

# The Christian Visitor.

**THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
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**THE OFFICE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,**  
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
**REV. I. E. BILL,**  
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"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

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

**THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE.**  
BY REV. S. T. RAND.

For the Christian Visitor.  
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 guilty conscience and a burdened heart. And his thoughts rushed back to the points where the evangelic history begins—to the beginning—Christ the eternal Word, who was God, and who was with God—in the bosom of the Father from all everlasting; then to his mysterious incarnation—his birth, life, ministry, miracles—sufferings in the garden, in the hall of the high priest, at Pilot's bar, on the cross, even to his last expiring breath. Then he would say, in relating the story, I followed him to the tomb—to Joseph's new tomb, thence to the resurrection morning, thence to his meetings with his disciples, and thence from Mount Olivet up to his throne in glory. And then it seemed to him that his soul went up after him, and there, amid the wonders and glories of the third heavens, gazing with ineffable astonishment and delight, he was so "rapt" and "lost," as to become insensible to all that was passing around him.

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 attention to anything that was said to him, they just let him alone. The meeting was concluded; it was held in a private house; the people retired, his own family among the rest, and left him in his "ecstasy," and the seats were removed. The first he knew of terrestrial things was that the woman of the house, who had prepared some refreshments for him, touched him and spoke, inviting 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 disturbed. It seemed like calling him down from heaven to earth again. But recollecting himself, and feeling the need of food, he accepted the invitation, and then retired to rest. The visions of faith, of the crucifixion, and of the heavenly advocate Redeemer and Lord, left upon his mind an unearthly sweetness and calm, which was infinitely more desirable than sleep or rest—and he dreamed to close his eyes for fear it would depart. 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 creation 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," and "abounded" in hope through the power of the holy God. He "rejoiced with joy" unspeakable and full of glory, and there was no exaggeration in the application of these scriptural expressions to the state of his mind. He was on the mount of Transfiguration, where it was good to be listening to the conversation of Moses and Elias with Christ, and hearing the voice from Heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him." And, like Peter, he wanted to stay there forever. It was the second stage in sanctification, the second "grassy plot" in the "steps" that lead 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, and its influence was never lost. From that day the aged pilgrim, in his ninety-fourth year, I think, when I last saw him, assured me he had never had a doubt of his acceptance with God. And though he did not pretend that he had always 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 higher 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 christian friends, and it seemed strange that they should complain of darkness and want of communion 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 grace.

It must be admitted, however, as already hinted, that Father Dexter strongly suspected the validity of that faith and of that hope that do not lead to religious enjoyment, heavenly mindedness, and separation from the world.

The 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 attention of persons desirous of investing large or small sums. The member who invests monthly, receives interest at the rate of 9 3/4 per cent. The monthly mode is well suited to the circumstances of all with limited incomes, and has peculiar claims on the attention of young men in situations, who may and ought to commence a system of saving. There are many young men members of the Society who are credit to any community, who have large sums at their credit—every dollar bearing interest from the day it is invested. We are desirous to have the number of such increased. The member who purchases a paid up share for \$100, gets a bonus in the first instance of twenty dollars over the monthly investor; he also receives ten per cent. interest on his capital, double 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 a 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 fifty-two shares, consequently we are receiving monthly 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 of over sixteen millions of dollars. These and kindred institutions have been of immense importance to all classes in Great Britain, during the cotton famine. Benefit Building Societies, and co-operative Associations, have become national institutions. The magnitude of their operations, in all the great cities of industry, where, in all the great cities of industry, in 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 connection with these societies. Enough has been accomplished by this institution to insure the confidence of the public, and by increasing its power for good in the various ways open to the public.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,  
THE SECRETARY.

February 20, 1864.

**ONCE A CURSE BUT NOW A BLESSING.**  
A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 6, 1863, BY REV. C. A. SPURGEON.

"And it shall come to pass, that as we 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 vii. 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 fulfillment; yet 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 race, to be deserving of all scorn and cruelty, and of no pity or consideration. To what executions, 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 divorcement; 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 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 passage by some very eminent expositors, namely, that the Jews have been for ages the model of a 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. Their 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 up to his wrath.

whole lump, another breath of death-bearing wind to scatter the plague of sin among the sons of men. Every unlearned 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 man that is unconverted is a recruit. Let him do as he may and think as he will, he that is not 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 keep 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, "Awake, 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 stirs him to jealousy. As the blood of Abel cried "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 the winds its seeds, and these are buried in their appointed places, where young saplings spring up to become a forest of evil, so it is with the ungodly man—his words and his example, like seeds in the ground, germinate and bring forth the like in other men. Like produce 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 clouds of the valley. The ungodly man is everlastingly 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 cumber the ground in which he grows. He extracts nourishment from the ground, and covers it so that it cannot yield nourishment to any other 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 it is not your own fault that you are so occupied. 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 which would glorify the name of Jesus. You have the time and it is ill-spent.

