

# The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1864.

## FAITH AND LIFE.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, JAN. 24, 1864, BY REV. C. A. SPRONG.

"Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ, to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue: and forasmuch as exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

The two most important things in our holy religion are *faith and life*. He who shall rightly understand these two words is not far from being a master in experimental theology. Faith and life these are vital points to a Christian. They possess so intimate a connection with each other that they are by no means to be severed; God hath so joined them together, let no man seek to put them asunder. You shall never find true faith unattended by true godliness; on the other hand, you shall never discover a truly holy life which has not its root and foundation in a living faith upon the righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, it will be clear to all that in the four verses before us, our apostle has most excellently set forth the necessity of these two things—twice over he insists upon the faith, and twice over upon the holiness of life. We will take the first occasion first.

I. Observe, in the first place, what he says concerning the *character and the origin of faith*, and then concerning the *character and origin of spiritual life*.

"Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ, to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." So far the faith. "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue." These two verses, you see, concern the spiritual life which comes with the faith.

Let us begin where Peter begins with the *FAITH*. You have here a description of true saving faith.

First, you have a description of its source. He says, "to them that have obtained like precious faith." See, then, my brethren, faith does not grow in man's heart by nature; it is a thing which is obtained. "It is not a matter which springs up by a process of education, or by the example and excellent instruction of our parents; it is a thing which has to be obtained. Not imitation, but regeneration; not development, but conversion. All our good things come from without us. Now, that which is obtained by us must be given to us; and well are we taught in Scripture that "faith is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God." Although faith is the act of man, yet it is the work of God. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness;" but that heart must, first of all, have been renewed by divine grace before it ever can be capable of the act of saving faith. Faith, we say, is man's act, for we are commanded to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and we shall be saved. At the same time, faith is God's gift, and wherever we find it, we may know that it did not come there from the force of nature, but from a work of divine grace. How this magnifies the grace of God, my brethren, and how low this casts human nature! Faith! Is it not one of the simplest things? Merely to depend upon the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, does it not seem one of the easiest of virtues? To be nothing, and to let Him work for me, does not this seem to be the most elementary of all the Christian graces? Indeed, so it is; and yet, even to the first principle and rudiment, poor human nature is so fallen and so utterly undone, that it cannot attain unto it! Have we a hope that we have been enabled through divine grace to cast away all our own righteousness and every dependence, and are we now, whether we sink or swim, resting entirely upon the person, the righteousness, the blood, the intercession, the precious merit of our Lord Jesus Christ? If not, we have cause enough to tremble; but if we have, while the apostle writes, "Unto them that have obtained like precious faith," he writes to us, and across the interval of centuries his benediction comes as full and fresh as ever, "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you."

Peter having described the origin of this faith, proceeds to describe its *object*. The word, "through" in our translation, might quite as correctly have been rendered "in"—"faith in the righteousness of our God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." True faith, then, is a faith in Jesus Christ, but it is a faith in Jesus Christ as *divine*. That man who believes in Jesus Christ as simply a prophet, as only a great teacher, has not the faith which will save him. Clarity would make us hope for many Unitarians, but honest compulsion to condemn them without exception, so far as vital godliness is concerned. It matters not how intelligent may be their conversation, nor how charitable may be their manners, nor how patriotic may be their spirit; if they reject Jesus Christ as very God of very God, we believe they shall without doubt, perish everlastingly. Our Lord uttered no dubious words when he said, "He that believeth not shall be damned," and we must not attempt to be more liberal than the Lord himself. Little allowance can I make for one who receives Jesus the prophet, and rejects him as God. "It is an atrocious outrage upon common sense for a man to profess to be a believer in Christ at all, if he does not receive his divinity. If he were not God, the atrocity of his having palmed himself upon us, his disciples, as God, puts aside altogether from consideration any of the apparent virtues of his life. He was the greatest of all deceivers, if he was not 'very God of very God.' O beloved, you and I have found no difficulties here; when we have beheld the record of his miracles, when we have listened to the testimony of his divine Father, when we have heard the word of the inspired apostles, when we have felt the majesty of his own divine influence in our own hearts, we have graciously accepted him as 'the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the mighty God, the ever-living Father,' and, as John bears witness of him and said, 'The Word was in the beginning with God, and the Word was God,' even so have we received him; so that at this day, he that was born of the virgin Mary, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews, is to us 'God over all, blessed for ever.'"

