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## Poetry.

### THE RAIN CONCERT.

Millions of tiny raindrops  
Are falling around,  
They're dancing on the house top;  
They are hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians  
With anything for keys,  
Beating time upon the windows,  
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble  
They play upon the stream,  
And the melody enchants us,  
Like the music of a dream.

The deeper bass is sounding  
When they're dropping into caves,  
With a tenor from the zephyrs,  
And an alto from the waves.

Oh! 'tis a shower of music,  
And Robin don't intrude,  
If when the rain is weary  
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling  
Of the birds in all the bowers,  
Had been gathered into rain drops,  
And was coming down in showers.

The blossoms all are bathing  
In the liquid melodies,  
Breathing thanks in sweetest odors,  
Looking up into the skies.

## Religious.

### PAUL AS A MATHEMATICIAN.

A gentleman of a good deal of intelligence said to me—we were comparing men, and speaking of the Apostle Paul—that he was indeed a very great and good man, of a great and comprehensive mind; but he did not suppose him a great mathematician. They had not in that age reached the highest mathematical methods.

I told him I thought Paul had. At any rate, he knew how to reckon. He was certainly master of the highest arithmetic. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

He also knew how to count. "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus my lord for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ."

Now, here are two sums under the rule of LOSS AND GAIN that Paul could work out and prove, and had done it as no mathematician of that age or this ever did. He worked under the question of the Lord and master, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Paul had won Christ, and was continually endeavouring to teach others the method and rule of the same arithmetic.

Then, again, he was master of logic. He knew the method of comprehending the incomprehensible. "That ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." He knew how to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ; and out of the same, by the divine Spirit, could draw bills of exchange for his believing hearers on eternity.

And Paul could square the circle of eternity by the love of Christ, could measure the infinite and immeasurable by that, and had been taught to make that the quadrant and guide of his own being and actions for time and eternity. Hear him while he lays down the methods and the conclusions: "For the love of Christ constraineth us be-

cause we thus judge;" that is, thus reckon and demonstrate for ourselves and others, for this is a sum in the higher mathematics of the eternities, that if one die for all then were all dead. The dying of the Son of God is Paul's logarithms of the eternal world; his method of approximation to the measurement of the absolute, the infinite, the eternal; his system of sines, co-sines and tangents; the basis of his loxodromic curves, cutting all the meridians at the same angle, continually approaching, but never reaching the inapproachable and unfathomable, and obtaining all certainties from that eternal approach.

Paul could measure the effect of that approach, and of the first beginning of a motion toward it in the soul; the effect of the light inapproachable upon the soul drawn toward it, and yielding to its attraction, so that perhaps he had gone even beyond the science of this modern age, even in that which is the culminating boast of its discoveries—the properties and laws of light. It is said that our discoveries in light—the polarization of light, more especially—show us a method of calculating the latitude and longitude by the degree of refraction at different points. It may be measured so precisely, and the rate ascertained according to the distance, or the distance according to the rate of refraction, as to determine, even without the use of the quadrant, at noon the position of the ship. If it be so in physical science and in relation to material structures and motions, how much more in moral and in relation to the course and position of the ship of our immortality.

The place and the motion of a man's soul, near to God or at a distance from him, may be determined with accuracy by the effect of revealed light upon him—God's light; by the manner in which he receives and the sense and sensibility with which he holds the informing and transfiguring truths directed upon us from God, especially concerning Christ. The refraction of these doctrines in a man's heart is as good as polarized light to tell where a man stands spiritually. Paul could tell where every man stood and what to do with him, by presenting Christ to him, and how to bring him to God and have him made over anew in God's image. If there be any higher or more practical mathematics, we should like to know them and the master of them.—*Dr. Cheever in Independent.*

From the Baptist Teacher.

### ONE THING AT A TIME.

Of Julius Cæsar it is said that he could do with ease half a dozen things at once; but Julius Cæsar is dead.

We have heard of a boy who was taken to an old-fashioned meeting house to hear an old-fashioned preacher, and was observed by his father, who was separated from him, to be turning and twisting, and curiously staring at everything and everybody during all the time of service. Upon being sharply chided afterwards for his irreverent behaviour, he assured his father that he listened to the preacher, and could prove it by repeating not only the text but the chief points in the sermon as well; and he did it, to his father's great satisfaction and surprise. "And now," said he, "papa, I can tell you just how many rafters there are in the roof of that old meeting-house," and he did.

