

The Christian Messenger.

A RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

NEW SERIES.
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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

COMPENSATION.

I.
After the night, the morning's dawn,
Paling and blushing with pearl and rose;
The greenest, sunn'est fields are born,
Fruit of the high-piled winter snows.
After the storm, the rainbow gleams,
Filling with beauty the heavenly dome:
'Neath lowering clouds the sunlight streams;
After the voyage is rest at home.

II.
There is no sorrow, no pain of life,
But bears from its anguish something sweet;
Past the long hours of weary strife
Comes Victory with her snowy feet.
Through grief is life; each pain and loss,
Each grief we bear, is a heavenly prize;
By his long anguish on the cross,
Christ won our rest in Paradise.

III.
Then, count not lost the hopes that fall
Like leaves in autumn, one by one,
Nor deem the light is vanished all,
As the dark, dreary night wears on:
You shall know at last that loss was gain,
That through your weary, toilsome way,
As you saw the stars in your life-sky wane,
The night was leading to heavenly day.

Religious.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

Translated from the German by Mary Wei brecht.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE NEW HOME AND OUR FIRST VACATION THERE.

"Our faithful Lord has taken the rudder of your little craft into his own hands, and he will pilot it on safely to the haven." It was with this conviction firmly fastened in her heart that our mother entered the narrow path of widowhood. She knew little of the trials and lessons which awaited her in it. The last day of our life in the old homestead at Thalheim were hastening to a close, and there was barely time to put matters into the order necessitated by altered circumstances. Our mother's future dwelling was to be in the house of a widowed aunt at Neünchingen, where a humble lodging had been offered her; and, although it seemed hardly possible to find space for herself and four children in the two or three little rooms placed at her disposal, still, in the absence of pecuniary means, she gratefully took advantage of our relative's kindness. The expenses of removal exceeded her calculations, and left her in possession of only a few gulden. It was thus necessary to save every farthing, and she therefore decided to walk nine miles of the journey. The last night was watched through at the parsonage, now bare of all furniture, and a few sympathizing friends shared our vigil; at three in the morning we were to start, but, before that time, such heavy rain began, that we wondered whether it would be possible to get out, and yet a post-chaise was awaiting us nine miles off, at six a. m. At this juncture, a ponderous double-team-waggon rumbled up the road and halted at the door. It belonged to a peasant, who had intended driving a load of corn to some distance, but, seeing the rain, had postponed his business to be able to offer us his services, "so that no one might ever say, that the villagers of Thalheim had let their pastor's widow walk out of their village, in such a drenching storm of rain."

Our party safely reached their new abode, having half-way overtaken the carrier in charge of our furniture who had, oddly enough, forgotten where he was to take it, and was asking all the people along the road whether they could tell him!

Our arrangements in the new quarters were the *ne plus ultra* of simplicity, yet the whole party soon came to feel happy in spite of inconvenience. Not only our aunt, and the landlord, who lived in respective flats of the same house, but the whole village beside seemed intent on showing kindness to

the grand-daughter of their former beloved pastor Flattich. Indeed, they had always done the same, for when as children we visited at Mönchingen, the rich peasants used to insist on giving us presents, and often accompanied us miles on our homeward way, carrying our knapsacks. Indeed, some years before when I had entered the seminary at Maulbronn, the wife of a farmer at Neünchingen sent an order to an acquaintance living near me, to furnish me with a large bowl of bread and milk every morning for lunch, at her expense. I did not know how this daily meal fell to my share, but it caused great satisfaction both to myself and the various friends who helped me dispatch it. This is only one instance of the affection of these peasants for the memory of their old pastor, after a lapse of forty years from his death. Indeed, to this day, the mention of his name quickens the beat of those warm faithful hearts.

Soon after the arrival at Neünchingen, three of the boys came home for their vacation. The small parlour scarcely sufficed to hold us all, but the great joy of being together again was not disturbed by the narrow limits of our dwelling. A fresh trouble, however, and one which could not be so easily past over, now made itself felt. Our funds had come to an end, and the store of household provisions melted away perceptibly, so that one evening there was nothing for it, but for us all to go to bed fasting. This was too much for our mother, and she said, "Am I to have my children here, and not even be able to give them food! God cannot mean this to be so!" And, without more ado, she threw herself on the ground beside the stove, and wrestled in earnest prayer the whole night through, and when we entered the next morning, there she still lay. We tried to raise her, and said, "Dear mother, let us breakfast. Even, if there is no earthly food provided, we still have the bread which is come down from heaven, the Word of God. We will gather round that and enjoy it." But our words availed nothing, she still lay, while we seated ourselves, opened our Bibles, read, sang, and prayed. Hardly had we said "Amen," when a well-dressed, veiled lady entered, after knocking, and begged to speak to our sister in private. Beaté led her to an attic, apologising for having no other place of reception. And then the lady, the widow of a professor from the neighbouring village of Koruthal, explained herself thus: "I cannot think what has come over me this morning. I woke at six o'clock with the words in my ear, 'Get up and take something out of your purse to Madame Paulus, at Neünchingen.' I demurred, never having heard that she was in need of money; but the same impression repeated itself upon my mind continually, and each time in a more lively manner: until at last, in despair of getting any peace, I yielded. So I come begging you to accept this sum, although I do not know whether you want it or not." With grateful joy, Beaté took the little packet of coin, and after our visitor had gone, came down triumphantly holding it in her hands, whilst she cried, "Now, mother, rise! Our distress is over. God has sent a widow from Koruthal to bring you this help!"

