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## Poetry.

### DAFT WILLIE.

BY REV. D. S. SUTPHEN.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." Matt. 18: 10.  
A pastor was making a friendly call,  
Around him had gathered the household all,  
He sat, like a shepherd within the fold,  
Telling anew "the sweet story of old."  
And then he read from the sacred page  
The words which uplift on life's pilgrimage.

The prayer now was ended, a moment more  
And he thought to pass from the friendly door.

Against the window came beating the rain,  
He turned and lo! pressing close to the pane  
A child's face, and the eyes frank and free  
Seemed to speak from their depths, "Why overlook me?"

"Whose face is yonder, so bright and so clear?"

The minister asked, "are you not all here?  
Who listen so keenly despite the rain,  
With his child-brow pressed on the window-pane?"

For I seem to mark it as meek and mild  
As the face which once on the virgin smiled."

"Oh regard him not," then the father said,  
And he rose with a frown and shook his head.  
"It's only my Willie a simple boy;  
He's a little daft, don't let him destroy  
By singular manners and anxious way  
The pleasure we gain from your call to-day."

"Call him in, call him in," the pastor replied,  
And Willie lovingly came to his side.  
"Perhaps my dear little Willie can tell  
Of his soul and of him who loved it well."  
The child spoke out with a smile and a tear,  
"There's no soul, minister, left me in here."

"It's just as I told you," the father said,  
"The boy he is daft and out of his head."  
But quickly the pastor made his request,  
"And how has it gone away from your breast?"

"I once had a soul, a bad one, you know,  
But gave it to Jesus to keep, long ago."  
*Christian Weekly.*

### COMMUNION.

A little talk with Jesus,  
How it smoothes the rugged road;  
How it seems to help me onward  
When I faint beneath my load.  
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,  
And my eyes with tears are dim,  
There's nought can yield me comfort  
Like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary,  
And I fain would be at rest,  
That I'm daily hourly longing  
For a home upon His breast;  
And He answers me so sweetly,  
In tones of tenderest love—  
"I am coming soon to take thee  
To my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting,  
His lovely face to see;  
And I'm not afraid to say it  
I know He's wanting me;  
He gave His life a ransom  
To make me all His own,  
And He can't forget His promise  
To me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary  
To yonder far off clime;  
But a little talk with Jesus  
Will wipe away the time;  
And yet the more I know Him  
And all His grace explore,  
It only sets me longing  
To know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him,  
Nor would I, if I could;  
He is my daily portion,  
My medicine and my food;  
He's altogether lovely,  
None can with Him compare,  
The chief among ten thousand,  
The fairest of the fair.

I often feel impatient,  
And mourn His long delay;  
I never can be settled  
While He remains away;  
But we shall not long be parted,  
For I know He'll quickly come,  
And we shall dwell together  
In that happy, happy home.

So I'll wait a little longer  
Till his appointed time,  
And glory in the knowledge  
That such a hope is mine,  
Then in my Father's dwelling,  
Where "many mansions be,"  
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,  
And He shall talk with me.

## Religious.

From the London Freeman.

### FAMILY RELIGION.

"Marriage is the source of all rites," says the Chinese "Book of Ceremonies." "The perfect man," says the Hindoo, "is not one, but three—father, mother, child." The English boast of being a home-loving people. We glory in the independency and vigour of our domestic life. The family-feeling is our most marked and happiest characteristic. "Home, sweet home," is quite as national a song as "Britons never shall be slaves." It is the same across the border. "The Cotter's Saturday night," fully as well as "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," embodies the Highland clanniness. It is because Osborne, Balmoral, and Windsor are homes as well as palaces that even republicans join heartily in "God save the Queen."

An immense loss is sustained whenever the family influence is sacrificed. It is ignored in the work-house, as it must be. It is at the best, but rudely imitated at a boarding-school. It would be wholly lost at college but for the long vacations. Barrack life limits it to a few. Monastic life re-uses it altogether; and club life, whether among peers, writers, or artisans fritters it away.

It is a meagre Christianity which does not affect home life—avail itself of the domestic instincts, and ally itself with the most sensitive and powerful institution of the family. Personal piety will first show itself in the house, and will develop most naturally at home. The wisest and deepest policy of life will be

"True to the kindred points of heaven."

For the ties of home were originally ordained of God. They were instituted on earth because they belonged to heaven, and for more than thirty years the Son of God lived as the son of Joseph and Mary's house, and sanctified the home at Nazareth before He went about doing good, and "set His face steadily" to the cross at Jerusalem.

Family religion is the blending of Christian and home life in one blest union. A religious family will be discovered by its spirit and tone.

