

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
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New Series, Whole No. 133,
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AN OLD HYMN.
Ludwig Heimbold, during the plague at Erfurt, about three hundred years ago, wrote the following:—

From God I will not sever,
Since He doth never forsake;
But keep the faith forever
That sacred promise spake.
He teaches me His hand,
He grants His aid and warning
At night as in the morning—
This well I understand.

When human love and favor
Grow cold and turn aside,
His kindness will not waver,
While we in Him confide.
He helps in all our straits,
Redeems from prison-places,
Sets free from all disgraces,
And snatches from death-gates.

To Him will I commit me,
When I am sorely pressed:
E'en then He will permit me
A refuge and a rest.
Confided to Him still
Be body, soul, and living,
And life that is His giving,
Do with them what He will!

Praise Him with souls and voices
Who filleth to the brim:
How every hour rejoices
That gives its heart to Him!
So use we well the time;
Then shall our joy be dwelling,
Here in this earthly being,
And more in the upper clime.

A GLORIOUS CHURCH.
A SERMON, PREACHED ON SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 7, 1865, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. v. 25-27.

III. And now let us pass on, again troubling your patience, to the third point—THE LOVED ONE AS SHE IS PERFECTED.
One is inclined to draw a veil over the face of beauty, which never can be painted. She is to be a glorious church. We love our own highly favoured church. I am sure there is not a member of it—at least I do not know one—but who feels his heart leap every time he thinks of this church, which God has so prospered, and blessed, and honored. For all that, we are nothing but a militant church, and a very imperfect one, a church that has cause to mourn and humble herself before God for many sins; and I, as pastor, looking upon you all, cannot help wail I bless God for all I see that is excellent, bowing mine own head in the dust because of the sins of a people favoured with the gospel, who, nevertheless, have much to confess before God. We are not a glorious church. You can cast your eyes upon such churches as the Moravians, who gave themselves up, men and women, to Christ's cause, and scattered themselves all over the world, preaching the gospel. Greenland was not too cold, the Sahara was not too hot—they sacrificed everything for Christ; but yet the Moravian church, with all its excellence, has much of which it may well repent. It is not a glorious church. You may look where you like, and you shall see that the dust of travel is still upon the wilderness church. She has the presence of God, she has her Shekinah, but alas, she is troubled within by a mixed multitude. Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, sometimes vex her. Her Master has to send her fiery serpents sometimes, and she still needs to keep the brazen serpent lifted up every day; for even in her ranks, there are some that still need to look and live. We have no glorious church on earth, nor do I think we can get much idea of what a glorious church is. I tried yesterday, last Sunday rather (and all the days since then seem to have gone so rapidly that I thought it yesterday). I tried last Sunday to show what a glorious person was. But what must a glorious church be? There is one lamp; well, that is very bright, very pleasing; you like to have it in some of the existing, and of many of the recently defunct insurance companies of the year 1855 being, £130,000 for the year 1856 are, £6,000.

While the Premiums for the year 1855 are, £130,000, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1856 are, £148,148, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1857 are, £166,296, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1858 are, £184,444, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1859 are, £202,592, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1860 are, £220,740, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1861 are, £238,888, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1862 are, £257,036, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1863 are, £275,184, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1864 are, £293,332, showing an actual increase of, £18,148. The recent returns for the year 1865 are, £311,480, showing an actual increase of, £18,148.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1865.

marvel is, "without spot or wrinkle." You may get a spot out of your face, but you cannot smooth out a wrinkle. You may make what efforts you please, but you cannot get rid of your wrinkles. You that are getting old, if time has come and driven his plough across your brow, why there the furrow will remain, it will not come out. Yes, but the church of Christ is to be without wrinkle as well as without spot. How will he get the wrinkles out? There is no chemical that I know of that can get rid of them. But Christ can banish away both. Another good writer says, that perhaps there is an allusion here to the fuller's trade. The fuller gets out the spots first, and then as the cloth may have been so folded up that there are creases and wrinkles in it, he uses divers stretchings and millings, till at last he manages to get out the creases and wrinkles from the cloth as well as the spot. I do not know whether there is an allusion to that, but this I know, that there shall not be a spot of sin on any of God's people, nor yet a wrinkle of infirmity. They shall lose the effect of old age and weakness in their bodies, and they shall lose the defects and infirmities in their souls. The outward spot shall be removed, and the inward deformity, which was like a wrinkle ingrained into their very nature, this shall also be taken away.

