

# The Christian Messenger.

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WHOLE SERIES.  
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## Poetry.

### SOME PLACE FOR ME.

My feet may never tread  
The golden streets above;  
I may not lay my weary head  
On Jesus' breast of love.

I may not sing the song  
Of the redeemed on high—  
That holy, blessed, blood-bought throng  
Whose praises fill the sky.

But, Lord of truth and grace,  
With humble faith in thee,  
I know there is some lowly place  
Thou hast prepared for me.

If at heaven's outer gate  
I can but hear thy voice,—  
Thy wondrous passion contemplate,—  
How will my soul rejoice!

O sweet thus to behold  
Thy glory from afar!  
With glimpses of the harps of gold,  
The pearly gates ajar.

Polluted as I am,  
Sufficient joy 'twill be  
To hear the song, "Worthy the Lamb"  
Who once was slain for me.

W. & R.

## Religious.

### JOSIAH AND BIBLE WORK.

BY CHANCELLOR HOWARD  
CROSBY, D. D.

It was a wonder that Josiah had a spark of piety in him. Grandfather Manasseh had led the nation down the incline of iniquity at lightning speed, and plunged it into the filth of heathenism, and father Amon had helped it wallow there. And yet out of all this comes an angel. At sixteen years of age he is radiant with the reflected light of heaven.

We look for a cause. In Josiah's reign, two centuries before, it was good old Jehoiada, the centenarian. In Jehoshaphat's it was the faithful king Asa. But there are none of these helps for Josiah. We are utterly at a loss. We can only guess. "His mother's name was Jedidah, daughter of Adaiah, of Boscath." "Eight years old when his wicked father was murdered in the palace, and he became king! Who else had charge of the boy but this Boscathite? She was Sultana Valide; she was queen-mother, which is the very fountain of authority in the East. The light comes through here. Now we guess how the angel came. Josiah must have had faithful instruction in divine things, to come out such a full-blown saint at sixteen, and that, too, in a soil rank with the abominations of idolatry.

He was no milk-and-water believer. He was a hero. Nobody led him. He led everybody. The high-priest, chief-priests and Levites simply followed in his grand wake. The young king, at twenty, went through the land with the broad sweep of reform, and its iniquities slunk away into caverns to hide from the lad. Again at twenty-six, when he had found the long lost Bible, gathering new knowledge and strength from the holy book, he passed from limit to limit of his country, with the hammer of an iconoclast in his hand, wielding it right lavishly on Baal and Astarte, until every relic of idolatry is broken into ugly deformity. How the people must have cursed him! But he did not care for the curses of idolaters. Think how many priests and servitors of temples and chapels and shrines all through the land must have been thrust out of office penniless into the cold! How many family and social arrangements, confirmed by the idolatrous customs of more than half a century, must have been turned topsy-turvy! The few who sympathized with the king were what we call "a corporal's guard." But yet how sturdily he strikes! Beautiful statues! Oh, in the name of Art, spare them, good king! Down go the lonely nudities. The Art-plea will not do. (Oh for a Josiah to clear away the mixture of the beautiful and lasciv-

ious that, in the specious name of Art, seduces the modesty of the young among us!) Solomon's fine art gallery on Olivet, where Pinacotheks and Glyptotheks, in honor of Chemosh and Moloch, had been preserved four hundred years, must succumb. How the sentimental young ladies and the accomplished artists of Jerusalem must have howled! They can't see the sense of being so "awfully religious." It is sheer ugliness and Puritanism (whatever the Hebrew for that may be). Why be so illiberal and narrow as to crush out the mere name of the heathen deities, and that at the expense of real beauty, that has cost the skill and labor of ages?

Ah! poor, weak worldlings, Josiah has found the Bible! And when the Bible is found by the heart, the heart will have nothing to do with compromises. It plucks up root and fibre. It sees danger where the blinded soul feels secure. It guards against incipient evils. It crushes the eggs of the serpent. It is zealous for the Lord God, and no beauty will justify a rivalry with God in its sight.

Tophet was the choice suburb of Jerusalem. There were the king's gardens. Gravelled walks, shady lanes, sweet-scented bowers, sparkling fountains, luxurious villas and kiosks—there they were, and amid them all the shrine of Amon's cruel god. All that luxury is identified in the public mind with the Amonitish idolatry, just as theatres now are identified in the public mind with fashion, carelessness, loose morals, and irreligion. The young hero of God does not spare these ancestral treasures. Tophet is defiled, and all its pride turned into disgrace. The place, made vile, is to be a symbol for all that is abominable, and its name shall be a synonym for hell.

Glorious King Josiah! It was written by the Lord himself, and read by admiring hosts of heaven, that "like unto him was there no king before him that turned to the Lord with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his might." Let the model be imitated. O ye Christian compromisers with fashionable sin, look at Josiah and learn his royal style of serving your God and Redeemer!

### THE GRACE THAT PINCHES.

BY THEO. L. CUYLER, D. D.

