

The Christian Visitor.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. S. E. BILL & H. P. GUILFORD, PUBLISHERS. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 26, 1859.

REV. S. E. BILL & H. P. GUILFORD, PUBLISHERS. SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY JANUARY 26, 1859.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Dear Visitor.—Here I am seated in the dining-room of a *rune tavern*, with pen in hand, just ready to commence my weekly letter. As a kind of *thought-and-pen-quickener*, three or four persons are busily engaged in taking their evening meal, and they are exceedingly social. A lady sits near the fire trying to warm her feet. A friend sits at my elbow drawing off names from my VISITOR LIST, and in the room adjoining, some musical numbers, is doing his best upon the *fiddle*, while numbers of heavy feet are keeping time in the way of having a regular *share* of the music. So that if there is any virtue in such aids, the readers of the *Visitor* may expect in this epistle a combination both rich and racy. All that is wanting in the way of confused variety, is a Military training, a sham-fight and a thunder shower. Then could't we write *first rates*?

THE WORLD'S GREAT VICTORY.

It is an inherent principle in the human mind, to admire and revere greatness of character. Those among men who have distinguished themselves above their fellows, either as poets, philosophers, warriors, statesmen or orators, are regarded with reverence and esteem. From the heroes sung by Homer, down through succeeding centuries, to the last great warrior of our own times, conquerors have been famous in the world's history.

We may glance at a few of the most renowned, and see on what grounds their claims upon our homage rests. Look on the Spartan hero Leonidas, as he stood, surrounded by a handful of brave men, opposing the passage of the Persian hosts; dying for Greece; preferring the liberty of his country to life itself. Surely such self-sacrificing heroism, as this is worthy our admiration; and though Leonidas fell, he may well be styled a conqueror, *he conquered a name.* The hero of Macedonia performed prodigies of valor which have placed him in the highest rank as the world's foremost Captain. Hannibal conquered the veteran legions of imperial Rome on their native plains, and for a long time preserved the independence of his ungrateful country almost against his will. Cæsar could say of the countless herds of ferocious barbarians which he encountered, "Veni, vidi, vici—I came, I saw, I conquered." And now coming down to modern times, let us notice some later conquerors. Washington the great and good, by his prudence and valour established a nation, which within little more than half a century has become the world's wonder and pride. The same age, prolific in great men, produced two whose names will vie with the most renowned heroes of antiquity, Napoleon and Wellington. The first perhaps in some respects the greatest and most extraordinary of earth's sons. A soldier of fortune, rising by the mighty force of his own genius to a position the proudest in Christendom; giving laws to half Europe; and well nigh master of the civilized world. For a long time his course exhibited an unbroken series of the most brilliant achievements and the greatest victories. But the star of Napoleon paled before that of Wellington. Some one has said, (Giffillan we believe), that the shadow went back at least a century on the great dial of human progress, on the field of Waterloo. We think not so. The victory which secured the integrity of the British Empire, the bulwark as it has been justly styled of civil and religious liberty for the world; saved Christendom from the despair of the heathen Corsican, and the name of the "Iron Duke" who accomplished this mighty result should be cherished by every lover of freedom.

But there are purer and fairer laurels than those won on the battle field. A'd Fame has crowned with glorious wreaths those gifted sons of genius who have striven successfully for the prize in the arena of science and discovery; and conquered a name on the fair page of literature. Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare and Milton, among poets; Plato, Aristotle and Bacon among philosophers; and in the walks of science, Copernicus and Isaac Newton, not to mention the hosts of other great men whose names would fill a volume. Yet they are household words among us and whose fame is world wide; prove that there are heroes in every department of life. And who shall say who is the greatest in this congregation of the great? Who decide between the rival claimants, and award the crown to the greatest victor? None. If however we can find one whom each of the rival candidates acknowledge as a superior, and to whom each yielded the palm in turn; 'twere easy to pronounce a decision. Let us see if we can find an arm which subdued all those mighty ones of earth. "Lo, he comes riding on a pale horse, and the conquerors are conquered, the victors vanquished. Beneath the lightning of his glance the proudest warrior falls, and a touch of his withering finger, palsies the hand of the readiest writer, seals the lips of the most eloquent orator and wounds the brain of the busiest and deepest thinker. Beneath the hoofs of his charger, nations are trodden into dust, and the grave opens her mouth to receive the countless victims of the realmless Victor. Oh Death thou art surely a mighty conqueror! But art thou the greatest? Is there no one to rescue us from this remorseless Tyrant? No one able to wrest the prey from the hands of the mighty? Yes, there is one greater than he, stronger and mightier than the "King of Terrors." One who has conquered the monster death, in his own domain.

