

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### Other Worlds.

Other worlds, Those planets evermore  
On their golden orbits swiftly gliding on—  
From quick Hermes by the solar shore  
To remote Poseidon.

Are they like this earth? The glory shed  
From the ruddy dawn's unfading portals—  
Does it fall on regions tenanted  
By a race of mortals?

Are there merry maidens, wicked-eyed,  
Peeping slyly through the cottage lattice?  
Have they vintage-bearing countries wide?  
Have they oyster-patties?

Have they silent, shady forest-realms,  
Odorous violets that in grassy nooks hide,  
Aged oaks and great ancestral elms,  
Growing by the brookside?

Does a mighty ocean roar and break  
On dark rocks and sandy shores fantastic?  
Have they any Darwins there to make  
Theories elastic?

Have they landscapes that would set a flat alight  
With their beauty? Have they snow-necked clerics?  
Poets who berhyme each whirling satellite?  
Dr. Temple's heresy

Does their weather change? November fog—  
Weeping April—March with many a raw gust?  
And do thunder and demented dog  
Come to them in August?

Nineteenth-century science should unravel  
All these queries, but has somehow missed 'em.  
When will it be possible to travel  
Through the Solar System?  
Mortimer Collins, in Temple Bar.

## Miscellaneous.

### Rum Morality.

So entirely bereft of all correct ideas of their duty to their fellow men do dealers in intoxicating drinks become, that they really believe that any interference with their degrading traffic is an invasion of rights to which they are entitled as citizens. To make drunkards they believe to be an honest respectable business, just as much entitled to the protection of the law as that of the butcher or baker, the tailor or shoemaker. Their ideas of right and wrong are so confused they cannot or will not, distinguish between occupations absolutely necessary to the comfort or subsistence of mankind, and one which only tends to degrade and impoverish all who patronize their nefarious trade. With these ideas they are naturally opposed to the Sunday law, and to all laws intended to promote virtue and morality. They think that to be deprived of the privilege of turning reasonable beings into brutes and madmen one day in the week is an oppression too intolerable to be submitted to peaceably. The trade in which they are engaged has so completely degraded their minds that they are ready to defy not only all the restraints of morality but also positive legal enactments when they interfere with what they believe to be their legitimate occupations; to effect this they combine in societies and raise large sums of money and employ smart lawyers to aid them to set the law at defiance if possible. Not satisfied with this they endeavor to control our elections by selecting from the tickets before the people men who are known to be favorable to their views and opposing with bitterness those who are known to be favorable to their views, and opposing with bitterness those who are believed to be opposed to their degraded occupation and in favor of laws to educate and elevate society. At the late election in this country they had the impudence to put forth circulars intended to injure the best men who were candidates before the people, and showing the cloven foot so completely as to prove that they had not the remotest conception of their duties and rights as citizens in what was required to benefit and improve society. Nor is this strange; a trade like theirs, naturally leads to such habits of thought, if not convictions of mind.

Rum morality, as we call it, is but another name for defending vice and crime; a man who, after fairly considering the effects of the

wine trade, deliberately defends it, has but one more step to take to justify intemperance and the thousand crimes which follow in its train; and while it may be there are many who shudder at these atrocious consequences and are unwilling to believe they are necessarily attendant on the business of selling intoxicating liquors, yet should they calmly consider the subject in all its bearing could come to no other conclusion than the one we have pointed out as inevitably following. In very truth strong drink destroys all that is good in man or woman until nothing is left of body or soul but corruption.—*California Paper.*

### Taking Physic.

A certain doctor, who has made a mountebank of himself in theology as well as in medicine, has uttered a magnificent lie in the words of an undeniable truth, that "medicine has done more harm than good." He meant to be witty at the expense of his brethren. It is not the medicine advised by the educated physician which has done the world so much injury, but it is the physic which the people swallow on their own responsibility. When a narrow-minded niny gets sick, he "calculates" the saving it will be to him to give twenty-five cents for a box of pills instead of employing a physician, besides avoiding the discomfort of "a course of medicine," as it is called. This answers for a while in many cases, but it is ultimately disastrous, and health and life are the fearful forfeit. A gentleman had been a dyspeptic, and hearing that a preparation of soda was "good for dyspepsia," he "tried it;" it acted "like a charm," and for the next six months he was so enraptured with its effects that he considered it a duty as well as a humanity to recommend it to every person who seemed to be affected as he had been. Not long thereafter, as he was standing at the gate of his newly-married daughter in London, in a passing call on his way to business, he dropped down dead. On examination, the cause was found in several ounces of soda impacted in the bowels.

