

# Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business : fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Our darling's grave.

Afar away on the hill side,  
A little grave was made,  
Where on a Sabbath March day  
A precious form was laid.  
Cold and stern is the casket,  
That keeps in its icy grasp,  
The sweet spring flower that faded  
And dropped from our clinging clasp.

The tones of old songs may perish,  
And their echoes ring no more  
Through the pictured halls of memory,  
On the hearts Mosaic floor.  
But the songs that our baby warbled,  
And the lisping words he said,  
And the sound of his tiny footsteps,  
Keep coming back from the dead.

Oft as his rippling laughter  
Rang sweet through hall and stair ;  
Oft as his voice at evening  
Spoke reverent words of prayer ;  
Oft as we marked the beauty  
That grew in his little face,  
We thanked the God who gave him,  
To brighten our dwelling place.

But we never thought of the angels,  
With wings of silver spread ;  
Who shadowed such gleams of beauty  
Upon his little head.  
Oh ! Shepherd above, Thy pastures  
Are fairer far than ours,  
But we shrink when Thou takest our lambkin  
To dwell amid fadeless flowers.

For it maketh the fold so lonely,  
And the hearts so dark and dim ;  
And mourning o'er our darling,  
We can raise no grateful hymn—  
For the silence that groweth daily,  
And the rift in the heart unheal'd ;  
And the golden dreams that are broken,  
And the wells of grief unseal'd.

But by and-by, we can thank thee  
Who ever knowest best,  
That our little ones were taken  
Up to Thy shel'ring breast.  
The rest shall taste earth's Marah,  
And faint beside the way ;  
And see the beauties of childhood  
Drift one by one away.

But he, no years shall write there  
Deep wrinkles on his brow,  
No rolling time shall rob him  
Of Spring's first bloom and glow.  
We cannot dream of his changing  
In the Father's house above ;  
For to us he is ever our darling,  
The precious child of our love.

Always a child ! And at even,  
When the winter winds shall be wild,  
When the curtains are drawn the closer  
We shall seem to see our child.  
Then scatter thy crimson leaflets,  
Oh, Autumn, where he lies ;  
He lives in undying spring-time  
Our treasure in the skies.

—Christian Treasury.

## Religious.

### Lord Radstock in Paris.

Most recent visitors to Paris are familiar with the Avenue de Friedland, one of those really magnificent thoroughfares in which the French capital is so rich. Although leading from the Boulevard Haussmann to the Place de l'Etoile, where stands the famous triumphal arch which crowns the Champ Elysees, the Avenue de Friedland is considerably less frequented than one would naturally suppose, judging from its close proximity to the daily torrent of Parisian life, fashion, and gaiety, which ceaselessly pours from the Place de la Concorde towards the Bois de Boulogne. Crowded with palatial mansions, many of surpassing splendour, there yet exists an air of quiet repose about this beautiful avenue which is fully appreciated by those weary of the perpetual noise and bustle characteristic of the various boulevards. Naturally, therefore, the Avenue de Friedland forms a favourite resort of aged or invalid Parisians, who here sit for hours on the seats thoughtfully placed under the shade of the

