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## Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

### PRaise TO JEHOVAH THE REDEEMER.

Thee, Thee for ever, Thee! yea Thee alone  
We bless and praise: and bend before Thy  
throne,  
Confessing, prostrate, that no worth of  
ours,  
Nor wiser choice, nor prudent use of powers  
Inherent, hath sufficed Thy grace to win,—  
And snatch us helplessly ensnared, from sin.

Thy saving grace alone had ample power  
To break our thralldom: in Thy potent hour  
O Lamb of God! the comfort of Thy word  
Entered our minds by Thine own Spirit  
stirred;  
And pierced our wayward hearts with sense  
of love,  
That offered rescue by Thy hand above.

Thou! Thou! hast touched us; Thine be  
all the praise;  
Thou art our stay; to Thee our songs we  
raise:  
Thou art our glory since to thee we fled;  
By Thee we live who once for us hast led;  
Immanuel! drawn by Thee to Thee we  
come;  
And find in Thee our rest, our strength,  
our home.

27th February, 1870.

BURNTHORN MUSGRAVE.

### AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the  
tide,  
And flowers the sweetest at the eventide,  
And birds most musical at close of day,  
And saints divinest when they pass away;  
Morning is lonelier, but a holier charm  
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm;  
And weary man must ever love her best,  
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

Coming from heaven, she on her wings  
doth bear  
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;  
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace.  
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace,  
All things are hushed before her as she  
throws

O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;  
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power  
That morning knows not, in the evening  
hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,  
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy  
soil,  
Tread with sad feet our rough and stormy  
way,  
And bear the heat and burden of the day.  
O, when our sun is setting, may we glide  
Like summer evening down the golden tide:  
And leave behind us when we pass away,  
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping  
clay.

## Religious.

### THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Translated from the German by Mary  
Weibrecht.

CHAPTER X.—AT SCHOOL, AND "GO-  
ING HOME!"

Time passed quickly. Of our mother's eldest sons, one had now become doctor at Koruthal, and taken her and our sisters to live with him. Another assumed the direction of a chemical establishment at the same place, and a third had gone as tutor into Switzerland, where a proposal was made that he should undertake the superintendence of a seminary for boys at Koruthal. This offer was accepted, as it presented a prospect of allowing the whole family to take part in the work, and thus accomplish a worthy task. My mother, especially, consented with joy to the plan, as she had always taken peculiar interest in training the young.

After vainly waiting several months for pupils, the number of boys suddenly multiplied to such an extent that our house became too small to hold them, whilst insuperable difficulties seemed to stand in the way of building another. Just at this juncture, when our way seemed hedged up on every side, a call reached us to found a similar institution near Ludwigsburg. We agreed, and were able to enter our new home with

eighty pupils in three months. The numbers shortly increased to more than a hundred. Over all these boys our mother watched with lively interest. Almost every evening she might be found in one or other of the school-rooms, playing chess with the lads, or relating some story with a graphic power that drew crowds around her. On these occasions she sat among them, surrounded by the smallest ones, the remainder ranging themselves in an outer circle, while those who could not see her would climb on chairs and tables, so that any one entering the room, at first perceived only a towering throng of boys, and it required minute inspection before the mother could be discovered buried in their midst. She also often attended at their out-door games and exercises, where her presence was hailed with delight. Frequently, she undertook walking tours of several days, on which she was accompanied by ten or twelve of the pupils, and those accounted themselves highly favoured who were allowed to join her party, for her spirits were so gay and mirthful that she imparted interest and life to all her surroundings. The whole school called her *mother*, and such indeed she proved in tender love to all, both in good days and bad. Thus life passed on for several years, and so it happened that, one peculiarly cold winter, the boys conceived the idea of building a snow fortress, which was to be assaulted and stormed. The day for this display had arrived, and the school was divided into two parties, the defenders and besiegers. The latter were to be declared victorious, so soon as they should have placed their flag upon the high tower crowning the white edifice. Our mother, who took an active interest in these arrangements, espoused the cause of the assailants, whom she furnished with snowballs, cheering them to press on bravely and sturdily, never pausing till their colours waved from the summit.

"See," she cried, "that is just how it is with us! Each human heart is a fortress, which has been taken possession of by enemies—low, unworthy passions and vices; the grand point is for us to struggle without ceasing, till the flag of a better purpose—a new life—waves from the citadel."

The struggle was a lengthy one that day, and untiringly she furnished the snowy weapons of warfare, until at length the end was gained; the besiegers made good their position, and planted their triumphal standard aloft, when loud shouts of victory rent the air, and seemed as if they would never cease.

