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THE TEACHER.

BIBLE LESSONS FOR 1872.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

SUNDAY, July 7th, 1872.

Peace with God,—Rom. v. 1-10.

SCRIPTURE SELECTION.—Job ix: Job xvi. 23-33.

SUMMARY.—There can be no permanent peace in a state of alienation from God, but a condition of reconciliation removes all cause of unquiet: "The work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever."

ANALYSIS.—1. Peace the fruit of faith. 1-5. 2. The foundation of our peace is laid in the work of Christ. 6-10.

EXPOSITION.—Verse 1.—The argument on the blessed effects of faith had been concluded in the former chapter. That is referred to and connected with this by the word, "therefore." God has by the work of Christ changed his relation to us, and now it is for us to be reconciled to Him. 2 Corinthians v. 18-20. The controversy has been settled, and it is now the privilege of every believer to enjoy the honorable and eternal peace made with God for us. The cross of Christ is the meeting place, Jesus is the "days-man."

Verse 2.—"This grace" favor with God, so as to enjoy a permanent rest with our Heavenly Father. "In hope of the glory of God." 1. We look to Jesus and find there grounds of hope. 2. We look on the effect the doing so has on our own hearts and find in that, also, a ground of hope that we shall have the possession for which we are being prepared.

Verse 3.—Every form of persecution has been endured by believers in Christ without complaining, proving that such afflictions are permitted with the sanction of the Most High, and are intended as part of his discipline and preparation for glory.

Verse 4.—"Experience," see 2 Cor. ii. 9, xiii. 3; Philippians ii. 22. Evidence is given that our faith is real and not a mere imaginary thing. Having this experience or evidence we have substantial grounds for hope that we shall be partakers of the glory of God.

Verse 5.—Hopes cherished without good foundation are followed by disappointment, and shame that our expectations are not realized. Hope suggests desire and expectation; but if it is found that there is no good ground for the latter, the former remains whilst the latter is given up and shame follows. "The love of God," is not our love to God, but his love to us. "Shed abroad," poured forth copiously. See John vii. 38; Titus iii. 6. This is the first mention of the Holy Ghost in this epistle. The abundance is, in relation to this gift, as at the Pentecostal season.

Verse 6.—"Without strength," as if falling into perdition and no one to help. "In due time," at the time ordained. Galatians iv. 4. "The ungodly," those who had no claim to such interposition. Salvation is wholly of grace.

Verse 7.—"A righteous man" a just man, leading a blameless life without doing good or harm in society. "A good man" one who is known as a general benefactor, the continuation of whose life would be a benefit to the world. There have been instances of persons offering to die for such men, but it has been a rare occurrence.

Verse 8.—"Commendeth," he displays his love. "Yet sinners," neither righteous nor good, but, while we were positive enemies, and injurious, Christ died for us. "Oh for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break."

Verse 9.—Christ's work cost him his life-blood. Nothing less would have effected atonement. Wrath was impending. It is now averted, and if we are in Christ it will be forever averted, but this can only be through Him.

Verse 10.—The comparison of favor shown to friends and enemies is here drawn, and the conclusion is most remarkably in favor of our obtaining salvation, now that Christ work is done and he lives and recognize the reconciliation.

QUESTIONS.—What is the source of true peace? By what means has peace with God been rendered possible? What more have we through Christ? How does this knowledge affect us under trouble? How does tribulation operate in the christian heart? What is the difference between a christian and an unbeliever under trial? How is the unbeliever's state described in vs. 6? What is the object of the comparison in vs. 7? What is it that gives us the assurance that we shall be saved? What effect has the shedding of Christ's blood, upon the believer? From what will this save us? Which is the greater work, becoming reconciled or being saved.

Scripture Catechism, 54.

SUNDAY, July 14.—The Contrast. Rom. 8: 6-18.

Youths' Department.

A RUNAWAY.

A boy was found on board the steamer, who had no ticket, and no money to buy a ticket with. He stole on board, and hid behind a pile of freight until we were far out on the lake. "Stealing your passage,"

hey?" said the second mate, dragging him to light and taking him to the first officer. "What! a runaway!" said the first officer. "Where from, and where bound?"

The boy made no answer.

"Have you a father?" "Yes," said the boy. "A mother?" "Yes." "A home?" "Yes." "Run off?" "Yes." "What for?" asked the mate. "To be my own master," cried the boy gruffly; "that's what for."

"Well, my boy, I am afraid you have chosen a pretty poor master," said a man standing by. "A master who counsels you to run away from home is the worst sort of master."