Jesus man's Savior. He it is who is emphatically the World's great victor, pre-eminently so in all points. All those whose great achievements have rendered their names famous in the earth's history, have excelled in some one point. But Jesus triumphed in all. He inspired by his divine spirit, the sublime strains of David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and dictated the glorious mystic of the Apocalypse to his servant John. Did ever strain sung by mortal poet, approach those lofty and beautiful productions, considered merely as good and soul-ravishing poems? What is the eloquence of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, compared to the power of his oratory who "spoke as never man spake"? The philosophy

Philosophy of Plato the greatest moral Philosopher

of all Heathendom, is to the sublime code of moral philosophy promulgated by the Son of God, as the glimmering light of the glow-worm to the splendour of the noonday sun. And surely He who made the laws of nature, claims high pre-eminence above those philosophers who groping blindly among them have discovered a few of the plainest yet are unable to explain those. But it is as the mighty conqueror of Sin, Death and Hell, that the greatness of the character of our glorious Redeemer shines with the brightest lustre. Look on Mount Calvary when the great decisive battle was fought between "The Lion of the Tribe of Judah" and the combined forces of the Prince of darkness, the terrible phalanx of Hell. No wonder the affrighted grave gave up its dead, the reeling earth shook to its centre the amazed sun withdrew its light, hiding its appalled face from the terrible conflict, and creation groaned in conscious terror, as the "God man" encountered the armies of darkness, and alone fought the great battle of salvation. And as the contest ended the words of the dying Victor "It is finished" re-animated awe-stricken nature, and announced the victory won. While the baffled Adversary fled the field, leading his vanquished legions back to their gloomy prison of everlasting despair. But Death eldest born and darling of sin, might still imagine that his horrid power was a broken. For Lo! he held the body of his master conqueror in his grasp. But the morning of the third day dawned upon creation; an angel descended, the stone is rolled back, and behold he comes; the conqueror comes, leading captivity captive. And Death the last enemy is put under his feet, who did put all things under him." Henceforth death instead of being the "King of Terrors," is to the christian but a friendly messenger, sent to unlock the doors of the clay prison houses and set the glad spirit free to soar upward to the regions of immortal glory, to join the blessed throng of the redeemed spirits, the blessed fruit of Calvary's victory, in ascribing glory and honour, and power, and blessing, to Him who hath redeemed us and to the Lamb forever.

Yes fellow christian, Jesus the captain of our salvation is a glorious, a mighty Victor, infinitely greater than the greatest of whom sages have written, or poets sung.

Should we not then lift up our heads with holy confidence in our great High Priest, and casting aside all fear and doubting rum with joy the race that is set before us; knowing that He in whom we trust is able to bring us out of conquerors, yea more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us, and hath redeemed us with his own blood. C. A. M.

Frederickton, Jan. 14th, 1859.

