

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

The Christian Visitor.

New Series,
Vol. I., No. 50.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1863.

Old Series,
Vol. XVI., No. 50.

T. B. BARKER,
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in Drugs, Medi-
cines and Chemicals,
GLASSWARE, PAINTS, OILS, DYE STUFFS,
Brushes, Soaps, Perfumery, &c.,
St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

J. CHALONER,
Corner King and German Streets,
Dealer in Druggs, Medicines, Brushes,
Artists' Materials, Dye Stuffs,
Proprietor of Tonic Extract, Stove Varnish, Ammonia, and
Rosemary Liniment, Furniture Polish, Eye Ointment,
Compound Syrup of Homoeo, &c.,
Prescriptions faithfully prepared. Leeches on hand.
Dec. 4.

THOMAS M. REED,
Apothecary and Druggist,
Corner of North Market Wharf and Dock Street, Saint
John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

WILLIAM O. SMITH,
Druggist,
Market Square, St. John, N. B.
Prescriptions carefully prepared. Sea and Family Medi-
cines neatly fitted up.
N. B.—Keeps constantly for sale Medicines, Spices, Per-
fumes, Surgical Instruments, Paints, Oils, and Colours,
Brushes, Dye Stuffs, Seeds, Plain and Fancy Snuffs, &c.
Country orders specified and carefully attended to. Dec. 4

J. F. SECORD,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Pa-
tent Medicines, &c.
A. P. O. No. 43, 43 & 44, L. L.
Dec. 4. No. 23 King's Square, Saint John, N. B.

**DURLAND'S AMBROTYPE
AND PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,**
Dec. 4. Foster's Corner, King St., St. John, N. B.

C. FLOODS'
Photograph and Ambrotype Rooms
No. 42 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Photographs in every style and variety. Glass Pictures
executed and copied in the highest style of art.
December 4.

BOWRON & COX,
Photographers,
16 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

George A. Garrison,
COMMERCIAL AND FORWARDING AGENT,
And (Under the Sign) Broker,
129 Custom House Building, St. John, N. B.
Also—NOTARY PUBLIC. All business entrusted to his
care will meet with prompt attention.
Parties desiring to purchase or dispose of Import-
ing Goods from England or the United States, can have
them forwarded to their places of business, either in this
Province, Nova Scotia, or P. E. Island, by consigning the
same to G. A. G. with the necessary instructions, arriving in
the City, wanting information, will meet with due attention.
Dec. 4.

F. A. COSSGROVE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, and
Water Materials, English, American, French and German
Fancy Goods, Toys, Fancy Bird Cages, &c. Also, Ambro-
type and Photographic Stock and Materials.
73 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Orders from the country promptly attended to. Dec. 4.

GEORGE DUAL,
CANE CHAIR MANUFACTURER,
Corner of Richmond and Brussels Streets, St. John, N. B.
Chairs Recaned and Repaired.
CANE ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE. apr 18

Morton's Hotel, Union Street.
The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the pub-
lic generally that he has opened the House on Union
Street, No. 94, lately occupied by E. S. Flaglor, Esquire,
where he hopes by his attentive and judicious selection of all
kindly attention to customers, to meet the wishes of all
who may favor him with their patronage. Terms moder-
ate. Good Stabling, and a hostler in attendance.
may 14.—71
GEORGE MORTON,

REVERE HOUSE,
Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated upon
the most reasonable terms.
THOMAS TREEMAN,
21 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4.

UNION HOTEL, 112 Union Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THIS HOTEL, being centrally located, neatly furnished,
and thoroughly equipped, is well appreciated by the
Travelling Public. Charge 50 cents per day.
Extensive Stabling attached, and experienced Host-
lers in attendance.
may 7.—v
JOHN G. DAY,

WAVERLEY HOUSE,
No. 78 King Street, Saint John, N. B.
JOHN GUTHRIE, Proprietor.

Washington House.
The Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the
public generally that he has received his new stock of
Hotel on Water Street, EASTPORT, known as "Washing-
ton House," in comfortable style, where he will be happy
to receive Permanent or Transient Boarders, at reason-
able rates.
Aug. 15, 1863.—v3m
G. F. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

"NORTH AMERICAN HOUSE,"
No. 7, King's Square, Saint John, N. B.
E. W. FLAGLOR, Proprietor.
Good Stabling and attentive Hostler. Dec. 4.