But, our good mother had been in the cold too long, and the consequence was a violent chill, which developed into feverish symptoms the next day. She attached no importance to this indisposition, and, on being asked by our doctor whether she expected to recover, merrily answered him in the Latin words, "*Spero quod*," "I hope so." When left alone with her children, she added, "This is sent to try your faith. If you pray earnestly and believingly, I shall soon be well." We did all we could, but the illness continued to gain ground, and caused us fresh anxiety every day. In the course of the fourth night she cried suddenly, "Children, you must pray earnestly—much more earnestly." Kneel down together, and ask God's help." This we did in loud tones, but she exclaimed, "You do not understand." And raising herself, she folded her trembling hands, and said: "Lord, thou knowest that I have not finished a great deal of the work which was begun on my knees there, in the corner by the stove; therefore, I beg that my life may be somewhat lengthened. Once, when thy servant Joshua could not complete his day's work, thou didst, at his prayer, stop the course of sun and moon, those great heavenly bodies: so it must be only an easy thing for thee to make my small body healthy and strong again, and give me time for what remains for me to do!" The words were hardly out of her lips, when she sank into a calm, deep slumber. We had long vainly hoped for this, and could not but trust that it might prove a favoura-

ble crisis in the malady, and that her prayer had been answered in peace. But, upon awakening the next morning after several hours of quiet rest, she uttered the words, "Glory already! Children, it is ordered otherwise than we thought: I am going home! Come, we will once more celebrate the feast of our Saviour's dying love together."

We did so, and, afterwards, each of our number received her farewell kiss. Then she sank into the weakness of death, and slowly but gently the bands of earth were unloosed, and in unbroken, heavenly peace, her spirit passed away from this lower life. Our feelings, as we watched her entrance into glory, may be expressed in the words:—

"It is not exile, rest on high;  
It is not sadness, peace from strife;  
To fall asleep is not to die;  
To dwell with Christ is better life."

### CONCLUSION.

So closes the story of the life-work of one of the holiest, most energetic and most faithful of women, whose ruling characteristic was self-forgetting devotedness and fervent love. To her we may truly apply the words of Solomon, the wise King: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Need we wonder to be told that her children and her children's children rise up and call her blessed?

The little country in south Germany which gave her birth, though numbering but a million of people in her day, has sent out a large proportion of that noble army of foreign evangelists whose deeds of undying fame have rendered our age memorable. The peasants, who drank in spiritual life from such men as her father, have given their hardy bodies and strong powerful minds, after due preparation, to go forth to many a dark region, there to sow broadcast the seed of that living word which had taken root among them, in the retirement of their secluded villages; and many a humble mother's heart in that primitive country has bounded with joy at the report of victories won for Jesus by her son, in the far-off field of his toil and conflict.

The children of Madame Paulus have all lived lives of Christian activity and usefulness, and the institution founded by them at the Salon, Ludwigsburg, and still carried on by members of the same family, receives large numbers of pupils from all parts of Europe and the missionary field, who there enjoy the privileges of a simple and thorough Christian education. In carrying on this blessed and successful work, we may truly declare that one and all of the descendants of Madame Paulus prove the truth of her happy creed:—

"He that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about."  
"Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart."

### MR. ONCKEN AT HAMBURG.

A correspondent of the *National Baptist* gives a brief account of a visit to this venerable pioneer Baptist minister on the European Continent. After describing the stolidity of the people and every thing connected with them, he says:—

Hamburg is a large city and an old city, and where the old city was burned down twenty years ago, it has become a beautiful city. The Alster meets the Elbe here, and through several branching outlets runs through the heart of the city, forming its garden spot in the Alster basins. Around these basins the best hotels have been built, here are walks and drives, and on the bosom of the basins little pleasure steam-boats ply back and forth. Swans in great numbers make their homes here, undisturbed by passers by. On St. Michael's church there is a tower said to be more than twice as high as Bunker Hill monument. The most wonderful thing about the tower is, that it is so broken with irregular ornaments, no one would suspect what its height is. The Hamburgers tell that their Zoologi-

cal Gardens are the best in Europe. The best thing in Hamburg is, that the city is the stronghold of Baptists in this almost half infidel, half Catholic land. Here is the German Baptist pioneer, and here, I think, was founded the first Baptist Church of more modern times in this part of the world.

I knew there was no busier man in Hamburg than Dr. Oncken, and yet determined to see him if only for the blessing of a five minutes' talk. Luckily he was just recovering from slight illness, and made it convenient to give me an hour. I shall ever be grateful to him for that hour, and wish that a hundred other young men might have shared it with me. Dr. Oncken was young years ago, and he is youthful still. His eye tells even now of the vigorous days that saw his fearless and persistent labors for religious freedom. Some years ago Dr. Oncken went to Russia and called on a minister of State, to urge a policy of toleration towards the German Baptists in Russia. During the interview the minister became angry, a little, and reminded his visitor that Siberia was yet accessible. "And," said Dr. Oncken, "if you send us into exile, we will preach the Gospel in Siberia." The loving and earnest spirit of Dr. Oncken impressed me above all else. "Oh," said he, "the blessed Paul, why was his preaching so successful? Surely because he was so earnest!" His physician, who is a rationalist, stepped in to see his patient during my call. Always in season, Dr. Oncken, in good humor and good earnest, when the bodily ailments had been discussed, turned to proving to his attendant the divinity of Christ. In the death of Dr. Oncken's son-in-law the Baptists bore a severe loss last spring. He was a merchant in Hamburg, and at the same time an assistant Pastor of the Church, much loved, and now much mourned. The care of a Church numbering over seven hundred members, of the flourishing mission in Altona, in the suburbs of Hamburg with the care of general Baptist pioneer overseer, and counsellor for the growing bands of our faith all over Germany, weigh more than the lawful burden of one man, and the laborer calls for help.

