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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

O plodding life! crowded so full
Of earthly toil and care!
The body's daily need receives
The first and last concern, and leaves
No room for Jesus there.

O busy brain! by night and day
Working with patience rare,
Problems of worldly loss or gain,
Thinking till thought becomes a pain!
No room for Jesus there.

O throbbing heart! so quick to feel
In other's woes a share,
Yet human loves each power enthrall,
And sordid treasures fill it all!
No room for Jesus there.

O sinful soul! thus to debase
The being God doth spare!
Blood bought, thou art no more thine own,
Heart, brain, life all are His alone;
Make room for Jesus there,—

Let soon the bitter day shall come
When vain will be thy prayer
To find in Jesus heart a place!
Forever closed the door of grace,
Thou'lt find no entrance there.
—S. S. Times.

Religious.

LIGHT.

Light moves at the rate of twelve thousand miles a minute. Men have long been puzzled to understand its nature and origin. Is it an original creation of God, or does it emanate from heavenly bodies created by his power? Does the sun send forth rays of light, or do a combination of circumstances among the works of God, develop it. Philosophers will continue to theorize on the subject, yet will be compelled to receive the simple words of revelation, "God said, Let there be light, and there was light."

Light is universally expanded through space; it is the source of vision; without it, all would be darkness and gloom. Why light continually flows from the sun and moon and stars is another mystery; we only know it is an inexhaustible blessing to man.

Light vivifies all nature, and gives beauty and loveliness to every object; Mankind and all animal life love its presence. The flowers and plants and leaves turn their faces to its first dawn, and follow the sun to his evening retreat. Light decks the earth in beauty; it shades the grass and foliage of trees in living green; it gives the varied tints to the flora of earth; it perfumes the rose; it makes the gardens the fields and deserts fragrant with richest odor. The plumage of birds, the down of the butterfly, the scales of fishes, are but the reflections of light.

But while God surrounds us with so many beauties and charms from light, he has revealed a light of transcending beauty and glory. It is called the "True light," the "Light of the world," the "Light unapproachable," the "Light that shines in darkness," a "Light for those who sit in darkness." The King of Israel said of this light: "The Lord is my light;" "Thy word is a light to my path." God's people are promised that "Christ will give them this light;" that "God's saints shall partake of this light" that Christians are the "children of this light;" that in heaven there will be "no night, no need of a candle, or of the sun, or moon, for God himself will be the light."

Men receive and believe the truths of natural light without fully understanding them, and at the same time will not believe in God and his revelation, because they cannot comprehend the great truths connected therewith. Men see the flowers and leaves turning their faces to the sun and basking in his earliest and latest rays, and without comprehending the truths, believe them; yet when they see the sinful soul turning to Christ and rejoicing in the glorious light of God's countenance, because they cannot tell whence it comes

they will not believe. Men will believe any truths relating to science, or governments, or money, quicker than they will believe anything relating to their own salvation. They stubbornly reject the offers of this light when they know it can change the sinful heart to one of peace and joy and hope; that it has caused the burdened soul to cast all its sins and cares on Jesus Christ; that thousands of those who were bowed down beneath a weight of sin have been enabled to rejoice in the triumphs of pardon and the prospects of a glorious resurrection.

As the light of the sun is inexhaustible, so is the mercy of God inexhaustible to the chiefest of sinners. As light is expanded through all space, so do offers of salvation extend to all the world. As light inexhaustibly flows from the sun, and moon, and stars, so is the mercy of God inexhaustible to sinners.

When pilgrims have no home nor abiding place, this light leads to one. When days and nights of sorrow come, this light brings joy and hope; in poverty, it brings wealth; to the oppressed, relief; to the sick, health; to the friendless, a friend; to the blind, light; to the deaf, words of comfort; to the people of God, the prospect of a glorious immortality.—*Am. Messenger.*

FATHER SEWELL, AND THE COLLECTION.

He could not help being absent from the meeting, but his heart was there. His feet would have carried him down to the chapel two hours before, only duty forbade. As soon, however, as he had concluded his business, off the old gentleman walked, saying to himself: "I'm afraid I shall be too late, but I shall at least see how they have got on. The Lord grant a blessing on the meeting and the work in hand!" It was Father Sewell—an Israelite indeed—the very image of Old Honest in Bunyan's Pilgrim. There had been a meeting to raise money for home mission work, and the collection had just been made when the old gentleman entered, and the deacons had brought all the plates into the table-pew. The pastor no sooner caught sight of his aged friend than he said, "Our friend, Mr. Sewell, will I am sure close the meeting by offering prayer for God's blessing on the proceedings of this evening." Father Sewell stood up, but he did not pray. He did not shut his eyes, but on the contrary seemed looking for something. He did not clasp his hands, but put them into his pockets, and fumbled there with much perseverance. "I am afraid," said the pastor, "that my brother did not understand me. Friend Sewell, I did not ask you to give, but to pray." "Ay, ay," said the straightforward, bluff speaker, "but I could not pray till I had given. It would be hypocrisy to ask a blessing on that which I did not think worth giving to." There was not a bit of ostentation in the old man; it was his honest heart pouring out its true feelings, and, odd as his behaviour seemed, his conduct preached to the whole congregation such a sermon as they will not soon forget.

