

# Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.  
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## Poetry.

### BABES IN PARADISE.

But straightway  
Or ever I could utter words of praise,  
Voices familiar as my mother tongue  
Fell on me; and an infant cherub sprang,  
As springs a sunbeam to the heart of flowers,  
Into my arms, and murmured audibly,  
"Father, dear father!" and another clasped  
My knees, and fathered the same name of power.  
One look sufficed to tell me they were mine,  
My babes, my blossoms, my long parted ones;  
The same in feature and in form as when  
I bent above their dying pillow last,  
Only the spirit now disembodied of flesh,  
And beaming with the likeness of the Lord.

The one who nestled in my breast had seen  
All of Earth's year except the winter's snows,  
Spring, Summer, Autumn, like sweet dreams, had  
smiled.

On her, *Eva*—or *living*—was her name;  
A bud of life folded in leaves of love;  
The dewy morning star of summer days;  
The golden lamp of happy fire-side hours;  
The little ewe-lamb nesting by our side;  
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts;  
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise;  
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy;  
The pearl among His gifts who gave us all;  
On whom not we alone, but all who looked,  
Gazing, would breathe the involuntary words,  
"God bless thee, *Eva*—God be blessed for thee."  
Alas, clouds gathered quickly, and the storm  
Fell without warning on our tender bud,  
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drenched  
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares  
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove  
Covered its young head beneath its drooping wing;  
The chord was loosened on our harp; the fount  
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;  
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,  
"Will ye return the gift?" The Voice was low—  
The answer lower still—"Thy will be done."  
And now, where we had often pictured her,  
I saw her one of the beatified;  
*Eva*, our blossom, ours forever now,  
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love;  
The star that set upon our earthly home  
Had risen in glory, and in purer skies  
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely missed,  
Shed its soft radiance in a better home;  
Our lamb was pasturing in heavenly meads;  
Our dove had settled on the trees of life;  
Another chord was ringing with delight,  
Another spring of rapture was unsealed,  
In Paradise; our treasure was with God;  
The gift in the great Giver's strong right hand;  
And none who looked on her could choose but say,  
"Eva, swee't angel, God be blessed for thee."  
From Bickersteth's *Paradise of the Blessed Dead*.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### WHAT WE NEED.

TO THE PASTORS, DEACONS, OFFICERS, AND  
MEMBERS GENERALLY OF THE BAPTIST  
CHURCHES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Dear Brethren,—

For some time past, I have had in contemplation to address you on the subject of the low, and languid condition of our churches, with a view of endeavouring to arouse the membership of the body, from the lethargy which seems so largely and so sadly to overshadow us.

As a denomination our principles are wide-spread over the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The common people hear our preachers, and teachers gladly. Wherever churches have been planted, as a rule, they take root, and flourish. But this vineyard, like others, requires culture. We, in Nova Scotia, have had, and we still have an able, active, eloquent and zealous ministry. What we especially require now, as it appears to me, is an active, zealous, self-sacrificing membership, willing and desirous of co-operating with the pastorate.

All our churches are drooping and languishing for the lack of precious reviving spiritual influences. We cannot create them—true—but we can ask the Master, to bestow them. We can now, and during the coming autumn months, as churches, as families, as officers, and members of these churches—we can fervently, humbly, lovingly, and continuously address a Throne of grace, and ask God to revive all our churches, as they have never been revived before. O, I think, if we could only divest ourselves of much of the formality that swathes us,—if our people would omit, and abandon, to a great extent, a system too prevalent, of repeating long passages of Scripture in their prayers, mostly gathered from prophecy of the meaning of many of which they and we have but imperfect ideas, and of the application, great

room remains for doubt—if they would draw near, as the Apostle James says, and importune, for the blessings they themselves, and the churches, of which they are members, and the congregations and neighbourhoods of which they constitute a portion, so much need, I do think our prayers would be more efficacious. Let me not be misunderstood here. I listened the other morning to a devout minister in his opening prayer of the morning service, in a Baptist chapel, address the Deity in invocations and a repetition of passages mostly collected from the Psalms and prophets, for about the usual period devoted to a morning prayer, and not one single petition, not one prayer, during all that time, had he presented to a throne of grace. He supposed, no doubt that it was all prayer. I differed with him entirely. Just as he closed the exercise he did address a prayer to God it is true, but in such generalities, as seemed to include most or all mankind, and without point or pathos. I hardly consider such exercises prayer at all. Let us, my brethren, avoid this mistake, let us in fervent, short, warm, and earnest addresses to God our father, ask for Revival influences upon the Churches and congregations to which we belong. Let us persevere. Upon our Sabbath Schools, upon our Bible Classes, and for sinners and the unbelieving let us invoke daily God's richest, choicest, dearest, and most needed blessings.

