

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS : FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

NEW SERIES:
Vol. IV. No. 51.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1859.

WHOLE SERIES:
Vol. XXIII. No. 51.

Poetry.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth,
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes, when the night is done,
And the crimson streak, an ocean's cheek,
Grows in the morning sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-peor's height
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minister transept,
When lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour?
The hill side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

In that deep grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay,
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand with glory wrapped
On the hills he never rood,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
O, dark Beth-peor's hill,
Speak to these anxious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

Select Sermon.

The Chaff driven away.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

"The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."—Psalm i. 4.

You will readily perceive that my text may be divided into three parts. You have, first, a fearful negative—"The ungodly are not so." You have in the next place a terrible comparison—"They are like the chaff." Then you have, thirdly, an awful prophecy—"They are like the chaff which the wind driveth away."

—1. First, then, you have here a FEARFUL NEGATIVE. The Vulgate Latin version, the Arabic and Septuagint, read this first sentence thus:—"Not so the ungodly, not so;" for according to their version there is a double negative here—"Not so the ungodly, not so." Now in order to understand what is meant by this negative you must read the third verse. The righteous man is said to be "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper;"—"Not so the ungodly, not so."

The ungodly are, it is true, the subjects of a universal providence, even as everything is ordered of God; but the righteous have a special providence over them. They are trees planted. Everything which takes place works together for their good. The Lord their God is their Guardian. He watches the earth that it should bring forth for them its fruit. The precious things of the heavens, the dew, and the deep that couched beneath, and the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon—these are their heritages. He watcheth everything round about them. If pestilence stalk through the land, he permitted not one of its shafts to hit, unless he seeth it is for good. If war ariseth, behold he stretches his ægis over his children; and if famine comes, they shall be fed, and in the days of scarcity they shall be satisfied. Is it not a glorious thing for Christians to know that the very hairs of his head are all numbered, that the angels of God keep watch and ward over him; that the Lord is his shepherd, and therefore, he shall not want? I know that this is a doctrine that often comforts me. Let what will happen, if I can but fall back upon the thought that there is a providence in everything, what do I need? A providence in the great and in the little there assuredly is to every child of God. It may be said of every tree of the Lord's right hand planting—"I the Lord do keep it, and will water it every moment; lest any hurt it I will watch it night and day." Upon the righteous there are not only ten eyes, but there are all eyes of the Omniscient ever fixed both by night and day. The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous. They are like the planted tree. Not so ye that are ungodly, not so ye; there is no special providence for you. To whom will ye carry your troubles? Where is your shelter in the day of wrath? Where is your shield in the hour of battle? Who shall be your sun when darkness shall gather about you? Who shall comfort you when your troubles shall encompass you round? You have no eternal arm to lean upon. You have no compassionate heart to beat for you. You have no loving eye to watch you. You are left alone! alone! alone! like the heath in the desert or like the forest tree which no man regardeth, until the time comes when the sharpened axe shall be lifted up, and the tree must fall. "Not so," then "the ungodly, not so." 'Tis a fearful negative the ungodly man is not the object of the special providence of God.

But we must proceed. The righteous man is like a tree planted by the rivers of water. Now, a tree that is planted by the rivers of water sends out its roots, and they soon draw sufficient nourishment. The tree that is planted far away upon the arid desert had its time of drought; it depends upon the casual thunder-cloud that sweeps over it, and distills the scanty drops of rain. But this tree planted by rivers of water hath a perennial supply. It knows no drought, no time of scarcity. Its roots have but to suck up the nourishment which pours itself lavishly there. "Not so the ungodly, not so." They have no such rivers from which to suck their joy, their comfort, and their life. As for the believer, come what may, he can say—if earth shall fall him, then will he look to heaven. If man forsake him, then he looks to the divine man Christ Jesus. If the world should shake, his inheritance is on high. If everything should pass away, he hath a portion that can never be dissolved. He is planted not by brooks that may be dried up, far

less in a desert, which only hath a scanty share, but by the rivers of water. Oh, my beloved brethren, you and I know something about what this means. We know what it is to suck up the promises, to drink of the rivers of Christ's fulness. We know what it is to partake and satisfy ourselves as with marrow and fatness. Well may we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, for our storehouse is inexhaustible, our riches can never be spent. We have wealth that cannot be counted, a treasury that never can be drained. This is our glory, that we have a something to rely upon which can never fail us. We are trees planted by the rivers of water. Ah! but not so—you that are ungodly, not so. Your days of drought shall come. You may rejoice now, but what will you do upon the bed of sickness, when fever shall make you toss from side to side, when head and heart shall be racked with anguish, when death shall stare upon you, and shall glaze your eyes? What will ye do when ye come into the swellings of Jordan? You have joy to-day, but where will be your joys then? You have wells now, but what will you do when these are all stopped up, when these shall all fail, when your skin bottles are dried, when your broken cisterns have emptied themselves of their last drop—what will ye do then, ye ungodly? Surely, this negative is full of awful threatenings to you. You may have a little mirth and merriment now, you may enjoy a little excitement at present, but what will ye do when the hot wind comes upon you—the wind of tribulation? And above all, what will ye do when the chilling blast of death shall freeze your blood? Ah, where, oh, where will you then look? You will look no longer to friends, nor to the comforts of home. You cannot find in the hour of death consolation on the bosom of the most loving wife, you will be quite unable then to find peace in all your riches or your treasures. As for your past life, however good it may seem, if you are ungodly, you will find no comfort in the retrospect; and as for the future, you will find no comfort in the prospect; for there will be for you nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation." Oh, my ungodly friends, I beseech you, think upon this matter, for if there were nothing worse, the first sentence of my text sounds like the trumpet of doom, and hath in it bitterness like the vials of the Revelation.

