

The Christian Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR.

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THE GREATEST TRIAL ON RECORD.

A SERMON BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his anointed."—Psalm ii. 2.

After our Lord had been betrayed by the false-hearted Judas, he was bound by the officers who had come to take him; no doubt the cords were drawn as tight, and twisted as mercilessly as possible. If we believe the traditions of the fathers, these cords cut through the flesh, even to the very bones, so that all the way from the garden to the house of Annas his blood left a crimson trail. Our Redeemer was hurried along the road which crosses the brook Kedron. A second time he was made like unto David, who passed over that brook, weeping as he went; and perhaps it was on this occasion that he drank of that foul brook by the way.

I come we, then, to the hall of Caiaphas. After the mob had dragged our Lord from the house of Annas, they reached the palace of Caiaphas, and there a brief interval occurred before the High Priest came forth to question the prisoner. How were those sad minutes spent? Was the poor victim allowed a little pause to collect his thoughts, that he might face his accusers calmly? Far from it; Luke shall tell the pitiful story: "And the men that held Jesus mocked him, and smote him. And when they had blindfolded him, they struck him on the face, and asked him, saying, Prophecy, who is it that smote thee? And many other things blasphemously spake against him." Observe how they insult his claim to the Messiahship. In effect, they mock him thus: "Thou claimest to be a prophet like unto Moses; thou knowest things to come; if thou be sent of God, prove it by discovering thy foes; we will put thee on thy trial, and test thee, O thou man of Nazareth." They bind his eyes, and then, smiting him one after another, they bid him exercise his prophetic gift, for their amusement, and prophesy who it was that smote him. Oh, shameful question! How gracious was the silence, for an answer might have withered them for ever. The day shall come when all that smite Christ shall find that he has seen them, though they thought his eyes were blinded. The day shall come, blasphemer, worldling, careless man, when everything that you have done against Christ's cause and Christ's people shall be published before the eyes of men and angels, and Christ shall answer your question, and shall tell you who it is that smote him. I speak to some this morning who have forgotten that Christ sees them; and they have ill-treated his people; they have spoken ill of his holy cause, saying, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?" I tell you, the Judge of men shall ere long point you out, and make you, to your shame and confusion of face, confess that you smote the Saviour when you smote his church.

This preliminary mockery being over, Caiaphas, the high priest, came in; he began at once to interrogate the Lord before the public, trial, doubtless with the view of catching him in his speech. The high priest asked him first of his disciples. We do not know what questions he asked; perhaps they were something like these: "What meanest thou, to allow a rabble to follow thee wherever thou goest? Who art thou, that thou shouldst have twelve persons always attending thee and calling thee Master? Dost thou intend to make these the leaders of a band of men? Are these to be thy lieutenants, to raise a host on thy behalf? Or dost thou pretend to be a prophet, and are these the sons of the prophets who follow thee, as Elisha did Elias?" Moreover, where are they? Where are thy gallant followers? If thou art a good man, why are they not here to bear witness to thee? Where are they gone? Are they not ashamed of their folly, nor that they promise of honor all end in shame? The high priest asked him of his disciples. Our Lord Jesus on this point said not a syllable.

The high priest next shifted his ground, and asked him concerning his doctrine—what it was that he taught—whether what he taught was not in contradiction to the original teachings of their great law-giver Moses—and whether he had not railed at the Pharisees, reviled the Scribes, and exposed the rulers. The Master gave a noble answer. Truth is never shamed; it boldly points to his public life as his best answer. "I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me, what I have said unto them: behold they know what I said." No sophistries—no attempt at evasion—the best armor for truth is her own naked breast. He had preached in the market-places, on the mountain's brow, and in the temple courts; nothing had been done in a corner. Happy is the man who can make so noble a defence. Where is the point in such harshness? Where can the arrow pierce the man arrayed in so complete a panoply? Little did that arch-angel Caiaphas gain by his crafty questioning. For the rest of the questioning, our Lord Jesus said not a word in self-defence. Behold, my brethren, the Son of God does more than rule the winds and command the waves; he restrains himself. And when a word, a whisper, would have refuted his foes, and swept them to their eternal destruction, he "openeth not his mouth." He who opened his mouth for his enemies, will not utter a word for himself. If ever silence were more than golden, it is this deep silence under infinite provocation.

