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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

NOBLE LIVES.

There are hearts which never falter
In the battle for the right;
There are ranks which never alter
Watching through the darkest night:
And the agony of sharing
In the fiercest of the strife,
Only gives a nobler daring,
Only makes a grander life.

There are those who never weary,
Bearing suffering and wrong;
Though their way is long and dreary,
It is vocal with their song;
While their spirits in God's furnace,
Bending to His gracious will,
Are fashioned in a purer mould
By his loving, matchless skill.

There are those whose loving mission
Tis to bind the bleeding heart;
And to teach the calm submission
Where pain and sorrow smart.
They are angels bearing to us
Love's rich ministry of peace;
While the night is nearing to us,
And life's bitter trials cease.

There are those who battle slander,
Envy, jealousy, and hate;
Who would rather die than pander
To the passions of earth's great;
No earthly power can crush them,
They dread not the tyrant's frown;
No fear, no favor hush them,
Nor bind their spirits down.

These, these alone are truly great;
These are the conquerors of fate;
These truly live, they never die;
But clothed with immortality,
When they shall lay their armor down,
Shall enter and receive the crown.
McDougall.

Religious.

THE FAULTY NUT.

How much we may learn from a careful observation of common things in every-day life, and from the constant occurrence of events which we may receive instruction from, and reduce to a practical use. How many things there are alike in their appearance, yet unlike in their substance, things that glitter without, but are rotten within. The other day, a gentleman sitting at a table furnished with dessert, carefully examined the nuts on his plate, and selected two, equal in size, good in appearance, taken from the same store, and placed on the same dish. He invited the attention of a young person in the company to these nuts, and, holding up one, exclaimed, "This has no kernel in it." This his companion regarded as incredulous. The nuts were immediately tested, and the one predicted bad proved to be bad. Perhaps he had discovered a small hole in the shell, I cannot say; but certain it was that when the nutcrackers were applied, the nut was *probatum est* (tried and proved), "it had no kernel in it." Let us take advantage of this circumstance. It is not much consequence what a nut turns out to be, but it may be of great consequence in other matters. There are many things in the world of which it may be said in verity, "they have no kernel in them." This is true of some books. There is many a book that looks very elegant, its stories very amusing, and its subjects very gratifying. You read smilingly; time passes swiftly; and you can scarcely lay it aside; if you do, you are mad to pursue its story again.

Yet, when you have finished it, and tested it in the scales of common sense, and weighed it in the balances of sound reason, you find you had been laughing at folly, reading a book that was silly, and spending your time unprofitably. The fact was "the book had no kernel in it." How different the Bible when in a proper frame of mind we take this book, read its pages and peruse its sacred oracles, "which is able to make us wise unto salvation."

This book reveals a Divine Being, His works, perfections, government, and glory. It makes known to us our faculties, endowments, accountability, apostacy, and immortality, and, to

crown the whole, it publishes the mercy of God in the redemption of the world by His Son Jesus Christ, "that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

There are thousands of books published now-a-days which contain everything but the Cross; and, lacking this, "they have no kernel in them." They are full of directions as to sacraments and eulogy of the churches; they abound with exhortations about holy living, and rules for the attainment of perfection; but the Cross of Christ is omitted; Jesus and His dying is not mentioned, and if it is, it is in an unscriptural manner. Such books would not satisfy Paul; "they have no kernel in them."

This is true about mere professors; they say one thing and mean another. Their character is elaborately given in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew. They talk fluently, recite texts rapidly, and converse on religion most theologically, so that sometimes we are abashed at our own ignorance. But let us bring things to the test, like the nut. Seek for some practical demonstration of their excellencies and you will soon discern "they have no kernel in them."

Reader, art thou a professor? Remember disguised pretenses cannot deceive Him; He discerneth thy disguises before thou hast weaved them. You may call God your father, speak heaven's dialect, be endowed with gifts, but remember God looks through the veil, and you appear as clear to Him as crystal; He can pierce thy heart with as much ease as the sun can through the thinnest cloud.

Jesus had to do with such in His day, and he exclaimed, "Woe unto you, hypocrites; you outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within are full of iniquity;" "they had no kernel in them."

Reader, are you a book student? Let me advise you to read such books that have kernels in them; books that present Jesus as the only Saviour; that doctrine of regeneration, through the operation of the Holy Spirit, by which every heart must be renovated; the perfect, complete, spotless, and imputed righteousness of Christ through the exercise of simple faith, by which the sinner is justified from all things. This is what is provided for the sinner, offered to the lost, and enjoyed by the believer. Here the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ appears in pardoning the guilty, justifying the condemned, and sanctifying the unholy, through the substitution, work, sufferings, and death of Jesus; and when death shall test your state, it will be proved that your choice was one with the kernel in it. Reader, I would have you be useful; and in order to do this you must have a Christian character with a kernel in it; the love of God welling up in your heart; your conversation seasoned with salt; your attendance at the house of God regular; in all your works aiming at His glory, the good of souls, and the prosperity of His cause. Let your life be holy, adorning the "doctrine of God your Saviour in all things," and you will never be classed by the Great Head of the Church amongst the faulty nuts, of whom God speaks: "I saw the wicked buried who had come and gone from the place of the holy, and they were forgotten in the city where they had so done."

