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

AT THEIR OFFICE. Corner of Prince William and Church Streets. SAINT JOHN, N. B. TERMS :- Cash in Advance.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR affords an excellent medium for advertising.

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH. There are three lessons I would write-Three words, as with a burning pen, In tracings of eternal light, Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope I Though clouds environ round, And gladness hides her face in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow— No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! Where er thy bark is driven-The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one, But man, as man, thy brothers call, And scatter like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul— Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges rudest roll, Light when thou else wert blind.

#### THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH, OR THE EAR-NEST INQUIRER

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCTO-BER 4th, 1863, BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the attermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of So-lomon; and behold a greater than Solomon is here."—

III. And now, thirdly, let us note THE RESULT OF HER INQUIRY.

The first result was a confession of faith. "I was a true report that I heard in mine own land, of thy acts and of thy wisdom." She did not hold her tongue and go slinking back to Abyssinia without a single word of confession, but having tested and being convinced, she could not refuse giving her testimony to the truth of the rumor. Soul, if thou shalt come to Jesus Christ, and try him, when thou shalt have joy and peace in be lieving, then wilt say it was a true report. Why. I have seen hundreds and thousands who have given their hearts to Jesus, but I never did see one that said he was disappointed in it, never met with one who said Jesus Christ was less than he was declared to be. I remember when first these eyes beheld him, when the burden slipped from off my heavy laden shoulders, and I was free, why, I thought this, that all the preachers I had ever heard had not half preached, they had not half told the beauty of my Lord and Master. So good! so generous! so gracious! so willing to forgive! It seemed to me as if they almost slandered him; they painted his likeness doubtless as well as they could, but it was a mere smudge compared with the matchless beauties of his face. You that have ever seen him will say

Next she made a confession of her unbelief "Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard." did not believe it, until I came and saw." It is the way with you. We have to cry, "Who hath believed our report?" Men will not readily believe upon report, but when you once come and try it you will think, "How could I have doubted, how could I ever have been unbelieving." God forgives your unbelief, but you will never forgive yourselves. You will say, methinks, even in heaven, " How could I have been so foolish as to doubt the message which came to me from the Most High." Does not faith always lead to a sense of unbelief, and when most of all we have learned not to stagger, is it not then we discover more and more how vile a thing it is to

doubt the word of the Most High? Having done this, she declared that her anticipations were exceeded. Upon that we will say no more, and only add that next she spoke a kind word for his servants-" Happy are thy men happy are these thy servants which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom." Why she thought that every little page in Solo mon's court was more honored than she was. She was a queen, but then she was a queen of a distant land, and so she seems to have drank in the spirit of David when he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness." She seemed almost willing to give up Sheba, and all its spices and its gold, if she might be a maid of honor in the court of King Solomon. I am sure that is the way with any of us who have ever been to Jesus. How we love his people! You are no lover of Christ if you do not love his children. As soon as ever the heart is given to the master of the house it is given to the children of the house. Love Christ and you will soon love all that love him. Do you not, dear friends, esteem the people of God to be the excellent of the earth? Are they not all your delight? Time was, if they dropped in your house, you looked at the clock for fear they should talk too long upon religious subjects; but now, if they will but talk of your Master, they may stop all night if they like. Now you feel it so pleasant to speak of his name, that if you meet a christian you feel a love for him; and if he is despised and his character is slandered, you feel you must stand up

This good woman next blessed Solomon's Good in these beautiful words-"Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel; because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king to do judgment and justice." She blessed his God So we are drawn to a sweet union of heart to God through a knowledge of Christ, and as our love flows downward from Christ to his people, so it goes upward from Christ to his Father. You notice that she avowed her love to him because of his love to his people. O brethren and sisters, may we so grow in grace that we may love the Father because he hath made Christ to be the anointed for this reason, because he loved his church and gave his Son for it, that he might cleanse it from sin by his own precious blood,

Once more, she then did what was the best proof of her truthfulness, she gave to Solomon of her treasures—"She gave the king a hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices a very great store, and precious stones; there came no more such an abandance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon." And

# Chitatian Visilor.

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

doing for Christ f Are we bringing him our talents of gold? Perhaps you have not one hun-dred and twenty, but if you have one, bring that; you have not very much spices, but bring what you have—your silent, earnest prayers, your consistent life, the words you sometimes speak for Christ, the training of your children, the feeding of the poor, the clothing of the naked, the visita-tion of the sick, the comforting of his mourners, the winning of her wanderers, the restoring of his backsliders, the saving of his blood-bought souls—these shall be like camels laden with spices,

an acceptable gift to the Most High.

