The Christian Visitor.

largest Religious Weekly in the Then from his cultured lips came forth Henceforth, oh, Lord, guide thou my Maritime Provinces.

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THE SIMPLE STORY.

BY OUNO.

The following "Simple Story" we dedto the ministry of our age. It is orth many times the space it occupies, leserves to be cut out and saved for ent readings.

with high purpose and ennobled an of God before the people stood: looking down, beheld an upturned

earnest faces. Hearts that were thirsty the divine inpouring of a stream, ect from heaven, patiently waiting,

amed for the grand words that should revive them; is were ready for the Holy Spirit, went out unto the leader-even out

th that unspoken tenderness which telalways for the bearer of good news.

, with a silent prayer for guidance, man of God.

Long spoke he earnestly, thall the fire that eloquence bestows mall the earth he gathered beauties

binding them in many a flowery wordy garlands threw upon their mind gave birth to thoughts of wond-

ips breathed fancies unconceived be-

rous power:

as with rapid sneed he wandered on til with one grand utterance closed his

people rose and issued forth and said, lly, he is an orator divine!"

went they out still hungry; not satisfied, and not a single soul

had so yearned had quenched- its burning thirst.

ers had their soul received; word their heart's dry walls; but satisfied peace, happy in trust, renewed in

hed in the Hely Spirit, there went out all that multitude not one-not one.

went the man of God into his hous lained: seavenly Father! Thou knowest all

he innermost of all th me thou, oh, God! Forsake me

am humbled lowly in the dust.

r many days the man of God

ng from his bosom a great roll

spoke.

the words Of finest language and of purest thought,

strange. Truths of the wide universe he told them,

Laying bare before them all the wonders Of the created beings which he had culled, And slowly gathered in his long research And patient study; faultless gesture; Refinement sat upon his brow; and know

ledge In sparkling gems, fell from his ready tongue.

And when the hour was closed the multi-Went forth amazed and wondering, said,

"Truly he is both ratoor and sage." But his keen eye looked vainly for one

That might attest the power of his words. And the wise man went out still cold-The wild scoffer; and the weak and wear And they who hungered for the bread of

Toiled on and hungered still-and none knew God.

Then went the man again into his house And in humiliation he knelt down And cried aloud unto the Lord, and said, "Lord God! Lord God! They listen not

to me. Speak thou to them-oh! seek thy erring | Which I have loved long since, and los Lo! my words are as scattered dust which

Before the wind, and is not. Yea, they Even as dead leaves in autumn on hard

ground. They sound even as the rustling of dry

That man regards not. Speak then, oh, Father! Thou hast rebuked my pride, and I am

Oh, let thy people find thee! Open thou The door and bring thy wandering child- two days at Prague, visiting the quaint

He prayed before the Lord. And when the original challenge to his enemies

Of one more Sabbath came upon the earth He rose refreshed and comforted, and

With a light heart about his duties. "hie And when the time to speak again shad

He came once more before his chosen fold And the fool and scoffer laughed together And the wise man looked coldly on and

frowned. And the rich man regarded not the poor, And the poor man felt hatred for his kind And envy in the eyes of women gleamed And every heart was evil.

Then rose The man of God, and opening a book, Slowly, and with trembling voice, began 'And God so loved the world-"

And from these words spake he. No soaring eloquence was his No beauties of the earth he gathered now,

No cultured revelings on deep learning But with tender voice, quite soft and low

He told them only this—a simple tale, A story which a child might understand— And as he spoke there came a solemn hush

O'er all the people, a sigh was heard. One lifted up his voice and wept. Tears

And hands were clinched, unknowingly

Bowed themselves low in deep contrition

The Simple story that shall still endure emaciated and wearing a saintly ex- King Frederick William replaced Beyond the cycle of ages long, The proud man felt abased; he of wis-

Felt faint at heart, for all his love seemed nought;

The wild scorner quaked; the poor and

forted. And when the gracious story had been

Upon their knees and humbly be Forgiveness and the blee Crying, even as the publican of old, "God be merciful to us poor sinners?"

it length there fell upon them all a peace And they arose with gladness and wen

filled with the Holy Spirit and with love For Jesus, and with reverence for God. Then went the man again into his hous

And kneeling down, gave thanks, and gently said,

Whereon were written learned things, he | That thou hast touched the people with thy word,

thoughts, and make The story of thy love my only theme-And words of knowledge, wonderful and The sweet and simple story of the cross.