bear the weight of sin! Who but a God shall be the 'same yesterday, to-day, and for ever?' Concerning whom but a God could it be said, 'I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.' We have to do with Christ, and we should be consumed if he changed; inasmuch, then, as he does not change, and we are not consumed, he must be divine, and our soul rolls the entire burden of its care and guilt upon the mighty shoulders of the everlasting God, who—

"Bears the earth's huge pillars up, And spreads the heavens abroad."

Remark in further dwelling upon the text, that the apostle has put in another word beside "God," and that is, "of God our Saviour." As if the glory of the Godhead might be too bright for us, he has attempted it by gentler words "our Saviour." Now, to trust Jesus Christ as divine, will save no man, unless there be added to this a resting in him as the great propitiatory sacrifice. Jesus Christ is our Saviour because he became a substitute for guilty man. He having taken upon himself the form of manhood by union with our nature, stood in the room, place, and stead of sinners. When the whole tempest of divine wrath was about to spend itself on man, he endured it all for his elect. Be glad, and rejoice in the Lord without ceasing, if to-day that blessed Redeemer who has ascended upon high has become thy Saviour, delivered thee from sin, passing by thy transgressions, and making thee to be accepted in the beloved. A Saviour is he to us when he delivered us from the curse, punishment, guilt, and power of sin. "He shall save his people from their sins." O thou great God, be thou my Saviour, mighty to save.

But be pleased to notice the word "righteousness." It is a faith in the righteousness of our God and Saviour. In these days, certain divines have tried to get rid of all idea of atonement; they have taught that faith in Jesus Christ would save men, apart from any faith in him as a sacrifice. Ah, brethren, it does not say, "faith in the teaching of God our Saviour;" I do not find here that it is written, "faith in the character of God our Saviour, as our exemplar." No, but "faith in the righteousness of God our Saviour." That righteousness, like a white robe, must be cast around us. I have not received Jesus Christ at all, but I am an adversary and an enemy to him, unless I have received him as Jehovah Tsidkenu, the Lord our righteousness. There is his perfect life, that life was a life for me; it contains all the virtues, in it there is no spot; it keeps the law of God, and makes it honorable; my faith takes that righteousness of Jesus Christ, and it is cast about me, and I am then so beautifully, nay, so perfectly arrayed, that even the eye of God can see neither spot nor blemish in me. Have we, then, to-day a faith in the righteousness of God our Saviour? Put the question, brethren, have we this like precious faith in God and our Saviour Jesus Christ?

Our apostle has not finished the description, without saying that it is "like precious faith!" All faith is the same sort of faith. Our faith may not be like that of Peter, in degree, but if it be genuine, it is like it as to its nature, its origin, its objects, and its results. Here is a blessed equality. Speak of liberty, equality, and fraternity; you shall only find these things carried out within the church of Christ. There is indeed a blessed equality here, for the poorest, little-faith who ever crept into heaven on his hands and knees, has a like precious faith with the mighty apostle Peter.

He tells us too, that faith is "precious," and is it not precious for it deals with precious things, with precious promises, with precious blood, with a precious redemption, with all the preciousness of the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Well may that be called "precious faith," which is the symbol of our election, the evidence of our calling, the root of all our graces, the channel of communion, the weapon of prevalence, the shield of safety, the substance of hope, the evidence of eternity, the gerund of immortality, and the passport of glory. O for more of this inestimably precious faith. Precious faith, indeed, it is.