When she had done this, Solomon made her a present of his royal bounty. She lost nothing; she gave all she had, and then Solomon gave her quite as much again, for I will be bound to say that King Solomon would not be outdone in generosity, such a noble-hearted prince as he, and so rich. I tell you Jesus Christ will never be in your debt. Oh, it is a great gain to give to Christ; we give him pence and he gives us pounds; we give him years of labor and he gives us an eternity of rest; we give him days of patient endurance and he gives us ages of joyous honor; we give him a little suffering and he gives us great rewards. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present life are not to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Besides which he gives us in the covenant of grace, you note, he does for us what Solomon did for her. he gives us all that is in our heart, all that we can desire. What a King is our Saviour, who will not let his people have one ungratified wish, if that wish is a good one! Knock and the gate shall open. "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it," saith the Lord. According to your faith so be it done unto you." "Whatsoever ye ask in your prayer believe that ye have it, and ye shall have it." What precious promises, and all these are given to those who come with a humble inquiry, willing to get Christ first and then to get the rest afterwards.

Well, beloved, we are told that this Queen went home to her nation, and tradition says, that she was the means of proselytizing the Abyssinian people. I do not know whether that was true or not. It is remarkable that in the apostles' days, there should have been an eunuch, a man of great authority under Candace, Queen of Ethiopia-it looks as if there might have lingered something of the divine light in this woman's dominions right on to the day of the Saviour, so that there was found another queen there at that time, and another noble personage who would come all that distance to Jerusalem for to worship. Well, whether she did so or not, I know what you ought to do; if you have come to King Solomon, and searched and found for vourselves. go and spread the fame of it; talk about him everywhere. It was the fame of him that first brought you; increase that fame and others will come. Talk of him when thou stayest in thine house, and when thou goest by the way, when thou sittest down and when thou risest up : count no place an unfit place to talk of Jesus : bear him in thy bosom, in thy business; carry him in thy heart in thy pleasures; wear his name as a frontlet between thine eyes, and write it on the door posts of thy house, for he is worthy for whom thou shalt do this. His name shall be remembered as long as the sun, and inen shall be blessed in him—yea, all men shall call him blessed. All kings shall fall down before him; the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts, the whole earth shall be filled with his glory. Amen and amen. The prayers of David, the son of Jesse were ended; and so shall ours be, too, when that consummation shall really have taken place.

## SUPERIOR CHRISTIANS.

There are superior and inferior individuals among every class. We cannot be all alike. It was never intended that we should be. Our gifts, and tempers, and habits are so very diversifiedit would be impossible for our characters and attainments to be very closely assimilated.

And so, perhaps, it is no wonder that, contrasting ourselves with others, we are sometimes very much grieved and cast down. Now and then we see astonishing piety-astonishing because, looking at our own lives, we can scarcely understand its flourishing so much where sin and temptation and weakness choke the better fruits. Yet not astonishing when we remember that kingdom. 'grace sufficient" is promised, and that our God is Omnipotent.

Still how far they are beyond us-the good and the great of the earth! How stupendous were their works of love for Jesus compared with ours! What faith they had-what perfect submission! And moreover, what a sad contrast does our pride present to their humility! And not only in the past lived the superior Christians. They are about us yet-living, loving, and working by our very side, pressing with us up life's steep hill, looking with eyes glad as ours toward the home, shining, fair, and bright beyond.

