

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
Vol. XVII., No. 14.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, Wednesday, April 3, 1872.

WHOLE SERIES.
Vol. XXXVI., No. 14.

Poetry.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Here we must sow, and may not reap;
Here, with unceasing care,
We watch tiny seeds we plant,
And nou them with prayer.

Here is the work, and here a place
To every one is given;
The Master bids us till the field,
Whose harvest is in heaven.

This thought alone should give delight,
This hope its joy afford;
Here are the anxious moments spent,
But there is our reward.

There when we lay aside the cross,
Its glory we shall see;
And O, what happiness to say
"This soul was taught of me!"

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp
The promised treasure of the coming year;
Or else we mourn some great good passed
away,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them one by one, and never stay,
Not knowing how much pleasantness there
was
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sounded through the house and died
away.

And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore."
—Chambers' Journal.

Religious.

EAST LONDON BAPTIST TABERNACLE.

One of the most popular of Mr. Spurgeon's many students is the Rev. A. G. Brown, of Stepney. The large numbers of people who have flocked to hear Mr. Brown preach, and the large increase to the membership of the church, have rendered it necessary to erect a more commodious chapel. Two or three years ago it was determined to erect such a structure, and speedily half the amount necessary for the erection of the new Tabernacle, which has cost something like £12,000, was raised. On Good Friday last the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. J. W. Brown, the father of the pastor, in the presence of an immense concourse of people, and since then the work has been pushed on with all due vigour by Mr. Higgs, who is well-known as the builder of Mr. Spurgeon's huge edifice. Late last autumn the building was so far advanced that the congregation were able to assemble under the roof of the building to celebrate its progress, and now after another five months, the building is completed. The exterior and interior are of a very plain character. There is sitting room for nearly 2,500 persons. The seats in the body of the building are so arranged as to face the platform from which the minister speaks, and the gallery which runs all round the building—the north-western and eastern sides being devoted to the use of the congregation, and the south end for the minister and deacons. Underneath is a platform covering the baptistry, affording sitting-room for some fifty persons, and for the use of the precursor. The lighting arrangements are pleasing, the gallery being illuminated by pendant diamond chandeliers, with a series of jets from each; and the body by triple jets from the wall. There are a number of rooms for the meetings of the various societies in connection with the church, and the basement is devoted to the purpose of a Sunday-school.

The opening services commenced early in the morning of the 27th ult., but the greater gathering was reserved for the afternoon, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached the opening sermon. There could not have been fewer than

3,000 persons present, and numbers failed to gain admission. The sermon was from the words in Psalm 118th, v. 16:—"The right hand of the Lord is exalted, the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." He directed the attention of the congregation to—first, the triumphs of the Lord Jesus; second, the triumphs of the Gospel in the Church; and third, the triumphs of grace in individual hearts. After the sermon he spoke with regard to the building, and Mr. Higgs, who had done such good service to the cause in his way, had built the sanctuary, and such confidence had they in him, that no contract had been entered into with him. It had cost £12,000, or it ought to, but he heard a whisper just before he entered the pulpit that he should be able to hand over the building completed to the church for £10,500.

The company, to the number of over 2,200, then adjourned to tea, and excellent as the accommodation, and manifest as was the desire that each and all should be served together, it was found impossible to do it, and so the people were tea'd in relays of about 500 each. This over, a public meeting was held, Mr. J. W. Brown, father of the pastor, presiding. It was on the 26th January, 1867, that he began collecting for the new building, and the result was to be seen around them. The question had been asked by some, "Is the new Tabernacle necessary?" Let figures speak for themselves, and then they would be able to judge. Since he had been pastor of the Church he had received 650 persons into Church fellowship, and he alone had baptized 500, who had been brought in directly from the world. He stated that since the fund had been started no less than 2,300 subscriptions had been received from various parts of the world.

The Chairman then announced the collection, and as an encouragement to them, said he had made up his mind to give them £500. This makes £1,250 contributed by Mr. J. W. Brown. Rev. A. G. Brown then announced that £105 had been collected that evening; which, with an anticipated profit of £73 from the tea, gratuitously provided, would bring up the receipts for the day to £910 10s. 9d. The meetings throughout were a great success.

BOOKS WRITTEN IN PRISON.