DEAR BRETHREN,—The work of God in this City presents several features of beauty, importance and improvement, in comparison with the former state of things. God is doing a great work in Frederickton. Probably ungodly men can neither see it nor confess it. But this is no evidence. As it is in the days of Pharaoh, so it is now; the ungodly get on the dark side of the pillar of cloud and fall into the jaws of death. Religion has its dark side, not of necessity, but because of our infirmity and sin. It has also its bright side, and happy is Israel in pitching his tent on the sunny side; or rather let us give glory to God who causes the light to shine out of darkness, and gives to his people innumerable evidences of his presence. In speaking of a revival of religion, whoever under God may be the instruments, must always be prepared to meet the two opinions of the world, and the Church of Christ. I imagined myself on a visit to Thessalonica, and other scenes of Apostolic labour, and with the light of the WORD made many pleasing discoveries. While I was admiring the beautiful phases of the works of God in the conversion of the multitude of "devout Greeks," and the great number of the "chief women," and while divided in my delight between the contemplation of the happy converts and the honour of the Apostle, as the means under God, I was shocked with the blaspheming of those who went up and down the city crying, "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also." Brother editor, the doctrine of apostolical succession is a glorious truth! He is a true successor of the Apostles who "Strong in the strength Which God supplies Through his eternal son," can lay his hand on a city and turn it upside down! This is just what we mean to do, the Lord being our helper. We find the world facing hell and sin and death; we have begun the up-heaving, and we shall never cease to lift and toil until we have turned it upside towards Heaven and Truth, and Life! I cannot say that we have accomplished this much in Frederickton yet—far from it. But there is a moving—a shaking—and a good hope. There is a greater *union* among Christ's servants. Our Union Prayers Meetings have been seasons of great power—Christmas day and New Year's day saw different evangelical bodies united in prayer and fellowship

before the throne of grace.

These two days will be memorable scenes in our life. Last New Year's day, 1858—we saw the whole city running wild after a parcel of mummies, or merry dancers, or swizze town celestials, or some such outlandish name,—young fellows dressed in such tom-foolery, that if God had made them half as ugly as they made themselves they would have found fault with him for ever! But this year saw some of the very leaders converted to God, the company broke up, and an interesting prayer meeting for all denominations in the Temperance Hall. I am sorry that we shall be obliged to give up our Union Prayer Meetings, not for want of cordiality or true christian union, but because the ministers who assisted us are absent from town, and the residing ministers have other duty demanding their time. We have had but one ripple on the surface during the whole of the Union Meetings. It was understood that we should abstain from topics of a secondary character, upon which we all agreed to differ, and unite on the broad platform of those grand and essential principles of Christianity absolutely necessary to salvation. But it so happened on one occasion, that the Presbyterian clergyman in leading the meeting, expounded I John 1: 7th verse in such a clear, full, and comprehensive sense, reaching to that state of fellowship with the Father, which John Wesley calls "Christian Perfection" that a Wesleyan brother could not help but express his gratification and delight at hearing a Presbyterian explain and enforce so powerfully his own views of gospel love. After the Wesleyan brother had expressed his pleasure in listening to such a statement of christian perfection from the lips of a Presbyterian, the Reverend gentleman rose to correct any false impression he had made on the mind of the Wesleyan, assuring him that he did not agree with the Wesleyans in their view of what John calls "Perfect Love." But all this was done in such perfect kindness and humility, that we may affirm Christian Union is, henceforth, a great fact in Frederickton.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN BREWSTER.

DEAR VISITOR.—The Lord has measurably blessed us in Kingston, with some tokens of his divine favour. Many prayers have ascended to God from the hearts of the faithful few, in behalf of this part of God's Vineyard, and we trust they are about to be answered. Many are anxiously enquiring, what they must do to be saved? some have found peace in believing. 3 have been baptized, and others are expected to follow soon in the same ordinance.

We trust that many prayers will be offered for this place, that this may be the set time to favour Zion.

W. ALLEN COREY.
Jan 10th 1859 Kingston K. C.

QUARRELS AMONG CHRISTIANS.

At all times welcome Visitor. And much more so, when paid for in advance.

As there is in christians remaining corruption as well as grace, while in this state, we drop you an extract, as given by Searle "On quarrels among christians." Perhaps the shoe may fit some of your population of christian readers, without giving the length of the foot, and if so, it may serve as a spur to help them on their way Zionward.

CHAS. H. BALMAIN.
Jan 17th, 1859.

If christians, who have a matter of difference, would graciously agree to meet with each other in prayer, and to pray together for each other before the throne of grace, surely, if they desire the attainment of that right and truth which they pray for, they might soon find it out and settle it accordingly: but it is the flesh which comes in and mars all.