What constitutes the difference between them and us? Ah! they live nearer the Perfect One -they spend more time learning of him-they speak oftener with him-they listen for his voice, alike amid the music and the storms of the world. Earnest men and women are they, who fritter not away the life that now is; and for whom are laid up the very brightest crowns in the life that is to come. God help us to follow them as they fol-

low Christ! There is a class of individuals who think them elves "very superior" Christians, and who show their superiority by finding fault with others— another who proclaim their goodness every oppor-tunity with loud voice—yet another whose great pride is in their apparent humility-another who keep their superiority to themselves, letting it benfit no one beside. Not these let us follow. "Let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus."—Marianne Farningham.

LIFE'S AUTUMN. Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speal and think it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshuess and innocence, its beauty is that of uno souls who know the beauty of Christ give him tried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, all they have. There are no such spices as those of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the which become newly converted souls. Nothing boauty which the waning life of faith and duty gives Christ greater delight than the love of his people. We think our love to be a very poor and common thing, but he does not think so—he has set such a store by us that he gave his heart's blood to redeem us, and now he looks upon us as being worth the price he paid. He never will think that he had a bad bargain of it, and so he looks upon every grain of our love as being even and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there t than the love of his wears. It is the beauty of a thing cou choicer spices than archangels before the throne goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be can render him in their songs. What are we sad; but when the ripened year sings amid its SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1863.

garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should be regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, Barnabas, who is eminently a 'son of consolation.' whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining "Barnabas," said K. reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.

#### A MEETING IN A STABLE.

Rev. O. P. Allen, one of the missionaries of the American Board, writes from Kharpoot, Asia Minor, giving the following account of a meeting held in a stable at Haboosi, one of the out-stations of the mission :-

It was the evening for the weekly meeting, and as it was so cold in the chapel the brethren decided to meet in a stable; not a very nice or proper place for a meeting, you will surely say, but you will see that the stables are very different from those in America. Come with me now. and you shall see how we and our helpers preach the gospel in the villages. Walk very carefully through the narrow streets, up and down over the great heaps of snow which have been shovelled from the flat earth roofs into the street. Here we are at the outside door, and unless you are very little children, be careful and not hit your heads as you go in, for the door is very

cold, now through a short, dark passage-way, and through another door, we are in the stable, as large on the ground as some country churches. The low roof is supported by heavy beams and pillars. Small sticks and brush laid across the beams keep the earth from falling through, and Christ." the earth, rolled with a heavy stone roller, sheds rain about as well as a shingled roof does. All around the walls and pillars, oxen, cows, donkeys, and buffaloes are eating from mangers made of mud. I presume it was just such a stable as this in which our Saviour was born, and in just such a manger that he was laid. A few small holes in the roof let in a very little light, and under each one the stable manure is piled up, to be made daily such as should be saved." into fuel next summer for the following winter.

Closing the door behind us to keep out the

But now our eyes are opened sufficiently we see that the gate at the right leads into a recess at one end of the stable. At the farther end is a great fire-place. The brethren have piled on a htile extra wood to give a warm reception. Mats and rugs are spread by the walls to sit upon. The fire and the heat from the animals make the air comfortably warm, but of course not very pure. About fifty men, women, and children are crowded into the recess, or stand looking over the low wall which separates it from the stable. We must not be disturbed if there are one or two children with small-pox in the audience, for it is mon disease. Great numbers of children die. We try to have them use vaccine matter, but they often say, your kind lasts only seven years. but if once through with the "flower," as they call the small-pox, there is no more danger.

The time for meeting has come. A rough stick with three legs is brought, and the lamp, a small earthen dish, with the wick hanging from the nose, is placed upon it. Next comes the reading stand, which strikes you as rather low, only about a foot high, by which one must sit or kneel to read. The light burns dimly except when some one knocks off the snuff and palls it up a little.

