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WHOLE SERIES.
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Poetry.

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

BY E. H. NASH.

Another brimming measure
Of sorrow dealt to thee;
But one more garnered treasure,
Safe for eternity.

The little life is ended,
The little journey done;
By angel guards attended,
The "better land" is won.

Spared is the child thy weary
The toilsome way of life;
The days of anguish dreary,
The turmoil and the strife.

Saved from the great temptations
That mortals ever meet;
Where dwell the ransomed nations,
Where shines the golden street,
There, folded in the Saviour's arm,
The little child is safe from harm.

Where rolls the shining river,
The stream immortals drink,
Where ever and forever,
Stands close upon its brink,
The Tree whose leaves are healing,
Whose fruit is ever fair,
Thy lost, thy precious darling,
Is bright and happy there;
Close folded in the Saviour's arm,
The little child is safe from harm.

—From the "New Dominion Monthly" for December.

YET THESE MAKE LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH HILLOCK.

A hurried day, filled up with cares,
A night commenced with feeble prayers
For greater strength to-morrow;
A heart-ache and a sorrow
For shortcomings; yet these make life.
And is this all, this petty strife?
Do trials, only, make up life?

Tired feet that can not rest,
Sighs choked back, but half suppressed;
Aching hearts, but smiling faces;
Breaking hearts, which leave no traces
Visible; yet these make life.
A war with self, it is—this strife,
A war with dreams that have no life.

Not a single noble deed,
Not an act to claim the meed
Of praise from idle lookers-on,
Only petty duties done
Patiently; yet these make life.
And for this poor ignoble strife
The winner wears a crown of life.

Nature's own nobility
Can lend the heart tranquility
To calmly bear a heavy blow;
But heavy blows, we all do know,
Do not make the whole of life;
The soul could rise above its grief,
True to itself, if these made life.

But common cares of every day,
Stretched along life's weary way;
Common duties oft recurring,
Sick hand and brain to labor spurring,
These call for strength that's born of prayer,
And those, who here the victors are,
Shall have, above, the morning star.

Religious.

CHRISTIAN UNION AMONG THE BLESSED.

A DREAM.—BY THE LATE DR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE.

The days were short, the sun had long sunk beneath the horizon. I was in my study, sitting at that table where I was generally wont to write. The table, as well as one or two others, and the chairs around, were covered with open folios for a work in which I was engaged. They were the works of the Fathers, Reformers, and many others. I was fatigued with the labors of the day. It was midnight. My eyes, after having long rested on the works of these men so dear to me, closed. All at once, something strange occurred. I ascended, I descended. I traversed the air and the shades of night. At length I arrived before large gates. I stopped some moments; then taking courage, crossed, with a certain solemn awe, the threshold. Scarcely had I passed through, when I heard, in the abyss towards the left, cries

di-putes, quarrels—

Et discordia demens
Viperum erinem vittis innexa cruentis.
"This is the receptacle of the lost," exclaimed I, "the Gehenna, where those who have not been saved await the last day." I withdrew in haste; and, attracted by songs full of melody, directed my steps towards an elevated ground. "This," thought I, "is doubtless Paradise—the place where the souls of the blest await, after death, the glorious resurrection." Words failed me in my attempt to narrate fully what I saw and heard; and the faint outline which I shall draw, must only be regarded as the weak attempt of a child to gild the glories of one of our Alpine views. A river, clear as crystal, issuing gently from hidden sources, an atmosphere all pure, and a radiance mildly glorious, imparted charms inexpressible to this sweet spot. Through a rising ground I sought the shade of a myrtle and laurel grove. Scarcely had I gained it, when I saw many human forms, unsubstantial indeed, but yet bearing distinctive marks. I needed no angel to tell me their names. I read them in the peculiar traits of each, as if they had been imprinted on their foreheads. Love and peace were in their looks. They walked sometimes two and two, then re-assembled; then separated once more, but to meet again.