### THE CHRISTIAN WHO WANTS NOTORIETY.

He is a Christian. We do not doubt it, any more than we doubt concerning any imperfect man. But in a very important particular he fails of being the kind of Christian he ought to be. It is a pity that any man bearing the Christian name, should be willing to do Christian work only when it is likely to bring him before the notice of men. And yet there are just such men and women. Every pastor can point out one or more such Christians in his Church. If such a one can serve on some official board, or lead the singing, or superintend the Sabbath school or at any rate teach a Bible class; or if such a one can be prominent in getting up a festival "to clear the debt of the church," or be first directress in the sewing society, why then you can get some work out of that brother or sister. But just let it come to pass that there is no notoriety attending what they do, the way their zeal flags and their determination dies, and their efforts diminish, it is a marvel.

Now it is true that most of us want, and all of us are the better for, a proper appreciation of what we do. We expect our reward from the Lord, to be sure. But it stimulates and helps us to have our brethren show that they feel that we are accomplishing something. They are but few that are content to work steadily on out of pure love of well-doing. But there is a difference between this desire for appreciation, which is compatible with the truest modesty, and an itching for notoriety. That is evil, and only evil. Those who are exercised thereby are too often the very ones who are least competent for the most useful labor.

I am a pastor, and I find that just those whose desire seems to be to occupy conspicuous places in the church, if they are to work at all, are the very ones whose example is not always the best, or who cannot be relied upon for steady activity. They are the ones who must be coaxed, and urged, unless there is a good prospect of their shining. For really efficient labor, for steady, patient toil, which alone insures success, commend me to those who ask: "What is the work to be done? Where can I be more useful? All I want is some place where, in my feeble measure, I can work for Christ." It is not the place we occupy to the eyes of men; it is rather the work we do, and the spirit in which we do it, that brings us the reward.

### "WHERE IS HE?"

This question was asked hundreds of years ago, and has been asked many, many times since. The Jews were searching for Jesus on a feast day in Jerusalem not for any good purpose, for "there was much murmuring concerning him, some saying he is a good man, others, nay, he deceiveth the people."

Many found him as their Saviour in those days; and ever since those who have sought him earnestly, with love for him in their hearts, have also been found of him. Blessed thought! that Jesus, in undying love for our race, is always waiting for us, willing and ready to be found. We need not say with some of old, "if haply we may feel after him and find him." He is a friend to walk with us through life—his hand is stretched out lovingly, that we may take hold of it and receive the assistance we need.

Several years ago, a lady, after listening to one of Dr. Kirk's solemn sermons, went to him to speak of the salvation of her soul. He drew, in graphic words, a picture of her Saviour standing with hand reaching out toward her. "Can you not take hold of that hand?" said he. She saw and felt, and exclaimed, "I can, I do;" and has walked rejoicingly with her loved Leader from that glad hour. Let us hold on to that loving One; we need not ask, "Where is he?" for lo, he is by our side.

### AUNT DINAH'S INHERITANCE.

I was once at a great camp-meeting in Virginia. It was in July, the shade of the old trees lay deep and still on the ground, and the birds and flowers joined in service of prayer and praise. After the sermon one after another of God's people arose to tell what God had done for them, how they had suffered, and prayed, and wept; and with what longing hopes they looked forward to the life beyond. At length an old, withered slave stood up, and with tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks and with her toil-worn hand raised to heaven, said, while her voice trembled with deep emotion, "My friends, I can't read one letter in a book, but bless the Lord, I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." That was all she said, but oh, how potent, how full of meaning were those few words.

I am old and grayheaded now and my eyes are dim and my step grows slower every day, but I often think of the great camp-meeting and of aunt Dinah, and pray that I too may, like that old slave, be permitted to rejoice and read my title clear to mansions in the skies. With that blessed, heavenly hope in her heart, aunt Dinah was rich; she had a title to an inheritance incorruptible in heaven, a treasure that could not be taken from her, and she was happy amid toil and hardship—happy as she looked above to the house not made with hands and said, "It is my home forever!" Reader, are you poor, are you homeless and friendless? Think of aunt Dinah, and ask God to give you faith like hers.—*Christian Weekly*.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent days of sorrow.