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

AT THEIR OFFICE, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, PSAINT JOHN, N. B.

TERMS :- Cash in Advance. One Copy, for one year, \$2 00 Fifty Copies to one Address\$1 50 Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, affords an excellent medium for advertising.

THE PROCESSION OF SORROW.

A SERMON, DELIVERED SUNDAY MORNING, MARC 1st, 1869, BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. "And they took Jesus, and led him away." - John xix. 16. (Concluded)

III.—I have now a third picture to present to

YOU CHRIST AND HIS MOURNERS. As Christ went through the streets, a great multitude looked on. In the multitude there was a sparse sprinkling of tender-hearted women, has spilt, no groans but those which came from probably those who had been healed, or whose children had been blessed by him. Some of these were persons of considerable rank; many of them had ministered to him of their substance. Amid the din and howling of the crowd, and the noise of the soldiery, they raised an exceeding loud and Litter cry, like Rachel weeping for her children, who would not be comforted, because of trusting in yourselves. You may think that they were not. The voice of sympathy prevailed this remark is not needed; but I have met with over the voice of scorn. Jesus paused, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." The sorrow of these good women was a very proper sorrow; Jesus did not by any means forbid it, he only recommended another sorrow as being better; not finding fault with this, but still com-mending that. Let me show what I think he meant. Last Sunday the remark was made to me "If the story of the sufferings of Christ had when the sinner himself—the dry tree—whose been told of any other man, all the congregation sins are his ewn, and not merely imputed to him, would have been in tears." Some of us, indeed, confess that, if we had read this narrative of suffering in a romance, we would have wept copiously, but the story of Christ's sufferings does not God saw Christ in the sinner's place he did not cause the excitement and emotion one would expect. Now, I am not sure that we ought to he will not spare you. You have seen Jesus led pect. Now, I am not sure that we ought to blame ourselves for this. If we weep for the sufferings of Christ in the same way as we lament the sufferings of another man, our emotions will be only natural, and may work no good. They would be very proper, very proper; God forbid that we should stay them, except with the gentle words of Christ, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep | was deserted of God; and if he, who was only not for me." The most Scriptural way to des- imputedly a sinner, was deserted, how much cribe the sufferings of Christ is not by laboring more shall you be? "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachto excite sympathy through highly colored destrictions of his blood and wounds. Romanists be your cry when you shall say, "Good God! of all ages have wrought upon the feelings of the good God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and people in this matter, and, to a degree, the at- the answer shall come back, "Because I have tempt is commendable, but if it shall end in tears called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out of pity, no good is done. I have heard sermons my hand, and no man regarded; but have set at and studied works of Romish writers upon the nought my counsel, and would none of my re-

What, then, dear friends, should be the sor- hides his face from Christ, how much less will he rows excited by a view of Christ's sufferings! spare you! He did not spare his Son the stripes. They are these Weep not because the Saviour Did I not describe last Sabbath the knotted bled, but because your sins made him bleed.

passion and agony, which melted me to copious proof; I also will laugh at your calamity and

tears, but I am not clear that all the emotion was mock when your fear cometh." These are awful

profitable. I show unto you a more excellent words, but they are not mine; they are the very

Twere you my sins, my cruel sins, baued in this chief formentors were:

Each of my sins became a nail,

And unbelief a spear,"

When a brother makes confession of his transgressions, when on his knees before God he humbles himself with many tears, I am sure the Lord thinks far more of the tears of repentance than he would of the mere drops of human sympathy. "Weep for yourselves," says Christ, "rather

than for me."
The sufferings of Christ should make us weep over those who have brought that blood upon their heads. We ought not to forget the Jews. Those once highly favored people of God who cursed themselves with—"His blood be upon us and our children," ought to make us mourn when we think of their present degradation. There are no passages in all the public ministry of Jesus so tender as those which have regard to Jerusalem. It is not sorrow over Rome, but Jerusalem. I believe there was a tenderness in Christ's heart to the Jew of a special character. He loved the Gentile, but still Jerusalem was the city of the Great King. It was, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not!" He saw its streets flowing like bloody rivers; he saw the temple flaming up to heaven; he marked the walls loaded with Jewish captives crucified by command of Titus; he saw the city razed to the ground and sown with salt, and said, "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and wour children, for the day shall come when ye shall say to the rocks, Hide us; and to the mountains, Fall upon us."