During this preliminary examination, our Lord suffered an outrage which needs a passing notice. When he had said, "Ask them that hear me," some over-officious person in the crowd struck him in the face. The margin in John xviii. 22, very properly corrects our version, and renders the passage, "with a rod." Now, considering that our blessed Lord suffered so much, this one little particular might seem unimportant, only it happens to be the subject of prophecy in the book of Micah v. 1, "They shall smite the Judge of Israel with a rod upon the cheek." This smiting while under trial is peculiarly atrocious. To strike a man while he is pleading in his own defence, would surely be a violation of the laws even of barbarians. It brought Paul's blood into his face, and made him lose his balance when the high priest ordered them to smite him on the mouth. I think I hear his words of burning indignation, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for thou sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to law." How soon the servant loses his temper; how far more glorious the meekness of the Master. What a contrast does these gentle words afford us? "If I have spoken evil, bear witness to the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?" This was such a concentrated injury, to strike a man while pleading for his life, that it well deserves the notice both of evangelist and prophet.

But now the crowd are all sitting; the members of the great Sanhedrin are all in their usual places, and Christ is brought forth for the public trial before the highest ecclesiastical court;

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though it is, mark you, a foregone conclusion, that by hook or by crook they will find him guilty. They scour the neighbourhood for witnesses. There were fellows to be found in Jerusalem like those who in the old times frequented the Old Bailey, "straw witnesses," who were ready to be bought on either side; and provided they were well paid, would swear to anything. But for all this, though the witnesses were ready to perjure themselves, they could not agree one with another; being heard separately, their tales did not tally. At last two came, with some degree of similarity in their witness; they were both liars, but for once the two liars had struck the same note. They declared that he said, "I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." Mark xiv. 58. Now here was, first, misquotation. He never said, "I will destroy the temple," his words were, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." See how they add to his words and twist them to their own ends. Then again, they not only misquoted the words, but they misrepresented the sense, willfully, because he spake concerning the temple of his body, and not the literal temple in which they worshipped; and this they must have known. He said, "Destroy this temple"—and the accompanying action might have showed them that he meant his own body, which was raised by his glorious resurrection after destruction upon the cross. Let us add, that even when thus misrepresented, the witness was not sufficient as the foundation of a capital charge. Surely there could be nothing worthy of death in a man's saying, "Destroy this temple, and I will build it in three days." A person might make use of those words a thousand times over—he might be very foolish, but he would not be guilty of death for such an offence. But where men have made up their minds to hate Christ, they will hate him without a cause. Oh! ye that are adversaries of Christ—and there are some such here to-day—I know ye try to invent some excuse for your opposition to his holy religion; ye forge a hundred falsehoods; but ye know that your witness is not true, and your trial in conscience through which you pass the Saviour, is but a mockery. Oh! that ye were wise, and would understand him to be what he is, and submit yourselves to him now.

Finding that their witness, even when tortured to the highest degree, was not strong enough, the high priest, to get matter of accusation, adjured him by the Most High God to answer whether he was the Christ, "the Son of the Blessed." Being thus adjured, our Master would not set us an example of cowardice; he spoke to purpose; he said, "I am," Mark xiv. 62, and then, to show how fully he knew this to be true, he added, "ye shall see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." I cannot understand what Unitarians do with this incident. Christ was put to death on a charge of blasphemy, for having declared himself to be the Son of God. Was not that the time when any sensible person would have denied the accusation. But no, he seals it with his blood; he bears open testimony before the herd of his accusers. "I am." I am the Son of God, and I am the sent-one of the Most High. Now, now the thing is done. They want no further evidence. The judge, forgetting the impartiality which becomes his station, pretends to be wonderfully struck with horror, rends his garments, turns round to ask his co-accusers whether they need any further witness, and they, all too ready, hold up their hands in token of unanimity, and he is at once condemned to die. Ah! brethren, and no sooner condemned, than the high priest, stepping down from his divan, spits in his face, and then the Sanhedrim follow, and smite him on his cheek; and then they turn him down, to the rabble that had gathered in the court, and they buffet him from one to the other, and spit upon his blessed cheeks, and smite him; and then they play the old game again, which they had learned so well before the trial came on; they blindfold him for a second time, place him in the chair, and as they smite him with their fists, they cry, "Prophet! Prophet! Prophet! who is it that smote thee? Prophecy unto us!" And thus the Saviour passed a second time through that brutal and ignominious treatment. If we had tears, if we had sympathies, if we had hearts, we should prepare to shed those tears, to awaken those sympathies, and break those hearts now. O thou Lord of life and glory! Oh, shamefully wast thou ill-treated by those who pretended to be the curators of holy truth, the conservators of integrity, and the teachers of the law!

