

Christian Messenger.

A REPOSITORY OF RELIGIOUS, POLITICAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

Deep in thought.

Blissful thoughts that long have slumbered,
I recall; they cheer my heart;
Oh, they tell of bygone pleasures,
They a world of joys impart.
Circled round by happy faces
Years ago I oft had been,
Objects of my fondest thinking,
Who will ne'er again be seen.

Often in my tranquil slumbers,
Visions to my couch are brought,
Such alas! as when I'm waking,
Plunge me ever in deep thought,
Deep in thought of happy childhood,
When my heart was free from care
With companions loved and loving
Scattered now I know not where.

Deep in thought, yet not unmindful
Of the objects round me here,
In whose presence I am happy,
Absent, in my thoughts most dear,
Deep in thought, still let me linger
On the theme of righteous love
Thoughts surpassing earthly pleasures,
Thoughts that soar to realms above.

MAUDIE.

Lawrencetown, Halifax Co.,
April 20, 1865.

Religious.

A Lady Preacher in London.

We have seen several notices of Mrs. Thistlethwaite's efforts in Paris and London. The following graphic picture and outline is from the *London Daily News*:

Mrs. A. F. Thistlethwaite again preached in the hall of the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square, last Sunday afternoon. Both hall and gallery were full. The bill of dramatic readings still affixed to the walls of passages and lobby, the roomy stage of the hall itself, with its faded crimson drop-curtain and shabby pilasters and appointments, gives a semi-theatrical aspect to the great room, and this impression was rather heightened than destroyed on Sunday by the whispered anticipations and evident curiosity of many of the people present. Not that they were, to any great extent, of the class to which such an ecclesiastical novelty as that promised them might be supposed to appeal. Here and there sparsely scattered among the congregation might be seen a small deputation from the fashionable world, but the vast majority of those filling the chairs and benches seemed to be drawn from the shopkeepers and domestic servants of the district, and were of the highly comfortable and respectable class from which the frequenters—say of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle—are mainly drawn. The platform-stage was occupied by some of the leaders or singers of the society usually worshipping there, which numbers some eighty members, its pastor, the Rev. Mr. Davis, sitting to the right of the large state chair in front of which is the lecturer's table, wherefrom Mrs. Thistlethwaite addressed her auditors.

Punctually at three p.m., the lady preacher came upon the platform, not from behind the curtain, as some foolish people seemed to expect, but by a side-door, and proceeding to the table, at once read out a hymn, which was subsequently sung very sweetly and musically by all. Gifted with the most perfect self-possession, a deep rich contralto voice, which is modulated with considerable skill and tact, and having her great natural advantages supported by that dramatic faculty, without some share of which every appearance before the public falls flat, Mrs. Thistlethwaite is well qualified for the difficult role she has undertaken. And this was well evinced by the grave and serious attention she commanded long before her eloquence had play. From the time of the first line of the hymn being read out, every one present, whatever the original motive for their visit might have been, seemed impressed by the evident sincerity of the person before them. No doubt it was expected by some that an attractive

woman would hold forth on religious matters, and that her avowals of sincerity and earnestness would be more or less true. It is scarcely likely, however, that either the rapid flow of words, always well chosen, sometimes eloquent and occasionally poetical—or the intellectual force and energy perceptible in every action—or the striking mobility of feature—or the nameless air of refinement—could be anticipated by any one to whom Mrs. Thistlethwaite is only known by name. As a mere study of character she furnishes a remarkable instance of the triumph to be effected over circumstances, and proves effectually that intelligent earnestness is more than a match for that touch of the ludicrous which attaches itself to the unconventional, the exceptional, and the peculiar. Her sermon on Sunday was of the type familiar to all who have frequented places of worship of the evangelical school. It was, however, perfectly free from the fierce denunciations and terrifying pictures which apparently form such tempting themes for inexperienced and self-taught preachers. The efficacy of grace, the inexhaustible character of the Divine love, the certainty of forgiveness for all, and the blissfulness of those called and chosen, formed the leading topics of her discourse.

