THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co.,

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR. affords an excellent medium for advertising.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

For the Christian Visitor. THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY REV. S. T. RAND. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God."—I John v. 13.

(Concluded.) During this period of his "first love," Mr. D. had a remarkable dream, which I shall make no apology for introducing, because I believe in They are among the phenomena of our nature; and, according to both the Old and New Testaments, they may be the medium of Divine anggestions. God may be present, controlling our sleeping as well as our waking thoughts. The learned and holy Dr. Doddridge had a dream of heaven, which his no less holy, if less learned friend, Dr. Watts, deemed worthy to be engraved in song for the use of all coming generations.

Mr. Dexter dreamed that he stood upon

smooth grassy plot of ground, on the top of a high hill. The sky was perfectly clear, the air balmy and still, and the sun within two hours of the ineridian—"and I," he would remark, "was at the time about thirty years of age," which proved to be about "ten o'clock" in the good man's life. He was elevated so high above the world that he was completely removed from all turmoil, noise, and strife. It was war-time at this time; the King's ships were in the distance, and he saw flashes of fire and clouds of smoke belch from their sides, and roll away into the air; but he heard not the cannon's roar. Blessed height to be perched upon, even in one's dreams! blessed spot for the christian to reach in one's wakeful hours, in what the world calls "dreaming," but what the christian calls "joyful experience." But here he was not to stand; he must go on and travel toward the setting sun. And this smooth spot did not extend far. A dark deep valley lay directly before him, where he could discern no path, but thick tangled underwood. But he could see the road across the valley, running over another eminence just before him, similar to the one upon which he stood, only "higher up." And then there was another descent-another valley, and another eminence, and another, and another beyond, like steps leading up to heaven, until they were lost in the deep etherial blue. While he stood admiring and wondering, an angel form approached him, and gave him a tablet of burnished silver, written beautifully on each side. He told him this tablet was to be his directory in the journey before him, and that it contained a record of things, " past, present, and to come." The interpretation Mr. D. put upon the dream was, that it suggested what he was to expect in his christian pilgrimage-in his journey through life; and such at the end of more than sixty years from that period, he had found it to and "abounded" in hope through the power of The construction he put upon the angel gift was sober, judicious, and scriptural, and he acted upon it. The tablet of burnished silver, was the Bible-a heavenly gift, the christian's only guide, to be daily perused, studied, and obeyed. Such