Now we shall turn to notice with great brevity, the *LIFE*. "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord, according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue." Here we have, then, brethren, the fountain and source of our spiritual life. Just as faith is a boon which is to be obtained, so you will perceive that our spiritual life is a principle which is given. A thing which is given to us, too, by divine power—"according as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness." To give life at all is the essential attribute of God. This is an attribute which he will not alienate; to save and to destroy belong unto the Sovereign of heaven. "He can create, and he destroy" is one of the profoundest notes in the ascription of our praise. Suppose a corpse before us. How great a pretender would he be who should boast that it was in his power to restore it to life! Certainly, it would be even a greater pretence if any one should say that he could give to himself or to another the divine life, the spiritual life by which a man is made a Christian. My brethren, who are partakers of the divine nature, know that by nature you were dead in trespasses and sins, and would have continued so until this day if there had not been an interposition of divine energy on your behalf. There you lay in the grave of your sin, rotten, corrupt, the voice of the minister called to you, but you did not hear. You were often bidden to come forth, but you did not and could not come. But when the Lord said, "Lazarus, come forth," then Lazarus came forth; and when he said to you, "Live," then you lived also, and the spiritual life best within you, with joy and peace through believing. This we ought never to forget, because, as never fail to remember, that if our religion is a thing which springs from itself, it is of the flesh and must die. That which is born of the flesh is its best and most favorable moment, its best, and only that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. "Ye must be born again." If a man's religious life be only a refinement of his ordinary life, if it be only a high attainment of the natural existence, then it is not the spiritual life, and does not prepare him for the eternal life before the throne of God. No, we must have a supernatural spark of heavenly flame kindled within us. Just as nothing but the soul can quicken the body and make it live, so the Spirit alone can quicken the soul and make the soul live. We must have the third master-principle infused, or else we shall be but natural men, made after the image of the first Adam. We must have, I say, the new spirit, or else we shall not be like the second Adam, who was made a quickening spirit. Only of the Christian can we say that he is spirit, soul, and body; the ungodly man has only soul

and body; and as to spiritual existence, he is as dead as the body would be if there were no soul. Now the implantation of this new principle called the spirit, is a work of divine power. Divine power! what stupendous issues are grasped in that term, divine power! It was this which digged the deep foundations of the earth and sea! Divine power, it is this which guides the matches of the stars in heaven! Divine power! it is this which holds up the pillars of the universe, and one day shall shake them, and hurry all things back to their native nothingness. Yet the self-same power which is required to create a world, and to sustain it, is required to make a man a Christian, and unless that power be put forth, the spiritual life is not in any one of us.

You will perceive, dear friends, that the apostle Peter wished to see this divine life in a healthy and vigorous state, and therefore he prays that grace and peace may be multiplied. Divine power is the foundation of this life: grace is the food it feeds upon, and peace is the element in which it lives most healthy. Give a Christian much grace, and his spiritual life will be like the life of a man who is well clothed and nurtured; keep the spiritual life without abundant grace, and it becomes lean, faint, and ready to die; and though die it cannot, yet will it seem as though it gave up the ghost, unless fresh grace be bestowed. Peace, I say, is the element in which it flourishes most. Let a Christian be much disturbed in mind, let earthly cares get into his soul, let him have doubts and fears as to his eternal safety, let him lose a sense of reconciliation to God, let his adoption be but dimly before his eyes, and you will not see much of the divine life within him. But oh! if God shall smile upon the life within you, and you get much grace from God, and your soul dwells much in the balmy air of heavenly peace, then shall you be strong to exercise yourself unto godliness, and your whole life shall adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour.

(To be Continued.)

From the New York Examiner.