Prayer unattended by effort is, before the Lord, as when the churl saith: "Be ye warmed and be ye filled," to a hungry man. It is a mockery and no more. Clasp in supplication hands that have been free in offering. Let none of us appear before the Lord empty. To be allowed to give to the Eternal God is an honour so great that none but brutish worldlings will decline it. If we are liberal in serving the Lord's cause with our substance, we may expect him to grant the prayers in which we ask him to establish the work of our hands upon us.

C. H. SPURGEON.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

This is the working season of the year in our churches. Christ's harvests are commonly gathered in mid-

winter. The most successful toilers are those who know best how to serve God in "small things." The Almighty never "despises the day of small things," or else he would not put his mighty oaks into acorns, or his golden grain-crops into little seed-bags.

1. Nearly all the greatest and best things had their feeble beginnings. The Mississippi begins as a rivulet; the splendid suspension bridge at Niagara first went over the deep chasm as a mere kite-string. And the noblest, holiest Christian lives had their origin in some word faithfully spoken, or in the reading of a tract, or the offering of a broken and brief prayer, or in a solemn resolution to quit favorite sins and yield to Jesus. One sentence seems to have brought Peter and John to follow Christ. One sentence converted the jailor of Philippi. Now if every Christian life sprouted out of the act of a single hour, and was probably the result of some humble agency, then it is a sin and a folly to "despise the day of small things."

Cases to illustrate this truth thicken in our memory. A godly woman spoke kindly to her maid-servant about her soul; the gardener overheard the conversation through a hedge, and was himself convicted of his sins. Stray arrows often hit the mark.

The late Dr. William Wisner once stopped on a hot summer day at a Berkshire farmhouse for a glass of water. He talked faithfully with the young lady who gave him the refreshing draught, and directed her to the "living water." Long years afterwards, a middle-aged woman introduced herself to Dr. W. on a steambath, and thanked him for the plain, kind word that brought her to the Saviour.

Harlan Page, coming early to a meeting, found a stranger sitting there, and politely spoke to him. The conversation went on until the man—who said that "Christians had always kept him at arm's length" before—was melted into penitence.

On the last day of the year 1867, I met a man of fifty in the streets, and said to him, "Had not you and I better begin the new year with a new life?" That simple remark set him to thinking, and resulted in his conversion.

The lesson of all these cases and of innumerable others like them is, that the most effectual way to save sinners is to use the day of small things, and seize our opportunities. Nearly all revivals start with a single man or woman. One live coal can kindle a great flame.

2. There is another view of this matter. As the usefulness of a Christian grows out of little deeds well done, so the influence of many Christians is terribly poisoned by little sins. Alas! How great sinners we may be in small things! Little irritations of look and manner—little meannesses in our daily dealings—little fibs, and insincerities of speech—little jealousies and spites—little neglects of kind acts we might do—all these are the "little foxes" that have spoiled many a godly vine. Pile up enough tiny snow flakes on a railway track, and they will blockade the most powerful locomotive. So I verily believe that the aggregative sum of Christians' daily inconsistencies and neglects of duty often block up a revival, and stay the progress of Christ's kingdom. Jesus Christ laid great emphasis on "keeping the least of his commandments." That was an awfully mischievous spark that lighted Chicago into a blaze; but it was once only a spark!

3. This brings me to say to the unconverted: it is a fatal mistake to think that any wilful sin is a trifle. If you are lost, my dear friend, it is not likely that one huge crime like Judas', or Pilate's, or Ananias', will sink you to perdition. It will be the sum of your daily sins left unrepented of—the aggregate of thousands of offences against God's law and God's love. I pray you do not say, "Oh, this is not much." No sin is a trifle. No sin is harmless. In Sudbrook Park, Eng-

land, a naturalist saw a small worm boring into the bark of a stately sycamore-tree. "If that worm is *let alone*," said he, "it will kill the tree." The experiment was tried. The next year the leaves turned yellow, and the year after the tree was a skeleton. Now if one sin is so deadly, what must a lifetime of sin be?

My last thought is that life is a series of steps. Each step counts. Coming to Jesus is a single step. It may be the work of a moment. It may turn on a small pivot. And you will never come to Christ, or never reach heaven while you continue to "despise the day of small things."

THE GOSPEL OF THE DEVIL.

A SKELETON SERMON. BY T. MARSHALL.

"Ye shall not surely die."—Genesis iii. 4.

DOCTRINE.—GOD WILL NOT PUNISH SIN IN THE WAY HE SAYS HE WILL.

I.—What the Devil's Gospel is.