CHAPTER IX.—THE RENT.

It is well known that the human heart is something like a stringed instrument; with a wonderful variety of chords: some deep, harsh, and powerful; others quite tremulous and delicate. In the feminine temperament, the latter are occasionally developed to an extent almost incredible and quite unattainable to the other sex. One of these tender chords in my mother's disposition was that of gratitude. If a way of showing her warm appreciation of any act of kindness could be possibly devised, no pains or exertion in carrying it out were taken into account. Thus, when I first went to school, we had a cousin, who, on finding that I could not be lodged in the preceptor's house, took me into his own, and always

treated me with the greatest kindness. Some years after, he became a candidate for a civil post, and begged us to use our influence on his behalf. Straightway, our mother left all her own work, and, starting out, called on all the voters of the neighbourhood, not resting until they promised their support to our friend, and, in consequence of these vigorous exertions, he gained the appointment. The delicacy of our mother's gratitude was peculiarly manifested towards our kind aunt, who at the cost of much self-denial had made room for our party in her house. The trifling rent due for our rooms was rigorously put by and paid to the day, for our relative, as we well knew, had only enough property to render her barely independent.

Once more our vacation came round, and we were all united at home. This time food was forthcoming, but, on the other hand, the approaching rent-day ever weighed heavily on our family purse—light as ever—and on my poor mother's mind. Each day she grew more heavy-hearted, often saying that the money *must* be paid in time, for she knew our aunt depended on it. The term had actually arrived, when she gathered us round her one morning, saying, "Come, let us ask God to step into our midst, and take this matter into his own hands." She then uttered this prayer: "Faithful Saviour! Thou knowest this is the rent-day. Once, when thou didst need tribute money, a fish out of the sea was sent to bring it. Wilt thou let me remain in debt for my rent? I cannot believe it, for in the great ocean of thy creation there are still many thousand fishes who might bring the money I need. Wherefore, I beg thee not to leave me in perplexity, but come and help!"

We gathered round, listening, and felt strangely moved, especially we students from the University, whose heads were full of the immutability of Nature's laws, and the impossibility of any deviation from its rules, with many similar wise notions.

"God's clock goes slowly, but correctly," says the proverb, and we were about to discover this truth. We separated; our mother and the girls busied themselves about the house, while we boys gathered in a confidential chat, all the while entertaining a sort of secret curiosity as to whether any results would follow that prayer. As the morning hours slipped by, we almost decided to give up our watch. Shortly before noon, however, we were roused by a knock which heralded the entrance of the village pastor, a former friend of our father's, for whose sake he had always taken a hearty interest in our welfare. To our surprise, he had on his clerical robes. "Ah," said he, in answer to our enquiring looks, "I will soon tell you why I come thus. On my way to the prayer-meeting at church, I was met by the postman, bearing a packet from the Dean at Leonberg. I opened it on entering the vestry, and found a note, directing that the enclosed grant of money should be placed in the hands of Madame Paulus, being adjudged her from a charitable fund."

The pastor went on to say, that he could not tell through whose influence the grant had been accorded, having himself played no part in the matter. "But," he added, "as I knew the gift would be welcome, I could not help running in with it on my way home, so as to share your joy." At this moment our mother entered the room, and the good man asked whether she could say how that grant was adjudged to her. "I forwarded a petition, sir," she replied; "not to the dean, however, or indeed to any man at all, but to him whose cabinet of exchange is established on high." The kind pastor was visibly moved, and, as for us, the tears stood in our eyes, and we all confessed that we had to-day gained a lesson worth many hundreds of our university lectures.

(Concluded in our next.)

Oh, breath of public praise, short-lived and vain! Oft gained without desert, as often lost unmerited!—Harvard.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

The Rev. W. Cheetham, the recently settled pastor of the first Baptist Church in Montreal gave a lecture in on the above subject on Lord's Day 17th. The *Evening Star* of the following day gave a good outline of the lecture as follows:

The discourse was founded on 1 Thessalonians ii, 19 20. "For what is our hope, or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

The subject which calls for our consideration to-night is one of considerable interest and therefore of considerable importance. It is one upon which there has been a great deal of controversy, but I think the majority of Christian people believe that,

WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN.

It seems to me the meeting itself would be of little value were it not from the fact that most of us have friends departed whom we hope to meet and know there; for as Longfellow beautifully expresses it,

There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there.
There is no fife beside howsoever defended,
But has a vacant chair.