## ANDREW FULLER AND HIS HOME.

The approaching jubilee of the American Missionary Union makes the present a fitting time to recall the memory and earthly associations of Andrew Fuller. His connection with the cause of missions is familiar to all intelligent Christians. We are likely, however, in our efforts in and for the present, to forget what it does to pioneers—to those who went forward in the cause of missions amidst the scorn of the worldly and the doubt of the pious, relying, with a sublime faith, on the promises made to prophets and apostles. Impelled by the same feeling which carried us through the miles of Roman and Neapolitan outcamps, to the grave of Calvin, and the ruins of Port Royal in the fields, we determined to visit the scenes of Fuller's life, labors, and death.

On a beautiful morning in September last, we left the smoke of London for the old town of Kettering. Soft airs from the Gulf Stream, which so modify the climate of England; swept over the meadows, hedge-rows, and ditches, while a sun almost bright gave new freshness to that close-set velvet sward which is so seldom seen out of the British Islands. A few hours' ride found us at the Kettering station. We drove to an old solid country public house, modernized under the name of the "Royal Hotel," engaged rooms, and at once commenced our explorations. The town contains something over 5,000 people, and bore evidence of having been finished long years ago. Quiet old houses, with their upper stories projecting over the lower, lined the straggling and irregular streets. The accumulations of centuries had raised the pavement above the ground floors, making it necessary to descend into them by steps. An air of mild decay seemed to pervade the town, though there was little manifestation of extreme poverty. It was formerly celebrated for its manufacture of thread laces, but this passed away, and has hardly been replaced by any business which is now carried on.

We inquired for the place where Fuller had preached, and were told that the Baptist meeting (to use the vulgar designation of a dissenting place of worship) was a little distance from our hotel. On our way thither we passed the Independent house of worship, where Fuller's friend, Rev. Mr. Toller, was for so many years pastor. The place is filled by a son of the former pastor, himself now past the meridian of life. We readily reached the Baptist chapel, and after some little search, found a woman who acted in the place of the sexton. To our great regret, we found that the old house had lately been demolished, and a new one erected on the same site. It was a commodious and well-finished house, seating some six hundred persons. The woman who carried the keys could not understand why we should prefer to see the old building, and after expatiating on the elegance and comfort of the house, she added, half musingly, as if it were a new illustration of the perversities of human nature, "that there were other old people who liked the old house best." We would much rather have seen the ugly old church, with its unpainted brick floor, and its high, square, uncarpeted pews, than any edifice, however commodious, not sanctified by associations with the great man, reverence for whose memory had brought us to Kettering.

We passed into the Sunday School room, where we saw the old pulpit and communion-table used by Fuller. The table was of oak; the pulpit, which was of the same material, was small and plain, forming three sides of an octagon, with a narrow strip of oak board at its back for a seat. Both table and pulpit were blackened by time, and contrasted sharply with the new room in which they were placed. Like Calvin's pulpit at Geneva, and John Knox's in Stirling Castle, it was suggestive of heart-stirring associations. We could not but imagine it as filled with the stalwart frame of Fuller, uttering, in his clear and manly English, those weighty thoughts which have done so much to shape the religious opinions of Baptist churches throughout the world. He had just views of the limits of human knowledge, and though he might fail in correct apprehension of specific portions of Holy Scripture, his works, as a whole, form a clear and well-digested representation of the grand outlines of Christian truth. Had our English brethren followed his views of church order, rather than those of the brilliant Hall, we must record our conviction that they would have gained immensely in unity, compactness, and vigor; while they would have given more emphasis to that protest against the change and misapplication of the Gospel Ordinances, which originally determined and justified the formation of the Baptist body as a distinct organization.

ROCHESTER, February, 1864.

have since been added for the same holy purpose. The next morning we visited the parish church, a large and somewhat imposing edifice, showing marks of quite remote antiquity. Attached to it is a living valued at about 1,400 pounds a year. It was impossible to avoid drawing a contrast between the humble Baptist pastor and the splendidly benefited clergy who had successively occupied this church. Not one of the long line had raised himself above the dead level of mediocrity; while the poor farmer's son, the pastor of the congregation of despised dissenters, had conquered for himself a name which will live forever in the moral history of England and India. Everything around this fine old church, its grounds and rectory, served to heighten the contrast with the church with which Fuller lived and labored.