It seems to me, that the Churches and the membership—none of us, are half in earnest.

"Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies."

I long to see a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the land—upon all the churches—upon all the Baptist Churches especially, and emphatically, and particularly upon the church of which I myself am an unworthy member. If, "with one accord, we all continued in prayer and supplication with the women" as the disciples did of old, who knows but that the Baptist Churches of Nova Scotia, this very winter may enjoy a Pentecostal season. I have just faith enough to believe that it would be so. But the churches, the members must make the necessary sacrifices to attend the prayer and social meetings. Once, twice, thrice a week, or oftener, let the churches arrange to hold meetings, real, primitive disciple-like gatherings, and each vie with the others, in earnest, importunate prayer for a rich unmeasured blessing; a mighty influence from above to overshadow all the land to awaken dead sinners, and convert them by hundreds and thousands to God. So that when these churches meet again in their several Associations, there may be a day of general Jubilee, a hallowed season of thanksgiving and praise for the multitudes of souls saved from the wrath to come. Why not? Why should not every Baptist Church from Sydney to Cape Sable, organize this Autumn a campaign against darkness and spiritual wickedness in high places, and watch and pray, and take no rest till the blessing is vouchsafed. If the vision tarry, wait for it. But wait, as the sweet Singer did—not with folded hands, and in a slothful spirit, but with strong cryings and prayers, and wrestlings with the God of Jacob.

Then let each of the churches "keep its own vineyard." Let us especially adapt our prayers and supplications and operations to the condition of our own church and people—avoiding those generalities, that occupy time, and mean little or nothing. Getting our hearts warm in our closets, and families before going to our church meetings, let us determine, the grace of God assisting, to have our churches all aglow, with Christian love, and holy fire, and it will be sure to make such a light, that the world, and strangers each will stop to inquire, and eventually say, "I will now turn aside and see this great sight,"—a sight, we vainly hope, even greater, if possible, and more to be desired than that Moses saw.

A FELLOW SERVANT.

Oct. 11, 1869.

For the Christian Messenger.

### REVIEW.

*The Life, Labours, and Writings of Cesar Malan, Minister of the Gospel in the Church of Geneva, Doctor of Divinity, and Pastor of "L'Eglise du Temoignage."* By one of his sons. London: Nisbet and Co.: pp. 408.

Dr. Malan was for many years a centre of attraction to the pious of all lands who visited Geneva. His clear expositions of gospel truth, his evangelical fervour, his promptitude and holy sagacity in the use of the means of instruction and edification, raised him to high eminence among thoughtful and earnest Christians. Members of every denomination sought his acquaintance, and listened with affectionate reverence while he communed with them on sacred themes; and many in the higher walks of life, including even nobility and royalty, were thankful for opportunities of religious refreshing under his roof. He was emphatical "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith."

Born in Geneva, in 1787, and educated there, he might have attained a foremost place among the learned and philosophical ecclesiastics of that city, if he had sympathized with them in their chilly theology. Calvin's pulpit was desecrated by the utterance of dogmas which that great man would have indignantly repudiated, and by a systematic concealment of the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament. "Were I to go back," said Malan, "to my recollections of academical life and its theological teaching, I should fail to find a single instance in which instruction was given me on the divinity of our Saviour, man's fallen nature, or the doctrine of justification by faith." "We learnt," Rev. A. Bost Sen. stated, "nothing beyond the dogmas of natural religion. The New Testament was not considered necessary as a text-book of study for the ministry."—"a statement which confirms what my father has said to me over and over again, that so far from having been engaged in the study of the New Testament, in the ordinary course of his theological training, he never even read it through till long after he had left the academy;" p. 25.

It pleased God to rescue Malan from such entanglements as these, and to bring him into the liberty and life of the gospel of the Saviour. As soon as he had learned the truth, he taught it. A noble sermon, in which he fearlessly proclaimed, in the presence of the magnates of Geneva, civil and ecclesiastical, salvation by grace, and expounded, with admirable precision, the doctrine of justification by faith, brought him under the lash of the authorities. "Thank God," exclaimed Robert Haldane, who was then in Geneva, and who heard the discourse with unmingled satisfaction and delight—"the gospel has been again preached in Geneva." But it cost the preacher his living. He was deprived of his office as one of the Teachers of the Academy, which he had held for nine years, and soon after was deposed from the ministry. They could not "endure sound doctrine."