J. E. WHITEKIR,
Wholesale and Retail Clothier and Draper,
86 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every description.
Imported or made to order in the most Fashionable
Style. Particular attention given to Custom Work. Dec. 4

North American Clothing Store,
No. 19 North Side King Street, St. John, N. B.
R. HUNTER, Proprietor.
Constantly on hand, a Large and Splendid Assortment of
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.
*Garments made to order in the most fashionable style,
by the best workmen, at the shortest notice. Dec. 4.

WOOLEN HALL,
JAMES M'NICHOIL & SON,
Clothing and Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods,
No. 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Clothing made to order. Dec. 4.

SAMUEL WILSON,
Sears' Brick Building, No. 23 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Always on hand a large and splendid assortment of
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c. &c.
Gentlemen's Clothing made to order in the most Fashion-
able Style by Best Workmen, at the shortest notice.
Dec. 4.

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

THOMAS LUNNEY,
Fashionable Clothing Establishment,
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING STORE,
No. 12 Corner of King and Cross Streets,
St. John, N. B. (oct 15)

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

GALHOUN & STARRATT,
(Successor to D. H. Hall.)
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers, Hats, Caps, and Fur, &c. &c.
Wholesale and Retail.
41 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Boots, Shoes, Hats, and Caps made to order at short
notice. Dec. 4.

South Mullin's Boot and Shoe Factory,
18 SOUTH SIDE OF KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Wholesale and Retail. Constantly on hand—
Men's, Boys' and Youth's Wellington Boots. Also made
to order at the shortest notice. Ladies' Gaiters, Socks and
Prunella Boots. A good assortment of Trunks, Valises,
and Carpet Bags, constantly on hand at
July 2.—v
18 King Street, St. John, N. B.

M. FRANCOIS,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY,
No. 48 Prince William Street,
Dec. 4.

New Boot and Shoe Factory,
Lawrence's Brick Building, Head of King Street.
A LARGE Assortment of Men's and Boys' BOOTS and
SHOES on hand, with the attention of Mechan-
ics and Lumbermen are particularly requested. The
whole of which is offered at the lowest prices for Cash.
Custom Work attended to with neatness and dispatch.
July 16.—v
ELIAS S. FLAGLOR

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.

open railing, three feet high; and on it, at one side, stands a small table. The preacher, from head to foot, is before you. And nothing in the way of gesture is more expressive than this—no attitude is so eloquent as the full view of the man who speaks. The pulpit is beginning to learn from the bar and the platform upon this subject. In the rear of the church—constituting a part of the same building—are several rooms and suits of rooms (that part of the building being divided into four stories) which are used for various purposes of church conveniences—such as the pastor's study, Bible classes, and business meetings; but more especially now for recitation rooms in connection with the pastor's college. The basement of the whole edifice, which is almost entirely above ground, is used in a similar way. The cost of the whole has been £36,000—equal to \$180,000. And it is all paid for! So I learn from Mr. Spurgeon himself.

But to return to the Sabbath. Such an audience, assembled within doors, I had never before seen. Nearly seven thousand persons in one gathering, is a vision to be remembered. I looked around upon them with emotions too deep for expression. There is no organ behind the pulpit or elsewhere. There is no room for any. At least two hundred persons were occupying the space which an organ would have occupied, had there been one corresponding in size to the building itself. But to my ear the music of the two hundred—"singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord"—was far more stirring, and infinitely more devotional. I need not tell you that the singing was congregational. It is so everywhere in England. And so the preaching is everywhere extemporaneous. In Liverpool, I attended street preaching in the afternoon, and at the oldest and wealthiest English church (St. James') in the evening. The tunes were in both cases common tunes; the people all sang; and even the preacher in St. James' preached without a particle of manuscript. And, by the way, he preached one of the most stirring and impressive and truly eloquent sermons I have heard in a long time.

I have already barely endured—never sanctioned—choir singing, by which I mean singing which is practically confined to the choir. I apprehend that such experience as I have here will not increase my admiration of a custom which is so thoroughly at war with the true spirit of devotion. And the singing of five thousand voices, as they joined in some familiar tune in the great tabernacle—how shall I describe it? I will not try.

