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The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1867.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, 58 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor.

Is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

(From the London Freeman.) The monster services which have been held for five Sunday mornings in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, concluded on Sunday last. Being the last occasion, the hall was densely packed by a congregation which numbered from 20,000 to (some say) 25,000. Anyhow, there was no standing room, the aisles being crowded, and numbers of persons standing behind the gallery seats who, though unable to see the preacher, were determined to hear his voice.

Mr. Spurgeon chose for his text the famous exclamation of Balaam, as stated in the 10th verse of the 23d chapter of the Book of Numbers, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" Carlyle, in his "History of the French Revolution," tells us of a Duke of Orleans, who did not believe in death. He must, I think, have been somewhat insane. He believed or pretended to believe, that men did not die; so that when his secretary said in his presence, "The late King of Spain," he angrily demanded what he meant by it.

While the Frenchman was in the midst of his oration, the Duke of Orleans, who did not believe in death, but who does not expect that inevitable hour. A certain King of France believed in death, but he forbade that it should ever be mentioned in his presence. The King was like the ostrich, which, it is said, when pursued and unable to escape, hides its head in the sand, foolishly fancying that it is secure from its enemy because it does not see it. I trust that I do not speak to men so foolish as that—men who wish to shut their eyes to the day of death, and to the future career of their souls and bodies.

At the close of all the services, boxes were held at the doors for voluntary offerings on behalf of the Pastor's College. The Christian Times of last week gave an admirable portrait of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Referring to the work of the church at the Tabernacle, the writer of the memoir which accompanies the engraving says: "The Metropolitan Tabernacle itself is like a great office—an emporium or exchange of spiritual-commerce. Mr. Spurgeon is happy in a thorough and indefatigable secretary, Mr. Blackshaw; with him a staff of other people seem to be always at work. The men round the pastor seem to be men of the right kind, of an earnest and hearty stamp. It is easy to love Mr. Spurgeon, but we who have been permitted to see a little of the workers in back rooms of the Tabernacle, have been affecting and depressingly struck with the buoyant and overflowing affectionateness not less than the prompt downrightness with which things go on there. It seems a happy family in which every member knows his own place and his own work; and to this, no doubt among other things, much of the success which has crowned the whole enterprise is due."

OUR LOVD AND MISSING ONE.

Mother! I idolized one, we miss thee. We mourn because thou hast left us; and our hearts feel sad when we realize that thou canst never return. The few days that have passed since we followed thy dear remains to the tomb seem like so many weeks crowded with sorrow. Often we visit the place where we beheld thy loved form for the last time; but it is as quiet and lonely as the grave itself, and we drop a few more scalding tears for thy memory.

Mother! we gather all things that were thine and fold them up carefully, piece by piece, and lay them safely away, with a tear-drop on each, for a precious memorial of thee in days to come. O, how can we forget, when every thing we look upon reminds us so much of thee; fancy pictures thy form in each, and in the still-hours we seem to hear thy voice again; for every spot and every object brings some fond recollection of thee, and we live for the moment in the sunny days of yore. Here we knelt by the bedside and learned from thy lips our first prayer.—There we were taught of the manger in Bethlehem, of the birth, the life, and suffering of a Saviour, and learned the story of Gethsemane, and of the cross. Yonder sits the little cot where our heads were pillowed when we knew nought of trouble, and with a loving kiss and gentle "good night" we were left to drop away in the sound sleep of childhood.

But mother, when evening draws her shadows around, and sad and lonely feelings come stealing o'er us, there is something bids us look away from the quiet, death-like scene to a heavenly land, where we know thou art at rest; for in your dying moments you committed us to Him who has promised to hear the orphan's cry, and to meet you there. And through the gloom and mist of the present and future steals a faint, soft ray of light, as we realize that the words of the book that was as "A lamp to thy feet" are all "Yea and amen," and the cheering thought that "He doeth all things well," finds a lodgment in our wounded hearts.

