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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

For the Christian Messenger.

ON RETURNING "HYMNS OF THE AGES"

Friend, may I dare?
The Hymns I've read with slow and sifting
care,
And else to utter half my beating joy,
And in this lay, my heartfelt thanks to pay,
I have not where.

"Hymns of the Ages."
How shall I fitly breathe thy grateful praises,
For those most rich expressions of the soul;
Like some celestial stream, whose crystal
waters gleam
A down thy pages.

Faber's is first.
Not like the gushing stream, whose torrents
burst,
Wild from the beetling crag, splendid with
storms;
But like the quiet rill, pure from its native
hill,
Where it was nursed.

O how they glow,
Down through the spirits vale, so soft and
low—
Thoughts from a soul that hath breathed
purest air,
Down through the darkest shade, down
through the spirit's glade,
Glad dening they flow.

Yes I may dare,
Thanks for the sacred "Hymns," touchingly
rare,
But sweetest Faber so speaks to the soul,
That it can but reply, scarce knowing how or
why,
O! to be there!

There with the best,
Angels and holy men, Faber among the rest,
Mourning no longer "Distractions in Prayer,"
But with the ransomed throng, swelling the
blissful song.
Home with the best.
W. H. PORTER.

Religious.

STAND UPRIGHT.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D. D.

That was a remarkable command which Paul gave to the poor cripple who was hovering on the outskirts of his audience at Lystra. 'Stand upright on thy feet!' On whose feet? On those poor distorted and hitherto useless limbs? Yes; on them—for he never could have any other to stand on. Even so, my reader, you can never have any other will or mental faculties of any kind to use than those which God gave you. You have the natural ability to repent and choose Christ. You must do the repenting and believing, or else die as you are and be lost. Paul did not lift the cripple; he stood up himself. The poor fellow *willed to stand up and God gave him the power.* He made the effort, and God made the effort successful.

Is not this about the exact process in conversion? The sinner is never saved while he sits still; but, when he moves, the Divine power is applied, and the Divine grace is 'sufficient for him.'

What a sweep of meaning there is in the command, 'Stand upright!' Stand erect before God and man. Instead of lying in guilt and uselessness, rise up and stand where the Lord would have you! When you give your heart to Christ, you have the right to be erect, for you are engaged in the noblest and manliest of all duties—serving God. You have a right to stand, acquitted and unshackled, with the handcuffs and irons of condemnation taken off. To you belongs this liberty of the sons of God.

Standing for Christ implies decision. O how many seem to get half way up, and then go bent and hobbling along—half cured, which signifies *not* cured. A half conversion is no conversion. The secret of so many weaklings in the church is that so many were never truly regenerated. But when one obeys the Divine call heartily, and exercises genuine faith in the omnipotent Jesus, he can stand erect, and face the fiends of hell.

A soldier in one of our hospitals picked up the tract, 'Will You Go?' He threw the tract down again. He took it up once more, thought over it solemnly, and then pencilled on it—

'By the grace of God I will try to go—John W., Company G, 10th Regiment.' That night he went to the prayer-meeting, read his resolution, asked prayer for his soul, and said to his comrades, 'I am not ashamed of Christ now; but I am ashamed of myself that I have been ashamed of Him so long.'

Nor did the restored cripple of Lystra fear to stand up. He absolutely 'leaped' out of his infirmity, and walked off joyfully. Good friend, don't be afraid of tumbling to the ground again. Don't be nervous about 'holding out.' Eternal love will uphold thee if thou only trust it. You will be kept by the power of God, *through faith*, unto salvation. There is One who is able to keep you from falling. The less you think of yourself, and the more you think of Him, the safer and the stronger you will go.

There is another application of the word 'stand' which we commend to you. Every truly converted person should make open confession of the Saviour. When Jesus gives converting grace, He demands confession of Him. The person who expects the Saviour to acknowledge him, and yet refuses to acknowledge his Lord 'before men,' is a self-convicted coward, who has no right to expect grace to help in time of need. Stand, therefore, openly for Christ. Stand up gratefully, as one who has received such precious blessings from the Saviour that you rejoice to make it known to others. Stand humbly, with reliance on that arm which never forsakes the soul that clings to it. Stand, with a solemn determination that with the help of God, you will never be a cripple again. There was great pith in that converted negro's description of his decided adhesion to Christ when he said, 'I has got safe by de go-back corner. I means to go all de journey home; and if; and if you don't see me at de fast of dem twelve gates up yonder, jes look to de next one, for I shall be dere.'

This is the season when we may hope for spiritual results to follow the Week of Prayer. This is the season when special services are in progress for the awakening and conversion of souls. In our congregations are hundreds of cripples who have never walked—cripples 'from their mother's womb,' like the sufferer at Lystra. God's voice to them is, 'Stand upright on thy feet!' He commandeth them to repent. He offers to them grace. Holding on to sin keeps them crippled. But the moment they 'look to Jesus' in simple faith, their feet and ankle-bones will receive strength.

Reader, if you are one of these guilty lingerers, the voice is to you; and when you *obey God*, you will be on your feet, healed and happy.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM VIRGINIA.

