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## Poetry.

### "I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME."

BY C. P. CRANCH.

I AM but clay in thy hands, whilst thou art  
the all-loving artist;  
Passive I live in thy life, — thy selfhood.  
I strive  
So to embody the life and the love thou ever  
impartest,  
That, in my sphere of the finite, I may be  
truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as I thy  
divine inspiration;  
Knowing thou shapest the clay with a vision  
and purpose divine,  
So would I answer each touch of thy hand  
in its loving creation,  
That in my conscious life thy power and  
beauty may shine,

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast in form-  
ing thy creatures  
Waking from sense into life of the soul, and  
the image of thee;  
Working with thee in thy work, to model  
Humankind's features  
Into the likeness of God,—myself from my-  
self I would free.

One with all human existence, no one above  
or below me;  
Lit by thy wisdom and love, as roses are  
steeped in the morn;  
Growing from clay to a statue, from statue to  
flesh, till thou know me,  
Wrought into manhood celestial, and in thine  
image re-born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing me sooner  
or later  
Past the dark screen that divides the shows of  
the finite from thee.  
Thine, thine only, this warm, dear life, O  
loving Creator!  
Thine the invisible Future, born of the Present,  
must be.

The force of the comparison in the following Simile was destroyed last week, by our compositor mistaking the first letter of the 8th line. Instead of "To," it should have been "So." In the manuscript it would answer for either. As we wish to do the author justice, as well as our readers, we reprint the lines:

At when upon the Western prairies wide  
The grass of giant growth to tundra dried,  
Catching the spark by careless traveller,  
thrown,  
As first burns feebly, but by breezes blown,  
Blazes more fiercely, and still gathering force,  
Rousing the whirlwind in its onward course,  
Pours o'er the plain a rolling sea of flame!  
So spread the honors of the Saviour's name!  
And Island after Island owned His sway  
And cast their senseless gods of wood and  
stone away.

## Religious.

### GOOD FELLOWSHIP IN IRELAND.

"Whatever may have been the estrangement, whatever the provocation, it is certain that their intercourse has been and is, on the whole, marked by a fellowship and cordiality, strongly contrasted with our stiffness and reserve, and more remarkable when viewed in the light of the far more extreme theological divergence of the Irish Protestant and Irish Catholic, compared with the nearer approaches of doctrine and practice in England.

"It would be easy to multiply stories, some serious, some comical, of this kindly intercourse. The two Bishops of Cork not long ago met each other in the road between Cork and Kinsale, to restore their letters which had gone astray respectively to each. Their carriages stopped, and their prisoners were exchanged. The two last Archbishops of Dublin co-operated on the most friendly terms in the Board of National Education. Within the memory of aged persons of our own time, at the centenary of the deliverance of Londonderry, the two Bishops of Derry were seen walking side by side to assist in the Protestant Cathedral at the service of joint thanksgiving. About the same period a farmer called to pay his rent to the Bishop of Limerick. He found him with another elderly gentleman seated by the fire, each with a pair of bagpipes. 'Wait,' said the bishop,

till you have heard us play a duet; 'and 'Now go home and tell your friends that you heard a duet played together by the Protestant and Catholic Bishops of Limerick.' There is a parish church near Limerick, of which the story is told that the Bishop having heard that the clergyman was negligent and the congregation scanty, sent to say that he was coming to inspect it. The clergyman was absent, but his wife was at home. She and her husband were both on the best terms with the Roman Catholic priest. She applied to him in her distress. He lent her his congregation for the Sunday. The church was overflowing. The bishop came, and the device succeeded. That same respected prelate in the same diocese had himself, in a disturbed time, gone with the Roman Catholic priest of his own parish to the Roman Catholic chapel, and there from the altar steps addressed the Roman Catholic flock on their duties as citizens and Christians. A still more illustrious example, Bishop Berkeley, issued, under similar circumstances, a pastoral letter to the Roman Catholic clergy of his own diocese of Cloyne. 'I look,' said Bishop Lord (of Elphin) in 1793, on my Roman Catholic brethren as fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians, believers in the same God, partakers in the same redemption. Speculative differences on some points of faith are with me of no account. They and I have but not religion—the religion of Christianity. Therefore as children of the same Father, as travellers on the same road, as seekers of the same salvation, why not love each other as brothers? Unable to make the peasants about me good Protestants, I wish to make them good Catholics, good citizens, good anything—I have therefore circulated amongst them some of the best of their own authors."

"It would doubtless, be easy to find parallels of kindly feeling between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians.—Ussher assured their leader that it would break his heart if their successful ministry in the North were interrupted," and he did in fact prove their 'very good friend,' and with him and Bramhall originated the nearest approach ever made to a union between the two Protestant Churches of Britain. I have already noticed the divergence of the two in the siege of Derry. It should be remembered no less that, during all those memorable months the cathedral was shared between them; each had their own service within its walls; and on the whole harmony prevailed. The High Church party, after the Restoration and after the Revolution, in the Irish as in the English Church, unfortunately prevailed in their endeavours to keep down and irritate the Nonconformists; but there have often been signs of a better temper. Even Archbishop King generously protected Professor Hutchinson—and of Archbishop Newcome and Bishop Clayton I have already spoken. The venerable Moderator of the General Assembly of Ulster, who died last year [1868]; openly proclaimed at a public meeting the marriage between Episcopacy and Presbyterianism, and 'defied any one to forbid the banns.' He followed to the grave the late Lord Primate of the Irish Church, and he was in turn followed to his grave by the present." *Dean Stanley's Essays on Church and State*, pp. 416—419.

