

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1863.

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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.

THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH, OR THE EARNEST INQUIRER. A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 4th, 1863, BY THE REV. C. H. SPRAGUE.

The queen of the south shall rise up in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the utmost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon: and behold a greater than Solomon is here.—Matt. xii. 42.

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.

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 diversified.

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.

This good woman next blessed Solomon in these beautiful words: "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted 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."

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak 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.

What constitutes the difference between them and us? Ah! they live nearer the Perfect One—they spend more time learning of him—they speak often with him—they listen for his voice, alike amid the music and the storms of the world.

doing for Christ! Are we bringing him our talents of gold? Perhaps you have not one hundred 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 visitation 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 years of labor 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.

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—like yours 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.

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."

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 diversified—it 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 beauty, looking at our own lives, we can scarcely understand its flourishing so much where sin and temptation and weakness choke the better fruits.

There is a class of individuals who think themselves "very superior" Christians, and who show their superiority by finding fault with others—another who proclaim their goodness every opportunity with loud voice—yet another whose great pride is in their apparent humility—another who keeps their superiority to themselves, letting it bend no one beside. In these let us follow.

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak 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 freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of spring life. It is the beauty of promise, of untried of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well its purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the midew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sings amid its

garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur! And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining 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 of 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 outside 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 low.

Closing the door behind us to keep out the 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 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 into fuel next summer for the following winter.

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 home 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 doors of his word who will gain an entrance to his kingdom.

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.—Congregationalist.

CHOOSING A MINISTER—A LEGEND OF OLDEN TIME. In one of the cities of Asia, during the first century, a couple of disciples had met together to choose a minister.— "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 Apollus, who is 'an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures.'"

"Apollus 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 zealous, and will stir up our pure minds by way of 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 came among them 'in weakness and in fear and in much trembling.'"

"Paul's peculiar talent," said G., "seems to consist in writing well. His letters are weighty and powerful, but—here the speaker's manner was sarcastic, 'his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible.'"

me, you would have seen the need of a minister who can 'bind up the broken hearted.' Such a one is Barnabas, who is eminently a 'son of consolation.' Let him be our minister.

"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 found?" "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 Apollus, and I of Cephas,' but, 'We are all of Christ.'"

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 England. This Dr. Chapman has been for years engaged in the studies and experiments connected with the nervous system alone, with such men as Dr. Brown—Squard 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 marvel which he had wrought upon patients who had long ago despaired of health. Some physicians, among others Dr. Wilkinson (though a homoeopathist), 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 yielded 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 following account of his visit:—

While at the Synod I learned that Father Waldo was in the city, and that it was his birthday—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 decrepit 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 the chamber, and a form straight as an arrow was before us—a well-formed, fresh and vigorous man, we would 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 farther. I will show you my letter."

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 equality of mind. He said: "When I was a boy I quarrelled with my breakfast, and my father took me to the shed and gave me an appetite in a moment, and I have had no trouble with a stubborn will since."

"I have known little domestic comfort. My wife was deranged forty years, and my son 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,

which ended in death. All this, with the last 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 man, 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, equality 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-car, often laden with heavy burdens over the crowded and stony pavement.

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 same.

Since then it is twenty-five or thirty years. I 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. 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 the 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—lets us look into the grave; discloses the solemnities 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 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.

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