Now all this is very inconvenient and uncomfortable, you will say, and so it is, but there is one thing which makes amends for every inconvenience. Here on the rude stool is the open Bible: the Book that has given you, Christian parents and teachers, a comfortable house and bed and clothes: the Book which has given you a nice church and lecture-room, a Sabbath-school and a faithful pastor; blessed, thrice blessed Book. All it has done for you, it will in time do for these poor people. Perhaps even now, dear children. it has done one thing for some of them which it has not yet done for you. Can you think what it is? We hope that a few of them truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, and are trying to obey his word. I preached to them from Matt. vii. 24-27, where Christ assures us that it is only the doers of his word who will gain an entrance to his

Those who have become enlightened, in this and some other villages where we have helpers, are very zealous in making known the truth. They go almost every evening to the large stables where the villagers are accustomed to meet, and read and talk for hours together."-Congrega-

#### CHOOSING A MINISTER -A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME.

In one of the cities of Asia, during the first centuv. a couple of disciples had met together to choose a

"We need," said A., "located as our church is. in the very heart of a city given to idolatry, a man not only distinguished for talents and attainments, but also for eloquence; I would therefore nominate lowing account of his visit:-Apollos, who is 'an eloquent man, and mighty in the

Scriptures." "Apollos is undoubtedly eloquent," said B., " and a good biblical scholar; but we want a bold, energetic man, who will grapple with the giant evils of our day, and fearlessly 'fight the good fight of faith.' Such a one is Cephas, whose very name suggests a firmness and strength. He is also ardent and

remembrance." "We live among men of great learning and classical attainments," said D., "and I would ask whether Cephas is sufficiently scholarly to meet the arguments and sophistries of men distinguished as philosophers and critics ?"

"If you want a highly educated man," said E., "select Paul. His scholarship is undoubted, and his learning and attainments will secure a prominent position among our most distinguished men. Besides he has a wonderful power of attraction. Why, the Galatians loved him with such intense devotion that if it had been possible, they would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him."

"If Paul is such a great man," said E., "it is a pity that he has not a juster appreciation of his abilities. He said himself, when at Corinth, that he

"Paul's peculiar talent," said G., " see ns to consist in writing well. His letters are weighty and power fol, but-" here the speaker's manner was sarcastic "his bodily presence is weak, and his speech con-

This attack upon Paul irritated his friends, angry words might have followed had not H., a pale, sad looking man, commenced speaking. "Brethren," said he, "if our Master had seen fit to afflict you with the terrible evils that have befallen

"Barnabas," said K., "is a lovely Christian, and well qualified to comfort the afficted, but I doubt whether, in other respects, he is equal to any of the candidates already named."

"I came here as a listener," said L., "but you will allow me to make one remark. It seems to me that you expect every possible perfection to cluster around your chosen candidate. Can such a man be

"I think I have such a one in view," said M. "It is not necessary for me to name him; enough for me to say he is the 'brother whose praise is in the Gospel throughout all the churches.' As they were about to discuss the merits of the

nameless candidate, a gentle knock was heard, and to the surprise of all, Paul himself entered.

"My brethren," said Paul, "you know that for a time I have had 'the care of all the churches,' and I find that our Master has not given to any one minister every diversity of spiritual gift, but has distributed his gifts as he saw necessary for the edifying of the body of Christ,' "You will not, therefore, find perfection, but

having chosen a minister, receive him as from the Lord, and 'esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake.' Like Epaphras, 'labor fervently for him in your prayers, that he may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God.' Pursue this course, and you will no longer say, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas,' but, We are all of

The name of the successful candidate is not recorded, but the legend stated that Paul's advice was followed, and the Church became eminently

"And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers." "And the Lord added to the church

#### IMPORTANT MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

A London correspondent of the Liberator gives this account:-"A great discovery is just now engaging the attention of the scientific medical world. Few English names are more familiar to America than that of Dr. John Chapman, once the leading publisher of heretical books, now editor of the Westminster and always a devotee of science and medicine. He is well acquainted with many scientific and literary Americans; and many of them, amongst others Mr. Emerson, have resided in his house when in quite prevalent in the villages now. The people England. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in the studies and experiments con with the nervous system alone, with such men as Dr. Brown—Sequard and Bernard of Paris. For the past year he has been proving a tremendous discovery—namely, the cure of epilepsy, and many diseases hitherto deemed incurable, by means of the external application of ice and hot water, in india rubber bags, at various parts of the spinal cord, acting thus upon the sympathetic nerve, and through it upon the most important and vital regions of the body. Many eminent physicians have accompanied Dr. Chapman to see the marvels which he had wrought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Some physicians, among others Dr. Wilkinson (though a homopathist), have so far recognized the importance of the discovery as to commit to Dr. Chapman's care some of their patients. Cases are attested where a man for six years had three fits, on an average, daily; and a girl who had fits from the ages of thirteen to seventeen. had been entirely cured by ice. Just as wonderful have been the cures of Paralysis. Many of the worst and most inveterate female diseases have vielded to the new cure. The treatment is as simple as it is grand. Any one who is troubled by the pressure of blood on the brain will find that, by holding a bag of ice on the nape of the neck ten minutes, an equable flow of blood can be secured. Those who are troubled with habitual cold feet may find relief by applying ice to the small of the back in the lumbar region. It is hard to estimate the importance of this discovery. which will ere long be ranked by the side of that of Jenner. Several hospitals are already under Dr. Chapman's practice, and, as yet, no one can bring forward an instance of failure.

