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Poetry.

WHO IS MY SAVIOUR?

Who is my Saviour? He
Who made and who kindled the beautiful flame
Of the Southern Cross, and spangled the seas
With the silver light of the Pleiades,
And calleth the stars by name.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who stands a Lamb on the hill of Zion,
Yet guideth Areturus and all his sons,
The polar, lost, and the shining ones
That girdle the strong Orion.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who, girl with the seraphim's deep devotion,
Swathed the young sun with a robe of splendour,
And the moon with a mantle of beauty tender,
And fashioned the Alps and the ocean.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who smiled upon man's primeval sleep;
Yet earth with its Replam wrapped in a flood,
Through Egypt rolled a river of blood,
And buried its pride in the deep.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who guided the tribes by a pillar of flame,
And taught them a long millennial year,
By judge by monarch, by psalmist, and seer,
Till the hour and the God-man came.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who toiled in the carpenter's shed for his food,
And shaped for the Nazarene cradle and ber,
Who wept with the sorrowing, sympathy's tear,
And on Calvary poured his blood.

Who is my Saviour? He
Who hung upon Golgotha's cross of shame;
A conqueror fell in the awful strife,
And lighth for ever, the Prince of Life,
Through ages unending the same.

GEORGE PAULIN.

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE HISTORIAN OF THE REFORMATION.

BY REV. J. M. CRAMP, D. D.

(Conclusion.)

It was in the Fall of 1817 that D'Aubigne entered Germany. That country was then in the midst of a great excitement, celebrating the ter-centenary of the Reformation. The Genevese student shared the enthusiasm of the day. He took part in processions; he attended festivals; he listened to orations and sermons. But the deepest impression was made when he visited the Castle of Wartburg, where Luther was secreted from his enemies after his appearance before the emperor at the Diet of Worms, and where he translated the New Testament into German. As he paced the old hall, and thought of the reformer, his deeds and his trials, he resolved to write the history of that wonderful series of events, and to write it so that the real character of the movement might be unmistakably set before the public mind. For the Reformation was not to be contemplated as the work of discontented, covetous, intriguing, or ambitious men. Some unworthy persons, it is true, meddled with it, though only to its injury. Nor was the Reformation merely an outburst of indignation against the frauds and oppressions of the papacy. It was more, and better. It was a resurrection of the truth and a revival of godliness.

The first volume of his great work was issued in 1835. In his preface he says:—"The work I have undertaken is not the history of a party. It is the history of one of the greatest revolutions ever effected in human affairs,—the history of a mighty impulse communicated to the world three centuries ago—and of which the operation is still everywhere discernible in our own days. The history of the Reformation is altogether distinct from the history of Protestantism. In the former, all bears the character of a regeneration of human nature, a religious and social transformation, emanating from

God himself. In the latter, we see too often a glaring deprivation of first principles—the conflict of parties—a sectarian spirit—and the operation of private interests. The history of Protestantism must claim the attention only of Protestants. The history of the Reformation is a book for all Christians—or rather, for all mankind."

In this spirit the whole work was composed. Such a man was required for the work. As a mere mathematician cannot criticize a poem, because he is devoid of sympathy, so a man of the world or an infidel is incapable of forming a just judgment of religion. Gibbon could caricature and misrepresent Christianity, but he could not write its history. Men of that stamp "speak evil of the things that they understand not."

D'Aubigne was a born historian. He possessed all the necessary qualifications of a general kind. But he could only become a Christian historian when he became a Christian. His conversion completed his training.

The "History of the Reformation" was a success from the first. As volume after volume appeared, the favourable verdict was confirmed. "Few historical works are to be found," says the London *Athenæum*, "written in so dispassionate a style as 'The Reformation of Dr. Merle D'Aubigne.' It is the universal opinion. Protestants regard it as the history of the great moral revolution of the sixteenth century. It has taken front rank among the literary achievements of the day. It will hold that place in the coming ages."

The work is unfinished. That is to be greatly regretted. When the author had written five volumes, bringing down the history to the year 1536, he turned off in another direction. Hitherto, his attention had been confined to Luther. But his original purpose was to record the labours of Calvin, too,—since the Reformation could not be properly understood unless the lives and actions of both those great men were fully and impartially treated. So "The Reformation in the time of Calvin" became a distinct and separate work, five volumes of which have already appeared. It is understood that two volumes more have been left by the author in a state of great forwardness. We shall be glad to learn that they are so nearly finished that some competent hand may be found to complete them.

Dr. D'Aubigne's popularity as a writer was immense. His history may be read in the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages. His minor works were so acceptable that he continued writing till they comprise no fewer than thirty-seven volumes. Many of them, no doubt, are small treatises; but they represent a vast amount of literary labour.