Having thus sketched the trial as briefly as I could, let me just say, that throughout the whole of this trial before the ecclesiastical tribunal, it is manifest that they did all they could to pour contempt upon his two claims—the Deity and the Messiahship. Now, friends, this morning—this morning, as truly as on that eventful occasion—you and I must range ourselves on one of two sides. Either this day we must cheerfully acknowledge his Godhead, and accept him also as the Messiah, the Saviour promised of old to us; or else we must take our post with those who are the adversaries of God and of his Christ. Will you ask yourself the question, on which side will you now stand? I pray you, do not think that Christ's Deity needs any further proof than that which this one court gives. My dear friends, there is no religion under heaven, no false religion, which would have dared to hazard such a statement, as that younger man who was spit upon and buffeted was none other than incarnate God. That Deity should willingly submit to be spit upon to redeem those whose mouths vented the spite! In what book do you read such a wonder as this! We have pictures drawn from imagination; we have been charmed along romantic pages, and we have marvelled at the creative flights of human genius; but where did you ever read such a thought as this? "God was made flesh and dwelt among us"—he was despised, scourged, mocked, treated as though he were the offspring of all things, brutally treated, worse than a dog, and all out of pure love to his enemies. Why, the thought is such a great one, so God-like, the compassion in it is so divine, that it must be true. None but God could have thought of such a thing as this stoop from the highest throne in glory to the cross of deepest shame and woe. And do you think that if the doctrine of the cross were not true, such effects would follow from it? Ah! he is God. The thing is not false. And that he is the Messiah, who can do what? If God should send a prophet, what better prophet could you desire? What character would you speak to have exhibited more completely human and divine? What sort of a Saviour would you wish for? What could better satisfy the cravings of conscience? What could commend himself more fully to the affections of the heart? He must be, we feel at once, as we see him, one alone by himself, with no competitor; he must be the Messiah of God.

Come, now, on which side will you range yourselves? Will you smite him? I put the question

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1863.

Who is it that will smite him this day? "I will not," says one, "but I do not accept nor believe in him." In that you smite him. "I do not hate him," says another, "but I am not saved by him." In refusing his love you smite him. Whoever among you will not trust him with your soul—in that you smite him, smite him in the tenderest part: since you impugn his love and power to save. Oh! Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little.

From the N. Y. Examiner.

MY VISIT TO THE RED SEA.

BY REV. D. A. RANDALL.

Our visit to the "Ford of the Jordan" was completed. Again we were upon our horses, on a full gallop across the plain towards the Dead Sea. This Sea has ever been considered a wonderful and mysterious place. As a natural phenomenon, it has no equal on the face of the globe; while in the moral associations connected with it, it is a miracle full of profound and awful significance.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY.

As we rode on, the fertility of the plain gradually diminished, and at last nearly every vestige of vegetable life disappeared. The whole scenery of the place wore a strange, solemn, and impressive aspect. As the visitor approaches the Sea, if all knowledge of his locality and its previous history was obliterated, he would still instinctively feel that he was in close proximity to the theatre of some appalling and portentous event. All around him a sterile desert of sand; beneath his feet the salty incrustations crackle and break at every step. No signs of human habitation, no sound of human voice, no song of bird, no footfall of beast, no hum of insect. A silence profound and awful, as the chamber of death is there! On one side rise up the lofty mountains of Moab, with all their dread associations of robbery and blood; on the other the rugged bluffs of Engedi, presenting to the eye no sign of vegetation, their jagged peaks and yawning caverns all conspiring to deepen the solemnity and awfulness of the scene! The traveller in this strange place looks about him, with something of the nervous hesitation and trembling timidity with which the timid boy in the dusk of evening would look into the tomb.

PECULIARITIES OF THE SEA.