We say we have heard of such a boy, but we did not have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and we incline to the opinion that he also is dead. Such children are not apt to be long-lived. For ordinary mortals, we are satisfied that one thing at a time is the only proper rule. We have seen a student strolling out for exercise, with a book in his hand, endeavoring to con his lesson.

He did not get much exercise or much lesson. One cannot help thinking of what Charles Lamb used to say of brandy and water, that it "spoiled

two very good things," although in this latter mixture, we protest, gentle Elia, that only one good thing is spoiled; we mean of course the water.

"One thing at a time" is the secret of success in anything. And nowhere is the disregard of this plain principle of common sense more damaging than in the exercises of the Sunday-school.

It frequently happens that during the prayer, officials are busy here and there, supposing themselves to be exempted, ex-officio, from the common proprieties of the house of God and getting irreverence by the force of their example. During the singing, a multitude of details will sometimes have to be attended to, producing instead of melody, "confusion worse confounded," to the great disgust of the chorister.

And during the lesson the Superintendent comes, and the Secretary comes, and the Treasurer comes, and the Librarian comes, and a stranger comes, and vexation comes, and the close of the lesson comes, and the lesson goes,—untaught, and we pass on to the next. Is it wonderful if every now and then a resignation comes, and a teacher leaves in utter discouragement if not disgust? Now we protest.

When we pray let us pray, let us all pray. When we sing, let us sing, let us all sing, and when we teach, let us teach and let no man trouble us.

There are details to be attended to,—books to be distributed and returned, contributions to be collected, and absences to be noted, and some other things to be done, but let them have their time. Let them interfere with nothing else. And if you say that cannot be done, then we say abolish them altogether, and the sooner the better.—*Baptist Teacher.*

### NEED OF A NEW DEPARTURE.

The grand thing about the Sunday-school is its text-book, the Bible. There must be singing, but it is not a singing school. There must be praying but it is not a prayer meeting. Its distinctive business is, and ever ought to be, the study of the word of God.

There are four great ends to be aimed at in teaching. The intellect is beclouded and needs to be enlightened. The conscience is torpid and needs to be quickened. The heart is depraved and needs to be renewed. And after all this has been accomplished, the germ of grace implanted, the new life begun, it needs to be developed into the full maturity of fruitfulness and beauty. These four successive stages of the teacher's great work are distinctly marked in that marvelous passage which declares that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The clear and constant inculcation of the word of God, praying for the accompanying power of the Spirit of God, this is the teacher's solemn duty and blessed privilege. Not anecdote, incident, history, philosophy, but Bible truth should constitute the staple of a teacher's discourse.

We cannot with equal confidence expect the impressment of the seal of the Spirit upon anything else. In this direction we greatly fear that we sadly need to make a new departure. We rely too much upon the words which man's wisdom teacheth, and too little upon the infinitely mightier words of the Holy Ghost. Preachers and teachers we are all alike sinners before God in this matter.—*Id.*

### A GREAT PAPER.

A contemporary modestly declares itself to be the greatest Sunday-school paper ever published!

We cannot help inquiring with the boys, "How is that for high?" nor can we help being vividly reminded of the favorite motto of a somewhat famous political editor, which was, if we remember rightly, "Blessed is he that bloweth his own horn, for whosoever bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown."—*Id.*

If not all the teachers of a Sunday-school can be gathered at a weekly teachers' meeting, let two thirds or one half or one quarter of them have a good time together. Let the most who can be brought to such a meeting make the most of it. Two teachers make a very good teachers' meeting when only two are there.—*Rev. H. Clay Trumbull.*

Christian workers would do well to ponder the observation of a murderer, who was recently hanged. It was this: "If I had received as much attention before being put into prison as I have since, I should never have been here." In dealing with sin,—we must not speak theologially,—an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Frederick the Great once wrote home to his Senate: "I have just lost a great battle, and it was all my own fault." That confession showed more greatness than all his victories.

### IN WHOSE NAME!

"The meeting was so dull to-night I wished a dozen times that I had stayed at home," said a young Christian to another as they returned from the weekly prayer-meeting together. The meeting, although well attended, was lifeless and uninteresting. The formal prayers and forced testimonies reminded us of Pharaoh's chariot, which dragged heavily; and many, no doubt, felt a relief when the meeting was over and they sallied forth from the close, unventilated room, into the pure, free atmosphere of heaven.