The two most celebrated men who come into the list of writers of books in prison in the first half of the seventeenth century are Raleigh and Cervantes. The gallant Sir Walter, after serving when young as a gentleman volunteer, went with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to America, returned and was knighted, raised a volunteer squadron against the Spanish Armada, and became a courtier. Something he did or said gave offence at court, and he resided abroad for some years. When Elizabeth died, and James I. succeeded to the throne, Raleigh returned to England; but he was arrested, and found guilty of treason by a packed jury. Twelve years of his life were passed continuously in prison; and here he wrote his "History of the World," a marvellous work to execute under such circumstances. In order really to begin at the beginning, he begins with the creation, and gravely discusses the opinions expressed by the learned as to whether paradise was as high up as the moon, or only as high as mid-air, or under the equinoctial line. But still the "History of the World" is a noble fragment, which could only have been written by one who had read much and travelled much. Hapless Raleigh! King James hated him with all the hatred which a narrow mind feels toward an intellectual superior, and sent him to the scaffold. The other great man whose name we have coupled with Raleigh was the Spanish novelist Cervantes, the author of the world-renowned "Don Quixote." He was first a student, then chamberlain to a cardinal, and then a soldier. He was thrice wounded at the battle of Lepanto, was taken prisoner by the corsairs, kept five years in captivity, and ransomed by

his friends.—Returning to Spain, he married, entered upon civil employments, traversed wide regions of his native country, and watched well the habits and peculiarities of his countrymen. Monetary embarrassments, rather than political or religious discord, threw him more than once into prison, but his imprisonment was a great thing for the world, since it was occupied by the planning and commencement of "Don Quixote."

Open the portals wide; let us admit the greatest prison-writer of the second half of the seventeenth century, John Bunyan, tinker, preacher, and author of a religious allegory, which is said to have been translated into a greater number of languages than any other book in the world, with two exceptions, the Bible and the "Imitation of Christ." He was thrown into Bedford Jail because he would not renounce dissent, and there he supported himself for twelve years by making tagged boot laces. He wrote many controversial tracts, preached to his fellow prisoners and read to them the Bible and "Fox's Book of Martyrs." It was a fine answer that he gave to the clerk of the peace, who advised him to gain his liberation by recanting: "Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one, to do that which I in my conscience believe I am bound to do actively; and when I cannot by activity, then I am willing to lie down and suffer whatever they shall do unto me." And it showed a vein of humor in his character when he replied to a Quaker who had come to visit him, and who declared that the Lord had ordered him to search for Bunyan in half the prisons in England: "If the Lord had sent you, you need not have taken so much trouble to find me out; for the Lord knows I have been a prisoner in Bedford Jail for the last twelve years." He wrote the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" while in prison, a fact that ought to endear his imprisonment to us.

ONLY BELIEVE.

Says a pious servant of Christ, "Several years ago, when I was going home one day from church, I encountered an old gentleman who looked very unhappy. I approached him and said,—

"My dear friend, you seem not to be happy."

"O, no," he replied, "indeed I am not."

"Why?" I continued; "are you not sure of your salvation?"

"No," he answered, "I am not; and yet I have made it a subject of prayer for twenty years."

"Prayed for it twenty years," I said, "and not yet saved?" Then I will tell you a story. Some time ago I saw a respectable man who, being lame on one side, used to be carried about in a little carriage. At the corner of a street he saw a beggar, who was suffering in the same way, and was also blind, and who asked alms of him. The gentleman offered him a dollar, saying, as he held it out to him, "Here, my poor friend, is a gold dollar for you."

Now the poor man was not only lame and blind, but deaf, also; and thus, while the gift was held out to him in all its richness and value, he continued to beg for two pennies, until the gentleman caused his carriage to be wheeled up close to him, and again he shouted into his ear, "Here is a dollar for you."

And then first he accepted the gift with great joy. Is it not the same with you, I said, "dear friend? God has given His own Son. He offers you forgiveness of sins in His blood. But you keep praying for that very thing."

"What!" answered he; "can I be saved in so simple a way?"

"Certainly," I replied. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"Whosoever believeth in Him hath everlasting life."

"O, now I see it!" he exclaimed, full of joy; "I am called to salvation. And he went on his way, rejoicing."

Is there not many a burdened soul

who has gone sorrowing and doubting, for many years, and whose only need is to grasp the meaning of Christ's precious words—"Only believe?"—
Translated from the German.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA.

