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Vol. V., No. 13. Whole No. 221.

It appears that after long conflict with Canaan,

hid themselves in caves, and so on ; but they

Three things are to be noticed, then, this morn-

of Mansoul after it had been taken by Prince Im-

manuel. The Prince rode to the Castle, called

the Heart, and took possession of it, and the whole city became his; but there were certain Diabolonians, followers of Diabolus, who never

quitted the town. They could not be seen in the streets, could not be heard in the markets, never dared to occupy a house, but lurked about in certain old dens and caves. Some of them

got impudent enough to hire themselves out for

servants to the men of Mansoul under other

names. There was Mr. Covetousness, who was

called Mr. Prudent Thrifty, and there was Mr.

Lasciviousness, who was called Mr. Harmless

Mirth. They took other names, and still lived

here, much to the annoyance of the town of Man-

soul, skulking about in holes and corners, and

only coming out on dark days, when they could do mischief and serve the Black Prince. Now

in all of us, however watchful we may be, though

we may set Mr. Pry Well to listen at the door.

and he may watch, and my Lord Mayor, Mr. Uu-

derstanding, be very careful to search all these

out, yet there will remain much hidden sin. I

think we ought always to pray to God to forgive us sins that we do not know anything about.

"Thine unknown agonies," says the old Greek

liturgy; and there are unknown sins for which

those agonies make an atonement. Perhaps the sins which you and I confess are not

the tithe of what we really do commit. Our eyes

are not sufficiently opened to know of the heni-ousness of our own sin, and it is possible that if we could fully know the extent of our own sinful-

ness it would drive us mad. It is possible that

God in mercy suffers us to be somewhat blind to

the abominable accursedness of sin. He gives us

enough of it to make us hate it, but not enough

to drive us absolutely to despair. Our sin is exceedingly sinful.

unbelief left in you. You do not know that old

villain Unbelief is never to be taken by the heels,

or if he be put in the stocks, he soon manages to

escape and get his liberty. You will have unbelief this very afternoon, if you happen to meet with a trouble, and though now you say, "I never can stagger at the promise through unbelief," I

should not wonder but what a little depression of

spirits, perhaps weariness in God's service, might make you be as doubting as ever you were in

your life. Do not harbor the pleasing delusion that your unbelief is dead. It is hidden, but it

Especially among these lurkers I must mention pride. Oh, we think, "How could I be proud?

Why I—I have been through such an experience of my own weakness and sinfulness that I cannot be proud"—little thinking that all the while we

are talking we are saying about the proudest thing that we could possibly say. I talked once, I remember, with a man who thought himself a

pride but I did not recollect that I myself

was probably quite as bad for thinking I should not like to talk as he did. Pride is such

a conning thing; it likes to wear the robes of prince, but it is satisfied to wear the rags of a beggar, if it cannot. So long as it may get into our

other people, and yet probably we have each one got a leaven of it, even in our spirits at this very moment. You are a proud thing, my brother;

you are a proud thing, my sister. There is still

pride lurking in us all.

And beside these, there is also a great amount of wrath and ill temper in us. Oh! we think

change, and they may very soon? Suppose you

will come out again,

hearts for these secret sins.

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

Christatian

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1867.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON. ill in deep affliction, it were well if we remember-SECRET SINS DRIVEN OUT BY STINGING HORNETS ed ourselves often, lest we also should repine, for discontent may be one of the sins lurking in our "Moreover the Lord thy God will send the hornet among them until they that are left, and hide themselves from thee, be destroyed."—Daut. xii. 80.

Moreover, idolatry is a sin that is often found there. You do not know that you idolize your ome of the old inhabitants would exist. They child, and you will never know it until that child lies, and then you will find it out. You do not were to be fetched out by a very singular means know that you idolize your substance; but if it -namely, hornets. These hornets were to discover them and bring them out—perhaps sting were gone, and you had to give it up, and were ready like Job's wife to say, "Curse God and them to death, or, if not, make them come out to be slain by the children of Israel. die," you would then discover that it was your golden calf. Idolatry has been the sin of all ages and times. Those dear children of God, whose ing. The first is, Sine which are left and hidden nearts should tell of Jehovah, and Jehovah alone, us, even in us who have for many years been folhave need to keep careful watch, lest at the same lowers of Christ; secondly, A singular means of time they indulge self-confidence, which is only destroying them; and then, thirdly, A suggestive lesson for us all, leaching us to examine our own another form of idolatry - the worship of ourselves instead of God. Let us beware lest we indulge in self-satisfaction, and think that our righteousness I. And first, my dear friends, sins which ARE is something satisfactory after all. It is a blessed thing to find idolatry out, but it will hide itself if John Bunyan very wisely describes the town