But why is it that we so often hear the complaint of dull meetings? Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Can any place be dull when it is blessed with the presence of Jesus? The disciples walked with Jesus after His resurrection, though their eyes were hidden so that they should know not Him, said to one to another, "Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us by the way?" And they that have tasted of His love, and held sweet communion with God, can testify of the comforts of His grace, and of the peaceable fruits of the Holy Spirit shed abroad in their hearts. And when through this grace in us, the Lord works both to will and to do of His pleasure, saints are comforted, the lambs of the flock nourished and strengthened, and sinners awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and being convinced of sin, of righteousness and judgement, they are led to inquire what they must do to be saved.

But if we meet in our own name, or in the name of any sect, creed or party, or in any other name but Jesus, we have no promise of the Divine presence and without it there is no life, no blessing, "for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

To you, brother, sister, who are coming and going to and from the house of prayer unblest, I would press home the question, In what name do you meet? Did you ever go in the name of Jesus with your mind and heart centered in Him, and in His name asked blessings at the hand of your Heavenly Father, and go away from His presence empty?

"Ask and you shall receive," is the command and promise of our Lord; and if His is not verified unto us, we must look into our own hearts for the reason.

### THE LABOR OF DECIDING.

The great labor of life, that which tends more to exhaust men than anything else, is deciding. There are people who will suffer any other pain readily, but shrink from the pain of coming to a decision. Now, this is supposed to be wholly an evil and disadvantageous thing for the world; but, like most other tendencies of the human mind, it is a very beneficent arrangement. There would be no stability in the world if the making of

decisions were not a very difficult thing. What was decided yesterday would be upset to-day; and there would be no long and fair experience of anything. Whereas in the present state of human affairs, even if a great evil exists, and many people have recognized this evil, it requires an immense amount of decision and decisiveness before the evil can be uprooted. This brings into play many high qualities of human nature, such as long-suffering, patience with opponents, and the exhaustion of reasoning powers brought to bear upon the evil which is sought to be destroyed.—*Arthur Helps.*

### NO SUCCESS WITHOUT LOVE.

Do not think, teacher, that conscientiousness and hard study, and a gift to teach, are enough to make you a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.

Conscientiousness you must have, or you will be led astray by self-love, by the glitter of superficial success, by a desire to please men rather than God. Hard study, too, is indispensable, for the roots of God's truth lie deep, and the soul must sweat in the digging of them. A gift to teach is also necessary, for it is God's commission whereby he ordains you, and without which your work is presumptuous and unblest.

But you may have all these and fail. Without love it is impossible to please God. Without love conscientiousness is unfruitful, or bears only briars of disappointment, and thorns of impatience. Without love, hard study becomes a weariness to the flesh, a burden to the spirit, and the gift to teach is wasted, as the life of some trees is wasted upon "nothing but leaves."

Settle it, therefore, in your hearts, that love is the very essence and power of successful teaching. The prayer of love calls the Holy Spirit to your side as a helper of infirmities. Love informs, invigorates, and sweetens the conscience. Study becomes an easy yoke, all labor a joyful service, when love sets the soul aglow with a thought of the Infinite Lover. And the gift is magnified a hundred-fold by love. The touch of love is that of genius. Love is the fiery tongue that speaks all languages, that burns through all opposition, that outlives all indifference, that dissolves perplexities and gives a glorious meaning to every truth, every duty, every opportunity; and to every Christian work an enduring foundation.

A Sunday-school teacher without love? A fire without heat? A sun without light? Impossible!—*S. S. Times.*

### THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

The following legend relates how a certain Grand Duke of Florence built a bridge without expense to the State: The Grand Duke issued a proclamation that every beggar who would appear in the grand plaza at a certain designated time should be provided with a new suit of clothes, free of cost. At the appointed hour the beggars of the city all assembled, whereupon the officers caused each avenue of the public square to be closed, and then compelled the beggars to strip off their old clothes, and gave to each one a promise of a new suit. In the old clothes thus collected, enough money was found concealed to build a beautiful bridge over the Arno, still called the Beggar's Bridge!

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting,—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank him for it, simply and earnestly, with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.