

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1864.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

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ably less than half that. So the people are amply provided with places of public worship. In this respect "the apostate church" is wiser in its generation than the Protestant.

In the cathedral here you are shown the tomb of John the Baptist, and the chain which bound him when in prison. Women are excluded by Papal edict from these except on one day of the year—the birthday of the Baptist, which they tell you is the 26th of June. The reason of the exclusion is that a woman was the means of his death, and this they remember 364 days of every year. But on the 365th day they happen to remember that a woman had to do in giving him birth, and so the women are admitted. And our consul here informs us that on that day, which is in Genoa the grandest fete-day of the year, every woman in the city turn out to visit the cathedral, and do honor to the remains of the saint.

In Venice we were shown a stone from the floor of his prison, with blood-stains upon it, supposed to have been the one on which he was beheaded. If we do not find two or three more skulls of his before we get through our journey, it will be a wonder.

Soldiers—soldiers—military drills—marching and countermarching—mock battles and martial music everywhere. And as to the music I must say that I have heard finer in Italy than anywhere else in Europe. A thousand men marched through the streets of Milan one day, and a similar number a few days later through Turin; and the music was, in each case, most superb. I counted the number of performers in Turin, and did not wonder that their notes fairly swept me along with them, when I found that seventy-two instruments contributed to the stirring music. Most of these were of brass; and so thoroughly drilled were the performers that all the various sounds seemed to proceed from one breath, and the melody was perfect. These marchings with military music seem to be common in all the cities; and the gratification which they furnish to the people is one thing, no doubt, which makes the people more ready to bear the heavy burden of military taxation.

We meet Americans frequently—South Americans occasionally. One such at Hotel Grande Bretagne, at Milan. He was from Kentucky, and was at first "a Union man," but an Englishman who was present indicating plainly his sympathies with the South, the Union gentleman threw off his disguise and identified himself in this wise—"We never expect to conquer the North, but we don't intend they shall conquer us." "We have the best generals." "Our men are not so well furnished as those from the North," &c. And here let me say that if one should judge the whole English nation from those only whom he meets in travelling, he would conclude that ninety-nine hundredths of them would be glad to see the South prevail. But having spent weeks in England, I think differently.

The weather is delightful beyond words to express. Orange groves—flowers in blossom—overcoats laid aside—men resting from their work asleep by the wayside—in a word, December seems to have forgotten his place in the calendar, and June come instead. All hail, "sunny Italy!"

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then, at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the mighty embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of canopies, certainly—high heaven—but never noticed but by the wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the jacks that yelp around as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who had been good enough to die in the vicinity.

upon that decision, this gentleman, the founder of the school, a kind-hearted and noble-looking man, entered unexpectedly.

The superintendent told him at once of the sad duty he was about to perform, and of the mortifying failure of every method employed to reclaim the lad. Forbearance had reached its utmost limit, and the transgressor must, at last, be expelled.

The founder was grieved. His countenance showed the workings of pity. He was sure that if the boy were turned away from the school he would become worse and worse, and that his course would end, probably in prison or on the gallows.

After a few minutes' conversation he said to the superintendent, "I know that your sentence is just; you cannot allow the law to be broken down, and the order of the school to be destroyed by indulging the wilful disobedience of any one. I dare not ask you to withhold any longer deserved punishment from the incorrigible transgressor. But one favor, sir, I will ask; let me receive punishment as the boy's substitute. Change the form of the penalty, and let me bear what he deserves. I will take off my coat and will submit myself to you to receive forty stripes save one, and then will plead for him that he be permitted to remain in the school, and have time and space for reflection. Perhaps he will try again, and may God help him to do better."

At this saying the superintendent was astonished; so were all the scholars. The scene was wonderful. There was perfect stillness. Every eye was fixed on the strange spectacle. The objections of the superintendent were over-ruled by the kind persistence of the man who presented himself to suffer in the transgressor's stead. There stood that noble-looking gentleman, bowing his back to the smiter for another's sake.

The refractory boy, also, like the rest, was greatly surprised. He forgot himself. He seemed to notice no one in the room except the man who was about to suffer for his sake. He remained in his seat motionless, almost breathless, until the lash descended upon the good man's back, then bounding from his place, as by a mighty impulse, he arrested the hand of the superintendent, saying, "I will do it myself."

"It is enough I promise to do better. Spare him and just try me once more!"

He was not ashamed to weep. For the first time many tears flowed from the deepest spring of feeling in his nature, and they were tears of repentance. The boy was gained over to the right side, and kept his word faithfully.

Who does not see that this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of this benefactor was truly Christian? It was an appeal of love that ren the rocky heart like a lightning stroke. Such is the appeal that comes to the awakened soul from the cross of Jesus. When the eyes of the mind are opened to discern the sufferer there, who His voice is heard, "it is enough." Then we know the meaning of the response of Paul, "I joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we have now received the atonement." "By His stripes we are healed."

There is nothing so pleasing in human friendship as the modifications of character that it wrought by intimacy. Better than martial victories are the "silent triumphs of wisdom"; a soul is quietly turned off from unseemly ways, and led to a loftier life. If then, we become the intimate friends of Christ, we may expect singular modifications of character to arise from the very variety and proportion of his characteristics.

If a man were inflated by wealth, Christ would appear to him as having no home to rest in. On the other hand, a man were oppressed by poverty and pinched by want, Christ would appear cheering him with the hope of heaven as the golden crown.

If one should become the friend of Christ and retain a proud spirit, Christ would ask him to bear cups of cold water, and wash the feet of his disciples. If, on the other hand, the man was lowly and discouraged, Christ would appear to him promising thrones and dominions.