A religious family pays twenty shillings in the pound. Like an honourable bishop, it has a good report from them that are without, is no brawler, and given to hospitality. Its geniality, uprightness, and singleness of purpose win social respect. In the sanctuary it is regular, punctual, active, and devout. Its members are the best customers to the tradesfolk. They give an air of quiet and peace to the neighborhood. They are pleasant people among friends. They are faithful church members. We say they, for they are knit together as the heart of one man, and will move together if they move at all.

They live within their means. Cleanliness are seen everywhere indoors. They are the same at home as abroad. They think of something else than sumptuous living and the last new fashion. Trashy literature does not enter the house, but to be burnt. Their books and conversation are pure, bright, and healthy. Their pleasant chatter is not gossip; and without the slightest flavour of cant, their talk runs on to things spiritual and eternal. Christ is often in their thoughts, though not always upon their tongue. Their hours are linked together with wholesome piety. There is health and fragrance in the very atmosphere of such a house. There is a church in that home.

There is no "keeping up appearances" there. This beautiful effect is produced under the loftiest principles. It is quickened and sustained by a sense of the unseen, and a consequent allegiance to Heaven. Thus it is confined to no place or time. The piety of a godly home is seen everywhere. It affects all the relations of life. The family feeling is supported by the loyalty to God; and they are always

loyal, for whither can they escape His presence?

Life is controlled by large views. To know that it is eternal lends an air of grandeur to its simplest deeds. Spite and deceit may not tamper with a union which is never to be broken. The home, so delicately beautiful, is far more precious for what it shall be than for what it is; as the orchard is valued more for its autumn fruit than its sweet but fading apple-bloom. Each present delight is held with an enjoyment sobered by the pleasures of evermore. Sad hearts are cheered by the mutual assurance that the "light affliction is but for a moment." The fallen sister and the prodigal will not be spurned from the gates, for they may be saved unto everlasting life; and the strain of death is borne with quiet hope, for they are only passing ones by one to another and a better home.

This other home is the ideal after which the household strives. The most exquisitely tender and the most matter-of-fact relationships are subordinated to one aim. From the cradle to the grave—in the dream of courtship—in the struggles of real life—they live and move in God. Christ is all, and in all. His spirit animates and adorns the relations of Husband and Wife—Parent and Child—Master and Servant. The Wife is in subjection, as the Church to Christ. The Husband loves, as Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it. Servants obey, as unto Christ. Masters know that their common Master is in Heaven. Every excellence is attained in the Lord, by the power of His Cross and Passion. "I live—yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." One thought is predominant of bringing Heaven into the house by letting Christ rule in their hearts. His sacrifice determines the home-life. Each member offers himself on the family altar, because Christ Christ died for them all.

They look at the things unseen and eternal, which Christ has revealed. The sweet memory of His dear love touches the heart, moves the hand to lowliest ministries, sweetens the temper, brightens the cares and soothes the sorrow of life. This alone is Family Religion.

### THE "OLD CATHOLIC" MOVEMENT.

In a part of his recent lecture on his Continental tour, which has not been reported, Mr. Spurgeon said he looked with more interest on Cologne because of its having witnessed the last Congress of the Old Catholics. The movement of these reformers is one which Mr. Spurgeon contemplates hopefully. He thinks they have given evidence that they are moving very decidedly towards the light. This view is confirmed by the English clergyman who contributes to the *Day of Rest* some interesting reminiscences of the Congress at Cologne. We are most of all struck with what he says about the Bishop of Lincoln's speech. It will be remembered that exception was taken to that speech by the President of the Congress, Von Shulte, who said that he had been reproached with allowing attacks on the Catholic religion. It was represented at the time in the English press as if Dr. Wordsworth had been too Protestant for the Old Catholics. But it would seem that the very reverse was the case. "My opinion is," says the writer of the *Day of Rest*, "that Shulte's words were taken for a great deal more than they were intended. I asked a Bonn professor what was the point to which exception was taken. He said he did not know. I asked if the Bishop's speech was too Protestant, and he answered, 'No, it was not Protestant enough.' 'Do you really,' I added, 'go as far from the Vatican Church as the Bishop of Lincoln?' 'We go further,' was the answer. Another professor said that the Bishop's address was only a bit of Puseyism." Mr. Spurgeon's hopeful words are powerfully supported by such a fact as this; and we are delight-

ed to learn that Dr. Wordsworth's address was too Popish for the Old Catholics. "There is no fear," adds the writer from whom we have been quoting, "of the Old Catholics substituting Episcopal authority in the place of the authority of the Pope. They are not likely to join the simple people in England who talk of the reunion of Episcopal Churches as the reunion of Christendom. The same door which is opened to receive the English bishops will admit the German Protestant and the English Dissenter." This is indeed good news; and from the intelligence that is displayed in the paper by the English clergyman we are strongly inclined to believe that it is trustworthy. He does not think the movement will die out, or that it will be unaccompanied with great results:—

It has shown an amount of vitality for which few in England were prepared to give it credit. The active leadership has passed from Dollinger to younger and more vigorous men. Its great champions are now hard-headed Prussians, who are determined to sweep Ultramontanism from the Empire as they were to keep the French from Berlin. The cause has not declined in Munich, but the great battle will be on the banks of the Rhine. The movement is supported by half the educated Catholics of Germany. In Cologne two thousand two hundred persons have subscribed themselves Old Catholic, and these are mainly from the professional and trading classes. If the movement fails, it will not be from want of ability in its leaders, nor of enthusiasm in its adherents.—*Freeman.*

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful. This form of petition breathes—

A filial spirit—Father.

