

The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1866.

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HYMN ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The hymn of which we give a translation below is the best known, the most admired, and the most grand of all mediæval hymns. It was composed, as is believed, by Thomas of Celano, an Italian monk, who flourished in the thirteenth century. It has been said that every word of the hymn is a pearl of thunder.

Day of anger! sinners dooming, Heaven and earth to dust consuming, Seer and Sibyl see it looming!

Hearts and rocks will then be rending, As the Judge is seen descending, And the doom of all is pending. Peals the trumpet, voiced with wonder, Shaking Hades by its tender, Sifting all the great throne under.

Death, his horror not dissembling, See creation rising, trembling, And before the Judge assembling. Lo! He bringeth forth, unsealing, That dread book of doom, revealing Sentence, whence is no appealing.

On His great white throne alighted, Darkest secrets shall be cited— Nothing shall go unrequited. What account shall I then render? Whom invoke as my defender, When the just no claim can tender!

King of awful glory! ever Of free grace the Sovereign Giver; Fount of goodness! me deliver. Think, good Lord—let it appease Thee— That Thy woe was to release me; Let not then, perdition seize me.

Way-ward, weary, Thou hast sought me, By Thy cross salvation brought me; Why in vain shouldst Thou have sought me? Judge, all just in retribution! Ere that day of proscension, Grant Thy gift of absolution.

Tears and cries can save me never— Grace alone can me deliver, From the fire that burneth ever. With Thy sheep, Great Shepherd, fold me, Though I with the goats had sold me; Safe on Thy right hand uphold me, When the doom'd depart, descending Into burnings never ending, Call me with Thy saints ascending.

What a noble saint he is, but the Lord knows him, and sees no light in him; but that poor, humble publican who stands in the corner, and dares not lift so much as his eye to heaven, cannot see any light in himself, but God sees the light in him, and he goes down to his house justified rather than the other.

III. We pass on to the third point, and that is DIVINE APPROBATION. "God saw the light, that it was good." Light is good in all respects. The natural light is good. Solomon says, "It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun;" but you did not want Solomon to reform you upon that point.

Where were God's glory in the outward universe without light? Could we gaze upon the landscape? Could we stand upon the hill-top and drink in the view, and then praise the glorious Maker who had made these marvellous works, if there was no light?

II. The second point is DIVINE OBSERVATION. We read in the fourth verse, "God saw the light." Does he not see everything? Yes, beloved, he does; but this does not refer to the general perception of God of all his works, but is a something special.

Light, Natural and Spiritual. A SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON, ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOV. 12, 1865. "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Light is good in all respects. The natural light is good. Solomon says, "It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun;" but you did not want Solomon to reform you upon that point. You blind man who will tell you the tale of his sorrows will be quite philosopher enough to convince you that light is good.

JAMAICA AFFAIRS. Our English papers by the last mail indicate increasing interest in the investigations that are going forward in relation to the late riots in Jamaica. The political aspect of the case is occupying a most prominent place in the public mind.

Descending scale among the peasantry, and that the consequent degradation of the laboring classes is of the most pitiable character. The London Freeman, referring to these reports, says: "The poverty of the peasantry and small holders in Jamaica is most abject. And this poverty extends to other classes of the community."

During a season of religious interest I announced that I would preach in the lecture-room of the M— C— on a certain night. The night and hour arrived, and I found the place so full, that I regretted not having appointed the meeting in the church; yet by bringing in benches, nearly all were comfortably seated.

MAGGIE S—. During a season of religious interest I announced that I would preach in the lecture-room of the M— C— on a certain night. The night and hour arrived, and I found the place so full, that I regretted not having appointed the meeting in the church; yet by bringing in benches, nearly all were comfortably seated.

Oh! how divine, how sweet the joy, When but one sinner turns, And with a humble, broken heart, His sins and errors mourns.

A more serious evil than poverty threatens the Baptists of Jamaica. If want of food and clothing were the only calamity, English gold could supply the remedy. But alongside this poverty of the people and distress is attributable to indolence.

The word of God seemed to be with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power; and at the close, I invited all anxious ones to remain a few moments. To my grateful surprise, a whole score tarried to converse with me; among them my earnest, staring, youthful friend.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER. It is best to begin one's studies young. The next best thing, if boyhood and youth have been neglected, is to begin as soon as possible in later life. We are never too old to learn.

So if our candidates for the ministry had held down by cares in regard to their daily bread, they would not be so commended with celestial thought. It has been said of one man, that he spent all his time at a Theological Seminary in getting up early in the morning.

Next day I visited Maggie at her father's house. With the simplicity of a little child, she opened her whole heart to me, if she should die at the work. For many days and nights a cloud of divine displeasure rested on her bosom, and she was greatly and she agonized by alternate hopes and fears; now almost sure of a Saviour's love, then fearing that she was doomed to everlasting despair.

and greatly was she agitated by alternate hopes and fears; now almost sure of a Saviour's love, then fearing that she was doomed to everlasting despair. Yet would she say, with a fearful determination, that stirred the fountains of my own eyes to overflowing.

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