

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
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SAINT JOHN, N. B.
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THE ROYAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, 92
Lombard-street, London, and Royal Insurance build-
ings, Liverpool.
Chairman of the London Board—SAMUEL BARRIS, Esq.
Chairman of the Liverpool Board—CHARLES TURNER, Esq.
The Royal Assurance Company is one of the largest
Offices in the Kingdom.
At the Annual Meeting held in August 1865, the following
highly satisfactory result was shown—
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
The most gratifying proof of the expansion of the busi-
ness is exhibited in the following table—That the amount
of the last three years exceeds the entire business of
some of the existing and of many of the recently defunct
fire insurance companies of this Kingdom.
The Premiums for the year 1865 being—£2,130,000
While the Premiums for the year 1866 are—£2,196,148
Showing an actual increase of—£66,088
or upwards of 30 per cent. in three years.
The recent return of the Government for the year
1865 (1866) again show the "Royal" as more than
maintaining the ratio of its increase as stated in former years.
Only one among the London companies has increased
to the extent of one-half the increase of the Com-
pany, while all the others respectively fall far short of the
ratio of its advance.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
The amount of Life Premiums received this year is
by far the largest received in any similar period since the
commencement of the business, and must far exceed the
average of any other year. The number of policies issued in the
year was 322, the sum assured £387,752 6s. 8d., and the premium
£12,356 5s. 4d. These figures show a very rapid extension
of the business during the last year.
No. of Policies. Sums Assured. New Premiums.
1864 390 242,774 17 0 21,890 9 1
1865 430 265,550 11 0 23,277 4 7
1866 408 261,848 13 4 23,016 3 11
1867 408 297,500 18 8 23,850 3 11
1868 408 317,125 18 9 24,254 2 4
The remarkable increase in the business of the last four
years, is mainly consequent upon the large bonus declared
in 1865, which amounted to no less than 25 per cent. per
annum on the sums assured and averaged 50 per cent. upon
the premiums paid.
JAMES J. KAYE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to the London Board.
Description of property taken at fair rates, and Fire
losses promptly and on reasonable terms of loss—without
reference to the head establishment.
JAMES J. KAYE, Agent for New Brunswick,
Opposite Judge Ritchie's Building.
Feb. 15, 1867.

LORILLARD INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital \$1,000,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, last Aug. 1866, \$12,194.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New
Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in
profits, and every information furnished by the Agents.
W. A. SARGENT, Agent, Prince Street,
Oct. 12—77
Opposite Commercial Bank.

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPY.
Capital \$500,000—all paid up and invested.
Surplus in hand, last July, 1865, \$250,000.
New Brunswick Agency—7, Prince Street, opposite Com-
mercial Bank, St. John, N. B.
POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New
Brunswick Currency, with and without participation in
profits. The average dividends to Policy holders entitled to Pro-
fits for the past nine years, amount to 44 1/2 per cent.
References of the first respectability, and any other in-
formation given by
Oct. 18, 1867—W. A. SARGENT, Agent.

CITY OF GLASGOW
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF GLASGOW.
Incorporated by Act of Parliament.
Governor—The Right Honorable the Earl of Glasgow.
Subscribed Capital—£200,000
Accumulated Fund—£480,000
Annual Revenue—£100,000
Existing Assurances—£2,700,000
WALTER BUCHANAN, of Glasgow, Esq., M. P., Chairman.
W. F. BURNHAM, of Glasgow, Esq., Manager.
VARIOUS MODES OF ASSURING.
Half Premium System, without debt or interest.
Endowment Assurances.
Partnership Assurances.
Short Term Assurances.
THE "City of Glasgow Life Assurance Company" was
established in 1835, by special Act of Parliament. It
has been conducted with much success for 25 years,
which is attributable not only to the perfect security of
its funds for the due fulfilment of every contract, but like-
wise to the Company's extensive and influential connections
and to the liberality of its dealings.
The Premiums are equitably distributed. The Profits are
distributed with a due regard to the claims of all classes of
Policy-holders.
The last declaration of Bonus was made 28th January,
1864, which is the close of the Company's financial year.
A Bonus at the rate of one and a half per cent. on the
sums assured was declared for the past year. In place of
the surplus being annually divided, the profits will in fu-
ture be accumulated and allocated to the benefit of the
Policy-holders on the date of their issue, and the Bonu-
ses do not rest until they have been five years in exist-
ence. Rates of Assurance and all other information may
be had from the Agents—WILLIAM MACKAY,
July 12—1867
Custom House Building.

