

# The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1885.

New Series, Vol. VI., No. 53. Whole No. 313.

Old Series, Vol. XXI., No. 53.

THE OFFICE OF THE  
CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
68 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,  
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. P.  
The Christian Visitor  
Is furnished to a Newspaper for the Family.  
It empowers its readers with the latest intelligence,  
RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

## “Bring out Your Dead.”

BY ELLEN H. M. GATE.

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!

A great bell tolled and tolled,

And over sea and over land

The dread command rolled.

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!

One funeral led there by,

Come, pile them on this mountain top,

That all the world may see.

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!

The great bell tolled again:

And forth from homes all desolate

The burden-bearers came.

Their heads were bowed in speechless shame,

No word of hope was said,

As to that dreadful Golgotha

They were dishonored dead.

The dead! the dead! the sun that shone,

Through, thrice a thousand years,

Had never looked upon a scene

So fit for groans and tears.

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!

All nature shrank, appalled,

As o'er and o'er the solemn words

Each frightened echo called,

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead!

And long processions came,

Slow toiling up the mountain side;

While tears dropt like the rain,

The winds blew wild, the clouds hung low.

The very heaven's dim frown,

That they should climb so near the blue

To lay such burdens down.

Pale mothers brought their precious boys—

Ah! me! they weighed like lead—

And wince their husbands' corpses bore,

And long bewailed their dead.

Fair children staggered 'neath the weight

Of fathers—Shame that you,

O little ones, so pure and weak,

Should have such work to do.

One bitter wail of agony

Rolled over the mountain top;

Hell from beneath was moved to see

That pile of murdered men.

Nor sun nor moon was in the sky;

Earth shook through all her zones:

For, oh, what glorious hopes expired

Among those whitening bones!

Tell me, I cried, O Earth and Time,

What means these sights and sounds!

Why wilt this mournful monument

Be the great mountain crowned!

I listened, and this answer heard

Tolled slow through heart and brain:

“This is the funeral of those

Whom love of wine has slain.”

—Examiner and Chronicle.

## Sermon by Rev. G. A. McNutt.

Not long since we referred to a sermon by this

esteemed brother, which had appeared in the

Canadian Baptist, and promised an extract from

it. The discourse was founded on the Song of

Solomon 6: 7: “My beloved is gone down into

his garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the

gardens and to gather lilies.” The preacher de-

scribes the beauty and loveliness of the lily of Pa-

lestine, and then shows how it is illustrative of

the perfection and glory of Christian character.

He says:

The inspired writers in speaking of Christ's

people as lilies, no doubt refer to the beauties of

holiness in which they are to shine, the comeliness

of their appearance when duly apparelled in the

graces of the Spirit; but there seems to us a

deeper and more important meaning which we

shall endeavour to unfold.

The apostle says, “we are complete in Him,”

and connecting this with its context, we find it to

mean just this: “In Him dwelt,” not part of the

fulness, nor most of the fullness, but all of the full-

ness of the Godhead bodily. Just as the glorious

Shekinah dwelt of old in the tabernacle, so the

Godhead was in Him who tabernacled with men,

and hence the apostle says, “Ye are filled”—for

this is the idea—“out of that fullness,” or “out-

## The Rod.

Visiting a friend one day, Gethold found him

seated with his family at table, and observed that

the children all received a due portion of food, and

were required to eat it in a quiet and orderly way;

but, that beside the father's plate, there was also

bring upon the table a rod, to warn them against

improprieties of conduct and manners. He there-

upon observed to his friend: “You treat your child-

ren as our heavenly Father treats His. He pre-

pare a table before them, and gives them all

sort of good things, spiritual and temporal, to

enjoy; and yet the rod, which is another name

for the cross, must lie by his hand, that we may

not become proud, but walk in holy fear

and “the blood of the cross.” Of this truth, God

has given us an almost similar emblem in Sacred

Scriptures. For the ark of the Old Testament

contained not only the golden pot with the manna,

but also Aaron's rod, which blossomed, to indi-

cate the authority He gave to His chosen

leaders, although He feeds His

people with the hidden manna of His sweet grace.

He also purposed, that we should see

and do to both the one and the other for

our welfare and salvation. The same hand pre-

pare the table and wields the rod. From one

and the same heart flow both comfort and

cross. God continues our loving and gracious

Father when He chastises and corrects, no less than

when He refreshes and comforts us.

A good man once pertinently said, that it was

a doubtful matter whether bread or chastisement

was best for children, because, while bread was

necessary for them to live, chastisement was

necessary for their living well. Even so must

we, too, confess, that the dear cross is as needful

to us as life itself, and far more needful and salu-

tary than all the blessings and honors of the

world. In heaven, the glorified spirits, who now

fully understand its mystery, and enjoy, in the

everlasting rest, the sweet fruit which grow

upon this thorny brier, will thank the all-wise

and gracious God, especially for His holy cross

and fatherly correction, without which they would

never have reached the seat of bliss and glory.

Let us also learn this lesson, and say from the

heart: It is good for me that I have been af-

flicted, that I might learn thy statutes. Whether

we like it or not, the Lord our God will not change

his ways. Whoever wishes to be his child,

must take bread and sorrow together from his

hand. No guest at his table need think it

strange to see the rod upon it, and be obliged

often to eat his heavenly Father's bread moistened

with tears. Here, in this world, it cannot be other-

wise; but when we shall one day sit at his table

in heaven, every rod shall be cast into the fire.

O, my Father! I am becoming accustomed, by

degrees, to thy ways, and have no objection to

the rules of thy domestic government. Daily do

I strive to learn, not only to relish the bread, but

also to kiss the rod.—Gethold's Emblems.

## A Young Man's History in Brief.

I first saw him in a social party; he took but

a single glass of wine, and that at the earnest

solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been

introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was an-

xious, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire

by his sordid indigence, and thought there was

no danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening, in the

street, unable to walk home. I assisted him

thither, and we parted.

I next saw him, reeling out of a low grogery;

and a confused stare was on his countenance, and

words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and

shame was gone.

I saw him once more. He was cold and mo-

tionless, and was carried by his friends to his

resting place. In the small procession that fol-

lowed every head was cast down. His father's

gray hairs were going to the grave with sorrow;

his mother wept that she had ever given birth to

such a child.

I returned home, musing on his future state.

I opened the Bible and read: “Drunkards shall

## History of the Week of Prayer.

The week of prayer, which has now been ob-

served for ten years, has become an institution