Its waters lie in a deep basin one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean—the most depressed sheet of water known. Here in this deep cauldron, surrounded by tall ragged cliffs, its bosom exposed to the burning rays of a cloudless sun, encompassed by sterility and death-like solitude, the Sea, by whatever name known—and it has many—is still the same solemn, impressive emblem of death. The vivid and graphic description of its formation is given by the sacred historian, and need not be repeated here. We have stood upon the plain of Mamre, where the angels talked with Abraham, and God revealed "his terrible purpose of destruction. We have seen how those fearful purposes were executed. "And the Lord rained upon Sodom brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground." What language could be more accurate! Look upon this scorched and verdurous plain of sand, those bleak and naked hills. "And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord. And he looked towards Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the lands of the plain, and lo! the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."—Gen. 19.

Recent explorations, especially the scientific and accurate investigations of Lieut. Lynch, have given us more accurate information of these waters than was ever before known, and have dispelled many of the strange and mysterious notions with which the ignorance and superstition of former times had invested them. The sea is about forty-two miles long, and in the widest part, about nine rods. The lower or south end is quite shallow, having the appearance of a sunken plain, while toward the north end the soundings reached thirteen hundred feet! No animal life is found in its waters, though ducks are sometimes seen floating on the surface. Where the fresh water streams flow in, through the gorges in the mountains, the willow, oleander, and tamarisk, with various shrubs are found, and the song of birds may be heard; but over all the rest of the banks and shores, sterility, silence, and death-like solitude abound, while the scenery is magnificently wild, stern, and impressive. But let us approach the shore and have

A BATH IN ITS WATERS.

I found the Sea looking quite different from what I expected. My imagination had not only wrapt it in gloom, but invested its shores with swampy morasses, and its waters with a dark and turbid aspect, and overspread them with slime and pitch. What was my surprise to find a clear, transparent water, of a deep, green hue, lying calm and tranquil, and bounded by a clean pebbly shore. Lynch tells us he found near the southern end, in some places, a dark sand on the waters, and a marshy shore; but here there was nothing of the kind. It was a clear calm day, and the water lay in silence and beauty, like an immense mirror, tossing the sunbeams from its bosom. It was a strange contrast with the surrounding scenery, that served only to render its immense framework of crags and cliffs far more magnificently wild and majestic.

A few minutes, and our whole party, without I believe, a single exception, were floating upon the water like so many corks! No other known body of water has a density equal to this. By keeping the feet under you, with only motion enough to keep the body in a perpendicular position, you can float with the head, arms and knees above the water, and float like a block of wood, as long as you choose to keep yourself in that position.

I went into this water with great hesitation and dread, on account of the stories I had heard of its corrosive properties, and the clammy, pricking sensation it produces. I am inclined to think travellers have very much exaggerated this effect of the Sea. If such smarting sensations have been produced, it must be in consequence of the skin's having been previously fretted by riding, or irritated by the heat. In such cases, this water would produce the same effect of any other salt water applied to the raw flesh. All the effect I perceived, on emerging from the water, was a slight greasy feeling of the surface of the body. I wet the end of a towel in some fresh water I had with me, and rubbed myself with it, and felt no more inconvenience of any kind.

And now we have seen the Sea, bathed in its waters, recalled its strange history, examined some of its wonders, and looked upon the same scenery that gives sublimity, grandeur, and aw-

fulness to the place. Shall we go? Not yet. This Sea is one of God's eloquent preachers; let us wait and hear.

A SERMON.

Cast your eye on these scathed and blasting hills; over those burning, verdureless plains! Are there any lessons to be read there? Look away down into the profound depths of those transparent waters! Do you see anything? Hark! Are there any murmuring voices whispering in mournful accents in your ear? Ah, in the solemn hush of the deepest silence that broods over this Sea of Death, the very solemnity is instructive; and when the tempest comes howling from those mountain crags, waking the deafening echoes of their yawning chasms, lashing into tempest these dark and laden waters, above the mingled roar of the deafening storm, and the dashing of the angry waves on the fetid shores, may be heard the sepulchral voices that come up from the entombed cities of forty centuries, speaking of the time when—

"The cup of guilt was full up to the brim, and every vessel with beseeching had Retired behind the sword of Justice, red With ultimate and unrepenting wrath."

"Upon ourselves the result is a decided one. We entered upon this Sea with conflicting opinions. One of the party was skeptical, and another, I think, a professed unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days of close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record, with diffidence, the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of would-be unbelievers."