young trees, with which the edge of the spacious pavement is plentifully studded. Here, too, linger some of the more thoughtful and contemplative of that large body of idlers with which Paris—more, perhaps, than any other European capital—abounds. Gazing on the gorgeous equipages which continually roll past them, or reading one of the many cheap papers sold in the numerous passages and little kiosks which form such a peculiar feature of boulevard life, they listlessly trifle away their time as if there was no such thing as energy or progress in the world. Of late, however, the idlers in the Avenue de Friedland have had something approaching to excitement existing amongst them—a sensation shared by not an inconsiderable number of the tradesmen and others residing in the immediate neighborhood of the stately thoroughfare.—They have heard—somewhat incredulously—that a certain English "milord" has been preaching—for all the world as if he were Monsieur le Cure, or Pêre Hyacinthe of Notre Dame—in the drawing-room of an English "miladi," and that the English world of Paris are continually flocking to hear his sermons. "What strange people these Anglais are !" muses poor Jacques, as, shaking the dust off his blouse and giving a lazy stamp with his sabots, he slowly relights his pipe and dreamily gazes at the numerous carriages stopping in front of one of the richest edifices in that street of palatial buildings. Curiously enough nearly every visitor who enters that particular mansion speaks in English. Here and there may be heard a decidedly French accent, but it is almost lost amid the hum of English words and sentences. The structure in which we are now standing forms the residence of Lady Harriet Cowper, and is one of the most tastefully furnished private dwellings in all Paris. Let us enter the dwelling-room. What exquisite taste ! What splendour ! Painting, gilding, and ornaments everywhere. We have nothing like it in London. But if the apartment be superbly grand, still more so is the appearance of the company. The richest silks, the most costly laces, together with satins of fabulous price, proudly jostle each other, their beauty and lustre wonderfully heightened by the graceful demeanour of their wearers, who, however, by no means form a majority of the assemblage. Those who displayed these luxurious toilettes belonged to the semi-Parisian section of English Society resident in the French capital. Had the occasion been other than what it was, these ladies would have adorned themselves with a profusion of diamonds and other costly gems ; but some secret instinct had warned them that their magnificent jewellery would be out of place in the company in which they found themselves. They were right. Of the seventy or eighty persons who meet weekly during the present month at Lady Harriet Cowper's, for the purpose of hearing Lord Radstock, by far the greater number are attired in dresses the neat and simple appearance of which affords a marked contrast to the gay and exaggerated costumes in which your true-born Parisian belle delights. Both by their quiet, unaffected demeanour, no less than by their earnest attention, they showed that their presence in the magnificent drawing-room of the mansion in the Avenue de Friedland, was solely due to devotional motives, to an intense desire to hear the Word of Life preached in their native tongue, rather than to make a vain display of their rank and affluence. Lady Harriet Cowper has long possessed the reputation of being an amiable and piously-disposed lady, ever ready to further every good work among her poorer fellow-countryfolk in Paris, and always eager to assist in furthering the progress of Protestant principles in France. How she has contrived to gain permission to hold these gatherings we know not. Except in places of worship, theatres, and other places of public resort, any assemblage consisting of more than nineteen persons is illegal, as Mr. Thomas Cook found to his cost whenever he attempted to hold prayer-meetings last year at his hotel in Paris. The least concession to members of the Protestant religion is jealously opposed by the Roman Catholic priesthood, who are, as the Emperor is too well aware, all-powerful in France. Still, somehow or another, the requisite permission has been obtained, and at the present moment

Lord Radstock forms one of the sights of Paris. A real lord, not a preacher by profession, delivering sermons, is a novelty, even in Paris. The fashionable world are eager to hear him, and—to the great scandal of the priests—Parisian ladies, noted for their devotion to the Roman Catholic faith, have been heard to acknowledge that there was much in the doctrines of the heretical preacher that was worth listening to. As Lord Radstock stands in the midst of the brilliant assemblage it is impossible to resist the conviction that we are in the presence of no ordinary man. That he has a decided vocation for spiritual work is perceptible at the first glance. The correspondent of a metropolitan daily paper says : "Had he been plain Mr. Smith instead of the representative of a most respectable peerage which was founded in 1800 by his grandfather, the Hon. Admiral Waldegrave, himself a scion of a noble house of older date I have no doubt he would have made his way as a popular preacher in any town in England." Very true. His style is simple, forcible, and extremely earnest. Less eloquent, perhaps, than Mr. Spurgeon or the Rev. Newman Hall, he nevertheless contrives to command the attention of his hearers, although his manner is free from eccentricity or pretension. Listen to him as he speaks. He tells his hearers of the Divine love for man, of human ingratitude, of the soul in love with sin, of the pleasures of our earthly life being hollow and worthless compared with those which await the believer in heaven, and exhorts all to flee to Jesus, to confess their sins, and wash their hearts in the blood of the Lamb if they would fain escape the wrath to come. He seldom fails to impress all who listen to him. Those who come with a smile on their lips to hear the "Methodist lord" depart with tears in their eyes. True, he avoids even the appearance of the preacher. He does not affect a clerical costume. Even the orthodox white neck-tie is wanting. But all this is not noticed by his hearers. As did those who listened to his voice resounding from English pulpits, they think only of what he utters to them concerning man's spiritual depravity and the holiness of Christianity. Yet there is one peculiarity evident in the sermons of Lord Radstock. This is the profusion of metaphors with which they are continually sprinkled. Hence some have supposed, we know not with what truth, that in his earlier years he must have been a sailor. Perhaps he may have been. If so, all the more credit to him. At the close of each drawing-room meeting, he invariably invites any who may wish for special spiritual consolation to remain, to take part in the prayer-meeting which ; usually follows his services ; after which, he, and those working with him, speak affectionately to all present of the precious and joy-inspiring promises made by God to man. The effectiveness of his preaching is largely increased by the clearness of his delivery. Even when speaking extempore, he seldom hesitates for, or changes a word. As one who has heard him truthfully remarks :—"The doctrines of absolute election and grace, which his Lordship preaches with conviction, lose nothing by being expressed in better English than is frequently heard in some popular places of worship." These drawing-room meetings in the Avenue de Friedland are to be continued every Wednesday afternoon during the present month ; but as admission—with a few rare exceptions—is restricted to persons specially invited, Lord Radstock has kindly undertaken to preach on several evenings in the American chapel in the Rue de Berri, not far from Lady Harriet Cowper's residence, and leading from the Champ Elysees to the Faubourg St. Honore. He has also promised to deliver a series of discourses in the Wesleyan chapel in the Rue Roquepine, leading from the Boulevard Malesherbes. The chapels are sure to be densely crowded on each occasion.

