

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XIV. No. 29.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, July 21, 1869.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXIII. No. 29.

Poetry.

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE.

Hope,
While there's a hand to strike!
Dare,
While there's a young heart brave!
Toil,
While there's a task unwrought?
Trust,
While there's a God to save?

Learn,
That there's a work for each!
Feel,
That there's a strength in God!
Know,
That there's a Crown reserved!
Wait,
Though 'neath the cloud and rod?

Love,
When there is foe that wrongs!
Help,
When there's a brother's need!
Watch,
When there's a tempter near!
Pray,
Both in thy word and deed!

PEN PICTURES.

A row of bright little faces,
A patter of dear little feet,
And loving arms closely entwining,
Mother's warm kisses to meet.
Three little cups on the table,
Three little chairs by the wall,
Three little curly heads nestled,
Each on its pillow so small.
Ah! who cannot read me this riddle of joy!
They're mother's own darlings, each dear little boy.

Three little tear-stained faces,
Little, bare, unwashed feet,
Shrinkingly, timidly stealing,
In terror, lest blows they meet.
Bare dry bread on the table,
Cold, hard bench by the wall,
Straw, and a scanty, torn blanket,
That will hardly cover them all.
No kisses to-night on each little brow;
God pity and help them! They're motherless now.

Religious.

A LITTLE SERMON.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the beautiful lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable and uninteresting set.

Just then, a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep, on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out agin. My eyes is poor, and I dont seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now; ain't that nice?" said the old woman spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze to-day, bein' lame and wimby; and not selling much makes me sort of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and

said as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."
"Sakes alive! Do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glumest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "That does warm the cockles of my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoestrings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, - that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindness come into the dismal faces around me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow, it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect, and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something as if they wanted to repair their negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-lacings and colored soap; there were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so, it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveller went on her way, better, for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did; and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.—*Merry's Museum.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

"The heirs of the Right Hon. Lord B——, deceased; are notified that his immense estate is waiting in chancery to be divided among them according to his last will."

Frequently notices like the above are seen in English papers. Poor starving men are scattered through the United States, heirs to such estates, but ignorant of it. A washerwoman and a feeble sewing-girl each recently received an independent fortune which had long been waiting for their discovery; but many go down in wretchedness and poverty to the grave without ever coming to the knowledge of their heirship.

This is pitiful; but how much more so to see those who are by bequest heirs of glory live and die unconscious of their inheritance! The New Testament is the *Last Will* of our Lord Jesus Christ. He has died to make it valid, so that it is now in force; and he is now fulfilling its bequests. Yet how many read it as a mere book of instructions, instead of opening it as a will! If some rich relative had died, and you were summoned to hear his will opened, how intensely would you listen!

Let us look into "the will" of Jesus, and see what are the legacies and who the legatees. But as we shall find strange bequests requiring amazing resources to fulfil, let us first notice the ability of Christ to do it.—He is "Lord over all." All things were created by him and for him. He is King of kings and Lord of lords. "All that the Father hath is his." He certainly can and will fulfil his bequests. Then listen:

1. I will that all the debts of those who trust in me be transferred to my account.—To this end I establish a bank of redemption, where all who will present their accounts, even though they are over ten thousand talents, shall be freely discharged on my account.

2. For present support, I give to all the weary and heavy laden rest.

To the thirsty I give the water of life; and the water that I give shall be in them a well of water; and he that drinketh it shall never thirst.

To those who have left houses or lands or kindred for my sake I give in this life a hundred-fold, and in the world to come life everlasting.

3. For final inheritance, I will that all who have been given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. I go to prepare a place for them.

To my sheep that hear my voice and follow me, I give eternal life, and no man shall pluck them out of my hand.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life—to sit with me on my throne; even as I overcame, and am set down with my Father on his throne.—The same shall be clothed in white raiment and I will not blot out his name out of the Book of Life.

To him that is faithful unto death I give a crown of life.

To them that endure with me my temptations I appoint a kingdom; and they shall be kings and priests unto God.

These are some of the legacies of Christ and it is blessed to remember that, although he died to make the will valid, yet he rose again, and ever liveth to be his own executor; so that it will certainly be carried out with all the benevolence of the Testator.

Now, are you remembered in this will? Have you laid your sins on Jesus as your Mediator? Do you trust him, follow him, wear his yoke, overcome, bear reproach for him? Then shall these blessed legacies be yours. There is not one for the opposite of these. And oh how many who might be partakers are living and dying in ignorance of these rich bequests, or wilfully refusing to apply for them! Spread the Information.—Wanted! Heirs to the grace of God! to a crown of life! Poor benighted sinner, come and inherit all things. "Who-soever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"WHAT TO DO WITH THE BABY?"

