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Poetry.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

The Higher Life who would obtain
Shall find it on the lower plane.
For this, the plant of rarest worth
E'er slipped in heaven, still grows on earth,
Where gentle dews at eve distil
From heights surrounding Zion's Hill,
And, incense-laden, daily rise
A savour sweet, above the skies.

The humble daisy of the vale
Low bends beneath the threatening gale
Till all its fury passed, by,
Then upward turns her modest eye,
Which drinks within the golden beams,
And pours them back in answering gleams,
While all who view the flower so fair
Her sunny radiance freely share.

On lowly stem each human cup
Catches the rays, while looking up,
Which from the King of glory flow
O'er heights above and plains below.
Of Higher Life, thou Living Source!
Sweetly appear us in our course;
Nor let us weary in the strife
For an immortal Higher Life.

Religious.

THE LESSONS OF THE TRANSFIGURATION OF CHRIST.

Rev. Dr. Hackett of Rochester has an able and excellent article on the Transfiguration of Christ, in the Baptist Quarterly. The last section is on its "Teachings," full of suggestive and instructive thought:—

First, We are led to see how irrational are the old rationalistic methods of explanation here. It is impossible to hold that Peter and James and John were on the mount, and yet could be honestly deceived. We have all the Christian argument requires, if it be allowed that these eye-witnesses were present, and that we have their testimony in our gospels. Yet, (to give an example of this reasoning), Gabler, one of this school of critics, maintained that the disciples fell asleep on the mount, while Christ was conversing on Messianic themes. Among other things, they had been talking with him about Moses and Elijah, and at length they fell asleep. A storm suddenly awoke them. As they looked around them they saw Jesus and two unknown persons in the distance, and, being but half awake, they confounded dream and reality. They thought they saw Moses and Elijah, and thought they heard God's voice in the thunder. The rest of the picture they filled out with such fancies as their Messianic hopes suggested. According to Paulus, the scene took place just as the sun was rising above the horizon. The disciples had been sleeping during the night, at a distance from Jesus. They caught a glimpse of him amid the splendor of the great luminary, as if enlarged beyond human proportions, and habited in celestial attire. Just at that moment, also, two men happened to be passing, and the disciples, neither asleep nor awake, overheard them say, as they talked together, "My beloved son." From these fragmentary words, snatched from the conversation, Peter, James and John supposed that they had seen the Lord's Christ. As to the myths of Strauss, it may suffice it to say that they crowd the myth so near to the recognized historical period of Christianity, that the very first condition of his hypothesis, of an unconscious genetic origin of the gospels, is out of the question.

Secondly, According to 2 Peter 1: 10-17, the Transfiguration which that apostle beheld on the mount accredits the gospel as trustworthy, so that although this light still shines only "in a dark place," we may safely guide our footsteps by it, "until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in our hearts."

Thirdly, The appearance of Moses and Elijah as glorified spirits re-affirms the doctrine of a blessed immortality in God's perfected, heavenly kingdom.

Fourthly, It showed, by an impressive concrete illustration, the subordination of the Jewish to the Christian economy, and their relation to each other as preparation and fulfillment. To the Jewish mind it was an argument peculiarly instructive, and the disciples of Christ themselves, as well as others, needed it to bring them to comprehend the universality of the Christian faith, designed alike for Jew and Gentile. The heavenly voice accredited Him as the ultimate teacher, and his last command was: "Preach the gospel to all nations."

Finally, This history is full of instruction as an emblem and guarantee of something much more earnest than our ordinary experience of Christian truth. I prefer, on such a theme, to cite the testimony of others. (Dr. Julius Muller of Halle, translated by Prof. B. B. Edwards. We have the key-note to this great passage in Christ's life, in Peter's enraptured, child-like exclamation: "It is good to be here: let us build tabernacles and abide here. Here would we forever linger: forget the strife and all the trouble of earth." What can they desire besides? What attraction can withdraw them from this holy place? Where Jesus Christ makes himself known to his friends in divine glory, there they partake of the deepest and holiest joy, such as the most costly goods of earth can never furnish. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." It is the most sacred experience of the Christian life, its most resplendent height, of which this narrative reminds us. It was in still retirement, when our soul was absorbed in musings on the wondrous way in which God had led us to his eternal salvation; or when in ardent prayer, we sought consolation and help for the disquiet of our heart, and the troubles of life; it was in the circle of very dear friends, when in conversation on the holiest themes, in reciprocal interchange of our views and experiences, our hearts overflowed, and the glowing sparks of faith and love uniting, suddenly burst forth into a clear flame; it was in the public worship of God, where the message of the gospel in the hymn, the prayer, the sermon, powerfully impressed us; or it was when the highest festival of divine worship—the Supper of the Lord—poured over us the fulness of Divine mercy! Far below us lay the world; we were conscious of being citizens of the heavenly kingdom; on the eye of our mind beamed the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, who is the image of God; we saw his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. What had often seemed dark to us in the connection of his works, now shone distinct and clear. Does any one think it was only Christ's peculiar glory, on which the disciples cast a longing gaze? Oh how little do such queries and doubts know of the divine fulness of love in Jesus; love which thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but humbled itself and took the form of a servant, and was found in fashion as a man; love which led him to count as nothing his divine form, but to become wholly and inseparably one with us; love which rent the heavens, and brought him down to us that he might raise us with himself to the throne of his divine majesty. Will he then be solitary in his glory? Was he alone on the Mount of Transfiguration? When transfigured there appeared as partakers of his glory, in company with his disciples, Moses and Elias, who talked with him. No doubt not disciples of the Lord; he will not only enjoy his own felicity—his loving heart will long to share it with you. "Because I live ye shall live also; and where I am, there shall also my servants be." "Father, I will," he prays in the night before his death, "that where I am they whom thou hast given me may be with me, and I will give unto them the glory that thou hast given me." No! ye dare not doubt, his Transfiguration is to you also the type

