

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XIII. No. 24.

HALIFAX, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1868.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXII. No. 24.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

MISCELLANEA.

No. VI.

Athanasian Creed. It is sufficiently remarkable, that ecclesiastical history has not been able positively to assign the authorship, or date, of the Creed as a composition. It appears to me, that the silence respecting the individual author was designed, or at least his name was forgotten, in the wish to give a higher authority to the document; and that its reception by us in its present form, as the "symbol" or "faith" of Athanasius, is the evidence of the triumph of a party in the Church, thus declaring their authoritative judgment, under the sanction of a name which expressed in itself every thing hostile to Arianism.—*Bishop Hampden.*

Truth.—Truth is rather the attribute of the few than of the many. The real Church of God may be the small remnant, scarcely visible amidst the mass of surrounding professors. Who then shall pronounce any thing to be divine truth, simply because it has the marks of having been generally or universally received among men?—*Ibid.*

A link in the chain of Apostolic Succession.—Sidonius Apollinaris, Bishop of Auvergne, A. D. 471, is a favorable specimen of the superior clergy of that day. Succeeding to a line of progenitors who had held high offices in the Empire, and son-in-law to the Emperor Avitus, himself a prefect and patrician, he was elected to the episcopal dignity before he even belonged to the clerical order. His elevation however to the spiritual charge made no alteration in the man. He pursued his favorite pastimes, his poetical pleasantries, and his social diversions, with the same good humor and enjoyment as before. He has given indeed in one of his epistles, an amusing account how the interval in a long religious ceremony at the tomb of St. Justus, was employed by himself and other ecclesiastics, in lively conversation and in various games, among which was that of the ball, in which he took the lead.—*Ibid.*

Blind obedience.—The monk was taught to consider his body and will as entirely subject to the Superior of his Order. John Duns Scotus presents a striking instance of the imperative force of such obligations. In the year 1308 he was lecturing at Paris. He had retired to some fields out of the town with his disciples, for the sake of recreation. Letters are brought to him there from the Minister General of the Order of St. Francis to which he belonged,—*obedientiales literæ*, as his biographer expresses it,—desiring him to transfer himself to Cologne. Immediately with a blind and prompt obedience, *cæca et prompta obedientia*, bidding farewell to those present, he proceeds straight-forward on his way to Cologne, without returning home to collect his books and writings, or salute the brothers. Those that were present asked him why he did not go to the convent to bid farewell to the brothers. His answer adds the biographer, was worthy of the man. "The Father-General orders to go to Cologne not into the Convent to salute the brothers."—*Ibid.*

Cure of disease.—"I consider the treatment of the great majority of diseases to consist in increasing the quantity of healthy blood, and giving force to the action of the heart. You can't cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and Nature will do the rest of the work. On this principle disease in general may be treated, so far as my observation has gone, with pre-eminent success. In order to appreciate fully its force, you must start with the conviction that Nature cures, not man: man removes obstructions from her path and nothing more. This done he awaits the onward moving of the great machine, like to a great ship of gigantic weight, which, quietly held in her position at rest by a few timbers, immediately obeys the great natural law of gravitation on their removal, and glides into the water below. Did man launch this vessel, or did Nature?—With as much title may the physician or the surgeon declare that he cured a disease.—There are of course, occasional exceptions to

this assertion in some cases of operative surgery."

How is the quantity of healthy blood to be increased and the weak pulse to be strengthened? By tonics and stimulants, bark and wine, and by good nourishment. This is Mr. Skey's answer, and his book is full of corroborating instances, some of them very remarkable.—*English Independent.*—Review of Skey on the "Remote Causes of Disease in general."