The story in Genesis is a strange one; we need strong faith to give us credence in the wonderful narration. Aside from the evidences that conspire to establish the Book of Revelation as a whole—and if we take the whole, we must take all its parts—how much evidence we may here see to confirm the special narration that records the overthrow, and overflow, of the cities of the plain! Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is not his quiver full of arrows, and can he not direct them with unerring skill and certainty, and with the awful energy of Omnipotence?

No doubt God here made use of natural agencies for the execution of his stern and fearful judgments; but the infliction was none the less terrible, and none the less an act of direct and Almighty power on that account. The overthrow was accompanied by exhibitions of the most awful and terrific kind. The vale was full of bituminous pits. These inflammable substances were kindled, and fire broke forth from the ground. By the power of volcanic action, they were ejected into the air, and came raining down from the uplifted and quaking hills. Here Sodom and Gomorrah, Admah and Zeboim met their astounding and deserved overthrow! It was an utter and irreparable ruin. No one can stand here and look on this impressive scenery, and not feel the conviction that this Sea of Death is a creation of the wrath of the Almighty. The hand of an incensed God has been here, and he has left his imprint on this barren plain, these scorched and blackened hills, these sulphurous shores, these salt and bitter waters of death! This dark and mysterious sea, and all its strange and gloomy surroundings, are an abiding monument, left here by the Almighty, upon which all succeeding generations may read, traced as with letters of fire, the handwriting of his judgments, the certainty of his displeasure against sin. Jude tells us, in the Book of God, that these buried cities, "giving themselves over to fornication, and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire." God created for man a beautiful Eden, and man rejected it. That Eden, the joyous type of innocence, perished from the earth. Now sin spreads abroad its defilements, and here the symbol of its punishment remains, a type of the retributive justice of God!

For the Christian Visitor.

THE TERRORS OF HELL.

Some think the terrors of hell should not be spoken of, but Jesus preached them, and his ministers should do the same. God often blesses such preaching to the conviction of sinners, arousing them from a careless state to think about their souls. But men hate to hear about future misery, for it disturbs their peace and makes them unhappy so that they cannot enjoy worldly pleasures. Determined not to think about the concerns of their souls, they will not hear God's truth, which is like a two-edged sword, piercing the heart, because it makes them unhappy. How dreadful the condition of those who turn away from God's truth and null their conscience to sleep! There are but two places in which to spend eternity—heaven and hell. In heaven the saints enjoy God's presence, and are full of unspeakable joy. In hell, poor lost souls endure unutterable misery forever and ever. The finally impenitent must perish. The door will be barred against them; they will knock, but God will say, "depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I never knew you," and they will sink beneath the frowns of an angry God. His wrath will be poured out without mixture; their agonies will be unutterable. Oh! sinners, while Jesus calls you, while there is hope, I beseech you flee from the wrath to come, and the blessed Saviour will receive you: "he that believeth shall not be damned." Oh! sinners, tarry not in all the plain, flee for thy life, the avenger of blood is at thy heels. The sword of Divine justice is unsheathed, waiting for the brittle thread of life to be cut, and then you will be landed in eternal misery. Why then delay when Jesus calls you? Make Christ your refuge and the storm of Divine vengeance will never burst upon your naked and defenceless souls. Oh! blessed hope! Let the saints rejoice, for they are saved from the miseries of hell and the dominion of sin.

A. ESTABROOKS.

For the Christian Visitor.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO "CHILDHOOD'S HOME."

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land, Whose heart hath not yet with his country burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand?'"

How often have these effusions of the Caledonian bard been reiterated by those revisiting the land of their nativity—their "childhood's home." No matter how lowly that home may be, it has an indescribable charm for the weary sojourners in this matter-of-fact world; and to those who have outlived friends and happiness, it is the oasis in the desert of life, the one "verdant spot in the cloudland of memory." And although supremely blessed in the home of our adoption, yet we are again exploring with unutterable emotion the familiar scenes of by-gone days; even these scenes, which seem almost like old friends—for we have dreamed away the summer hours be-

neath their umbrageous foliage, often puzzling our young brain over volumes which, if we could not understand, we interpreted to suit our childish fancy.

We have often strayed at early morn amidst these garden walks, when the sweet flowers bent their meek heads beneath their wealth of pearly dew; and on this streamlet's verdant bank we have searched for the dainty violet in the early spring-time, when nature was decking her emerald mantle with jewels rich and rare.

