

# The Christian Visitor.

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

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1869.

Look Up!  
BY REV. TIMOTHY HARLEY.

A sailor boy, high up the mast,  
Looked downward from the giddy height,  
And growing dizzy as he cast  
His eyes on deck, was filled with fright;  
The captain cried, “All danger's past,  
If to the top you turn your sight!”  
Look up!

So as we scale the steep, which lead  
To heaven, “the city on a hill,”  
How of these accents these proceed,  
And with delight our spirits fill,  
“Look up!”

This motto cheered the Israelites,  
As through the waste they took their way;  
In darkened days, in darker nights,  
The cloud and pillar seemed to say,  
“Look up!”

The leaves of truth the lesson teach  
That help in God alone is found:  
The gospel we rejoice to preach,  
Is vocal with the joyful sound,  
“Look up!”

Sinner! dost thou desire to find  
Redemption for thy captive soul,  
Or balm to heal thy wounded mind?  
Then on the Lord thy burden roll,  
“Look up!”

Christian! by Satan sorely tried,  
Do vile temptations vex thy heart?  
Thou hast his sympathy whose side  
Was pierced with every deadly dart,  
“Look up!”

Poor saint! who hast each morn to cry  
“Give me this day my daily bread;”  
To Him direct thy downcast eye,  
Who had not where to lay His head;  
“Look up!”

Afflicted saint! thy pain is great,  
The billows toss thy feeble bark;  
But soon the waters shall abate,  
And thou shalt rest thy weary ark,  
“Look up!”

Bereaved believer! has thy loss  
Crushed all thy joy? Is there's One above  
Who'll help thee bear thy heavy cross,  
And fill the vacuum with His love;  
“Look up!”

Devoted saint! with zeal thou'st  
Thou soon shalt lay thy sickle down;  
Soldier! the victory now is won,  
And shortly thou shalt wear the crown;  
“Look up!”

Aged believer! to the last,  
On Jesus' ark for succor lean;  
When'er thy sky is overcast  
Raise thy dim eyes from things terrene,  
“Look up!”

Dying believer! on life's brink,  
About to navigate the sea  
Of endless bliss, should nature shrink  
In death, the last extremity,  
“Look up!”

Great Revival in Ontario.

Our Ontario Correspondent last week made

reference to a remarkable revival of religion in

progress in several sections of Ontario through

the instrumentality of lay-preaching. Rev. Dr.

Cooper, a Baptist Minister, furnishes the *Can-*

*adian Baptist* with the following description of

this deeply interesting work of grace, which we

extract in full for the edification of our readers.

Dr. Cooper heads his article:—

EVANGELISM AND REVIVALISTS.

The city of London has for the past seven

weeks been stirred by the labors of two Evange-

lists. First, a Mr. Carrol came alone, then left

for the west, and Mr. Russell came, and lastly a

Mr. Needham with his wife. Messrs. Russell and

Carrol came from Galt, where the labors of the

former have been so abundantly blessed. On his

arrival here a goodly number of friends were

prepared to welcome him. The Free Church was

thrown open to him, also the New Con. Metho-

dist, Baptist, Congregational, Primitive Metho-

dist, and Bible Christian. The Wesleyan Metho-

dist and what was the U. P. Presbyterian have

given no countenance to the movement. In these

other places they have preached every evening

with great favor to crowded audiences. On the

afternoons of Sundays, and lately also on week

evenings, they have occupied the City Hall, and

this large building has been crushed full, and ge-

nerally many have been compelled to return home

as no standing room could not be obtained.

loved, he is as surely saved as if he were now in

heaven, his sins are all gone and forgotten