Let me add, that when we look at the suffering of Christ, we ought to sorrow deeply for the souls of all unregenerate men and women. Remember, dear friends, that what Christ suffered for us, these unregenerate ones must suffer for themselves, except they put their trust in Christ. The woes which broke the Saviour's heart must crush theirs. Either Christ must die for me, or else must die for myself the second death; if he did not carry the curse for me, then on me must it rest forever and ever. Think, dear friends, there are some in this congregation who as yet have no interest in Jesus' blood, some sitting next to you, your nearest friends, who, if they were now to close their eyes in death, would open them in hell! Think of that! Weep not for him, but for these. Perhaps they are your children, the objects of your fondest love, with no interest in Christ, without God and without hope in the world! Save your tears for them; Christ asks them not in sympathy for himself. Think of the millions in this dark world! It is calculated that one soul passes from time into eternity every time the clock ticks! So numerous has the fa-mily of man become, that there is a death every second; and when we know how very small a proportion of the human race has even nominally received the cross—and there is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved—oh! what a black thought crosses our mind! What a cataract of immortal souls dashes downwards to the pit every hour! Well might the Master say—"Weep not for me, but for yourselves." You have, then, no true sympathy for Christ if you have not an earnest sympathy with those who win souls for Christ. You may with those who win souls for Christ. You may sit under a sermon, and feel a great deal, but your feeling is worthless until it leads you to "weep for yourselves and your children." How has it been with you! Have you repented of sin! Have you prayed for your fellow men! If not, may that picture of Christ fainting in the streets lead you to do so this morning. IV. In the fourth place, one or two words upon

will they do in the dry?" Among other things methinks he meant this—"If I, the innocent sub-

stitute for sinners, suffer thus, what will be done

shall fall into the hands of an angry God." Oh!

ye unregenerate men and women, and there are

not a few such here now, remember that when

away by his enemies; so shall you be dragged

away by fiends to the place appointed for you.

"Deliver him to the termentors," was the word

of the king in the parable; it shall be fulfilled to

you—"Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Jesus

words of God in Scripture. Oh! sinner, if God

scourges which fell upon the Saviour's back?

What whips of steel for you, what knots of burn-

ing wire for you, when conscience shall smite

you, when the law shall scourge you with its ten-thonged whip! Oh! who would stand in your

place, ye richest, ye merriest, ye most self-right-

eous sinners—who would stand in your place

when God shall say, "Awake O sword against the

rebel, smite the man that rejected me : smite him.

and let him feel the smart forever!" Christ was

spit upon with shame; sinner, what shame will

be yours! The whole universe shall hiss you

angels shall be ashamed of your your own friends, your sainted mother, shall say "Amen" to

your condemnation; and those who loved you

best shall sit as assessors with Christ to judge and

condemn you! I cannot roll up into one word

all the mass of sorrows which met upon the head

of Christ who died for us, therefore it is impossi-

ble for me to tell you what streams, what oceans

of grief must roll over your spirit if you die as

you now are. You may die so, you may die now.

There are more unlikely things than that you will

be dead before next Sunday. Some of you will !

It does not happen that five or six thousand peo-

ple meet together twice; it never does, I suppose;

the scythe of death must cut some of you down

before my voice shall warn you again! Oh! souls,

I do beseech you by the agonies of Christ, by his

wounds and by his blood, do not bring upon

yorselves the curse; do not bear in your own

persons the awful wrath to come! May God de-

liver you! Trust in the Son of God and you shall

The Lord bless you, for Jesus' own sake.

A traveller was climbing a steep mountain road.

The path was rough and broken. Deep chasms

and bottomiess holes made the way dangerous. The road seemed interminable, for height rose

above height, seemingly without, end. The tra-

veller's strength was almost exhausted, and he

frequently paused, and sighing with discourage-

I must go back. I shall never reach the

Fortunately, the traveller's guide was a man of

strength and spirit. He met this cry of despon-

Courage, my friend, and we shall soon be at

Thus cheered, the traveller rallied, and press-

ing on reached the top at last. Then a glorious landscape burst upon his vision. He saw vast

plains covered with verdure, adorned with trees,

studded with palaces, towers and villages, and

threaded by streams which looked like currents

of molten silver. The scene enraptured him and

"What a magnificent spectacle! I feel more than repaid for all my fatigue in getting here. It is spleudid! I am ashamed of my lack of cou-

rage while on the way up.

