

Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XV. No. 24.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, June 15, 1870.

WHOLE SERIES
Vol. XXXIV. No. 24.

Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

"Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning. Psalm xxx. 5.

Oh, tossed about, and tempted by foes on every side,
Fearing to fall, yet lacking aid,—
Thy hope is sorely tried.

Only a little longer! Be strong in faith to-day,
Trust God, and in believing
These shall pass away.

Only a little longer! Then comes the end of pain,
God sees thy silent weeping;
Thy peace shall come again.

Let not thy heart be faithless, nor let thy hope
Give way,—
In life, in death, forever,
Thy God shall be thy stay.

Weep all thy tears of anguish, the morning
Draweth bright,
We bide now in the night-time,
We wait Heaven's morning light.

See, when the rosy purple tinges the Eastern
Sky—
Open thy heart, oh faithless,
Thy King is drawing nigh!

May, 15. A. W. F.

Religious.

CALLED TO SUFFERING.

It certainly seems that some people have more than their share of suffering. And it is not in appearance only that it is so, if we judge by relative merit. Some whose whole lives have been singularly pure are the subjects of unintermitted affliction, while others not at all distinguished for piety are comparatively exempt. There are those who scarcely draw a healthful breath from year to year, who never know an unclouded day, when no dark sorrow is not in their sky, but who, born unto trouble, do indeed fulfil their sad destiny. Imagine loving wives who are invalids well-nigh from the time of their marriage, and who have to contend not only with the violence of physical pain, but the keener mental anguish which is only too apt to be suggested to a sensitive nature, that she may be a burden to her husband. When such are also mothers, and see their offspring growing up around them, and are unable to render the tender care, the thorough help, which a mother's love prompts for her children, how bitter is the portion! Examples could be enumerated indefinitely, just such as are to be found in every neighborhood.

We can only explain the question by the consideration that some of God's people are called to suffering. This is their particular vocation—to exemplify the power of divine grace in affliction. Religion needs for its commendation to the world all sorts of illustration. It is significant that He who is the great exemplar was the suffering Saviour. He was a doer, but preëminently a sufferer. If pain be the great joiner of human hearts, then does every suffering soul find in the passion of the Redeemer that fellowship of sorrow, which cements all loving disciples to him. It touches and relieves us that he was touched with the feeling of our infirmity. Every heart knows its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddled not therewith; but He is no stranger, but a Friend and Brother, the Sympathizer in our griefs, who was on all points tempted as we are, yet without sin. His own sweet, tender nature, perfected through suffering, comes with its universal experience and looks with loving eyes into ours, and speaks in loving words to our inmost feeling, so as not to be misunderstood. Like his is the mission of his disciples. All cannot have the universal experience which he had, but to his followers is divided the gift of proving the sufficiency of his grace in the manifold and differing department of human exposure and conflict.

Important as the manifestation of the power of religion, in every department

of the Christian life, is the exemplification of its suitability for mankind, it may be safely assured that in none is it more needed than in the province of submission to the divine will under the allotments of privation and inaction. There is something in an active service which has attractions for most minds. Motion, work, especially in the successful accomplishment of an object, though it may be attended with difficulty, is agreeable in the very tumult of the passions which are excited, so that the soul, self-forgetful, is borne on by a force it scarcely can comprehend, and of which it has occasion to take but little note. Thus, labor may not only be a relief from trouble by the occupation which it affords to the thoughts, but a real luxury to the heart which is instinct with ardent emotions. All the heroic elements of the soul are stirred in the excitement of action, and the more arduous and perilous, the more they are stirred; hence the many are ready to run in the paths of achievement, where, as in an arena, they are under the powerful stimulus of the popular eye. But to lie down and be still, and that too, not because one chooses to do so, but because one cannot help one's self, is quite another exercise for the mind. Here all the adventitious aids of support are with drawn, and the soul is thrown back upon itself, and must depend upon its own resources; and capable of and pausing for action, it is obliged to be laid aside as comparatively useless in the great struggle of good and evil—such is a trial of which the few who are called to endure know how hard it is. To have to be a silent spectator of the battles and victories of brethren, when the soul burns for the thickest of the fight, is no sweet cup for the earnest Christian. Yet thus it is appointed year after year to some of Christ's bravest soldiers. To them it is given to illustrate the power of divine grace in the winning of triumphs which are far greater than those which are plucked from the onsets of contending foes, in the calm victories which are gained over self. To conquer one's self, to attain the highest of achievements in the absolute acquiescence of the human will in the divine will—this is the work which is left to such an one. Here the perfect career of Jesus, ever deepening, as we may suppose, in its human aspect, finally culminated: "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

We acknowledge a great drawing to those patient and beautiful souls whose vocation is suffering. They are found not only in the sick-room, but also in the work-room, and even in the fashionable parlor. They are not confined to any class or station. They are in Christian homes and wicked houses. Their suffering is as often the anguish which is inflicted by cold neglect or bitter wrong-doing, as by the hot fever of disease. And they are not the complaining; no parade is made of their sorrow; their grief is silent; noiselessly they move among their companions. The hair, it may be, is prematurely gray, the forehead unduly blanched and marked with the prints of care, they yet have a deep, pensive look, and the lips are slightly more compressed than the age would justify—all showing to the close observer unworldly earnestness and tension of spirit; but beyond this, nothing—to every friend agreeable, to every duty attentive, to the feelings of all considerate. Of such are the angels unawares who are moving about our sinful world shining as lights in dark places, and bringing benedictions upon thousands, where else would be curses.—*Methodist.*

STRAY PEOPLE.

