Through Death to Life.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant, Away in the sunny clime? By humble growth of a hundred years It reaches its blooming time; And then a wonderous bud at its crown Breaks out in a thousand flowers. This floral queen, in its blooming seen, Is the pride of the tropical bowers. But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice, For it blooms but once and in blooming dies

Have you further heard of this aloe plant, That grows in the sunny clime, How every one of its thousand flowers, As they drop in their proper time, Is an infant plant that fastens its roots In the place where it falls on the ground; Grow tender and lovely round?

And fast as they drop from the dying stem, By dying it liveth a thousand fold In the young that springs from the death of the

Have you heard the tale of the pelican, The Arab's Gimelel Bahr, That lives in the African solitudes Where the birds of rare beauty are? Have you heard how it loves its tender young, And cares and toils for their good? It brings them water from fountains afar, And fishes the sea for their food.

In famine feeds them-what love can devise!

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one, A greater and better than all? Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore?

Before whom the hosts of them fall? How he left the choirs and anthems above, For earth in its wailings and woes, To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross, And die for the life of his foes? O Prince of the noble! O sufferer Divine! What sorrow and sacrifice equal thine?

Have you heard this tale-the best of them all-

The tale of the Holy and True? He dies, but his life, in untold souls, Lives on in the world anew, His seed prevails, and is filling the earth As the stars fill the sky above; He taught us to yield up the love of life, For the sake of the life of love. His death is our life, His loss is our gain; The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn, Who for others do give up your all— Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,

Into earth's dark bosom must fall-Must pass from the view and die away, And then will the fruit appear; The grain that seems lost to the earth below Will return manifold in the ear. By death comes life, by loss comes gain, The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain

The Visitor's Lulpit.

Love Creating Love.

A SERMON BY REV. E. B. TEAGUE, D.D. OF WILSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

We love him because he first loved us." 1. John

The mind of the Spirit, in these words, may, by the blessing of God, be brought out by considering,

- 1. A fact—we love him.
- The character we bore when this love was exercised toward us.

I. "We love him." It is not said some of us, apostles, and elders, and saints by pre-eminence, but "we." The position is universal, applying to every true disciple. We all love. Whatever else may or may not be true of the Christian, this at least is, that he loves God, loves the Lord Jesus I may add, loves sinners.

Farther: This love is matter of consciousness. As we are conscious of natural life, so we are conscious of spiritual life. If there be an exceptional case, it is where the degree of vitality is too low for recognition; for example, we say of a dying man, he is unconscious. There may be a degree of spiritual life so low that the consciousness of its existence may be very undecided. Nevertheless it is believed it is there—that the movings of the new life No choir of morning stars sang together are felt; certainly this is true in the main, almost without an exception.

out in an old stanza, that, used in a country singing school, smote upon my ear and heart long ago:

"I love thee my Saviour, I love thee my Lord I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word; With tender emotions I love sinners too, Since Jesus has died to redeem them from woe."

THE

the poor doubting one.

"Tis a point I long to know, Oft it causes anxious thought; Do I love the Lord or no, Am I his or am I not.

So sang the saintly Newton-sang, doubtless, his own experience. In such a frame, for the most part, lived his poor, Cowper. Let us not, however, be distressed about either of them. Some plants vield their sweetest odors when trampled in the dust. God permitted clouds to come out of his chastened spirit those precious hymns which we all know by heart. Hear one strain:

"There is a fountain filled with blood. Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

Words that will be sung-with which the tempted saint will sing and cry himself, into quiet, even as the babe cries itself With the blood of its bosom, and feeding them into sobbing slumbers on its mother's bosom,-as long as it shall be remembered that "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Right-

> The sick man often furnishes proof of life—that the vital stamina are not all gone-by restlessness, returning sensibility; imagines he is dying because he suffers more acutely. The human heart may be too dead to feel sensibly. Conscience may be seared with a hot iron. Not they who weep and mourn an absent Saviour; who grieve and mourn because they cannot love; who are alarmed at so few evidences of life; but they who care for none of these things-who are not distressed on account of imperfections-who are not at ease in Zion, whether on their own or other's account, have reason to doubt and trem-

Some ingenious spirits are overwhelmed with awe as they contemplate the great God, making the clouds his chariot, riding on the wings of cherubims, archangels ministering about his court, of purer eye than to behold sin or look upon iniquity, that the familiar emotion of love, or anything analogous to it, is swallowed up in 'terror of the Lord," scarcely recognizable in company with the more potent emotion. And they say what a recently elected Governor said to an old lady who told him that, called to such a high office, he ought to love and fear God very fervently; "I fear him, madam, but I am afraid I don't love him." But is there not a special compatibility in this matter between awe, fear, and love? Has he any reason to doubt his love who has long been in search of words to give utterance to his feelings of adoration, habitual or occasional with him? who cannot "wreak his thoughts," his emotions "upon 2. The cause of that fact—he first loved expression?" Something akin here, to the groanings that cannot be uttered," inspired by the intercession of the Holy Ghost. Who could covet anything more than to lie forever on his face, on the golden pave of heaven, in the presence of the King Eternal, overwhelmed with adoring

> "Great God, one thought of thee, O'erwhelms a seraph's mind!"