Cannot the discouraged Christian learn a lesson from this traveller's joy? He finds the work of

Saviour's voice speaks, could he but hear it say-

"Courage, soul! you will soon reach the top. There is no difficulty in the way but what has been overcome by millions of my disciples. You can overcome it too. Fear not little ones; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the king-

Listen. O tried heart, until you hear that faith

he exclaimed: and pitopoor bound ingavei)

dency by cheerily saying

Statish of COURAGE MY FRIEND.

ment said:

the top."

The first of the f

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1863. New Series, Vol. I., No. 18.

THE PATIENT WIFE.

you will carry your sorrows, and be damned on them, except you repent. That impenitent thief A Baptist church in New Jersey, in the year went from the cross of his great agony-and it 1888, embraced but two male members. was agony indeed to die on the cross he went was rendered useless by fits, and the other was in from that place to the flames of hell, and you, too, his detage. The few female members met, and may go from the bed of sickness, and from the abode of poverty, to perdition, quite as readily as from the home of ease and the house of plenty. No sufferings of ours have anything to do with the Divine blessing. Providentially a minister visited the village, and commenced preaching the gosatonement of sin. No blood but that which He Among these praying females, was one who resided six miles distant from the place of meeting. His heart, no suffering but that which was en-She had a drunken, profane and abusive husband The Lord's day, with its calm quiet, and heavenly dured by Him, can ever make a recompense for sing Shake off the thought, any of you who suppose that God will have pity on you because you have endured affliction. You must consider

privileges, arrived, but to her it was a day of sor row. She was quietly seated, worshipping with others in the house of God, when her husband entered, and in abusive language ordered her home. With a sad but patient heart, she complied with his demand, but as she traced those weary miles, she lifted her prayer to God for his conversion. Night closed around the brutal husband and the patient wife, but the prayer of the latter, in her evening devotions, ascended anew to God. Near morning she was awakened by an exclamation from her husband-

"I cannot sleep," said he—"I have wronged you, and sinned against God. Go to meeting to-

day, and I will come in the evening." Joyful words! She rose, arranged her domestic affairs, and hastened at the appointed time to the house of God. With tears of joy she told her story, and sequested her sisters to join her in prayer for the erring one. Evening came, and there sat the poor, haggard inebriate. He was kindly addressed, and was requested to pledge total abstinence for one week. It was done. The following evening he was again at the meeting, a trembling, praying sinner, and the next night but one, he was a rejoicing convert to Jesus Christ. He became a "new man," and to this day, adorns the christian profession.

We here see-1. The good results of patient endurance under ill treatment. Had the wife refused to return, or treated her husband roughly, she might have driven him to destruction. But by patience she disarmed, conquered him. Let wives learn faith and

2. The connection of temperance with religion. In this case, sobriety was essential to the exercise of proper religious emotions. The pledge of abstinence was an important preliminary to his embracing Christ. Yet his religious impressions first moved him to take that pledge. Temperance was presented, as it always should be, in connection with righteousness and judgment to

come, followed by prayer to God for success. 9. The encouragement presented to labor for the reformation and conversion of the intemperate. Man can do little; but God can penetrate the hardest heart. Let christian wives never despair, and let God's people pray and labor for the de-

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

"We have been waiting for you more than an hour," said Mrs. Hays to her hushand, as he came in to breakfast, somewhat heated by exertion; "Where have you been all this time?"

"I have been down the road a piece," said Mr. Havs, with an indefiniteness not unusual when replying to the somewhat frequent questions of

"Why did you stay so long?" "I couldn't come sooner."

"What were you doing?" "Putting up fence."

"You have no fence down there."

Mr. Hays did not see fit to affirm that he had "What fence were you putting up?" "Some that was blown down last night."

"Whose fence was it ?"