was the dream, such the interpretation. The to be listening to the conversation of Moses and pious reader will not deem it unworthy of record. Elias with Christ, and hearing the voice from We cannot accompany our brother over all the Heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, Four ve him," and, like Peter, he wanted to stay there intervening heights to the spot where we last saw him waiting for the return of the angel visitant. But we can go with him over the first dark valley, the second "grassy plot" in the "steps" that lead and up to the adjoining beight. He found that valley the most dark and fearful of all. It was Bunvan's "valley of the shadow of death." The way was dark and dangerous. Fearful sounds. and its influence was never lost. From that day and still more fearful sights, assailed him on every the aged pilgrim, in his ninety-fourth year, I hand. Yea, the pit of hell did open her mouth there, and enemies assailed him that "cared not for Christian's sword." But in an unexpected moment, morning broke upon him, and the sun arose, and so the gloomy valley was passed, and the eminence was obtained! And there the atmosphere was more balmy, more sweet, and clear-er than at the former spot—he was "higher up," and from that height even the goal was visible. But we will descend from the height of poetry and metaphors into plain narrative. After about one year, Mr. D. began to lose his religious enjoyment. But I do not remember to have heard him, or any other, mention his having relapsed into a state of insensibility. Certainly there was no approach to what would be termed in these days apostacy, or even backsliding. Being gifted and pious, he frequently engaged in exhortation. and, in subsequent life, often preached; and there was an unction and a pathos about him which to the last, joined to his eminently consistent life, were sure to rivet the attention of all classes, and to move the hearts of his hearers, when he attended, as he could not often do in his latter years, the services of the sanctuary, and took part in them. The work of the reformation commenced under Henry Allene, referred to, was still going on at Liverpool, with some extravagancies, and with some of those "bodily exercises," of which we have heard so much of late years, and which grave divines and philosophers are now juite ready to admit are consistent with the laws of nature and of revelation, when the mind is wrought up to a high pitch of religious excitement. There were late meetings, faintings, swoonings, raptures, and ecstacies, in those days; and people became quite used to such manifestations, and they ceased to cause either anxiety or alarm. Mr. D. was in the habit of leading the meetings, and though he became after a while destitute of all religious comfort, and though he was assailed with all manner of doubts, perplexities, and temptations, yet he did not, he could not reveal terral to others, and he continued to be at his post. At length his distress of mind became perfectly unbearable. He had gone up to the Falls for he then resided. I think at what to the Falls, for he then resided, I think, at what is now called Brooklyn, then "Herring Cove," to attend a meeting. But so deep and so painful was his sense of unfitness, that it was with difficulty that he could decide to open the meeting, "for, I thought," he would say, in relating the "for, I thought," he would say, in relating the circumstance, "if the people knew what a wretch I was, they would not endure my presence in the house;" and, though the idea may provoke a smile, I cannot withhold the graphic and expressive embodiment of the temptation, as it tormented and tore his heart, "If they knew what a monster of iniquity I am, I thought, they would kick me out of the house, and they would kick me all the way to 'Fort Point,' and they would kick me off into the sea: and they would serve me exactly right."

But his fellow-worshippers would have done no such thing; and had he told them his feelings and apprehensions, they would have opened their syes wide with autonishment. No, it was the panting of his soul. after the "higher christian life," it was a deep sense of depravity and of the seat of the sanctification, such as made Job cry out "Beheld, I am vile," and Paul. "Oh, wretched man that I am," and the reader, of mature christian apperience, will not be surprised to learn how it terminated, even in that joy which is "unpaparable and full of glory," even in the "full as any and the reader of the sanctification, such as never after fullowed the mount of the scripting of the soul after the cate in a broader sense. Our text teaches us that the unconverted are a curse; secondly, that when converted they become a bleasing; thirdly, then the text till store the text in a broader sense. Our text teaches us that the unconverted are a curse; secondly, that when converted they become a bleasing; thirdly, when converted the unconverted are a curse; secondly, that the unconverted they become a bleasing; thirdly, when converted they become a blea

The distress of his soul, however, became so

great, that he determined to leave the meeting.

So he took his hat and started. But before he

reached the door he saw two persons who had

fallen across a bench in agony of soul, and the

sight arrested his footsteps, and directed his

thoughts to Christ, the great source of relief to a

evangelic history begins-to the beginning-

Christ the eternal Word, who was God, and who

breath. Then he would say, in relating the story,

He had taken a seat, and so accustomed had

the people become to such religious transports,

that no alarm was produced; as he paid no at-

tention to anything that was said to him, they

ust let him alone. The meeting was concluded;

was held in a private house; the people retired,

is own family among the rest, and left him in

his "ecstacy," and the seats were removed. The

first he knew of terrestrial things was that the

woman of the house, who had prepared some re-

freshments for him touched him and spoke, in-

viting him to sit up to the table and take a cup

of tea. He looked up as one awakened out of

sleep, and turned about him with astonishment,

and with a feeling of regret at having been dis-

turbed. It seemed like calling him down from

heaven to earth again. But recollecting himself,

and feeling the need of food, he accepted the in-

vitation, and then retired to rest. The visions of

faith, of the crucifixion, and of the heavenly ad-

vocate Redeemer and Lord, left upon his mind

an unearthly sweetness and calm, which was in-

finitely more desirable than sleep or rest-and

he dreaded to close his eyes for fear it would de-

part. Sleep however came at last, with her balmy

wing, and fanned him into sweet repose, from

which he awoke just as the sun was rising. The

same sweet peace filled his soul; he looked at

the sun, it seemed a reflection of the glory of

God in the face of Jesus Christ. All crea-

tion seemed filled with the presence of God,

and God was Light, and God was Love. His

peace was "like a river," it was "great;" he was

filled" with "all joy and peace in believing,"