But do observe the next word. The Holy Ghost seems to exhaust language to describe this prayer. He says, "Without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing!" She shall have nothing like a spot, or nothing that can even be construed into a wrinkle; she shall be fair, and the world shall be compelled to acknowledge that she is. The eyes of God shall look upon her; and though he sees in darkness, and discovereth the hidden things of night, even he shall discern neither spot, nor wrinkle, nor any such thing, in any one single part of the body, or the soul of any one of the members of the mystical body of Christ. Oh what perfection, beloved, is this! I cannot speak of it, but I can delight in thinking of it. I was trying to think last night what I should be like when I was freed from my spots and wrinkles. Ah! you can all see them now—I wonder you put up with them sometimes; but what shall I be when I have parted with them forever? And I shall get rid of them. Death is stamped on every infirmity: the Lord has put the poison into the heart of my inbred sins, and bless his name for it. But what will you and I be like when we are perfect? No hasty temper, no sloth, no wrong thoughts, no cold hearts, no dilatoriness in prayer, no sluggishness in praise. Oh, brethren, there will be some of you so different, we shall scarcely know you. When some brethren die, I believe they will go to heaven, but they will be strangely altered by the time they get there. They are good people, but they have such crotchety ways, such queer humors, such hot tempers, that surely we shall have to be very wise people to know them in heaven. We shall need to be informed who they are, they will be so greatly changed; but this will be the happy state of all, whether altered much or little, we shall be "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

I must not dwell longer, though the theme invites. Hypocrisies, heresies, declensions, divisions, all these will be put away from the church. Infirmity, doubt, sin, fear of every kind, will be put away from every believer, and we shall be presented blameless, holy, and unreprobable in the sight of God.

IV. And lastly, THE LOVED ONE IS TO BE PRESENTED.
It is said, he is "to present her to himself." Every day Christ presents his people to his Father in his intercession. The Holy Spirit presents poor sinners every day in conversion to Christ, but there is to be a day when Christ will present his glorious church "to himself." When he shall come, then shall be the wedding day. There shall be heard the cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" Then the virgins with their lamps trimmed shall go forth to meet him, and his church shall enter into the supper, to sit down and sup with him and he with her. To-day the church is like Esther bathing herself in spices, making herself ready for Ahasuerus, her Lord and Master; to-day we are espoused, at the coming we shall be married. We are waiting now impatiently for him, then we shall be in his embrace. To-day we wear not the crown, to-day we wave not the palm, but to-morrow when he cometh, we shall be crowned with him and triumph with him. Let us long for his appearing. Let this bright hope sustain you in the dreary months of waiting and the weary hours of fighting. "He cometh! He cometh!" And when he cometh, he shall be glorified in all his saints, and admired in those that have believed on him.

I would to God we were all members of his church. There is only one token of membership which is infallible, and that is, saving faith in Christ. If thou believest in Jesus, thou shalt be without spot or wrinkle; but if thou believest not, thou art not of his church, neither shalt thou be a partaker of his cleansing power, nor of his glorious advent. God give thee a new heart and a right spirit, and wash thee with water this day by the Word, for Jesus sake. Amen.

THE GRAND EXPERIMENT.
It is as if Providence had said that the institution of slavery shall have a fair trial and every possible advantage, so that it may be seen whether it has the elements of permanence; whether it has the life and power by which it can become an established and enduring institution among us.

1. It has had a new, young and growing nation, in whose early and plastic life it might sow its seeds, and have that advantage by which to ripen itself into maturity and greatness.

2. It had in its Southern locality some of the richest portions of the nation, as respects soil and advantages of agriculture and commerce.

of Southern sentiments, whose vindictive energy has never faltered in the work of sustaining it.

10. It has had the advantage, of untold value, afforded by secret combinations, by which the rebellion, engaged in on its own behalf, came in possession of a large amount of political power, which has been wielded in its defence.

11. It has had the advantage of having had laid out in its service the utmost strength of nine powerful States, with a population of not less than eight millions of people, and not less than half a million of soldiers, with military skill and courage never exceeded among men.

12. Moreover, it has had the hoariness of age to sanction it, inasmuch as for two centuries it has had its opportunity for establishing its power, and commanding public opinion in its behalf.