Spurgeon is carrying on what he calls his "college"—an institution designed to aid in preparation for the gospel ministry all classes of persons. Those who can devote their whole time to study, do so; and he has now sixty of that class. Those who are at leisure only in the evening, come, and there are a hundred of that class. A dozen persons are employed, more or less, in giving instruction. He himself lectures frequently, and superintends the whole thing.—He told me that they sent out a hundred great preachers every Sabbath—a glorious missionary work. The expense of the college is about \$15,000 a year; which includes the expense of board as well as instruction for the sixty. The sum is obtained by donations from his own congregation and elsewhere. Boxes are at the doors every Sabbath for receiving these contributions. A week ago last Sabbath the sum was a little over two hundred dollars. Last Sabbath a collection was held for the German mission and the poor. Seven hundred dollars were taken. Four hundred of this supports two missionaries in Germany for the year; the remaining three hundred went into "the poor fund." This I learned from Mr. Spurgeon's statement to me on Monday, "though," added he, "how the poor fellows—referring to the missionaries in Germany—live on that sum, I don't know."

"But what of the preacher and the preaching?" you ask. Well, simply this. I had read many of Spurgeon's published sermons, and it was a mystery to me how it had come to pass that their author had the largest congregation and the widest personal influence of any man living; and now, after having heard him, and, by invitation, spent a very pleasant hour with him in his tabernacle, I am quite as much perplexed as before. And a London friend remarked to me just now: "The more you hear him, and see him, the more puzzled you will be to account for his popularity."

He has a fine voice—full, clear, sonorous; almost musical. He pronounces the English language remarkably well. (As a general thing, I think that Americans speak the English language a little better than the English themselves.) He has uniform self-possession, great self-confidence; sometimes a little superfluity of self-conceit, perhaps, as in the remark made half humorously and more than half honestly, as he was showing me through the rooms of the tabernacle and explaining their uses—"This is where the chief man of his own study! But it is only fair to add that this sort of thing results in part from the great simplicity and artlessness of his character. He has no tact at concealing himself, and frankly speaks out what some others might have the skill to conceal.) His preaching is characterized by great earnestness and practicability. He has a fair amount of imagination, warmth of feeling, excellent digestion, and good health in general. His style of speaking is that of the platform—free, unrestrained. He never hesitates for a word, and does not stop to cough until he can think of the right one. His voice is free from any disagreeable sharpness—it never sounds cracked or broken; and you would never be pained with the feeling that the preacher was making hard work of it.

If you should look to Spurgeon for any of the remarkable power of that strangely fascinating man, Edward Irving, who could pray an hour and a half, as he did, for example, at the opening of his chapel in London, where Chalmers was to preach, and yet crowd the largest places of worship always; and who, through a whole week, could preach in Edinburgh at 5 o'clock in the morning, and so on, and even the slow and impassive Scotch, who ordinarily sleep till eight, that every sitting and standing place was filled by attentive listeners at that untimely hour—I, Spurgeon, you would utterly fail to find it. Indeed, he does not impress me as a man of great power, or a preacher of great eloquence. Rev. Mr. Puseben, whom I heard last evening, is his superior by many degrees.

My present impression of Spurgeon might be stated briefly thus: that without having many of the prime qualities of a pulpit orator, in an eminent degree, he has yet a rare combination of many excellencies, without any marked defect. But all this does not account for his success. This is owing partly to his having adopted the platform, instead of the pulpit, and still more, I think, to the character of his audience. He would not be prominent in America! I think

we have two ministers in our own denomination—their names beginning with the same initial, and together constituting a D. D., of which almost any denomination might be Christianly proud, who, in their best estate, could have stood up before Spurgeon's congregation last Sabbath and made full as much impression upon it as Spurgeon himself did.

In person, Spurgeon is not above the average height of Englishmen, and below that of Americans; about five feet six inches, heavily built, almost too much inclined to corpulency to make the best impression; the lower part of his face almost approaching to grossness; but, upon the whole, a hale, hearty, and large-hearted specimen of a true Englishman. He devotes himself to his work with all his heart, and with all his means. He uses for his own purposes whatever he chooses of the income from the renting of the seats, and told me that he had drawn the past year \$5,000, of which \$3,000 had gone back into the work—meaning the college enterprise. "This is my own choice; but there is some satisfaction in knowing that, if I have less salary than some others, I might have more if I chose," was his remark respecting the matter.