the holy God. He "rejoiced with joy" unspeak-

able and full of glory, and there was no exagge-

ration in the application of these scriptural ex-

pressions to the state of his mind. He was on

the mount of Transfiguration, where it was good

forever. It was the second stage in SANCTIFATION,

to heaven, whence can be distinctly seen the end

of the journey, and the gates of the celestial city.

This state of rapture continued nearly all day.

think, when I last say him, assured me he had

never had a doubt of his acceptance with God.

And though he did not pretend that he had al-

ways been on the mount, yet he said that from

every valley of depression he had emerged, and

that every time he had come up, it was to a high-

er stage-to a point nearer heaven. On that

memorable day he could indulge in no business.

The earth was too far below his feet-earthly

things too trifling to engage his attention. But

towards evening he called on some of his chris-

tian friends, and it seemed strange that they

should complain of darkness and want of com-

munion with God-when the thing to him seemed

so easy. He felt as though he were elevated far

above them-looking down with pity upon them.

But directly he said-and I must give it in his

own peculiar expression-"I was right alongside

on 'em." Nor did he pretend to ascribe this

"refreshing season" to any peculiar worth or

merit of his own, but to the riches of Divine

It must be admitted, however, as already hint-

ed, that Father Dexter strongly suspected the

validity of that faith and of that hope that do not

lead to religious enjoyment, heavenly minded-

While residing at Liverpool, I read, for the

first time the life of the late Dr. Payson, of

Portland. Knowing well that the old gentleman

would be pleased with the book, I took it to him.

I shall never forget what he said after having

perused it. "There," said he, "that's a Chris-

tian minister to my mind. And do you know,

he continued, "that I sometimes fear that there

are no Christians in this world, except people of

were it generally entertained. What injury could

it possibly be to all Christians, and to all people,

to be taught that there are no Christians except

of "that stamp." Real Christians would rise to

it, and go beyond it; for there is no conceivable

point in sanctification and true holiness to which

any and every real child of God cannot attain.

Formalists, hypocrites, and the self-deceived could

not, and would not, attempt to follow them; and

would be forced to abandon all pretences to piety.

The distinction between Christ and Belial, God

and Mammon, light and darkness, holiness and

sin, would be made broad and distinct. The

church would be disencumbered from the mass of

rubbish that now obstructs her onward march.

Revivals would be more frequent, more real, more

lasting. Christian effort would be the work of

every day; Christian joy would abound, and the church would be in reality, what she is now only

in name—the "salt of the earth and the light of

ness, and separation from the world.

Christian

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

Vol. II., No. 8.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1864.

Society during the past nine months The business operations of the Society are peculiar to itself, and afford an interesting study to economists. Through it a safe and productive mode of investing surplus income is presented to every member in the community. The peculiar way in which the operations of the Society are calculated to benefit members, are well worthy the guilty conscience and a burdened heart. And his thoughts rushed back to the points where the attention of persons desirous of investing large or small sums. The member who invests monthv. receives interest at the rate of 92ths per cent. The member who purchases paid up shares re- as he may and think as he will, he that is not was with God-in the bosom of the Father from ceives interest at the rate of ten per cent. The all everlasting; then to his mysterious incarnamonthly mode is well suited to the circumstances tion-his birth, life, ministry, miracles -sufferings of all with limited incomes, and has peculiar in the garden, in the hall of the high priest, at claims on the attention of young men in situa-Pilot's bar, on the cross, even to his last expiring tions, who may and ought to commence a system of saving. There are many young men members I followed him to the tomb - to Joseph's new tomb, of the Society who are a credit to any communithence to the resurrection morning, thence to his ty, who have large sums at their credit-every meetings with his disciples, and thence from Mount dollar bearing interest from the day it is invested. We are desirons to have the number of such in-Olivet up to his throne in glory. And then it seemed to him that his soul went up after him, creased. The member who purchases a paid up and there, amid the wonders and glories of the third heavens, gazing with ineffable astonishment share for \$100, gets a bonns in the first instance of twenty dollars over the monthly investor; he and delight, he was so "rapt" and lost, as to bealso receives ten per cent inasmuch as his capital come insensible to all that was passing around

