Convert a soul! We often use this word "soul" Do we understand—do we comprehend its meaning. It is connected with a variety of attributes; a bright Understanding—Judgment—Imagination—Affections. The latter lead us to love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves. There is Conscience also—Will. Now let me ask what sin this side eternity affects this soul and all its noble attributes as drunkenness—this accursed sin of intempetance. Man's reason is destroyed—he is for the time a maniac, and frequently is incarcerated that the peace may not be disturbed. It destroys the judgment. Denudes him of imagination. Destroys all his affection. No other sin will so derange a man's heart, and turn him against his wife, his home. Take a man who would rather die than have his child abused, or shed his blood to protect a wife from insult or wrong. But now wife, children and home are all neglected. It also destroys the Conscience, it is seared as with a hot iron. Dr Jewett, in his able lectures in this City proved that man under the appetite for intoxicating stimulants cannot control himself. All these noble attributes are defaced and destroyed.

I believe we must turn to the religious, and not spend too much time on the political part of this subject. The great fact is this Error damns men's immortal souls, sending them down to Hell. And oh, how much of this evil may be laid at the door of the Church of God? How very seldom do we hear a distinct and certain sound from the Gospel trumpet on this subject!

And this soul is, we have said, immortal. We have told you of its attributes, and while God himself lives, the soul will live also. Let us refer to this. God reasoned with the Sadduce on the resurrection and immortality of the soul, saying "He is not God of the dead but of the living." The blessed Redeemer dying on the Cross, turned to the suffering suppliant by his side, and said "This day shall thou be with me in Paradise." St. Paul wrote, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Stephen, the first martyr, expired with the devout utterance on his lips, "Lord Jesus into thy hands I commend my spirit." These souls must live forever. Now what destroys them, leading them to the second death? The distinguished Robert Hall, a man who wrote with so much purity and elegance, in that splendid discourse on the "Obsequies of a Soul," measures it with inanimate and mortal things, till the great world itself and all its contents vanish into insignificance in the comparison. The Great Head of the Church asked "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and loose his own soul?" We daily see the death of the body. We all must depart—but "the soul that sinneth it shall die." "Dying thou shalt die," was the doom pronounced against the first of our race. But my text speaks of saving such a soul from the fearful perdition of ungodly men—from a final and awful separation from Heaven.

We know there are some who, in the exercise of mercy, reason:—True the poor drunkard goes down to death, with all his powers destroyed and nerves prostrated, but who will set bounds to the goodness of our God." We require no argument here. We look into this blessed Book and we are compelled to believe that God will not save a single soul in any but his own appointed way.

But imagine a drunkard entered upon Heaven! What can he—or will he—do there? The eminent Dr. Dodridge says of a sinner in Heaven; suppose a man with a burning fever and in anguish and pain, seated upon a Throne. Seat him there. Place the crown upon his head, and surround him with a retinue of courtiers doing unto him princely honors.—Would he, could he, be happy? No!—What the throne, crown, sceptre, to me, he might ask, while suffering beneath this burning, torturing, wasting fever?—Take them away—they but aggravate my pain—take me away from them!

So a Drunkard in Heaven! There is nothing rational in the idea that that unholy man will enjoy heaven. We must first have Heaven in our souls here. The poor Drunkard up there—why he could not join the holy song of the Redeemed—he would have no interest in the blood and righteousness, the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, or in his great Salvation. No Drinking there—and he would have no taste for the heavenly joys. Oh no. The holy place, the happy songs of angels and of the Spirits of the just men made perfect would be discordant to one who died of *Delirium Tremens* or by his own hand in Intemperance. Oh how man splendid specimens of the young men of Saint John have passed away. Alas, where are they? We do not wish to cast their memory into the shade We have even yet respect for them. But oh shall such a huge sin go on? And shall ministers of Christ be silent, and the Church of God look quietly on, while so many are staggering to eternal death?

We are told that the conversion of a Sinner results also in the "hiding of a multitude of sins."

How blessed to convert a man, how much good ho may do. The course than is to begin at the beginning. The first step is to save him from the first attack of Intemperance—this great foe of our race. We do not cover our own sins by converting another. "The blood of Jesus Christ alone cleanseth from all sin." But if you have a drinking son—father—brother, who is not yet destroyed, take hold of him. Go also to the man engaged in his awful traffic and speak to him—first in love. Go tell him "The voice of thy Brother's blood calleth from the ground to thee."