Yonder (fraught with many pleasant recollections) stands the village school-house, looking changed and brown with age, and the stately butternuts and maples which shadowed the chattering creek near by; have fallen beneath the spoiler's axe, but the crystal waters glide on as musically as of yore. Never while reason maintains her throne can we forget the solemn prayer meetings held beneath that humble roof, when we listened with deep emotion to the exercises of those endeared by the holiest ties; some of whom have "ceased to pray," and are now chanting celestial praises before Jehovah's throne. But many and precious are the associations clustering around the "old Meeting House," to which we have so often repaired with the dearly-cherished companions of earlier days; and although long since deserted for a nobler edifice, we often revisit it in imagination, and again listen to the fervent appeals of the beloved E. J. Harris, the God-exalting expositions of the heavenly-minded John Mills, or to the familiar tones of W. D. Fitch, of precious memory; but they have gone home, with many other eminent servants of the Most High, who, with our own deeply lamented brother, have preached the Word within those hallowed walls.

"Twas there I felt my need of Christ— And there I met with His disciples To declare the wonders of 'Redeeming grace and dying love.'"

Canning. LITZKE.

DIVIDING UP A SERMON.

It has always appeared to me extremely bad policy, in any preacher who desires to keep up the interest of his congregation, to announce at the beginning of his sermon, that in the first place, he will do so; and in the second place, such another thing; and in the third place, something else, and finally close with some practical remarks. I can say for myself, that whenever I hear any preacher say anything like that, an instant feeling of irksomeness and weariness possesses me. You cannot help thinking of the long, tiresome way that is to be got over before happily reaching the end. You choke off each head of the sermon as it closes; but your relief at thinking it is done, is dashed by the thought of what a deal more is yet to come. No; the skillful preacher will not thus map out his subject, telling his hearers exactly what a long way they have to go. He will while them along step by step. He will never let them have a long lookout. Let each head of the discourse be announced as it is arrived at. People can hear one at a time, who would break down at the simultaneous prospect of three, not to say of seven or eight. And then, when the sermon is nearly done, you may in a sentence, give a connected view of all you have said, and your skill will be shown if people think to themselves what a long way they have been brought, without the least sense of weariness. I lately heard a sermon which was divided into seven heads. If the preacher had named them all in the beginning, the congregation would have ceased to listen, or would have listened under the oppressive thought of what awaited them before they would be free. But each head was announced just as it was arrived at; the congregation was whirled along insensibly; and the sermon was listened to with breathless attention, from the first sentence to the last.—Country Parson.

A Mother's Influence.

My son, about eighteen, had left the family circle one evening to attend a meeting in the public hall. When he reached there he found a man standing at the door, with a table before him, selling tickets. "A ball is to be held here to-night," said he, "and here are tickets, so much for a gentleman and lady.—Come, young man, are you not going in?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "I am going in, but not to attend a ball. I never go to balls. I am going into the third story of this house to attend a prayer-meeting."

In an instant the tickets were dropped, and the vender, looking into the young man's face, said, with tears in his eyes, "A PRAYER-MEETING! Yes, that is where I ought to go. Young man, come out on the sidewalk; I must say a few things to you."

"He seemed to be in agony while he told the young man that he once went to prayer-meetings; that he thought at one time his heart was changed; that his mother was left a widow when he was a child, and though she was poor, she sent him to school, praying that he might become a minister of the gospel. His mother died, and he forgot her counsels; and now," said he, "I am on the road to hell. Young man, PRAY FOR ME; let me have your prayers." This, of course, was promised; and on entering the room where a few Christians had assembled for prayer, the whole story was related, and each one in their turn prayed for that man who once had a praying mother. The sequel the day of judgment will reveal.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

A dying clergyman who had gained much respect in his day, not long since summed up his advice to some young ministers who had visited him thus:—

"Preach plain, unadorned truth. All the ornaments and embellishments you throw into a discourse will be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal on the consciences of men. Strong heart appeals, made with the union of the Spirit, can alone move them. Preach Mount Sinai as from Mount Calvary. There is a class of minds who need to see the lightning to feel the darkness, to tremble at the thunder even, before they can be made to lay hold on Christ. But let the law lead your own minds, and the minds of those who hear you, directly to Him who is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. Do not be bigots. You may love the Church of your choice, but show respect for the preference of others. Wherever you find it, look upon the image of the Saviour with holy regard. At this period of the world, dividing lines must not be too strongly marked. Christians must be one.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

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REV. I. E. BILL,

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Christian Visitor

Is furnished as a Newspaper for the Family. It enriches its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

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J. W. WELDON, Agent for New Brunswick.

