

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XIV. No. 46.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, November 17, 1869.

WHOLE SERIES
Vol. XXXIII. No. 46.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN ODE TO SUMMER.

Old Nature is quite grand to-day,
As youthful fresh and fine,
As when young men who now are grey,
Were sporting in their prime.

Its breath is very balmy too,
As it whispers round the trees,
Its eyes, a brilliant azure hue,
Are squinting through the leaves.

Should it be proud, should it be gay,
In its dress of living green;
Its fragile robe must pass away,
To dwell with the unseen.

A dewy graceful dress it wore,
On many a Summer past,
But it fades; and I love it more,
Because it cannot last.

My friends, my foes, my joys, my woes,
Are passing fast away,
And I love them all the more now,
Because they cannot stay.

Falmouth.

A. B.

Religious.

EVERYDAY HOLINESS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

We have a great liking for everyday saints. The taste of the mediæval ages was enchanted with holy men who could sail over seas upon outspread table cloths, or fast for forty consecutive days, or carry their heads in their hands after decapitation; but these specimens of sanctity, besides being in those degenerate times most hard to get at, are too unearthly, we mean too little human to enlist our sympathy. St. Francis, when described as so elevated by his devotions that his disciples could only kiss the soles of his feet as he floated in the air, is too ethereal for our liking, we want a little more gravity than this in a saint, peradventure it may turn out that a little more levity would do as well.

The grace which unites a man for the duties of this present life is a doubtful blessing; in a romance your superfine mystic may have a conspicuous place allotted him, but in real life he is a nullity, a chip in the porridge or worse. He who can pray like Elias is all the better an example for mankind if he avoids all affectation of superhuman refinement, and lets us see that, like the grand old prophet, he is a man of like passions with us. Weadmire Paul caught up into the third heaven, but those who were thrown into his company felt the power of his godliness all the more because he could make a tent or light a fire as occasion demanded. Holiness in white gowns or black silk aprons, or lace half a yard deep, reminds us of love on a valentine, very romantic, roseate, and all that; but quite another thing from solid flesh and blood affection. One longs to see the popular idea of holiness once for all dissociated from everything unreal and impractical, yoked with the common virtues of everyday life: the smashing up of the whole caravan of sanctified waxworks which in years gone by, have attracted ignorant admiration, and the exhibition of real, household, common-sense religion in its most vigorous form would be under God one of the greatest blessings which our age could receive.

Our remarks will not we hope be misunderstood; sanctification cannot be carried too far, holiness unto the Lord can never be too complete; the very highest forms of elevated character are to be our models, and we ought not to rest until we have equalled them; but we have lived long enough in this world to be afraid of squeamish and pretentious sanctity. The grossest hypocrites we have ever been deceived by were superfluously unctious in expression; and the faultiest professors whose falls have saddened us, were superlatively fastidious in their religious tastes.

We have come to be afraid of gold that glitters too much, and bread that is too white. Men always will be imperfect, and when they profess perfection, and become too good to attend to their duties as husbands, or servants, or children, or parents, so as to make others happy, they prove themselves to be "the worse for mending, washed to fouler stains." If they could manage to be perfect without making everybody else miserable, they should have our reverent admiration, but while we can find in the life of the only truly perfect man so much that is genial and intensely human, we shall never enshrine mere unearthliness in the heavenly places. Our Saviour could not have been more a man had he been sinful, his humanity though immaculate was not effeminate, though without sin he was not therefore abridged of my essential attribute of everyday manhood; he was no walker on stilts, his holiness trod on *terra firma* with other men; he was no recluse, he ate and drank with the many; he was not even an ascetic but was found at marriages and festivals; man among men, nothing that concerned mankind was alien to him, no joy of humble men was to him ridiculous, no sorrow of mournful women contemptible. Give to the world an exhibition of such holiness on the wide scale, and while convents and monasteries would moulder into ruins, the whole earth would be gladdened by a golden era worthy to match with the millennial glory. Let the parlour and the drawing-room be adorned with cheerful piety, let the kitchen and the scullery be sanctified with unobtrusive godliness, let the shop and the office, the shed and the factory, be perfumed with unassuming holiness; let forge and bench, and stall, and lathe and spinning-jenny, all be holiness unto the Lord, and the better times long sighed for will have come at last. We do not mean that men should become abject slaves of mere eternal religiousness, far from it, the true piety of which we write, will give them the fullest freedom; when hearts are right wills are rectified, and goodness becomes the highest delight of the soul: the reign of righteousness will be the era of liberty and joy. Men will be all the more men when they become God's men; and even the peculiarities of their individual temper and constitution will not be extinguished, but made to subserve the glory of the Lord by exhibiting in charming variety the beauty of holiness.