It is difficult for an American to conceive adequately the depressing circumstances which affected the English dissenters seventy years ago. As a body they were poor, and poverty is a sin rarely pardoned in England. Republicans in Church government, they were suspected of sympathy with republicanism in the State. Urging the necessity of experimental religion as a condition of church communion, they were despised as fanatics. They were held as rebels against the Church; and so far as the Church and State were united, as rebels against the King, the common head of both. They were excluded from the Universities, and virtually from most offices of honor and trust. Since then there has been much progress. But still it must be confessed that the *Times* uttered a truth when it said, a few months since, that "there is no disguising the fact that a man loses caste in England by becoming a dissenter." If this statement is disgracefully correct in 1864, what must have been the condition of things in 1790!

When Carey, Fuller, and their coadjutors started the missionary enterprise, they had not even the countenance of their own brethren in the metropolis. The simple truth is that the enterprise was novel, and the men who undertook it were unknown out of the narrow circle in which they had heretofore moved. When this obstacle was overcome, the whole power of Government and the East India Company was arrayed in opposition. With the exception of the insignificant body of Evangelicals, the whole Established Church was in sympathy more or less complete with the Indian Government. Obligated to enter India by stealth in a foreign vessel, they were indebted to the protection of Denmark for a foothold on the soil. Their own countrymen even sought to violate liberty of conscience and the law of nations at the same time, to secure the punishment of the hated missionaries. For twenty years, they used the words of Mr. Ward, they were either "tolerated like toads," or "hunted like wild beasts." The venom with which Judson and Newell were driven out of British India is well known.

All this lawless persecution was more than justified by the organs of public opinion in England. Whig, Tory and Radical were alike in their eagerness to keep Christianity out of India. Sydney Smith could plead with all his power for the liberty of Romanists in England and Ireland, but would show no mercy to Protestant dissenters who presumed to obey our Saviour's last command in Bengal. In attacking the Baptist mission, he seems to have taken leave of all his natural good sense and kindly feeling. "The missionaries," said he, "complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs." Speaking of Carey and his colleagues, he says, "We are told that the missionaries have mastered the languages of the East." \* \* \* \* \* What is this to us? Our charge is that they want sense, conduct, and sound religion." "In routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers, \* \* \* we are generally conceived to have rendered a useful service to the cause of sound religion." Sydney Smith charging William Carey with want of sound religion! Defending the employment of ridicule in attacking the Serampore brethren, he says, "It is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a veto on the weapons used against them. If this were so, we should have one set of vermin banishing fine-tooth combs, and another protesting against mouse-traps." These are specimens taken from the *Edinburgh Review* of 1809, and republished by the author in 1839. He was then an old man, and a dignitary of the Established Church. Not a word of explanation or apology was given for these atrocious sentiments, or the language in which they were couched, disgraceful alike to English civilization and English Christianity. If Sydney Smith, the Liberal, the defender of Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, could write thus, what must have been the prevalent feeling of ignorant and irreligious Tories, and the half-hearted Nabobs of the Supreme Council for India?

It was against this tremendous tide of opposition that Fuller was obliged to bear up, in his efforts to secure liberty of action for his brethren abroad, and provide funds for their support. His courage, his discretion, his faith, his unflinching energy, his untiring industry, are worthy of everlasting remembrance! He has earned a place in history, side by side with the immortal three of Serampore. To the end of his life he performed the work of corresponding secretary, together with his own pastoral duties. He defended the missionaries by pamphlets, by personal interviews with the members of the Government, assisted in organizing the missions abroad, made journeys to collect funds, and, in fact, was the informing soul of that great enterprise which has given and is still giving to so many millions the knowledge of divine truth.