### "THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS."

On Friday, the 23rd July, 1742, John Wesley and other members of the family stood round the deathbed of their mother, Mrs. Susannah Wesley, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost the power of speech—"Children, as soon as I am released sing a psalm of praise to God." On the 1st of August the interment took place in Bunhill fields burying-ground. A plain stone was placed at the head of the grave. The inscription being worn off, and the stone defaced, it was determined to erect a more respectable Memorial. This has been accomplished. On Monday Dec. 19

last, a number of friends assembled in the "Morning Chapel," City Road, London, and held a religious service. Dr. Jobson, ex-President of the Conference, gave an address, in which he referred to the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Wesley and remarked how nearly all the great qualities which made John Wesley so serviceable to mankind were found in his mother. She feared the Lord from her youth up. She had an energetic will that nothing could turn from right-doing. She did everything by plan and by order, and she persevered in anything she undertook until she had fully accomplished it. She was above seeking worldly gain, yet was economical in all that she did. She could trust in God under all circumstances; and she broke through even her love of order to do good. She expounded the Word of God to the parishioners in her husband's absence; and when the first local preacher—Thomas Maxfield—took a text and preached from it, instead of confining himself to mere exhortation, and John Wesley hastened to London to stop him, his mother defended the local preacher, and said to Wesley, "He is as much called of God to preach the Gospel as you are." Mrs. Wesley was the mother of Methodism as well as the mother of the Wesleys. In our times some attention had been given to the rise and doings of Methodism, and the character of Mrs. Wesley had been brought more into prominence. And throughout this wide world—not forgetting the United States of America, where, both in North and South, one-fourth of the entire population was under Methodist teaching—there were thousands and hundreds of thousands who blessed God for Susannah Wesley. It was right they should have a memorial of her in that ground, which was more classic in Methodism than any other in the world. If the mothers and daughters of Methodism, in these days of ornament and of worldly amusement, were led by the proceedings of that day to the study of the character and conduct of Mrs. Wesley, they would not have met in vain. The company proceeded to the Chapel Yard, where the Memorial was placed, which was then unveiled.

The memorial is of very chaste design, the material being Sicilian marble. It has a graceful spire, reaching to a height of about fourteen feet. The inscription is as follows:—

"In the Bunhill-fields Burial Ground opposite lie the remains of Susannah Wesley, widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M. A., rector of Epworth, Lincolnshire, who died July 23rd, 1742, aged seventy-three years. She was the youngest daughter of the Rev. Samuel Annesley, D. D., ejected by the Act of Uniformity from the rectory of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, August 28th, 1662. She was the mother of the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, the former of whom was, under God the founder of the Societies of the people called Methodists." On the base of the memorial are the words—"This monument was erected by public subscription, December, 1870."—*Christian World*.

### "DO THEY KNOW WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT?"

"Do those children of yours know what they are about?" said an elder to me one day.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, the minister tells me that some of your class think they are Christians, and are having meetings for prayer. I am afraid they are too young to know what they are about."

"Too young? Why they are older than the little children spoken of by Jesus. Some of them are fifteen years old. Do you think Jesus meant older children than that when He said: 'Suffer them to come unto me?'"

"No, I suppose He meant them, but I'm always afraid of young people's being deceived or getting excited."

"I am afraid when I see a child putting off coming to Christ till he is old enough to understand everything."

"Oh! I wouldn't have them wait so

long, of course; but do they know what they are about when they pray in their prayer-meetings?"

"Just as much as they know what they are doing when they ask their parents for a new garment or book."

"I hope they do, but I am so anxious people should hold out when they start to be Christians."

"So am I my dear sir, and I think it is a fact that a majority of those converted when children do hold out."

And this is, thank God, coming to be more and more the opinion of the church.

### CASTELAR, THE SPANISH ORATOR.

BY JOHN HAY.

