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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

The Family.

"Fellow-citizens of the saints and of the household of God.—Eph. ii. 19.

There is a wondrous family,
That's scattered far and near,
All travelling to eternity,
But never gathered here.
There's many a loving brother,
And sisters dear, we know,
Who shall never see each other,
Nor ever meet below.

They have all one mighty Father,
Who is forever near,
But they only feel his presence,
And never see Him here.
They have all an Elder Brother,
Who saved them every one,
But they shall not see his beauty
Until their journey's done.

They have all one home, far distant,
On which their hopes are set;
But they do not know its glories,
Nor even dream them yet.
When within its blessed portals
This scattered household meet,
How great will be the jubilee,
The fellowship how sweet!

Then, if homewards I am hasting,
I need not shed a tear,
Though I meet few kindly faces
Or friendly greetings here.
All more dear will be the welcome,
When entrance there I gain;
All the sweeter to be sharing
Love's pure and perfect reign.

E. T.

Religious.

The Melancholy Days.

By MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year."

So many things conspire to make the autumn a sad time. It is so different from the joy and gladness of spring. The fading away of the beautiful pleasures of God's earth is enough to fill us with regret. Death is full of sadness at all times. What beauty can there be in decay? Can it be other than a painful sight, the dying leaves dropping silently on the sodden ground, finding their dank graves, and lying neglected and trodden upon? Are we expected to rejoice and be glad when the beauty of the summer has departed, and we pass silently down into the dark valley of the winter? When the flowers are gone and the birds have hushed their songs and the sun does not show his bright face, and nature is enveloped in a thick fog, can we be merry then?

Nay, but we may be thoughtful, we may set ourselves diligently to learn the lessons which the autumn teaches, we may listen to the warning, subduing voices of the departing summer, and gain wisdom thereby.—What do they say to us, these sighing winds and dropping leaves, and creeping fogs?—What message does our Father send us by their means?

Full of pathos is that dirge of the unhappy, "The harvest is past the summer is ended and we are not saved." That is a more mournful song than the saddest winds can sing, and its meaning is such as to raise lamentations deeper and louder than those which respond to the dying voices of the year. If this is the strain we have to repeat, then, indeed may the autumn be full of sorrow to us. Before the fresh young leaves again clothe the trees, we may be out of the reach of salvation, and "Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now!" may be spoken to us through the closed gates of the eternal city.

Not yet, however, is our summer of hope and of opportunity altogether gone. It is not yet too late; we may return, and the King will receive us; we may repent, and the Father will forgive us.

It is also a sad time in the double sense of the phrase, when even although we have named the name of the Lord, we have to look back upon a wasted summer. So many bright

days, when every hour brought a love-token from our Father, and not a word spoken for Him during the whole of them! So much health, and strength, and pleasure, and all of it used selfishly, and without a thought of his glory. So many unsaved around us, and we have gone carelessly along our gladness way and have not hastened to the rescue. Ah, friends, how many of us have painful reflections such as these for our companions during the dark days! But because the summer season has been neglected, surely we need not give ourselves up to mournfulness that our opportunities are lost forever. There is yet time to live for something higher and better than self; there is yet opportunity for speaking earnest words, and importunate prayer. If we have been neglectful hitherto, it is only the more reason for our being more diligent and watchful in the days which are coming.

What shall we do with the winter? Let us make it a very earnest time—a time in which to spend and be spent in the Master's service, a time in which we shall do some little good, that he may have much glory. The winter is only a dark solitary time to the selfish, and indolent, and un-Christian. It has no dull days to those who are themselves bright and shining lights; and it is possible though the leaves on the ground are covered with snow, and the skies are shadowed with thick clouds, to have hearts that are warm and sunny, and full of joy.

Let us make every day so busy that it has no room for melancholy. Let us fill it with earnest thought, and encouraging words, and noble deeds. There will be plenty around us needing to be helped, and blessed, and cared for. There is sure to be too much of suffering during the coming months; privation, and pain, and grief, are the accompaniments of the winter. But we may alleviate all this, though we cannot remove it. And is it not blessed, almost Christ-like, to bring joy into sorrowful homes, and cause some sad heart to sing aloud for mercy.

We would have our dear young friends, who have health, and means, and leisure, to do some of the angel's work this winter; to go where the sick and dying lie, to bind up the broken spirits, to make the sad little children with old, pinched faces, feel that after all the world is happy, and childhood is gay; to win the aged back from the sad retrospect of a long and wasted life to a present look at the Saviour of sinner, and an anticipation of a new and a far, far better life. Oh! this is the work which steals the melancholy days out of the winter altogether, and makes the autumn a calmly happy time.

If to any of us comes the foreboding that our year of life has nearly expired, and we shrink from the snows of the winter, we have yet one thing to comfort us.—"In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." What have we to fear even though we go down into the dark valley of the shadow of death. If He be with us, all shall be well, and the storms will be hushed, the winter pass away, and we shall live for evermore in the perpetual sunshine of his smile.

Professor Lange at home.