Now, putting all these things together, what less can we say than that slavery has been granted the fairest field, and every possible advantage for establishing its supremacy, and becoming an immutable institution in the land? But we have seen, with inexpressible satisfaction, its total failure. It has made the grandest and most awful experiment the world has ever seen. It can never repeat that experiment. There can be no future combination of such advantages. And, having failed, we must consider the great battle between Liberty and Oppression as having been fought. With every possible advantage against her, Liberty has triumphed.—Boston Recorder.

PRAYER ANSWERED AFTER MANY DAYS.
Parents who have prayed for years for their children often go to the grave without seeing the conversion they have so ardently desired; but the blessing comes, though they are not living to witness it. The following incident shows how prayer, even for an unborn babe, may lead to conversion:

Capt. Mitchell R— was, from early life, accustomed to the sea. He commanded a merchant ship that sailed from Philadelphia. After his marriage he again went to sea, and committed to writing, while in a highly devotional frame of mind, a prayer for the temporal and eternal happiness of his beloved wife and unborn babe.

This prayer, nearly filling a sheet of paper, was deposited, with his other writings, at the bottom of an old chest. The captain died before the completion of the voyage, in the year 1757, and his instruments, papers, &c., were returned to his wife. Finding that they were generally what she could not understand, she looked up the chest for her babe (who proved to be a son), at some future time.

At eighteen this son entered the army, and in 1775 marched for Boston. He gave the reins to his lusts, and for many years yielded to almost every temptation to sin. At length he was called to the death-bed of his mother, who gave him the key to his father's chest, which, however, he did not open, lest he should meet with something of a religious kind that should reprove his sins and abate his feelings.

Jamie's feet tottered. He was too weak to run, so he walked straight on, a long, long way, until the west began to grow dim in his sight. Jamie saw a man coming towards him, but he did not stop. The man noticed that the child's clothes were wet, that he had been in the water, and tried to stay him.

"Little boy, where are you going?" he asked. "I can't stop now," said Jamie; "I'm afraid I shall be too late."

"Too late! where are you going that way? There is no house there," the man cried after him, for Jamie did not stop for an instant.

"Yes, there is," said Jamie, "and I'm afraid the doors will be shut."

"Whose house will be shut?" "Whose house, boy?" "Why, God's beautiful house, to be sure. Don't you know it? See! it grows dark;" and Jamie made one more effort, and fell to the ground, fainting with hunger.

The man lifted him up in his arms, and Jamie lisped, "Mamma said God would come to meet me;" and then he fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself in a strange place, with strangers about him.

"Come, my darling, you must eat some of this," said a soft voice, and the light of the candle was carefully shaded from Jamie's eyes.

Jamie's last thought was of heaven, and his first question was, "Did I get there? Did He meet me?"

And a little girl standing by the bed answered, "Yes, little boy, father met you, and brought you home."

benches in it for the children to sit upon, and a little chair and table for herself. There was a room in one of the outbuildings, generally used for grain, but now empty, which her grandmother said she might have, and the two discussed the subject, quite oblivious of Pinky's presence, until the tea-bell rang. After tea, Katie put on her hat, and went, as her grandmother advised her, first to see Hetty's mother, and then to the blacksmith's. Mrs. Collins, the washerwoman, had just come home, and was taking her cup of tea with Hetty, when Katie's sunny face appeared at the kitchen door.

"O, Miss Katie!" exclaimed Hetty, "Pinky has not run away, has she?" at the same time her mother asked her to walk in, and put out a chair for her.

"I have not time to stay," said Katie, "and nothing has happened to Pinky; but I came—I mean grandmamma sent me—to see if you could spare Hetty, and if she would like to come up an hour every day, and let me teach her to read."

"Now that is clever," said Mrs. Collins; "I could spare her that long, anyhow; and you'd love dearly to go, wouldn't you, Hetty?"

The child's grateful eyes spoke for her, and Katy went away, telling her to try and be there by ten o'clock, adding in a whisper, "and you can see Pinky every day, you know." Then she trudged on to "The Corner"—the blacksmith's shop on one side and the grocer's on the other, having given to that locality its business-like name. She had stopped there once before with her grandmother, to have a shoe put on old Whitey, but she felt almost afraid of its sooty inmate, who was hammering lustily away at a piece of red hot iron, making the sparks fly in all directions. She did not dare to enter; but the smith discovered her little figure in the doorway, and coming forward asked her what he could do for her to-day. Katie felt as if she would have given anything to have been in the carriage and it had broken down, or that Whitey had wanted another shoe, her errand seemed so small; but she finally stammered out, "I am going to teach Hetty Collins her letters, and cannot you let Bobby come and learn too?"