There is a large population, both in town and country, of Protestant training, so far as they have any, who neglect church and religion, and who belong nowhere, when you talk of either. And in counting churchgoers, our City Missionary statisticians always lump them off as "never seen in a church."

The statistics are mistaken. What city church knows all its attendants? Are

there not churches which do not know the half of them? Where is the city minister who, in a year, does not preach to ten times as many people whom he does not know as whom he does know? Here is Rev. Mr. Sharpey, my neighbor. He tells me he officiated at twenty-three funerals last year, of which three were members of his own congregation, and the rest were of people of whom he knew nothing.

"But how came the parties to get you to officiate?"

"O, they had heard me preach, and knew me well enough, though I had no knowledge of them."

What do three-quarters of the people, says Mr. S., want of a minister? Why, just this: they want a minister to live in town, for without him the town is not complete. But then they do not wish to support him, nor to be in any way responsible for him. They wish to know him, *by sight*, and they wish to go to his church and hear him preach when it suits them, on this condition that he shall not know them. They do not wish him to visit them, and to see how they live, nor to be brought into the recognition of his church or congregation; nor, in fact, to be meddled with, religiously, in any way. Many of them are poor, and their furniture and dress are not such as the world makes fashionable. Their church attendance is apt to be in the evening, and they go to one or another church, and are found—most of them—where the crowd is, and where something, is and where something exciting is going on. Of course, they are out of the church before anybody can speak to them, and their faces do not become familiar at any one place. Some of them go frequently, others at intervals of once a month, or once a quarter, or semi-occasionally. When their young people get married, they will often employ a minister. When the friends die, they want his services at the funeral, which they not unfrequently want to be in the church, with a "funeral sermon." Sometimes, in a case of severe sickness, they will send for him, very likely waiting till the person is just conscious, and with a sort of Catholic idea that he can do something, by virtue of his office, to better the estate of the dying, as the priest is supposed to do. And no matter what the deceased's life has been, if the minister will put him in heaven in his funeral sermon, they feel content. A good many of these people—and you will be astonished to find how many—have been professors of religion, or, at least, have thought they experienced religion at some time in their lives—a good many are of foreign birth and not frequently their ideas will be such as they have gathered in connection with a State Church system. Such attach much importance to infant baptism, seeming to have ideas akin to that of baptismal regeneration.

I have heard more than once, ministers and churches accused of "doing little or nothing," because they do not get these people into the church and convert them. Now, I would not discourage any minister or missionary from going among these people and stirring them up, in any way and degree possible. But I wish to show that the whole case is not seen on any one side of it. These people do hear the gospel—at least multitudes of them do—and they hear it in the way they choose to hear it. And my friend, Sharpey, puts it down as one of the consolations of his ministry, that he is enabled to preach to so many of them, in his own church. His opinion is that, standing there, he can speak to more people in a year than he could do by going about to hunt them up.

As to making chapels for such—that has been often enough tried, and has commonly failed. Such people, when they go to church, want to go to church, and not to a chapel. And if they dread recognition in the church, they will love it no better in a chapel.

Some may suppose such as I have here described to be few. I know them to be numerous. As to the church neglectors in the country, they are on a different foot-

ing. There is with them often a want of church facilities. But in the city it is a thing of choice.

As to the hope of its getting better, a good many things are to be said, which I will not now attempt to say. Some of these people adopt more regular religious habits, as they get on in their worldly affairs or as a new church is established in their neighbourhoods, or they get acquainted with the minister, or as their consciences are quickened in any way. A great many can be reached by large churches with many cheap sittings, where their self-respect is not offended, and yet their means are consulted. But until our mixing up of society is over, and perhaps longer, we shall plainly have such a population.—*Rev. J. A. Wight in The Interior.*

HOW TO KEEP A SITUATION.

It is a sad time, just now, for many who depend upon their salaries for the support of themselves and families. So many men are thrown out of employment because times are so dull; their services are not needed in stores and workshops. But some men and boys are always retained. Do you know who are the fortunate ones? They are those who are most useful to their employers—those who do their work the most thoroughly, and are the most obliging and economical.

Those young men who watch the time to see the very second their working-hour is up—who leave, no matter what state the work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the exact amount they can slight their work and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employer's goods will always be the first to receive notice that times are dull, and their services are no longer wanted.

Whatever your situation, lay it down as a foundation rule, that you will be "faithful in that which is least." Pick up loose nails, bits of twine, clean wrapping-paper, and put them in their places. Be ready to throw in an odd half-hour, or hour's time, when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. If not a word is said, be sure your employer makes a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.—*Presbyterian.*

An exchange thus epitomizes the theories of HUXLEY and DARWIN. It is the first time we have seen anything resembling verse made of materialism.

THE COSMIC EGG.

Upon the Rock yet uncreate,
Amid a Chaos inchoate,
An uncreated Being sate—
Beneath Him Rock,
Above Him Cloud,
And the Cloud was Rock,
And the Rock was Cloud.

The Rock soon growing moist and warm,
The Cloud began to take the Form,
As though a something would be Born—
A form chaotic, vast and vague,
Which issued in *The Cosmic Egg.*

Then the Being uncreate
Upon *The Egg* did Incubate,
And thus became the Incubator;
And of *The Egg* did Allegate,
And thus became the Alligator;
And the Incubator was Potentate,
But the Alligator was Potentator.

SOUR WORDS.

1. They indicate a sour origin. They show the heart is in an acid state. The hearer of such words cannot but have his own, and a not very complimentary opinion of the speaker.

3. They make the speaker himself more sour. Words react upon those who utter them. As kind words beget kindness, and