

# Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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## Poetry.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following short poem, is not new; and it may have been read by some of our subscribers; but its great beauty and as a specimen of curious composition render it is well worth a re-perusal.

If any be distressed and fain would gather  
Some comfort let him haste unto  
Our Father;  
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven.  
Except thou succor us,  
Who art in heaven;  
Thou showest mercy therefore, for the same.  
We praise thee, singing  
Hallowed be thy name.  
Of all our miseries cast up the sum  
Show us thy joys and let  
Thy kingdom come;  
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;  
Thou constant art,  
Thy will be done on earth:  
Thou mad'st the earth as well as planets seven,  
Thy name be blessed here.  
As 'tis in heaven.  
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,  
Except thou give it us—  
Give us this day  
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith be fed,  
For without thee, we want  
Our daily bread.  
We want, but want's no fault, for no day passes  
But we do sin—  
Forgive us our trespasses—  
No man from sinning ever free did live;  
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,  
As we forgive,  
If we repent our faults, thou ne'er dost stainest  
us  
We pardon them  
That trespass against us.  
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us,  
Direct us always in thy path  
And lead us—  
We're thine own people and thy chosen nation—  
Into all truth, but  
Not into temptation.  
Thou that of all good grace art the giver,  
Suffer us not to wander,  
But deliver  
Us from all the fierce assaults of world and devil  
And flesh, so shalt thou free us  
From all evil;  
To these petitions let both church and laymen,  
With one consent let all the world say  
Amen.

## Religious.

### THE GOSPEL IN TURKEY.

The work of God is (says *Zion's Herald*) advancing gloriously in Turkey. Even the villages in the Taurus mountains are receiving the Word of the Lord. The Rev. Mr. Trowbridge writes in the *Bible Record* respecting the work there. We extract the following:—

We reached here on 1st of October; since then I have been to that notorious home of rebels against Turkish authority, —Zeitoon. You remember that Brother Montgomery and Pastor Avedis were nearly killed there in 1866. I remained there from one Thursday afternoon until the next Monday morning without molestation. It is impossible in a short letter to give you details of all I saw and heard. You can imagine the pleasure with which I preached the Word to the little company of fifteen Protestants who have had the grace and courage to come out boldly on the side of Bible truth. There are some very promising young men there, two or three of whom greatly desire to prepare themselves to enter our theological school. What especially delighted me was their familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures. They did not seem to know anything about any other books, but in ordinary conversation they would say, "As Christ says"—"As Paul says"—"As it is written in such a place," giving the very words of the sacred text. One of them had recently given his wife a hard beating. On my remonstrating with him, he replied "Does not the Apostle say, 'Wives, be obedient to your own husbands?' Mine would not obey me, and I had to whip her the Lord knows that I did it not for my own pleasure but for His glory." I told him he had better glorify God in some other

way. They are babes in Christ, but they truly desire the sincere milk of the Word. In all their discussions with the Armenians they bring them at once to the test of God's Word. The Protestants can now freely and safely discuss religious questions in the markets and streets, and they avail themselves of the opportunity, you may be sure I love to think of these appeals to the "law and to the testimony" that are daily made in that wild mountain town. As the Armenians fully acknowledge the authority of God's Word, they are often put in a tight place. A very illiterate man, who can barely read, is a terrible opponent when armed with "the sword of the Spirit." Since coming back from Zeitoon, I have made another tour sixty miles to the west among the Taurus Mountains. I visited four Armenian villages, and in every one found copies of the New Testament and enlightened men. These villages, for various reasons, have not been visited by the missionaries, but have had occasional visits from the student colporteurs. At one village I preached for two hours to about seventy villagers, who sat round me on the flat roof of a house; in that house were two copies of the New Testament. In another village I preached by request of the people and priest in the Armenian church. The people all sat down on the floor when I began, and paid the most strict attention while I told the story of Christ's suffering and death. In that church there was a very old manuscript Bible in the ancient Armenian language. I thought of you as I turned over its worm-eaten leaves. The words "Thou shalt not covet," and "Thou shalt not steal," came into my mind, and I shut it up, and laid it back in its little niche. Really, it is not worth one cent, to the people, for they don't understand a word of it and don't use it at all. On the money-plate of church were several old coins, one had the noble name of "Cæsar Augustus" plainly stamped upon it. This the priest gave to me. Of course it took me at once back to "those days" when "there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." How near does such a little thing as that bring us to the day when Christ was born! Yet what tremendous upheavings there have been in the world in consequence of the words He spake! And the work of upheaving is still going on—in fact, has only fairly begun.

