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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For all human ties that bind me;
For the task by God assigned me;
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake!
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd History's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine;
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine:
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold:
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too:
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Dublin University Magazine.

Religious.

THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER ON THE ORGAN.

On the forenoon of Sunday, October 18th, before sermon, the Rev. Dr. W. Alexander intimated to his congregation that the organ presented to Augustine Church by Mr. McMurray, London, would be used in public worship on the next Sunday (November 1st.) In making the intimation, Dr. Alexander said: "This instrument presented to the congregation is intended for the purpose of helping us more efficiently and correctly to conduct the worship of God, in the celebration of his praise. You must not take up the notion that the design of this instrument is to embellish the music in this place. That is not the design of it. It is to help you who come together for the worship of God to do that in the most efficient manner possible. If any person has fallen into the mistake of thinking that we have adopted this plan for the purpose of merely producing delectable music for the amusement or gratification or pleasure of people's ears, than I say the mistake is a very great one. I hope no one will look upon the matter in this light, or suppose that they are doing a proper thing in God's house by listening to music in which they take no part. I hope it will not be thought by those in this congregation who, like myself have no musical talent, that the organ is not for them but for musical people. On the contrary, it is a great help to us who are not good singers; for when there is very fine singing, without such a help, we naturally feel that the best thing we can do is to hold our peace; but when an instrument like an organ makes a deep, strong sound, then we may make our little shout without fear of coming to grief.

Hence, I would say that the design of this instrument is to help such people especially. Whatever excellence there may be in fine musical performances, I have always maintained that in a Christian congregation there ought to be something better than that, and that is the well-conducted harmonious shout of the people in the house of God. That is what I am anxious for; and in giving this intimation I am desirous that no person what-

ever should imagine that we are music mad in this matter, and that we are merely seeking to have fine delectable music. What we want is to have more entirety in our singing. As to the manner in which the organ is to be used, my idea is, that as soon as the hour arrives for commencing worship, the organ should play for a few minutes, thereby serving the purpose which is served by the bells; for if there be propriety in having musical bells to bring us together, there can be no impropriety in using an organ in this way."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

THE PREACHING THAT CONVERTS.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."—John 12: 32. Other preaching may please, amuse, and enter tain; but the love of Christ attracts, astonishes, draws, breaks, melts, subdues, and changes the heart. St. Paul knew this, and determined to preach "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

In the light of his dying Saviour's cross, the sinner sees and feels "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," the height and depth of the love of Christ. There, and only there, he beholds his sin atoned for, his guilt cancelled, the law magnified, justice satisfied, God glorified—"just in justifying the ungodly who believe in Jesus." There he is conquered, disarmed, won by the love of Christ. In a moment the prayer of faith ascends, the tears of penitence fall, regeneration of heart is effected, consecration of himself to God is made: "I am the Lord's"—he becomes "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

What made the preaching of Berridge, and Hill, and Whitefield, and Wesley so efficient to the conversion of souls, but that the love of Christ was the burden of their theme? They glorified Christ in their preaching, and the Holy Spirit glorified their preaching in the conversion of multitudes now with them "before the throne of God and the Lamb."

Never shall I forget seeing the late great and good Rowland Hill, of London, now in the city of God, preaching in a market town in England on a market day. Like the Apostle Paul, standing on the steps at Athens, Mr. Hill was mounted, in the midst of the market-place, in a lumber wagon of a farmer from the country, a man standing at his back holding up an umbrella to protect his head from the rays of the summer sun. I can yet see him as he then and there stood and preached, for upwards of an hour, the love of Christ to the thousands gathered around him. What volume of voice, what vehemence, what emotion of heart, what earnestness, what tears were his! Not an inch of the high-born gentleman, his ripe scholarship, his far spread fame, or any one thing that was Rowland Hill's, could be seen, but only the "radiant glories of the Crucified One," in the "greatness of His love to man."

To see such another sight and hear such another sermon I would go far. Oh that our pulpits all may be filled by men possessing the spirit of Hill, and his mantle fall on the ministry of the Gospel throughout the land and world.—*Christian Treasury.*

MR. SPURGEON ON "THE STATE OF CHURCHES."

On Sunday morning, Jan. 3d, a vast number of persons assembled in Freemasons' Hall to hear an address from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in connection with a series of special services at present being held there. The hall was so densely packed long before the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings, that many hundreds of persons were compelled to go away after having vainly striven to obtain admission. Captain Trotter presided, and among these present were Lord Radstock; Mr. R. Hanbury, M. P.; the Rev. Samuel Minton, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford; the Rev. R. H. Kellick, M. A., rector of St. Clement Danes; the Rev. Dr. Jobson, and many other clergymen and gentlemen. As soon as Mr. Spurgeon rose, there was a loud cry from the people who were crowding the passages and staircase, for an adjournment to Exeter Hall, but the request was not complied with. He said the topic on which he had to speak was that of "conversion," and it seemed to him that this was the most important thing the Church

could seek after. If there was a church which did not continually make converts it would be well for it to ask itself whether it was a church at all. He felt quite sure that in any church where there was not frequent accession of new converts the old members would soon fall off. He had been into such churches, and had found the service gone through by machinery; but whenever a new convert was added it was a blessing to a church and the old members, who felt that they were pushed forward and must advance. If churches did not add fresh fuel to their fire, there would be very little fire for a man to warm his hands at, although there still remain a little warmth in the ashes. Even on the most selfish principles, churches must strive to make converts or they would inevitably die out and become extinct. Lately a great deal of infidelity had broken out in the Church, and he thanked God for it. It seemed as though God had let the devil loose among them to stir them up to renewed exertion. He trusted that God would deliver them from a sleeping devil, for a roaring devil was a blessing rather than the reverse. Let learned men continue to write as they had done, and though none then present would be likely to agree with them, it was a matter of hope that their productions would lead to conversions, and that thus the state of the churches would be improved. Want of success in this respect would be a species of dry rot that would bring about the ruin of the Church. The Rev. gentleman spoke earnestly on the present condition of the various Christian churches, and concluded with an energetic prayer for their increased success throughout the world.