doubles itself in ten years. The latter operation is more advantageous to the Society, inasmuch as the Board of Management can advance this sum at once, and it is well worthy of remark that every loan that is made, originates one hundred and twenty other loans. Progression is the principle of all its operations.

This Institution possesses all the advantages of Bank for savings. Money is received on deposit, from those who do not wish to invest as members. On sums under \$20, subject to call without notice, five per cent. per annum is paid; on sums of \$20 and upwards, subject to call at thirty days' notice, six per cent. per annum is paid. All monies received, whether as monthly instalments, repayments, or deposits, are advanced to such of the members who can give the requisite security. We have made advances now on fiftytwo shares, consequently we are receiving mouthly returns from \$17,556—the amount of the Society's investments at this date. Borrowers have the option of making their monthly payments in any number of years from one to ten. As set forth in the rules, "this Society was established to assist members thereof in the acquisition of Freehold or Leasehold property; in the erection of buildings, and otherwise improving the same; and in the removal of liabilities upon property already held by them; and to enable them to receive the amount of their shares in advance. upon furnishing good mortgage security; and to facilitate the accumulation and the borrowing and redemption of capital." A glance at the kindred Societies of England and Wales, will surprise many, as there are at this time over two thousand Building Societies, with an annual income kindred institutions have been of immense imand co-operative Associations, have become na-

tional institutions. The magnitude of their operations, in all the great hives of industry, the Church and in the State, vie with each other in advocating the great social questions of the day, which are so intimately bound up in connexion with these societies. Enough has been accomplished by this institution to insure the conwhich would glorify the name of Jesus. You fidence of the public, and by increasing its power for good in the various ways open to the public. have the time and it is ill-spent.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

ONCE A CURSE BUT NOW A BLESSING.

SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 6 1863. BY REV. C. A. SPURGEON. "And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing; fear not, but let your hands be strong."—Zechariah viii. 13.

As these words came from the lips of Zechariah, doubtless they referred to the seed of Abraham, including the two tribes of Judah and the ten tribes of Israel. They have already received a minor fulfilment; but their most glorious accomplishment is yet to come. The Jews have for many a generation been cursed by all people. For ages no one has a good word or a kind look for the Jew. To be a Jew was, in the estimation of that era, to be deserving of all scorn and cruelty, and of no pity orr consideration. To what exactions, to what fines, to what imprisonments and tortures, have not the sons of Jacob been subjected by the professed followers of the Messiah. It is perhaps the greatest of all modern miracles, that there should be one Jew upon earth who is a christian, for the treatment they have received from pretended christians has been enough to make them hate the name of Jesus; it has been not simply villainous, but diabolical. But the chosen nation shall not be blotted out from the book of remembrance. The Lord hath not cast away his people; he has never given their mother a bill of devorcement; he has never put them away; in a little wrath he hath hidden his face from them, but with great mercies will he gather them. The natural branches shall that stamp." And I could not feel that the fear was uncharitable, nor that it could do any harm, again be engrafted into the olive together with the wild olive graftings from among the Gentiles. In the Jew, first and chiefly, shall grace triumph through the King of the Jews. O time, fly thou

with rapid wing, and bring the auspicious day. Another meaning has been given to the pas age by some very eminent expositors, namely that the Jews have been for ages the model of curse to all people. As old Master Trapp says, they bear upon their backs the wheels of God's rod, or, as he puts it yet more strongly, like Cain, they carry upon their foreheads the mark of God's wrath. They have been a people scattered and peeled, not numbered among the nations, men of weary foot and haggard countenances. "heir nation has been the football of providence and the butt of misfortune. They have been shipwrecked upon every sea, overturned by every storm, the victims of every calamity, and the objects of every misery. Everywhere have they been men evidently accursed of God and given