> It is well to consider the question, "How is it these things hide themselves in us? Other people find them out, how is it we cannot find them?" It is certain that you can detect other men's faults but you cannot detect your own. The lookers-on often see more than the players, and we sometimes perceive more at a distance than when we approach nearer. The fact is that partiality to ourselves blinds us to our own imperfections, and makes us see the mote in our brother's eye though there is a beam in our own. In many cases this ignorance arises from want of search it is not pleasant work to seek out faults-"take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines;" is not easy work; we do not like finding out sin. Too many of us are lazy about religion; you do the work of God deceitfully-you do not search your hearts with candles and try yourwant of a hearty search to find it out. sin is so subtle it changes its shape. If Satan cannot shoot us from above, he will do it from below; if he cannot assail us in the head, he will seek to cast us down by tripping us with the foot. Sins of every form, and shape, and hue, come ipon us, and the great probability is that in try-

> the mark and gone into a vice. Besides, beloved, we have fallen into the bad habit of comparing ourselves with others. The preacher himself, though he might preach humility to you, sometimes gets comparing himself with other preachers, and his hearers, he doubts not, do the same. Oh, you think, "I am more mick in God's work, more earnest than some hristians; I wish they would wake up too;" but little better than yours, and perhaps not so good, you will be apt to get proud and lifted up, and

I shall not, however, enlarge upon this point. There are, no doubt, in all of us Canaanites still dwelling in the land, that will be thorns in our

### GABRIELLI MENTONINI.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REFORMATION IN VENICE.

All hope of Mentonini's release was at an end.

Time had passed quickly to the denizens of the city of the sea, but to the poor imprisoned one, alas, how slowly! Through the humanity of a last had succeeded. The prisoner was to be allowed to see his wife and child for one hour on lower the lowed to see his wife and child for one hour on lower the lowed to see his wife and child for one hour on lower the lowed to see his wife and child for one hour on lower the lower to see his wife and child for one hour on lower the low very eminent Christian. He told me that what with affliction and experience the Lord had wiped pride completely out of him. I said, "He must have hit you very hard, brother." I thought while he was talking he was the incarnation of heart beat quick when he heard how his boy call-ed him "caro papa," and how, when his mother told him their good friend was going to see the interview thus granted was gained greatly through tle fellow with a childish intensity of passion had said, "My father is hid, and he makes me weep for my mother." Mentonini heard with much trouble about the threatened loss of sight of his wife. Although he felt sure that, in his present cation that the husband and wife might meet, and state of fearful weakness many months of life did not remain to him, he had thought that perhaps in dying, even the hard hearts of the officials. might be worked upon to let him embrace his wife and child, before his Master called his tired geous. and jaded spirit home. But now what sorrow was added to his already full heart! Should this there is no one so good tempered as we are, we have not betrayed ourselves into an angry word for months. Yes, but it is very easy to be good tempered when you have it all your own way. It is a very easy thing to be amiable, and kind, and loving, and never to be angry when the wife is so kind, and the shildren obedient, and the servanta great favour be accorded, how would they meet? Paide by side nom ed - T il near to secure He would see her, but if the words of the physician were true, long ere that favour could be granted, the eyes which had never looked on him granted, the eyes which had never looked on him but in love would be sightless; and then how seats sat mute, and with her sightless eyes turned sad would be her fate, without the hand of all towards heaven, asking Him for strength in that hese were too much for the weakened spirit to bear; and overcome with a weakness like death, the suffering man wept aloud.

oking at one particular spot, the agony of mind uired the signature of the Doge to procure it.
s remedy was the "Acqua Teriaca," famous
Venice to this day. The mode of its preparawas attended with most solemn state. On a

when we fancy such and such a friend behaved | wife may be imagined, but not described. Day and night she had no rest. Accompanied by her mother, as guide to her faltering steps, Gabrielle sought each person she thought likely to assist her in speaking for her husband; but the republican government, frightened at this new faith, which threatened to become more and more known, were determined to exterminate it before any serious damage could ensue by its becoming

The day at last arrived when Mentonini was to be once more conducted before the tribunal. He had passed hours in prayer to God; and the priest who had charge of the prisoner in a religious way, did not allow him much time for preparation, when he found that his prisoner would have none of his ministrations.