A SCENE IN THE HOLY LAND.—We passed near a peasant at work with a curious plough drawn by a pair of tiny bullocks. The point of the plough was very long and without mould-board, and the only handle of which it could boast was attached to a beam of wood, extending to the yoke, dispensing, of course, with the chain used in many places. The ploughman holds it with one hand, and carries in the other a goad, some nine or ten feet long, having at one end an iron somewhat like a carpenter's chisel for cleaning the plough, and at the other a brad for urging the animals onward. Thus equipped, he both holds and drives. We each took a turn in guiding the plough and felt pleasure for the time in occupying a place so often honoured by prophets and good men of old in this historic land.—"About the time of the going down of the sun" we reached Djegin, and, weary from the long journey, I lay for a time upon a rug near the fountain, while our dragoman went to look for lodgings. During that brief time, many a maiden came forth with her pitcher to draw water. What strong evidence this that we are nearing the Bible land! Lodgings were soon announced. On reaching the room intended for our reception, we found the several members of the family busily engaged in covering the floor with matting, and near the seat of honour a fine carpet was spread.—Presently, finding I was weary, a thin mattress, or, perhaps, as would be better understood in our country, a thick comfortable, was added as a bed: here, stretching my weary limbs, I sought needed rest. By the time however, that we were fairly domiciled, a large circle of men came in and engaged in their favorite occupation—smoking. Still, finding our neighbors inclined to be social, we strove to make the conversation instructive, and, if possible, to edification. In the course of the evening our kind hostess inquired if we would like water for our feet. On our replying in the affirmative, "a lordly dish" well filled was brought, and we were told all things were ready. Think what must have been our surprise on being told that the young woman standing near had volunteered to wash the strangers' feet. Fearing that our refusal might be misunderstood, we placed them at the disposal of "the little Syrian maid." With what thrilling interest ought we hereafter to read the account of what transpired when He whose "blood cleanseth from all sin" girded Himself and washed His disciples' feet, saying to them, "If I then your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet; for I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you."—*Eli Jones, of the Society of Friends.*

The Robber Crab.—"Here, as in Samoa, the large robber crab (*Birgus latro*) is found in great numbers and the natives are very expert in catching them. The sagacity of these crabs is surprising. A young man in my family, in Samoa, saw one up a cocoa-nut tree twenty-five feet high push down (not twist off as the natives do) a dark brown cocoa-nut; that is a nut in just such a state of ripeness as to be easily detached from its stalk; just such a one a native would have selected. The habit of this crab is, after having thrown down a cocoa-nut from the tree, to descend, go to the nut and tear off with its strong claws the fibrous husk; then it re-ascends the tree with the nut, holding it by a bit of the husk which it leaves on for the purpose, and lets it fall upon a stone or rock to break it. It then descends, either to feast upon the broken pieces or carry them away to its hiding place. Sometimes, instead of taking it up the tree again to let it fall upon a stone, it will gnaw with its nipper-like claws a large hole in the nut, beginning at the eye: If these crabs perceive themselves discovered up a tree by any person, they draw up their legs and claws, form themselves into a ball, drop down, and immediately

endeavour to escape; or if discovered near a precipice they roll down it. They feed on other fruits beside the cocoa-nut; such as the candle nuts, nutmegs, figs, and many other kinds of rich and oily nuts and fruits. The trees yielding these are, at certain seasons, covered with them, feasting upon their fruits, and when thus found basket loads of them are taken. They go periodically into the sea, about the change and full of the moon just before she rises."—*Powell's "Savage Island."*

The School System of Zurich, Switzerland.—Every child in Zurich is under obligatory instruction from the age of six to sixteen.—Till he has completed his twelfth year he must attend the commune day-school, or, if he is exceptionally under private tuition, must show that he is receiving tuition equally good. The subjects which he is taught are the mother tongue, arithmetic, and geometry; the elements of natural philosophy, history, and geography, singing, hand-writing, drawing, and gymnastics, religious knowledge, and, for girls needlework. When the twelfth year is completed, for the remaining three years four courses are open to him, though in each case he continues under obligatory instruction.—If very poor he may become a pupil in the singing-school, where he keeps up his singing and receives religious instruction from the pastor. If he can afford the time, he enters the finishing school, receiving eight hours' instruction a week. But the normal course is for him to pass the last three years in the higher or secondary popular school. In this school the subjects studied are rarely the same as in the primary school, only carried further and with the addition of French. But if again he follows neither of these three common courses, he passes either into a gymnasium, or into an *Industry school*, six years and a-half, in the latter five years and a-half. The instruction in the gymnasiums is specially classical while in the *Industry schools* classics have no place, and practical matters are studied. The gymnasium is the passage to the University.

The Curiosities of Advertising. There was once a man who never read any book but a pocket edition of Johnson's Dictionary. Unfortunately he was out of his mind, and did not profit much by the exercise. A student might devote his time to worse purposes than an occasional spell at Todd's Johnson, which, though too large for the pocket, is a capital text-book. The etymologies may be sometimes fanciful or far-fetched; but, in general, they afford a vast fund of useful and accurate information; while the quotations from English classics in prose and in verse, to illustrate the various uses of each word, afford a tempting view of the large resources of our national literature. For my own part I have found the advertisement sheet of the *Times* newspaper a capital pastime. The other day I had a journey, cold and long, upon a line of rails with every inch of which use had made me tediously familiar. What was to be done to shorten the distance? It was not more than an hour before I had read all the news, down to the police cases and the markets. In sheer despair I took up the advertising sheet and soon felt as much absorbed as though it had been a new sensational novel. Believe it or no, I am ready to make affidavit before the Lord Mayor that I ran my eye over every single advertisement, from "On the 15th of October, at 'Monte Video,' to '150 dozen sherry, claret, &c.'"

