

Published every THURSDAY by BARNES & CO., at their office, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TERMS:—Cash in Advance. One Copy, for one year, \$2 00. Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR affords an excellent medium for advertising.

PERSEVERANCE OF SAINTS.

BY THE REV. E. D. GRIFFIN, D. D., OF BOSTON.

When he did predestinate, he also called, and whom he called, them he also justified, and whom he justified, them he also glorified.

With this passage before us it becomes manifest that the doctrine of Perseverance stands inseparably connected with that of Election.

Another point of view the foregoing Lectures have prepared the way for a ready belief of this article. They have made it apparent that in every step towards salvation God moves first, and the creature afterwards—that men advance just as far as they are propelled by divine power.

This question cannot be decided by reason, it must be settled by Revelation alone. Nor can it be determined even by the general benevolence of God as set forth in that Revelation.

The Christian Visitor.

Hold fast the form of sound words.—St. Timothy, I. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1864.

That such a covenant was made with Christ in behalf of His elect, was proved in a former Lecture, and is confirmed by the texts just quoted.

That covenant you may see more largely displayed in the eighth Psalm, under the typical form of a covenant with David.

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more.—They shall be my people, and I will be their God. And I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear me forever.

From the Morning Star. PRES. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS. St. Peter's—St. Paul's—St. Peter's—St. Agnes—Other churches of the Papal States.

St. Peter's—St. Paul's—St. Peter's—St. Agnes—Other churches of the Papal States. In writing of St. Peter's I omitted to speak of the view from the dome.

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The church of St. Agnes is one of the very few which has preserved its ancient form with but little change, and in this respect is one of the most interesting edifices in or about Rome.

Similar to this is the church of—well, no matter what; if I have forgotten its name after seeing it, few of your readers would remember it without—remarkably only for the ceremony of blessing the horses, which takes place annually on the 23d of January.

Another is built over the spot which tradition points out as that occupied by the hired house in which Paul lived for two years; and it is believed by the best judges that this tradition is not far out of the way.

The church of St. Clemente has long been pointed out to admiring writers as one of the oldest edifices in Rome; but a new wonder was awakened two years ago to find that beneath it was another still older, and that the one standing above ground had really been built upon the walls of that which was beneath.

The church of St. Maria degli Angeli is interesting as the work of the great sculptor, Angelo—hence its name. Every church must be called after the name of some saint, and to do this, and at the same time introduce other appellations, requires a circumlocution.

Family Reading.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. For the Christian Visitor.

MORNING—by Vaughan. When first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave To do the like; our bodies but forerun

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours 'Twixt heaven and us: the manna was not good

Or leave thy cares and follies! Go thy way, And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad, Keep well thy temper, mix not with each day; Despatch necessities, life hath a load

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Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

his brethren. There was no selfishness about him: His natural temperament remained. The forms of life, twisted, compacted, stunted in growth by the rough storms and hot suns of his early winters

In a year he married an excellent young woman, also a member of the church. He established himself in business, and, through industry and attention thereto, prospered. At the age of thirty he was a class-leader. Having the gift of language, united with much fervor of spirit, he was acceptable in this position. His class was always full; and the members thereof often spoke of the "precious seasons" they had together.

So the contest went on between him and his oldest boy, John, from childhood to early manhood—between the cold, restraining iron and the strong hand.

John's twenty-first birthday came. For this day the boy had long looked with a restless impatience that had its groundwork in a sense of filial duty. While under age he owed submission; and however hard it was to yield under his father's cold and exacting discipline, he felt himself bound to the general law of obedience.

There was a race course in the neighbourhood, and a purse was to be run for on John's birthday. Races were held there three or four times in the year, and John was often present on these occasions, though at the risk of punishment if the fact became known to his father, whose interdiction was positive. It was his intention to go on this day openly; to go as a man who had a right to determine his own actions.

John had a piece of thread in his hand. He held it up towards his father and snapped it in twain, saying—"So I shall break them. I am of age to-day!"

The blood went out of Mr. Malcom's face: a sudden weakness fell upon him; he caught at the back of a chair, and stood with failing knees that pressed against each other. Anger died within him, giving place to a fear that trembled on despair. What hope for his son now? His willful, wayward, disobedient son! His first-born, who for twenty-one years had lain as a heavy burden on his heart; for whom he had wrestled with God in prayer so many hundreds and hundreds of times—his first-born, now in the earliest flush of manhood, casting off obedience and entering defiantly the ways that take hold on death and hell!

"O John, John!" he said, with a quiver in his voice, looking with tender reproach upon the young man, "that I should have lived to see this day! Only God knows all I have suffered for you—all the care, and anxiety, and dread that have weighed down my soul for these many, many years. I have prayed that you might be shapen into a goodly stone for His temple, and not be cast out as a brand for the burning. I have tried to do a father's duty. Perhaps I have erred. He knows. But I meant right. His voice fell to a sob. His eyes were wet. He stood, holding on to the chair, trembling and weak. Almost for the first time in his life he had spoken to his son through tears—with an appeal instead of a command.