THOMAS & WETMORE,
INSURANCE AGENTS, SHIP BROKERS,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.
Office—58 Prince William Street.

GEORGE THOMAS,
Commission Merchant and Ship Broker,
Office—58 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
Central Fire Insurance Company Agent, St. John, N. B.
Dec. 4, 1866.
GEORGE THOMAS.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY!
Fund paid up and invested—£3,312,543 5s. 11d.
Premiums received—£1,384,273 5s. 4d.
Losses paid in Life Risks—£29,459 10s.
Losses paid in Fire Risks—£14,107 10s.
The Company's extensive and influential connections and
to the liberality of its dealings.
EDWARD ALLISON,
Agent for New Brunswick,
Office—58 Prince William Street.

The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1867.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."

The following beautiful and touching song was written by the Hon. A. W. Wilds, of Skowhegan, Me. In answer to an inquiry on the subject, he gives the following incidents connected with its origin:

"The little song, 'Come this way, my father,' was written by me during a season of great affliction—occasioned by the loss of my darling little Frank, the hero of the story. The narrative and song were first published in the *Waterloo Mail*, in the year 1850. The scene of the occurrence was Boothbay, a little harbor about fifteen miles east of Bath."

"During a short visit to the seashore of our State, some two years since, with a party of old friends, it was proposed one afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion."

"We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left him, and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right way to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling—'Come this way, father! steer straight for me! I'm here, waiting for you!' We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, 'I knew you would hear me, father!' and nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval between their deaths. Now, when tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped by fog or surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore—'Come this way, father! steer straight for me! When oppressed by sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, and as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from hence, 'Come this way, my father! I'm waiting for thee!'"

"With this I enclose a correct copy of the song."

"Yours, very truly,
A. W. WILDS."
I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea
Fog-enshrouded I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he lay on the shore—
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
'Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,
As it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers
And high dashing spray;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billows' roar—
'Come this way, my father!
Steer straight for me,
Here safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest.
For the tones of my child
Whispered soft to my ear,
'I called you, dear father,
And knew you would hear
The voice of your darling
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore,
I was waiting for thee."

That voice is now hushed,
Which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,
'I am calling you, father!
Oh, can you not hear
The voice of your darling,
As you toss on life's sea,
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice
In many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart,
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far on,
Over life's troubled waves,
And sounds from the loved lips
That lie in the grave—
'Come this way, my father!
Oh, steer straight for me!
Here safely in Heaven
I'm waiting for thee."

For the Christian Visitor.
BRAZILIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.
No. 2.
"Espere un pouco"—Just wait a little.
BY C. FRED. HARRI, A. M.

When we first came to anchor, I wished to go on shore to collect some shells; so I asked permission of the captain. The stupid, ill-natured fellow contended that there was nothing to be found on shore; and only laughed at me when I tried to convince him how important it would be to make a collection of shells at that point. A day or two passed before I could gain permission to land at the islands of St. Anna with some of the crew, who went to cut wood and wash clothes. Taking some large tin cans with me, I collected what I could from a rocky point—live animals, star-fishes, sea wickets, mollusks, &c.; searched carefully for shells in the line of drift on the beach, and then gathering up half a bushel of the shell-wrack, carried it on board to be sorted over at my leisure on the voyage. I needed alcohol, but had brought none, intending to furnish myself at Sao Mateo; but, fortunately, we had with us a few bottles of whiskey, which we used for putting up our collection. So, during the three visits we made at the islands, we gathered quite a little harvest. Eduardo shot some cormorants. We

procured some fish and some cormorants' eggs, from the latter of which we secured several interesting embryos.