A catholic spirit—Our Father.

A reverential spirit—Hallowed be Thy name.

A missionary spirit—Thy Kingdom come.

An obedient spirit—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

A dependent spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

A forgiving spirit—And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

A cautious spirit—And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

A confidential and adoring spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

"THY" AND "US."

The two divisions of the Lord's Prayer—the former relating to the glory of God, the latter to the wants of man—appear very evident on a slight transposition of the personal pronouns:—

Thy name hallowed.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done, etc.

Us give this day our daily bread.

Us forgive our debts, etc.

Us lead not into temptation.

Us deliver from evil.

### "THE MINISTER'S FRIEND."

The late Rev. Jeremiah Hallock sent his son Jeremiah to college, in the hope that he would become a minister of the gospel. But he passed through college unconverted; and studied law. This was a great trial to his father. As his son was about leaving home to engage in the practice of law in the state of Ohio, he said to him with much feeling: "Jeremiah, I have been long praying and hoping that you might be a minister of the gospel. My expectation is at length cut off. I see it is not the will of Christ to employ you in this way. And now, my son, I want to ask you one question: Will you be the minister's friend?"

That son of many hopes and prayers at length became a Christian, an elder in a prominent church, and an efficient co-worker with his minister in the vineyard of the Lord. The heart of his father was thus made glad.

Not all educated men can be ministers. Nor is it desirable that they should be. But they can all be "the

minister's friend." They can do much to aid and cheer him in his work. They can exert their influence for him, and not against him. They can be unto him Aarons and Hurs, and stay up his hands.

### PREPARING FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

When we began housekeeping—said Mr. Lyman—we fell into the routine style of family worship—a chapter each day, in inexorable course, with a bookmark to keep the place, lest we should forget which chapter we read the previous morning, and a prayer which went the usual round of stereotyped petition. We were not heartless in it, by any means, though it seems almost heartless now, as I look back on it and think how much more heart we might have put in it. But as the children grew up to an age when they ought to take some interest in it, I woke with a start, one day, to the fact of what a listless, uninteresting exercise it was to them. I saw that Johnny's thoughts were generally somewhere else, and that my *amen* brought a welcome release to the body that had not been able to waver with them. One night we talked it over, my wife and I, after we went to bed. It seemed to us that family worship ought to be made more interesting to little folks than it was to us when we were children; than it had been to our children. And, little by little, we have felt our way into our present method. First, I determined to see what I could do to make our Scripture reading more interesting. I decided that it was just as well worth while to "prepare" for the chapter I read at family prayers as for the lesson I taught at Sunday school. At first it seemed impossible to do this seven times a week; and for a while I made a floundering work of it, until I hit upon my present practice. I keep my Bible on my desk at the bank, and I find enough snatches of leisure in the busiest day, by looking out for them even if none of them are more than two minutes long, to familiarize myself with the portion to be read the next morning. Then, as I go to and from my meals, I turn it over in my mind. If there are points that I am not clear upon, I take down my commentary for a few moments after supper or before breakfast, and post myself. I keep an eye out during the day for an incident that may illustrate any part of it for the children, or try to recall some fact from my reading or past experience that may serve the same purpose.

I am busier than most men, but I have no difficulty, by watching my opportunities, in finding time for all this. And the difference in the relish with which I take up the Bible at family worship, after such preparation, is more than any one can imagine who has not tried it. To have the Word near me as the reserve topic of thought in the intervals of business I find a great gain, also. It keeps me in just the spiritual atmosphere that I need; and time and again has it happened that the truth in the chapter for the day has come to me in some exigency of temptation, or some opportunity for Christian service, as if God had spoken it for that very hour. I feel as if I could not afford to get along in the old way at all. Besides if it were not for some such plan as this, I should be apt to let the months slip by with almost no systematic study for the Bible whatever. Mrs. Lyman does much the same thing during the days, as she has opportunity, and she selects beforehand the hymn that we shall sing. Sometimes we sing the tunes the children have learned in Sunday school; but more often the good old church tunes that wear so well, and that the children learn to love full as much as the galloping Sunday school music. I find it quickens their interest greatly to question them briefly on what we read the day before, especially to let them put the story into their own words. It is twice as much their own then as it was before.