"Mr. Jones's." "Mr. Jones's! You put up his fence to pay him for helping Jackson cheat you, I suppose.' "No, I put it to keep the cattle out of his

cornfield." Mr. Jones had injured Mr. Hays. Mr. Jones was by no means a nice man. In fact he was a very bad man. But Mr. Havs saw his corn exposed, and spent an hour or two in putting up the fence. Did he do it with the hope of conciliating his enemy? No. He did it because Mr. Jones was his enemy. He read in his Bible. "Do good to those that hate you." He actually believed that the command was put into the Bible to be obeyed to be obeyed by him. One who saw him at work on the fence said,

There is no use in his doing Jones a kindness. He will ascribe it to some selfish motive." That, in Mr. Hay's view, had nothing to do with the matter. His duty was not affected by

Mr. Jones's opinions. Mr. Hays was a peculiar man. He never quarreled with any one. He did good to those who hated him. He forgave those who injured him. He daily prayed, "forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." His peculiarities were owing to the fact that he imitated Christ, whose follower he was. He did what thousands of professing Christians promise to do. Exami-

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE BURGLAR.

The world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling chapter than an incident which marked the life of the Rev. Mr. Lee, who was recently cut down in his prime, while pastor of the Presbyterian church in the village of Waterford, N. Y. The adventure, says the Troy Times, occurred on the night before Thanksgiving, a few weeks previous to the commencement of the sudden illness which resulted so sadly and fatally. Mr. Lee was sitting in his study about one o'clock in the morning, preparing a discourse to be delivered to his congregation (when assembled for thanksgiving worship), when he heard a noise, life heavy, dull and monotonous; the road is steep, rough, at times dangerous. He toils slowly on, grows dispirited, and is tempted to give up the struggle for salvation and to drift with the multitude along the seemingly smoother road to destruction. To that disheartened soul the and became conscious that somebody was in the room. Supposing that a neighbor had dropped in upon some unforseen errand, Mr. Lee said:

"What's the matter?" and turned around in his chair. He beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a side window, supposing that all the occupants were wrapped in slumber, and burst upon the presence of Mr. Lee before he was aware that the study contained an

"Give me your watch and money," said he,
"and make no noise, or I will fire."
Mr. Lee said:

"You may as well put down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess." The burglar withdrew his a

There were two other cross-bearers in the throng; they were malefactors; their crosses were just as heavy as their Lord's, and yet, at least, one of them had no sympathy with him, and his bearing the cross only led to his death, and not to his salvation. This hint only. I have sometimes met with persons who have suffered much; they have lost money, they have worked hard all their lives, or they have laid for years upon a bed of sickness, and they therefore suppose that because they have suffered so much in this life, they shall thus escape the punishment of sin hereafter. I tell you, sirs, that yonder malefactor carried his cross and died on it, and Mr. Lee said:

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened a door and pointed to a cot where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace. "These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?" He proceeded to say that as a minister of the Gospel he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object the education.

of the two children that were reposing in the adjoining room. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears filled his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit. After poured out their prayers for the pastor and the a few remarks from Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join with him in prayer; and there, in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his Thorwardsen, of a carver of ship's heads. Samuel penitence and remorse, while the representative Rogers was fixed in his determination to become of a religion of peace and good will told him to "go and sin no more," Such a scene has few

On the conclusion of the prayer, the burglar attempted to take his departure by the broken window through which he had entered. "Why not go by the front door?" said Mr.

Lee.
The man replied:
"There are confederates there who would shoot He desired Mr. Lee to take an oath on the Holy Scriptures never to reveal the particulars of this singular interview. Mr. Lee said it was unnecessary, as he had the kindest feelings toward

him, and should never divulge aught he had seen or heard. The next day, Mr. Lee, while walking with his wife, met the man in the streets of Waterford, and on subsequent occasions saw him from time to time. One of the actors in this singular episode fills

an early grave; but by means that we are not at liberty to disclose, the event did not die with What must be the feelings of the other party to this mysterious meeting whenever he reflects upon the lonely parsonage and the memorable scene that it witnessed on the night before Thanksgiving, 1862?