To be continued.

Baptist Sentiments in Ireland.

In our last we gave a portion of a letter on this subject from an English source. We now make an extract of a similar character, from Correspondence of the *New York Chronicle*.

GROWTH OF BAPTIST SENTIMENTS.

"Our churches in Ireland are few and poor. We have only five in the Province. All of these are largely aided by our Irish Society. Persecuted men are the brethren, and they have labored with untiring zeal in the work, but their difficulties are great. The hostility of the dominant sect is strong. The whole county is, more or less, arguing about baptism. It appears to result from the awakened religious feeling. Our brethren have not called public attention to it. No tracts have been perused, but everywhere the subject is exciting attention. Some of the earliest converts, the very earliest, men employed by the Presbyterian body in going round the county addressing meetings, &c., have been baptized. Churches are forming in many of the towns without our aid. In Ballymena, one of the Reformed, or old Covenantant ministers, who was struck down in his pulpit, converted, and since baptized, is preaching in a hired room; and has a new congregation of some four or five hundred people, and he is baptizing many. The war has begun. From the pulpit and the press, our brethren are denounced. Town missionaries on their round, editors in their journals, elders in their visits, are deepening the feeling, but warning the people against us. The ignorance of

the people is profound, and unhappily, the ministers pander to it. I have read in some popular tract, circulated by thousands, and heralded by the General Assembly, statements which exhibit the writer either as unpardonably ignorant, or worse, Not a tract, as yet written in reply.

BIGOTRY AND PERSECUTION.

More than this. The spirit of bigotry, nay, of persecution, is rampant. These men would hold us up to the scorn of the world as narrow-minded and sectarian on the communion question, and yet they are expelling from the same communion men of blameless lives and Christian character because they have been baptized. Only last Saturday two men called to see me at Coleraine, who had been thus treated. One was an intelligent man, eminently godly, and very laborious. For some time he acted as town missionary under one of the Presbyterian Churches, and during his connection, they spoke in the highest terms of this man. The reading of the late Prof. Wilson's book on baptism shook his mind, and during the awakening the reading of God's word completed the change. His baptism followed. On the return of the minister from England, he was told that he must not enter the Sabbath school again, or mingle with the teachers, or approach the table. His token of membership was withheld, and he was discarded. The other though nominally a member of another Presbyterian Church, was converted some months ago.—His mind was impressed about baptism, in the same way. He carried out his conviction. An elder had given him his ticket for the Communion which was last Sabbath. A day or two before he was called before the minister and six elders, and questioned about the fact. His reply led to the request that he would return the ticket. He declined. He asked again and again for information, What sin had he committed? The only reply was, "You have broken the law of the Church, and your membership cannot be continued." To the Bible he appealed, but in vain.

"Gentlemen," he said, "when I got drunk and walked disorderly, you never refused me my token, but for doing what I believe to be God's will, and which you cannot say is wrong, you exclude me from the Church. What am I to think of you?"

I have no pleasure in stating these things, only they are elements in the present religious aspect of Ireland. Our brothers are passing through a trial of no ordinary magnitude, and need the prayers and sympathy of all our friends.

We have no fears about the result of full enquiry. Where the Divine Word is examined and a genuine work of Grace prevails there this question cannot slumber, the enquiry must arise, "Lord what will thou have me to do?" The answer given to that question in the Word of God must force itself on the conscience of the enquirer where it is not warped by prejudice or stifled by error.

It has been so in the United States and in these provinces, so that Pedobaptist ministers have been compelled in many instances to immerse believers on a profession of their faith, or to allow their converts to apply to Baptists to perform that rite.

Ancient Correspondence.

We have often thought that it would be a good expedient, in the dearth of readable original matter, if editors, preachers, and private correspondents would take courage honestly to confess it, and give their hearers or readers, instead of original drivel, honestly acknowledged extracts from standard writers. The *Banner and Baptist* published at Rome, Ga., in this dilemma, boldly seizes the best, and offers its readers a chapter from the Bible, headed, "From a Roman Correspondent." The *Banner* says: "As we have no special arrangement yet with friends in New York and Philadelphia, we have concluded to treat our readers oc-