PEN SKETCHES NO. 14.

NARROW MINDED PERSONS.

In this age of intelligence and many advantages it is surprising that we should meet with persons who are narrow minded. There is no breadth or depth in their views on any subject. They confine their thought (that is if they have any) to one aspect of a subject, be it Politics, Literature or Religion. Their reading is rather limited and generally bearing upon the view of a subject they wish to endorse, generally they are not open to conviction. They are like the Scotchman who said "I am open to conviction but I should like to see the man that can convince me."

There are those who are tenacious of some particular aspect of Divine truth that are called narrow minded, who are not so. They have surveyed the matter, weighed the evidence for and against, and have made up their minds; and cling to the view of truth they have endorsed; and because they are indisposed to admit the opposite view they are regarded as being narrow minded, when in fact they are strong minded; made so by patient investigation and honest conviction.

The truth in Science—Literature—Politics and Religion needs a clear discerning mind to discover, and take firm grasp of it when found.

JOHN.

A PRAIRIE PICTURE.

The following is from the *Times* Correspondent, on his way across from Chicago to San Francisco:

On my right hand as I look out of the window I see an ocean of coarse hay-grass, this is broken to my left by the trees which mark the course of the Plate River, which we follow for a long distance. Beyond the river the grass appears again, and stretches to the horizon, unbroken by any tree, but undulating like the Atlantic with a heavy ground swell. The prairie is much like what I expected to see, though the grass is shorter than I thought it was, but the continual progress through a boundless plain without a hedge or mark of any sort produces an impression it is hard to describe. You almost fancy the train must be standing still, and that you are looking at the small section of a hay-field which could be seen through a window. But the talk in the train is that the buffaloes are coming north for this short, sweet grass, and the Indians after them. In writing this last sentence I am appropriately reminded that the view from my car is laid in no long-civilised park, for I look up and see a *bona fide* Indian, in paint and Indian dress, who has alighted from his horse by the roadside and is staring at the train and smoking a pipe. The view over the prairie from the right-hand window of my car has become more striking. The horizon is perfectly flat, and the most distant portion of the plain exactly resembles the sea. Several of my companions, who, like me, have never seen this sight before, are now looking out of the car and talking of the resemblance of the prairie horizon to that of water. The waving of the grass under the wind adds to the deception. We have just passed a herd of antelopes.

THE HEREAFTER OF ANIMALS.

Mr. Tupper has been writing to the *Rock* "A Few Words about Animals" hereafter, in which there are some more or less curious and original speculations. "It would be easy," he says, "to multiply instances of every social virtue and cleverness illustrated by birds, beasts, and fishes; from shrewd elephants to industrious fleas! from Colonel Berkeley's cormorant, who died of grief, to Lesbia's sparrow, whose love for her is classical; from the affectionate, if unwieldy, whale to the gregarious carps of St. Cloud." It is Mr. Tupper's kindly faith that all these talents and virtues, the grief of the cormorant, and, we must presume, the industry of Mr. Kitchingham's pupils, are not to disappear in the ordinary course of nature. Our planet is to be regenerated for earth's spiritualized children, and will be so arranged that there will be room and to spare for the friendly brutes; a provision will be made even for unborn chickens, for Mr. Tupper tells us that "every egg will find room to hatch." As a lion with his old leaven in him for carnal food might be an inconvenient guest in Mr. Tupper's Elysium, we are informed that the chances are that a spirit-lion will be satisfied with plain straw like an ox, and considering what chemistry has done down below in the way of extracting perfumes from unpromising substances, Mr. Tupper believes that a polecat can be etherialized into a fragrant creature of good odour and conduct. A brother poet has spoken of the hope of the Indian touching his recognition of his faithful dog in the happy hunting-grounds, and Mr. Tupper is convinced that the redskin had Scriptural sanction for his idea.