RICHARD SHIPWAY.

CROSSES.

BY REV. A. MCELROY WYLIE.

We have just seen, for the first time, a most impressive picture. Here, in the foreground, appears an elevated and somewhat extended mound, with a circular front, around which sweeps a pathway, which comes from the far distant left, and conducts upward along an uneven mountainous way to the right. A massive cross stands in the centre of the mound, and around that emblem of our faith are arranged a large number and variety of crosses, lying flat upon the bank. Many persons are seen approaching this mound from the left of the picture, and a similar number are going up the mountain,

bearing their crosses away on the course of their rough, but upward journey. The mixed company which approach the crosses is composed of both sexes, and of all ages, from the older and the mature to the little boys and girls who, you may fancy, are just coming away from the classes in Sunday school.

The design of the picture evidently seems to be, that there is a cross for every one, and every one must bear his cross if he means to achieve true success in life. Every one approaching the mound would instinctively choose the slender, the short and light crosses, which are obviously intended only for the weak ones, and the little children.

But, to prevent this kind of unwise selection, there appears a beautiful angel hovering over these transverse beams, whose kindly office seems to be to guide the various comers to their own particular crosses. While one of those celestial hands points the way-farer to his own adapted burden, the other, inclining upward directs the eye of the hesitating pilgrim to a radiant crown, shining out in a halo of glory, and fixed in the heavens above—far away up the mountain, and toward the angel's right. The artist, with some success, has aimed to set forth a variety of emotions as they are portrayed in the countenance, the gestures and actions of the travellers. Here come a group of dear, joyous little children—chiefly girls. They are full of innocent animation and energy. They draw near the mound as if it were a bank of flowers, and hasten, at the bidding of the angel, to take up their little crosses, yet, all for that, just as heavy as those which have been prepared for the older and the more mature.

The artist thus tries to be true to the blessed fact, that it is easier to serve God in early youth, and that religion is never a dead weight upon the youthful spirit, but a true securer and conservator of real happiness.

But here comes a sad foil to the hopeful spirit! A young man of noble vigor, and perfect manly beauty and carriage, draws near the mound, and the angel points him to a ponderous-looking cross. The young man starts back, a dark frown settles on his brow, he in half anger and indignation raises his hand to his head, while the involuntary gesture of the other expresses the language of a heated rejection. The angel, with an expression of saddened pity and yearning love, struggles to prevent the young man from turning away, and seeks to encourage him by directing his eye upward to the radiant crown, glowing in the skies.

This portion of the scene affords us a graphic delineation of just that experience which is wrought into the daily life of young men. They cling to the impression that here, on the one side, is the world and its joy—its freedom—its glory; while there, on the other side, is religion with its burdens—its gloom—its unfriendliness to freedom and happiness. The young man, accordingly, exercised beneath this wholly deceptive reversal of the real facts of human experience and the truths of God, meets the demand requiring him to take up the cross with indignant surprise, and is tempted to beckon it away in the heat of an insulted freedom.

There can be no doubt that each man has his cross to bear, and he may look out for it precisely where he most dreads its appearance. "But," as good Dr. Cutler, of St. Ann's Brooklyn, used to say familiarly in the lecture-room, "be sure you don't kick the heavy cross laid in your track—take it up, and carry it manfully, and you will escape many a sore knook and bruise, and escape, too, a final and fatal offence, or stumbling."

To attempt to walk around this mound which holds our waiting cross, is not to go round, but really to turn back. The artist represents some who have come up, taken a look at the crosses which were intended for them, and they are seen now with their backs turned contemptuously toward the

angel and the crown, and they are hurrying hopelessly away, toward the dark and dangerous region from which they seemed, but for a moment, to emerge.

Here is an elderly successful business man, who draws near the mound. "Anything but that!" he exclaims, as the Angel of the Covenant points to the cross which is to dash out his success—wreck his ships, break down his largest debtors. "Anything but that!" yet nothing but that could effect the purpose. Alas! even a child might be taken away, and that could not bow your heart and wean your ambition as the outgo of your fortune, either by your voluntary gifts, or by the disastrous compulsions of an Allwise Providence.

Here is another, whose merry voice rings loudest in the round of earthly pleasures. Money is nothing to him, except as a means for the gratification of taste or appetite. He draws near the mound, and the angel points to that cross which is to set fire to the entire heap of his savory and glittering robes, and consume them every one, root and branch. He wrings his hands and exclaims, "Anything but that!" And yet it is just that, and nothing but that, which will awaken you out of the dream of false and ruinous pleasures.

