

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"NOT LOATHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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## Poetry.

### Trip lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,  
Trip lightly over wrong;  
We only make grief double  
By dwelling on it long.  
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly?  
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?  
Why cling to forms unsightly?  
Why seek not joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though this day may be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And gaily sing the lark;  
Fair hope has not departed,  
Though roses may have fled;  
Then never be down-hearted,  
But look for joy instead.

## Religious.

### Spurgeon—His Style.

We take the following from the *Provincial Wesleyan*. Our readers know something of the published sermons of Spurgeon, and may perhaps be able to judge of the correctness of these strictures:—

The following notice is by the English Correspondent of the *New York Advocate & Journal*:

I have not yet heard an American gentleman say that he admired him. I have heard some of the most distinguished ministers connected with your body say how greatly they were disappointed in him.—Perhaps, however, it would be found in like manner, that a rascally American preacher, such as might equal, in his popularity with those who are characteristically American, the popularity of Spurgeon with our most nationally English, would similarly fail to secure the admiration of most Englishmen. Whitefield, it is true, was equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic, but at that time America was still thoroughly English.

Not that I mean to compare Spurgeon to Whitefield, except as regards his popularity, in which respect there is some ground for comparison. Spurgeon seems to be predominantly a vulgar man. Such was not Whitefield. Nevertheless, whatever your critics may suppose, he had beyond a doubt his strong points. Granted that his taste is often wretched, that his breeding is manifestly and greatly defective, that his recent pastoral letter, after his recovery from sickness, addressed, in particular, very pointedly to the sisters who had thought of him and cared for him, was in many parts disgusting and altogether unparalleled compound of positively gross and indelicate expressions of endearment and an almost impious assumption of apostolic style and dignity; granted that his style and illustrations in preaching are often really profane, and all but blasphemous; yet Englishmen are not altogether without justification for the overwhelming popularity with which they have distinguished this bold young Baptist preacher. His voice is remarkably good and well-managed, clear, round, ringing and pleasant; his style is animated, idiomatic talk; his remarks are often quaint, smart, racy, and memorable; his illustrations are generally clear, apt, and telling; his bearing and delivery, notwithstanding occasional unjustifiable outbreaks of various descriptions, are ordinarily those of an earnest man, who wishes not to astonish or fascinate, but to convince and impress. His very doctrine, bold, outspoken Calvinism, is, as I have intimated, a great attraction to many. Some like to hear this because of its almost startling strangeness of late years; others feel refreshed and reassured in hearing a man of the day and of the people boldly and without compromise utter forth doctrines which philosophy and refinement seem to have almost silenced in the land. There is an old Puritan partiality for the doctrines of grace and personal election which still lies deep in the heart of much people of this land. And, at the voice of Spurgeon, these felt like the old warrior at the sound of the trumpet-blast of battle. There are many tempers, too, which will ever welcome fatalism in philosophy, if they

affect philosophy or Calvinism with his decrees in religion, if they are decidedly religious, as congenial and almost necessary doctrines. The result of all is that Spurgeon is immensely popular. Doubtless he is often coarse, sometimes, though but seldom, he is really dull. But as a rule, whatever he may or may not be, he keeps up the attention of his hearers. He never disserts, never drones, never slumbers. His reputation is such that he can afford a few failures. Even when he fails most egregiously, there are many of his hearers who never find it out. Fashion and prestige make dullness in him seem important if not impressive; and the confident, the intelligent-seeming manner, which never fails him, his look and tone, as if he were talking to purpose, his bearing, as of mastery over his congregation, carry him bravely through his heaviest performances.

The doctrines of Sovereign grace which Spurgeon preaches are of course not exactly in agreement with Wesleyan Methodism. His unparalleled popularity, too, may expose him to the severest criticism of *Correspondents* and other similar writers; but such attempts to take down "this bold young Baptist preacher," and charge him with "profanity and all but blasphemy," will not deceive the tens of thousands who read his sermons. We are glad to find he has resolved to visit America during the coming summer. If he could be induced to land on our shores we doubt not thousands of Methodists as well as Baptists would be glad of the opportunity of hearing him, notwithstanding he is here pronounced "predominantly a vulgar man."