The following graphic sketch of this learned commentator is from the correspondence of one of our N. York exchanges. Lange's Commentary is not yet generally known, except amongst scholars. His style and mode of thought is likely to exert great influence over the leading minds of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States:

I stopped twelve hours at Bonn, visiting the university (whose buildings were once a palace, and the largest of the kind in Germany); its library of two hundred thousand volumes; its large and valuable museums; the Minster; the squares and some other places of interest. Prof. Lange, the author of the Commentary lives in a plain, modest dwelling in the newer part of the city. He is within unpleasant hearing of the railway whistle, but as he is a man of progressive nature, and knows how to push his way through the great theological crowd in Germany, he does not despise proximity to the symbol of modern speed. He enjoys the good fortune to have a daughter who knows where every book in his library belongs, who is the only

one permitted to touch the theologian's books and papers, and knows enough of her father's business studies and plans to aid him by her taste, industry and most reliable fidelity. I saw in the university the lecture-room where Lange reads. The desks and seats are ink-covered and mutilated to a degree worthy the most successful devotees of the art of whitening. Let any one who would form an idea of the contentment of the really learned men of Germany, walk into the theological lecture-room of the University of Bonn, and see for himself that the greatest commentator reads his lectures to an eager auditory from a diminutive desk no larger than the frail stand which supports a chorister's note-book, and sits meanwhile on a narrow, unpainted, three-legged stool, which is so uncomfortably gauged as to make its occupant neither sit nor stand but do half of both. How Lange, or any other man but an acrobat, can keep his equipoise on such a nondescript stool, and read from such an aspen leaf desk, is more than I can easily imagine. But of their doing it the well-used and antiquated appearance of both is ample proof.

Trusting Man and Christ.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the gospel, by writing a note asking him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room, his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:

"The letter! The letter!"

"O," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly—"Come—unto—Me—all—ye—that labor," &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men the witness of God is greater!" This expedient is owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny Himself."

The line between Crime and Misfortune.

A careful weighting of facts may result in defining with clearness the law of judgment on cases of alleged insanity in criminals. In view of the frequent abuse of the plea of irresponsibility this is devoutly to be wished.—An English lawyer who recently visited the Fisherton Convict Lunatic Asylum (near Salisbury) records the results of his observation and inquiry of the medical men in attendance from which we make an extract. To the theologian and student of Providence the following possesses singular interest as indicating the limits of duty and penalty, and how God, even in his manifold severities, spares the sufferers useless pain:

But do these murderers, when they recover their senses, repent of the crimes they had committed?

Never. It is a singular fact, and in my opinion, a very beautiful one, in which nature seems to draw a line between crime and misfortune. I never met with a case in which a genuine repentance was visible in a person who had, when in a fit of insanity, killed another. You remember, perhaps, the case of Celestina Sommers, who murdered her daughter in a most cruel manner. She died here a few months afterward, quite mad. She appeared naturally a very mild woman, and evidently genuinely sorry if she offended any one; but she never appeared to show the slightest sorrow for the murder of her daughter. A more singular case still is the man you see working with the gardener. In a fit of raving insanity he murdered a woman. There was no doubting his case, and the jury on that ground unhesitatingly acquitted him. He continued insane some, for some months afterward, and then recovered his senses as quickly as he had lost them. When informed of the crime he had committed, he appeared greatly surprised. He is very religious, and attempted to repent, but was not able to succeed. He still wishes he may have the power and does all he can to obtain repentance by reasoning on the subject, but without avail.

—W. & R.

Scripture well applied.

It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is opposed to total abstinence. On one occasion Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the "Sons of Temperance," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop; 'Wine is a mocker!'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"I can't do it, Bishop; 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming restive and excited, said to Mr. Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to that gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that; 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

Gen. Fisk and the Theatre.

A lady friend of Gen. and Mrs. Fisk called on them the other evening at their rooms in the St. Nicholas hotel, and requested them to go with her to the theatre and hear Mr. Booth in Romeo and Juliet.

"I cannot go," said the general, "I have an engagement."

"Ah, but you can get released from your engagement," she insisted. "What is it, if I may be so impertinent?"

"It is the evening for my prayer meeting," he replied, "and I make it a point always to be present when possible."

The lady seized his hand, and tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "General, you have preached me the best sermon I have had for many a month. I too, am a member of the church, and ought to be as punctual and faithful in my duties as you are, but I am not."

"But do you really think it is wrong to attend the theatre?" she added after a slight pause.

"It would probably do me no harm," he replied. "But suppose I was to go for this reason, mindful of my own pleasure or of its influence upon myself. I take my seat. Yonder is a young man who has been enticed to the place, not without some misgivings of conscience; he casts his eye up, and says to himself with much satisfaction, 'Ah, there is Gen. Fisk. He is a good Christian man. I heard him give an address the other sabbath; surely I must be all right in Christian company.' No," said the noble Christian man, "I cannot lend my influence to that which is corrupting the youth of our land and debasing society."—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

Never fear man if God is on your side.

"Humility cannot bear her own shadow."