At the same time that I recognized perfectly their features, I heard distinctly, though at some distance, their voices. They passed successfully near to me, so that I could contemplate them face to face. Calvin walked with Jerome, Luther with Chrysostom, Zwingle with Ignatius, Melancthon with Clement of Alexandria, Knox with Athanasius, Cranmer with Origen, Latimer with Cyprian, Ridley with Bernard, Leighton with Irenæus, Wesley with Augustine, Zinzendorf with Ambrose, Chalmers with Gregory Nazianensis, Doddridge with Tertullian, Chadane with Hilaire. They spoke of the union of saints. "Redemption," said one, "has for its aim the union of all the faithful in the communion of God, through Jesus Christ. Alas! Why does the Church on earth show so little unity?" "Because," answered one, "among those who are considered members of the Church, there is an innumerable multitude who are in reality strangers and aliens to it." "Add," said another, "that a great number of that mixed multitude in the Church attain to important stations, are charged with grave functions, and manage the affairs of the congregations." "Add then," said a third, "sometimes it happens that among those who are truly subjects of the Heavenly King, the predominance of external motives—episcopal dissenting, political—tends to break the unity of the body." "And do we not know," said a fourth, "how easily are forgotten, everywhere, the difference between things essential and non-essential; and how strongly does an extreme attachment to things subordinate carry along with it destruction to the very unity which arises from things fundamental?" "And then," said a fifth, "do not gross errors insinuate themselves into the minds even of the faithful, and exert themselves powerfully to create divisions in the Church of the Lord?"

Most of these happy souls stopped at the foot of the little hill where I had taken up my station. "We had our friendly differences," said they, "whilst on earth." "You," said Luther to Chrysostom, "did not clearly understand that man is saved by faith alone; or at least, understanding it, you did not express yourself with sufficient clearness on that article, which lies at the very foundation of the Church." "You," said Zwingle to Ignatius, "laid too great stress on the authority of bishops, and did not sufficiently respect the rights of Christians." "You," said Knox to Athanasius, "in your quarrel with Arius, did ill in siding with the Emperor Constantine. You ought not to have acknowledged in a temporal sovereign the right of convoking the Council of Nice, and you ought

not to have appealed from the Council of Tyre to Cæsar. You were well punished for it afterwards." "You," said Calvin to Jerome, "rendered great service to biblical literature, and your long life was devoted to unwearied labour, but you contributed at last to the introduction of great errors into the Church by your enthusiasm for the ascetic life." "You," said Augustine to Wesley, "doubtless loved in your heart the doctrine of grace, but you neither sufficiently understood it, nor with sufficient clearness set it forth. Grace is preventent, operative, co-operative. To nothing does it succumb, but, by the gift of perseverance, renders the recipient victorious in the combat." "You," said Chalmers to Gregory Nazianensis, "have laboured for the excellent doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ; but you have not been sufficiently firm and immovable in your Christian career in the work of the Lord. Incessantly you wavered between the contemplative resentment of a recluse and the active life of a minister of God, and at length, in the heat of the battle, withdrew from the vocation which you had received from on high to a retreat in Isauria."

I heard still further discourses like the preceding. The words were uttered with gentleness, and an expression of peace and good-will spread over the countenances both of listeners and speakers. At length, I heard a voice, grave and noble, proceed from the midst of the blessed. I recognized St. Paul. He said, "Such have we all been; proud of our works, too forgetful that Jesus is sole Prince; wishing to preserve to man some glory, and not, save at intervals, unreservedly devoting ourselves to Him to whom we ought altogether to belong. Such have we all been 'washed,' 'sanctified,' and 'justified' in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." Adding, "There is neither Jew nor Greek there is neither bond nor free, neither male nor female; we are all one in Christ Jesus." And I saw all the blessed presenting their hands—Luther to Chrysostom, Knox to Athanasius, Chalmers to Gregory, Calvin to Jerome, Augustine to Wesley, and exclaiming, "We are all one in Christ Jesus."

All at once, in that assembly of saints, there reigned a solemn silence. A gentle breath of air, mingled with strains of celestial harmony, passed over them. I saw them start, but it was with the surprise of joy, not the alarm of fear. They spoke, in low accents, one to another; I heard them say, "It is the Lord." I gazed toward the distance; I saw "the Son of Man." His mien was meek and gentle, yet his countenance shone as the sun shineth in his strength, "and his raiment glistened white as snow." He was "clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the waist with a golden girdle." And I beheld and saw all the saints fall down before him; whilst one voice, which I recognized to be that of St. John, led the chorus of benedictive praise, "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father: to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

At these words I was moved, enraptured. I wished to prostrate myself, like those blessed ones. The effort awoke me, and I found myself in my study, alone, profound darkness surrounding me. I lit my lamp looked at my watch; it was one hour past midnight. All my books, of Christian authors of every age, were still before me. I found again Augustine, Calvin, Knox, Origen, Luther, Chrysostom, Latimer, and the rest; but, alas! no longer were there the sweet voices which I had heard; there were old volumes, old tracts, composed by those illustrious men. I arose, and went to seek rest.