The prevailing sin of the day is self-indulgence. It is eating like a canker into the life of many of our churches. It leaves Christ's ministers to address empty pews on unpleasant Sabbaths. It robs Christ's treasury to keep up a showy "turn out." If it hangs a bough of profession over on the church-side of the dividing wall, yet its roots are deep down in the soil of the world. It is often ready to deny Christ, but seldom ready to deny self.

The most popular doctrine to preach in these times, and the hardest one to practice, is the old-fashioned apostolic doctrine of self-denial. This is the grace that pinches. The daily battle of Christian principle is with that artful, subtle, greedy sinner, self. And the highest victory of our religion is to follow Jesus over the ragged path of self-denial. This is mainly to be done in little every-day acts of life. The great occasions that demand sublime sacrifices are few and rare. The Christian who suppresses a jest or a witticism because it would burlesque his religion, practices self-denial. When he speaks out a bold but unpopular word for the right—in "fashionable society"—he is really taking up his cross for his Master. All genuine acts of philanthropy are born of the noble principle to deny self, and to honor Christ in the persons of those for whom Christ suffered.

The mission-school teacher who sallies off through the driving storm to carry his gospel-load to a group of hungry children is an example of this. "Why should I sit by the warm fire on my sofa to-day? Christ will look for me among my class." The seamstress who drops her hard earned dollar into

the Memorial Fund collection is really enthroning her Saviour above herself. Those educated Northern girls who went South to teach ragged freedmen their alphabet and the Bible are truer ladies in God's sight than all the self-pampering belles who air their fineries on Fifth or Wabash Avenue.

We cannot emphasize too strongly this grace which pinches selfishness. I care not how orthodox is a man's creed, or how eloquent may be his prayers in public; if he has never learned to say "No" to the demands of fashion and pride and luxury he is, but a sorry specimen of the Christ's man.

What a touching lesson of self-denial we behold in every crutch and in every "empty sleeve" of those heroes in blue whom we yet meet on all our public thoroughfares! These noble men counted not their limbs dear, if even the nation might be saved and freedom triumph. Yet there are thousands of professed Christians who are unwilling to deny themselves the paltry gratification of a glass of wine or ale in order to help the sentiment of total abstinence to become popular, or to aid in saving the "weak brother who stumbls." They know that they are setting a bad example when they use or offer the poison-cup. They know that they are throwing their influence on the side of the tipplers. Yet because it is "genteel" to partake of wine or punch, they do not hesitate to "take a drop" in the social circle. Perhaps they thrust the decanter before some weak, temptable friend to his everlasting damnation! If the drunkard shall "not inherit the kingdom of heaven," what right has a professed Christian to ask to be admitted to heaven if he have helped to make a drunkard of his neighbor? I fear that God will say to the "pious" tempter, "That man's blood will I require at thy hand." Paul acted with a truer spirit of Christ when he uttered the noble precept, "It is good not to drink wine whereby my brother stumbls."

Brethren, let us pray for the grace that pinches! If it "goes against the grain," all the better. If it wounds our pride, so much the better. If it makes us look "singular," let us remember that we are commanded to be a peculiar people, and not to look like the votaries of Satan. Brave old Dr. Wisner, who went home the other day to glory, was once the most singular man in the village of Ithaca. He dared to stand alone.

O for a new baptism of self-denial! O for a new training in that lesson which our dying Master taught us— which apostles and martyrs echoed from the prison cells and kindled stakes—the sublime lesson that

Not to ourselves alone,  
Not to the flesh we'll live;  
Not to the world henceforth shall we  
Our strength and being give.

No longer be our life  
A selfish thing, or vain;  
For us, even here, to live be Christ;  
For us to die is gain!

### CHURCH CLOTHES.

The ladies import a good many foolish fashions from abroad. There are some good ones which would be worth importing. One is the habit of wearing plain and simple dresses at church. We have never seen a more plainly-dressed congregation in any church than that which we saw one Sabbath at Westminster Cathedral in London, unless it was that which we saw the succeeding Sabbath in the most fashionable Roman Catholic church in Paris.

Good taste would seem to require the absence of all display in the sanctuary. If, however, the matter were one of taste only, we would leave its discussion to the fashion journals. But there are other and more important reasons for requiring simplicity in dress in the church of God.

By their handsome toilets the wealthy unintentionally and unconsciously exclude the poor. It may be a foolish

pride that leads the carpenter's wife to be unwilling to go to church in clean calico; is it any less foolish pride which induces her more aristocratic neighbor to don her best silk? We appeal to the ladies if they have never known their rich neighbor to stay at home because the promised spring hat had not come from the milliner's. We appeal to the preachers if "opening-day" does not produce as marked an influence in the appearance of the congregation as in that of the streets. The gospel is meant for sinners, and sinners are proud. We must catch them with guile. And we shall not do it by converting the church into a pious bazaar of Vanity Fair, and making the poor the subject of criticisms because of the necessary plainness of their dress. Where one person is kept out of church by high pew-rents, five are excluded by extravagance in the dresses of those that attend.

