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Religious.

A Liberal Bishop.

The Right Reverend G. E. L. Cotton, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, was drowned in the Gan- ges, Oct. 6. 1866.

"Bishop Cotton was really liberal both in mind and heart. This liberality was not merely prompted by Christian feeling, though that was sound; it was also the conclusion reached by a well-informed, well-balanced judgment. It sprang from conviction as well as from Christian principle. He was therefore, not afraid either to speak it plainly, or to act it out. In this he was unlike those timid and amiable clergy, who, though one with the majority of the Christian world in all the essentials of doctrine and spiritual life feel obliged every hour to fence their position by illiberal treatment of the men with whom they sympathise, for fear lest they themselves should be thought bad churchmen. Bishop Cotton was above this. He knew his own hearty attachment to the Church of which he was a chief minister. But he knew that there were also Christian men in other churches, and he had the moral courage to treat them as such. There were two ways in which this liberality was conspicuously shown. In various parts of India, Church Missions are carried on in districts and near villages, close by the missions of other societies; and at times, certain over-jealous missionaries of the former, too ready to underrate the ministry of the latter, have encroached beyond the well-defined bounds by which the intercourse of these missionaries is usually regulated. In such cases, Bishop Cotton, when appealed to, was ever ready to do the justice which was rarely, if ever secured from Bishop Wilson. Again, in 1863, with the full concurrence of the Governor-General he officially sanctioned an innovation in the use of consecrated churches, which had often been desired, but never till then secured.— Since the mutiny, several Scotch regiments have been stationed in the barracks of Upper India, and in many stations they have no churches of their own. Bishop Cotton ordered that at a convenient hour on the Sunday the Episcopal churches should be available for their worship, and that the Presbyterian clergymen should have full liberty to officiate after the rules of his own church! Many a chaplain was shocked at this strange order.— In England it greatly shook the faith reposed in him by dignitaries of the English Church, and strong measures were suggested in order to compel him to retract. But he had consulted lawyers. He knew that the measure was right in itself; he knew that the law was on his side; and he knew that his conduct was heartily approved by the Indian Government and by all right-thinking men.

"In the same spirit, when the Marriage Act was brought before the Legislative Council, which would provide increased facilities for the marriage of Presbyterians and Non-conformists, and give to Nonconformist ministers and registrars powers which they do not possess in England itself, he gave the Act his cordial approval. He justly sought to secure the same full privileges for his own clergy he put no hindrance in the way of others. Bishop Wilson had resisted all concession for twenty years. And when the Converts' Divorce Act was proposed, which for the first time sought to secure relief to any convert persistently repudiated by a heathen wife or husband, again the Bishop joined the liberal party, and gave the Act his most active support. There were many of the clergy, and some of the Episcopal missionaries on the other side; and they were headed by Archbishop Pratt, who pleaded powerfully against a measure which he believed to be fraught with danger to the purity of the young Indian Church. But the Bishop also took up the pen, and presented a more powerful argument in favor of the Act full of learning, strengthened by all kinds of ecclesiastical authority, and based upon broad considerations of justice. Supported by a memorial, signed by a hundred and sixty missionaries, the Act was carried to a triumphant issue, and became law not quite a year ago."—*British Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1867. p. 218.

An Impulse.

A SKETCH BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

It was the Sabbath day. It was the sacramental Sabbath. Outside there brooded a deep peace, a stillness of perfect repose, in which man and beast reposed from their labours. It was an autumnal Sabbath. Silently the brown leaves fell down beneath the trees on which they had flourished in beauty. They laid on the graves outside of the little sanctuary, in which, amid the holy silence that reigned, the believers in Jesus took the cup and broke the bread in remembrance of Him. Some of all kinds were there. The business man, who even then and there could not quite leave the burden of the week at the foot of the hill, while he ascended and worshipped. There was the mother, whose sad heart sighed, and whose sad eyes shed tears over the sorrow that thrust itself ever between her and the Lord. There were the devotional who sat as Mary did at the feet of their Master, caring for nothing so that they might hear his voice and look into his face.