OUR FAVORITES.

here meet on common ground and join in a common prayer. Familiar as the lines

gloom

The night is dark, and I am far from home. Lead Thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

Should'st lead me on. loved to choose and see my path; but

Lead Thou me on. Pride ruled my will. Remember not past

So long Thy power has blest us, sure it Still lead us on, 'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torren

The night is gone, And with the morn those angel faces smile

THE LAND OF LUTHER.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

During neither of my previous visits to Germany have I been able to see the region especially associated with the greatest events of Luther's career; so I shaped my present tour ner stood an enormous iron stove, that it might include both Prague eight feet high, covered with historiand Wittenburg. Last week I spent ical groups in bas relief. In the other "Teynkirche" in which John Huss once preached, and also seeing which he nailed upon the gates of the University. It is not much larger than a hand-breadth, and is written in good square Bohemian, as neatly as if it were printed. This look at the home of Huss, the pioneer of the Reformation, was a good prelude to Wittenberg, the home of the Great

jogged slowly toward the ancient "Elsterthor," the driver swung his whip toward an oak tree, surrounded by a grass-plot and a few flowers. That tree marks the spot where Bro, room and possessed myself of the Martin burned the Pope's fire-decree, photograph of Cranach's portrait of on the tenth of December, 1520. The blaze of that burning "bull" was joining apartment, the fraulein took pretty distinctly visible from the Vatican. The little inn at which I was set down stands on the market-place. In front of my window are two statues, about a hundred feet apart. One Luther nailed up the famous ninety of them, erected fifteen years ago, re. five thesis, in 1520; but during presents a slender figure, robed in a bombardment of Wittenburg by the gown, with a countenance almost Austrians the doors were burned. pression. Upon the pedestal is in- them with metal doors, bearing the scribed, from the Epistle to the Ephe- original Latin text of the theses.

speak of Thy testimonies also before elender, scraphic figure is Philip Me in death they are not divided. anothon, who was the gentle and be-Gospel." That is the very message which German theology and philo ophy need most to hear to-day

feste Burg ist unser Gott."

friend, the Reformer.

In the doorway of the Agusteum sat an old lady, knitting, with a pretty daughter at her side. The young fraulein took a key from a nail and led me up a stairway, through an ante-room; and then, unlocking an ancient door, showed me into a large These are the only surviving pieces of furniture in the apartment which was once filled with the presence of century. When on the cold winter nights that big table was wheeled up beside the big stove and the big head was bent over it in study, then God's erty nor safety in Rome. Word was unloosed into the Teutonic tongue. Sometimes the Bible stands open to the Epistle to the a man of uncommon good sense and Galatians, and then he takes a turn Wittenburg is a quiet city of at the "Commentary." Brother Metwelve thousand inhabitants, on the lancthon has his reserved seat by the banks of the Elbe, about midway be-tween Dresden and Magdeburg. But few Americans visit it, for I had to "ein feste Burg," it almost drowns look back some distance on the registhe howling of the blasts without ter of this "Hotel of the Golden Good wife Catherina brings in some Vineyard" before I could find a Yan-kee name. Dresden is Parisian, but for there is a drinking goblet still pre-Wittenberg is thoroughly German. served in the room, and I saw anoth-The Railroad keeps a respectful dis-tance from the gates of the town, as One of the most unique relics in if it would not disturb the dreamy Luther's room is the autograph of olic Church has had the exclusive eduquietude of the old cradle of the Re- Peter the Great, in chalk, on the door-

the Reformer, which hangs in an ad sians: "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." Within that church Luther's ashes slamber, beneath the central pave-On the other side is written : " I will ment. Close by him sleeps Brother Melancthon. The partnership was

shoes and holding his finger I seemed to see the burly Reformer, of others live and hate it. Their into the open page of God's Word, as he came to that spot, three hun-juries do not justify their retaliation The inscriptions on the Pedestal are dred and sixty years ago, with the on his dead body; but they have exceedingly happy. Under-neath immortal theses in one hand and his good reason not to love the name of open Bible is inscribed (as if hammer in another. He does not Pope. er himself were just speaking it dream himself what results are to Still his brouse lips): "Believe the come from that simple deed. With there