"It is not yet too late, my son, to recant," said the wilv ecclesiastic. "Your wife and her mother are now in the Piazza with your boy, waiting to know your fate."

"God will support them and me," said the long-suffering man, "and if it be his holy will that the greatest sufferings, even by fire, are in store for me, I can still lean on Him who died to save me. Recant! no, father, were I assured of all the hopes dearest to my heart being fulfilled this day, I would not deny my faith-would not lose my hope of meeting my wife and child, purified from the flesh, in my Father's house on high, not for all the world could give me!"

Base heretic? then know, that before the sun has twice set, your ashes will blacken on the Piazzetta."

A perceptible shudder passed over the face of poor Mentonini at the cruel speech of the priest, but with a quietness, the true fruit of Christian

"You can but take my life. They have robbed me of the sight of all that made life worth having, and now I look only for the time when my beloved ones shall join me, where they who selves with crucibles; as in a furnace you are not bave come out of great tribulation have washed purified seven times over, and so sin escapes for their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Oh, father, such a thought as this makes the fire and stake but the portal to such joys as eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the mind of man to conceive! Will you not lay aside these false ceremonies, and worship God and his Son Jesus Christ?" A sort of ecstacy seemed to sieze on Mentonini, and he ng to kill one sin we fall into another. Often fell on his knees and prayed for the priest with n aiming to attain a virtue, we have overshot all the fervor of a true child of God, who would that all should taste of that true happiness a Christian only can know-of that peace that passeth knowledge, which belongeth to those who have sought and found a Saviour, was levening, the evening of the day that

Mentonini had received his sentence—fire; this dire mode of death was to be his portion, and he, with six others, were to suffer; and this merely while we are consuring them, we are really laying a flattering unction to our own souls, by supposin that close embrace Mentonini passed from his prison into the presence of his Redeemer.

Speak, a sort of dumbness settled on him, which semed as though the body's sufferings had wellheed of comparing yourselves with others, for nigh quenched the soul's power of thought. Yet this is not wise. Come to Christ and look at ever and anon a prayer would burst from his him, and then your faults will be apparent. View heart for grace, and that he might be allowed to his perfection, and in the light of that your own see his wife and child. Yet it seemed too much infirmities will soon be discovered; but if you to see, for the first and last time the little life that look at your brother's righteousness, which is but he had so yearned, but in vain, to hold in his

At the same hour Gabrielle was lying bereft of sense and motion on a couch, by which knelt her aged parents. Her blue sightless eyes were closed, and the deadly palor of her face seemed as though life had really passed away from the still form. Well had it been for Gabrielle had it. been so, for a more cruel ordeal awaited herand that all soon enough, and yet how merciful! Surely their heavenly Father's hand was over them, and in that which was to happen, God's goodness to his faithful servant—yea, faithful unto death—was shown, as we shall see.

wonderful parent the boy had never seen, the lit the good offices of this priest; for the prayer cation that the husband and wife might meet, and contrived that he should be the one present—in-tending to give the unhappy couple all the priva-

cy he could.

The following morning rose bright and gorgeous. The Giudecca (the grand canal) was alive with boats, and as usual in this lower world, joy and sorrow walked almost hand in hand-at least Accompanied by her mother and her son, now

a bright boy of three years old, Gabrielle entered others most dear to lead her! Such thoughts as hour, from whom alone she could get it. "Signore, ajoutami." (Lord, help me) was the prayer which came from her breaking heart to her hips. Had it not been for the sweet child who sat at her feet, and who seemed now the only tie bejoyfully, have been placed beside her husband, so cruelly taken from her in the first days of their

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ther's face, and lisped the words he was told which brought a look of ineffable peace to Mentonini's countenance; and reverently kneeling and clasping the tiny hands of his son in his own at the feet of his wife, he prayed God to assist him to bear his cross meekly, and that God would, for the dear Saviour's sake, take into His holy keeping his fatherless babe and his afflicted wife. "Father, into thy good keeping I commit these jewels of my heart, until the shadows of life are passed, and we meet in the bright light of another world." Gabrielle knelt at his side; she had never spoken of her infirmity; she saw him with her heart, for he lived there, and new she would not give one thought to herself. But the time was passing. The priest, who felt a tremor and a pity quite new, had retired to the corridor; and now, looking in and seeing the little group so still, so silent, he approached, and was startled to find his prisoner with the hue of death on his cheeks, and with closed eyes, vainly endeavoring to regain his pallet. But alas! the long months and years of suffering had left their marks on him, and when the priest advanced to relieve the wife, and assist Mentonini, he trembled, for his practiced eye saw that which the closed orbs of the wife could not discern.

