

# Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### A Song of Thanksgiving.

Come, brethren, join the happy chorus,  
While my soul with rapture sings.  
Your sweetest praise to our Redeemer,  
Glory to the King of Kings.

God has heard his children crying,  
And pitying looked on her distress;  
He with his grace our souls supplying,  
Has raised us up to happiness.

God has heard his people praying,  
And answers sent down from above;  
And wandering souls, in darkness straying,  
Have felt anew his wondrous love.

God has heard our supplication,  
Sinner's hearts are bowing low,  
And Satan's throne, to its foundation,  
We hope has had a mighty blow.

Then, brethren, join the happy chorus,  
While my soul with rapture sings  
Your sweetest praise to our Redeemer,  
Glory to the King of Kings!

ONE OF THE NORTH CHURCH.  
Halifax, Feb. 3rd, 1863.

## Miscellaneous.

### The Love of Christ.

"One Sabbath morning as I was retiring from the church, after preaching my first sermon, I was arrested by a man in the belfry, in a way peculiar and striking. His garb was plain—his form of the middle size—his countenance had a vague, but yet a pleased expression. Without waiting for an introduction, he came forward and earnestly extended his hand to grasp mine. The pressure was painfully cordial; and while one hand pressed mine, and the other his own bosom, he said, 'I thank you for that sermon; it has done my soul good.' His voice was indistinct and husky, and his appearance not prepossessing; but there was a heart-felt cordiality in his greeting which impressed me with his thorough sincerity. On the next Sabbath, and on the next, he met and greeted me in the same way. As he had reached mid-life, I marked him as a peculiar character.

I soon visited the Sabbath school; and the very first person that arrested my attention was this man, sitting in one of the classes, surrounded by young boys, and reciting with them his lesson. My curiosity being excited, I went and stood by his class, and found him spelling his way through a verse of one of the Gospels, and obviously without understanding the sentiment which it taught. On inquiry I learned that he was the son of Christian parents; that his mother, who was a woman of marked piety, had been deceased for years; and that because of the great feebleness of his intellect, he could never be taught to read. As the name of the Saviour was constantly on his lips, and his piety seemed to be of the most ardent character, my curiosity was greatly quickened to learn the details of his religious history, which is briefly as follows:

"As his mental debility early developed itself, his pious mother became the more solicitous that he should be taught of the Spirit of God. Daily did she pray with him; and, selecting the simplest truths of the gospel, daily did she seek to impress them on his mind. But in his mind was feeble in sense, his heart was strong in depravity, and these means were ineffectual. After he reached mature years, there occurred a gentle refreshing of the Spirit. A meeting for conference with the serious and inquiring was appointed, and he was among those who attended. From week to week his seat was never vacant. When candidates for the communion of the church were invited to meet with the Session, he was among those that attended. When asked if he hoped he was a Christian, his emphatic reply was, 'I hope I am.' About the doctrines of the church he knew absolutely nothing, and when questioned in reference to them, he made no reply. He could give no reason for the hope which was in him. When asked why he hoped he was a Christian, laying his hands on his heart

he answered, 'I feel that I am, here.' With some fears he was admitted to the Lord's Supper, and the whole of his subsequent life demonstrated that he was born from above.

"In the year that he made a profession of religion his mother died. Feeble as was his mind, the impressions which she made upon it were never erased. His very highest conception of heaven was, that it was the place where his mother went to see Jesus, and his highest ecstasy was induced by the thought that when he died, he would go to heaven to see Jesus and his own dear mother.

"There was but one thought which seemed to enter his soul, and that entirely occupied it. This was constantly obvious. Preach on what subject I might, nothing was understood, nothing felt, unless it was the love of Christ. For years, rarely a Sabbath passed away without his greeting me in the belfry; but nothing was said about the sermons, unless they dwelt upon the love of Christ. Then his usual expression was, 'That sermon is good to my soul; it told me about the love of Christ.'