#### "FATHER WALDO." In an age when so much is said of physical

degeneracy, and so many methods are proposed for restoring health and vigor, it is not wise to forget that we have hale and strong men, who far outlive the period when, in the Psalmist's time, life was said to be only "labor and sorrow." Father Waldo, it is well known, has lived his century, and has in him good working power still. A correspondent of the New York Observer recently met him in Syracuse, and gives the fol-

While at the Synod I learned that Father Waldo was in the city, and that it was his birth-day—one hundred and one years old. I could not resist the desire to see this wonderful "old man." Calling with a friend, we expected to see bowed and decrepid age, a slow and feeble step, a trembling voice and a dim eye, None of this at all. At once, an elastic step descended from zealous, and will stir up our pure minds by way of the chamber, and a form straight as an arrow was before us-a well formed, fresh and vigorous man, we should have said of about sixty; cheerful, loquacious, ready-witted, facetious, full of anecdote and recollections of men and events of our earliest youth: astonishing memory. He said "I have just come from Oswego, where I have been to help organize a new association, and I have written to Dr. Sprague that I could ride five hundred miles further. I will show you my

At once, with a firm step this centenarian and more went to his chamber and back again as quick as a youth, and read us his epistle. It was well

written and peculiar. We inquired into the habits of our venerable father and of his family. He had always enjoyed good health and great equanimity of mind. said:

"When I was a boy I quarrelled with my came among them 'in weakness and in fear and in breakfast, and my father took me to the shed and give me an appetite in a moment, and I have had no trouble with a stubborn will since. I He added: "I have known little domestic com-

fort. My wife was deranged forty years, and my on died in the Insane Asylum. I said to him: "Do you know how he died?"

"No," he replied.

I gave him a detailed account of the sad end of his promising son, his escape from the Asylum, and entanglement in the salt marshes of Cambridge, and the cold he there contracted,

me, you would have seen the need of a minister who which ended in death. All this, with the last can bind up the broken hearted.' Such a one is weeks of his raving at Andover, were new to the father, and he, with wonderful vivacity, said:

"How did you know all this?" I was at the seminary with this lovely young nan, and among the mourners of his early and sad dissolution.

Father Waldo inquired, "How old are you?" I replied, "Sixty-four."

"Ah, you are only a boy." With such a specimen of graceful age, vigor of years, and promise of usefulness for time to come,

we concluded to be young, work on, and pray for life and vigor in the cause of the Saviour. From this scene we would say: Of all things, study to maintain vigor of health, equanimity of temper, cheerfulness, and trust in God.

#### THE OLD SCOTCHMAN.

I never drink a cup of water without thinking of an old Scotchman who, when I was a boy in the city of New-York, acted as porter for the establishment in which I was engaged. He must have been very poor. For then full sixty five or seventy years of age, he was employed day after day in dragging a little hand-cart often laden with heavy burdens over the crowded and stony payement.