Of Mr. Noel I may speak in another letter. I have no room now to do justice to such a man. On Wednesday evening I attended an interesting and beautiful scene in Dr. Burns' church, and at the close of it a temperance meeting, in which the Doctor presided. The main speaker was a reformed drunkard, by the name of John Plato—humorously speaking of Dr. Burns as his father, having been induced twenty-four years ago to sign the pledge, by a lecture which the Doctor delivered in his town. His is the most signal case of deliverance I have ever met; a most marvellous resurrection from the lowest depths to which the drunkard ever sinks, to comfort and almost to wealth. An interview of half an hour with him and his wife I shall not soon forget. Since his reformation he has, without fee or reward, delivered more than two thousand temperance addresses. My report of his talk would be a novelty in the Star.—But it will not appear.

THE MESSENGER OF THE COVENANT.
BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.
"The messenger of the Covenant whom we delight in."
—Malachi iii. 1.

I have seen the boy at school—I knew such a boy myself—and one day that child was at play, and merry was he at his games, and well intent thereat, but some lad ran across the ground, and said, "Your father's come to see you," and he laid aside his playthings and his games, and ran at once into his father's arms because he delighted in his parent. And I have seen the christian when he is delighting in his God, when lecture or prayer-meeting night came, say, "Well, I will gladly lose a little of my business, that I may run into my Father's arms in the hour of worship." There has been a saint to be visited, or a sinner to be warned, and I have seen the lovers of Jesus leave their nets that they may follow Christ, and forsake the world, that they might serve him. Beloved, if he were to come to-night and bid us choose whether we would be in heaven or here, I think we would not long delay, but say to him, "Thou leavest me no choice." To be with thee is so much better than aught beside, that I embrace thee now. Oh take me up to thee!

Further, we may show our delight in Christ by searching after him when we lose his presence. There is the spouse in the Canticles; she is going about in the city in the dark night—"Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" The watchmen meet her and pluck away her veil rudely, and they smite her. Why is not that delicate woman at home at rest? See, she wanders on, cold and weary, with tears rolling down her cheeks, and hugging like pearls from her eyes. Wherefore is this woman weeping and searching thus? The answer is—"Tell me O thou whom my soul loveth; where thou feedest?" She hath such a delight in them, that she will search a thousand nights; yes, a believing soul would search hell through to find Christ, if he were to be found nowhere else; and I know what Rutherford said was no great exaggeration, when he said, "If there were fifty hells between my soul and Christ, and he bade me wade through them and he would come and meet me, I fain would dash through them all to reach his fond embrace." Jesu, our thirst for thee is insatiable: we must have thee, and thus we prove our delight in thee.

Lastly, we may prove our delight in Christ by being very happy ourselves, and trying to make others partakers of our joy. Do not go to the Lord's table to-night if you can help it burdened with your groans and moans. If you cannot come without bringing them, then come; if you can anyhow. But I would have you to-night, if you could, delight yourselves in the Lord. You are very poor—Ah! but you are very rich in him. You are sick, you say—Oh! but remember what he suffered for you—Ay! but you are a sinner. Ay! but remember his precious blood! Fix your eye on him to-night and on nothing else, and oh be glad! Come to his table with delight. I often say I know the people that come here—our regular people that come here—because they have a way of walking, and a look on the Sabbath that is different from most people that go to other places of worship. Other folks are so solemn, as if they were going to an execution. They look so grave, as if it were an awful work to serve God, as bad as going to prison, to attend a service, and as disagreeable as the pillory to stand up and praise the Lord. But I notice that you come here with joy, looking upon the Sabbath as a joyous day, not a time to pull the blinds down and shut out the light, but a day to feast yourselves in God. Now I think ordinance days are especially times of rejoicing. You and I have been all the week up to our elbows in work. By-and-by we shall have to go back to that dingy workshop among those persecuting workdays. Never mind; Lord make this as a sanctuary to us to-night. Shut us in and shut the world out, and let us rejoice ourselves in our God.

"As myrrer new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me.
And here he makes my soul his guest,
Thy bosom, Lord, shall be my rest.
No beams of cedar, or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait, until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above."
Beloved brethren, if you have this delight tell it to others. Do not be tongue-tied and dumb any of you. Speak out what God has done for you. Tell it!

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour you have found."
If you should have any enjoyment to-night, let others partake of the honey which you have discovered. God help you thus to live to his praise.

A grain of gold will gild a great surface, but not so much as a grain of wisdom.

The first element of improvement is a keen sense of its need.