INTERESTING FACTS. Raphael and Luther were both born in the

year 1483. The former died in 1520, the same year with Da Vinci. Spencer was born in 1553, the year in which Latimer died. Sir Walter Raleigh and Hooker were also born within a few months of Spencer. Shakspeare and Galileo were born in 1563, the year in which Luther, and Calvin, and Roger Ascham died. Galileo was born the day Michael Angelo died, and died the day Newton was born. Newton made one of his first experiments at the age of sixteen, on September 3d, 1658, the day of the great storm, when Cromwell died. Cromwell was born in the year 1599, the year in which Spencer died. Izaak Walton, Newton, and Tasso, all died in 1593. Claude Lorraine and Poussin, the artists, were born in 1600, the year in which Hooker died. Claude and Murillo died in the year 1682. Milton, Clarendon, and Fuller, were all born in 1608. The two former died in the same year, 1674, and the year in which Watts was born. Shakspeare and Pocahontas died in the same year, 1616. Raleigh died in 1618, the year in which the famous Synod of Dort was formed. Bunyan was born in 1628, the year in which Decker died, and died in 1688, the year Pope was born. Dryden was born in 1631, the year in which Donne died and died in 1700, the year in which Thomson and Blair were born. Galileo, Guido, and Boyle, all died in 1642. Burnet, the historian. was born in 1643, the year in which Hampden died. Rollin and Faller died the year Defoe was born, 1661. Swift was born in 1667, the year Jeremy Taylor died. Locke and Sir Christopher Wren were both born in 1632. Bolingbroke and Addison were born in 1672, two years before Milton died. Defoe died in 1713, the year Sterne was born. Burnet died in 1714, the year Whitefield and Shenstone were born. Leibnitz died in 1716, the year Garrick and Gray were born. Penn died in 1718, the year Putnam and Brainard were born. Sir C. Wren died in 1723, the year in which Blackstone and Reynolds were born. Cowper was born in 1731. Goldsmith was born in 1729, the year in which Steele died. Gibbon, Smollett, Collins, and Aikenside, were all born in 1794, the year Witherspoon died. Watts and Thomson in 1748. Voltaire and Pitt in 1778. Christopher Wren, in 1773, the year Priestly and Coleridge were born. George Washington, Patrick Henry, and Howe, all died in 1799. Cromwell and Hampden, who were cousins, both took passage in a vessel that lay in the Thames bound for North America, in 1637. They were actually on board when an order of council appeared by which the ship was prohibited from sailing. Goethe was at one time, also, on the brink of crossing the ocean for America. So was Robert Burns. A scheme of Pantisocracy in 1795, came near bringing Southey, Cole-ridge, Lovell, and Burnet to America. Chancer was the first of that long array of poets buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1400. The body of Dry-den was deposited in the grave of Chaucer, just three centuries after his burial, in the year 1700. Goldsmith died two thousand pounds in debt. As proof of the wonderful memory of Thomas Fuller, it is said that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them. and recite the whole of the signs in the principal street of London, after once passing through it and back again. Locke was banished as a trai-tor, and wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding," sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Homer sang his own ballads. Virgil was so fond of salt that he seldom went without a boxful in his pocket. Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived, was awkwardly stupid in conversation. Handel was such a miser, that he was frequently known to wear a shirt a month to save the ex-pense of washing. It is said that Dryden was pense of washing. It is said that Dryden was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy.—He was a firm believer in astrology. It is said that Pitt required a great deal of sleep, seldom being able to do with less than ten or eleven hours. Butler did not become an author until he was fifty years old. Richardson, author of "Pamela," etc., did not begin to write author of "Pamela," etc., did not begin to write till he was almost fifty years of age. Robert Ferguson died in an insane asylum. The wife of Beattie, the poet, became insane and was confined in an asylum for some years. The first wife of Southey died insane. Chatterton put a period to his own life at the age of eighteen. Coleridge was for many years addicted to the use of opium. Sir William Jones was the master of wenty eight languages. The father of Henry Kirke White was a butcher, as was also that of Cardinal Wolsey and the poet Aikenside. White was apprenticed to a stocking weaver; Montgomery, at everlasting life. So that we be like as if we had the age of fourteen, to a shop-keeper. Crabbe was the son of a salt-maker or collector of salt duties. Coleridge was the son of a vicar. Sam'l. Rogers was a banker by profession. The father of Charles Lamb was servant and friend to one of the bachelors of the Inner Temple. Campbell was born in the sixty-seventh year of his father's age, and was the youngest of ten children. Keats was born in a livery stable, and was apprenticed at lifteen to a surgeon. Alexander Wilson, the distinguished naturalist, was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards presented the salt we be like as if we had done no sin at all. For his righteousness standeth us in so good stead as though we of ourselves had fulfilled the law to the uttermost.—Latimer.