The child lifted his wondering eyes to his fa-

a to L. legitate at hour land to the control of the

"Oh, husband, answer me, let me hear vou once more call me Gabrielle, that the sound may be with me until God calls me!"

But the voice refused to answer the long ap peal, for a mortal faintness had taken the prisoner, and when he did recover, the priest saw that the summons had come; but from a higher tribunal-even from the Supreme One, who had seen with the eye of pitying love the sufferings of bis servant, and who had spared him the torture of the flames.

During this time not a sound was heard in the cell, save the deep sobs of a wife's sorrow; for the priest, he did not know how, found himself quieting the little boy. When the great bell of San Marco proclaimed that the hour had passed, and now the wife and the husband must part to meet no more on this earth. Mentonini, by an immense effort of will, and the desperation of despair, endeavored to rise from his paller for the last embrace, and the last look of Gabrielle, his wife: and then he arose and stood on his feet, holding open his arms to his wife-forgetting that she was unable to see him. But the voice went home, and tottering to the spot from whence the voice proceeded, for she had turned away to hide her agony, and falling at his feet, she besought for giveness for any want of obedience or ready compliance to his wishes she had ever been guilty of She was raised to her feet by the trembling arms which had well nigh lost their power; she was taken to his breast. On a sudden a spasm of agony passed over his face; with a cry to God for practicing the "nuova fede." which faith was for mercy, he strained his wife to his bosom; and

hasband with the eyes of her mind, for she seemed to know that the impress of the peace of God was on that dearly-loved face. She was tranquil now, for she knew that the flames could not make her cherished husband suffer; and more she felt sure in her holy faith that God in his fierce ordeal of fire, and that although baptized in affliction, the right arm of mercy had raised her up, and given her comfort at the last mo-

Years after the death-so merciful -of Mento nini, Gabrielle lived, and was looked upon almost as a saint by all. The quiet death of her hus-band, dying not at the stake but in her arms, pressed to her longing heart, was such a relief to the terrors she had suffered night and day, that it seemed hardly like death. She telt sure that he was with his God, and she prayed that God would in his mercy, show her the path of her daty for the wondrous mercy vouchsafed to her. By the sick and the dying, among the guilty, everywhere that she could help the little child, or soothe the sick and the dying, there was Gabri elle-" La Santa Donna," as she was universally called—and with her a young man, not a priest, who assisted her in all her work and labour of love, until, worn out by the suffering of a long and well-spent life, Gabrielle went to her rest. with a holy and sanctified joy that she would meet among the martyr throng him who before her, through much tribulation, had reached the mansions of heaven, prepared for those who love God from before the foundations of the world .-London Sunday at Home. and tell workers

# Special Efforts

are being put forth in London and in Liverpool to i luce the working classes to attend the means grace in much greater numbers than they do now. convention of ministers of the different denomina tions was recently held in London, which was largely attended by working men, for the purpose of a free interchange of thought in order to ascertain, if possi-ble, the objections which the laboring classes have to the services of the sanctuary as at present conducted In accordance with a suggestion made at that meet ng, sermons were preached on a given Sunday recently, especially to the working classes, by a nun of the metropolitan clergy. Among the number so ngaged were Rev. F. Tucker of Camden Road, Rev. D. H. Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Dean Stanley, Westminster Abbey, Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, Regent Square, and Rev. Newman Hall, of Surrey Chapel. Dean Stanley, in the course of his ser-

There was a deep meaning in those words "The poor had the Gospel preached to them." The words meant that the doctrine Christ came to preach, unlike

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Che Christian Bisitar

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family.

It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence,
it all Religious and Secolar.

come unfamiliar and unknown. To these, if to my, the Lord spake still. The world of the clergy nd religious teachers might have been expected to urn from Him, if any, for their aucestors, the chief pected to turn a deaf ear to His teachings, for it was gainst them that His strongest rebukes were direct-d. Statesmen, perhaps, might be excused from entering into the spirit of one so unearthly; but that working men should be found turning away from heir Friend and hardly ever entering a place of vorship, this surely could not have been expected.