Of a waster man Christ would demand care in gathering up fragments. To a hoarding man Christ would say, Labor not for that which will perish. To those who are light and joyous, Christ appears weeping over the doom of the lost. To those who are oppressed with grief, Christ appears in the solemn hours of his last Supper, with his disciples, in the silence of the midnight, singing the Hallel, the great song of praise to God.

To those that engage in too much gaiety, Christ appears holding out his crown of thorns to check unseemly mirth. But to a man in great despondency, he appears bidding him rejoice as he is exceeding glad, though in the midst of persecutions.

We are disproportionate life, and if we fondly cling to new graves, and refuse to take up again the burden of life, Christ appears rough declaring, Let the dead bury their dead; follow thou me. Or if we straightway forget the dead and are cold and unmoved by opening tomb, Christ appears weeping at the grave of a friend, or touching the hier of the only son of widow.

We are disproportionate, and if our souls are cold, and turn away from human friendship as a no use, Christ appears at the house in Bethany or in dying commends his mother to the care of his beloved disciple. But if our souls are tangled and too much wedded to earthly friendships, he appears demanding that we hate father, an mother, and all relationships, and bids us forsake all and follow him.

We are disproportionate, Christ then exhibit himself as tender or rough, to suit our peculiar case. If our souls are fearful and trembling, he will quench our smoking flax. If our souls are bold and fiery, he appears scourging hypocrite from his temple, and denouncing the Sadducee and Pharisee. If our souls love peace, Christ is the Prince of Peace. But if our souls are valiant for fight, he comes not to the earth to bring peace but a sword.

It is a man too dependent on others; Christ appears treading the wine-press alone. It is a man lonely in warfare with evil powers; Christ appears declaring that twelve legions of angels are in waiting.

If a man is legal, and clings to the old Mosaic economy, and the traditions of men, Christ appears to him rejecting the letter of the law, as containing old ceremonies. But if a man is a careless order of mind, and would riot in unholiness, Christ appears to him declaring the law as a yoke or one of the law shall fall.

To those of timid feeble mind, Christ comes teaching the most important and terrible doctrines. To those of uncomprehending hearts, and cold intellects, Christ comes showing he can die for them.

From the Watchman and Reflector. "BY HIS STRIPES HE HEALED."

We have been told of a distinguished gentleman in England, who, cherishing toward the youth around him the benevolent spirit that glowed in the heart of Robert Raikes, gave much time and money to the support of several Sunday schools in his native county, and his immediate neighborhood. In these schools many neglected children and ragged boys, accustomed to deprecate the Sabbath, had been gathered. Good superintendents had been appointed over them, and they were generally in a thriving condition.

One of these schools, however, had a more than ordinary share of large and fractious boys; and among these, was one ringleader who was particularly unmanageable. Again and again he had broken the rules of the school; the influence of his example was poisoning the minds of the rest, and the superintendent came to the conclusion that the expulsion of this boy from the school was an unavoidable necessity.

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"It is enough I promise to do better. Spare him and just try me once more!"

He was not ashamed to weep. For the first time many tears flowed from the deepest spring of feeling in his nature, and they were tears of repentance. The boy was gained over to the right side, and kept his word faithfully.

Who does not see that this noble act of self-sacrifice on the part of this benefactor was truly Christian? It was an appeal of love that ren the rocky heart like a lightning stroke. Such is the appeal that comes to the awakened soul from the cross of Jesus. When the eyes of the mind are opened to discern the sufferer there, who His voice is heard, "it is enough." Then we know the meaning of the response of Paul, "I joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we have now received the atonement." "By His stripes we are healed."

There is nothing so pleasing in human friendship as the modifications of character that it wrought by intimacy. Better than martial victories are the "silent triumphs of wisdom"; a soul is quietly turned off from unseemly ways, and led to a loftier life. If then, we become the intimate friends of Christ, we may expect singular modifications of character to arise from the very variety and proportion of his characteristics.

If a man were inflated by wealth, Christ would appear to him as having no home to rest in. On the other hand, a man were oppressed by poverty and pinched by want, Christ would appear cheering him with the hope of heaven as the golden crown.

upon that decision, this gentleman, the founder of the school, a kind-hearted and noble-looking man, entered unexpectedly.

The superintendent told him at once of the sad duty he was about to perform, and of the mortifying failure of every method employed to reclaim the lad. Forbearance had reached its utmost limit, and the transgressor must, at last, be expelled.

The founder was grieved. His countenance showed the workings of pity. He was sure that if the boy were turned away from the school he would become worse and worse, and that his course would end, probably in prison or on the gallows.

After a few minutes' conversation he said to the superintendent, "I know that your sentence is just; you cannot allow the law to be broken down, and the order of the school to be destroyed by indulging the wilful disobedience of any one. I dare not ask you to withhold any longer deserved punishment from the incorrigible transgressor. But one favor, sir, I will ask; let me receive punishment as the boy's substitute. Change the form of the penalty, and let me bear what he deserves. I will take off my coat and will submit myself to you to receive forty stripes save one, and then will plead for him that he be permitted to remain in the school, and have time and space for reflection. Perhaps he will try again, and may God help him to do better."

At this saying the superintendent was astonished; so were all the scholars. The scene was wonderful. There was perfect stillness. Every eye was fixed on the strange spectacle. The objections of the superintendent were over-ruled by the kind persistence of the man who presented himself to suffer in the transgressor's stead. There stood that noble-looking gentleman, bowing his back to the smiter for another's sake.

The refractory boy, also, like the rest, was greatly surprised. He forgot himself. He seemed to notice no one in the room except the man who was about to suffer for his sake. He remained in his seat motionless, almost breathless, until the lash descended upon the good man's back, then bounding from his place, as by a mighty impulse, he arrested the hand of the superintendent, saying, "I will do it myself."