In our store was a stone jar replenished daily with pure water and ice, and many a time during the day the old man would come to drink. When he had filled the cup he would take off his worn cap, and, while his thin gray locks fell over his forehead, lift up his face with closed eyes for a moment with reverential aspect and in silent prayer, and then drink. No matter what the haste, or who observed, he always did the

Since then it is twenty-five or thirty years. have drunk from the icy pools that gather on the surface of the glaciers of Switzerland, and amidst the burning splendors of Vesuvius, in his own Scotland, and on the stormy sea, but very rarely or never without thinking of that old Scotchman, or, admonished by him, without lifting my heart in gratitude to God. One thing is remarkable: I cannot drink with my hat on. The white locks of the old man seem to shake themselves before me as if to admonish me of irreverence, and his meek eye to be lifting itself up to God to plead that I may not forget the giver. Without doubt the old man had been many

years in heaven. But how that little habit of his has wrought itself into my life, and how to me he has been for more than a quarter of a century, day by day, by that little act, a preacher of righteousness! How could he have cared to live in my memory? Has he perpetuated his name, and form, and piety, in my heart? Never forget, Christian, to recognize God.—Evangelist.

#### SCRAPS FROM A MINISTER'S PORTFOLIO CALLS OF GOD.

God calls in health. He speaks to us when we are well, for He knows we need to be in full possession of all our powers to attend aright to the great concern. In health we read His calls on he printed page; hear them from the sacred

desk; trace them in the events of Providence;

feel them in our hearts. And in sickness God calls us. He awakes in us apprehensions of danger; turns our thoughts to the past: carries our imagination to the future

nities of the judgment; gives an earnest of eternal retributions. God speaks in prosperity, when all is bright and cheering: reminds us that our sun may soon

-lets us look into the grave; discloses the solem-

be obscured, and storms of sorrow fall. And he speaks in adversity, when all is dark and gloomy; directs our thoughts to a better world, where sorrow and sighing flee away, and tears are wiped from every eye.

God calls in youth, when the heart is tender before the world has bound it in iron fetters, and before evil habits are fixed. He says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

And in manhood God calls: impresses us with the importance of being ready for early death, and urges the duty of spending the remainder of our days in His service.

And, then, in old age He calls; reminds us that our sands are nearly run: that soon the silver cord will be loosed, and the golden bowl broken probation ended; destiny fixed. In seasons of revival God calls. When others

are converted, and enter the ark of safety, He leads us to think that now is the accepted time, now the day of salvation. He impresses us with the belief that one call will be the last; that there will be a last time; that we may refuse Christ, and grieve the Spirit once too often. And He excites the apprehension that now may be our last opportunity, and that if we now neglect to secure an interest in Jesus Christ, we may never have another offer of mercy! Reader, will you listen to this call of God!

It may be your last! Disregard it as your peril Hear what God says: "Therefore, will I number you with the sword, and ye shall all bow down to the slaughter; because, when I called ve did not answer, when I spake ye did not hear; but did evil before mine eyes, and did choose that wherein I delighted not." (Isaiah lxv. 12; read also Proverbs i. 24-33). A. PARTOR

THE BIBLE .- Out of it has come all pure moralities. From it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with t folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow, and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.

"BABY, COME FORTH."-A very young child was taken to the funeral obsequies of a neighbouring child. He had never seen the work of death, and looked long and earnestly at the beautiful infant, lying like polished marble in its dark coffin. At his return. his mother placed him by the window, that he might see the procession pass. He regarded it with fixed attention. At length he turned to his mother, his face beaming with animation, and said, 'Oh, how beautiful it will be when the Saviour says, "Baby,

It is probable that in those readings of Scripture that accompanied the devotions of a pious household he had listened to the recital of the Redeemer calling Lazarus from the grave, and had thus made a happy application from the doctrine of the resurrection Who can say how early the minds of our little ones may gather the dew drops of divine truth, and be made wise unto salvation framed by the made by

The faith of the Gospel admits of an infinite variety of degrees, according to the measure in which its meaning and its evidence are apprehended by different individuals; and this gives origin to the endless variety of degrees, both of holiness and of comfort, which are actually experienced among Christians.

## THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

Prince William and Church Streets,

SAINT JOHN. N. B.

REV. I. E. BILL. Editor and Proprietor.

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129 Custom House Building, St. John, N.B.

Also—NOTARY PUBLIC, All business entrusted to his

care will meet with prompt attention.

\*\*Parties residing out of the City, desirous of Importing 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 Invoice. Strangers arriving in the City, wanting information, will meet with due attention.

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