

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.  
Vol. I. No. 32.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1856.

WHOLE SERIES  
Vol. XX. No. 32.

## Poetry.

### Thou weepst not alone.

Joy and pain to all are given,  
In the cup of human life,  
E'en as in the April-heaven,  
Smiles and tears are still in strife.  
Think not that alone thou weepst,  
By some present grief oppress;  
When in happy dreams thou sleepest,  
Other sad hearts long for rest.

If to thee thy brother seemeth  
Naught to know of pain or care;  
If the sunlight ever streameth  
O'er his pathway bright and fair,  
Envy not his joy and gladness,  
He hath his own sorrows, too;  
Of his weepeth tears of sadness,  
As the summer skies, the dew.

Happiness is all around thee,  
If thou seek'st for it aright;  
Darkness doth not so confound thee,  
That thou canst not find the light.  
If the humblest floweret springeth  
In the pathway thou dost tread,  
Unto thee some joy it bringeth,  
Catch its fragrance ere 'tis fled.

Sadly when thy spirit sigheth,  
'Neath its weight of anguish bowed,  
And upon thy heart there lieth  
The dark shadow of a cloud,  
Lift th' up in faith to Heaven,  
God will give thee strength to bear  
All that unto thee is given  
Of distress, and grief, and care.

When thy cup o'erflows with gladness,  
Lift thy thankful heart above;  
If oppress with fear and sadness,  
Trust thy heavenly Father's love.  
Thou shalt know each hidden reason  
When thine earthly work is done;  
Praise Him, then, in every season,  
For the shadow and the sun!

### "NO."

There's a word, very short, but decided and plain,  
And speaks to the purpose at once;  
Not a child but its meaning can quickly explain,  
Yet oft 'tis too hard to pronounce:  
What a world of vexation and trouble 't would spare,  
What pleasure and peace 't would bestow,  
If we turned when temptation would lure and ensnare,  
And firmly repulsed it with "No!"

When the idler would tempt us with trifles and play,  
To waste the bright moments so dear;  
When the scoffer unholy our faith would gamsay,  
And mock at the word we revere;  
When deception and falsehood and guile would invite,  
And fleeting enjoyments bestow,  
Never palter with truth for a transient delight,  
But check the first impulse with "No!"

In the morning of life, in maturity's day,  
Whatever the cares that engage,  
Be the precepts of virtue our guide and our stay,  
Our solace from youth unto age!  
Thus the heart shall ne'er waver, no matter how tried,  
But firmness and constancy show,  
And when passion or folly would draw us aside,  
We'd spurn the seducer with "No!"

## Biographical.

### Martin Luther in his Family.

FROM THE GERMAN

When Fitchner arrived at the Augustinian Monastery, at Wittenberg, in which Luther resided, and was directed to his apartments, the young man felt as if he was about to appear before a judge who could spy into the recesses of his heart, and it required some courage to knock at the door pointed out by the Secretary. He heard within, a voice speaking in a loud and tender tone, and he thought that his knocking was not heard, when some one cried out, "Come in."

When Fitchner entered, he saw a man in a black, broad lappelled dressing gown, and a child riding on his knee, heartily laughing at the irregular leaps of the mimic horse.

"Will you ride with us, sir?" said Luther, laughing, to the stranger, without waiting for a salutation. "My little Hans is riding strait to Rome to give his father's salutation to the Pope. When he sees the innocent child, I should think he should laugh from his inmost soul. None but a father and mother know the great blessings of God such a child is; vulgar people and obstinate heads are not worthy of it. Yes Hans," he continued, whilst he patted the chubby cheeks of the child, "you are our Lord's little fool; you live under grace, and not under the law; you have no fear; you are secure, and have no anxiety about anything; whatever you do is right. Do you know," said he, turning to Fitchner, "the word of the divine children's patron, 'Unless ye become little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven?'"

"Yes, reverend doctor!" replied the young man, and he trembled with profound veneration, and almost holy awe, before the man who had shaken the half of Christendom, and had alarmed the popes and emperors, and yet, who was here the humble servant of his infant child; "Yes, I know the passage, and would like to become like a child!"

"I perceive you also understand it," continued Luther, "that such a simple child should be preferred to a wise man. I only comprehended this passage rightly since I have observed the simplicity and innocence of children in my own flesh and blood. The faith and conduct of children are most perfect of all, for they have nothing but the word; to that they adhere, giving God the glory only, and trust simply in his promises. We old fools, on the other hand, are agitated by conflicting passions, we dispute long about the word which children receive with pure faith, without disputation, and simply believe. But see, sir," interrupting himself, "little Hans is now in Rome, and wishes to dismount."

Whilst he was letting the child from his knee gently to the floor, a side door opened, and a young woman, in plain domestic dress, entered; the child extended his arms, and tripped with awkward step towards the mother.

"Here is the ungrateful little fellow, Kate!" said Luther, smiling, to his wife. "For half an hour I have been playing horse for him, and he now trundles away without a word of thanks. It is certainly true that when a father and mother have a contest about a child, the father comes off second best. It is my opinion that it was for this reason that God commanded the father, Abraham, to sacrifice his only and well-beloved son; Sarah, the mother, would not have done it!"

"And would you have done it, dear sir?" asked Catherine, whilst she tenderly caressed the child.

"Ah! ah! dear Kate," cried Luther, "that is a very sharp thorn with which you pierce my heart. But still I think I would have disputed with the Lord if he had proposed such a thing to me."

"I cannot comprehend," continued she, "how God could desire such a horrible thing of us as to slay our own children."