Divine ethics are not a part of a metaphysical system, but are set forth in the most alluring, as well as the most effective form. Had the limited views of man been adopted as to the mode of a communication from Heaven, we should have had an artificial system of propositions. But He who knoweth our frame has given us the historical form, fitted without foreign aid, to arrest the attention, to awaken the imagination, to influence the affections, and to leave deeper impressions upon the memory than any other mode of instruction. Here truth and beauty are harmoniously blended by an inimitable pencil. Here we

BIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

The proposition that the Bible is the best source for illustration of its own truths, is one that cannot fail to be regarded as self-evident by every sincere believer in Divine revelation. As the Ark of God needed no human support, so the canon of scripture needs no foreign aid in the accomplishment of its benevolent design.

The Bible not only sets forth the existence and attributes of God, salvation for our guilty race through Jesus Christ, the duties and destiny of all men—thus becoming a code of laws to nations and individuals, to the governing and the governed, to parent and child, master and servant, in a didactic form—but, by its most lively exhibition, it is a guide to the erring, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame.

And as the truths it reveals are above and beyond the proudest systems of unaided reason, so the imagery it employs embodies a liveliness, a power, and a pathos, unequalled by human effort. We have not an abstract system of doctrines and precepts, challenging the judgment alone; but as men have affections to be aroused, as well as an understanding to be informed, illustrations which enlist the deepest sympathies of the soul are incorporated with divine truth. And these representations, setting forth truth in living characters, are so interwoven with doctrine and duty, that, without this scenic exhibition, truth would be deprived of its full influence over the hearts of men. Earth is not rendered more attractive by her varied, beautiful, and sublime scenery, than is Revealed Truth by its own illustrations.

Though Reason is one of the noblest gifts of Heaven, true philosophy cannot safely exalt human reason above revelation. In its highest exercise, it receives truth it cannot discover, nor even fully comprehend; and perceives the fitness of adhering closely even to the mode of scripture illustration, in elucidating divine truth. As well might man paint a sun of increased splendor with charcoal—hurl back the thunderbolt—arrest the spheres in their course, as to add one essential element to set forth in more glowing colors or effectiveness the truths of revelation. The highest efforts of human genius can wreath no garland to deck the brow of heaven-born wisdom. She comes not only with majesty, but in the most attractive form. And shall truth, thus presented in a living, endearing form, be divested of its own attire to receive a humanivery?

HOW TO LOOK FOR GOD AS WELL AS MATTER.

There is a false philosophy—a pride of learning, especially among those who are least likely in no danger of being classed among its votaries—which strains every nerve to reduce the teachings of the Bible to a systematic form, such as its Author has not given it, and to invest it with all the pomp and circumstance of a Scholastic Philosophy. Hence much of the existing disinclination to seek scripture illustration in setting forth scripture truth.

TWILIGHT.

How eloquent is the silence of nature as the dim twilight hour draws near. At this hour there are scarcely any sounds which are audible to the ear, except the rustling of leaves, the lowing of cattle, and the chirping of birds, waking a wide charmed of joyous thoughts, each growing more indistinct in the distance, till the last response falls on the ear in scarcely distinguishable sounds. How sweet to listen to the numerous voices in the great orchestra of nature, chanting their vesper songs to Him who has created them. What a beautiful aspect does the landscape present while the shadows of evening cast their mystical light on the surrounding objects, and casting a veil over the events of the closing day, cheering us with a prospect of a season for rest. The weary traveller, while pursuing his journey, looks forward in anticipation to the close of the day, when he may rest his exhausted frame. What a source of happiness is anticipated as the twilight hour draws near, when all who constitute the household are gathered around the family hearth, except those who are far away on the ocean or in other lands, and still how many anxious thoughts there are around that hearth for the absent ones who are perhaps tossed by the waves on the restless ocean, with no harbour for shelter, unless they look to the invisible power of the Almighty, who is mighty to save and who controls the raging billows. And to the labouring man how agreeable is the twilight as it bespeaks to him that his work is finished. It affords a season for reflection as the last rays of the setting sun are hid from our view by the sombre clouds which are floating in the mazy distance. How delightful to gaze on the ethereal sky in twilight as the stars, one by one, make their appearance, when the queen of the night has spread her gossamer wings over the mountain side, the sparkling ocean and the rippling hill, making sweet music when all nature seems wrapped in the visions of dream-land, when not a sound is to be heard but the dashing of the waves on the sea shore. How romantic to stare by the banks of a river and survey the works of nature, the elegance and splendour which we see displayed in the minutest objects which the Almighty has created.

NOR YET.