It is the greatest mistake in the world for children to think they are capable of being their own masters, and taking care of themselves. A kitten, a dog, a calf, a lamb can better take care of itself than a child can. Children are longer dependent upon the kind offices of their parents than any other young creature. They have to be cooked for, and sewed for, and sent to school, and taught a thousand things, before they can ever be of any use either to themselves or other people. Nobody loves to do all these for them so well as parents. And in return for their care and love, children are bound to love and obey their parents. This is God's plan. This is the way the Son of God did when he became an earthly child, to show our boys how to do. There is only one thing told about his boyhood, and that is, when he wanted ever so much to stay longer in Jerusalem, he willingly gave up to his parents, and went back to the country, where he stayed "subject" to them; and it was the finest thing that could be said of him.

I went over the Ohio state prison not long ago, and I found there something about runaways. Three hundred and eighty persons were sentenced to the prison last year. Eighty-seven of these ran away from home when they were boys. Twenty-seven had no homes at all and where thrown out upon the world with nobody to take care of them. No wonder if they fell into bad ways. But there were not so many of these as there were of the runaways; showing that abusing our privileges is worse for thus than having none at all. The wilful and wicked spirit which tempts a boy to run away from a good home is pretty sure to land in the state prison, or bring him to something worse at last.

BROTHER ANDERSON.

BY THOS. K. BEECHER.

I was to preach for brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him, he had just called on a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare, and fifty cents towards his salary. He had left his tub and brushes at the foot of the hill and he resumed them when he had made his call; for, like the apostle, he used to labor working with his own hands.

When swinging himself along slowly towards his home after a day of work on walls or ceilings, few took him for a preacher. Spotsches of whitewash on his face; they were his business cards. Nature had done a little to beautify him, the tailors nothing. He was short, broad, large-headed and seemingly without neck. His cravats could never get under his chin. His eyes was very full, with smoky whites and slack lids. He was numerously clothed. His great breadth and small height caused many rents, and wrinkles, in the layers of his clothing. What was given him though well-worn and tender, he put on and went about his work without pride or apology.

For years I have met him but had not known him, he was silent and contained. He never seemed to know, much less resent, the cast prejudice that weighs so heavily on his race. All this was long ago. He has preached his last sermon, and is, I doubt not, restfully awaiting the resurrection of the just.

I was to preach for brother Anderson one Sunday afternoon. As I stood eaves-dropping by his little wooden church, and waiting for the hour to come, I heard strange noises inside,—not the confused and voluminous noise of a crowd excited as in revival times, but a single wild cry now and then, or one heavy stamp, or a ringing

clap from a pair of big tough hands,—the creatures of will, and not the outbursts of feeling. It was the corpse of a starved "class-meeting," and the noises sounded as if jerked into being by the occasional galvanic shocks of some experimenter.

Punctual to the hour, brother Anderson came rolling across the street and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises; the sermon was in the main a reading of the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first letter, with comments and applications interspersed. I spoke for half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion.

"When you feel the glory in you, let it out if course. Shout glory, clap your hands, and all that. But stop now let some wise elder stand up and tell what it all means. Men and boys hang around your windows, and laugh at you and religion, because they dont understand you. Some men, you know, have religion all in their head—clear, sharp, dry and dead. Others all in the heart. They feel it in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads and hearts. Let all things be done decently and in order."

I was very well satisfied with my effort, at the time—it seemed a success. As I sat down brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step and give out a hymn:

Let saints below in concert sing.

I am not certain that he could read; for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the number of the hymn, and repeated the first two stanzas with deep and growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines:

One army ob de livin' God  
To his coman' we bow;  
Part 'e hos(t)' av cross'er flood,  
An' part

Here he stopped, and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say; "I love brudder Beecher. I love to hear him preach dis afternoon. He's told us a good many things. He-s our fren. An' he sez, sez he, dat some folks go up to the glory noisy'n shouting, an' some goes still-like 'z if they's 'shame of wot's in em. An' he sez we'd better be more like de still kind, an' white folks more like us. An' den I thinks 'tain't much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still-like or shoutin', 'cause heaven-s a mighty big place, brudders; an' wen we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord an' I's so full ob de lub and de joy and de glory, dat I mus' clap my hans an' shout, de good Lord's got some place whar we wont 'sturb nobody, and we kin shout—Glory! Glory! Bless de Lord! I'm safe I'm safe in de glory at las'! I tell you, brudders an' sisters, dat heaven's a mighty big place, an' dar's room for brudder Beecher an' us too."

Dat's so! Bless de Lord! Amen! Glory! (from the people.) An' brudder Beecher sez dat 'tis'n de folks as makes mos' noise dat does the mos' work. He sez the ingins on the railroad only puff—puff—puff—reg'lar breathin, like when dey's at work a haulin' de big loads, an' dat de bells and de whistles don't do no work; dey only make a noise. Guess dat's so. I don' know 'bout ingins much, I don' know wedder I'a a puff—puff ingins or wedder I blows de whistle an' rings de bell. I feels like bofe (with a chuckle) sometimes! An' I tell you what, when de fire is aburnin', an' I gets de steam up, don' drike no cattle on de track; de engin's comin' Cl'ar de track!" (This was a voice that shook the little house, and a "magnetism" that thrilled and fixed me. Of course his hearers were by this times waying, shouting and Amen-ing splendidly.)