of your own future perfection and glory. "In the world ye shall have tribulations, but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

BAPTIST CONSISTENCY.

Dr. John Hall, a Congregationalist minister of New York, recognizes the consistency of Baptists in maintaining their views, and pleads for a general recognition of it by Pedobaptists. He says:

"There is a tendency to heap censure on the Baptists in this country because of the views generally held and acted upon regarding the Lord's Supper. 'Close communion,' that is the restriction of the Lord's table to those who have been baptized in the way held by the denomination, is being assailed by many in the interest of Catholicity. . . . It is a course of doubtful Catholicity to raise a popular cry against a most valuable body of people who honestly defend and consistently go through with what they deem an important principle. . . . Our love for the brethren should include, surely, the Baptist brethren. . . . And it is doubtful if, considering the lengths to which liberal ideas have been carried in this country, there be not some gain to the community as a whole from a large denomination making a stand at a particular point, and reminding their brethren that there are church matters which we are not bound, are not even at liberty, to settle according to the popular demands, as we would settle the route of a railroad."

This is good sense and true charity. If any Christian believes that Christ has made baptism and church membership pre-requisite to admission to the Table, he is disloyal to the Master, if he urges the Baptists to trample on this law, and do violence to their conscience by admitting those whom they regard as unbaptized. There is neither honesty nor charity in such a plea—and Dr. Hall makes a strong point, when he says that Baptist loyalty to principle, even if it grieves some of their brethren, is a breakwater against the false liberalism of the day. The weak charity, that surrenders principle and abrogates Christ's law to please men, is a dishonor to Christendom.

Some remarks of Bishop Potter, of New York, may be commended to sundry sentimental brethren, who are so eager to unite with other denominations, that they divide their own churches, bring discord into associations and conventions, and aspire to sever the Baptist household into two contending hosts. Some men make a parade of amiability in public, who keep up a perpetual tempest in their own families. And we have little respect for the Christian quality of that love of union, which is willing to divide a great Christian family, and to waste its strength in internal dissensions, under the pretext of affiliating with other households.

The Bishop's remarks are worthy of careful study:

"It is a pity that amiable and impulsive movements towards what is called unity should so often begin and end in undutifulness towards ones own spiritual household. For myself, I honor and esteem Christian people wherever I meet them. And there are abundant opportunities for making such feelings of respect and esteem manifest in private, in social intercourse, in the ordinary concerns of life without entering into unnatural ecclesiastical unions which compel a sacrifice of truth and a violation of sacred obligations that have been deliberately assumed.—Christian Era.

RELIGION ATTRACTIVE.

The way to make church-membership a thing sought and shared is to show that it is a thing worth having. I would not join a church that spent its time in petty debates, and wasted its energies in party struggles. I would

not if I were a child be attracted to my father's church if round his table I heard nothing but sharp criticism of sermons, covert insinuations against ministers, scandal about fellow members, or if in his house I met bad temper and careless living on the part of them who went next day to the communion. But let them adorn their profession, and I am drawn to it. Let them so live that I identify with Christ and with His church all that is holiest and happiest in my little world! Let religion mean not a melancholy mystery for old people coming out in long family prayers and scraps of Dr. Watts, and ominous shaking of the head over every youthful peccadillo; but a secret of bright faces and kind words and helpful acts; a thing to take the bitterness out of sorrow, and roll away the cloud of sin, and knit young hearts to Christ their Saviour, and set them in the way to heaven! Many such homes we have, and there I think, you will see the old charm still working, not without exception, for every child has a will of his own, but as a Divine rule a gracious disposition of the Divine purpose; there is the household of faith gathered round the family altar round the Lord's table; the sons as plants grown up in their youth, the daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace.—W. Brock, Jr.

