

New Series

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"NOT LOATHFUL IN BUSINESS: FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

"And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter."

"I know him not!" The Holy One who bowed
By Jordan's amber wave in silent prayer,
While from the parted wreaths of filmy cloud
The dove celestial cleaved the soft, bright air,
And tremulously swept the glorious brow,
Haloed with the intensely fervent glow.
Of that high filial love whose pleading won
The deep-toned answer, "My beloved Son!"

"I know him not!" Him, who on Tabor's height
Stood, while the glory that he wore of erst,
When the young stars sang at the gates of light,
Through its unfolding veil in splendor burst,
Ay, Him who, while his heart of love could weep
Soft, healing doves where Lazarus lay asleep,
With his strong voice unbound that slumber's chain,
And called him back to life and love again!

"I know him not!" The perjured Peter stood
Stamping with loud and angry vehemence,
Mid the fierce rabble, thirsting for the blood,
The life-blood of unspotted innocence,
When He turned softly toward him with that meän
Of solemn sweetness, mournful yet serene;
Turned toward him with those calm, majestic eyes,
Full of the patient love that never dies!

He looked upon him;—no reproachful word,
No stern upbraidings, through the rankling dart
Still deeper pierced his soul; yet was a sword
Sheathed instantly in fiery Peter's heart!
The tide of love, which sudden fear but now
Had made to ebb back, with impetuous flow
Came rushing—Ah! how could it but arise
To meet the love and sorrow of His eyes?

And he remembered then the ardent vow,
And the Lord's warning breathed so tenderly,
When that mysterious anguish dewed his brow,
Under the olives of Gethsemane,
Heart-stricken from that presence Peter went,
And the young morning in the orient
Saw with her dewy eye the deep offense
Blotted by gushing tears of penitence!

—Independent.

Miscellaneous.

The Broken Engine.

A noble steamer was driving, strong and swift through the waters of Long Island Sound. With the multitude on board there was not the slightest thought of danger. Suddenly a dreadful crash is heard—timbers and boards, in splinters, are flying in all directions—the deadly steam bursts forth—one is instantly killed, others badly wounded. Order is however at last restored among the terrified—the helpless steamer drops her anchors, for her moving power is gone—the victim of death is laid on a mattress near the place where the death-stroke was given, and a sad and melancholy silence reigns throughout the wrecked steamer. The wailing of parental love over a child suddenly wrapped in her winding sheet, are suppressed, or so subdued that they are overheard no longer. Men speak to each other only in the softest tones, and there comes the quietness that reminds us of the grave, to which so many have come so near.

Pensive and thoughtful I drew near the source of all this terror and suffering. By the guidance of an officer of the boat, and the help of a lantern, we could see what had been done. I gazed upon the engine. I had seen it, a few moments before, in all its massive greatness, moving as though it had actual life, performing all its evolutions with wonderful power, precision and exactness.

But now it was dead!—dead as the youth a few feet from it, whom it had just sent into eternity. I gazed with intense interest on its ponderous ruins. All was still. Here was a frightful rent in the cylinder, and there were massive fragments of iron, snapped as if they were pipe-stems. It had been hot with the fires that had glowed beneath it, and by its own intense action, but it was cold. All the utterances of its powerful workings were hushed. The giver forth of a death-note was dead itself!—There lay, in a winding sheet, that wonderful mechanism, the human body; and there, close at hand, in utter ruin, was

that wonderful mechanism, the steamer's engine. Motionless and quiet was the one—no less so the other.

But while I gazed and moved over these two forms of death and ruin, I could not but think of another death, another broken engine—the sin-ruined human soul! Here is a ruin more terrible than either I had seen in the wreck of the steamer. The shattered engine—the mutilated human body, was sad and striking as they met the eye. But here is a guilty and unreclaimed human spirit, a ruin still more awful; more so than any other we can conceive.

That broken engine, human skill and power can repair, and all its beautiful evolutions shall all be made again, as much to our wonder as ever. But can any human skill or power repair, restore, and make whole again a ruined human soul? Men have thought they could, and have gone to the work with great earnestness. But the whole record of all mere human attempts has been only the record of failures.

I went on musing. The broken steamer's engine scattered ruin and death on every hand.—There lies youth and beauty, a ghastly corpse; and shivered timbers, floors and ceilings cover half the deck. But what a destroyer is that broken engine, the sinning human soul! Terrible is its work of self-destruction; and how sad the history of its agency in destroying other souls! Ruined itself, it drags others down into ruin. Even one sinner destroyeth much good, and many sinners send far and wide the moral desolation.

Slowly moved the hours as we waited for help. A friendly light at last gleamed through the darkness—a passing steamer drew nigh,—friendly voices were heard, and friendly aid rescued us.

So there gleams through the darkness of this world the light of hope for the ruined soul. A friendly voice is heard sounding over the dark waters—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The ruined engine and the guilty soul can be restored. Millions already have been made whole. Every broken spring and shattered wheel in all that disordered mechanism shall be restored.

It is only demanded that the ruined soul shall be committed to the Saviour's care, with confidence in his skill, power and love. We have seen ruins so sad as to cause utter despair; yet restored so that "old things have passed away and all things have become new." And we have heard of a world where the cases of such a restoration shall be so many, and the wonder and joy of the beholders shall be so great, that with rapture everlasting shall be sung the song—"Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation."—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Christian's Balance-Sheet.

"For I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Rom. viii. 18.

How frequently we dwell on present trials and sufferings, rather than on "the glory which shall be revealed in us;" we think more of the "light affliction which is but for a moment," than of the "eternal weight of glory," which is in reserve for us. Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial; perhaps no one ever endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the Divine glory. I never think on the above text, but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance-sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under Divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, prayerfully, and in faith, consider this statement, relying on the faithfulness of that God who influenced the Apostle to draw it up for the consolation of the children of God. Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we, also, may arrive at the same conclusion as did the Apostle Paul.