An' de boys an' gals, an' de clarks an' young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-night, an' dey peep in de windows an' stan' round de doors; and dey luff an' make fun of 'lig'n! An' brudder Beecher sez, Why don't we stop de noise now'n den an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'plain it to 'em. An' I members wot de Bible says 'bout de darkness, and de weepin' an' de wailin' an' de gaschin ob teeth. An'—if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside a luffin, bymydey 'ell coa' to de wailin' an' de weepin' fus dey know. An' den wen dey stan' roan' de great temple of de Lord an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harping, an' all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all de shoutin' like many waters, an' all de saints a singin' Glory to de Lam! sponse God'll say, Stop dat noise dar! Gabriel! You Gabriel, go out and 'plain?"

"Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter roan' de doors an' under de windows an' luff; an'

dey peek in an' luff. An' I'member wot I saw last summer 'among de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean an' still, 'spectable meetin's; an' de odders was a goin' an' a comin' in from de clover; an' dey jes kep' on a fillin' up de hive till de honey was a flowin' like de lan' of Canan. An' I saw all roan' de hives was de ants an' worms, an' de great drones an' black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey was'n bees. Dey could'n make de honey for darselves. Dey could'n fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jes hung round de bustin' hive an' 't'iv' on de drippin's.

An' de boys and gals come up yar an' hang roan'. Jess come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do! Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover! Come in— we'll make your wings grow! Come in! won't yer? Well, den, poor things, let c'm stan' roan' de outside and have de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive!"

Raising the hymn-book, and with tender voice, he took up the stanza just where he had left it—

Part 'e hos' av cross'er flood,  
An' part are crossin' now,

"Sing, brudders!" said he; and to his lining out" they sang the whole hymn as only such as they can sing.

All this was ten or twelve years ago. I remember that while he was speaking, my sermon seemed to shrink and fade. And now, as I recall the scene and record his words but in part, I am feeling the power of his truth.—Heaven's a mighty big place. The Father's house hath many homes and places prepared for many.

Was he dreaming of these as he went about our streets with tub and brushes, to whiten and sweeten the homes of men? Did he wear his rags contentedly, mindful of his robes shining and exceeding white as snow? In that day when those are last shall be first, few will look down to find BROTHER ANDERSON.—Wood's Household Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Religious sect exists in Pennsylvania called "Omish," whose creed is similar to the Dunkers. The men fastened their garments with-hooks and eyes, and abominated buttons. The women have adopted an ugly costume, the wearing of which they think tends to make them more holy.

It is rumored among the Mussulmans of Tunis that the Bey of that country is about to abjure the faith of his country, and embrace Christianity.

RITUALISM IN SCOTLAND.—Ritualism is a plant that does not flourish on the soil of Scotland; and above all, it is foreign to the genius of Presbyterianism. Much wonder is therefore caused by a phenomenon that has arisen at Dunse, in Berwickshire. The parish minister, the Rev. D. Macleod, who is a brother of the editor of Good Words, recently made a narrow escape from being prosecuted for something that looked very like the practice of auricular confession and absolution. But he seems bent on becoming a martyr for Anglican, or, as his parishioners consider them, Roman Catholic, notions. He has ceased to observe the usual communion fast-days which the Church of Scotland requires; in their place he observes Christmas and Good Friday; and this year he has gone a step further by holding a service in commemoration of Ascension-day. Mr. Macleod is evidently on the wrong side of the Tweed.

PROTESTANTS ENGAGED ON THE PARISIAN PRESS.—A Paris journal, L'Evenement, gives a list of writers nominally Protestant recognized as editors or contributors to the principal Paris periodicals. It enumerates twenty-eight men of renown thus engaged, but the names of Athanas Coquerel and some others prevent our claiming more for these active and distinguished men than an enlightened opposition to Rome. Several of them, such as E. de Pressense, are however decided Evangelicals.

NONCONFORMISTS AT CAMBRIDGE.—Among the students elected to foundation scholarships at Trinity College, we notice the names of three Nonconformists—Mr. J. Cox, of London; Mr. R. D. Hicks, of Bristol; and Mr. J. W. Lord, of Birmingham. All these gentlemen had previously held minor scholarships.

Cramping the memory with Scripture is no more beneficial than cramping the stomach with food. What can be digested and assimilated is enough.