Whelm us, oh, whelm us with the glory of thy Godhead!

II. "Because he first loved us." There are two factors in this cause. We may distinguish the one as the efficient cause of our love, the other as the motive cause.

1. Love is productive. In the immeasurable ages of eternity, God existed alone, so far as creatures are concerned. The holy Trinity dwelt together in infinite amity and bliss, but there was no creature upon which to lavish benediction and blessing. for joy. No angelic hosts made music with voice and wing upon the air. No In a word the whole thing is brought train filled the celestial court with heavenly drapery. No world was peopled with animated tribes, to feed upon the divine bounty and exult in the luxuries of life. No human being walked amid the bowers of Paradise, and gazed upwards to his God No channels for the outflow of infinite, exhaustless love were opened. No longer This is God-like. It is the re-enstamp- brooking control, the infinite spirit went ing of the divine image on the soul. So forth. He spake and it was done, he comthe Blessed Trinity loved into unity before manded and it stood fast. Worlds filled time began-sat in sweet counsel together the immensity of space; angels winged mendeth his ove toward us, in that while from everlasting, delighting in the thought their way athwart the new creation; the of man's redemption. So loved Jesus on sun gave light by day, the moon by night; "God so loved that he gave his the eternal throne. So loved He in the plants clothed the earth with verdure, and only begotten Son, that whosoever believmanger, amid the shadows of the garden, beasts, and birds, and insects peopled the eth in him night not perish, but have everon the cross. So loves he on the throne of bright domain. But man was the chiefest lasting life." "He died for our sins and

demption adequate to all the wants and men have not liked to retain the knowledge done with tears and unutterable grief. of God; have not reached out after the light brought nigh unto them; have not Christ died for sinners, and you are re made the most of their opportunity. "What if God, willing to show his wrath lize that he died for you, as among the and to make his power known, endureth with much long-suffering, the vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction; and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he hath afore prepared unto his glory, even we whom he hath called?" What if he have taken occasion through the lapse of man, to reveal his grace through Jesus Christ? to give a stupendous exhibition of his answering justice in sparing not his only Son assuming the responsibilities of rebels before the Law? to show his love in the gift and sympathies of the Redeemer? that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God? Who can be longer grieved, when by this means such a harvest of glory accrues to God, and those views of his character and attri- his purpose." Who among the saved does butes come out that whelm the soul in not remember when first he walked abroad solemn joy? God alone is the satisfying portion of the human soul. Who does not long-whose spirit does not burn within him to enter deeper into the endless study? Oh, how will the glory reveal itself in the great future! voiced in songs of angels at the birth of the Redeemer,—the volume of acclamation increasing evermore-what shall it be when the general assembly and church of the first-born shall all join the chorus? but the limits of this service forbids indulgence in this side-thought; and the sober, commonplace view of God's efficient love recalls us and imperiously

CHRISTIAN

claims our present consideration. The product of divine love is grace, and grace gives the word and spirit of God, the one as instrument, the other as agent con-

> "Grace first contrived the way To save rebellious man, And all the steps that grace display Which drew the wonderous plan.

Grace first inscribed my name In God's eternal book; 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb, Who all my sorrows took.'

2. The motive cause of our love. The stumbling block of apparent austerity in the exercise of justice towards the incorrigible, on the part of God being removed by the light of the word and the Spirit, the love of holiness created in the heart, then Jesus as the sin bearer, the great exemplar, the Friend and Shepherd, becomes an object of interest and attraction. In whom we see God reconciled, not by what he has done, (for God was love before) but in the necessity of a nature wholly gracious, proving and making that fact manifest in Jesus. The fact existed before; in the work of Jesus it is made patent. Hence we love God for this gift-we love Jesus for what he has done for us. And back of all this we love the character of him who is capable of such acts of compassion and grace; just as we love our patriot soldiers, not alone for what they did for us and secured for us, but for the sake of the attributes, the character whence these acts proceeded.