There were two who sat in that house of prayer unknown and widely dissimilar, but who worshipped the same God, each according to her light in sincerity and truth. The one was a fair, fresh girl, in all the sweetness of English maidenhood, her blue eyes sparkling with joy, her fair hair hanging about her shoulders in curls, and everything about her bespeaking joy, and tenderness, and gentleness. She was the loved of many, but by none more than her own father and mother, who watched her and looked upon her with such perfect content.

The other was pale and dim, and faded—no sparkle in her eyes, but instead, the shadow of a great grief, which showed itself also in her grey hair and furrowed brow. She had no father, no brother, no friend. She was alone in the world, and none loved her.

These two so different, were brought together once, for their voices joined in singing the same hymn—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of Thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be."

For a moment their eyes met—the one, in a wistful, appreciating admiration of the beauty of the sweet girl's face; the other, with a surprised, mournful sympathy for the evident sorrow which could be so near her own joy.

When the service was concluded, the stranger, for such was the latter individual of whom we have spoken, again glanced into the clear blue eyes which were turned toward her.

Minnie was modest and timid, as becomes the young. Any new adventure brought the ready blushes to her face, and made her eyes downcast. And yet some common feeling of humanity, some impulse, rather let us say some providential leading, caused her to cast off her bashfulness, and speak to the stranger.

What did she say?

Very little, only some simple words, some kindly inquiry about her health, a gentle tone of interest mingling with it all, and her eyes being filled to overflowing with kindly and affectionate meaning.

"Why have you spoken to me?"

"I don't know. I wanted to. I felt that you would excuse me. I could see, as we say, that you are a sister, and we shall not be strangers when we get to our Father's house. Can I," she hesitated, but finally finished her sentence, "can I do anything for you? May I help you in any way?"

A faint smile broke over the pallid face.

"You cannot do much for me, my child, but pray for me this evening; will you do so? I am a stranger to you but your prayers will be none the less effectual for that."

"I should rather ask for yours.—I am only a beginner, but you must be far on in the truth, but I will ask God to bless you."

"And may he bless you, now in your sweet youth and ever."

And so they parted never to meet again on this side of the dividing river.

That night in the silence of her snug little chamber, Minnie did not forget the stranger. She asked great blessings for her, everything that she could think would conduce to her happiness. She asked for rest for the spirit,

which had been troubled as such, for friends to lift her out of her loneliness, for health instead of sickness and weariness and depression. She asked for everything but that which alone could make the stranger happy. But the All-merciful heard the prayer, answered it as He knew would be most acceptable.

At midnight there was a call—"Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet Him;" and she arose and trimmed her lamp, and went in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

In a little pocket-book lying on the table of the little room where the stranger had fallen asleep for the last time, were these words—"I am strangely happy to-night. A young lady has spoken to me, and her sweet voice lingers with me still. It reminds me of my loved ones whom I shall soon join. Little did she think that a kindly word would make a stranger happy with so great a peace. God bless her and she shall be blessed."

She gave the words to Minnie, and she kept them for many years. She was filled with gratitude to God who had honoured her by letting a few of her words do so much good. She thinks sometimes of the pale-faced stranger, and wonders if she will know her again in their Father's house.

Young ladies, in all the freshness of your youth and beauty, could not you sometimes do as Minnie did? Could not you speak a kindly pleasant word to the stranger, and the aged, and the lonely?—*Bap. Messenger*.

Mr. Spurgeon's Lecture on "Candles."

As a very great amount of curiosity is manifested with respect to the lecture which the most celebrated preacher of the age will deliver to-morrow in Philharmonic Hall, it may be interesting to lay before our readers a complete synopsis of that remarkable address, which has attracted so much attention in London and other parts.

The importance of the candle as an illustration is proved by many references to Holy Scriptures. This being done, the lecturer proceeds to show of what things the candle may be said to be emblematic.

1. Seven candles of different lengths illustrate the seven stages of human life, teach our mortality, and bid us "work while it is yet to-day."

2. A candle-box full of candles represents many churches which are of no service to the age. As the candles are of no practical use till lighted, so churches are useless till heavenly fire lights them.

3. A number of wax candles, not lighted, looking down in disdain upon a poor rushlight, which is lighted, and thereby doing more than all its fine neighbors.