"He frequented prayer-meetings sustained by the young people, and for their mutual benefit. One of his weaknesses was, to make exhortations in these meetings, until they became an annoyance. But he never succeeded in getting beyond one idea; and upon that—the love of Christ, the love of Christ—he would ring changes for fifteen minutes together. That one idea occupied and filled his whole soul. It was the constant theme of his conversation everywhere. The only hymn that ever seemed to have impressed him, or whose singing he ever seemed to enjoy, was that called 'Loving-Kindness.' However dull and uninterested he seemed to be in a prayer-meeting, the moment the first notes of the hymn,

'Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,'  
fell upon his ear, his countenance brightened up, and his whole soul was in sympathy with the song of praise. And when in a social meeting which did not greatly interest him, his peculiar voice was often heard saying, 'Sing Loving Kindness.'

"His zeal, though not always according to knowledge, was of the purest character, and knew no relaxation. Was any person sick in his neighborhood? He was among the first to find it out, and to visit the sick bed. And feeble as was his comprehension of truth, and broken and repetitious as were his prayers, I have often heard the sick speak of the comfort which they received from his visits. He often preceded the minister and the elder—often conveyed to them the information of sickness and affliction, and solicited their attention; and often prayed and exhorted, where their services might not be kindly received. The perfect confidence entertained by all in his sincerity induced them to forget his extreme feebleness, to overlook what would be regarded intrusion in others, and to put the best possible construction on all that he did. I heard a profane scoffer say, after recovering from a sick bed on which he had been often visited by the man, 'Well, if there is a Christian upon earth, it is Uncle Nehemiah.' More than once, when his minister was sick and in affliction, did he come and ask the privilege of praying with him and his family. Such was his life for years together.

"And in full keeping with his life was his death. During the protracted sickness which brought his days to their close, I frequently visited him. There was an unshaken confidence in Christ—a cloudless enjoyment of the light of his countenance; the love of Christ was his constant theme. The very last words that he ever uttered in my hearing were about going to heaven to see Jesus Christ and his dear mother."—*Nicholas Murray, D. D.*

### Mistakes.

This was the subject of a very excellent lecture delivered by the Rev. J. C. Hurd, M. D., under the auspices of the Literary Association, before a crowded audience, in the Temperance Hall, Fredericton, on Tuesday evening. The lecture was delivered five temporaire, and occupied an hour and five minutes. After a somewhat lengthy intro-

duction, the lecturer referred to some of the different modes under which the subject might be treated; but signified his intention of aiming at the instruction of his audience. Mistakes, he said, were of common occurrence, and no class of persons were excluded from sometimes making them. The learned, as well as the ignorant, fell into mistakes; the philosopher and the clown; the prince and the peasant; they were found in the most exalted stations as well as in the humblest walks of life. And he would be glad if they were all confined to secular callings. They existed in the Church as well as in the State; and he was not certain that it could be shown that there are fewer mistakes in the former than there are in the latter. Without descending to those in more common life, he proceeded to notice and expose in a strong and forcible manner the following popular errors which have, to a great extent, been the mistakes of most former ages as well as the present:—1. Public opinion as the standard of right. 2. That youth and early life are not the time for large endeavours and great results. 3. That station and office are the measures of true dignity. 4. That wealth is the standard of respectability. 5. That patronage is the highway to success. 6. That the acquisition of wealth should be the aim of life. Each of these were dwelt upon separately, and their fallacy clearly exposed. But few illustrations were introduced. The subject is a good one for a popular lecture, and was ably handled. It is capable of being used so as to come home to every heart; for who has not felt and wept over his own mistakes in common life. We are of the opinion that it is mistakes in little things that generally make up the agony in human existence. A little error sometimes turns the whole course of life, and what might have been useful and happy becomes a succession of stupendous mistakes, resulting in the complete shipwreck of every hope for time and eternity.

It would require a volume to enumerate all the mistakes to which poor erring mortals are subject, and into some of which all of us fall. Our youth is sometimes full of them; mature manhood has them to grapple with, and even the experience of age does not exempt us from them. There are mistakes in our business and callings—our professions and pursuits; in our education and moral training; in the formation of our habits, and the choice of our companions. A single mistake has embittered many a life, and made many a family wretched. Mistakes are common things. But the greatest of all mistakes, is to neglect our eternal interests—to put off the thoughts of the future until it is too late! Many mistakes may be rectified; but this determines the loss of the soul for ever!—*Religious Intelligencer.*

### "I told you so."

"I told you that he would fall into difficulty some day. Oh, I could see what was coming. I had my presentiments and suspicions that all was not right. I told you so."