Now the time began to pass more agreeably; yet day after day elapsed, and still we were unable to proceed. At every return to the Islands, we were joined by new vessels, till we made a fleet of twenty or more sail. At last the welcome south wind came, and we found ourselves north of Cape St. Thome, with the familiar mountains of Victoria in sight. But down dropped the breeze, and our sails hung flapping from the mast. Just here is a very productive fishing ground, where a large number of edible fish are taken. Among these is a great percid, of the size of the codfish, called the *guaroupa*, the *vermelha*, the *fargo*, the *cavala*, the *espada*, &c.—the latter a narrow, very thin, ribbon-like fish, three or four feet long, with a body tapering backwards to a point, with a sharp pointed head, and with jaws armed with formidable teeth. This fish is not, inappropriately, called the *espada*, or sword. Several of these fish, and more especially the *guaroupa*, are prepared by salting and drying; but this is so inefficiently done, on account of the want of facilities on shipboard, and the necessity of packing the fish down in the hot holds, that they are scarcely eatable. On shore, meat is easily dried in the sun, and a fish split open and hung over the gunwale of a canoe, in a day or two, as dry as a chip.

Americans could, I am confident, prepare the *guaroupa* so as not to be much inferior to the cod fish. This last fish is now largely imported into Brazil, and is used even in Caravellos and Porto Seguro, from which regular *guaroupa* fishing fleets go out. Americans would do well to make inquiries about the Brazilian fishing grounds, especially those in the vicinity of the Abrolhos.

Becalmed off Victoria, all hands set to work fishing, and for one day, the deck of the *Venus* resounded with the death-throes of *vermelhas*, *porgos*, and other fish. A considerable number of species were obtained, of which I made drawings and wrote out descriptions; while of some of the smaller species, I was able to preserve specimens, either in spirits, or prepared as skeletons. The stupidity of the captain and crew was annoying in the last degree. That I should want to take the likeness of a fish seemed too trivial an idea to fuddle me in, and I had more than once a fish which I had partially sketched taken away from me by order of the captain, to cut up, as I was interfering with the work. Occasionally, a piece of mullet was brought up from the bottom in a hook. If I was quick enough to secure it before it was thrown overboard, I was enabled to collect some beautiful hydroids and bryozoans, with which this material swarms. By examining the contents of the stomachs of some of the fishes, I succeeded in finding some prizes in the shape of little fish, crabs, cuttle fish, shells, &c. Within the time was not being wasted.

There were some beautiful jelly fishes about the vessel one day while we were anchored at the islands of St. Anna, and I was very desirous of capturing some. I tried to borrow a bucket, but the early old captain, when he found out what I was doing, ordered the sailors to take the bucket away. They were "grave sent," he said. "They were nasty things that would burn one's fingers," and he wanted to know what I desired to be troubling my head about such things for. I tried to argue with him; but it was not until after I used a little dose of Yankee soft soap that I was able to secure some specimens. I got the negro cook to help me because of his dexterity in throwing the bucket over them; to stimulate him, I slipped into his hand a few "dumps," or big copper pennies. As I sat studying my jelly-fishes and some chains of crystal-like salspa, I heard an amusing discussion going on in the galley between the cook and some of the sailors, who were all sorely puzzled as to what our business could be. The conclusion came to us, that we were going to make picture books.