He had lived to a good old age, and had enjoyed vigorous health. It pleased God that he should "cease at once to work and live." He attended the Conference of the Geneva Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, held in that city Sept. 23—30 last, and wrote an Address from the Conference to the "Old Catholics," in which they were reminded that a reformation of the Church, "to be true, holy, effectual, and lasting" must be based, not on the Fathers or the Councils, but on the word of the Lord; and that "there can be no reformation of the church without an individual regeneration of heart." Thus, in his last public act, he pleaded for the word of God and the Spirit of God. After the close of the conference he resumed his professional labours, and lectured regularly, as before. His last lecture was delivered on Saturday, Oct. 19, within forty hours of his death. He attended the Pelisserie Church the next morning, and partook of the communion. On leaving the church before the rest of the congregation, he said that "he did not wish to hear the voice of men, Jesus having spoken to his heart." The remainder of the day was spent with his family, and their evening reading consisted of Missionary Intelligence re-

cently published at Lausanne. Having conducted family worship he greatly enjoyed the singing of two of our well-known hymns:—"All hail the power of Jesus' name," and "Come, thou long-expected Jesus." He then dictated to his son a letter to the *Semaine Religieuse* (a weekly paper) on the death of the Countess of Shaftesbury. That was the final act of his life. Some passing occurrence being alluded to he remarked "that the things of this world had no longer a claim upon him." Was it a presentiment of the even of the night? Be that as it may, he lay down and slept, but woke no more. Early on Monday morning, Oct. 21, he gently stepped out of this world's life into the presence of Christ, mercifully spared "the pains, the groans, the dying strife," through which many pass away, as in a storm.

His remains were deposited in the cemetery at Calogney, three miles from Geneva, on Wednesday, Oct. 23. Two thousand persons attended the funeral.

It is sometimes regretted that in the case of sudden death there is no dying testimony. But the death-bed experience, however valuable and comforting to survivors, is not essential. It is enough that the departing one had lived and witnessed for God. Whether he went singing to glory or quietly fell asleep, "he died unto the Lord." We cannot do better here than quote Dr. D'Aubigne's words at the close of his Preface to the fifth volume of the "Reformation in the time of Calvin." Having observed that unbelief was never more common than now, nor believers more numerous, he proceeded thus:—"And even were infidelity and atheism to increase more and more, that should not lead us to forsake thee, thou Saviour of the world. If earthly wisdom gives its votaries a light which scorches and wastes the soul, thou givest a light which uplifts, vivifies, and delights. In the midst of struggles thou implantest peace in our hearts.—In the depths of sorrows thou givest a powerful and living consolation.—At the approach of that death which is the terror of men, thou fillest our souls with the firm and lively hope of reaching, by the path of the cross, life with thee in the glorious and invisible world. To whom shall we go, O Christ? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and know that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." These words expressed the sentiments of D'Aubigne's whole religious life. Living and dying, such were his thoughts and feelings.

The Lord Jesus chooses and appoints his own servants. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you." He "holds the stars in his right hand." Men of all sorts are needed in his Church:—men of bright intellects, men of glowing hearts—men who can reason with philosophers, and men who can sway the masses—men of learning—men of eloquence—men for the pulpit—men for the press—men for the house—men for the street and the field. All the varieties of mind may be employed in the Lord's service. The times do not create men. God constitutes the times, and then he prepares men, whom he "puts into the ministry," having fitted them for the service to which they are called. History abounds with manifestations of the providence and grace of the Great Head of the Church. One case has been brought before us in this paper. Geneva was sunk in disbelief. How could she be raised and restored? The Lord himself interposed. A man was sent from Scotland for that purpose. His steps were guided. His movements were divinely ordered, and through the blessing that attended his efforts a succession of evangelical messengers has been sent forth, by whose labours, not in Switzerland only, but in all Europe, a truly glorious revival has been enjoyed. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working."

We may be reminded, too, of the importance of soundness in the faith. It

has become fashionable in some quarters, to speak slightly of *doctrines*. A preacher may be tolerated, nay admired, who talks metaphysics or reads elegant essays in the pulpit; but if he undertakes to explain and establish a point of Christian doctrine, justification by faith, for instance, his discourse is voted dull and dry, and many of the hearers will be seen dozing. But what are the *doctrines*, as they are technically called? Are they not the great facts of the redemption—the constituent elements of God's salvation—the unfoldings of his plan of mercy? Can any man be said to understand the gospel, who does not hold them? And how is the work of God carried on in the world? Is it not by means of "the truth"? Are we not begotten "by the word of truth"? Are we not sanctified by the truth? Must not the truth be understood, in order to its being "the power of God unto salvation"? And is it not a melancholy fact that when the "doctrines of grace" as they are sometimes termed, are neglected, true piety dwindles away? So it was in Geneva, and so it has been whenever and wherever evangelical truth has been denied or slighted. If Christian Churches would prosper, they must contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints; they must "build up themselves on their most holy faith"; they must "speak the truth in love," and thus "grow up unto him in all things, which is the head, even Christ."

