

# Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### LOST AND FOUND.

Upon an awful precipice I stood;  
Before me, dark and dreadful, opened hell;  
Behind me were my sins. Yes, I against  
My God had oft rebelled; repeatedly  
And oft had sinned; refused his gracious calls  
And kindly invitations; and though I  
Ever dreaded hell,—knew well the punishment  
Of sin against my Maker; who, if infinite  
In mercy, is infinite in justice;  
Who loveth them that Him do love; but who  
Is with the wicked angry every day;  
I in my sins continued, as though it  
Were delight to sin, and I to sin loved  
Dearly.—In Death's broad road I straight had  
walked,  
Till now I had attained this giddy height.

With swift destruction right in front, and  
di-mal,  
Deaf'ning, agonizing shrieks of spirits  
Lost, and thoughts that my sad cry would soon  
ascend

With theirs,—I trembling stood aghast.  
But soon, my meditations these; "Ne'er have  
I taken aught by me not owned, nor aught  
Have said that was not verity; with all  
Men have I lived at peace,—been temperate  
In all things. I much have read my Bible;  
My sabbaths have I spent at church; unto  
The needy I have given lavishly."

Thus was I clothed in a long robe of mine  
Own righteousness; and soon methought that I  
Had wandered far from hell,—it seemed fast  
disappearing.

But as I hurried on, and had begun  
To think myself escaped the threatened ruin,  
My robe entangled both my feet, and I  
Fell prostrate. Directly towards the dread abyss  
Adown the hill, I now began to roll.  
But as I neared the awful verge, and feeling  
Lost all hope of life, I suddenly was  
Stopped by what, till now, was unobserved.

"Unto Me look and be ye saved: " loud  
sounded

In mine ears. Mine eyes I raised and soon upon  
A human form, their gaze was fixed;—when lo!  
The robe in which I was wrapped at once  
Became as filthy rags about me. It  
Was the Cross at which I lay. As from the  
Wounded side of Him who thereon hanged,  
A crimson fountain flowed. I soon was plunged  
therein,

And no more saw the filthy rags. Instead  
Of them, He that had hanged upon the cross,  
Upon me placed a robe of his own righteousness.  
Again I looked up to the Cross, but on  
It saw no more the Crucified,—for He  
Lay buried in the silent tomb.—But now,  
O Grave! where is thy Victory? O Death!  
Where now thy sting? "Christ burst the bars  
of death,

And triumphed o'er the grave," and gloriously  
Ascended to God's right hand on high; and  
Ever lives for sinners such as I, to  
intercede.

And thus to me was shown  
Jesus, the Way, the Truth, the Life. Now, if  
I in the narrow way shall walk, and to  
The end prove faithful, there is for me a  
Crown of Righteousness laid up, which God the  
Righteous Judge shall place upon my head,—a  
Crown of Glory bright that fadeth not away.  
Yes! I shall see Him as He is; and on  
His Throne sit down, and with Him reign  
forever!

Once I was lost, but now I'm found,—  
In bonds, but now I'm free;—  
Grace, more than sin, did much abound:  
All praise, my God, to Thee!

Once I was blind, but now I see;  
God spake, and it was done!  
As planned the Blessed Trinity,  
I'm saved by God's dear Son.

JUDSON.

Rose Bay, Lunenburg, Co., 4th July 1870.

## Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

### REVIEW.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF FARADAY. BY  
DR. BENICE JONES, SECRETARY OF THE  
ROYAL INSTITUTION. 8 vo., 2 vols., pp.  
427, 486.

Michael Faraday was born in one of the  
suburbs of London, Sept. 22, 1791. His

father was a blacksmith. At the age of  
thirteen he was employed as an errand boy  
by a bookbinder and stationer, to whom,  
the next year, he was regularly apprenticed.  
His education hitherto comprised  
only reading, writing, and arithmetic, as  
taught in the common schools. But he  
possessed an inquiring mind, and early  
manifested great eagerness in the pursuit  
of knowledge and truth. When books  
were sent to be bound, he often availed  
himself of the opportunity of improvement,  
detaining the volumes, perhaps, longer  
than usual, that he might profit by their  
contents. It was in this way that his  
scientific tastes were developed.

"Faraday himself says, 'Whilst an ap-  
prentice I loved to read the scientific books  
which were under my hands, and, amongst  
them, delighted in Marquet's "Conversations  
in Chemistry," and the electrical treatises  
in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." I  
made such simple experiments in chemistry  
as could be defrayed in their expense by a  
few pence per week, and also constructed  
an electrical machine, first with a glass  
phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder,  
as well as other electrical apparatus of a  
corresponding kind. He told a friend that  
Watts "On the Mind" first made him think,  
and that his attention was turned to science  
by the article 'Electricity' in an encyclo-  
paedia he was employed to bind." Vol. i.  
p. 11.