### An Investment that paid.

A word spoken in due season, how good is it! In my visiting rounds I called a few days at a tin-shop. The man I found there recognized and welcomed me at once, to my surprise, for I had no recollection of the place or of him. I asked him where we had met. "Oh," said he, "I've seen you a hundred times—all over Brooklyn." "Can't you name some particular place?" "Well," he said—a pause—"well, the JAIL, for one." "What! have you ever been there?" "Been there ten times!" "What for?" "For being drunk." "I remember you there," he continued, "three years ago. I remember what you said to me, too." (Repeating it).

"But has it done you any good?" He pointed in reply to a pile of boxes: "there is a hundred dollars' worth of tin—it's paid for." He pointed to a harness, hanging on the wall—"that's paid for." He pointed to a wagon by the door—"that's mine, and paid for. And this afternoon I am going to buy a horse. And that's what it has done."

"And how was all this change brought about with you?"

He shook his head and replied, "not all at once. I went through a good deal of misery before I stopped drinking. I told you I was put in jail ten times. I fell into the dock once, in winter. After struggling awhile among the cakes of ice, that slipped away from my numb fingers as fast as I tried to get hold of them, I gave up, and was sinking for the last time, when a rope was thrown me, and they got me out. But that did not stop me. My wife was as bad as I was. We had a baby six months old, and one evening when it was screaming, somebody came in and said, 'Why don't you give that child something to eat, and stop its noise?' I told him I would, if I had anything to give it. There was not a cent nor a morsel in the house. That night I lay awake hearing the baby cry, and thought it over, and all that had been said to me. It was then I came to myself I told my wife that if she would stop, I would. We did stop. That was a year ago. We went to work. I made tinware, and she peddled it on her back. Now she can ride."

But the man was bettered only in morals—not in spirit and toward God. He gave

no attendance to the means of grace. He had not even provided himself with hat or coat fit to appear in a public place. I saw him provided in these respects, and got his promise to go with me to church. Tomorrow, I expect to see him in a prayer-meeting. I feel as if my small investment three years ago had "paid." "In due season ye shall reap."

### "Too cold to say Good Morning."

There is a dear little fellow, a child of a neighbor and friend of ours, who, though quite young yet, makes some remarks that instruct, while they amuse us. One of the cold mornings last week, being not exactly in one of his happiest moods, his uncle came into the room, and spoke to him as usual, saying, "Good morning, George." But the little fellow made no reply, and after his uncle had passed out, he said to his mother, "It's too cold for George to say good morning to uncle." "Ah yes," we said to ourselves, as we thought of it, and you are not the only one we know, who finds it too cold to say good morning. There are two neighbors, who meet sometimes on the street, or at the Post-Office, or in company, but they never say good morning.

And we know some members of the same church, who sometimes meet in company, or even upon the steps of the sanctuary, and they find it too cold for them to say good morning.

The cold in these cases is not in the weather, for they have the same difficulty in July as in January. It matters not with them whether the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero, or a hundred degrees above. The cold is in the heart, and summer and winter it remains there. *It's too cold for them to say good morning.*

Reader! have you any difficulty of this kind? Is your heart ice-bound, that you cannot say good morning to every neighbor and acquaintance whom you meet? Or if forced to utter the words, is it in such a chilly way that one perceives you are really so cold at heart as to affect your speech? It is hard to live in such a frigid atmosphere as that which surrounded us last week, but we would rather be doomed to that, with all its Arctic dreariness, than to have our hearts chilled and frozen, so that we cannot say to every one "Good morning." There is no warmth so genial and pleasant as that of a loving heart. Without this all is chilling, even in the heat of summer.

The sun may warm the grass to life,  
The dew, the drooping flower,  
And eyes grow bright and watch the flight  
Of Autumn's opening hour;  
But words that breathe of kindness,  
And smiles we know are true,  
Are warmer than the summer time,  
And brighter than the dew.