Content not yourselves with bare nature, without the true grace of God. Be frugal of all the just comforts of this life; slight them not, waste them not; they are all the dear gifts of God, the God of all our mercies. And if the Lord be willing to sanctify these, and bestow yet greater than them upon us, let us not neglect, let us not despise our advantages, but accept with all humble thankfulness, that our water

projector of the "Annual Register" in which Burke was engaged, and who was the first to collect and republish the "Old English Plays" which formed the foundation of the "National Drama," raised himself from the low condition of a livery servant, to be one of the most respectable and influential men of his time. Canova was the son of an old quarryman, and originally a laborer; a poet by the perusal of "Beattie's Minstrels," when only nine years of age. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles enjoys the distinction of having delighted and inspired the genius of Coleridge. The study of "Percy's Reliques of English Poetry" gave the first impulse to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. He has also stated that the rich, human, pathetic tenderness and admirable tact of Miss Edgeworth's "Irish Portraits," led him first to think that something could be done, or attempted, for his own country, of the same kind as she had so fortunately achieved for Ireland. During the last six years of the life of Chalmers, his daily modicum of original composition was completed before breakfast, written in short hand, and all done in bed. Milton frequently composed lying in bed in the mornings; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number.—Home Journal.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD. A philosopher once asked a little girl if she

had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied:

" To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?" "Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again. It was a child's reason; but the philosopher ould hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why, said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?' "Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, but I do; it's my THINK."

"Your think !" said the philosopher, astonish ed in his turn; "who told you so?

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brains a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it in so few words.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

The following extract from the sermon preached before the General Assembly of Presbyterians, by Rev. Charles Hawley, is worthy of special con-

"The most gifed pastor may supplement himself from the varied treasures of a church literature. The press is as ready to help the ministry as to undermine and overthrow it. If the pulpit has a popular rival, it is the newspaper. But this may and ought to be made as great a power in the church as it is in the outside world. It is the very best form in which to furnish a vast and needed amount of popular religious reading. Its reneral circulation is better economy than the most systematic tract distribution, for well conducted, it brings into a family, each week, more gospel truth than any tract contains, with addiional gain of ecclesiastical, religious, and general intelligence from every part of the world. religious newspaper in full sympathy with the church (and we have such), coming into every family, would be an immense relief to the minis try. It would inform, educate and liberalize our people on many subjects, as can be done by no

For the Christian Visitor. MR. EDITOR-Should you find space in your valuable Visitor, please give the following re-

marks a place, as preached by the memorable martyr, Hugh Latimer, D. D. Although spoken over three centuries ago, yet it remains the same unchangeable and impregnable truth still, and knows no retreat, and will be read and appreciated by all sound Christians to the end of time. C. H. BALMAIN.

D. H., April 23rd, 1868.

Except a man be born again from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God." He must have a regeneration. And what is this regeneraion f It is not to be christened in water, as these fire-brands, the Papists, would have it. How is it to be expounded then! St. Peter showeth, that one place of Scripture declareth another. St. Peter saith, "And we be born again." How? Not by mortal seed, but by immortal. What is this immortal seed? By the word of the living God: by the word of God preached and opened. Thus cometh in our new birth. This is a great commendation of this office of preaching. It is God's instrument, whereby He worketh faith in our hearts. If we shall be judged after our own deservings, we Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair Cutting and shall be damned everlastingly. Therefore, learn here, every good Christian, to abhor this most detestable and dangerous poison of the Papists, who go about to thrust Christ out of his seat. Learn, here, I say, to leave all Papistry, and to stick only to the word of God, which teacheth thee that Christ is not a Judge but a Justifier; a Giver of salvation, a taker-away of sin. For, He purchased our salvation through His painful death, and we receive the same through believing death, and we receive the same through beneving in him. As St. Paul teacheth, saying, "Freely ye are justified through faith." In these words of St. Paul, all merits and estimation of works are clean taken away. For, if it were for our works sake, then were it not freely. But St. Paul saith, "Freely." Whether will you now believe, St. Paul or the Papists? Our sins let us and withdraw us from prayer. But our Saviour maketh them nothing. When we believe in Him it is like as if we had no sine. For He changeth with us : He taketh our sins and wickedness from us, and giveth us his holiness, righteousness, jus-

us not neglect, let us not despise our advantages, but accept with all humble thankfulness, that our water may be turned into wine.

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

REV. I. E. BILL.

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

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Dec. 1.