If those who can afford to display their dresses in church gained what their neighbors lost, there might be some excuse for the practice. But they do not. An estimable Christian lady of our acquaintance advocated in our presence the habit once common in New England, but now generally forgotten, of rising and turning round so as to face the choir during the singing of the hymns. "It gives me a chance," she said naively, "to see the new bonnets." The confession was a frank but a true one. The inevitable effect of display in dress is attention to dress. We appeal to the ladies again, whether the appearance of their neighbors is not quite as often the theme of the Sunday dinner conversation as the subject of the sermon.

There are several texts in the Bible that by a sort of common consent are passed over by most of our preachers, on which we should like to have an annual sermon by every divine. One of them is this:

"In like manner, also, that women adorn themselves with modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."—*III. Ch. Weekly.*

### MR. SPURGEON'S 1,000TH SERMON.

This week puts on record a fact, we believe, unique in the history of preaching during the eighteen hundred years since it began—or, perhaps, we should rather say, in the four hundred years since sermons could be printed. The thousandth number of our brother Spurgeon's appeared on Thursday. Not fewer than twenty millions of these sermons have, we believe, appeared in our own language; and they have been translated into several tongues, and found a large circulation in many countries. As sixty-two appear annually, this represents the work of nearly fifteen years, and when we say represents, it is very nearly in the sense in which a member of Parliament represents his constituency; for each sermon is the representative of at least three or four times as many actually preached—sermons on the average equal to those printed, and many of them as must always be the case with those who preach so nearly extempore, doubtless superior, under the inspiration of the hour, to any of them. If this were his only work for his Master, it might well be cause to our brother of devout thankfulness, and no small consolation to him, while painfully laid aside from his work, that by millions of pages of printed preaching he yet speaketh. In his sufferings, and the retirement, total or partial, which they enforce, it is something to know that he has the thanks, the sympathy, and the prayers, of thousands and tens of thousand whom his living voice has never reached, and who would regard the loss of their weekly printed sermon as a serious spiritual privation. They have been weekly "letters weighty and powerful" in thousands of Christian homes; and thou-

sands of invalid Christians, unable to repair to the House of God, have found their own houses made Bethels by these welcome preachers.

But the fact itself of one Christian teacher being endowed with the gift implied in all this, is in itself a marvel. Possible, there have been a few Christian preachers who might with similar press facilities, have done the same. Probably a Chrysostom, whose generally extemporized discourses, were, like Mr. Spurgeon's, taken down by shorthand writers, might have done it—a truly noble predecessor. But as a fact, our brother is the first Christian teacher, whose sermons through so many years, have sustained the ordeal of weekly publication. And what is remarkable too, is, that in these sermons we have had nothing religiously sensational—no grotesque variations from the ordinary stated practice of founding edifying remarks on a small portion of the Word of God—no wonders of new doctrine, rationalistic, or ecclesiastical. No attempt has been made to secure popularity, by anything but a heartfelt and vivid illustration of the truths most surely believed among all who have known the grace of God in truth. In this view, it is an encouraging fact, indeed, that amongst the reading class, such vast numbers are manifestly reserved, who have not bowed their knees to the Baals of the day. Let us thank God and take courage; "the good old gospel" has its thousands who rejoice in it yet.

Well, we can only conclude by uttering what we are sure is the prayer of numbers known to God only, that our dear brother may be spared to preach his second, yea his third thousand. But we confess we can hardly hope for this, unless he be relieved from much of this extra labour. Hitherto he has followed, not anticipated the leadings of Providence, and now that the strain of so many institutions seems to his anxious friends too great for an overworked constitution, they can only pray that fellow-labourers may be provided for him, to whom he can with comfort leave the reaping of a large part of the harvest for which he has so diligently laboured. They will take up this thousandth sermon praying a thousand blessings for him to whom it was given to do such a work.—*London Freeman, July 21st.*

### ABORIGINES PROTECTION SOCIETY.

The Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting of this Society was recently held in London, Mr. W. M'Arthur, M. P., in the chair. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said that the institution had been founded for the purpose of protecting the rights of native races, especially in the British empire. The present state of the Slave-trade on the East Coast of Africa, he was sorry to say, was very large. The Sultan of Zanzibar had entered into a treaty with the British Government to put down the Slave-trade within certain limits; but beyond those limits the trade had been permitted. It was most unfortunate that this should be the case. He contended that this was merely winking at the traffic. In Zanzibar every year two or three hundred thousand of the natives perished by this Slave-trade. He urged that it was the duty of the Government to put down this state of things. Notwithstanding the large amount of money which was given to support their squadrons the trade was, to a certain extent, winked at. He wished to call their attention to the traffic that was carried on in Western Polynesia—kidnapping the natives. The attention of the House of Commons had been drawn to the subject. It was a notorious fact that British seamen were employed in this trade, and as a nation it was their duty to put it down.

He who gives a skillful explanation teaches, and does much; but he who shows his pupils how to reach an explanation, trains, and does more.—*Groser.*