Luther looked at his wife with an earnest yet tender air, and said, "Dear Kate, can you then believe that God gave his only begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to die for us, when he had nothing more dear in heaven or earth to give? and yet he permitted him to suffer the ignominious death of the cross. If we are to judge

of these extraordinary acts of God by the light of human reason, then we must conclude that God acted more paternally and kindly towards Caiaphas, Pilate, Herod, and others, from whom he demanded no such sacrifice, than towards his only begotten Son."

"You are right, dear sir," replied the wife; "but you have said yourself the mother would not have done it; but it must have been hard enough for the father."

"Yes, yes," continued he; "the patriarch must have ascended Mount Moriah with a heavy heart, and I dare say he did not utter a word to Sarah about the sacrifice he was commanded to make. But he still did it, or rather was sincerely willing to do it."

"What do you suppose could have consoled him in such a terrible undertaking?" asked the mother. "My heart trembles when I only think of it."

"It could have been nothing else than this," replied Luther; "Abraham must have believed in a resurrection of the dead when he was about to sacrifice his son Isaac, for he had the promise that the Saviour should descend from him, and this promise could of course not be fulfilled if Isaac should not, in some way or other, be restored to life again. The Epistle to the Hebrews testifies the same thing. But I will not oppose you, dear Katy, and willingly grant that our heavenly Father would have to assail me sharply before I would consent to sacrifice our little son with my own hand."

An interesting conversation on the relative duties of husband and wife ensued between these two persons. Luther spoke tenderly of the blessings of domestic felicity, and of married life generally, and his wife responded in a manner becoming the virtuous christian woman.

"But," said Luther, turning towards his guests, "whilst as husband and father I have been speaking in praise of matrimony, I, as a man and christian, have not been treating you very politely. I have not bid you welcome, just as though you were not present. You are doubtless the young man from Milan, of whom my secretary has spoken so favourably to me, informing me, among other things, that you were seated beside him and my relative Granach, listening so attentively and profitably to the affair of the Franciscan Korbach, and my faithful Myconius."

Fitchner blushed when he heard these words respecting himself. "Venerable doctor," said he, "if your secretary has spoken anything in praise of me, he has done wrong."

"That is very well said," replied Luther, "and although I do not like to see young people too backward and bashful, but admire some degree of self-confidence in them, yet everything has its limits, and humility very well becomes a young man."

In the meantime Catherine, Luther's wife, had risen to leave the room, and to take little Hans with her. But the child was unwilling to go, and began to cry, as the mother was about tenderly compelling him to go. And as he would not be composed, but cried still more violently, Luther said, "Wait, Hans, we will soon drive away the evil spirit."

He reached towards his lute, which stood in one corner of the room, touched several strings, and the child was instantly silent.

"Do you see," said he to Fitchner, "what a glorious gift of God, music is? Just as it silences the child, it drives away the devil, and makes people happy. Are you also a devotee of Madam Music?"

"Yes, venerable sir," replied Fitchner, with a countenance lighted up with joy.

"And do you also play the lute?" enquired Luther. And as the young man

also gave an affirmative answer to this question, "Then," continued Luther, "you have come exactly at the right time. Hans shall soon be quieted. Have you heard of the christian martyrs at Brussels? I have written an account of the whole transaction in verse, and have set it to music; and as my dear Katy has not heard it yet, you shall aid me in playing it."

Luther stepped into an adjoining room, and soon returned with a large book. He opened it, and handing the lute to the young man, said, "Now, sir, play this tune as David played it. You shall be excused from singing; that is my part. And you, dear wife, shall listen attentively with the child, and sing with us in your heart."

Fitchner took the lute, and, as he was master of the instrument, he played the short prelude with confidence and expression, Luther sang, with his full, sonorous voice, three stanzas of the poem, when Fitchner said, "Venerable sir, if you will do me the honour to allow me, I will continue the singing myself."

"Play and sing, then," cried out Luther, playfully. "I observe already that I have found a master in you."

And Fitchner sang on, in a beautiful tenor voice, three stanzas. Thus far Luther listened attentively; but he suddenly seized his flute, and said, "I cannot be silent any longer when I hear such splendid music. Play on and sing, master of Milan, that the little angels in heaven may be refreshed. I have again my part to perform."

He now played his flute with the perfection of a master, whilst the young man sang. The last stanza alluded to the infamous attempts of the Papists to show that these young martyrs had abandoned their faith in their last moments; and when it was finished, Luther cried out with a loud voice, "That is the devil speaking out of these Papists. No one who has ever ascended the scaffold for Christ's sake, has come down for it denying Christ. Let them carry on their game with deception and lies, we still know that the devil is the father of lies." And now he laid his flute aside, and sang in company with Fitchner in an ardent tone of triumph the last stanza, which ended with the word, "Amen!"

"Amen, and again Amen!" repeated Luther, whilst his eyes glistened with fire, like one full of the Holy Ghost. "Our enemies must acknowledge our doctrine even against their will; yea, the truth is so apparent that no sensible man can deny it. But their lies, thank heaven, are now revealed and brought to light, so that every one who is not stock blind may see it."

But Fitchner who was still taken up with the story of the poem, now asked, "And is all this true that is here written, doctor?"

"Yes, alas, all is true!" replied Luther. "Four years ago, on the 1st of July, A. D. 1523, all this happened at Brussels. Two brothers of my order, that is, Augustinian monks, and soon after a third, were burnt at the stake for their confession of Christ."

Too much indulgence has been shown to the extravagance, dishonesty, and domestic infidelity of men of wit, as if "the light that led astray was light from heaven." It is not light from heaven, but flashes from a volcano which has its seat in hell.—Lord John Russell to Mrs. Sydney Smith.

OBSERVING.—One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires over the other.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.—Not only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.—The Train.