Dear Editor,—

In attempting to write for your paper, I would request both you and your readers to bear in mind the fact that I am an invalid; and being weakened in my forces, it is not possible to make long tramps, and push myself about among the novelties of this country, so as to get fresh and rich matter for my pen. But I will give you selections from such things as come in my way, as I creep about from place to place.

On the eleventh of March I laid me down in the blankets of the Austrian, where I rested, or rather remained, for three nights and two days, before rising to look upon the things above. Sometime in the first night, the banging of my baggage about the bedroom called my attention to the fact that the wind had risen. The sailors above made music to the raising of sails, and some of the passengers in my neighborhood made other, and more doleful music. An irresistible impulse came upon me to join the latter class in their exercises, which thing I did right-heartily. Here let me speak of the great kindness of Captain Ritchie to whom I received

an introduction by Dr. Clay. He called on me and offered to do all in his power for my comfort. I am also indebted to the ship's surgeon, Dr. Allderhead, for much kindness and professional advice. Through the courtesy of the Hon. Mr. Keith I received an introduction to this gentleman. These attentions were very refreshing, coming as they did so soon after leaving home, where for months I had been so kindly cared for by both family and friends.

By and by these days and nights were ended; and on Friday morning I emerged from my berth, and went up on the deck. 'I was like them that dream,' for lo it was summer! From a cloudless sky, the sun poured a flood of golden light upon the untroubled bosom of the ocean; and cool breezes fanned our cheeks. Surely this is a change that leaves an impression on the soul. It is a sudden change to lie down in March and wake up in June; for so it seemed to be in the change from Halifax on the eleventh of March, to the coast of Virginia on the fourteenth of the same month.

This change ought to remind us of a greater one that awaits all who are living in Christ Jesus. Believers do not cease, day nor night to lay themselves down in the sleep of death, and wake up amid the glories of that summer that ever reigns in the presence of the Lamb.

"No chilling winds nor poisonous breath,
"Shall reach that healthful shore;
"Sickness and sorrow pain and death,
"Are felt and feared no more."

We were soon steaming among the ducks and the coasting vessels. As we neared Fortress Monroe, the grounds were passed where the terrible Merrimac steamed away and butchered the Cumberland and then returned in triumph to the joy of the South, and to the grief of the North.

These waters are not Halifax Harbour. Although there were two pilots on board, yet at times, for fear of disturbing the oyster beds, or for fear of sticking fast in them, the screw scarcely turned at all.

Around this harbour the inevitable pine forests appeared, their trunks as straight as candles, and their tops as level and even as a field of clover. You could fancy in the distance that their tops would make good promenade ground.

After a long time, the *Austrian* had felt her way to the wharf, and we were transferred to the Atlantic, a large hotel, capable of accommodating three hundred persons. It has sprung up since the war. Northerners say it is the result of Yankee enterprise; but the Virginians do not say any thing about that. Dr. K. who boarded us to learn the state of our health said to me, before I put my foot on Virginian soil, the town of Norfolk had improved more in the last eight years, than it had for the forty years previous; but there he stopped. Two days after, a negro on the street said to me that "since de wah de Yankees had come to Norfolk and dey was not afraid to invest dare money." What the black man did say, and what the white man did not say, quite settles the cause of the growth of this city which now numbers twenty thousand souls.

Among the many hundred new things that I thought it possible I might see in Virginia, it did not enter my mind that I should find a specimen of an order of Baptists, not seen by me before; but so it has been. "Is that salt or fresh water?" Said a man of fifty to me as I stood looking into the rippling waves that chafed the side walk of a street in Norfolk. "I do not know Sir, I am a stranger here," was my reply. "So am I" said my interrogator. "Where are you from?" "Nova Scotia." "I am from Indiana." And so we were acquainted, and on we sauntered. He asked the questions and I answered them. "What church is that?" said your correspondent to a negro. "Baptist," was the reply. "I must learn the name of the minister" said the writer "for I am a Baptist." "So am I" said the man from Indiana, "What kind of a Baptist are you?"

said the stranger. "Calvinistic we are sometimes called" was my reply. Then my Indiana Baptist friend pursed his mouth, and threw down the gauntlet in opposition to Missions, and Sabbath Schools—the unfortunate, unrighteous labours into which the whole order of Baptists to which I belong had been rushing for the last half century.

In this talk he denominated himself an "Old School Baptist." Then I recollected reading and hearing of his kind, but this species of the genus Baptist, I had never seen before. To have a professed Christian of nearly three score years pucker his mouth, and come at me in the street to condemn missions and Sabbath Schools quite disturbed me in my weak state, I had neither the breath nor the patience to reply to him. I felt very much as I have done before, when a certain individual has "button-holed" me on the corner of the streets in Halifax, to try to prove to me that my fellow man has no more soul than a pig. We have heard of the bones of the departed moving at the occurrence of astounding events. If there is anything in this, I can fancy a commotion among the bones of Carey, should this Indiana religious monster preach his doctrines over the grave of the Great Apostle of Modern Missions. I bade my Western friend good morning and left him.