After proceeding in this strain for sometime—and alluding to the great good already achieved by the Reform, and to the fact that the Rumseller was now low down in society, unable to hold his head among christian people, and acknowledging his pleasure upon the institution and prosperity of this course of sermons in which Ministers of Christ preach the whole Gospel of God—his regret to find some Ministers afraid to speak out as the Ministers sometimes since were afraid to speak against slavery because they had slave-loving and slave-holding, pew holders, &c., he concluded a very earnest, eloquent, and telling discourse, by inviting all to be partakers in the Temperance Reform, as calculated to save many from the error of their way.

ONE OF SPURGEON'S HEARERS.

It will be interesting for you to know, writes a correspondent of the *Boston Recorder*, that Sir John Burgoyne, K. C. B.—a pet of the court and aristocracy—is one of the Rev. C. Spurgeon's warm friends, and rather constant attendant upon his ministry at the Surrey Music Hall; and that he is so, and also did not hesitate to be present at the meeting in the Baptist College, is not a little significant of the fact that great progress is making in this metropolis, and the large towns of the kingdom generally, towards the realization of true Christian union. Hence the plaudits which greeted the announcement, by the Rev. Dr. M'Lane, President of one of your Presbyterian Colleges, who was one of the speakers of the evening, that Christian union was never so manifest in the United States of America, as at this moment.—*Reflector.*

UNITED STATES CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, March 12th, 1859.

DEAR VISITOR,—Your welcome sheet reached me in due season and according to promise, I again send you a brief account of whatever I deem may be of interest to your readers. First of all, however, let me congratulate you on the recent addition to your Editorial corps. With such aid I feel assured the *Visitor* will become increasingly interesting and useful, and its circulation be largely extended. But as speakers say—to our subject. First of all, let us glance at

POLITICS.

The thirty-fifth Congress has just completed its last session, and according to law, expired on the 4th inst. at noon. The most important result has been the admission of Oregon into the Union. The advocates for the Pacific Railroad failed to carry their measures. The Tariff remains as before. The attempt to increase the rates of Postage not having succeeded, and in the struggle the Post Office appropriations having received the go-by, it is expected that a special session will be called, perhaps in July, to settle this business. The Post Master General died at Washington on the 8th.

The President has not yet been able to unfurl the "Star-spangled banner" over Cuba, much to the regret of some, who strangely seem to imagine that no other nation than the United States has a right to possess territory on the Western continent. Even had the bill appropriating $30 millions passed. Spain is in no mood to listen to any negotiations with reference to the alienation of her treasured Island, and the matter is waived till a more favorable opportunity arrive. The doings of Congress would prove of little interest to your readers, and as we wish to touch on several topics, we proceed to give some details with reference to the

WASHINGTON TRAGEDY,

which still continues the theme of every tongue. Some of the secular papers give very minute particulars, often dealing largely in imaginary scenes. The Pictorials outvie each other in the boasted excellence of their portraits, (not particularly flattering) of the principal actors in this sad affair. The religious press, too, speaks out boldly and well—utterly condemning the false code of honor which led Mr. Sickles in a moment of frenzied jealousy and excitement to commit a deed, the inevitable consequences of which, must be to draw down shame upon his own head, and a life-long reproach upon the unhappy victim of vanity and hollow-hearted flattery. Mrs. Sickles continues to address to her husband letters expressive of the sincerest penitence;—they receive no direct reply—but Mr. S. writes most affectionately to his little daughter. At the solicitation of a clergyman Mr. S. was induced to return to his wife their wedding ring which he had taken from her hand on the day of the tragedy. He is said to have stated that "he could not resist the appeal in behalf of one he had so long cherished with such deep affection, and while he was willing to return the emblem of their former love and union, he returned the ring broken, never to be re-united; she had sundered the bonds it typified too effectual ever to be repaired, and while he harbored no feelings of resentment, he was unalterably determined never to see her more. Can the hardest heart or the most rigid virtue fail to pity the recipient of such words? No! while we condemn her deeds, while we consider all three of the actors in this tragedy as guilty of crimes which merit the condemnation alike of an earthly and a heavenly tribunal, still we can but feel a deep commiseration for the youthful wife of a husband whose own domestic character was far from being stainless; the spoiled and flattered belle in the giddy circles of fashion from whose dazzling heights she has fallen never more to rise. Judicial proceedings against Mr. Sickles have commenced. He continues to be visited in prison by many of his friends, but I think he has less of public sympathy than at the first enactment of his crime. Take it all in all what a sad chapter of blended wrongs and woes does it comprise! What a mournful comment upon the wickedness; the utter frivolity and emptiness of what is familiarly termed gay society.