You can clearly understand the text now in its literal signification without another word of ex-

whole lump, another breath of death-bearing wind to scatter the plague of sin among the sons of men. Every unrenewed heart casts another stone upon the heap of iniquity, and assists the rising Babel of rebellion to lift its head more proudly. As I see the ungodly advancing one by one, I hear the prince of darkness cry, "Here comes another soldier to swell the ranks of evil, another lance for Satan, and another sword for the powers of evil." To the black banner every near that is unconverted is a recruit. Let him do with Christ is against him, he that is not for the right is on the side of the wrong. How is the body corporate of humanity poisoned more and more as each man adds his grain of evil! How is the torrent swollen with another and another stream! A deluge of iniquity is but a collection of all the contributions from every fountain of

the great deep.

He is yet more—he is a curse because he helps to bring down the wrath of heaven upon the world. Another destroying angel to cry, "O Lord, how long ere thou smite iniquity and bathe thy sword in the blood of rebels?" Another voice to cry, "Anake! awake! O sword of justice! smite the sinner and let him perish from the face of the earth." Doubtless every sin is a God-provoking thing. It stirreth him to jeslousy. As the blood of Abel eried "Vengeance," so doth sin; it is a thorn in the side of justice, a stab at the heart of truth, God's great patience is expended at a tremendous rate by the sins of men.

Even when the ungodly man dies he hath not finished his evil work. His life may be over, but the moral death caused by his life still continues. As the tree that hath borne evil fruit sendeth to the winds its seeds and these are buried in their appointed places, where young saplings spring up to become a forest of evil, so is it with the ungody man-his words and his example, like seed in the ground, germinate and bring forth the like in other men. Like produceth like. His children in nature and spirit arise after him, and these prolong the echo of the dreadful curse which his life has pronounced upon the race. He cannot stay that curse even if he would, it is given to the course of time as a feather to the wind, and on it must go forever. Those saplings which sprang from him as from the parent tree will all grow into death-yielding trees, and these will scatter their seeds, and so on, and on, and on, as long as the human race lasts—nay, even in eternity the victims of his sin lie in torment and blaspheme God world without end, so that his curse is an everlasting curse, and the evil which he does lives on when he himself sleeps with the clods of the valley. The ungodly man is ever-

lastingly a positive curse.

But he is also a curse negatively. It is deplorable to think how much of good a man who knows not God keeps from the world. He cumbers the ground in which he grows. He extracts nourishment from the ground, and covers it so portance to all classes in Great Britain, during the cotton famine. Benefit Building Societies, plant, and yet he himself brings forth no fruit. Is this your position, my hearer, this morning? Are you a do-nothing? If you are, remember that the apot which you occupy might have been occupied by a man who would have glorified God, and done much for the spread of true religion. You have much time upon your hands, but you kill it. If another had it, it would be occupied with visitation of the sick, teaching the ignorant, comforting the weary, and other acts