Concerning Fuller as a theologian it is not my design to speak. Of the healthiness of his influence, however, on the theological opinions of the Baptist ministry and churches in both hemispheres, there can be no doubt; what Locke calls "round about common sense" pervades his entire works. He had just views of the limits of human knowledge, and though he might fail in correct apprehension of specific portions of Holy Scripture, his works, as a whole, form a clear and well-digested representation of the grand outlines of Christian truth. Had our English brethren followed his views of church order, rather than those of the brilliant Hall, we must record our conviction that they would have gained immensely in unity, compactness, and vigor; while they would have given more emphasis to that protest against the change and misapplication of the Gospel Ordinances, which originally determined and justified the formation of the Baptist body as a distinct organization.

ROCHESTER, February, 1864.

## Family Bickering.

(Continued.)

## THE SPOILED CHILD.

"I see my error," said the troubled man, after a short pause, as if awakened from the sleep of long delusion, "my eyes are opened to the calamity that has befallen us. But oh! sir," he added, as he grasped the pastor's hand, "how can I retract my steps? O my God, have mercy, have mercy on my poor spoiled child! God of my fathers, who didst in thy tender compassion bring me into thy fold, look in mercy on my poor son! Thou, O Lord, didst convert a Manasseh, and didst arrest a persecuting Saul in his wicked course on the way to Damascus to murder thy saints, and didst reclaim the seditious prodigal—O have mercy on my son! Let the riches of thy grace, Father in heaven, triumph, one day, in his return to thee and to thy parents' heart! You may well ask me, dear Dr. F., why I do not correct him: Could I succeed in detaching him from his companions, then, perhaps, I might do it with some hope; but until that be done, correction may only drive him to a more desperate resistance; or, more probably, to a final abandonment of my roof; and ultimately to the commission of some fearful crime; and thence—my soul is tortured at the bare possibility of it—to a public and ignominious suffering! But I have not yet revealed the secret cause of all this mischief. There is a demon in him, which sets at defiance Christian discipline and the rod of correction; yes, in him, young as he is—I mean the *last of strong drink*! This, with the influence of vicious companions, has, as with a hot iron, the sensibilities of his conscience and of natural affection. O! I look back on the past, and see fatal errors staring me in the face," and he proceeded to make sundry confessions of shortcomings.

Towards evening the pastor, previous to his departure, took some pains to find out the youth; and bringing him in, placed him by his father's side, and spoke to him. There was a dignity in the pastor's manner which seldom failed to command the awe and attention of this young man, when in his common moods. It is true, he had insulted him in the field, but it was in a gust of passion, which was now, for a season at least, soothed into a calm. But the pastor knew not the depth of that youth's depravity. He was silent, but unsubdued.

Having closed his admonition, he knelt down with the afflicted parents, and offered up a fervent prayer for them, pleading with holy wrestlings for their poor prodigal son. He felt that he had received his ministry of the Lord, and watched for souls as one who knew he was soon to be called to give his last account—even for those who might be lost, as well as for those who should be saved!

The writer of this succeeded that venerable minister in the pastoral charge of the parish of B—; and when he came into the charge, the pastor and Mr. C—, and his wife also, had all departed this life. They all died in peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, so far as their own state was concerned. Mr. C— died first, and shortly after him his wife, after closing their often renewed and solemn entreaties and admonitions to their only son, to return to the Lord God of his fathers, and flee the miseries of the second death; and enforcing these admonitions with many tears, and by all the solemnities of their trial and experience of a dying bed! The pastor had accepted an invitation to another sphere, and died in a few months after entering upon his official duties there.