leaders of the Reformation, which is to the old Stadt-kirche, in which ready to stone or crucify him, he marked by the similarity of their Luther often preached close to the went daily to the Temple-the St. monuments, holds good all through market-place. A service was going Peter's of Jerusalem-to teach. At the town. Walking up the "College- on and but few were present. I con- the risk of his life, he did this, and, strasse," I came upon a three-story trasted sadly the small gathering with in doing it, sacrified his life. Why house, old within and modernized a crowded service at the same hour should a Pope be denied the same without. "Here lived Philip Me- (a fortnight ago) in the Romish privilege of martyrdom? lancthon" is written on the front. church at Trent. The Catholics at- Nevertheless, it is a most evident Into that narrow hallway the jolly tend church at least five fold more fact that the Italian Government was "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. All of us, face of Luther must have been thrust than the Protestants on the Continguage. All of us, face of Luther must have been thrust than the Protestants on the Continguage. The Catholic, Protestant, or such as can see their way to no positive creed at all, can was to be discussed with Brother interested and least five fold more that the Italian Government was shockingly derelict in this miserable ent, but the service in the Stadt-kirche business. It must have known that was to be discussed with Brother interested me deeply, because the there was danger of disturbance. It Philip or when some racy scandal "plain song" was the same that Luther was a terrible blunder that it did not are they may here be written down once about Tetzel or Eck had come to and his neighbors used to sing there. most amply protect the procession amore: Froude. Brother Martin's ears. With many In fact, the neighbors themselves gainst the attack of these virulent Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling a boisterous laugh that house has were close beside me, for many of and muderous agitators. That night rung, Pll warrant. There was infinite Luther's intimate friends and brother will long be a shame to Italy, when a fun underneath Luther's well-lined professors lie buried under the church mob of ruffians were permitted to asribs. There must have been almost or close to its walls. All around the sault the funeral procession in which hourly intercourse between the two outer wall of the building stand their was carried the body of the head of Far distant scenes one step, enough for men, for just a few steps beyond Me- moss-grown tablets, with epitaphs the largest branch of the Christian lancthon's house I came to an arched barely legible. Some of these worth- Church. The blunder of it almost was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou entrance to an open court. In that ies of the sixteenth century are represoutranks the crime. - Independent. court a teacher was watching the sented in queer effigies of stone, eithemynastics of a few boys. Before me | er clad in armor or in scholastic robes. was a large building, called the "Agus- Here a head is broken off: there an I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears. teum" and now used as a seminary arm. Time has dealt roughly with for ministers. The middle rooms on these stout old protesters; but to the second floor are a part of Luther's me, this morning, they seemed to be original dwelling, He lived there living still and their spirits still haunt while professor in the University, in the ancient church in which they 1508, and his good friend, the Elector once crowded to hear Brother Luther Frederick, presented the house to denounce the "Man of Sin." Nay, him. A generous soul was Freder- Luther himself seems to abide here ick, for I saw at Dresden a superb still. All Wittenberg is full of his cabinet, ornamented with carved work spiritual presence, and, as I look out and jewels, and also a gilded drinking- of my window this bright June morncup, which he gave to his beloved ing, I can imagine him as walking is apt to lose its; hold on the young with lumbering gait down yonder "College-strasse," with a roll of his MS. German Bible under his arm. is that it adheres persistently to the all work platform, and tells its constituency that they ought always to He walks across the market-place,

THE POPE AT ROME.

stops to salute Brother Philip with a

"guten Tag," and then van shes out

A consistory, so the cable diserner stood a large oaken table. patches inform us, was held last week in Rome, at which twenty-two over a great sorrow. Leave the cardinals were present. The Pope referred to the disturbances at the the mightiest man in the sixteenth time of the transfer of the body of Pius IX to its final resting place and declared that they proved that the Vicar of Christ enjoyed neither lib-