ST. JOHN, N. B., 12th Feb., 1863.—J. W.

LONDON HOUSE, DANIEL & BOYD, DRY GOODS MERCHANTS, MARKET SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dec 4. JOHN HASTINGS, DRY GOODS MERCHANT, 27 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B.

Dec 4. BARBOUR & SEELY, Importers and Dealers in every description of BRITISH AND FOREIGN DRY GOODS, Wholesale and Retail, Brick Building, No. 67 King St., St. John, N. B. WILLIAM V. BARBOUR, ALEX. W. SEELY. Particular attention paid to country orders. Dec 4.

Dec 4. R. S. STAPLES, Importer of British and Foreign Dry Goods, COTTONS, WOOLLENS, LINENS, WARPS, &c. Wholesale and Retail. No. 83 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Dec 4. CHARLES KIRKPATRICK, (Successor to Kirks Patent & Co.) No. 58 PRINCE Wm. STREET, Linen and Woollen Draper, Haberdasher, and General Importer of English, French and American Dry Goods. Dec 4.

Dec 4. JOHN ARMSTRONG & CO., 52 Prince William Street, Saint John, N. B. Importers of and Dealers in British and Foreign DRY GOODS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. Dec 4. (W. V. L.)

Dec 4. HENRY McCULLOUGH, Prince William Street, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Woollens, Linen, and Haberdashery, Silks, Laces, Ribbons, &c.; Tea, Sugar, and Tobacco. Dec 4.

Dec 4. HORSFALL & SHERATON, 42 King Street, Saint John, N. B. Importers of Silks, Woollens, Linens, Cottons, Hosiery, Gloves, Carpets, Floor Cloths, Curtain Materials, and all kinds of Dry Goods. Dec 4.

Dec 4. A. & T. GILMOUR, MERCHANT TAILORS, No. 10 King Street, St. John, N. B. Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings. Dec 4.

Dec 4. JAMES S. MAY, MERCHANT TAILOR, 27 German Street, St. John, N. B. Always on hand a good assortment of Cloths, &c. December 4.

Dec 4. J. E. WHITEKIR, Wholesale and Retail Clothier and Draper, 68 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B. Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every description. Importer of Staple Dry Goods. Particular attention given to Custom Work. Dec 4.

Dec 4. North American Clothing Store, 16 North Side King Street, St. John, N. B. R. HUNTER, Proprietor. Constantly on hand a Large and Splendid Assortment of Clothing, Cloths, Furnishing Goods, &c. &c. Garments made to order in the most fashionable style, by the best workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec 4.

Dec 4. WOOLLEN HALL, JAMES McNICOL & SON, Clothiers, and Dealers in Genl. Furnishing Goods, No. 25 King Street, St. John, N. B. Clothing made to order. Dec 4.

Dec 4. SAMUEL WILSON, Tailor and Clothier, Sears' Brick Building, No. 23 King Street, St. John, N. B. Always on hand a large and splendid assortment of Clothing, Cloths, &c., Genl. Furnishing Goods. Gentlemen's Clothing made to order in the most fashionable style by the best Workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec 4.

Dec 4. C. D. EVERETT & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF HATS AND CAPS, No. 15, North side King Street, St. John, N. B. Also—Agents for Singer's Sewing Machine. Dec 4.

Dec 4. CALHOUN & STARRATT, (Successors to D. H. Hall.) Manufacturers, importers and dealers in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Also, Hats, Caps, and Furs, Wholesale and Retail. 41 King Street, St. John, N. B. Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Caps made to order at short notice. Dec 4.

Dec 4. M. FRANCIS, BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER, No. 48 Prince William Street. Dec 4.

Dec 4. Thomas Bell, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER, Brussels Street, St. John, N. B. Dec 4.

Dec 4. FANCY BAZAR, A. Page, 26 King Street, Saint John, N. B. Toys, Portmonies, Dressing Cases, and a multitude of Novelties. Dec 4.

Dec 4. ALBERT J. LORDLY, Manufacturer of every description of Household Furniture and dealer in Looking Glasses, Feather Beds, &c. &c. Warehouses 5