John C—, the son, was the husband of an amiable lady, and the father of several beautiful children, when I first called at his house. He had been for a season reformed, to appearance at least; and had sustained a tolerably decent character for about a year after he had been married to his excellent wife. But now he had added the crime of a boasted and obstinate infidelity to the most disgusting habits of temperance. And having once returned to them, his latter end was worse than the beginning. He was now a miserable and degraded man, lost to all self-respect, and reckless of character and public opinion; his wife, once the most beautiful and happy woman in the valley, was now broken hearted and haggard; and his own children, to complete his misery and degradation, fled at his approach, and hid themselves from his presence. His fine estate was now involved in debt, and everything around him indicated the condition of one fast sinking into ruin. His person, formerly athletic and handsome, exhibited a revolting spectacle. He had had several attacks of the *delirium tremens*, or the drunkard's brain-fever; and yet he would daily drink incredible quantities of the poisonous liquid which was drowning him in perdition!

I remember as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday, the last visit which I paid him. I was accompanied by an elder of the church, who had for some years filled the place of his venerable father. He received us kindly; he was sober, for it was rather early; he sat down on my left side, the elder on the other; his meek and humble wife, with her three pretty little children, casting anxious and sorrowful looks at their father, placed themselves over against us. A deep and painful silence prevailed for some minutes. Everything about the chamber, and about the house, on which the eye could rest, exhibited tokens of desolation and wretchedness. This was the inheritance of a SPOILED CHILD—the house of a drunkard and infidel!

"Will you bring me your father's Bible?" A smile, not of pleasure, but that of the scorners, played over his face; nevertheless, he rose and brought it out, covered with dust. It was a long visit we paid him; and we endeavored, by the help of divine grace, to improve our time. After reading, I spoke to him with all seriousness and earnestness. I besought him to seek the Lord God of his father! "By the memory of that dear old man," I said to him, "by the memory of his tears, and prayers, and vows—heaven, your mother, who bare you, and nursed you in her bosom, and went and prayed over you—whose last prayer and sigh were breathed from her dying lips for you—O return to your God; and seek forgiveness and deliverance by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ!" He burst into tears, and placing his hands on his face, bowed himself down, his face on his knees, and wept aloud.

We all knelt down and prayed. The miserable man knelt close by me. My heart was utterly overcome: I poured out my soul in almost incoherent words; I implored the outpouring of the Holy Ghost on him, his wife, and his dear little children. Every one of us wept, the very children sobbed, and I shall never forget the scene. The floor where the prodigal son bowed his head was wet with his streaming tears.

## THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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## The Christian Visitor

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

horses, and on parting besought us to visit him soon again. But, alas! it was our last interview with him. I never saw him more. I was called away on church business, and was absent two weeks. The first news I learned, as I alighted at my own door, on my return, was the appalling intelligence that poor John C— was dead and buried!

I learned in brief his last moments from the elder who had accompanied me on my last visit, and who had seen him when dying. Poor C— was attacked with fits: he raved in his deliriums. At intervals he recovered his senses; and for a season was somewhat composed in his mind, but expressed deep compunction and sorrow for his evil ways and doings. When he felt himself dying, he became awfully alarmed. He seemed actually frantic. The very bed shook under him; as if with supernatural strength, he tried to raise himself up; and shrieked out for some moments, "O Lord Jesus, have mercy on me! God of my father, have mercy on me! O Christ, have mercy on me! O curses, curses on the head of General —, who seduced me from the ways of my father's God into his infidel ways! Curses on my vicious companions, who taught me to break the Sabbath, and to dishonor and disobey my father and mother; and led me into taverns, instead of the church of my fathers! O mercy, mercy, Lord, on me, a poor miserable outcast!" Thus he continued wailing, sometimes crying for mercy, and frequently uttering fearful imprecations. In a few hours, during which there was nothing but horror and distraction in the family, his strength, though the strength of a giant, became utterly exhausted; and his spirit, with an agonizing struggle, took its everlasting flight!