Nevertheless, "the word of God was not bound." They could not silence Malan, though they had cast him out, and his Master would not let them starve him. He received pupils in his house;—he wrote tracts and books, almost without number, and which had an extensive circulation;—he composed hundreds of hymns, many of which are now sung in Protestant Churches on the Continent;—he gathered a congregation of like-minded Christians, and preached to them in a chapel built on his own premises. His modes of activity were exceedingly diversified, and the fruits of his labours were abundant. How many souls were converted by his instrumentality—and how many saints were enlightened, stimulated, and consoled—will not be known till "the books are opened."

Dr. Malan had a peculiar tact for introducing the truths of the Bible, on all occasions, and in all companies. He was ever ready, and on the watch for suitable opportunities. In the parlour—on the road—in the railway carriage—on the deck

of the steam-boat—everywhere, and before all persons, he was prepared to witness for Jesus. There was unction in his talk, and power accompanied it. An illustration or two may be given.

"My father wished to revisit with us the picturesque gorges, north of the Jura, which he had explored in his youth, and remembered with enthusiasm ever since. Taking the boat from Geneva to Lausanne, we went on foot to Yverdon, no opportunity being missed by him of proclaiming the gospel. On the lake of Neuchâtel I remember well sketching him seated in the bow of the boat, with a young man at his side, to whom he was speaking about his soul. His New Testament was in his hand, while a mountaineer, leaning against the gunwale, let his pipe go out as he listened to him.

"A few days after, we climbed, one glorious evening, the road ascending from Bienne, and following the torrent of the Suze. Reaching the inn at Sonceboz, my father, as he unhooked his knapsack, said to the landlady that he intended having evening prayers with us after supper, and that if she and her household liked to come they would be welcome. 'We don't require that sort of thing here,' she replied, apparently very much pressed with business, adding one or two expressions of impatience. Thereupon my father forthwith resumed knapsack and staff, saying to me, as he did so, 'Do you feel up to another hour's walking?' little heeding the amazement of our would-be hostess, who was anxious to detain us. 'Come, boys, I cannot pass the night under a roof where there is no desire for prayer, and no fear of God.'

"A few minutes afterwards, as we were following the road leaving from Sonceboz through pine woods to the defile of Pierre-Pertuis, we came up to some waggons laden with planks, which were going in our direction. My father called to me, and pointing out a tall young man who was driving the first of them, gave me a tract, asking me to hand it to him from him. The driver thanked me very politely, and I rejoined my travelling companion, who had stopped for a moment to admire a particular part of the landscape. In a few moments, however, the man to whom I had given the tract, and who had set to work to read it aloud to his mates, came up to me, and asked me to request my father to explain to them a few things in it which they could not understand. My father joined the men, and we left them coming on slowly after us, and keeping alongside of the waggons. Shortly afterwards, when they had rejoined us, I overheard him, as he stretched out his hand to the man who had read the tract, inviting him and his companions to our evening worship at Tavannes. They promised to come, and kept their word. 'Was it not the Lord who drew us away from Sonceboz?' he asked me, when we were by ourselves.

"The next morning we started at the dawn of day, after having walked for about two hours, we went to a village inn to have some coffee. Whilst we were waiting for it, my Father noticed that the young woman in attendance stopped from time to time, to put her apron to her eyes. 'You seem to be in trouble?' He asked. 'Alas, sir, only a few days ago I lost my poor husband, and of course I am very unhappy? Making room for her beside him in the the form, 'come here, my poor woman,' he said. 'let me speak to you of the comforting promises of the Gospel. He had not gone far when his companion interrupted him by asking if she might go and fetch her friend Jeannette. 'She will be delighted to hear you,' she explained, 'she too speaks to me very often of these good things.' She soon returned with a young peasant, and we left my Father alone with them.

"A moment afterwards, he beckoned to us through the window to go with him to visit Jeannette's father, who was lying ill, close by. We were conducted to a little wooden house, and into a large room, at the end of which, near the window, lay a white haired old man. 'Father,' said she, 'I have brought you a Minister of the Gospel.' 'God be praised,' said the invalid,