The death of Tyo Soga, the eminent native Presbyterian minister, writes a correspondent from the Cape of Good Hope, is a sad loss to the colony. Many years may elapse before his equal will be found. His attainments were of a high order. His fervid and unostentatious piety, his knowledge of native character and thorough acquaintance with their customs, rites, and prejudices, and the esteem in which he was held by them, made him peculiarly adapted for the work of converting them to Christianity. He has left a widow (a native of Scotland) and a large family. Three of his sons are at school in Scotland, and it is noteworthy that on his taking leave of them on their departure from the colony, he had a presentiment that he should never again see them in the flesh. The greatest of Mr. Soga's literary achievements, and the one most likely to live among the Kaffir races, is his translation of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which is highly eulogised by Kaffir linguists. The Lovedale Seminary where Soga was educated, is, in my opinion, the most effective of all the agencies employed in the mission-field of South Africa. Intelligent natives are there taught useful mechanical trades, and made thoroughly conversant with the science of agriculture, both in theory and practice. I confess I was agreeably surprised to witness the skill of native compositors in the printing department of that institution. The *Kaffir Express*, a monthly publication in Kaffir and English, is printed by natives at Lovedale, and is a credit, not only to the natives themselves and the missionaries, but to the society which supports them. The seminary buildings, which include a commodious chapel, ministers' houses, &c., are very extensive, and the gardens, when I saw them in August, were very attractive, the orange-trees in particular being loaded with golden fruit. The beautiful cypress also, so stately and mournful, the Babylonian willows "dressed in living green," and the copious and lavish supply of clear, cool, running water from the Chumie river, imparts life and vigour and beauty to every tree and flower and shrub in the vicinity of this spiritual oasis in the desert of South Africa.—*Freeman.*

AN EXAMPLE.

In middle Tennessee long so famous for the "Feast of Tabernacles," modestly called "camp meetings," there was held, once upon a time, a camp meeting, presided over by the Rev. Dr. G—. One day, towards the close of the meeting, which had been most successful, the weather being a little cool, the doctor went behind the tent to the fire to warm. He found there an elderly colored woman busy with the cooking, preparing the ample meal for many guests. The Doctor noticed that she was reticent and glum. He felt kindly towards the faithful cook, and said to her in his pleasant way:

"Aunt, how are you enjoying the meeting?"

Said she, scarcely looking at him, "I ain't joying it at all?"

"Why, what's the matter?" said the doctor.

"I don't have no pleasure. I thought I was gwine to have a good time."

"Why don't you have a good time?"

"Cause I don't git to meetin' hardly any at all. I hears de singin' out dare, but I see no time to go. I am all time here wid pots and ovens and things cooking. I wish I hadn't come, no how—I ain't a gitting any good, and I see doing no good."

The doctor's Christian sympathies were quite touched with this simple

recital of the old servant's disappointment. So he felt he must comfort her if he could. He said:

"Why, aunty, you don't look at it right. You are doing a great deal of good—much more than you think."

Hearing this, she straightened up, and looked with interest to hear what the doctor could say.

"Why," said the doctor, "we could not get on without you. We preachers and cooks are the most important and useful people here. I would like to know what all these people here would do without us? Why, if it was not for us the meeting would not last a day. So you see, aunty, you are doing a great work here; and be sure the Lord will remember and reward you."

As the doctor proceeded the old woman's grim countenance relaxed into a smile, her eye glistened with a tear of grateful joy, and she burst into an exclamation:

"Dat's so! I never thought of it before. Bless de Lord! I believe I am doing some good."

All her grief was gone—'twas mornin' with her soul.

"If done t'obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine,
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meaneast work divine."

For the Christian Messenger

OUR HOME MISSIONS.

The duty of enlarging our mission work, and the necessity that exists for it, especially in the Home department has from year to year been the subject of discussion in our Associations. Our several Boards are urging us to "go forward"—giving us, in their yearly reports, more than hints as to the destitution of many fields—of the scarcity of laborers, and the want of funds. These reports are accepted by the unanimous resolves of the body, and the serious consideration of the sad facts they embody is urged by many a telling speech, and yet our progress is scarcely visible. Many fields are lying waste or at least but poorly cultivated. Many of our small churches are calling in vain for aid. The benevolence of our churches is not very much increased.

Much is being said of training our churches to Systematic giving; but it can easily be seen that systematic and liberal expenditure is necessary to draw out the benevolence of our people. Plans wisely matured, encompassing the wants of our land, and these plainly stated, will always awaken in all who love the Lord Jesus a hearty response.

I think it will be readily admitted by all interested, that our present methods of working our Home Missions, must be readjusted, our machinery simplified and increased in power before our churches can be trained to uniform support.

The defects of our present arrangements are obvious. To carry on our work in Nova Scotia we have three Boards, two appointed by and under the control of the Western Association; and one appointed by and under the control of a Society meeting annually with the Central or Eastern Association.

Now these three Boards are expending less than \$2000 a year in mission work. Surely one Board properly located, and composed of men with a fair share of business tact and experience, can better do all this. By a well-appointed agency, which it could afford, this one Board would soon better understand the character and wants of the various fields, than the three Boards now understand them. The funds could be more judiciously expended, and the mission fields more constantly supplied. A Board appointed by a Convention of delegates from the Churches will bring it more immediately under their control than if it were appointed by a Society.

A Convention meeting alternately with the three N. S. Associations and spending a day in deliberating upon and arranging for the prosecution of