A FINE CONTRAST.

THE SILENT REFORMER.—As Rev. Benjamin Cutler was passing the humble dwelling of a poor woman, whose husband, had been very intemperate, she called after him, and holding up a pair of chickens, begged him to accept them.

"I told her," said he, "she could not afford to give away such a fine pair of chickens."

"Mr. Cutler," said she, with a sad expression, "you will hurt my feelings if you do not take them. I have fattened and picked them on purpose for you. It is the only return I am able to offer for the very great service you have lately done for me and my little children."

"I am not aware," said Mr. Cutler, "of having done you any service of late."

"Sir," said the poor woman, "you have reformed my husband."

"There must be some mistake," said Mr. Cutler; "I knew your husband was intemperate, but I have never said a word to him on the subject."

"I know you never have," said she, "if you had, his pride is such that it might have made matters worse. It is now more than two months since he left off. It has happened, oddly enough, that often when you have stepped in to say a few kind words to us, he has been taking his dram, or taking down his jug, or putting it back again. About two months ago, just after you went out, he went to the door and, to my astonishment, poured nearly a pint of rum out of his jug, on to the ground, and said, 'Debby, rinse out that jug with hot water; I have done. I can't stand that man's looks any longer. If Mr. Cutler would look savage, I should n't mind it; but he looks so sad and so benevolent all the while when he sees me taking a dram, that I know what he means just as well as if he preached it in a sermon, and I take it very kindly of him that he did n't give me a long talk.'"

"I know you will take the chickens, Mr. Cutler," said the poor woman.—*Boston Transcript.*

A DRUNKARD MADE BY MISTAKEN KINDNESS.—A respectable gentleman at Edinburgh related a few years ago, a most affecting fact:

A religious lady at Edinburgh was sent to visit a woman who was dying, in consequence of disease brought on by habits of intemperance. The woman had formerly been in the habit of washing in this lady's family, and when she came to the dying woman, she remonstrated with her on the folly and wicked-

ness of her conduct, in giving way to so dreadful a sin as intemperance. The dying woman said, "you have been the author of my intemperance." "What did you say?" with pious horror exclaimed the lady; "I the author of your intemperance?" "Yes ma'am, I never drank whiskey till I came to wash in your family; You gave me some, and said it would do me good. I felt invigorated, and you gave me some again. When I was at other houses not so hospitable as yours I purchased a little, and by-and-by I found my way to the spirit shop, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work, and little by little I became what you now see me." Conceive what this lady felt.

FOR MOTHERS.

"LITTLE HARRY."

"Those words of my Irish serving woman were a great comfort to me," said the mother, amid her tears. "It seemed more than I could bear—the thought of laying down in the cold and darkness of the grave all the beauty and sweetness of my little boy; and the Irishwoman, trying in her homely way to comfort me, said, 'O, well, he isn't too pretty for where he's gone!' I think those words were just what I needed."

This touching little story is a true one. The mother—a very dear friend of mine—of a nature most impressive and tender, told it to me, while close by, the dim, sorrowful sunlight about him, lay "little Harry," in the small casket which resembled a coffin as little as possible, with the large, open blue eyes, that were like life instead of death, with the flowers scattered over him, and the small, beautiful hands, that looked like lilies half blossomed and waiting for the morning sunshine to come and open them. There he lay waiting, too, a little while, for they were bearing him from his city home whose light he had been, whose joy he had made, to the still, country graveyard, where the grass should build over him its low, green roof, and the last autumn birds should sing their sweet farewells over his slumbers—little Harry's!

And at last the mother rose up and went to the little casket, and kissed the sweet, cold face there, and said, "My little boy, it is the last ride you will ever take!" and only you, O mothers, who have so laid away the sweet, perished blossoms of your love and tending, know how her heart ached, as she said these words; and then the lid was shut down, and little Harry was shut from our sight. And as the words of the Irishwoman found their way to that mother's heart, in the great stress of her anguish and desolation, so I thought they might find a path to some other mother's heart stricken like hers.

COMPOSING A PRAYER.

Until my marriage, I had seldom attended the female prayer-meeting; and after that event, in the city where I went to reside, few except the elderly members were present, and I was the youngest of them all. One afternoon, when a goodly number had assembled, and many had led the way to a throne of grace with a fervor which bespoke unusual nearness to God, I, in my inexperience and vanity, thought to equal them by running over in my own mind a prayer which I would offer, and which, in truth, astonished me, with its flow and choice of language. "Ah!" said my soul, "I have a prayer now which is equal to any of them!" The moment of expectation came—when, in utter dismay, I found that my lips were sealed, my heart was cold, and that not an available idea of any kind came to my relief. In mortification and disgrace I rose from my knees. What a lesson it taught me—and nearly, too, at the commencement of an acknowledged religious life, when, to have prospered in such an undertaking might have proved ruinous to its spirituality, covering with the fair guise of piety and devotion a heart hypocritical and deceitful. How many times since have I thanked God for that hour of mortified pride and intense mental suffering, inasmuch as it wrought in me the spirit of watchfulness and godly jealousy over the motives which prompted me; as also, a childlike reliance upon the aid of the Holy Spirit to indite my petitions.—*W. & R.*