Rev. Dr. Hamilton in his discourse from the text, The common people heard him gladly," mentioned the want of sympathy between preachers and hearers as one reason why so few working men attended the sanctuary, and for proof gave the following appropriate illustration. He said :

My father was a minister. There occasionally came to the manse distinguished visitors, but the more u ual visitors were not at all distinguished. They were neither members of Parliament nor makers of mighty books, but plain parishioners, or people equally plain from other parishes. Amongst the hoicest of these were a journeyman bleacher, a carer, three or four calico-printers, a packman from lasgow, and a day labourer; these last remaining or several days together. True, they could quote no Latin; they knew as little of modern literature as if they lived in Lapland; but they were high-toned Christian gentlemen, and although they might not be up to every detail of etiquette, you could no more call there vulgar than you could apply the epithet to any man of plain manners and princely mind, to the great isherman of Galilee, or Father Abraham himself. Can you wonder that nearly all the parish came to hurch, and that those who came looked up to their minister in respectful love, as to the father of a paroenial family ? All this is well-nigh lost; few minis ters care to entertain such guests, and few such

REV. NEWMAN HALL-DIVINE CONSTRAINT. Surrey Chapel as usual was thronged with a vast

ongregation, the majority of whom, undoubtedly has the chapel full of working people exclusively every Monday night, and as many of his regular conregution are of that class, he might be said perhaps to have preached to his ordinary congregation. As on a previous occasion he had lectured to working men on their objections, he made use of the opportuity to preach to the Christian community and to oint out their deficiencies. He took as his text,—
Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." He dwelt upon the fact that christher words they had not employed varied and appropriate methods to gather in the artizans. showed that if they would not come to Christians, Uhristians must go out to them; in open air preach-ing, in practical co-operation with them against the drinking customs, the chief and real impediment to their being found in the House of God. He showed how by temperance the great majority of artizans w o did attend worship had been led to do so. He next urged the importance of providing secular instruction and recreation to counteract the demoralizing amusements which abounded. As all admitted that carried the boon; so, he said the desire for it struction and recreation was a real desire, a true want, and if men went out to the in ifferent and took them what they could appreciate, they would be likey sympathy, for the higher-blessing. The preacher orged all this as most important, in order to gather in the people, but the essential thing was the Gospe of Christ; pure, simple, loving, broad, human, when they were inside, to keep them there, and do them any real and lasting good. He next referred to what the church was doing directly by schools and preaching; by visitation and missionary work; but in order to break down the altenation of artizans, he

sisted that christians should have more sympathy with them, and meet them on ground they were willing to meet upon. Also, be urged a two-fold service, one suited for the educated devout christians, being chiefly worship, the other for the non-church going who had as yet no taste for worship, but who needed to have their consciences roused. In tack he justified what was already being done at Surrey Chapel by its reasonableness, and by its success, asking increased assistance, and hoping the same sort of work might be carried on elsewhere. He felt sure, wherever tried, it would be successful, that those who at present would not come to a regular church worship as at present conducted, and suited only for an instructed congregation of christians, would come to something else adapted to them, and then be ward to the higher.

# The State Church a Failure. The Rev. C. Williams, of Southampton, delivered lecture on the 15th of February, at Wigan, on the

resent condition of the Church of England.

proved that the Established Church had failed in its

mission as a State Church, which was to minister to all the Christians in the land, and to be a missionary to all the rest. In England and Wales, at the lowest calculation, there were 5,000,000 persons who did not regularly attend public worship, and the Church might point to them and say "These are our failures."

(Hear, hear.) In Ireland her failure was yet more striking, for whereas there were not more than 600, 000 or 700,000 Churchmen there were 4,500,000 Roman Catholics. She went to dreland as a the missionary to the Roman Catholics, but comprise within her pale only the aristocracy, the landed gentry, the professional classes, and a few of the tradespeople, while the bulk of the people of that unhappy land were alienated from the Church. She happy land were alternated from the odured. She had not been a successful missionary to Ireland;—nay, he held the Church of England responsible for not a little of that Fenianism now prevailing. She had been too fond of asserting her supremacy, of exhaulting after the supremacy. presenting Ireland as in subjection to Eugland,—and to is had been the source of that envy of which Fenianism was the fruit. They might expect that so long as this was the attitude of the Church of England towards Ireland, just so long would there be discontent. The Church of England did not minister to all for these to all, for there were as against some 5,000,000 Churchmen in England, Wales and Ireland, about 13,000,000 who worshipped outside her temples; at she might point to these as her failures. (Hear, hear