Taking for her text a passage from the prophet Isaiah, "Shall the prey be taken from the mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?" she reverted to many other parts of both Old and New Testament, reading aloud from each, and supplying a running commentary to all. Thus she defended the character of Mary Magdalene from the aspersions cast upon it by divines, and maintained that this Mary had never been guilty of the sins commonly laid at her door. Thus, too, she dwelt at length upon the fitness of woman as an instrument of salvation and a messenger of mercy. The fact of the disciples leaving the sepulchre while a man remained behind to weep—that a woman should have first seen Jesus after the resurrection—and that a woman was the chosen recipient of the first assuring message sent to the Apostle, were all brought forward, as we understood, to prove woman's special fitness for the work of conversion. These points were urged with a rapid fluency, a constant transition of voice, and an energetic elocution of which it is difficult to convey an adequate idea without, at the same time, seeming guilty of exaggeration. The pretty Methodist in "Adam Bede" did not throw her whole soul into her self-appointed work more thoroughly than the lady preacher of Sunday last appeared to do; while by uplifted imploring eyes, by outstretched arms, by occasional excited pangs to and fro the little platform, she fully realised the notion of a female enthusiast, who believed herself entrusted by the Almighty with the discharge of a prescribed duty upon earth. Nor, after a little time, did the sense of novelty in listening to this female preacher interfere with the attention due to her discourse. The elegant black silk dress, with its plain white collar and cuffs, formed no unseemly contrast to the gowns and bands one is accustomed to behold on the orthodox figures of clergymen of the Established Church; and, granting it be expedient for a lady of Mrs. Thistlethwaite's position to preach at all, there was nothing in her demeanour or arguments to provoke hostile criticism. It should be stated that both prayers and sermon were delivered without a note of any kind, while from the comparative frequency of its perorations and its consequent occasional tendency to anti-climax, the latter was obviously extempore; and that when Mrs. Thistlethwaite said, in conclusion, that in her anxiety to save souls she "could go on until to-morrow morning," we had the fullest belief, derived from the flow of language we had already heard, that she did not over-estimate her powers. The sermon itself lasted just an hour, after which another hymn was sung, a short prayer was offered by Mrs. Thistlethwaite, and another by the Rev. Mr. Davis, and a final announcement was made that a Scotch nobleman would deliver an address from the same place later in the evening, and that Mrs. Thistlethwaite had also promised to preach again next Sunday afternoon.

Although circumstances were not wanting to provoke curiosity, and to assemble the idle and thoughtless to Edward-street on Sunday, the most marked propriety of demeanour was

observable throughout. Sincerity always commands respect, and of the honesty of purpose of the lady who has thus chosen to come before the public as an expounder of religious truth no one having heard her can entertain a doubt.

College Revivals.

The *Watchman & Reflector* says it is to be hoped that prayer for colleges will not cease now that the day set apart for that purpose is over. A single college revival may effect more good than a revival in a score of churches, and many colleges have such seasons of refreshing oftener than a majority of churches.

The following, from the *North Western Advocate*, is full of encouragement:

Colleges are as efficient a means of grace as any church organizations. We will not expect ordinary churches with good congregations, nor missionary operations. To sustain this position we must refer to Eastern institutions, which have a history in the space of ninety-six years, beginning with the great revival of 1741, and ending in 1837. There were twenty revivals in Yale College, in fourteen of which five hundred students were hopefully converted. Indeed, for thirty years previous to 1848, revivals occurred in Yale College, on an average, about once in two years, and in one of these revivals there were a hundred hopeful conversions. At Middlebury College, for the first twenty-five years of its history, every class but one passed through a season of revival. At Amherst a marked revival has occurred on the average of once in three years during its whole existence of over forty years, beside many other seasons of special interest, which, though not dignified by the name of revivals, have yet been of unspeakable importance in raising the standard of practical piety, and in fitting the successive classes to go forth into the world with a more glowing and a fresher love to God and man than they otherwise would have felt; and moreover, in all such cases, a few are hopefully converted. We might quote from the history of other colleges, but need we do so? What churches can show a better record than these colleges! With many of our most popular congregations years pass without a revival, and in some, revivals are unknown. Divide the congregations so as to make them two hundred each, to equal the number at Amherst College, and we think no one will claim that a special revival is enjoyed by each two hundred every three years, with special seasons of interest in the interim. The history of our Methodist colleges would demonstrate our position, we think, if we could obtain it. It is true that some of our colleges, like some of our churches, show a poor record, but we quote our largest institutions. Dr. Cummings, president at Middletown, writes: "We hardly have the material for a revival in the ordinary sense of the term. All but two in the present class of thirty-five have at some time been converted. Some conversions occur each year. Nineteen in twenty of all we graduate are converted men."