> This is true of every unconverted man. Many of our moral men, whose lives are admirable, have not your hearts right with God. What is the lesson that men learn from your conversation? Why, when the infidel wants to prove that there may be goodness apart from religion, he quotes you, as an argument against the word of God, and against the necessity of a new heart and a right spirit. Have not many in your own position been hardened in their halt between two opinions by your example? Young people say, "There is Mrs. So-and-so, and Mr. This-and-that, what good people they are, and yet they have never given their hearts to God. Surely," say they, "such people must know, and if there were any-thing in religion, they would have certainly have followed in the right road, and have put their trust in Christ." The better you are, the more do I deplore that you should be upon the wrong side. If my country were at war, it would be very little comfort for me to know that my enemies were good soldiers. Nay, I had rather that they were bad ones, for there were then the. more hope of overcoming them. The weight of your character makes it the more sad that it should be thrown into the scale of self righteous; ness. I say, the very excellence of your morals renders it a more serious crime that you should not take your stand with Christ, the lover of holiness. Thou doest mischief. I am sure. Possibly, there is a measure of moral good effected by thine example, but there is a more abundant spiritual evil, because many stop where thou stoppest; being affected by thine example, they

> thine example was a curse to them. If this be true of the moral unconverted man, how much more certainly is it of the open follower of vice. Shall I venture? No; I will scarcely so much as use my pencil to portray the mischief which the votary of vice bringeth upon others. How doth the drunkard drown multitudes in his cups? How doth the man of hist destroy and damn both the body and the soul of his victim? How doth the man who leads a licentious life spread poison by his very eyeslike the basilisk, doing mischief by his glance? 'His feet." we may truly say, " are swift to shed blood." His hands are full of drawn swords and flaming firebrands to destroy souls. The profane swearer-what a pest is he! Young ears are innoculated with sin by him, and young hearts learn the crimes of old rebels. Ah! thou art a curse indeed! Better for some one to walk the streets with a deadly plague about him, and to spread it in every house; than to have such as thou art living in society, for thou hath the death plague and the damnation plague upon thee; thou art a walking miasma; a breather of pestilence; a myrmidon of hell; a jackal to the infernal lion,

halt at thy halting place, and as thou wilt perish

except thou be born again, so will they, and the

blood of their souls will lie at thy door, because

make disciples, for, like the Pharisees of old they in the midst of poor uneducated christians, are things that are eternal in heaven.' terrible as wolves in the midst of a flock of sheep, and much havoc may they do; though they canmay say he is a curse indeed.

Old Series Vol. XVII., No. 8.

their tongues, that shrug of the shoulder, that look, that cold, heartless reception which they give to the truth, must infallibly be observed by others. Children, and those round about them, going down to rain. cannot help detecting what they are and who they are, and they will thus become very successful servants of the Prince of darkness. O dear his home. As he drew near the house, it occurred friends, I fear that some of you know in your to him that it being late in the evening, he would own conscience, without any words of mine, that enter quietly, so as not to disturb his mother if hitherto your lives have been no blessing to your retired to rest. When he was about entering he fellows, but rather, wherever you have gone, you heard her well known voice. He placed his ear have been a curse. Of such a man we may well" to the key-hole to catch the words that fell from say his damnation is sure, but this is not the her lips, and such were her tender pleadings beworst of it, for, ere he goes down to the pit him- fore God for herself as a lonely widew, and for self, he drags as with a hundred ropes, multitudes the salvation of her dear son, that he with his of others down the dreadful steep.

(To be Continued.)

Family Reading.

THOU ART NEAR.

In the bursting, rolling thunder, In the lightning's hurid flash; When the rocks are rent asunder, When the raging billows lash, Thou art near.

In the zephyr's gentlest breath, In the dew-drop's sparkling gem; In the lowliest flow ret's death, In the grass's fragile stem,

In the rage of passion's storm, When the deadliest weapons gleam In ambition's maddest dream,

In affection's softest voices, In contrition's faintest sigh. When the humblest soul rejoices, When the poorest comes to die,

Near to punish, near to bless, Near to strengthen, near to spare, Near to hear us sin confess, Near to grant the latest prayer;

From the American Messenger.