"Not yet," said the little boy, as he was busy with his trap and ball; "when I grow older, I will think about it." The little boy grew to be a young man. "Not yet," said the young man. "I am now about to enter into trade; when I see my business prosper, then I shall have more time than now." Business did prosper. "Not yet," said the man of business; "my children must have my care. When they are settled in life, I shall be better able to attend to religion." He lived to be a gray-headed old man. "Not yet," still he cried; "I shall soon retire from trade, and then I shall have nothing else to do but to read and pray." And so he died. He put off to another time what should have been done when a child. He lived without God and died without hope.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.

I asked a student what three things he most wished. He said, "Give me books, health and quiet, and I care for nothing more." I asked a miser, and he cried, "Money—money—money." I asked a pauper, and he faintly said, "Bread—bread—bread." I asked a drunkard and he called loudly for strong drink. I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "wealth, fame, pleasure." I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian. He replied that all his wishes might be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire three things: first, that I be found in Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; thirdly, that I may be with Christ." I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.

PITHY AND INSTRUCTIVE.

THE PREACHER AND THE BIBLE.—Constant perusal and rehearsal of the Scriptures is the great preparation for preaching. You get good even when you know it not. This is one of the most observable differences between old and young theologians. Go to the Bible as a fund, not so much of premises as conclusions. Cut off superfluous studies. Come back to the Bible. This rings in my ears as years go on.—Consider all past studies as so much discipline. Make Scripture the interpreter of Scripture. The very best preparation for extempore discourse is textual knowledge. Luther says truly: "Bonus theolozus est bonus theologus."—Dr. Alexander.

A French physician has composed, on the authority of the Standard, a liquid which he calls gazool, and which is said to produce remarkable and certain cures in cases of whooping-cough. A tea-spoonful of it is placed in an open phial, which is put into a water-bath always kept at the same temperature. Children suffering from the whooping-cough are taken into the room, and are cured by inhaling the emanations from the gazool as it mixes with the air of the room. It evaporates very rapidly. The remedy is said to have been used with complete success in the Orphan Asylum at Paris.

A Cross.—A wise man sought to explain to his little child the nature of a cross. He took two slips of wood, a long one and a short one.—"See, my child," he said, "the long piece is your will of God, the short piece is your will; lay your will in a line with the will of God, and you have no cross; lay it askew, and you make a cross directly."

When death comes we walk down the valley of the shadows, knowing that we shall find there shining footprints of the Saviour, and confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God forever.

Out of 1025 clergymen in Massachusetts who expressed their opinions on temperance, all but 50 were in favour of prohibition. Of the 50 were Roman Catholic 25, Episcopal 3, Unitarian Congregationalist 2, Universalist 2, Unitarian 12, Swedenborgian 5, and unknown 3.

Miss Geraldine Hooper, a young lady of about five-and-twenty, and belonging, it is said, to Bristol, has, during the past ten days, been delivering "Gospel addresses" at the Bath Saloon, and the Royal Assembly Rooms, Torquay. According to the Western Times, she has produced a profound impression, and her services are densely crowded, hundreds being unable to obtain admission—in fact, the rooms are invariably filled an hour before she commences. Miss Hooper possesses marvellous powers, and uses them wisely.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.—A fellow went to the parish priest, and told him, with a long face, that he had seen a ghost. "When and where?" said the pastor. "Last night," replied the man. "I was passing by the church, and up against the wall of it did I behold the specter!" "In what shape did it appear?" asked the priest.—"It appeared in the shape of a great ass." "Go home and hold your tongue about it," rejoined the pastor; "you are a very timid man, and have been frightened by your own shadow."

On the 1st of January last, England had 89 armour-plated vessels of all classes; France had 60. The greatest number of guns mounted by the French in one ship is 52; our maximum is 41.

A steel rail on an English railway is said to be wearing out the twenty-five feet of iron rails contiguous to it, and subjected to the same amount of wear.

An English machinist, instead of casting his steel cranks, obtains them by sawing them out of smooth salms.

The salmon has been actually transplanted with practical success to the antipodes of its habitat—to the rivers of Tasmania in Australia.

A HINT TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Sidney Smith, a good authority on this subject, says, "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." The same writer says, "All pleasantness should be short, and for that matter, all gravities too."

The tools and machinery on many farms are more injured by exposure to the weather than by the wear of actual use.