4. An unlit candle, which placed in candlesticks of all sorts, yet gives no light in any one of them, shows how men may lay the blame of their usefulness upon the position of life in which they are placed.

5. Trying to light a candle with an extinguisher upon it, well sets forth the ill effects of prejudice in preventing the reception of the truth.

6. A dark lantern represents those who do not benefit others, because they keep their light to themselves.

7. A candle protected from the wind in a lantern clear and bright, pictures the watchful providence of God over his creatures.

8. Represents a lantern with a pane out, showing thereby that men who trust to their own strength, have an opening through which the wind of temptation can blow and extinguish their light.

9. A dirty, battered lantern, its filthiness rendered conspicuous by the light within is an emblem of professed Christians, whose faults are noticed the more because of their profession.

10. Is a lantern with cracks in it, through which the light gleams brightly, illustrating the fact that very great gifts are often given to those who have very weak, frail bodies.

11. Candle under a bushel.

12. Candle under a bandbox, through which the flame burns its way—an emblem of the light of the Christian becoming stronger in times of persecution.

13. One candle lighting another illustrates God's method of instrumentality.

14. A small taper lighting a great candle, shows how humble individuals are able often to influence greater, as John Owen blessed by an unknown county preacher.

15. A candle blown out while an attempt is being made to light another, shows how acts of indiscreet zeal are often checked.

16. The night light, which portrays those kind and generous women who do good to the sick and visit the homes of the poor.

17. A noble wax candle, over which a sheet of tin is held and made black by smoke, but being held by the side, acts as a reflector to increase its brightness, shows that we should not be constantly striving to pry out our neighbors faults, but rather acting as reflectors to increase their splendor.

18. A candle of great thickness with small wick is an emblem of a man with great talents and little zeal.

19. A thief in a candle is like a besetting sin.

20. A sputtering candle is like a sour-tempered, crochety man.

21. A candle in a common guard illustrates the need of watchfulness.

22. Snuffers—speak of the need to take away our "superfluity of naughtiness."

23. Small pieces of candle on the "save all" show how we should use all our talents for God.

24. Burning the candle at both ends sets forth the profligate's folly.

25. Steel filings dropped upon the flames of a candle produce sparklets; so afflictions are often made the means of a grander display of grace.

26. Two candles of different heights; the shorter one behind the longer casts a shadow; by putting the shorter candle in front you get the light of both. This shows how they of high degree should recognize the aid of the most lowly.

27. Light inside a lantern inscribed with the words, "Take a light," illustrates that those who have knowledge ought to communicate it.

28. A chandelier holding a great variety of lights, of various colors and sizes, illustrates the unity of the church in the midst of diversity.

These are the principal points on which the reverend gentleman founds his very brilliant and powerful lectures. Such a variety of topics will form a subject of great interest.—*Liverpool paper*.

When not to Write.

When I was a young man, I taught school in—. Some act of discipline gave offense to a man living in the district. He showed his resentment by abusive language, misrepresented me, prejudiced some of my friends against me, and finally got me angry, which I suppose was what he wanted. I wrote a letter in pretty strong language.

That afternoon, after school, an old man, who was one of my best friends, came into the school-room. I told him what I had done, and showed him the letter. He listened patiently, read the letter, then put his hand on my shoulder, and said, "My young friend, when you are angry, don't write. Words spoken may be air; words written are things."

I did not then think, (said the secretary,) that I should make letter writing a great part of my life-work, but in the thousands of letters I have had to write since then—some of them under very trying circumstances—the old man's words have been my guide, and they have kept me from writing when angry, from speaking when angry, and even from being angry.

I remember, in my childhood hearing an old minister say something to the effect that Satan goes up and down the world, starting theaters, gambling halls, and drinking saloons, "seeking whom he may devour," but when he comes across a church-quarrel, he says, "No need of me here. They'll devour each other fast enough," and leaves the Christians to do his work for him. As he walks through our literature, where he certainly does walk, inspiring trashy novels, glorifying vice, filling our political journals with heathenish and profane allusions, and our literary ones with masked infidelity, when he finds the bitter spirit of the world brought by Christians into their writings, and religious journals made