On the extreme left of the chamber is a young face that bears an unmistakable seal of distinction. It reminds you instantly of Chantrey's bust of the greatest of the sons of men. The same pure oval outline, the arched eyebrows, the piled-up dome of forehead stretching outward from the eyes, until the glossy black hair, seeing the hopelessness of disputing the field, has retired, discouraged to the back of the head. This is Emilio Castelar, the inspired tribune of Spain. This people is so given to exaggerated phases of compliment, that the highest-colored adjectives have lost their power. They have exhausted their lexicons in speaking of Castelar, but in this instance I would be inclined to say that exaggeration was well nigh impossible. It is true that his speech does not move with the powerful convincing momentum of the greatest English and American orators. It is possible that its very brilliancy detracts somewhat from its effect upon a legislative body. When you see a Toledo blade all damasked with frondage and flowers and stories of the gods, you are apt to think it less deadly than one glittering in naked blueness from hilt to point. Yet the splendid sword is apt to be of the finest temper. Whatever may be said of his enduring influence upon legislation, it seems to me there can be no difference of opinion in regard to his transcendent oratorical gifts. There is something almost superhuman in his delivery. He is the only man I have ever seen who produces, in very truth, those astounding effects which I have always thought the inventions of poets and the exaggerations of biography. Robertson, speaking of Pitt's oratory, said, "It was not the torrent of Demosthenes, nor the splendid conflagration of Tully." This ceases to be an unmeaning metaphor when you have heard Castelar. His speech is like a torrent in its inconceivable fluency, like a raging fire in its brilliancy of color and terrible energy of passion. Never for an instant is the wonderful current of declamation checked by the pauses, the hesitations, the deliberations that mark all Anglo-Saxon debate. An entire oration will be delivered with precisely the fluent energy which a veteran actor exhibits in his most passionate scenes; and when you consider that this is not coned beforehand, but is struck off instantly in the very heat and spasm of utterance, it seems little short of inspiration. The most elaborate filing of a fastidious rhetorician could not produce phrases of more exquisite harmony, antitheses more sharp and shining, metaphors more neatly fitting, all uttered with a distinct rapidity that makes the despair of stenographers. His memory is prodigious and under perfect discipline. He has the world's history at his tongue's end. No fact is too insignificant to be retained nor too stale to do service.

Finally, Castelar's greatest and highest claim to our admiration and regard, is that his enormous talents have been consistently devoted from boyhood to this hour to the cause of political and spiritual freedom. He is now only thirty-two years of age, but he was an orator at sixteen. He harangued the mobs of 1854 with a dignity and power that contrasted grotesquely with his boyish figure and rosy face. During

all these eventful years he has not for one moment faltered in his devotion to liberal ideas. In poverty, exile, and persecution, as well as amid the intoxicating fumes of flattery and favor, he has kept his faith unsullied. With his great gifts, he might command anything from the government, as the price of his support. But he preserves his austere independence, living solely upon his literary labor and his modest salary as Professor of History in the University.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

### TERTULLIAN ON BAPTISM.

BY REV. ALVAH HOVEY, D. D.

As a passage from the recent "Translations of the Writings of the Fathers down to A. D. 325," has been appealed to as furnishing evidence that the baptism of the primitive Christians was not immersion, and as a lively expectation has been expressed of further assistance from the same quarter to those who defend sprinkling or pouring as baptism, it may be well to call attention to the fact that translators are not infallible, and that Pedobaptist scholars are liable, as well as others, to be warped in judgment by a desire to justify their own practice. The "Translations of the Writings of the Fathers" in "The Ante-Nicene Library" are certainly, for the most part, very creditable to the gentlemen who have made them, and we have taken more than one occasion to express our sense of the important service which they are rendering to the Christians of our day, by putting the thoughts of the fathers in readable English. But some mistakes have found their way into these translations, and one of them, it seems, has already been laid hold of to underprop a falling edifice.

The passage appealed to is in "The Writings of Tertullian," volume 1, p. 232, and is translated as follows by the "Rev. S. Thelwall, late Scholar of Christ's College, Cambridge:" "So that from the very fact, that with so great simplicity, without pomp, without any considerable novelty of preparation, finally, without expense, a man is dipped in water, and amid the utterance of some few words, is sprinkled, and rises again not much (or not at all) the cleaner, the consequent attainment of eternity is esteemed the more incredible." Now, with this translation before us, and conceding for a moment its correctness, it is natural to inquire why "a man was dipped in water" at all, if the act of "sprinkling him, during the utterance of some few words," was his baptism? For, unless the dipping in water was deemed essential to the ordinance, it was doubtless often omitted, why then was it mentioned in this place? Tertullian is showing the simplicity of the rite? and where he says nothing of the "blessed unction" referred to as so important in the seventh chapter of the treatise? Plainly, in his judgment, the "dipping in water" was indispensable to the rite.

But we turn to the original text of the words of Mr. Thelwall's translation, which are italicised above. They are these: *Homo in aqua demissus et inier pauca verba tinctus*. What do they signify? Let us begin with the word *tinctus*, which Mr. Thelwall has translated "is sprinkled." It is a participle from the verb *tingo*, defined in the Latin lexicon of Freund, translated by Andrews, "to wet, moisten, bathe with or in any liquid," and in particular, to soak in color, dye, tinge," and finally in a tropical sense, "to tincture, i. e., imbue, furnish well with, e. g., learning or letters." We find no warrant in these definitions, or in the numerous passages brought forward to substantiate them, for translating the verb to *sprinkle*.

But how is the word used by Tertullian? Apparently as the vernacular term, in North Africa, for the act of baptizing. For it is used by him in his treatise "On Baptism," from which the sentence under examination is taken, no less than forty-nine times, and Mr. Thelwall himself has translated it by the word *baptize*