From the first he was more than a book-  
student. He would see and feel for him-  
self. Whatever statements were made,  
whatever positions taken, were subject to  
the test of experiment, by the aid of such  
apparatus as he could then procure; and  
the result was, that when his apprenticeship  
terminated, in 1812, he had already become  
a successful operator in chemical and elec-  
trical science. Bookbinding was too mean  
an employment for such a man. Having  
attended some of Sir Humphry Davy's  
lectures, he sent his notes of those lectures  
to the philosopher, who regarded him as a  
promising young man deserving encourage-  
ment, and soon after procured for him the  
situation of assistant in the Laboratory of  
the Royal Institution, which was oppor-  
tunately vacant at that time. He received  
his appointment in March, 1813. In the  
following October he left England in com-  
pany with Sir Humphry Davy, and as his  
amanuensis, for a scientific tour in France,  
Italy, and Switzerland, which did not come  
to a close till April, 1815. On his return  
Mr. Faraday resumed his post in the Royal  
Institution. There he learned, and taught  
and inquired, and experimented, for more  
than forty years. His connection with  
Sir Humphry Davy gave facilities for the  
acquisition of knowledge and skill which he  
turned to the best account, and at Sir  
Humphry's death he became the presiding  
genius of the Institution.

Mr. Faraday's life was the life of a philo-  
sopher. His views on that subject were  
thus expressed by himself, in one of his  
early lectures:—"The philosopher should  
be a man willing to listen to any suggestion  
but determined to judge for himself. He  
should not be biased by appearances; have  
no favorite hypotheses; be of no school;  
and in doctrine have no master. He should  
not be a respecter of persons but of things.  
Truth should be his primary object. If to  
these qualities be added industry, he may  
indeed hope to walk within the veil of the  
temple of nature." Vol. i. p. 225.

His time was mostly spent in the labor-  
atory and in lecture halls. We heard one  
of his earliest lectures, delivered before a  
philosophical society, in London, in 1816.  
The subject was "aerostation." His style  
and manner were admirable; the illustra-  
tions were appropriate, and the experiments  
uniformly successful. All his lectures were  
of the same stamp. Hence he was a great  
favorite with the public, and always com-  
manded large audiences. Among his  
hearers, in his latter years, were Prince  
Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Prince  
Alfred and Arthur, and many of the nobility  
and gentry of the Western part of the  
metropolis, besides numbers of earnest  
students, who sat at his feet with reverent  
attention.

As a writer on scientific subjects he was

well known for fifty years. When he as-  
certained a new fact, or discovered a law,  
he published it to the world. He did not  
put his light under a bushel. His first essays  
appeared in the "Quarterly Journal of  
Science." After he became a Fellow of  
the Royal Society, he communicated the  
results of his investigations in the "Phil-  
osophical Transactions." His theories,  
speculations, and discoveries in Electricity  
and Chemistry were comprised in four octavo  
volumes, which are highly prized by the  
scientific portion of the literary public.

Mr. Faraday's discoveries in electricity  
and magnetism placed him in the first rank  
of the philosophers of the nineteenth cen-  
tury. His merits were unanimously ac-  
knowledged. He obtained the highest dis-  
tinctions usually awarded to great men in  
the various departments of knowledge,  
scarcely a Philosophical Society in Great  
Britain or Europe can be mentioned of  
which he was not a member. Oxford gave  
him the degree of D. C. L.; Cambridge,  
that of L. L. D. He received, in all,  
"ninety-five honorary titles and marks of  
merit." Government, under Lord Mel-  
bourne's administration, awarded him a  
pension, and in his declining years he  
enjoyed a house on Hampton Green,  
graciously placed at his disposal by Her  
Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Faraday was a man of God. His piety  
was intelligent—deep—warm—practical.  
The following observations on religion and  
philosophy are highly interesting:—

"You speak of religion, and here you  
will be sadly disappointed in me. You  
will perhaps remember that I guessed, and  
not very far aside, your tendency in this  
respect. Your confidence in me claims in  
return mine to you, which indeed I have no  
hesitation to give on fitting occasions, but  
there I think are very few, for in my mind  
religious conversation is generally in vain.  
There is no philosophy in my religion. I am  
of a very small and despised sect of Chris-  
tians, known, if known at all, as *Sandemanians*,  
and our hope is founded on the  
faith that is Christ. But though the natu-  
ral works of God can never by any possi-  
bility come in contradiction with the higher  
things that belong to our future existence  
and must with everything concerning Him  
ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at  
all necessary to tie the study of the natu-  
ral sciences and religion together, and, in  
my intercourse with my fellow creatures,  
that which is religious and that which is  
philosophical have ever been two distinct  
things." Vol. ii. p. 195.