The foregoing discussion, apart from any refreshment it may have afforded, may prepare as for right views of the remaining topic There is great reason for anxiety on the subject. Much Christian peace depends up in our views of it; the power of the Gospel to affect singers, so far as this is connected with intellectual conception, depends largely upon it.

III. "He first loved us." "God comwe were yet sinners Christ died for us." intercession; angels are bowed around object of God's love—the masterpiece of not for ours only, but for the sins of the him, and many crowns upon his head. And his handiwork; made a little lower than whole world" Andrew Fuller's interpre-

we love like him. It we are his we have the angels, but destined to be crowned with tation of such passages is the simplest and we love like him. If we are his we have the angels, but destined to be crowned with tation of such passages is the simplest and his spirit. The measure may be very hum-glory, and honor, and immortality, along most natural. The proposition that Christ SUNDAY ble but of the fact Scripture allows no with him who is the "brightness of the died for the "sins of the whole world," Father's glory and the express image of thus construed, is believed to be in accord-"If it be so, why am I thus?" exclaims his person." Had sin found no lodgment ance with the entire analogy of faith. It in his heart, his terrestrial Paradise might is the broad basis on which the gospel have faded like the mimicry of the camera, makes its overwhelming appeal to the into the brightness of the Paradise above. heart of every sinner. Love recognized Nor let it be thought the fall of man may in the heart is never resisted. By the very detract anything from the absoluteness constitution of our nature we love those and infinity, the ever-acting energy of the who are known to love us; if there be an divine love; that there is any exception exceptional case it is where the conscience to the fullness of the declaration, "God is is seared as with a hot iron, and the object down-cast, melancholy, despairing friend, love." What infinite reason there may loved is given over to hardness of heart have been to creat man a pecaable being and reprobacy of mind. God loved from we know not; we only know that God everlasting and will forevermore. "The does nothing without a cause. If clouds gifts and calling of God are without repenand darkness round about him still remain | tance." It is no sign that they do not over Cowper's mind, that he might wring let them be further dispersed by consider- love him that the jury brings in a verdict ing that he has graciously provided a re- of death against the prisoner, that the judge pronounces the sentence of the law, weaknesses of man. The trouble is that and the community approve. It is often

Oh, sinner, believe in your heart that deemed and disenthralled forever. Reanumber, and you are happy. "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Oh believe it—believe it in your heart, and a great calm will come upou your soul; the grave and the judgment will lose their terrors; God will appear to your understanding and your heart as a Father; Jesus as a precious Saviour; the Holy Ghost as your Comforter; you shall have the rest of your life to realize that you are with Christ, the "heir of all things." "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to and looked up and around on the earth and realized his inheritance in all? So Goldsmith, as an intellectual man and a poet, realized the heirship of genius, on foot and among strangers in his solitary tour of Italy, forgetting his poverty and destitution in the wealth of nature and art around him:

Even now where Alpine solitudes ascend, I sit me down a pensive hour to spend, And raised on high above the storm's career, Look downward where a hundred realms ap-

'Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!, So the heir of a great estate, attained to legal majority, surveys the palace and the park, and the broad domain, descended form a royal ancestry, henceforth to rank as a peer of the realm. We become by faith "heirs of God, and joint heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ;" "Kings and Priests unto God;" "fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of faith."

O prodigal, return! In thy Father's house the hired servants have bread enough and to spare. He waits thy coming. The fat ted calf is in the stall. The purple robes are in the guest chamber. Thy sins and thine iniquities shall be remembered no more. As the poverty and the ignorance of the orphan have often been forgotten in the greatness and opulence to which he has risen in life; as the woman that was a sinner forgot her shame, in the Heaven of Jesus' face, the stains all washed away.

That a Lazarus should starve at the rich man's gate; that a Moses should die in sight of the promised land; that a boatman should be hurled over Niagara in view of a thousand anxious spectators, were painful enough; but that myriads of souls, even one, should be ban-ished orever from life and hope and Heaven. Oh, who can bear the thought!

"When pity prompts me to look round Upon my fellow clay, See men reject the Gospel's sound. Great God, what shall I say!"

Oh, be admonished! the end draws nigh. To heaven or hell we haste. To you, to me, it will soon be said-this night shall t y soul be required of thee

O brethren in the Lord, the world of love is just before you. See you not the spires of the everlasting City? Hear you not sometimes some notes of the everlasting song? The waters are even now parting for some of you, and presently you step upon the other shore! List, list! wayworn pilgrim:

"Hark! they whisper, Angels say, Sister spirit, come away!" -Christian Index

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