PRAYER-MEETING BOQUETS.

My mother says she always enjoys that prayer-meeting the best which is like a bouquet of fresh and fragrant flowers. No two alike, but all tied up together handsomely, and well arranged. She means the prayers, remarks, and singing, I suppose. Those who make them bring each a flower.

One brings something sweet to tell about the love of Christ, perhaps. That is like a sprig of mignonette or heliotrope. Mother says she prefers those flowers because of their fragrance. Then, confession of sin and words of repentance and humility may be the blue spring violets. Others bring sprays of green, fresh Bible truths, which they have collected—like wreaths of smilax, or delicate-leaved vines. Others contribute roses, carnations, lilies, or wallflowers, maybe; or some young Christian, perhaps, timidly offers a bud or two "from his own experience," as father says. And such a bouquet, well-arranged, is the very best of meetings, my mother thinks.

If she is right about it, it seems to me I have attended meetings, occasionally, ornamented with considerably many burdocks and mullein-stalks—where even the hymns sounded as if their stems had all dried up. And I'm thinking some of the "brethren," as father calls them, by the way they speak in meeting, seldom try to pick any flowers to carry in before they start away from home. So they have to take up whatever they chance to find along the road on the way to the meeting. Instead of something rare and sweet from their garden, they pluck and bring in anything that happens to catch their eye.—But father says they're "better than nothing to offer," after all; though fresh flowers are so much better, I think, than any commonplace, withered ones, found lying in the rut, perhaps, where the one who first gathered them threw them down as he went along. If a "flower's a flower," there's some choice in flowers, isn't there?

I wish they could just hear my mother once, speaking of Jesus, and "talking religion" in her own way, as she does about home here—it's all white clover-blossoms and mignonette to me! And when she sometimes steals into my chamber, to pray, when she thinks I'm asleep, it's the sweetest white lily I ever saw floating in the very smoothest cove of the river! Now, if such flowers could only be

carried to the weekly prayer-meeting a little oftener, I believe I should like to go better than I do.—*Advance.*

KING PTOLEMY'S ELEPHANTS.

Two hundred and seventeen years before Christ was born, a very daring king, called Ptolemy Philopater, was reigning over Egypt, and having added Palestine to his kingdom, he went to Jerusalem, and wickedly demanded admission to the Holy of Holies in the Temple, where no one but the High Priest was allowed to enter. The people would probably have prevented him by violence, for they assembled about the building in large numbers uttering very angry threats; but the Jewish minister persuaded them to do nothing but pray to God that their sacred place might be saved from the rude intrusion of a heathen and a stranger.

Ptolemy did not care for this, and was pushing forward to the inner court of the Temple, when he suddenly fell his face on the floor, speechless and senseless; and his servants carried him, as helpless as a log of wood, away from the scene. But when he recovered, he was so enraged with the Jews, that he ordered all of them that lived in Egypt to be seized and brought in chains to Alexandria and shut up in the circus, where public games and shows used to take place, till he should fix a day for them to be trampled to death by elephants made mad with wine and the smoke of incense. So the poor Jews again prayed to God, and God heard their cry; for when the king came with all the grandees of the empire, and the soldiers, and great crowds of people to see the Jews die a miserable death, and the furious elephants were let loose upon them, instead of touching a single Jew, they broke through the railings, and, rushing upon the throng of spectators killed them by hundreds.—*Jewish Herald.*

PRAYER.

The foundation upon which all prayer rests is submission to God. This involves a recognition of his supreme and righteous sovereignty; that he rules and controls all things, and does it righteously. Prayer, then, is the very opposite of a demand or claim for something unjustly withheld, and which we desire to obtain. Prayer does not move God to be more just or more beneficent; it presupposes infinite equity and mercy; it proceeds upon the ground that he will do all things well.

Where then the propriety or necessity for prayer at all? We answer that God has appointed it as a condition of the exercise of his benevolence. It is better for us to receive for the asking, than without the asking. It is for our good to thus confess our dependence on God, and to express our faith in his infinite resources of blessing, and in his veracity in the fulfilment of his promises.

That God has made prayer a condition of bestowing gifts on us, is evident from two considerations. First, prayer may be regarded as an instinct of human nature. In a deep sense, it is natural for man to pray. Circumstances develop this fact, whether in Christian or pagan lands. This instinct is not dependant on education. It shows itself everywhere, among the wise and unwise. Sudden danger sets men to praying. Skeptics, even atheists, have been known to fall upon their knees, under the pressure of overwhelming calamity.

This instinct, which often acts blindly or absurdly, is elevated, under Christian teaching and the Spirit of God, to an intelligent communion of the soul with its Creator. The child of grace converses with his Maker, crying, Abba, Father.

This results mainly from the second consideration. God has, in his Word, expressly enjoined prayer, and promised to answer. The natural instinct is encouraged, instructed, guided. Our