So engaged had we become, that when a favorable wind at last sprang up, we delayed so long that the rest of the fleet got the start of us and soon reached the port of Rio Doce, and passed us up the coast. As for us, we had to repeat the exploration of Cape St. Thome. Again and again we beat up along the coast, just south of the Doce, until finally we were obliged to run back and anchor in the harbor of Victoria, where we spent several days. E. went up to the city and obtained a couple of small barrels of alcohol. I spent all the time I could on shore, collecting marine specimens, shells, &c., and also land shells from the vicinity of Villa Velha, a little old town situated at the mouth of the harbor, under the shade of a high conical hill, on the summit of which is perched the picturesque convent of *Mossa Senhora do Penha*, or, in other words, "Our Lady of the Rock," who has, if we believe sailors, been the worker of divers miracles in saving many a vessel from impending shipwreck. The halls are now deserted; the cells are empty. An old priest had charge of it, and officiated on set occasions. The yearly feast of *Mossa Senhora do Penha* is attended by a great concourse of people from a distance, and is said to be a very brilliant affair. We visited the little, gaily decked chapel, and gazed on the doll-like image of "Our Lady" standing on the altar. The view from the convent is magnificent. The harbor of Victoria—several miles wide at its mouth—contains a number of little islands. Its south contracts into a narrow channel, which runs inland among high, picturesque hills. Three or four miles from the mouth is the city of Victoria—a considerable little town, quite well built, and presenting a beautiful appearance from a distance. It has several large churches, and boasts a presidential palace. The harbor is deep, and large enough to afford shelter to an immense number of vessels. Its trade is principally in coffee, mandiocas, farinhas, a little sugar, cotton and rosewood—which are shipped to Rio; though I have seen a French vessel there taking in a cargo of rosewood. It is a sleepy place, and its business is exceedingly small.

I spent much time in trying to engage a fisherman to work for me, but no purpose. One day was Sunday, and, of course, he could not fish; and Monday was a fast day, and he must dress up and go to Mass, and let off some rockets. Although I offered to pay an exorbitant price, I could not hire a fisherman. It was disheartening. Here was an exceedingly rich field—on which it was very important that large collections of fish should be made—and none could be got; for only a practical fisherman could take the salt water fish. Early in the morning, I used to watch the canoes go out of the harbor; and as they returned with their fish I hailed one after another. One said he could not sell his fish before he had paid his royalty at the market; another had busied himself in cleaning those he had taken, and could not be prevailed on to part with his. One old man passed along side, and I saw in his canoe, besides some large fish, a basket full of small ones of a number of species which I had not been able to obtain. I called him up to the vessel and tried to drive a bargain. He wished to

sell me a huge specimen that would not go into my barrel. I told him I wanted to buy the small ones; but he strenuously denied that he had any others—although I had seen them—and, letting loose, he set off, swearing at me for detaining him.

Conto spent a large part of the time on shore; and we on ship-board then gave ourselves over to making up for lost time in the eating line. Not having the fear of the captao's whip, which lay across the hatchway before his eyes, the cook got up some dainty dishes, and, for once, we had an unlimited supply of coffee and tea. *Carna secca* was, by long cooking, converted into a dish resembling steved ropes' ends, and called "old clothes," while the captao's *garnafauzinhos* (demi-john) came near running dry from the frequent "pulls" of all hands (except the Americans, of course), "and all went merry as a marriage bell." I got the boat and a couple of men, and pulled round the rocky point at the entrance of the harbor, where I made a good collection of corals, sea-urchins, &c., which, to the disgust of the captain, were spread around drying. As a slight drawback, I may mention that the dog ate up some fish skeletons I had labored to prepare, together with some little sharks' jaws, teeth and all. One dismal night, when it was blowing fearfully, and right in our teeth, old Conto came on board late. We had been waiting for him. With the splash of the oars came the sound of his voice, singing drunkenly a doubtful melody. Coming alongside, he assured us he was "all right;" mounted nimbly the ladder, and then fell sprawling on the deck. "South wind," said he; "hoist (hic) anchor." But the crew felt better satisfied with the cable out, and did not mind orders.

(To be continued.)

The Introductory Sermon Preached before the Eastern N. B. Baptist Association, on the 12th of July, 1867.

BY THE REV. J. O. HURD, M. D.,
And Published by Request of the Body.
"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."
JOSUAH xiii. 1.

I have thought that the language of God to Joshua, when "old and stricken in years," to arouse him, and the people through him, from their sloth and inaction, to push forward their arms and multiply their conquests, until they should occupy the whole extent of the promised possession, might be applied with no small degree of force and propriety to the churches represented in this Association. The people began well. With an ardent zeal and vigorous determination, they pressed onward from victory to victory. Every day was marked by some progress, and every encounter resulted in their decided advantage over the enemy, all of which gave promise of awarding their toils and conflicts with speedy and triumphant success.