Not long ago, a young lady of wealth called for a prescription at a Quaker druggist's. Being a conscientious man, he said to her very kindly that if she continued to take it in such quantities, it would destroy her. It was a preparation of morphine, chloroform, and ether, which had an instantaneous and powerful effect on the whole system, and in her case excited the brain and kept it in that condition, requiring constantly increased doses. Within a month she was attacked with a very familiar disease, cured every day in its more peculiar seat. In her case, the brain having been so weakened by the continual over-excitement to which it had been subjected, became the point of metastasis. In familiar phrase, "it went to the brain." She was a model of unobtrusive, self-denying piety, so retiring, so pure, as to be the admiration of those who knew her inner life. In an hour the malady made a wreck of the mind. No man could hold her. Her profanity was shocking to every attendant. A day or two more and she died. We personally know that her sister perished a year earlier in consequence of a condition of the system induced by taking daily, for months, a popular "cough-lozenge," or "troche." In these last two cases, economy was no object, for they had always been the pampered and petted children of lavish wealth. But it was so much easier to get rid of an ailment in this way than by the ferocity of calling in the family physician; besides parental solitudes need not be uselessly excited; this, no doubt, was the ruling motive. The experienced practitioner well understands that the habitual taking of any efficient medicine is the certain road to a premature and very often violent or agonizing death.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### Experience of London Missionaries.

At a recent Wesleyan Home Missionary meeting, held in London, a minister engaged in laboring among the teeming myriads of the Spitalfields population, delivered an address so full of most interesting and valuable facts as to the spiritual destitution of that part of the metropolis, that we cannot refrain from

quoting a portion of it. He said, "that he was not present as a counsel to plead, but simply as a witness to give evidence. He had not to preach to the sable sons of Africa, but to men and women with bodies black with filth, and hearts black with guilt; not to do with the castes of India, but with the outcasts of London; not to grapple with heathen mythology, but with men who worshipped no God, who never bowed the knee to Jehovah, and who never uttered his name save with blasphemies; not to decipher the thousand characters of the Chinese language, but preach to London thieves who spoke a language peculiar to themselves." In narrating some of his adventures in the dark regions of London, Mr. Ewer said, "that there were hundreds of mothers who did not know how to wash their homes, dress their babies, their food, or mend their clothes. He had frequently met with women who had been glad to get rid of their children by death." And to show the miserable wages paid to women by the metropolitan slop-shops, he said:—"Numbers of them are employed in making match-boxes at 2½ pence per gross, superfine trousers at 10 pence a pair, boots are bound for 1½ pence a pair." He "has often held, not 'midnight,' but 'mid-day meetings' for unfortunates," when "the temples throbbed, the heart ached, and conscience spoke," and "twelve of them had been rescued." He had been surrounded by as many as thirty thieves with two or three bull dogs, but he had never been insulted. "There was a door to every man's heart, and these poor wretches could feel as others felt, and love as others love, when kindly treated."

One fact related is so telling and graphic, that we must give it. A brother missionary visiting a sweep's room, and finding other men there, proposed to read to them all, as he had been wont to do to the sweep alone. "Shall I read the word of God?" asked the missionary. "Yes," said the sweep. "What shall I read to you?" "Oh!" said he, (and he remembered that he spoke not with levity, but with deep feeling on his part, although his answer may excite a smile,) "Oh!" said he, "read about that young cove what bolted from his guv'ner." The simple and touching story of the prodigal son had entwined itself about his memory, and he was anxious that his companions should learn it as well as himself, for as all the Bible women and city missionaries can testify, this "sweet story of old" moves, melts, and oftentimes wins to the Saviour the very worst and vilest of the children of men.

### The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's facetiousness.

We copy the following from the *N. Y. Methodist*.