### Sabbath morning musings.

It is Sabbath morning. How glad I am that I need not hasten so early with fearful, trembling steps to the door of the sepulchre to seek a buried Saviour. He hath arisen, and is knocking at the door of my heart, and I open to him so gladly. In answer to earnest believing prayer, he comes to be my

guest to-day, and O the glimpses of heaven my spirit-eye shall see, the sweet communings with Jesus each hour. Truly to-night shall I be "a day's march nearer home."—What fitting repast can I set before my Saviour? What gifts can I offer to show that I have him ever in remembrance? Ah, I can only gather up all my little heart sins, that only Jesus knows, all my little cares and sorrows that daily try me, and cast them at his feet saying, "Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." While Jesus is my guest I need not be careful about many things, need not be cumbered with much serving." I have only to sit at his feet this blessed Sabbath, and learn of him.—"The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin;" then just now, I lay all upon the altar. I plunge beneath the purple flood, and rise so pure in heart that I see God with the eye of faith as never before. So I am no more the servant of sin, but the loving child of God. "Ask, and ye shall receive." Obeying, I will claim from my Father all I need. Ask that I walk only in the footsteps of his Son; heeding not whether the way lead up to Calvary's mount, or down by the peaceful, quiet waters of joy. Only I would never lose sight of my guide, so steadfastly beholding, shall I grow to be like him. Then shall I do all to the glory of God, and know that perfect love that casteth out all fear. Once again, Jesus bids me go work in his vineyard. With a heart newly consecrated I obey, and duty and will no longer cross each other; but sweetly blend, for a holy filial love unites them. How blessed to work for Jesus when he tells us what to do, just how to do it ! and when heart and strength fail, we can feel beneath us the everlasting arms bearing us over the rough places, "I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me." How firmly faith grasps the promise, and claims it as mine. But have I not read all these commands, these precious promises many times? Yes, but not while sitting at the foot of the cross ; not while Jesus was the guest. From henceforward my prayer shall be, come and abide with me, O my Saviour, even unto the end, till the bright eternal Sabbath dawn upon us.—*Zion's Herald.*

For the Christian Messenger

### The Scriptural Principle of Church Government.

No. VI.

In reply to a question of the Pharisees Christ said, "the kingdom of God is within you," this was said before the Church appeared in its organized form. As a beautiful architectural structure may be said to be in a place when its pillars and blocks are scattered irregularly upon the ground, taking shape under the skilful hands of active artisans, so was the visible church among the people of Christ's day. The workmen were engaged preparing "lively" stones for the new edifice. This was the beginning of the Churches with which the Christian world is now filled. Before the essential external features of the now organization were made distinct, and while by the disciples it was seen as "trees walking," there are found, fore castings of that simple and efficient government by which Churches formed on the New Testament model are now controlled. It is in contrast with the polity of the Mosaic dispensation as were the bright and dark sides of that cloud which separated Egypt and Ancient Israel.

Let it be assumed that the radical change which began to take place at this period in the old economy reached to the form of government which found a common grave with the Temple and its imposing ritual. This will be confirmed or contradicted by an examination of the general teachings, found in the Gospels bearing on this subject. It might be supposed that, had not Christ intended to perpetuate the old government as it was, or in some modified form, He would have assailed it and pointed out its unadaptedness to His future Church, and outlined at least a new polity to be taken in its stead. This indeed was done but not in an open and direct way. A new tribunal was recognized; whilst the old was ignored. There is no intimation that an appeal could be made from