But their ardor soon cooled, their efforts relaxed, their courage flagged, and growing weary in well-doing, they became quite too well satisfied with present acquisitions. This was their error; for they were censured, and this doubtless was greatly to their reproach. But before we pronounce too severely against them, we will do well to look to ourselves a little, and see if there is not something about us as christian churches, which bears a striking resemblance to that which was most censurable in the conduct of the Jews! When Jesus, our New Testament Joshua, had received all power in heaven and in earth, for the purpose of securing the fulfilment of the promise made by the Father: "I shall give these heathen for their inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," he gave to his disciples the broad commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Thus their designated field was the world, and with the promised assurance of the divine presence to accompany and uphold them, their efforts were never to be circumscribed or terminated until the whole earth should be subdued to the "obedience of faith."

And when the Lord had thus spoken to them, assigning them their work under the seal of this broad commission, and was himself received up into heaven, to sit on the right hand of God, they went forth, with a burning zeal, earnestly, perseveringly, successfully, preaching everywhere—"the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following." In the language of a modern writer, "From Jerusalem they proceeded in all directions, like the lines of a circle from the centre. Commencing in Judea, they soon spread over all Palestine, entered the contiguous countries in Asia, visited the Isles, reached Europe. And successively the banners of the cross were displayed, in province beyond province, and in clime beyond clime. But instead of continuing their glorious career, after a while they looked back and were satisfied with their progress; they preferred ease to acquisition; they began to divide the spoil they had gained; they often turned their arms against each other—while the enemy pressing upon them, frequently obliged them to contract their limits, and to change their position." Such are the sad facts which history records in reference to the earlier efforts of the christian church. Since that time her labours have been feeble and irregular, and her progress proportionately tardy and unsatisfactory. Her arms have been thrown down, and regardless of the solemn responsibilities which press upon her, she has continued, for much of the time, in a state of almost total inaction. Warnings have been repeated; punishments inflicted; and call after call has been given to arouse her from her apathy, to gird on the armor of truth, and go forth in the strength of Omnipotence, until he whom they serve shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth.

Here and there through the cycle of ages, have been periods when the voice of God seems to have been heard, and his servants stirred into fresh life, have pushed forward the triumphs of the cross with accelerated vigor. But those efforts have usually been spasmodic, rather than continued, and followed by long periods of inactivity and spiritual drought. So that after the lapse of nearly eighteen centuries, the greater portion of the land which ought to have been possessed, is still in the hands of the enemy, while darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people.

But leaving this general view of the subject, let us turn our thoughts to the state and progress of religion in this Province. Into what other religious bodies are doing to help forward this cause, I do not now propose to inquire. They are all, doubtless, working more or less vigorously according to the principles in which they profess to believe, and the means which they have thought proper to adopt. In all they are doing that is good, we bid them God-speed; and shall rejoice in their success; but for the present we will leave them to take care of themselves, and

confine our remarks to the churches of our own denomination. And it is painfully evident that by far too small a portion of the land which ought to be occupied and cultivated by us, is as yet in our possession; and much of that to which we pretend to have a claim, instead of being fruitful and flourishing as the garden of the Lord, is but little better than barren waste—neglected, exposed, and desolate. And judging from all that appears from our movements just now, it would seem that the efforts to be put forth in the future to extend the limits of our operations, are not likely to be much in advance of those of past years. The field is large and inviting; there are wide plains, fertile valleys, fruitful hills, and fountains abounding with water. The prospect is delightful, the demand for labour urgent, and our responsibility increases according to the advantages we possess. In view of all this, then, we may well inquire, in the language of Joshua to the assembled multitude at Shiloh! "How long are ye slack to go to possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers hath given you? And had we have possessed and practised a tithe of the zeal and self-denial which so eminently distinguished the early pioneers of the cause in this province, the whole land would by this time have been well nigh in our possession; churches would have been planted in every county and parish, and supplied with all the means of spiritual growth and development, and our denominational interests in general settled on a basis of permanent prosperity. Instead of this we have advanced slowly and feebly, sometimes barely holding our own; our numbers by far too few, our means scanty, and our operations confined within the limits of an inconsiderable corner, scarcely sufficient to afford us a subsistence. I would that these statements were not true; that the picture I have presented were in some measure overdrawn. But facts are stubborn things, and this is not the place either to conceal or evade them. It is useless to pamper ourselves with visionary notions of dominion and power, when the reverse is plainly manifest, or to indulge the folly of the Laodiceans, who dreamed of activity and zeal in the midst of lukewarmness and apathy, and boasted of wealth and importance, while they shut their eyes to the poverty, weakness and shame of their actual condition. Let us not imagine, then, that our work is done, or our warfare accomplished while so much of the land remains yet to be possessed. And if we would occupy that land, and enjoy it, and cultivate it for Him whose servants we are, and whose glory we are bound to promote, we need—