A curious School Board case is reported from Cornwall, about which it is desirable to hear something more. The story is to the effect that a father has been fined by the magistrates at Penzance, in three gradually increasing penalties, for not sending his child to school. At the third conviction it transpired that the child attended a Nonconformist school; but the fine was nevertheless inflicted, on the ground that the Church School was the only one recognized by the School Board. The father, it is said, still adheres to his determination not to send his child to the church school.—Freeman

FATHER HYACINTHE has been threatened with a lawsuit by the Countess Montalembert if he dares to publish a work in his possession, entitled "Spain and the Revolution," from the pen of Count Montalembert. The lady is no doubt egged on to this threat by the Ultramontane priests; for the work, written in the closing days of the Count's life, is an elaborate attack on the Court of Rome and the Inquisition. It will be fresh in the memory of those readers who watched the career of Montalembert, that not long before his death he wrote a letter on Ultramontanism and Papal Infallibility, which was in strong contrast to his previous adhesion to the doctrines of Ultramontanism. In that letter he denounced these doctrines as "outraging the good sense as well as the honour of the human race" and reminded his countrymen that it was so long ago as 1852 that he began to struggle "against the detestable political and religious aberrations which make up contemporary Ultramontanism." Father Hyacinthe will, no doubt, persist in his intention to give the eloquent and sincere Count's last work to the world, the more especially as the publication is authorised by a letter of the deceased. That missive will be sufficient to secure the defeat of the Countess. The work is to be printed in the Esperance de Rome, the organ of the Old Catholics. It will be looked for with much interest in every country of Europe, and can scarcely fail to do immense execution if it is at all like the previous writings of its gifted author. Things are everywhere going against the Vatican; and we are not surprised that they should employ all the arts with which it is the habit of the priests to frighten silly women in order to prevent the publication of Montalembert's book.

Dean Stanley's confidence in the bishops has been rewarded. Last Friday Bishop Wilberforce moved the Upper House of Convocation to agree with the resolutions passed in the Lower House. A majority of their Lordships were non-content. The Bishop of Gloucester was also defeated in the attempt to pass a resolution that it is not desirable to invite legislation on the Creed. So, as matters stand, Dean Stanley may be thankful that there are prelates still cherish the hope that the Legislature will purge the Athanasian Creed of its condemnatory clauses, or forbid its use in public worship, or grant relief to tender consciences by leaving clergymen at liberty to omit it at pleasure.—Freeman.

AN INDIAN PHILANTHROPIST.—Bombay has lost one of her most noble citizens by the death of Rustomjee Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy. The Indian papers speak in high terms of this distinguished man whose services were not confined to his native city, but benefitted many parts of India, and extended even to Europe. It has been estimated that Mr. Rustomjee spent in public benefactions the sum of \$110,000. His charity was extended to all in distress without reference to distinctions of colour or creed, and his death will be mourned far and wide among those who have experienced his generosity. This benevolent man died at the age of 50. His later years were clouded by misfortune, as he sustained a reverse of fortune in the general crash which overwhelmed Bombay in 1866.

The destruction wrought by the eruption of Vesuvius appears to have been very great. According to the Daily News' Naples correspondent, vast estates have been completely ruined. The number of persons who have left their homes was estimated at 50,000. Many were, however, returning. The Municipality of Naples has voted a sum of 120,000 frs. for the sufferers; and the King has given 50,000 frs. Victor Emmanuel seems to have been unceasing in his exertions to relieve the sufferers by the eruption.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH AND IMMERSION.—On Sunday morning, 21st April, at the Parish Church of Llanfair, the rather novel procedure of baptism by immersion took place. The Rev. Canon Jones, of Llanrwst, officiated at the ceremony, and preached the sermon which was applicable to the occasion. This church is perhaps unique in respect of its possessing a cistern necessary for this mode of Baptism.—Rhyf Record.

A deplorable account of the effects of the late earthquake at Antioch is given—2,000 persons were buried in the ruins. Every mail brings additional horrors of the dire catastrophe. Scarcely a family remains intact, and now orphans, widows, and aged parents are left, among a comparatively poor population, in a most destitute condition.

In the way of auctions we might learn a thing or two from the Japanese. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. When the bidding is over the box is opened by the auctioneer, and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

Tooth Ache proceeds from ague in the face, operating upon the exposed nerve of a decayed tooth. Rub the gum thoroughly with the finger, wet with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, heat the face well, and lay a flannel wet with the liniment on the face also put a little of the liniment into the cavity of the tooth on cotton.

The system frequently gets out of order and should be at once regulated, else other troubles will ensue; when prysic is needed take Parson's Purgative Pills, they are a safe, wholesome, and natural Medicine.

GRAHAM'S PAIN ERADICATOR.—Mr. Wm. Portmore, Carleton, St. John, N. was cured in a few days of a severe Cough and Pain in Chest.