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The Christian Visitor.

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LIFT ME OVER. O Father! lift me over. It was a little child who stood and pointed one slender foot across a stream.

Wherein the city streets' debris was tossing to and fro.

The father stooped and lifted, with God, the child's hand.

The little one whose silver foot had reached his ear in prayer.

The throng came swiftly onward, I saw the twin feet no more.

But all day long in every strait, I said there sweet words of God.

Some at that city crossing went swiftly splashing through; through the mud.

Some filtered long, or turned them back another way to view.

Some, holding by a stronger hand, with all a child's sweet faith.

Cried, "Lift me, lift me over," and reached the better path.

O! Father up in heaven, whose ear is ever beat to hear the prayers.

Will thou not heed and listen? and when the floods are high.

O! stoop and with thine arm of might bring down thy salvation high.

O! lift me over when the waves of sorrow come down on my head.

Whence the tempest's sighs shall whisper in my ear.

When my heart is sore and aching, my head is throbbing.

Thou art the life within Thy saints, thou art the life within Thy saints.

Whom thou dost lift up, O! take my hand, O! take my hand.

And lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up.

And lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up.

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And lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up, O! lift me up.

Hold fast the form of sound words. — 2d Timothy, 1.13

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1867.

which have been uttered against the saints of the olden times. Suffice it to say, there is no crime in the category of vice which has not been falsely laid to the door of the followers of the pure and holy Jesus.

Christ's cause, whose entire conduct indeed proves that if there be any grace in them at all, it is not the grace which conquers the world, but the protracted grace which lets the world put its foot upon his neck.

A TEMPERANCE SERMON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. The great services in Westminster Abbey were very largely attended of Sunday evening, it having become known that, in compliance with the desire of the Very Rev. Dean Stanley, the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., incumbent of Clerkwell, was to deliver a special sermon on the temperance question as a testimony against the deep and terrible reproach, which has fallen on the fair escutcheon of England's greatness.

Then comes nakedness, another terrible form of poverty. The Christian banished from house to house, and prevented from working at his trade, was not able to procure necessary funds, and therefore his garments gradually fell to rags, and the rags one by one disappeared.

The apostle mentions next to nakedness, peril—that is, constant exposure to sudden death. This was the life of the early Christian. "We die daily," said the apostle. They were never sure of a moment's mercy, for a new edict might come forward from the Roman emperor to sweep the Christians away.

And to close the list, as if there were a sort of perfection in these evils, the seventh thing is the sword, that is to say, the apostle Paul singles out one cruel form of death as a picture of the whole. Ye know, and I need not tell you, how the noble army of my Master's martyrs have given their necks to the sword, as cheerfully as the bride upon the marriage day gives her hand to the bridegroom.

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Look at the thief on the cross. It is from the very edge of the pit, just as he is going over the mighty hand of Jesus plucks him. Who that heard that robber with his fellow and the base crowd insult a dying Saviour, who that saw him nailed to the cross, a daring, despairing, hardened ruffian, could have believed that a few hours thereafter he would be singing songs in Paradise?

THE POWER OF GRACE. Look at the thief on the cross. It is from the very edge of the pit, just as he is going over the mighty hand of Jesus plucks him. Who that heard that robber with his fellow and the base crowd insult a dying Saviour, who that saw him nailed to the cross, a daring, despairing, hardened ruffian, could have believed that a few hours thereafter he would be singing songs in Paradise?

THE DEVIL'S PACK-HORSE. A week of prayer had been observed by the church in London. Many truly godly ones had fasted upon that bread which the world knows not. Not the thought alone, but the fact, that all over the Christian world, and in the favored spots of heathen lands where a missionary could be found, the children of God were calling untearful upon him, gave to each true follower of Christ a sacred earnestness to him, and an earnest longing not only to be cleansed from sin himself, but that all around him who were still out of Christ might be brought near by his blood.

MR. GOUGH'S RECOVERY. The following incident is worthy of being often repeated, as an encouragement to labor for moral or religious reform. A warm heart and a wise tongue may overcome the most formidable obstacles. Rev. T. L. Cuyler tells the story:— On a certain Sabbath evening some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched wail on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house.

THE SULTAN'S SPEECH.—It will be observed that we attribute to the few words uttered by the Sultan at Guildhall an importance which the complimentary phrases of great personages seldom possess. Were the speaker an European monarch, and were the purport of his answer merely to pay the conventional homage to peace and friendship, and to express the usual admiration for our activity and industry, we should look upon both address and delivery with indifference, of which the fiction and the delivery would be the only matters worthy of criticism.

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