One cannot stoop; and the other will not. They are not so wise as Luther's two goats, that m.t upon a narrow plank over a deep water; they could not go back, and they dared not fight. At length, one of them laid down, while the other went over him; and so peace and safety attended both. Why should not believers try this method? But, alas while grace remains idle or neuter; the world jeers and triumphs; the devil is busy and excited; good men mourn and lament; the weak are stumbled and turned aside; and a long train of inquietudes and jealousies fill the hearts of those who humbly hope to dwell with God and with each other, throughout eternity. These things ought not to be.

also recorded as illustrations of the various subjects treated on.

Any young lady who desires to learn what are the elements that contribute to the development of a true womanly and symmetrical character will find them faithfully set forth herein in a perspicuous and an agreeable style.

The Evening of Life; or Light and Comfort in the Shadow of Declining years, by Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin, D. D.

Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 1859.

This is a volume designed for Elderly persons. It is composed of beautiful extracts from the best authors with a few original pieces by Dr. Chaplin and all of them are well calculated to interest, console and benefit those whose evening shadows of life have begun to fall and who are expecting soon to experience the realities of the future state. It is a book that is most suitable as a gift from son or daughter to an aged parent. The type is clear and although not very course can be read by the aged without much difficulty.

LOVE.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SABBATH MORNING, DECEMBER 19TH, 1858 BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, AT THE MUSIC HALL, ROYAL SURRY GARDENS.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—I John iv. 19.

During the last two Sabbath days I have been preaching the gospel to the unconverted, I have earnestly exhorted the very chief of sinners to look to Jesus Christ, and have assured them that as preparation for coming to Christ, they need no good works, or good disposition, but that they may come, just as they are, to the foot of the cross, and receive the pardoning blood and all-sufficient merits of the Lord Jesus Christ. The thought has since occurred to me, that some who were ignorant of the gospel might, perhaps, put this query:—Is this likely to promote morality? If the gospel be a proclamation of pardon to the very chief of sinners, will not this be a license to sin? In what respects can the gospel be said to be a gospel according to holiness? How will such preaching operate? Will it make men better? Will they be more attentive to the laws which relate to man and man. Will they be more obedient to the statutes which relate to man and God? I thought, therefore, that we would advance a step further, and endeavour to show, this morning, how the proclamation of the gospel of God though in the commencement it addresses itself to men who are utterly destitute of any good, is nevertheless, designed to lead these very men to the noblest of virtue, yea, to ultimate perfection in holiness. The text tells us that the effect of the gospel received in the heart is, that it compels and constrains such a heart to love God. "We love him, because he first loved us." When the gospel comes to us it does not find us loving God; it does not expect anything of us, but coming with the divine application of the Holy Ghost, it simply assures us that God loves us, be we never so deeply immersed in sin; and then the effect of this proclamation of love is, that "we love him because he first loved us."

Can you imagine a being placed halfway between this world and heaven? Can you conceive of him as having such enlarged capacities that he could easily discern what was done in heaven, and what was done on earth? I can conceive that, before the Fall, if there had been such a being he would have been struck with the singular harmony which existed between God's great world, called heaven, and the little world, the earth. Whenever the chimes of heaven rang, the great note of those massive bells was *love*; and when the little bells of earth were sounded, the harmonies of this narrow sphere rang out their note, it was just the same—*love*. When the bright spirits gathered around the great throne of God in heaven to magnify the Lord, at the same time, there was to be seen the world, clad in its priestly garments, offering its sacrifice of purest praise. When the cherubim and seraphim did continually cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies," there was heard a note, feeble, perhaps, but yet a sweetly musical, coming up from paradise, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of armies." There was no jar, no discord; the thunder peals of heaven's melodies were exactly in accord with the whispers of earth's harmonies. There was "Glorious to God in the highest," and on earth there was glory too; the heart of man was as the heart of God. God loved man and man loved God. But imagine that same great Spirit to be still standing between the heavens and the earth how sad must be, when he hears the jarring discord, and feels it grate upon the ear! The Lord saith: "I am reconciled to thee, I have put away thy sin;" but what is the answer of this earth? The answer of the world is, "Man is at enmity with God; God may be reconciled, but man is not. The mass of men are still enemies to God by wicked works." When the angels praise God, if they list to the sounds that are to be heard on earth, they hear the trump of cruel war; they hear the bacchanalian shout and the song of the lascivious, and what a discord! It is in the great harmony of the spheres? The fact is this,—the world was originally one great soft harp in the harp of the universe, and when the