1. In the first place, in all our churches—ministers and members—MORE OF THE MIND THAT WAS ALSO IN CHRIST JESUS. More of the real genuine religious element; a loftier tone of piety; a deeper work of grace; a more thorough consecration of heart and life to the service and glory of God. I put this first, because it is of the highest importance. With it, we are strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and shall go forward from "conquering to conquer," without it, we are powerless—"unstable as water," and can "never excel." The christian who fails here, can be of little service to the Master's cause, whatever may be his endowments in other respects. He may have the wealth of a peer, the wisdom of a philosopher, and the tongue of an angel, but in the absence of the heaven-engendered elements of an inner life, or the growing and expansive development of spiritual power in the soul, his strongest endeavours will be but the feeble efforts of a child, and his most ardent zeal, and loudest pretensions, but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The importance of this grand element in the ministry is felt and acknowledged. Their acceptance with the people, and the success of their labors, mainly depend upon it. All the learning of the schools, with the most commanding talents, could not entitle them to minister at the sacred altars of the church, if with all these they are wanting in piety.

Pollok's graphic description of a minister will be readily endorsed by every christian:
Anointed by God himself
Anointed by the Holy Ghost and set
Apart to the great work of saving men,
Instructed fully in the will divine,
Supplied with grace in store, as need might ask,
And with his face and signature of heaven,
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness and love,
Accredited—'he was a man by God,
The Lord commissioned to make known to men
The eternal counsel; in his Master's name,
To treat with them of everlasting things,
Of life, death, bliss and woe; to offer terms
Of pardon, grace, and peace to the rebelled;
To teach the ignorant soul, to cheer the sad;
To bind, to loose, with all authority;
To give the feeble strength, the hopeless hope,
To help the halt, to profess, and the blind,
To warn the careless, heal the sick of heart,
Arouse the indolent, and on the proud
And obstinate offender to denounce
The wrath of God?
Such was his calling, his commission such,
Yet he was humble, kind, forgiving, meek,
And dyed men, like me, heard his feet
And with all patience and affection taught,
Rebuked, persuaded, solaced, counselled, warned
In fervent style and manner. Needy, poor
And dying men, like me, heard his feet
Approach their beds; and guilty wretches took
New hope, and in his prayers wept and smiled,
And blessed him as they died forgiven; and all
As he in his face and in his life
The path to glory and perpetual joy."

"A ministry formed after such a model is a living power in the church and in the world. An increase in the number of such men will fill the various posts of usefulness in this Province in an urgent necessity. Of
Lightness, whose lips and eyes express
No drop of unbelief, whose heart is true,
Who let their works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."
Men, who by the silent, yet potent voice of a holy example, impress upon the hearts and consciences of those around them, the living realities of the religion of Christ. This is the preaching which appeals to men's hearts with resistless power, for as the poet has it:
"Persuasion, friend, comes not by toll or art,
Hard study never made the matter clear;
'Tis the live fountain in the preacher's heart,
Whose drops are true, that melt the hardened hearer."
But it becomes us to inquire: Is piety necessary only for the ministry? Should it not be possessed and cultivated by every member of our churches? Should it not be found among the flocks, as well as the shepherds, in the pew as well as in the pulpit? God spake by the mouth of Aaron to the people, and not to the priests only, when he said: "I am the Lord your God, ye shall therefore sanctify yourselves, and ye shall be holy; for I am holy."

