

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES.
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WHOLE SERIES
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

On the Loss of the "Fairy Queen."

THE following lines on the loss of the Steamer *Fairy Queen*, some two years since, on her way from Prince Edward Island, and which plunged so many hearts in deep distress, are from the pen of a loved sister in Christ, now gone far off to the Heavens.—Ed.

Dark fell the time of storm and gloom,
Chill swept the howling blast;
What did ye these fair things of bloom?
Flowers on the wild waves cast.

Bright glowed the fire in many a home,
Light leaped loved hearts with glee,
Heard they no wail across the foam
No cry from off the sea?

Did no strange shadow fall with power?
Like touch of midnight wraith;
A prophet of that fearful hour,
That came like lightning scathe?

Ah! No! unheard, unlit there,
Young hearts together prest,
Slowly hope faded and despair
Gloomed o'er the water's breast.

What visions of long buried hours
Rushed thro' the teeming brain,
Mingled with hope's new gathered flowers,
Crushed in this sudden pain.

We ne'er can know. With long embrace
Together there they knelt,
Till gleamed from out each pure pale face
The peace their bosoms felt.

And surely he who trod the wave,
His arm had o'er them laid,
And whispered mid the tempest's wave
"This I, be not afraid."

Still calm as tho' fell Heaven's light
Upon that scene of dread,
One plunge—and the black waves and night
Hid young forms cold and dead.

Swiftly and sadly thought goes down,
Where lies each placid brow,
While far above, the billows frown
Their stern cold guardians now.

Loose and unbound the tresses stream
Of soft and shining hair,
And on the dark sea sands there gleam
White arms still twining there.

Loved hearts have drained the bitter cup,
And cannot, cannot rest,
How can they yield their darlings up
To oceans stray breast?

Religious.

Good News for the Aged.

BY THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

[Concluded.]

III. AND NOW may God help us while we ENDEAVOUR TO MAKE A SOLEMN APPLICATION OF THIS SUBJECT, more especially, first of all, TO THE OLD.

It were presumption in a young man to speak to the old, if he spoke to them simply as a young man. But as a preacher, I am neither old nor young. I am God's ambassador; and if God send me, no man may despise my youth, nor is it to be considered in the least degree, nor do I consider it myself. I speak with the selfsame authority that the most aged minister can command, for I have the same commission that he has, and he has no better than mine. Old man, come thou here, and let me give thee a solemn address, to warn thee of the wrath to come. Grey-headed man, I beseech thee, first of all remember how many years thou hast wasted. Look back upon thy misspent life, and tell thy years over and over again. What sayest thou of thy sixty, seventy,

perhaps eighty years? "Thy harvest is past, thy summer is ended, and thou art not saved." Thy youth, oh, how much thou mightest have done then; thy middle age, oh, how thy vigour might have been spent in doing good to thy fellows; and even some of thy old age how has it been mispent and misused. Weep, I beseech thee, weep. Let thy old cheeks, furrowed by the ravages of time, feel for a moment the solemn scalding tears of regret, that thou hast wasted all those years. Remember, thou canst never get them back again; long as thou livest, thou canst never get one of them back; they have winged their way behind thee; they are with the years beyond the flood; and though thou toilest now, thou never canst call back the time thou hast lost. It is gone beyond the hope of rescue. Couldst thou count at once a kingly ransom for an hour, thou couldst not have it back again. Consider, then, old man, how much of thy time has run to waste, and how many years have rolled away, and thou art still unsaved.

Consider next—suppose you are saved now, what a very little you can do for God! At the very most you have but a few short years. Death is at your gates; those gates are tottering beneath the battering-ram of age. Death is at your walls; those walls are shaking beneath the devastating engines of decay.

Consider, O man, at this eleventh hour, if thou art put in the vineyard, how little thou canst do for others. Thou canst not preach the Gospel now; thine eyes are perhaps too dim to read God's word to others; thy voice is too broken, it has lost its melody. Consider what is gone, ye hoary heads.

O aged sinner—Consider how much trouble has been lost upon you. For fifty years, for sixty years, thou hast always been at the sanctuary, yet as oil from a slab of marble, the Word has run off thee. A thousand sermons have left thee as dead as ever; and a myriad warnings have all sunk, as it were, into the sea, like the pebble hurled into it, which is lost and gone.

Consider once more, old man, how long and how much thou hast provoked thy God. Call to remembrance the sins of thy youth. How often hath that hand of thine, which now is quivering with death's touch, grasped the wine-glass of the drunkard in thy youth. Look thou upon thy manhood. Has it not been devoted to Satan, and blackened with enormities? And now, up to this time, thou hast still provoked thy God to smite thee. His long-suffering arm hath long held up, and mercy has kept back the sword of justice. Canst thou expect that much longer? Will God be merciful for ever? Will he be kind throughout eternity? And if mercy fail, will not justice make short work with thy soul?

And yet, if that stir thee not up, consider once more, if thou shouldst be unsaved, how horrible is the place appointed for thee! How fearful must be the doom which thou shalt receive! Thou art not a young sinner—he would be damned. Thou art an old sinner—how increasingly awful must be thy doom. Hast thou never seen an old man led by his little child when he was blind? It may be, that though thou art blind, a little child may lead thee to the Saviour. It is a child that now speaks to thee. Methinks if I were old like thee, and saw some young child saved, I would wring my hands in misery, and say, "O Lord, what! such a child a Christian, and I unsaved, I unforgiven, I still unpardoned?" O aged sinner; be afraid! be afraid! be afraid! O unregenerate old man! Let your knees knock together! let your blood curdle in your veins; let your heart quiver at the thought, that you will be lost; and

that, as the Lord liveth, there is but a step betwixt thee and death—between thee and hell!