This problem, so tersely and significantly put by Dr. Robinson, is more widely and vexatiously than many are aware, the problem of pedobaptist Christendom. It no where disquiets Baptist equanimity, for it is no where a question among any who practise only believers' baptism and steadfastly hold the theory of a spiritual church as the body of Christ. It might be difficult to define the exact point at which error and schism commenced the departure from the apostolic church polity by the admission of others than believers as the subjects of baptism, and as members of Christian churches. The incipient Romish heresies are very dimly traceable back beyond the third century, and their exact origin is about as uncertain as still are the precise "sources of the Nile" which many have taxed our credibility with their professions of contradictory discoveries. But we find at a very early period new theories and earnest discussions respecting the children of Christian parents, their rights to the Christian ordinances, and their status in the Christian churches after their baptism. "The fathers," having forsaken the New Testament as the authoritative standard of doctrine and rule of practice, very soon became entangled in the meshes of their own philosophical nets, and began to debate among themselves the question as to what were the true relations of infants to Christianity and the church. They never answered it in any satisfactory way, and the Romanizing process went on without any definite solution of a problem which puzzled Councils, Diets, Consistories, Convocations, Conferences, no two of which settled it for any but themselves or for themselves in any way but by conflicting legislation. Along centuries this was a troublesome question. All agreed that the baby had an important place somewhere; but as to what that place was, that somewhere, all were persistently disagreed. When Protestantism affected to renounce papal dogmas and politics, and to come

back to the Bible as the church's constitutional and organic law, that question came over from Rome to Wittenberg, to Geneva, to Augsburg, to Dort, to Westminster, and even to Cambridge and Saybrook for continuity of discussion and diversified answers. Who can now show from the record, the creed, the standard of any Protestant branch of Christendom that this question has ever been settled to the satisfaction of its own members, quieting all consciences, regulating all usages? Are infants properly the subjects of Christian baptism? On what grounds? By what authority? When baptized, are they members of the church, fully or partially, responsibly or conditionally? Are they qualified communicants at the Lord's table or justly debarred the privilege? The Old Testament defined the place of the male children in the Hebrew economy. What is the place of the children of either sex in the New dispensation? Can any pedobaptist definitively answer that inquiry? None are disturbed by doubt as to the place of an adult baptized on a profession of personal faith; but where in the whole pedobaptist world is there not doubt as to the relation of infants to Christ, to His church, to His ordinances, to His laws, to His promises, to His spiritual empire? How easily, along fifteen centuries, might all these perplexities have been escaped by a faithful adherence to the teachings of Christ and His apostles! —*W. & R.*

A CLOUD DISPELLED.

A faithful minister of Christ one day overtook an aged saint, who, in reply to a question regarding his welfare, said: "I know how it is, but I have been much disquieted of late. It is now nearly sixty years since the Lord Jesus found me in my sins and spoke peace to my soul; and I had then such unquestioning repose in his love, such assurance of hope, and such joy in believing, that it seemed heaven begun on earth. But now, such darkness has come over me, that I am sometimes tempted to doubt whether I ever knew him in truth, and to think that it was all a pleasing dream in which I deceived myself."

"And the reason of that is," replied the minister, "that sixty years ago, when the Lord found you, you knew that you were nothing but a hell-deserving sinner; you never thought of finding any good in yourself; but you looked away from sinful self to Christ, and you found all that you needed in him. You were satisfied with his finished work. His blood spoke peace to you. You saw him as made unto you God's wisdom, even righteousness and sanctification and redemption. You desired nothing more; there was nothing more you could desire.—But now you are beginning to say with yourself, 'If I'm a child of God'—and there is darkness in that if.—If I have been a subject of divine grace for sixty years, then surely there ought to be abundant fruit to his praise, and great spiritual attainments.' And you have turned away from Christ to seek satisfaction in your life or in your own heart, and all is darkness, for the earth does not become a luminous body, however long and clearly the sun may shine upon it. The Lord is dealing mercifully with you, and will not permit you to find rest in self. He will have you to turn again to Christ as fully as ever—and will have you end where you began; rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no confidence in the flesh; at the end as at the beginning, a sinner saved by grace."

A cloud was lifted from that venerable countenance as the old man stood for a few moments wrapt in thought, and then exclaimed: "Thank God! you have hit the mark. Christ is all—Christ is all to me."

May the same grace which caused the light to break through that cloud, bless this record of the incident to some other saint travelling in darkness because turning away from the light.

It is said the largest organ ever built in the United States is that just completed for the Jewish Tabernacle on Fifth Avenue. It has 4,424 pipes, and embraces a *tuba mirabilis* and *vox humana*.