MOUNT VERNON.

Your readers are probably familiar with the exertions put forth by the ladies of the United States to purchase the former abode of Washington from its present proprietor,—a degenerate descendant of the 'Father of his Country!' Concerts, lectures, and all sorts of entertainments have been doing their share during the past winter to raise the requisite sum for the purchase, and to embellish and adorn the spot which is now in a sad state of decay. The $60-808 contributed by the celebrated Mr. Everett as the result of his labors alone, show the ardor with which he has thrown the aid of his splendid talents into this undertaking. It is a little singular that with all the American reverence for Washington, so little attention should have been paid to his last resting-place. Contrast Mount Vernon with the tombs and monuments of the honored dead in our own Father-land! But when that desecrated spot shall have been rescued from its present neglected condition, I presume no pains nor expense will be spared to render it a Mausoleum worthy of the great man whose remains are therein enshrined.

I must not forget, however, that you will be expecting some items of interest from New York.

The Senior Editor will regret to learn that Dr. Williams, with whom he has a personal acquaintance, is at present suffering from an accident of a serious nature. On his way to a funeral a few days since, Dr. Williams fell and fractured the cap of his right knee. Some time must elapse before he recovers, and the church will miss his faithful and eloquent administrations.

The daily prayer-meetings are still thronged. It is a sublime spectacle, to witness an immense Hall capable of seating some thousands, crowded with devoted worshippers,—each one, for the time, forgetful of worldly cares, giving his thoughts to the solemnities of the occasion. Many interesting anecdotes are related at these meetings, which I should like to transfer to your columns, but want of space forbids. The good which has resulted from these social gatherings forcibly shows how fervent has been their movement, how divine their origin. May they continue a blessing to the thousands in this great city, now living "without God and without hope in the world."

My letter is becoming too long I fear, so for the present adieu.

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

FERTILITY OF THE HOLY LAND.

No country of equal size, probably, contains greater inqualities of surface than Palestine—varying from the peaks of Lebanon, 10,000 feet above the sea level, to the plain of Jericho, 1,300 feet below it. Hence the Holy Land afforded almost every variety of variety of vegetbale productions; and when in its glory, populous and cultivated, and enjoying the smiles of Jehovah, it was not unworthy of the glowing rhapsody of Dr. Hamilton, the emphatic terms of which are almost all from the Bible.

A better country than this, earth did not contain. It was 'a delightsome' and 'a pleasant land:' 'a goodly heritage of the host of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty—with whatever was bold and gentle. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic herbs covered its hills, and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine and there clustered the date. And there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountains, and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human could raise the clusters of Eshcol. The south winds passed over the gardens, causing the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolve in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfoled its blossom. The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night. The birds sank among the braaches. The dew lay thick in Hermon. There was balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe droppped from the river bank. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drought.—Beautiful for situation was Mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellence of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The barns were filled with plenty,—the vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The granaries were filled with the finest wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its leaves dropped fatness. At stated periods fell the early and latter rain. The land might be called Beulah. This distant glimpse of its prospect refreshed the dying eye of Moses; and of all thine earthly territory this is emphatically thy land, O Immanuel.

This flowery description by no means applies to Palestine as it now is. Depopulated, neglected, misgoverned, it has become as desolate as it once was beautiful and fertile; and testifies to the truth of God's word, 'Woe be unto them when I depart from them.'—*N. Y. Chron.*

THE ARMS OF LOVE.

The arms of love, which were extended to a Magdalene, a Zaccheus, yes, to the thief upon the cross, are ever outspread to receive us, and at each new fall they lift us up, and fold us in their embrace so firmly that at last we can no more free ourselves. Dost thou ask if they are extended toward thee, thou fainting wrestler, who after a hundred falls and forgivenesses a hundred fold greater, with shame and confusion of face there standest? Yes, be comforted.—When I think of our Lord's answer to Peter's question, 'Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Seven times? No, I say unto thee, until seventy times seven,' I can say to thee with confidence thou wilt not the hundred and first time be thrust away, provided thy shame be not less, but even as great as was thy fall. This is the way the Christian grows in grace. Would you have proof of it? Find it in all who have become great in Christ's school. Through stumblings and falls, they have progressed far enough to be able to say with John, in spite of the distance of the goal, the narrowness of the way, the straightness of the gate, 'His commandments are not grievous.'—*Tholuck.*

FARM WORK FOR MARCH.