We believe the present Pope to be one of the best Christians living, intelligence. He is credibly reported to have hoped that he might soon break out from his quasi imprisonment and trust himself to the people and government of Rome. It is now believed that he will feel himself still a prisoner. It is hardly gracious, under these circumstances, to suggest that, if the Italian Government is indifferent and the Roman populace hostile the papacy has itself to thank for it : but it is true. Not Protestantism, or Atheism, but the Roman Cathcation of Italy and the control of formation. As the one horse omnibus frame. There was enough of the Rome. This continued until the people were, by the policy of the Pope, utterly and finally alienated. Romanism, whether its religion or its policy, was faithfully tried and found wanting. All the failure, the whole of it belongs to Romanism. If the people hate, it is because it has taught them to do so. It taught the young, it repressed the old, it shut out "error," it did its own sweet will with nobody to interfere, and the courteous to the leader. fruits of its own sowing and raising. Not that we believe that Leo would have chosen to sow any such seed. as Pius and his predecessors did; but the system did, and he must reap the fruit. Nor is it in good taste for Catholics to complain very loudly of the attitude towards their Pope of the inhabitants of the Holy City.

Further, the vindictiveness of the Roman people towards the late Pope has a valid ground. He had been a kings, and will not be ashamed." That never broken. Loving in their lives, temporal ruler, and such a one, too as was not loved. His government Last evening, at sunset, I went was a tyranny. His prisons were leved Jonathan to the burly psalmist and warrior, who stands on the twin pedestal, a few yards off. A few of the simple German town'stwin pedestal, a few yards off. A folk (just such folks as Luthur used genuine Teuton is that robust charto preach to here) were strolling past, live and hate the Papear. The sone oter, planted firmly in his brenze out to a public garden in the suburbs. Some of those political prisoners still live, and hate the Papacy. The sons

dream himself what results are to Still further, we do not see what come from that simple deed. With there is so sacred about the person of stardy strokes he sends home the a priest, or a bishop, or a Pope that nails, until the ring of that hammer he should avoid the risks of performegins to startle Germany out of the ing his public duties because he is a mbers of the Dark Ages. Ger- fraid of insult or death. The Vicar many has never gone back into that of Christ has no higher right of temnightmare of superstition; but Pro- poral authority in Rome than Christ it will perish. On the west side is testantism on the Elbe and the Odor had in Jerusalem. At the risk of his

The partnership of the two great This morning early, I walked around element in the populace that was

If you want to be always lucky in

throwing dice you must begin by throwing them away. That is better than having double sixes all the time. Without doubt the necessity of amusement of some kind is imperative with all men. We are acquainted with the old saw which informs us of the consequence of all work and no play upon some mythical "Jack," who stands as a type of the human race. One great reason why religion act as though they were in the presence of death, which is the merest nonsense which ever poisoned the blood of a true father. You cannot put wrinkles on your foreheads, and you cannot impose that kind of religion on mankind without destroying the influence of all religion. A good, hearty laugh over something which is funny is just as much a man's duty as is a good, hearty cry of sympathy laugh out of life, eliminate our capacity for enjoyment, and you at once make most men sorry that they have been born. Some men go along the pilgrim's pat looking like animated tombstones, with the proper and funeral words inscribed upon their countenances; but the difficulty with them is not that they have too much religion but too little. Their dyspepsia is mightier than their Christianity. One need not live in a tomb in order to be ready to lie there when he dies. While life is not an everlasting and senseless giggle it is wrong to regard it as a continuous groan. True reigion is not the equivalent of a jumping toothache, and does not legitimately produce the same effect on the human constitution. Joe Miller knew more than some preacher when he

The gravest beast is an ass: the gravest The gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool.

CHURCH MANNERS .- Be on time. No one has a right to disturb a congregation or a preacher by being

Never look around to see who is coming in when the door opens. It diverts your own and others' attention from the exercises, and is dis-Never talk or whisper in church,

especially after the exercises are open-Never pull out your watch to see

what time it is when the text is announced, or during the sermon. Better to feed on a sermon than to Never lean your head on the new

rail before you, as indifferent to the Conform, if possible in conscience to the usages of the church in which

you worship-kneel, stand, bow, accordingly. Never manifest you disapprobation of what is being said, by unpleasant

sounds, signs, or by hastily leaving. Do not forget, as though the service were a weariness. Be quiet and

decorous to the very end. Do not put on your overcoat or adjust your wrappings till after the benediction.

No gentleman ever defiles a worship with tobacco. Never be one of the staabout the door or in the before or after the service.

Do nothing out of keepi time, place, and purpose of

Subscribe for the Chaisman Vis. is not broad awake to-day. That life, with a government that did not ron and thus place in your family hammer seeds to ring again. | care to protect him, with a violous good religious literature.