Sabbath the 16th of March was a beautiful day in Norfolk. It was my privilege to hear the Rev. Dr. Thomas preach. Dr. T. was in the midst of a revival of religion; and he preached a very interesting and impressive sermon from the appropriate text "Lest we hinder the gospel of Christ." As the name indicates, I infer that Dr. T. is of Welsh extraction. Certainly he has Welsh fire in his soul. He received me most heartily; and introduced me to the other ministers of Norfolk and Portsmouth. Rev. Mr. Hume is the senior among them. He has met brethren from the Provinces. He is a grave kindly natured man; and smiles in relating exciting and perilous incidents of the late war. During the progress of the bloody conflict he removed to Petersburg. While there he was engaged to preach on a certain Sabbath morning for a Presbyterian Minister. Just as he and the congregation were entering the house of worship, a shell from an invading battery whistled over their heads, passed through the church and lodged in the wall but did not explode. Under such circumstances, they entered and went through with the worship. As they proceeded with their exercises, the shell kept screeching over the house; and the old veteran smiled as he imitated the old ladies raising their shoulders nervously as each missile passed over their heads.

Southern wrath against the North is cooling down. The ministers of religion talk kindly and reasonably. Baptist clergymen, at least, open their pulpits courteously to their brethren from the North. I have not heard of any case of a Southern congregation calling a pastor from the North since the war; but a fraternity of feeling is springing up. This is the best side. Englishmen, on their way to Western Virginia, where they had purchased farms for themselves, gave me a very different story. There the people will sell estates to any foreigner; but would not talk with a man from the North; and in the opinion of the English immigrants, no Yankee would be able to live comfortably in the region where they had pitched their tents. The religious ties were the last that gave way in the rending of North and South asunder! And they are the first to be rejoined. May the Lord hasten the day when all this bitterness shall have passed away, and this whole nation dwell together in love. Residents from the North are not, as families, received in the South. The ladies have not yet made up their minds to overcome their prejudices; and as the fair sex are keepers of the gates of access to social life, their sisters of the North must wait patiently till the spirit of forgiveness supplants

the spirit of retaliation, then the good ladies of the cold regions, and the good ladies of the warm regions will mingle in each others parlours, and kiss and talk away their bitterness.

The loops and windings of the James River make it one hundred and forty miles from Norfolk to Richmond, whereas by cars it is only one hundred miles. Our passage up the river to the latter city was on a clear beautiful day; although the wind was high. Later in the season this trip must be very beautiful but on the eighteenth of March the deciduous trees were leafless, except the magnolia which retains its ample green foliage through the winter, and only casts it off when the pressure of the spring buds will not allow it to remain any longer. The fields along the banks were grey, and the cheer of spring was absent. Although the grass in places had appeared and there were some large fields green with winter wheat. From Norfolk the country on both sides of the river is level, till more than half way up to Richmond, then it becomes undulating and continues of the same contour to this city, and far above where the eminences are crowned with the mountains of Virginia.

There were but few passengers, but I became interested in one or two of them. At one of the places where the boat touched, a man of marked appearance came on board. He was of short slender figure, sharp face and one dull hazel eye; the other was blind with cataract. He was filthy to a fault. His beard hung down upon his breast, and was tangled into the buttonholes of his vest. These grey and sandy whiskers were matted by long grizzly hair, that hung matted upon his shoulders; and looked as if it was a stranger to combs. His thread bare and dirty clothes were in keeping with his unkempt hair.

"Here" said I to myself "is a representative man of the Southern 'white Trash' of which Mrs. Stowe speaks; and I must not let the opportunity of a conversation slip." So I approach the loathsome spectacle; but to my astonishment, I had picked up a character. It is not saying too much, to state that he was a well informed discerning man; possessing the knowledge and sympathies of a gentleman. What eccentricity or misfortune had driven him into this state, I know not. I was frank with him, and for hours he poured into my ears accounts of Virginian history, life, manners, tastes and notions. He laughed at the "guess" of the Yankee, and the "I reckon" and the "right smart" of the Virginian.

To a man in Richmond I rehearsed the deliverances of this man; and the response was, "He is not crazy." Of all Virginians the filthy man had said; "Disguise it as they may, there is a feeling in the breast of every one of them that they are a little higher than others from the fact that they are Virginians."

I received from a young man who came on board at one of the stopping places, an expression of genuine Southern kindness and hospitality. While taking the liberty to ask him some questions about the surrounding country, he asked me if I were a stranger. When he learned that I was a Baptist minister from Halifax N. S., he at once gave me a pressing invitation to visit him and stay as long as I could. He remarked that they—the Southern people—were now known as a broken down aristocracy. He pledged the comforts of his own house to me, and assured me that his father's family would be glad to make my acquaintance, as they had been Baptists for generations past. This was most unexpected to me, and reminded me of what I had read of the hospitality of this people. Since the war he had turned his attention to trade, but his father still followed farming.

He pointed out to me some old colonial mansions—great structures, quite lordly in appearance, built of bricks shipped from the old country. In some cases the families have been perpetuated, while in others the estates have passed into other hands. Many