We now approach the first month of spring, which many who are tired of a cold winter will hail with pleasure, since its promises are usually fair though they are often known to be broken.

March is often a cold and boisterous month. The north winds can be kept back no longer, and they rush on to the sea coast to warm a little and make pretence of maintaining an equilibrium—but they cannot be trusted.

Thus the farmer and mechanic may look at home now and prepare for high winds from every quarter. They cannot venture far to market unless they have facilities to shelter them in the modern houses that are drawn by steam on iron rails.

Still there is much that may be done at home, in barns and shops, to make ready for the coming summer. That old cart is hardly fit to carry manure, as one of the felloes is weak, and the spoke is too slender without a gripe.

The old wagon must have some new stakes, and now is the time to fit them in. The old wheelbarrow has lost one of its legs, and as winter hurried on this was forgotten. Now the first manure hauled out in March will be in your wheelbarrow, into your garden; but a wheelbarrow with a broken leg is not so well provided for as our pensioners are by the General Government.

It is not yet too late to cut and haul up wood in good weather. Scattered trees may be brought home and fitted for the fires, and the door-yard should be all cleared up in the month of March that no obstruction may remain when the ground becomes bare.

MENDING FENCES, HEDGES.

There are many rods on most farms which are very easily fenced by means of live hedges. These want a little trimming each year, and now is the time to bend down and lop such sprouts as are large enough to act as rails in a common fence.

Bend down the young birch, or maple, or willow, and let your man cut it off, in such a sloping manner as to prevent its breaking. Now these lopped trees will grow well in a horizontal posture, and will soon make a fence strong enough for any orderly cattle. When the lopping is not done till May, the limbs are not half so likely to live, and much of your labor will be lost.

Hedges flourish best by the side of wood-lots, and ditches which are made for the double purpose of draining and fencing. In some cases hedges are an ornament to a farm rather than otherwise, and they are surely the cheapest fences that are made.

But we must look again to the barns and the hay mows. Cattle now will want hay of a better quality than they had in the winter. The milk cows in particular should have close attention, and such as have early calves must be milked as clean as in summer.

Those calves that are to be raised may be permitted to suck as long as three months before weaning; and then keep the calves on the finest hay and a little oatmeal. It is too early now to make much of the dairy though much may be made of thrifty calves. March is the right month for cows to drop calves which are to be raised. Farmers who sell milk must feed higher than those who make butter.—*Ploughman.*

THE INEXHAUSTIBLE FULLNESS.

Mountains have been exhausted of their gold, mines of their diamonds, and the depths of ocean of their pearly gems. The demand has emptied the supply. Over once busy scenes, silence and solitude now reign; the caverns ring no longer to the miner's hammer, nor is the song of the pearl-fisher heard upon the deep. But the riches of grace are inexhaustible. All that have gone before us have not made them less and we shall make them no less to those who follow us. When they have supplied that want, of unborn millions, the last of Adam's race that lonely man, over whose head the sun is dying, beneath whose feet the earth is reeling, shall stand by as full a fountain as this day invites you to drink and live, to wash and be clean. I have found it an interesting thing to stand on the edge of a noble rolling river, and to think that, although it has been flowing on for 6,000 years, watering the fields, and slaking the thirst of a hundred generations, it shows no sign of waste or want; and when I have watched the rise of the sun, as he shot above the crest of the mountain, or in a sky draped with golden curtains sprang up from his ocean bed, I have wondered to think that he has melted the snows of so many winters, and renewed the verdure of so many springs, and painted the flowers of so many summers, and ripened the golden harvests of so many autumns, and yet shines as brilliant as ever, his eye not dim, nor his natural strength abated, nor his floods of light less full for less full for centuries of boundless profusion.

Yet what are these but images of the fullness that is in Christ? Let that feed your hopes, and cheer your hearts, and brighten your faith, and send you away this day happy and rejoicing. For, when judgment flames have licked up that flowing stream, and the light of that glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness or veiled in the smoke of a burning world, the fullness that is in Christ shall flow on throughout eternity in the bliss of the redeemed. Blessed Saviour! Imagine of God! Divine Redeemer! in thy presence is fullness of joy; and thy right hand there are plea-