The first impression was pathetic. An old gentleman had died one day, his wife the next. But a more cheerful tone was recovered to the spirit by reading that "L. B. and partner were feelingly remembered on the fifth, when the Cocksparrow chirruped his ditty at one thousand and twelve." A wandering captain of whom his friends had lost sight, was then summoned to the Abyssinian wars, or, at least, "required for active service." A poor relation in England was likewise invited to report himself at "the Missing Friends Office, Sydney." Is any one of my present readers named Whildon? for all persons bearing that name are informed, that they may find themselves interested in a property of some quarter of a million waiting for inheritance. I am confirmed in my persuasion of the impolicy of carrying a purse by the announcement of several pursebearers, that, in losing their portemonnaie, they lost all the money they had

about them. Nevertheless, let not the losers quite despair; for this followed—"Bank-note for ten pounds found by a poor man near Piccadilly, on the 27th of November, and owner can have it by paying expenses." Curiously enough this announcement stood between two others the first of which proclaimed the loss of a retriever dog, and the second the bringing of a similar animal to the City greenyard. Moreover, a batch of "private detectives" offer their services to find out any mortal person or thing.

The advertisement concerning private teachers wanted or wanting engagements remind me of an incident connected with such advertisements in the *Christian World*. A lady friend of my own (in fact, my daughter-in-law) advertised in this journal for a nursery governess. How many applications does the reader think she had? No fewer than 245. Lots of the applicants she took the trouble of receiving at her house; and she told me that it was at once painful and surprising to see what numbers of well-born, well-bred, well-educated, and well-informed young ladies were, not simply willing, but eager to accept an engagement which, from the very early age of the children to be taken care of, could not possibly be much above that of a mere nurse-girl. There were daughters of substantial farmers and respectable tradesmen, of military and naval officers, of attorneys and medical men, of clergymen and Dissenting ministers—in short, of commercial and professional men of all sorts and degrees, except the very highest. Something of the same kind may be inferred from the corresponding class of advertisements which I read in the *Times*.—*Christian World.*

A Bank for Losings.

On the chief thoroughfare of this city I often pass a stately *Savings Bank* built of freestone, and I see groups of working people going in to deposit their hard-earned money. Some are mechanics; some are Irish domestics, some are poor widows, laying by a few dollars for their fatherless children.

But on the same street the tempter has opened more than one *Bank for Losings*. In some parts of the city, there is one on nearly every corner. In almost every rural hamlet too, is there a similar institution. New York city contains six thousand of them.

In each of these Banks for Losings is a counter, on which old men and young, and even some wretched women lay down their deposits in either paper or coin. The only interest that is paid on the deposits is in redness of eyes, and foulness of breath, and remorse of conscience. Every one who makes a deposit, gains a loss. One man goes into the bank with a full pocket, and comes out empty. Another goes in with a good character, and comes out with the word *drunk* written on his bloated countenance. I have seen a mechanic enter in a brand new coat and come away again looking as if the mice had been nibbling at his elbows.

I have known a young clerk to leave his "situation" behind him in one of the Devil's *Banks of Losings*. Several prosperous tradesmen have lost all their business there. Church members have been known to reel out from these seductive haunts,—trying to walk straight, but *backsliding* at every step. What is worst of all, thousands of people go in there and lose their immortal souls!

If the cashiers of these institutions were honest, they would post on the door some such notice as this.

"BANKS FOR LOSINGS.—Open at all hours. Nothing taken in but good money. Nothing paid out but disgrace and disease, and degradation and death. An extra dividend of *delirium tremens* will be paid to old depositors. A free pass to *Perdition* given to those who pay well at the counter; also tickets to Greenwood and other cemeteries entitle the holder to a *Drunkard's Grave*! All the children of depositors sent without charge to the orphan asylum or the alms house."

Young men! beware of the Banks for Losings. Some bait their depositors with champagne; some with ale or Bourbon; some with a pack of cards, and others with a billiard table. If you wish to keep a character—*keep out!*

Young ladies! never touch the hand that touches the wine glass. Never wear the name