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?
BY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

The Bible is a revelation of the gracious heart of God, and of the wicked heart of man. It contains everything needful to be known and done. It affords a copy for a king (Deut. xvii. and xviii.) and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate—authority and direction for a magistrate. It cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of jury, and furnishes the judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as the mistress at the table; tells him how to rule, and her how to manage. It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience to children. It prescribes and limits the sway of sovereigns, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subject to honour, and the servant to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its author, to all who walk by its rules. It gives directions for weddings and for burials; regulates feasts and fasts, mourning and rejoicings; and orders labour for the day, and rest for the night. It promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both. It points out a faithful and an eternal guardian, to the departing husband and father, tells him with whom to leave his fatherless child, and in whom his widow is to trust (Jer. xlix. and xl.), and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will. It appoints a dowry for the wife, entails the right of the first-born, and shows how the younger branches should be left. It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every persecutor, oppressor, and defrauder. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that was ever revealed. It contains the best laws and most profound mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best of tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality over everlasting, and shows the way to eternal glory; is a brief recital of all that is past, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all the scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shews the way to him. It sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that trust in them. It reveals the being, nature, and perfections of the true God; his gracious covenant and promises made to his spiritual seed; in short, it is a book to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom, and condemns all folly, and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that detects all lies, and confutes all errors; a book of life, and shews the way from eternal death. It is the most compendious book in the world; the most ancient, authentic, and the most entertaining history that ever was published. It contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events, wonderful occurrences, heroic deeds, and unparalleled wars. It describes the terrestrial, celestial, and infernal worlds, and the origin of the angelic myriads, human tribes, and devilish legions. It will instruct the most accomplished mechanic, and the profoundest artist. It will teach the best rhetoric, and exercise every power of the most skilful arithmetician (Rev. xii. and xvii.), puzzle the wisest anatomist, and exercise the nicest critic. It corrects the vain philosopher, and confutes the wise astronomer. It exposes the subtle sophist, and makes diviners mad. It is a complete code of laws, a perfect book of divinity, an unequalled narrative, a book of lives, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. It is the best covenant that was ever agreed on; the best deed that was ever sealed; the best evidence that was ever produced; the best will that was ever made; and the best testament that was ever signed. It points to Christ as the divine bridegroom, the ancient head and husband of the church, in whose complete person all glories meet, and every divine perfection shines.

It is the king's best copy; the magistrate's best rule; the house-wife's best guide; the servant's best directory; and the young man's best companion. It is the school-boy's spelling book, and the learned man's master-piece. It contains a choice grammar for a novice, and a profound mystery for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's directory. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the humorous, and dark sayings for the grave, and is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the swift, and the overcomer, and promises an eternal, gracious, unspeakable reward to the faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. It is the guide of life, the treasure of infinite provision. Light to the blind, feet to the lame, counsel to the inquirer; strength to the weak, comfort to the mourner, bread to the hungry, living water to the thirsty, meat for men, and milk for babes. It contains treasures of mercy for the poor, multitudes of pardons for the guilty, grace for the sinking, cordials for the fainting, solace for the afflicted, victory for the tempted; in short, an eternal weight of glory; and to crown all in one word, its author is the same yesterday, to day, and for ever.

RELIGION.—The first step in religion is coming to Christ. The second step in religion is coming to Christ. The third step in religion is coming to Christ. Religion is a constant coming to Christ, and a constant living to him, and not to ourselves. We must come to Christ for life, for pardon, for acceptance, for grace to help in every time of need—for all we want. We must live to his glory; doing his will, and imitating his example. Many want religion without Christ; they want hope and joy, without repentance and faith; they want heaven, without holiness of heart and life. But without holiness, no man shall see the Lord; without repentance, there is no forgiveness; without faith, there is no salvation. We are sinners. We must come to Christ. He has died; he lives; he invites. His is the only name whereby we must be saved. We must come to him, or perish. Reader, will you come? Will you take this first step in religion? Will you come to Christ? Come, for all things are ready. Come now! Come!

HOPE.—I am the child of the morning, and gaze with the eye of an eagle upon the burning sun as it careers on high. I am not the offspring of poetry; although I often fit across the poet's bright world. I drink from the streams that flow from the regions of romance, and refresh myself among the mines of sparkling rubies that scatter themselves along my path. Years are to me no thing, for I am the servant of Time. Go ask the mariner at the stake what will cheer him when the faggot blazes at his feet. He answers, "Hope!" Ask the plucked and broken wretch, whose very touch is contamination, and the air he breathes is poison, what sustains him in agony. He will answer, "Hope!"