This, as reported to me, was the end of the spoiled child. In these solemn facts we set up a beacon, to give an awful warning to parents of the fatal rock on which they also may strike. "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away!" O let us hear and fear, and do no presumptuous sin! Let us labour for the conversion of our dear children, like those who feel that they are laboring to "pluck brands from the devouring fire!" We pronounce not on the final destiny of poor John C—; but who of us, I beseech you, would wish our children to follow his course of life, or to die his appalling death?—*British Messenger*.

## THE NEW HOME.

"Well, Mary, if we can manage to lay by three hundred dollars each year for the next four years, we can buy that little home you admired so much. Mr. Hayes will not sell it to any one unless to me this year, and if we can save the first payment, we can move in next May-day. Now, shall we undertake it?"

"You know better than I about your business, George. It seems quite a sum for us to lay by on our income; but I will do my best to help you. It is certainly worth trying hard for. Such a dear little home all our own. How happy I should be. Such a long yard, too, for the children to play in; and that big willow tree in front to shade it. How I watch those green leaves from my chamber windows. They are the first to put out in the spring. I should think myself made up for life with such a pleasant little home for ourselves and the children."

"It will only be by the closest economy, dear Mary, that we can obtain it; but when it is all paid for, we can live in comparative ease. With your help, I feel quite confident we may win it. And so the attempt was made, with a hearty resolution and perseverance which could not fail of success. Mary could turn and refrain the old silk dress now, and think it no trouble. There was a motive in so doing. She did not mind, though the old carpet was worn and faded; she would not wish to cut a new one to fit the old rooms, even if she could get it. Everything now must be looked upon with reference to the home they were so soon going to. Whenever she was tempted to any old luxury, a sight of the new house from her window always served as a check and a stimulus.

Oh, if the Christian would only keep one window of his soul looking out towards heaven, how different would be his daily walk; how little he would care for the vanities he is so soon to leave—how anxious to transmute all his treasure into coin that would pass as currency there. What are worldly honors to a soul that is shortly to stand in the great reception hall of the King of Kings? "Ah," said a dying statesman, as he turned coldly from some mark of his sovereign's favor which had just been brought to his bedside—"that is a mighty fine thing in this country, but I am going to a country where it will be of no service to me." Keep a good look-out towards heaven, and it will be an easy thing to learn "to use this world as not abusing it"—to learn to look upon the good things which God has given us as only wayside comforts.—*Home Magazine*.

## DIFFERENCE IN WIVES.

Several weeks since we were riding in the cars, when a gentleman came and spoke to a lady, discreetly in front of us, who was seated beside a sickly man who we thought was her husband. The conversation turned upon the health of her companion, who was evidently a consumptive. "Last winter," said she, "I went to Kansas with him. The winter before we spent in Florida; and now we are thinking of removing to Wisconsin or Minnesota, for the benefit of his health." The gentleman expressed some thoughts relative to her hardships in thus going away from her home and friends, and travelling so much abroad. "Oh!" she replied, "I do not mind that at all; it can be only regained his health. I like New England better than any other part of the country; it is home; but I am willing to live anywhere for his sake."

The incident, however, did not particularly impress us, until we stopped at a station about a half hour afterwards. Then a friend entered the car and took a seat by our side. He was troubled with a bronchial and lung difficulty of some years standing. In course of conversation, we recommended a residence in a certain Western State, to which he replied in substance—"I should have been there months ago, if my wife had been willing to go. But all her friends are here in Massachusetts, and no consideration could induce her to leave for a residence so far away. There is certainly a great difference between those two wives. Are we to understand that they are the representatives of two classes of wives?—*Home Monthly Magazine*."

The gate which leads to it is a strait gate, therefore we should fear; it is an open gate, therefore we should hope.

Such preachers as think themselves too wise to learn, will sooner or later, be thought by others too weak to teach. Christ never lingers long with dumb souls; if there be no crying out unto him, he loves not silence, he departs and betakes himself to those hearts which are full of the music of prayer.