"MY MOTHER IS AT HOME PRAYING!" S-P-, of Western New York, the subject of this narrative, was well and intimately known to the writer, who received from his lips the facts

here faithfully sketched. The father of S-P-died when he was quite young, leaving him, an only son, with his widowed mother, who had the sole responsibility of training him up in the way of wisdom and virtue. It is due to say that S-, at home and abroad, respected his mother, and was ever ready to gratify her wishes, though, like most young men, charmed by the glowing fascinations of youthful pleasure, he sometimes thought his mother imposed on him restraints not easy to be borne.

At an early period in life, S- planned his future course, choosing as his favorite calling the profession of the law; and having completed his preparatory studies, he resolved that he would in his profession, make his mark in the world, not considering how easy it is for God to frustrate all human plans, and lead us in a way that we knew not, and in a path that we sought not after. Early one evening, S- said to his mother,

Mother, I expect to be absent this evening until a late hour. You will not, therefore, sit up or wait for my return, or give yourself any unnecessary anxiety as to where I am." These guarded words excited the mother's solicitude, and led her to inquire, "S-, my son,

where do you intend to spend the evening, to

keep you out so late? I am, you know, alone in "My engagement," he replied, "is of an innocent character; but if I tell you where I am going, you will, I fear, object to my wishes. I lope you will not press me to give you a direct answer, further than to say that I expect to spend the time in good company, and in innocent

out disturbing you in your rest.' This reply only increased her anxiety to know something further of the nature and character of his evening's engagement.

amusement, and to return home quietly and with-

As he could no longer, with becoming respect for his mother, withhold the answer she desired. he replied, "I have made an engagement, with against that kind of amusement, I really hope, mother, in this case you will, not object to my wishes. I shall aim to keep within the bounds you well know it would greatly mar my anticipabroke forth the grievous cry—
ted pleasure to feel that you were opposed to my "If I could only see my mother!"

This appeal to his kind mother called forth an love and pray for the salvation of their children : was so anxious to see the mother be had wilfully "My son, your father, you know, was called left. ly by death when you were but a child, leaving you, our only son, to be trained up by your mother in the right way, and to care for her in the decline of life. You have nearly ripened into manhood, and how natural it is that I should lean on you as my best and only earthly support.

Ah, my son, long, long have I prayed that you member this." O, if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with that yourself and a blessing and comfort to me as my our goes down and my spirit passes at its final elighted the mother that leved him.

THE OFFICE OF THE

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

The Christian Bisitar

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

home: but I fear that I must lie down and die compass sea and land to make one proselyte. without receiving an answer to my many prayers Too often the believer does not give that attention for you. If so I must leave you in the hands of to the reading of Scripture, and to the finding God. As to your engagement for this evening, I up of arguments for his faith which the ungodly have only to say that you well know my wishes. man will give in order to find arguments to shake and you are old enough to judge correctly as to the faith of others. I would that our members what is right or wrong in the sight of God, who were more industrious, both in searching the will bring you and me into judgment; and now Scriptures, and in studying the evidence of their as you go to meet your engagement, remember, inspiration and authenticity, that they might my child, when amid that gay eircle, and in the have their weapons ready to meet the attacks of merry dance, that your mother is at home praying infidels, for these infidels men of much thinking, for her only son, that he may be turned from and shrewdness, and sagacity, and wit-placed these fleeting vanities of time, to seek those Notwithstanding the tenderness of this last

appeal, S- could not consent to deny himself not turn one truly blood-bought child of God out the convivial pleasures of the evening. But as of the flock, nor yet make one that is born again he left the parental roof, he felt an indescribable apostatize from truth, yet they bring much mis- sadness creeping over his youthful dreams of ery into the heart, and doubtless many who are pleasure, indicating that all was not right in the undecided are led by them into decision for Sa- sight of God. His conscience, not yet seared as tan, and go straight away from all hopefulness of with a hot iron, kept saving, "Your mother is at being converted to God. Now of such a one we home praying for you." As he enteted the place of amusement, he rallied his youthful manhood But now, I hear another say, "Well now, I to meet his companions with cheerfulness, but to not come under the description of immoral, every countenance in the gay circle seemed to or yet of those who spread infidel principles say to him, "S-, your mother is at home prayand practices." Ah, but, still you may be a jug for you." Even the music of the dance curse, if you have an evil spirit towards religion. seemed to echo, "Your mother is at home pray-There are some who say but little, but who hate ing for you." "I imagined," said he, "even he very name of Christ. Even if they hold when mingling in the dance, that I could see the venerable form of my mother at home and alone; bowed before God in her closet, and that I could almost hear her prayer, 'Lord save my only son