"Mr. Spurgeon recently delivered, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, a very popular lecture on 'Shrews and how to tame them.' He made some humorous remarks on the lit-animal called the shrew, and then dilated upon the human 'shrew,' male and female, beginning with Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, and coming down to Mrs. Wesley. Mr. Spurgeon, in solving the problem of 'How shrews, whether male or female, are to be tamed,' referred to Shakespeare's well-known play, from which he read several passages. In nine cases out of ten the revered gentleman was of opinion, where a husband did not get on well with his wife, it was his own fault. There was a clergyman once who had taken too much drink when he was called upon to 'sprinkle' a child. He fumbled at his book but could not find the place, whereupon he stammered out, 'What a very difficult child this is to baptize!' (Laughter.) It was the clergyman himself who was in fault; and so it was for the most part with husbands and wives. Mr. Spurgeon's advice to husbands with bad wives was this:—Keep your temper, for love, mingled with good temper, will assuredly tame the most stubborn creatures. Christian women have often much sorrow of heart because they are yoked to ungodly husbands. The reverend lecturer then enumerated several instances or men being converted through the instrumentality of the patience and forbearance exhibited by their wives. Mr. Spurgeon concluded his amusing lecture amid applause.

### The re-converted man.

But what is re-conversion? It is certainly not regeneration. The Bible gives no hint of a second, or a third, or a fourth new birth of the soul. We recognize no such thing in our spiritual experience. Reconversion is not the awakening of a sinner for the second time.

It is simply the return to God and to duty of a backsliding believer. Peter's religious character was not wholly swept, from him in that sad, shameful hour of his denial of the Redeemer. Nor does any true christian lose his faith entirely during his seasons of spiritual declension. He is not a happy man nor a healthy man, nor a heaven-honored man; but he is alive. As the benumbed Alpine traveler, who has foundered among the swirlingsnowdrifts, soon "comes to" again, when laid before the fire of the St. Bernard Hospice, so a frozen backslider may thaw out and recover under the warmth of Christ's restoring grace. It is a terrible experiment to try; a terrible risk to run. Let no man tempt God's love by trying the perilous step. Peter would probably have ended just where Judas ended, had not one been a true christian and the other an impostor. Christ "prayed for Peter that his faith might not fail" utterly; and but for that timely intercession, he could not have come forth from that garden a reconverted man.—*Evangelist.*

### Common things the best.

God's works are better and more beautiful than our poor idea of them. Though I have seen them and loved them now for more than thirty summers, I have felt this year, with something of almost surprise, how exquisitely beautiful are summer foliage and summer grass. Here they are again fresh from God! The summer world is incomparably more beautiful than any imagination could picture it on a dull December day. You did not know on New Year's Day, my reader, how fair a thing the sunshine is. And the commonest things are the most beautiful. Flowers are beautiful; he must be a blackguard that does not love them. Summer seas are beautiful, so exquisitely blue under the blue summer sky. But what can surpass the beauty of green grass and green trees! Amid such things let me live; and when I am gone, let green grass grow over me. I would not be buried beneath a stone pavement, not to sleep in the great Abbey itself.—*Country Parson.*

### "The Sects."

We are told of a thoughtless gentleman who was rallying a religious but ignorant and simple-minded man-servant upon the variety of religious sects in the world, and expressed his doubts whether a system could be true, the advocates of which were so divided. The servant replied that he "supposed some from all these sects would go to heaven, but he did not think they would all enjoy the same liberty.

"When the Baptist arrives there, it will be said to him: 'What are you?' 'A Baptist.' 'Then sit down there.' 'What are you?' 'A Wesleyan.' 'Then sit down there.' 'What are you?' 'A Presbyterian.' 'Then sit down there.' 'What are you?' 'A Congregationalist.' 'Sit down there.' 'Well, but John,' added the master, 'what will be say to you?' 'Why, I love all them that love God; and when I tell God so, he will say, 'Walk about heaven anywhere.'"

Many Christian are afflicted with evil tempers: they cannot rule their spirits, or rather, they do not try. Some indulge occasionally in fits of anger; and others are haunted by habitual, daily, life-long fretfulness. The one sort is generally calm and pellucid as an Alpine lake, but on some special provocation, is tossed up into a magnificent tempest; the other is like the Bosphorus, in a continual stir, and even when not a breath is moved, by the contrariety of its international currents vexing itself into a ceaseless whirl and eddy.

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.