There are two simple inquiries arising out of this subject and only two: What is Heaven? and shall we know each other there? The words of the apostle in the above text exhibit an evident belief, that he would meet not only those in the future world whom he had been the honored instrument in converting here and leading to God, but have the gratification of recognizing them.

What is heaven? This is a very mysterious subject; its very nature must transcend human conception, as well as outstrip the power of human words to describe. One peculiarity of its description in the Bible is that it is of a negative character, though the imagery is exceedingly fine. The language used is meant to give us as high a conception of its glory, and a faint picture of the wonderful dwelling in store for us, as it is possible for us to conceive of. There are five negative descriptions of heaven; I think only five. There shall be neither curse, death, tears, night nor sea there. We all know what it is to labor under the dreadful load of a curse. We feel it from earliest childhood. The ground was even cursed for man's sake. Thorns and thistles it was to bring forth. There is to be an absence of this terrible incubus. There will be also an absence of death. I take it to mean three kinds of death—natural death, due to Adam's transgression; no separation from each other, and no spiritual death, which is eternal. There

GOD WILL WIPE AWAY ALL TEARS,

which are the natural expression of human sorrow in all its various ramifications. Neither shall there be any night there. This seems to me a subject of special significance, as it is repeated several times. Night is an emblem of mystery, of darkness, and uncertainty of mind. I think this means the absence of everything calculated to impede our spiritual and our mental state as it is here below.

Some imagine no sea to denote the absence of trouble, figured by the sea in its restless tossings. I differ from that opinion. What does the sea do? It separates continent from continent, and friend from friend. That is, all barriers existing in this life, and interrupting communication will have passed away. As to what Heaven is we can with safety predict several things. It is a state of being. Some have speculated whether it is this alone, or a place; I believe it is both; therefore Heaven is a locality, not necessarily a small place, but it is not everywhere. It does not fill all space. I think it resembles the Temple under the old dispensation of the Church,

where God dwelleth, and delights to manifest his glory and majesty, in an especial manner. In reference to its position; astronomers judge it probable that our sun, the centre of this system, is

ONLY A PLANET,

belonging to a larger system, whose central sun is again a part of a still more extensive system, and so on; but man feels he must rest somewhere, and that there must be some binding, powerful force, in the centre of the universe, holding all the worlds together in its mighty grip. If there is such a system, it is exceedingly probable there is some such centre in space so immeasurably vast to our ideas, where God dwells, and where all the ransomed are gathered together to sing his praise, and worship him. One thing is certain, Heaven is a place of spotless purity. With reference to the second inquiry, shall we know each other there; I decisively believe we shall. To support this belief, I have four arguments respectively, natural, social, moral and Scriptural. It is a natural necessity, because if we did not, death would involve the destruction of the faculty of recognition. If this be admitted, why not more? Thus by death we would

LOSE ALL PERSONAL IDENTITY,

which is absurd. I think we shall be there what we are now, but with this difference: that we shall be purified and our faculties enlarged and fitted for higher and holier offices above. As examples of the retention of the power of recognition after death, we have the bringing to life of both Lazarus and the son of the widow of Nain. The social argument is—We feel it to be an essential ingredient of happiness to know those whom we have known here; not to be so would be a great disappointment. The moral argument is—Christ died to redeem the whole man, the body, soul, and mind. The latter now possesses the power of recognition, and it is reasonable to believe it will retain it for ever. Proof is given from Scripture in the mutual recognition of Lazarus and Dives—one in Heaven and the other in Hell. David, referring to the death of his son, writes: "He shall not return unto me; but I shall go to him." Why did he say this, if he did not feel certain of meeting and knowing him who once had vital connection with himself? "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Lastly, we have the evidence of the text. How are we all walking? In the path toward Heaven, pressing homeward? Rouse mind and soul to the importance of this great subject. It is for the interest of both soul and body, for your own eternal welfare, to traverse these footsteps.

COME TO CHRIST FOR YOUR SALVATION

and ask Him to direct you in the narrow way which leadeth to that place where you will meet your friends and your Saviour.

FROM ROME.

The rapid spread of Churches in long enslaved Italy shews that there had been no inconsiderable amount of Christian labor there while the Bible circulation and Bible teaching were prohibited. The following letter from Dr. Cote to the *Watchman & Reflector* is dated from the seven-hilled city Nov. 19th. He says:

We have opened four meetings in this city. They are held at No. 9 Vicolo Gastana, near the Ponte San Angelo, No. 108 Via del Tritone; a few steps from the college of the Propaganda, No. 46 Piazza Traiana, opposite the famous column of the Emperor Trajan, and finally at No. 3 Vicolo del Cinque, in the part of the city lying beyond the Tiber, the Trastevere. Our college is now at No. 12 Via Babuino; six students are preparing themselves for the preaching of the Gospel to their countrymen. We also have meetings