In the construction of Churches—Meeting-houses, or whatever places of worship may be called, it has of late usually been the practice to make the seats all alike, as regards size and general accommodations for the worshippers. Any parties wishing for cushions, books &c., having to find their own, suited to their own tastes and necessities. There must necessarily be some "back pews," and if the others are filled, there must be "the man in the back-pew." We rather prefer "the back pew."

The writer of the following racy article suggests by a very practical illustration, that such persons may fail to obtain all the edification and benefit desirable under such circumstances. Upon reading it, the question will probably arise in many minds whether something cannot be done to apply a remedy, and supply these desiderata. When strangers are perceived by the more polite members of a congregation they generally have the offer of as good a place as possible, and a hymn-book. Now reader, proceed with the article and you will perceive how such attentions are appreciated:

### THE MAN IN THE BACK PEW, WITH NO HYMN-BOOK.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Good reader, suppose a man comes to your house to dinner. You ask him to sit with you, and, taking your places at the table, the meal begins. All that is neces-

sary for the enjoyable refreshment of the inner man is before you, well cooked and decently served. You and your family are seated in comfortable chairs, with cushions on them. Your places are furnished with the requisite knives, forks, and spoons, to assist you in disposing of your eatables, and to promote your comfort as you eat.

But your guest is not so well provided for. Instead of giving him a cushioned chair, you ask him to sit on a hard board bench; or on a comfortless stool with no back to it. You hand him his food, it is true, but give him neither knife, fork, spoon nor napkin. At first he thinks there is some unintentional omission, which he hopes you will rectify. As he gazes around the table, however, he sees all your family supplied with the requisite table furniture and enjoying their dinner with it. And he further notices that his unfurnished condition awakens no surprise on the part of anybody at the table.

With embarrassed mood, and saddened heart, he does his best at partaking of the food set before him, but of course fails to enjoy it. He hurries through, as rapidly as he may, and, even though he may not verbally express his determination, yet he inwardly resolves that he will never again take a meal in a house where the hospitality is of the peculiar sort you have shown him.

But you say you cannot suppose such a case. You never treat people in that way when they come to dine with you. It would be hard manners.

Come, then, from the dinner-table to the church.

The church bell rings, and the church doors are thrown open, welcoming all who may feel disposed to enter throng, and by the music of the organist's voluntary, accepts the invitation and passes in. Perhaps he helps himself to a seat; perhaps the sexton, or the church committee, may select one for him. In either case, we find him in unmolested possession of a pew in the rear part of the church.

The voluntary being done, the service begins. After a brief invocation the minister says, "Let us sing the one thousand and ninety-ninth hymn," which hymn he proceeds to read. The people who belong to the church have hymn-books of their own, and turn to the place. Our stranger friend has none, and nobody hands him any. He is obliged to depend for his knowledge of what is to be sung, on what he hears the minister read. He makes all the effort his memory is capable of; galled by the incivility done him, and feeling that he is an unwelcome intruder. At first he thinks the church must have been too poor to provide a hymn-book for his uncushioned seat. But he sees the carpeted aisles, the stained glass, the frescoed walls, the gilt organ-pipes, and he is convinced that the finances of the establishment must be in prosperous condition. And as he further contemplates the golden-edged, morocco bound hymn-books, and the cushioned pews of those who are of the happy number of habitual worshippers in this sanctuary, he realizes that he has neither part nor lot in the worship, for he is nothing but an outsider.