IMIGRATION OF CHINESE TO THE UNITED STATES.

The Rev. John Todd, D. D., writes a letter of great interest to the *Boston Congregationalist and Recorder*, on the subject of the employment of Chinese labourers in California and the Western States. "The Chinese are coming," he says, "there is no doubt of that, coming in waves as certain as the waves roll in upon the Pacific shores; coming in multitudes almost countless, coming to the Pacific slope, to the great midland valley, to the depopulated fields of the South, to the great cities and villages at the east." In reply to the question, "What are they good for?" he says,

"They are good for house domestics, far the best now to be had. They are much esteemed in California—neat, quiet, contented, docile, economical, able and willing to do just as you tell them. They are comparatively almost an angelic order of being in the kitchen. They are capital cooks, and soon give great satisfaction in that line, and as to washing, all the washing, and wringing machines, mangles and the like are not to be compared to them. They are good in the factory, quickly learn, need showing but once, quick to catch an idea in mechanics, and accurate to imitate. No better uneducated operatives can be found. They are equally good anywhere—in the mine, on the farm, on the railroad. There were ten thousand of them at work at the same time on the Central Pacific Railroad, and whether the Chinaman swung the pickaxe, drilled the rock, trundled the barrow, chopped in the forests, or laid the rails, he found no superior. They were industrious, patient, quiet, faithful and highly esteemed by their employers. High praise is not beyond desert. They are quick and apt to learn, can often acquire our alphabet in a single lesson. Their natural abilities are undeveloped as yet; but so far as we know they are prompt, apt, and accurate scholars, and can master anything they undertake. They can all read and write their own language. I have by me now a beautiful newspaper in Chinese. Purchase an article of them, and though they may do it up in a piece of old newspaper, they will write its name, if not more, on the wrapper. "So evidently," he continues, "is the Divine hand in the whole thing, that I have ceased to have any anxiety as to results. It seems as if Divine wisdom could not wait for our slow movements, and so he pours the heathen in upon us—perhaps to bear their temples in sight of the missionary house. I have acquired views respecting the present indications of this wisdom in my late tour, such as I never had before; and whoever lives to see the changes to be made during the next twenty-five years, as time rolls up his curtain, will, I think, see that the world moves fast. Time grows greater, space and distance less, the divine and the human meeting and working together as never before."

THE EXCAVATIONS AT JERUSALEM.

The third quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, just published, contains an account of discoveries as important as any that have yet been made. Having thoroughly examined the old Haram wall at the south-west and south-east angle, Lieutenant Warren has been exploring the north-east angle. Here he finds the old wall—that portion of it below the ground—continued beyond the apparent line of division above ground; the Pool of Bethesda, which he had already ascertained to be a real reservoir, concreted and plastered at bottom, has an overflow through a very remarkable chamber made of wrought stones inside the wall; the stones are cut similarly to those at the south-east angle, but not, apparently, so carefully; characters were found on them, copied, sent home, and examined. They are pronounced to be similar to those previously read by Mr. Deutsch, Phœnician. But the shaft has yielded other and perhaps more important results. On reaching the rock, which was 110 feet below the surface of the ground, it was found to be sloping down at an angle of 8 in 10. A valley, therefore, previously suspected by some, the lowest point of which has not yet been reached, runs across this corner of the Haram area, and the platform of the dome of the rock is at least 165 feet above one part of the valley in the northern part of the Haram area. Among other results which might be mentioned we may name, therefore, this: The Haram area, on one part of which once stood the Temple, may now be compared to the lid of a box, of which the walls are the sides. Its corners are respectively the S. W., about 120 ft., the S. E., about 100 ft., the N. E., about 130 ft., above the rock. At the south-east corner are substructures long since known