> took leave of his companions, and hastened to soul already stirred to its very depths, could hold out no longer. Almost instinctively he opened the door, rushed in, and threw his arms around his mother, exclaiming, "Dear mother, I am vet out of hell. Pray on for my poor soul. I am sinking in despair. Can God save one so vite as I have been? Oh that I knew where I could find mercy and rest for my guilty soul? Lord; save, or I perish,"

Overwhelmed with these feelings, he suddenly

The timely counsel of that praying mother was, take refuge in Christ, my son, as your only safety from the gathering storm of God's wrath that will surely overtake the ungodly.'

It was not long ere that son was led by faith to lay hold on Christ, and in him to rejoice in hope of eternal life among the saved in glory, is this all: it soon b and to others, that the Lord had called him to go and preach that same Jesus to others as able and willing to save to the attermost.

In the great harvest-field of Zion, S. P. lived and policied long and faithfully, gathering the fold of Oppler a rich barriet of While on the watch-tower of Zion, he fell with his armor on, shouting, "Victory," as he mounted his chariot and went up.

THE PROMISE GRACIOUSLY VERIFIED.

In the year 1839 Mr. and Mrs. T-moved into the large town of S. They found that the church was in a low state. Even professors of religion were contented to live day after day, with no apparent anxiety for the impenitent. Indeed no one could tell by the manner of life. who were the followers of Jesus. Dancing assemblies, playing cards, etc., were allowed in the homes of church members. Mr. and Mrs. T. felt deeply the dishonor shown to Christ by those who professed to obey him. They prayed earnestly for a revival, and sought to interest their neighbors, but apparently without success.

After a time, a merchant of that place "took knowledge" that they had learned of Jesus the golden rule of dealing, and asked Mr. T. to pray for him. Greatly encouraged, they besought the Lord for him; and he was soon rejoicing that the blood of Christ atoned for sin. As there were now three of them, praying ones, it was proposed that the merchant should pass one evening a week with, them, to pray for the unconverted youth of the place, Fully believing in the willingness of Christ to save, they claimed unwaveringly the promise, "That if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."-Matt. xviii. 20.

A few days after they had met the second time, a young lady called upon Mrs. T. in great concern for her soul, and soon after found peace in believing in Jesus. The wife and sister of the merchant were the next inquirers. A prayer meeting was appointed at the merchant's residence, and was attended by numbers of the young people. A deep interest in eternal things took the place of frivolity. A gracious revival was the result. Numbers gave themselves to the service of Christ, and subsequently united with the church. Some of them went to distant lands to labor among the heathen, others have filled responsible positions at home.

This narrative should greatly encourage the claiming of the promises. Jesus has declared himself the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He is ever waiting to be gracious, and in his word he invites us to ask .- Tract Journal.

"IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER !"

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was that yearning cry repeated-"If I could only see my mother!

The vessel rocked, and the waters chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of other young friends, to attend a ball this even- the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthing; and notwithstanding your strong prejudice ful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking plunging ship, but he seemed not to mind his bodily comof becoming respect for myself and others, and fort; his eye looked far away, and ever and anon

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent answer worthy to be imitated by all mothers who above the young man, and asked him why he

> O, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish "I have nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me, she bore everything from her wild boy, and once she said-

"My son, when you come to die you will re-member this." O, if I could only see my mother!" He never saw his mother. He died with that