might swept that harp with his gracious fingers

there was nothing to be heard but praise; now that string is snapped, and where it has been reset by grace, still it is not wholly restored to its perfect tune, and the note that cometh from it hath but little of sweetness, and very much of discord. But, O bright Spirit, retain thy place, and live on. The day is hastening with glowing wheels, and the axle thereof is hot with speed. The day is coming when this world shall be a paradise again. Jesus Christ, who came the first time to bleed and suffer, that he might wash the world from its iniquity, is coming a second time to reign and conquer, that he may clothe the earth with glory; and the day shall arrive when thou, O Spirit, shall hear again the everlasting harmony. Once more the bells of earth shall be attuned to the melodies of heaven; once more shall the eternal chorus find that no singer is absent, but that the music is complete.

But how is this to be? How is the world to be brought back? How is it to be restored? We answer, the reason why there was this original harmony between earth and heaven was, because there was *love* between them twain, and our great reason for hoping that there shall be a re-established an undiscordant harmony between heaven and earth is simply this, that God hath already manifested his love towards us, and that in return, hearts touched by his grace do even now love him; and when they shall be multiplied, and love re-established, then shall the harmony be complete.

Having thus introduced my text, I must now plunge into it. We shall notice the parentage, the nourishment, and walk of love; and shall exhort all believers here present, to love God, because he hath first loved them.

I. In the first place, THE PARENTAGE OF TRUE LOVE TO GOD. There is no light in the planet but that which cometh from the sun; there is no light in the moon but that which is borrowed; and there is no true love in the heart, but that which cometh from God. Love is the light, the life, and way of the universe. Now, God is both life, and light and way and to crown all God is love. From this overflowing fountain of the infinite love of God all our love to God must spring. This must ever be a great and certain truth, that we love him, for no other reason than because he first loved us. There are some that think God might be loved by simple contemplation of his works. We do not believe it. We have heard a great deal about admiring philosophers, and we have felt that admiration was more than possible, when studying the works of God. We have heard a great deal about wondering discoverers, and we have acknowledged that the mind must be base indeed which does not wonder when it looks upon the works of God; and we have sometimes heard about love to God which has been engendered by the beauties of scenery, but we have never believed in its existence. We do believe that where love is already born in the heart of man, all the wonders of God's providence and creation may excite that love again, it being there already; but we do not and we cannot believe, because we never saw such an instance, that the mere contemplation of God's works could ever raise any man to the height of love. In fact the great problem has been tried, and it has been solved in the negative. What saith the poet.

What though the spicy breezes blow soft o'er
Java's isle;
Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.

Where God is most resplendent in his works, most lavish in his gifts, there man has been the vilest and God is the most forgotten.

Others have taught, if not exactly in doctrine, yet their doctrine necessarily leads to it, that human nature may of itself attain unto love to God. Our simple reply is, we have never met with such an instance. We have curiously questioned the people of God, and we believe that others have questioned them in every age, but we have never had but one answer to this question, "Why hast thou loved God?" The only answer has been, "Because he first loved me." I have heard men preach about free-will, but I never yet heard of a Christian who exalted free-will in his own experience. I have heard men say, that men of their own free-will may turn to God, believe, repent, and love, but I have heard the same persons, when talking of their own experience, say, that they did not so turn to God, but that Jesus sought them when they were strangers, wandering from the fold of God. The whole matter may look specious enough, when preached, but when felt it is found to be a phantom. It may seem right enough for a man to tell his fellow that his own free-will may save him; but when he comes to close dealing with his own conscience he himself, however wild in his doctrine, is compelled to say, "Oh! yes, I do love Jesus, because he first loved me." I have wondered at a Wesleyan brother, who has sometimes raised against this doctrine in the pulpit, and then has given out this very hymn, and all the members of the church have joined in singing it most heartily, while at the same time they were telling the death-knell of their own peculiar tenets; for if that hymn be true, Arminianism must be false. If it be the certain fact, that the only reason for our loving God is that