"This do in remembrance of me."

THE UNITY.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—GAL. 3: 28.

In the church of our Saviour on earth, all differences should be done away, all distinctions should be levelled, for we are all one in Christ Jesus. Let us look upon our brethren as in Christ, as members of his body, of his flesh, and his bones; and remember that Christ loves all his children, alike, with an infinite, tender, and eternal love. If prejudice is produced in our minds against any one, let us bear in mind that Jesus is not prejudiced, though we are; and perhaps holds sweet and intimate communion with the persons, to whom we may be tempted not to speak. If I love Jesus, I must love all Jesus loves, and if I am one with Jesus, I must strive to be one with all that are united to him. O for more unity in God's church! May every one of us strive and pray for

unity. Spirit of unity and love, work mightily in my heart, and let me realize union with all who are united to Jesus!

"As the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ."—1 Cor. 12: 12.

The late Richard Cobden.

We take the following particulars respecting the early days of the deceased statesman from *The Manchester Courier*:

"Mr. Cobden began life as a lad in a London warehouse. Growing into a young man, he was sent on matters of business to many of the houses with which his firm was connected. Among those he so visited was Mr. John Lewis, of 101, Oxford-street. Mr. Lewis conceived a liking for the young man, on account of the smart and business-like manner in which he used to come to his house and transact whatever he had to do, and often gave him a few kind words. One day young Cobden came to him, and with some hesitation told him that he and two of his comrades, young men like himself, had heard of a business near Manchester, which a gentleman was retiring from, and the plant of which was to be had for 1,500*l.*; this sum the three had agreed to raise among them, but Cobden had no friends to help him with his quota, and therefore he had ventured to ask Mr. Lewis if he would do so. Mr. Lewis, from his partiality to him, at once assented; and Cobden left him in high spirits. But soon after he called again, with a long face, to say his colleagues had not been able to raise their 500*l.* each. After a while, however, he came again, to state that the owner of the business in question, having heard favourably of the trio, agreed to let them have it for Cobden's 500*l.* Would Mr. Lewis still let him have the money? Mr. Lewis very kindly complied, and the three shortly after began the world together. The 500*l.* was speedily repaid; and, after a very few years, one and then another of the partners drew out of the business with a handsome fortune, and Richard Cobden came to be what he was. The foregoing particulars were related to the writer by Mr. Lewis, who retired from business about twenty-five years ago, and subsequently died in Madeira."

TRIBUTE TO COBDEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—When the House of Commons met after Mr. Cobden's death, it was wonderful to see the solemn, chastened effect which this event had produced upon the members at their next meeting. The members came down in great numbers, in the expectation that some notice would be taken of the loss of their colleague, and they were not disappointed. The preliminary and private business was quietly disposed of, all the time the members talking in whispers, and their sad faces telling most eloquently the subject of their conversation. At length the clerk proceeded to read the orders of the day, and there was a universal hush, and a closer crowding together, as Lord Palmerston arose, and with great feeling paid that tribute to the memory of the illustrious deceased which every one felt to be so well deserved. There was no man in the House with whom Mr. Cobden had more sharp encounters than the Premier, and his lordship did not in the least disguise the differences that existed between them, but that did not blind him to the elevation and purity of his character. Mr. Disraeli followed, in a rather more ambitious style, and he, too, did ample justice to the character and achievements of Mr. Cobden, thought it might be questioned whether the semi-patronising way in which he spoke of the deceased as one of the middle class in opposition to the gentry of England came with good grace from his mouth. Then followed—or rather attempted to follow—Mr. Bright; for, though he rose from his seat, his emotion for a time choked his utterance, and he could only bury his face in his hands. At last he gasped out a few broken sentences, thanking the leaders of the House for the tribute they had paid his friend, rather than adding anything of his own. Indeed, he was utterly unable; and yet his choking, sobbing, broken sentences told most powerfully on the House, and strongly infected them with similar emotion.