—Zion's Advocate.

### "Out West."

If ministerial laborers are not worthy of their hire in some of our western States, it will be pretty difficult to find a class of men who are. Here is a sample of the peculiarly pleasant circumstances under which one of the duties of the sacred office is sometimes performed by our western brethren, as related by a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*:

A young man met me in the street, one day, who had walked nearly thirty miles to get me to go and marry his brother. The school mistress of a frontier district had been taken by her largest pupil, and they wished to have the contract sealed till death should dissolve it. The appointed time came on. It was a dark, rainy morning, with a slight mixture of snow, when I mounted my pony and started for the place of meeting. Within five miles of the destined place I left my horse, shouldering my saddle-bags—for I had to preach and immerse some persons also—walked the remaining distance. A river was to cross, and there was no ferry nor bridge. The difficulty of crossing the river had been mentioned; but I told the messenger if there was no other way to complete the ceremony, the couple should come down to the opposite shore and I would marry them

across the river. Fortunately no such irregular proceeding was necessary. A man, with two logs and two poles, came over, and with him I crossed the stream. The marrying duties were discharged. On two burnt pine chunks, with about five inches of them above water, I recrossed the river safely—my pockets the heavier by five dollars in gold. By the way, we have no one-dollar marriages up here. I remember one of that sort—a long ride in the mud, and another to return the license—and two half-dollars all in cash!

### Beware of Hasty Accusations.

I hold it a Christian duty to abstain from this foolish and wicked system of labelling men with names; to stand aloof from every mob, religious or irreligious in name, which resembles that mob at Ephesus, who shouted for two long hours, the more part knowing not wherefore they were come together.

When the most spiritual minds of the sixteenth century protested against Rome, Protestantism was called infidelity. Eighteen centuries ago, the Christians were burned at the stake under the name of Atheists. The Athenians poisoned their noblest man as an Atheist. Nay, I cannot but remember that, in bygone years, one whose life was one continued prayer, the sum and substance of whose teaching was love to God and love to man, was crucified by the bigots of His day as a Sabbath-breaker, a Blasphemer, and a Revolutionist. Therefore I refuse to thunder out discriminating anathemas. Real infidelity is a fearful thing, but I have learned to hold the mere charge of infidelity very cheap. And I earnestly would impress on all, the duty of being cautious in the use of these charges. Give a man the name of Atheist, hint that he is verging upon infidelity, and the man is doomed; doomed as surely as the wretched animal which is pursued by the hue and cry of bad boys, and which, driven from street to street, maddened by the ceaseless rattle of the tin appended to him, expires at last, gasping, furious, amidst the shrieks of old women, and the stones of terrified passengers, who are all the more savage in proportion to their terror. For cowardice is always cruel.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

### What to do.

"Reader, if you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat him in prayer to save your soul. GO AND PRAY."

Tell him that you have heard that he receives sinners, and has said: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Tell him that you are a poor, vile sinner, and that you come to him on the faith of his own invitation. Tell him you put yourself wholly and entirely into his hands, that you feel vile and helpless and hopeless in yourself, and that, unless he saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech him to deliver you from the guilt, the power, and the consequences of sin. Beseech him to pardon you, and wash you in his own blood. Beseech him to give you a new heart, and implant the Holy Spirit in your soul. Beseech him to give you grace and faith, and will and power to be his disciple and servant from this day forever. O, reader, go this very day, and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you really are in earnest about your soul. GO AND PRAY.—Rev. J. C. Ryle.

HEALING THE DEAF.—The *Altoona (Pa.) Tribune* relates the almost immediate restoration of hearing to a citizen of that place. A current of electricity was cautiously and gradually passed through the head from ear to ear, by connecting each ear with one of the poles of a battery by means of wires. The loss of hearing had been sudden, and every medical application had been tried without effect. The cure was said to be perfect.

Poor Mexico now has five Presidents, or at least five men backed by military power, each of whom thinks he alone can rescue her from the gulf of ruin to which she is hastening.