But there are the YOUNG; and they are smiling, and saying—"Ah! that is good for old age. I think it quite right that old people should be religious; but why should I? I have not come to my eleventh hour yet." What did you say? "I said I had not come to my eleventh hour." What did you say? Will you repeat that? No; you dare not, for you do not know when your eleventh hour may be. Does any man know his eleventh hour? Does any one of you know how many more days he may have to live? I do not. Does any one of my friends conceive that his death is a long way off? Nay; beloved, there is such a thing as death in a pew! The angel of death may be coming in that door, and flapping his black wings across this place, to find out some one who is marked for destruction; and ere you shall have entered your house, your soul may have departed, and you may have gone from this stage of existence. Consider then, I say, for ye are all, if ye are uncalled, like the man in the eleventh hour, standing in the market place; consider, if ye are ever so young, have you not given too much time to Satan and the world already? I do not like the devil well enough to think that he ought to have the first twenty years of a man's life. Ah! ye men of the eleventh hour, for such ye all are, may our Master come! and if he finds you idle, may he say, "Go ye also, and work in my vineyard!"

To conclude: A word of encouragement to the oldest man and the oldest woman amongst us. Think not that you are beyond the pale of hope because you are aged. Do not believe Satan when he says to you—"Oh! you are too old a sinner to be saved." Tell him that he is a liar; that he does not know anything about it; for there are none too old to be saved. God will have mercy on all those that come to him. The Lord give you grace to seek him! Remember that the least prayer will be heard; the weakest desire, the feeblest groan will be acknowledged in heaven; and little as you may think that you ever shall find mercy, you most assuredly shall if you seek it through Christ.

Farewell! adieu old man! I know not who thou art; but it was laid on my heart to seek thee, and I have sought thee. O, poor old man! thou art like one who lost himself once in a pine forest. The snow fell thick around him. It was dark, damp, cold. The howling of the wolf was heard in the distance, and he feared that that night he should be consumed. There remained but one protection for him, and that was that he should light around himself a fire, by which he might warm himself, and frighten away the wild beasts. He gathered together the pine wood and the dry sere leaves, wherever he could find them; and he sought to find his match box. He found it, and he struck one match, but it was good for nothing. He struck another, and another, and another; and once he thought he had a light, and carefully held it in his fingers, seeking to bring it to the little kindling he had laid beneath his pile of wood. But it died-out, and that, too, disappointed him. For some time he struck his matches; carelessly he did so at first; as the number diminished, he struck each one more carefully, till he came to the two last. He struck the last-but one; he puts it under his pine wood; it flamed a moment, and then a gust of wind blew it out, and now he came to the last. The wolf was howling, the wild wind was whistling, the snow was falling, the night was darkening; he must be there without a fire! Already his stiff joints began to freeze; his fingers were

well nigh benumbed. Ah! you may guess how that man covered himself on the earth, to strike within the circle his frame might make, the last, last match. You may imagine how he put up his prayer to God, that he might succeed the last time! "O heavens let this match succeed," said he. And warily, warily, did he look at it time after time, lest that too might fail. He strikes that match. On it depends his life; yet he strikes it; it is his all! Ah, glorious! the flame has caught. It blazes! He sits down and cheers himself. He is saved! He is saved! Or else it dies out, and the wolf devours him. O, there is the grey-headed old man. He has got his last match in the box. He has struck sixty-nine of them all to no effect, and now he has got to the seventieth. O God! if thou dost not strike the seventieth for him he is lost for ever! If thou dost not give him the light from heaven, fire from above, he must perish for ever! God grant that that last match may succeed with you, O old man!

Sketch of the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M. A.

The Rev. J. H. Hinton, M. A. of the Baptist Church, Devonshire Square, is a man whose sterling merit commands esteem; he is now a veteran in the cause of Christ, having attained the three score and fifth year of his life, and the fortieth of his ministry. The locality in which his worthy endeavours have been, these last eighteen years, is the notorious one of "Rag Fair" and its vicinity. The very clamour of the guilty traffickers assails the ear of his auditory. These are stirring and troublous times. Free enquiry is the ordeal through which all subjects have to pass. Men, hostile to the religion of Christ, are straining every nerve to destroy it. It is therefore highly necessary that the advocates of Christianity be awake, consistent, and competent to counteract these endeavours. We believe the half-earnest, and incompetent minister, is rather a hinderance than an help; we must have men earnest, and able, if good is to be done.

The Rev. J. H. Hinton is one of the brightest stars in the constellation of intellectual and common-sense ministers living, one who intent on doing the will of God, and the Redeemer's great work. As a preacher, his style is not captivating, but he utters the great truths of Christianity, and the convictions of his intensely thinking mind, so sage-like and sincere, that the true Christian, or truth-seeker will prefer that preacher who supplies the wants of his soul, and the cravings of the mind; rather than the pleasures of taste.

Mr. H., by the most profound and logical reasoning, "justifies the ways of God to man," yet with profundity is simplicity and tenderness.

Mr. H. is peculiarly fitted to meet the wants of our sceptical age. There is a simple nobility in his illustrations which carries conviction to the heart not encased by prejudice.

The congregation of Mr. H. is not large, compared with some of the Baptist churches in London, but select, intelligent, and attached, with more than the average number of men in it. It is now as it was in the time of Howe; he sometimes preached to a score, yet he is known as "The Prince of Divines."—Ch. Cab.

The Good old Times.

1535.—Paid 14s. 8d. the expense of bringing a heretic from London; and for one and-a-half load of wood to burn him 2s.; for gunpowder 1d.; a stake and staple, 8d.;—Records of the corporation of Canterbury.