Did you go and tell him about it? That would have been the part of true friendship. Perhaps the catastrophe that now so triumphantly proves your prophetic acumen might have been prevented.

Or did you merely whisper it about to others, and gravely shake your head, and express your fear that something might be wrong, and thus lead others to doubt the integrity of your fallen brother? Did you thus prepare the way for him, that when the fall came it might be more crushing? Perhaps these very whispers, in other lips, may have grown into rumors, having no other foundation but your own wretched surmises. It is very possible that his reported misdeed or misfortune may, after all, be only your own guilt.

I told you so. Well, what right had you to tell it? Had God given you prescience to prognosticate evil of your neighbors? Those birds are accounted the vilest that can scent the carcass farthest. It is the hated and dreaded shark that follows the ship most perseveringly, watching for the dead. You might have employed time and speech, to far more useful purpose than striving to gain reputation as a seer of evil.

I told you so. Why, you seem to feel glad of it. There is an air of triumph over your prediction. Have you no sorrow or pity for your fallen brother? Then you have been indulging towards him an enmity of heart that has in it, according to the teaching of Jesus, the fundamental element of murder. This triumphing over calamity or crime, shows a heart in affinity with devils.

I told you so. Perhaps you use this phrase to the very person whose heart is now writhing with shame or regret. Do you think it the best way to comfort or reclaim by parading your own wonderful foresight? What if you did tell him so? That was very well, if it was done with a right purpose and from a kind motive. But why remind him of it now? What good can it do? It can only mortify or madden him. Use kind words, and strive to relieve or restore him.

### Then and now—A contrast.

Between the appearance of Jesus in the days of his flesh and his appearance to John in the Isle of Patmos, notice the contrast:

Then there was nothing in his apparel to distinguish him from others: Now he is clothed in a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

Then he was the victim, the sacrifice: Now he is the High Priest of our profession, and clothed as becomes his office.

Then he often wept: Now his eyes are as a flame of fire.

Then his voice was not heard in the street: Now that voice is as the sound of many waters.

Then he went as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth: Now out of his mouth goes a sharp, two-edged sword, by which his enemies shall be destroyed.

Then he stood as a prisoner before an earthly judge, was scourged by the soldiers—set at naught by Herod—crucified as a malefactor between two thieves: Now he has the keys (in the power) of death and hell.

Then his visage was more marred than any man: Now his countenance is as the sun shining in his strength.

Then his head was crowned with thorns, and poured from it sweat as it had been great drops of blood, falling down to the ground: Now his head and hair are white like wool, as white as snow.

Then he was put to death through weakness: Now, as indicative of strength, his feet appear like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace.—*Christian Times.*

### How to be revived.

Many Christians are wishing and praying to be revived in religion, and yet do not obtain the blessing. Sometimes they give up the effort in a kind of despair, as though the mercy was not for them. But where lies the difficulty? With the Lord, or with them? Is not the grace of God sufficient, or is not the blessing such as can be consistently given in every case of this life?

If such persons will sincerely and perseveringly offer two short prayers, they will not long continue unblest with the revival state. One prayer is for the Holy Spirit, founded on the Saviour's declaration in Luke 11: 13. The other prayer is that of Paul, offered at his conversion and through all his Christian life: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Acts 9: 6, or "What shall I do, Lord?" 22: 15. The sincere prayer to know what God will have us do, implies the heart ready to do it. It is not only to do with our hands or our head, but as well with the heart—it believing what the Lord says. This prayer will save one from an improper waste of time and want of faith in Christ, and from deceiving himself. The prayer for the Spirit will save him from trusting to his own doings. When one is thus revived, he feels that he has a Saviour. The peace of God rules in his heart. He has the consciousness and the witness of the Spirit that he pleases his Master. Let him go on thus and the work of sanctification will go rapidly forward, and he will be enabled to abide in Christ.—*W'sconsin Puritan.*