Here is another, whose whole soul has been absorbed in the ambition to plant his foot upon the highest pinnacle of fame, station, influence, applause, renown—for these he would sacrifice all, and consider they were cheaply purchased. Money, pleasure—he would tread these in the dirt, while he pushes toward his chosen goal. He too approaches the mound, and the angel points him to the cross which can be carried only in the paths of earthly obscurity and hard working retirement. Perhaps his eye flamed out upon the Law, Politics, the Presidency; and the angel points to an obscure country parish—a village pulpit, and hard, unobscured work among the plain and lowly. "Ah! anything but that! it will kill me!" And yet it is just that, nothing short of that, which will secure real satisfaction and safety—and just because the Angel of the Covenant points in that direction.

"And how can I know," asks one, "which of these crosses is intended for me?" This is an important question, and ought to be answered by directing to a plain, interfitting, double test, which can be applied to every true inquirer's experience.

"GETTING RELIGION."

The remark was one carelessly made in reference to a recent convert, "He has got religion." "That is of little account," said a cautious man in the company, the only question is, "Has religion got him?" The remark and the comment are both noteworthy, as illustrating two phases of the Christian life of our age. There is a wide difference among good men in the standard of Christian life and the methods of Christian labor. One class have religion as they have property or friends or office. It has its place by the side of other valuable possessions, adding to their respectability as men and citizens. They would not forego religion as they would not sacrifice wealth. It is a part of a well developed character. They are in no danger of fanaticism or excessive zeal.

There is no inward force to excite them, and a regard for respectability guards against any rash influences from without. Such men rarely dishonor religion except by worldly tendencies. Their character is reputable, their attention to church duties uniform, and their charities generous. But they never seem intensely in earnest, have no inward wrestlings, no torturing doubts, and agonies of soul for the conversion of others. They have got religion, we may hope, but it is evident religion, in the higher sense, has not got them. It is subordinate, not supreme.

There is another class, of a different

type, whom religion holds and moves with an all-controlling power. It is an inward force they cannot resist, exciting feeling, impelling action. They cannot restrain it and hold it in check. In has the mastery, and they do its bidding. It draws them to the closet, not as a matter of form, but to wrestle with God, like the patriarch of old, and prevail. It leads them to the Bible, hungering for the word of life, and searching it for hid treasures. It incites them to labor for Christ, in season and out of season; in seed-time as eagerly as in harvest; when others sleep no less than when the whole church is quickened. It gives them yearnings for sinners, as utterly lost; and as those for whom Jesus died—whom he longs to save.

This latter class produces the great men of the Church, martyrs, saints, successful workers, the Chrysostoms and Augustines, the Luthers and Whitefields, whose memory is ever fragrant. It furnishes those in humble life who, in the Sunday-School and the devotional meetings, in sunshine and in storm, are ever at their post, ready alike to do or to suffer. They need no goading to work, for religion is mighty within giving impelling power, and they are its obedient servants. Any church blessed with such members is sure to prosper.

This difference in religious character explains a difficulty in regard to culture in the ministry which perplexes many. There are some pastors to whom a rich culture seems a positive evil. It blunts the edge of their preaching. It tempts to literary essays rather than pungent sermons. It begets a regard for the proprieties in the pulpit and in social life, rather than an eager desire to win souls. In spite of their culture and mental power, they fail of success in the ministry. The fatal error is, Religion has not got them, but they have got religion. It is only a part of their life, and culture is another part of equal value. It does not make learning and thought subordinate to its own ends, but esteems them for inherent worth.

Another class of ministers are equally studious, and covet a varied culture. But it is only incidental to their life-work in saving men. They are never beguiled by literature nor led astray by learning. Religion has an absolute mastery within them, and turns all their attainments to Christian uses. All growth adds to their power and success, for everything is given with intense earnestness to service for Christ.

The terribly earnest men of history, whose lives have been a power, have been mastered by some great idea. It possessed the centre of their being, and appropriated natural gifts, position and attainments to its uses. Such men are always needed in the church of Christ, in whose hearts love for Jesus is a constraining power, fusing all opposing elements by its intense heat; who have a passion for saving souls, which success cannot satiate, nor failure suppress. Too many Christians in our day have got religion. It would be better for the Church if religion had got them.—*Christian Era.*

WORDS THAT DO NOT WEAR OUT.

The works of man seldom bear close inspection. You may take a needle which is highly polished, and appears to be without the slightest inequality upon the surface, you may put it under a microscope, and you will discover it to be a rough and rusty bar of iron; but take the wing or foot of an insect, and put this under the lens, and you will discover no flaw, magnify it as much as you will, or gaze at it as long as you please. So, take the words of man. The first time you hear them, they will strike you; you hear them again, and still admire their sentiments; but when often heard, you are weary of them, and you wonder how it was that people could become so infatuated as to quote such feeble words, which by repetition lose all their power. The words of Jesus are the very opposite of this. You may ring the changes