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 hearts 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 anything in religion, they would have certainly had 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-righteousness. 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 dost 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 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 thine example was a curse to them.

make disciples, for, like the Pharisees of old they compass sea and land to make one proselyte. Too often the believer does not give that attention to the reading of Scripture, and to the finding up of arguments for his faith which the ungodly man will give in order to find arguments to shake the faith of others. I would that our members were more industrious, both in searching the Scriptures, and in studying the evidence of their inspiration and authenticity, that they might have their weapons ready to meet the attacks of infidels, for these infidels—men of much thinking, and shrewdness, and sagacity, and wit—placed in the midst of poor uneducated christians, are terrible as wolves in the midst of a flock of sheep, and much havoc may they do; though they cannot turn one truly blood-bought child of God out of the flock, nor yet make one that is born again apostatize from truth, yet they bring much misery into the heart, and doubtless many who are undecided are led by them into decision for Satan, and go straight away from all hopefulness of being converted to God. Now of such a one we may say he is a curse indeed.

But now, I hear another say, "Well now, I do not come under the description of immoral, nor yet of those who spread infidel principles and practices." Ah, but still you may be a curse, if you have an evil spirit towards religion. There are some who say but little, but who hate the very name of Christ. Even if they hold 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, 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 friends, I fear that some of you know in your own conscience, without any words of mine, that hitherto your lives have been no blessing to your fellows, but rather, wherever you have gone, you have been a curse. Of such a man we may well say his damnation is sure, but this is not the worst of it, for, ere he goes down to the pit himself, he drags as with a hundred ropes, multitudes of others down the dreadful steep.

(To be Continued.)

home; but I fear that I must lie down and die without receiving an answer to my many prayers for you. If I must leave you in the hands of God. As to your engagement for this evening, I have only to say that you will know my wishes, and you are old enough to judge correctly as to what is right or wrong in the sight of God, who will bring you and me into judgment; and now as you go to meet your engagement, remember, my child, when amid that gay circle, and in the merry dance, that your mother is at home praying for her only son, that he may be turned from these fleeting vanities of time, to seek those things that are eternal in heaven.

Notwithstanding the tenderness of this last appeal, S— could not consent to deny himself the convivial pleasures of the evening. But as he left the parental roof, he felt an indescribable sadness creeping over his youthful dreams of pleasure, indicating that all was not right in the sight of God. His conscience, not yet scared as with a hot iron, kept saying, "Your mother is at home praying for you." As he entered the place of amusement, he recalled his youthful manhood to meet his companions with cheerfulness, but every countenance in the gay circle seemed to say to him, "S—, your mother is at home praying for you." Even the music of the dance seemed to echo, "Your mother is at home praying for you." "I imagined," said he, "even when mingling in the dance, that I could see the venerable form of my mother at home and alone, bowed toward God in her closet, and that I could almost hear her prayer, 'Lord save my only son going down to ruin.'"

Overwhelmed with these feelings, he suddenly took leave of his companions, and hastened to his home. As he drew near the house, it occurred to him that it being late in the evening, he would enter quietly, so as not to disturb his mother if retired to rest. When he was about entering, he heard her well known voice. He placed his ear to the key-hole to catch the words that fell from her lips, and such were her tender pleadings before God for herself as a lonely widow, and for the salvation of her dear son, that he, with his 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 yet out of hell. Pray on for my poor soul. I am sinking in despair. Can God save one so vile as I have been? Oh that I knew where I could find mercy and rest for my guilty soul! Lord, save, or I perish."

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.

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 impendent. 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 rejecting 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 the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, 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 comfort; his eye looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth the grievous cry—  
"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, the Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left.  
"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 remember this." "O, if I could only see my mother!"  
He never saw his mother. He died with that cry upon his lips, as many a one has died who thought the mother that loved him.

Office of the Saint John Building Society and Investment Fund.

Mr. Editor—In further elucidating the operations of this Society, it affords me pleasure to inform the public, through your valuable paper, that this Society continues to gain favor with all who take pains to investigate its claims to public support, and as the best proof that this is so, I may state that the subscribed stock of the Society now amounts to \$80,000, and that we have a monthly income which now enables the Board of Management to advance two shares. In May last we were only able to advance one share monthly; from this fact it will be pleasant for all the friends of the Society to know that we have more than doubled the business operations of the