1. He has a Gospel.
2. It is an ancient Gospel.
3. It is a plausible Gospel.
4. It is a lying Gospel.

II.—What it does.

1. Comforts the wicked.
2. Encourages men in their sins.
3. Hinders men from repentance.

III.—What it leads to.

1. Suspicion of God's character.
2. Transgression of God's law.
3. Dislike of God's presence.

IV.—What it ends in.

1. Separation from God.
2. Shameful nakedness.
3. Irremediable misery.

BELIEVE IT NOT.

ABUSING THE PLAINTIFF'S ATTORNEY.

"Whenever your client has no defence," said an old barrister to a young lawyer, "abuse the plaintiff's attorney." We should judge that the editorial fraternity had studied this advice. Certainly they act upon it.

We can hardly take up a political journal that does not bristle with vituperation of a political adversary, or political rival. In a smaller measure, we mark the spirit in the religious newspapers. Fifty years ago, if we may trust at all the stories which assume to represent that era, the pulpits were fierce in their denunciation of antagonistic churches. This spirit of controversy, banished from the pulpit, takes refuge in the press. The church militant is very well; but a church that is nothing but militant lacks of the spirit of Christ. In these newspaper controversies there is not even that interest which attaches to a genuine battle. For since most readers take but the one journal, the editor appears to them as one who fences with the air. Zeal is commendable; but words of love are better than words of fire. What Paul said to Timothy might advantageously be engraved in letters of gold, and hung up in every editorial sanctum: "The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men; apt to teach, patient." *Ch. Weekly.*

TEN RULES

NOT TO BE OBSERVED AT CHURCH.

1. Never open your pew-door to a stranger wanting a seat. He may have designs on your purse.
2. If the sexton brings a stranger to your door, look daggers at him, and make him just as uncomfortable as you can.
3. Take out your watch several times during the sermon, and if it has a hunting-case, shut it up with a sharp snap. It may hurry the preacher.
4. When you return your hymn-book to the rack, let it go down with a bang; it enlivens the service.
5. Wear the most stylish dress you have. It shows you don't care for the proprieties.
6. Rush to the pew-door on the instant of the last Amen. You are glad it's over.
7. Stop in the aisle to salute all

your friends, and turn about, if possible, in the crowd. It makes you conspicuous.

8. Tread on as many dresses of the ladies as you can, and make them look around.

9. In the door, stand still, and have a chat, so as to hinder all behind you from getting out.

10. Light a cigar on the walk, and puff the smoke so as to annoy everybody near you.—*Observer.*

SUDDENLY DELIVERED.

A man who was a confirmed and hopeless drunkard, being about to go out to the Fishing Banks with a fisherman, proposed before they started, "to take a drink."

"No," said the fisherman; "I don't drink."

"Don't you drink anything?"

"No, I don't drink anything."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a Christian."

"What!" said the man, "does Christ keep you from drinking?"

The fisherman, at first confused by the novelty of the question, hesitated a moment, and then answered, "Yes! Christ keeps me from drinking."

The poor inebriate was struck by the reply. He thought, "there is help that I didn't think of." He went home and into his room, and knelt down and said, "O Lord Jesus Christ, keep me from drinking." His appetite for liquor suddenly left him. He was delivered.

SUDDEN DEATH.

No man dies suddenly. Death surprises no man, but gives all men sufficient warning and notice. Do ye complain of sudden death, that have carried death about ye ever since ye were born? that have been entertained with daily spectacles of corpses and funerals? that have heard so many sermons upon the subject, and read so many good books on the frailty of life and the certainty of death? Do you not know that every moment that you live brings you nearer to your end? Your clothes wear out; your woods and your house decay; and yet you look that your bodies should be immortal! What are the common accidents and diseases of life but warnings to provide yourself for a remove?

MR. SPURGEON addressed 3,000 Sunday-school teachers at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on the 8th of January. After advising his hearers to work earnestly, Mr. Spurgeon went on to say that it used to be the custom in preaching sermons to make a practical conclusion, in order to catch sinners. He used to preach in that way himself, until he found that the sinners expected the conclusion, and got themselves ready for it. He now made a practical application instead, and brought it in where they least expected it, and caught them unawares. He thought that children in the same way composed themselves on Sunday to get religious advice. But if they could only catch them when they were not looking for it, when they were at play, God's word would then sink into their hearts. That was the way the work should be done. He thought those people taught children best who were themselves most like children—not like in their folly, but in their simplicity. The children should have the love of the teacher. It was a great pity children were not well grounded in elementary doctrine, and in the principles of their faith; but if that could not be done, they should at least have love—that love which Christ bore to His lambs when he carried them in His arms. How often were not people seen trying to teach children, as it were by moonlight, in a cold and repellent manner—teaching them at a distance, and carrying their lambs with a pair of tongs. Mr. Spurgeon concluded by exhorting his hearers to teach by love, and if rebukes were necessary, let them be given in a loving spirit. At the termination of the address over 2,000 people partook of the Lord's Supper.