The hymn being read, the choir take in hand the singing of it. The stranger hopes that he will have more firmly stamped on his mind the impression made by the pastor's reading of it. But here is a disappointment for him. The words which the minister read in the English language have been rendered by the accomplished linguists in the choir gallery into the Japanese tongue, or something like it. For all he can understand of it, the musicians might as well be imported artists from Jeddo. He needs a book, or something to help him translate what is being sung. Entirely helpless for the want of it, he patiently awaits the conclusion of this service of the song, and as it draws to a close, he concludes that the inhospitable authorities of the church forbore to furnish his pew with a hymn book, because they feared he might steal it.

The hymn is done, and in due time a chapter of the Bible being announced, our stranger looks through his pew for a copy

of the sacred book. Finding none, he begins to regard himself as a suspicious character; but he thinks that, at the moderate price at which the Bible Societies furnish copies of the Scriptures to the destitute, they might have risked a copy on him.

The collection boxes are carried around and our friend supposes that he, at least, exempt. But, to his surprise, the collector thrusts the box at him! He thinks it is a very mean transaction, under the circumstances, and makes no addition to the collector's pile of cash.

When the sermon is delivered, let it be ever so fine a discourse, it is not in human nature for the stranger to enjoy it, or to be profited by it, as he might, if the inexpensive courtesy of a hymn-book had been extended to him. When the blessing is pronounced, at the close, he departs with sense of a lack of the blessedness which might, under other circumstances, have been his. Determined never again to set foot inside of such an inhospitable church he tries another, only to meet, in the most of them, the same chilling experience.

Christian people, consider! If you want your churches to ring with the full chorus of sacred song, an important step to be taken is to furnish every worshipper with a hymn-book. The members of the church own them, perhaps, and have them either at their houses or in their pews. It is as uncourteous to the stranger, to ask him to worship with you, and yet furnish no hymn-book for him, as it would be to ask him to your table and withhold from him the table tools which would minister to his comfort. You have no more reason to expect him to bring his hymn-book to your church, than his fork or spoon to your dinner-table. Perhaps he would not sing if he had a book. Try him, rather than force him into speechlessness. Perhaps he understands not a note of music. He may not be so terribly behind your Japanese choir, in that respect. Common courtesy demands that you give him the opportunity to test his powers of sacred song, whatever they may be.

Supply every seat in the church with a hymn-book. If the favoured sitters in the front pews are using a new edition, bearing the date of the present year, do not give the impecunious stranger in the back an old one of 1833, with the back broken, one side off, the corners dog-eared, and the fly-leaves scribbled on by the small boys, who thus improved the time during the delivery of the sermon which they could not understand.

Provide good, clean books; let everybody who comes feel welcome to use them. Make the stranger enjoy the blessing of free christian courtesy, and it will add not only to the volume of sacred praise, but to the influence you gain over him and his friends, in drawing them to the house of the Lord.—*The Singing People.*

### THE CLERICAL MARKET.

The following from *Chambers' Journal* is a state of things unknown on this side of the Atlantic. It is too a matter of sincere lamentation to many of the more pious members of the Church of England, that clergymen so advertise themselves in the Church papers. Whilst the clerical office is, with many, merely a profession and entered into without proper regard for the solemnity of the sacred office, such abuses will probably continue in connection with a State Church.

It may not be generally known that there are establishments in town where clergymen of the Church of England can be obtained in the same manner (except that they are not "on view") as hired domestics. "Strong, active, willing" clergymen, as maids-of-all-work advertise themselves; clergymen with or without encumbrance; clergymen who, in addition to thoroughly performing the duties of their office, will throw in an extra or two, such as, "can intone," "can train a choir," just as the lady's