THE FREEDMEN

as a whole, are receiving much careful attention from the Baptist churches in the United States. We frequently see accounts of their rapid improvement and their hearty reception of the gospel from their own ministers, and others who go to them from the North. A letter in the National Baptist from Dr. W. Randolph at Macon, Georgia, shows that in the matter of the Sunday schools they are making good progress. He says of all the Southern states, Georgia is said to be the most prosperous. In no other state of the union are Baptists so numerous. They number a hundred and fifty thousand, including white and colored, regular and irregular, hard-shell, anti-mission and omission.

The colored Baptists number about forty thousand, and, for the most part, are regular and true, strict and straight. Catching the spirit of the times, they occupy an advanced position in all those movements by which their churches may be elevated and their spiritual fervor increased. This led them, recently, without any instigation from others, to call a State Sunday-school Convention.

The Convention met on the 15th of November, in the Cotton Avenue Church in Macon. Twelve or fifteen counties were represented, which, considering the extent of the State, and the scarcity of money among these but recently emancipated brethren, seemed an encouraging attendance. In no white assembly have I ever seen business conducted with more decorum. In fact, it seemed to be a little overdone, as when the members frequently rose to a "point of order," and then stated it to be, for example, that "the brother who made the motion was a member of the Committee which reported in its favor," or, "the brother who seconded the motion did not rise from his seat." But though this punctiliousness sometimes made me smile, I observed the whole progress of business and debate with profound satisfaction.

All the formality of electing Temporary Chairman and Secretary was observed. A Committee on Nominations was appointed, and on their report balloting in regular manner was conducted not the absurd farce occasionally gone through with among us, of directing one brother to cast the vote of the Convention, and then calling that a ballot.

Rev. William C. White, of Augusta, was nominated for President, and received every vote cast.

Mr. White's address, upon taking the chair, was a model of propriety. His language without being affected, was

accurate; his thoughts were excellent; his illustrations pertinent and forcible. His manner was dignified and self-possessed, and from first to last there was not a trace, on the one hand of timidity, nor on the other of arrogance. All this was the more remarkable from the fact that it was delivered in the presence of several distinguished white gentlemen, among them Rev. Dr. Battle, President of Mercer University, Rev. Dr. McIntosh, pastor of the First Church of Macon, Rev. S. Boykin, editor of *Kind Words* (the Sunday-school paper of the Southern Board), and Rev. M. Chaudoin, District Secretary of the Domestic Mission Board.

The exercises throughout the day were highly creditable. It being the first meeting, there was a little tedious delay in observing forms, but I am sure no one could be without amazement at their progress.

The members of this Convention appeared to be aroused to the importance of this work, and responded to the sentiment of Rev. Dr. Battle when, in addressing them, he said, "I know of nothing which can so elevate the colored people, and in every way be of so much service to them, as the Sunday-school."

TWO UGLY DEVILS TO FIGHT.

There is a splendid chance to fight the devil now with carnal weapons; and while we would not by any means lay down our spiritual arms or armor, let us imitate Christ's example, and fight every form in which it opposes his kingdom. There are two devils among us now-a-days, whom any one can get sight of, and get a whack at if he pleases, without a very laborious search. Their names are Hunger and Cold.

Hunger is a lean, lank, sallow-complexioned fellow, with sunken eyes and long bony fingers. He is not seen in the streets so often as in private houses, and he is cowardly enough to assail women and children rather than strong men. Although a contemptible looking fellow, he strikes a tremendous blow, and always aims at the "pit of the stomach." He has no pity, shows no mercy, gives no quarter. If he gets his victim down once, he never ceases his thumps as long as life lasts. He himself has "as many lives as a cat," and his persistence is something remarkable. When defeated and driven out of doors he always returns the next day, unless the place is fortified against him.

Cold is a round-shouldered, blue-nosed chap, with fingers like icicles. He is always putting his victims through the favorite break-down of the Giant Pickleson, viz., "shivery-shakey." His grip is something fearful, and where he cannot get a good hold he contents himself with constant pinches. A sly devil he, who never tires nor sleeps, who steals into houses through cracks and crannies, comes down the chimney when the fire is low, and crowds in whenever you open the door. He and Hunger often travel together, and both are mean enough to assail the poor and the weak rather than the rich and the powerful. If he sees a man poorly dressed he attacks him at once, thrusts his icy fingers through the thin places if he cannot find a hole, and digs away at the shivering flesh with all his might. He carries a bottle of chloroform with him, and when he once gets the better of a man, he whips it out and gives him a dose. The man goes to sleep at once, and never wakes again.

These are devils and no mistake, but they can be cast out without either prayer or fasting. Against these a man can fight, no matter what his creed, or manner of life. A loaf of bread, a piece of meat or a basket of vegetables will break the force of Hunger's blow; and a scuttle of coal or an armful of wood will loosen the grip of Cold's sharp fingers, smash his chloroform bottle, take the kick out of his back bone, and give his nose another color. Up, then,