DR.

"THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labours more abundant.
In stripes above measure.
In prisons more frequent.
In deaths oft.
Five times received I forty stripes, save one.
Thrice was I beaten with rods.
Once I was stoned.
Thrice I suffered shipwreck.
A night and day I have been in the deep.
In journeys often.
In perils of robbers.
In perils by my own countrymen.
In perils by the heathen.
In perils in the city.
In perils in the wilderness.
In perils in the sea.
In perils among false brethren.
In weariness and painfulness.
In watchfulness often.
In hunger and thirst.
In fastings often.
In cold and nakedness.

Besides those things which are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches

Total, "Light afflictions, but for a moment."

CR.

"THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him. That He might make known the riches of His glory on the vessels of mercy which He hath before prepared into glory. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory. And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Total, "An eternal weight of glory."

The Apostle Paul having carefully examined the foregoing account, deliberately makes the following declaration: "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*Christian Helper.*

Rules for Moral Warfare.

A simple "yes," or an emphatic "no" may cost you a fortune—may cost you a troop of friends—may cost your political promotion—may cost your character—may cost you your soul! How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course in some trying emergency, or on some one great question of right. He is led up into the mount of temptation, where some gigantic iniquity bids him bow down and worship it, and promises in return "all the world and the glory thereof. From that mount of trial he comes down a hero or a fool. The die is cast. If he has honored justice and truth, then justice and truth will honor him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach.

That was a hard struggle for Nathaniel Ripley Cobb of Boston, when he decided to accumulate no more than fifty thousand dollars during his life, and to give all the surplus to the treasury of the Lord. But after the noble resolution was once taken, selfishness was a conquered lust in that man's breast for ever. He had come off more than conqueror. How many a minister of Christ has been charged upon and overcome by this accursed spirit of "worldly wisdom!" He was put to the decisive test, not in Nero's judgment hall, or before Agrippa's tribunal; not before a Popish inquisitor, or in sight of Smithfield's fires of martyrdom. But in his quiet study, when some timid friend counselled a treacherous silence in his pulpit on some vital question of right, his "yes" or his "no," has either called from his Master the precious benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant," or else the fearful anathema, "Ye were ashamed of me and of my truth—and of thee will I be ashamed before my Father and his holy angels."

We all have our moral Marengos and our Waterloos, where we win or lose the crown of Christian character. When these

decisive conflicts come on between our conscience on the one hand, and some selfish scheme or satanic iniquity on the other, then try to remember a few simple rules of moral war:

1. Never change your position in sight of an enemy. This was a fatal policy to the allies at Austerlitz. It has cost many a disgraceful defeat in spiritual warfare.
2. Never place on guard a doubtful or a questionable principle. Your sentinel will be sure to betray you.
3. Never abandon the high ground of right for the low lands of expediency. Before you are aware, you will be swamped in the bottomless morass of ruin.
4. Get your moral armor from God's Word; and "put on the whole armor." An exposed spot in character may admit the fatal weapon of the foe. Ahab was wounded through the joints of his harness. Do not mind blows in the face. Heroes are wounded in the face; cowards in the back.

5. But whether wounded by foes or deserted by friends, never surrender. It is said that not one of the old Imperia! Guard survived the wreck of Waterloo. Towards the sunset of that long, bloody day, when the surviving remnant of the Guards was summoned to lay down their arms, the scarred veterans of fifty victorious fights cried out—"The old guards can die, but they never learned to surrender!"

The glorious Captain of our Salvation could die for us, but he could not desert us. Blessed is he who is found faithful! He shall wear the crown of amaranth in the paradise of God.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

The one Proof.

The widow of the late Dr. Baldwin, of Boston, Mass., died recently in that city, at an advanced age. She was remarkable for her energy and intelligence. The following incident is an amusing specimen of her tact in dealing with a forward youth.

A young Presbyterian preacher, fresh from the theological school, felt it to be his right, on a certain occasion, to argue acrimoniously with her, in favor of infant sprinkling. She parried his thrusts for some time, till at length seeming to be unwilling to argue any more, she said—"Well, I just go by the general current of the New Testament; for while I find there but one plain text in favor of infant sprinkling, I find many which plainly teach believer's baptism." The young man caught eagerly at her remark, and wished to know what text she alluded to. She evaded the question, saying, "Ah, now, it can't be possible that you don't know, when it is the only authority you have." He replied that he probably did know the text, but wanted her to say which she admitted was a plain proof. And beside he insisted that she ought to know that one clear proof from Scripture was as good as a hundred. At length, yielding to his continued pressure on her to tell where the text was, she said, "It is the 13th verse of the 2nd chap. of the 1 Epistle of Peter, 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake.'" The young man became taciturn!

Hallelujah.

Dr. Hibbard, of the *Auburn Advocate* makes the following comment on the word *hallelujah*, a word which, owing to the ignorance of meaning, is sometimes irreverently used:

It is a compound word, made of *halloo* praise ye, and *Yah*, or *Jah*, which is an abbreviation of *Jehovah*, the most awful name of the Supreme Being, *Jah* or *Jehovah* is derived from *hayah*, the verb to be, the verb of existence; and when God says Ex. iii. 14, "I AM that I AM," he assumes the descriptive title as in Rev. i, 4, 8, "He which is, and which was, and which is to come;" that is, the IMMUTABLE and ETERNAL ONE. The later Hebrews so revered this name that they never spoke it or wrote it, lest they should "take it in vain," as forbidden Ex. xx, 7, but wrote *Adonah* instead. The Lord said to Moses,