It was considered necessary to the proper worship of God, that it is written: "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully; he shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." And thus only can we bring an acceptable offering when we come into his courts, and if we would have the assurance of the divine approbation, we must, no less than the patriarchs and prophets, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." And to what were we chosen as the elect of God? "To be conformed to the image of his Son, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."

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"And whom he did predestinate, them he also called." To what, then, are we called? "God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto holiness." "He hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." And what are the commands bearing on this subject, reiterated through every page of Holy Writ, and which it would be endless to quote? "Follow after peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation." "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord," and multitudes of other passages of similar import, including the solemn injunction of our Lord, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And what are our churches without this—holiness of heart and life? We may have numbers and wealth; fine chapels and large congregations, an educated ministry, with all the pomp of outward observances; but without holiness all is but emptiness and vanity. Mere fountains without life, motion, or power. If this, then, is the glory and strength of christian character; if it is essential to our enjoyment and usefulness as individuals and churches, I think it will be admitted that, in this one direction, there "is yet very much land to be possessed." How little progress have the best of us made; how meagre our attainments; how manifest our deficiencies. Every christian should be a living photograph of Christ. His image should be stamped upon our moral natures, and his perfections should shine forth in our lives. But, alas! how faint is our resemblance of him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him that judgeth righteously." Who pleased not himself, sought not his own ease or comfort, but sacrificed everything for the good of others; for though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, that he through his poverty might be made rich.

Nay, if we measure ourselves by a much lower standard, our defectiveness will be scarcely less manifest. If we place ourselves side by side with those illustrious characters whose history has been recorded in the sacred writings, and compare ourselves with the finished likenesses there sketched by the pencil of inspiration, how far do we fall below the resemblance we ought to bear to them in patience, faith, and holy obedience! They "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection;—yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments. They were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented—(of whom the world was not worthy.)" Those were men of God; thoroughly consecrated to His service. In whatever concerned the honor of His name, or the extension of His kingdom, no sacrifice was too great, no labor too severe, no suffering too intense. They were "good men, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." They were never weary in well-doing; but "steadfast and unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

And we profess to be followers of those who, through faith, patience and much tribulation, entered into the kingdom of heaven; and how far we may fall short of the excellencies which they displayed, we cannot but acknowledge their importance as well as the necessity of imitating them. It is essential to our life and progress. Our highest and truest enjoyment depends upon it. If we would be happy, we must be holy. Godliness is profitable, not only for the life that now is, but for that which is to come. Show me the truly godly man, and I will show you the happiest and most favored of mortals.

"For what was he denied of earthly growth
Wholly the man of good? Truth answers nought:
Had he not appetites, he had not power
Might he not eat—if Providence allowed—
The finest of the wheat? Might he not drink
The choicest wine? True, he has temperance;
But, when was temperance a foe to peace?
Might he not rise, and clothe himself in gold?
Ascend, and stand in palaces of kings?
No; he was holy, and his life was true.
Were, then, these virtues foes to human peace?
Might he not do exploits, and gain a name?
Most true, he trod not down a fellow's rights;
Nor walked up to a throne, and stole his eye.
Were justice, truth, and mercy foes to peace?
Had he not friendships, loves, and smiles, and hopes?
But none round his table, sons and daughters?
We are not his care, with his Father's eye.
With light? his nostrils with perfumes? his lips
With pleasant relishes? Grew not his hedges
Flow? Resped he not his harvests? And did not his heart
Revel at will through all the charities of heaven?
And sympathies of nature, unconfined?
And were not his words, his life, his conversation
By deeds of holiness shed from above? His ends
Might he not walk through Fancy's airy halls?
Might he not History's sacred page survey?
Might he not, finally, explore the depths
Of mental, moral, natural, divine?
But why enumerate these? One word enough
Shall show us his joy in all our joys, his grief
No drop of unbelief, whose heart is true,
To sove of which the righteous man did not
Partake; partake, invited, by his God,
Of God, his Father's voice, who gave him all—
His heart's desire. And o'er the sinners, still 'till
The Christian had no other advantage