"Our philosophy, feeble as it is, gives  
us to see in every particle of matter, a  
centre of force reaching to an infinite dis-  
tance, binding worlds and suns together,  
and unchangeable in its permanency.—  
Around this same particle we see grouped  
the powers of all the various phenomena of  
nature; the heat, the cold, the wind, the  
storm, the awful conflagration, the vivid  
lightning flash, the stability of the rock  
and the mountain, the grand nobility of the  
ocean, with its mighty tidal wave sweeping  
round the globe in its diurnal journey, the  
dancing of the stream and torrent; the  
glorious cloud, the soft dew, the rain drop-  
ping fatness, the harmonious working of all  
these forces in nature, until at last the mole-  
cule rises up in accordance with the mighty  
purpose ordained for it, and plays its part in  
gift of life itself. And therefore our the  
philosophy, whilst it shows us these things,  
should lead us to think of Him who hath  
wrought them; for it is said by an author-  
ity far above even that which these works  
present, that 'the invisible things of  
Him from the creation of the world are  
clearly seen, being understood by the things  
that are made even His eternal power and  
Godhead.'" *Ibid.*, p. 229.

Mr. Faraday was several years an elder  
of the Sandemanian church, and took his  
turn in preaching. His sermons were re-  
markably plain and practical.

A letter to his sister-in-law, Miss Bar-  
nard, written at Interlaken, in Switzerland  
Aug. 1, 1841, contains some beautiful  
thoughts:—

"A whole month has passed away since  
we left you and all our friends; and though  
we have for so long been absent, and

without those cheering words and pleasant  
little chats, which are and ought to be a  
comfort to one another, still we have had  
your letters, and you can hardly think how  
great their value is to us. I speak of you  
as all together, for I cannot tell how to  
separate you one from another; bound up  
together, as I trust in the one hope, and  
in faith and love which is in Jesus Christ,  
you seem to me to become more and  
more as one to us; for, as we increase our  
distance from you, there appears to be a  
separation of the few, or I ought rather to  
say of the many, that are with you from  
the rest of the world, and a distinction  
which I feel to be the greater now that I  
am away. And you too, dear Jenny, are  
away in a manner; for though it is not  
distance which separates you, yet it has  
pleased God in his dealing to bring weak-  
ness of body over you, and so to lessen  
your power to enjoy those privileges which  
are granted to us to keep alive in our hearts  
the knowledge and love of the Lord Jesus.  
But we know that these his dealings with  
his people who are found waiting upon  
Him, are all mercy, and are needful to rule  
their rebellious hearts to the obedience of  
Him, and to see in Him everything which  
is necessary for our rest. How anxious, to  
be sure, we are to do something! Often  
it takes the form of going to his house, or  
of joining in his worship, or of working in  
the labour of love in the profession—things  
that his people, constrained by his love,  
will be always found observing; but when  
it pleases God to take from us these privi-  
leges, leaving us his word, which is suffi-  
cient, how often shall we find, by the work-  
ings and thoughts of our hearts, that in  
these things we were trying to do some-  
thing on our own account! And so we  
may be encouraged to hope that He is  
thus showing us what is within ourselves,  
that He may turn us again unto Christ  
and to Him alone. Now, my dear Jenny, I  
hope I have not written anything to make  
you dull. I have no such thought; I am  
rather hoping to cheer both you and myself  
by the thought of Divine goodness and  
mercy, which make salvation not of any  
worth or work of ours, or any goodness or  
strength or fitness that we have, but alone  
of his sovereign grace and mercy." *Ibid.* p.  
143.

The good man glided gently down the  
valley. On his way, he penned these lines,  
in a note to the Count of Paris, who had  
invited him to Twickenham, near London,  
where he resided:—

"I bow before Him who is Lord of all,  
and hope to be kept waiting patiently for  
His time and mode of releasing me, ac-  
cording to His Divine Word, and the  
great and precious promises whereby His  
people are made partakers of the Divine  
nature." *Ibid.*, p. 477.

He died Aug. 25, 1867, in the 76th year  
of his age.

Dr. Jones has constructed this Memoir  
on a novel principle. It ought to be en-  
titled "annals" of the life of Faraday, for  
the history of each year is given in detail,  
so that we see the process of development  
—in knowledge, science, and general  
character. There are advantages and dis-  
advantages in this plan, but we have not  
time to discuss them. We quote the closing  
paragraphs of the work:—

"That one who had been a newspaper  
boy should receive, unsought, almost every  
honour which every republic of science  
throughout the world could give; that he  
should for many years be consulted const-  
antly by the different departments of the  
government, and other authorities, on  
questions regarding the good of others;  
that he should be sought after by the  
princes of his own and other countries;  
and that he should be the admiration of  
every scientific or unscientific person who  
knew any thing of him, was enough to  
have made him proud; but his religion  
was a living root of fresh humility, and  
from first to last it may be seen growing  
with his fame, and reaching its height with  
his glory, and making him to the end of his  
life certainly the humblest, whilst he was  
also the most energetic, the truest, and the  
kindest of experimental philosophers.  
"To complete this picture, one word