"Why, who are you, my little lady?" asked the good-natured man anxiously.

"I'm Mrs. Villiers' granddaughter, Katie; she lives up the road."

"O, you are, eh! well, I dunno but Bobby can come. Hallo, boy, where are you?" he called.

Bobby was on the opposite side of the road, noting the effect of a marvellous circus bill which had recently been posted on his grandfather's shed; but he ran nimbly back to the door, and expressed his satisfaction at the arrangement by a series of grins and approving nods, which his grandfather told Katie meant that "he would like it first rate." Katie thanked him, and ran home with a happy heart. It was too late to look up any more scholars that day, and to add to her delight, when she reached the house she found that her dear Aunt Fanny had returned, and was ready to enter heart and soul into her little niece's plans.

The next morning they were up very early, and Katie was running across the yard to inspect her school-room, when she saw Jerry, one of her grandmother's hired men, coming towards her with a broom in his hand. Touching his hat, he said, "It's all swept as clean as a whistle, and the cobwebs brushed down from the windows." Of course Katie knew what he meant, and she said, "Much obliged to you, Jerry," and then ran back again to thank her grandmother for remembering what she herself had forgotten. After breakfast she and her Aunt Fanny went to work and hunted up an old settee, a table and chair for Katie, three or four old spelling-books, and a slate and pencil. Aunt Fanny said they ought to have a black-board, but a slate would do to begin with, and she printed the entire alphabet beautifully on one side of it for Katie to give her first lesson.

Punctually at ten the two pupils appeared, Hetty in a neat calico dress and apron, and Bobby with clean face and hands, and his hair cropped remarkably short all around. Pinky was there too, with a ribbon tied around her neck, on a corner of the settee, and Katie had a vase of flowers on her desk, and a stool to put her feet upon. Both of her pupils proved very bright; they mastered round O and crooked S that morning, and were able to tell them first on the slate, and afterwards in all of the spelling-books and primers. They had a recess, when Hetty and Bobby swung and hunted her eggs, then a little more lesson, and then they went home; having spent the time so pleasantly they were already eager for the next day to come. That night Katie printed a letter to her mother, for she could not write yet, telling her about her school, to which she received a long, loving reply from both her parents, telling her how glad they were that their little daughter was trying to do good.

Katie had told her two pupils that if they knew any other boys and girls who wanted to learn their letters, to bring them along, for her six weeks began to look short now that she had so much work before her. So the next day Bobby, who knew every little fellow in the neighbourhood, appeared with two boys, and Hetty brought a cousin of hers. Katie thought her school was prospering finely, and by the end of the first week seven little boys and girls had come to learn to read. Another settee had to be brought in, and Katie was delighted one morning to find a nice new black-board put up within its reach, the letters carefully printed on it, and a slender rod standing beside it for her to point them out with. Only one could learn at a time on the slate, and by means of the blackboard she could teach an entire class. The hour was always a very short and happy one to both teacher and pupils. Nearly every day her grandmother and Aunt Fanny came in to visit them, and Katie, at their suggestion, generally finished the hour by reading them a verse from her "Songs for Little Ones," and having them repeat it after her; by this means they learned many sweet little verses.

Meanwhile, Bobby was scouring the country, and had brought in five scholars himself; so Katie's school numbered ten pupils—some of them odd looking and oddly-dressed, but all of them eager to learn and happy to come. As Hetty and Bobby had been the first to commence lessons, so they first learned the alphabet, and received from Mrs. Villiers a present of a new primer—a gift which she had promised each one as soon as he or she could tell all of the twenty-four letters, wherever they saw them.

Time never seemed so short before as those six weeks did to Katie, and she felt as if she had hardly commenced her duties, when her father came to take her home. One thing she was very glad of—they had all received the new primers, and some of them could spell short words; but she could not bear to think of their being left to themselves again, to forget everything they had learned, and her kind aunt and herself rode about the neighbourhood one entire afternoon, until they had found children who were

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