This, then, was my dream. There remains nothing for me to add but to express my earnest desire that Christian charity may increase, and that we may learn more and more even from the dead, not to part without those

whom the Lord has put within his Church. "Now, the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

WET WEATHER

The Merchants' Lecture was founded in 1662, by the Independents and Presbyterians conjointly. It is delivered on the first Tuesday of the month at noon. Dr. Raleigh is one of the Lecturers. The following is a report of the lecture delivered by him on Tuesday Dec 7th, as given in the *Christian World*:

Dr. Raleigh took for his text Ezra x. 13. "It is a time of much rain." After a brief introduction on the circumstances of the men of Israel at the time to which these words refer, he proceeded to discourse on the long season of excessive rain, which, the Doctor observed, is spoken of from day to day, and which is undoubtedly very inconvenient, and doing much harm. It is then, he continued, surely proper to make use of the disagreeable fact, to talk about it in a way that shall make it serve a good and useful purpose. And, first, he spoke of the origin of rain. "Hath the rain a father?" Its origin is the sea. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full"—not full, because the sun lifts out of it day by day as much as fall into it. Then, by evaporation, the cloud discharges itself; when it touches the dew-point, it cannot hold its burden. After expatiating on the causes of much rain, and explaining how the mountains also are great rain makers, the lecturer observed that many people, because the process is going on according to law, say that the womb of nature is the original fountain of the rain; but who constituted it thus? who contrived the plan? He whose river is floating above us full of water. God is the Father of the rain. It is He who begetteth the drops of dew. It is He who "sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust." We come to this, then that rain is an invaluable blessing—hard as it may be just now to see it. Without rain the earth would not be prepared to receive the seed into it. All other agencies would be vain without it. Without rain the grass would wither, and the great forest trees would die of thirst; the green earth would be no longer green. The general strain of Scripture speaks of rain as a blessing. There are exceptions, the greatest of which is in the case of the flood. All this good; but what are we to say when, as now, "it is a time of much rain," when we have too much of it, far too much, and we are not afraid to say so? Some of us have seen the grain rotting because of too much rain, so that harm is being done, as well as a good deal of misery induced. What then are we to say to it? *We are not to complain.* It is almost impossible not to say what we feel about it, and it is miserable weather. But we are not to speak of it as though we were injured by it. We may, by complaining, darken our own spirits and those of others. There is a great deal of murmuring about it. Is the sun to blame, or the sea, or the mountains? Nothing serious is meant, it will be said; it is merely a stating of the case. But, even so, there is much need for being guarded or it may lead to selfishness, as though the world were made for our individual selves. In "a time of much rain," we may appropriately think how certainly there must be sunshine elsewhere. If the emptying process is going on here, the filling process must be going on somewhere. Elsewhere the farmer is rejoicing because the sun is ripening the golden grain. Are we so selfish that we can-

not rejoice with any but an English joy? Some only sigh at this, as though it were altogether Utopian to think of rejoicing with men of other climes, and even other languages. This does but show the depth of human selfishness. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," wherever they are—this is the law. Jesus Christ has revived this doctrine of the unity of mankind. All are lighted by the same sun, all fed by the same air, all watered by rains and dews from the same source. We may rejoice in the sunshine that falls on our brethren elsewhere, and in the seed time and harvest of other men. In "a time of much rain" we may remember that there are places in the world where rain never comes, where no green things would grow, where but few men dwell and never remain. There are men at this moment who are hastening across the desert where no rain drops ever fall, in quest of the water for which they pant. Think of it in this sermon of much rain. And think also that there are places in the world, where men live in considerable numbers, where it always rains. On some parts of the coast of Norway it rains three days out of four. In Western Patagonia it rains all the year round. The next time you are tempted to murmur at the excessive rain think of your Patagonian brother. In a "time of much rain," we may think of the possible mischief—disease and death—which have been averted by this very rain. These weeks, months of rains, may be in answer to prayer. We prayed, it may be, against the inroads of disease, and now we are, perhaps, praying against the answers to our prayer. Take, for instance, the cholera. The causes of it are not known, but much is known. It is known that some conditions of the air are highly promotive of this disease; and one great physical prescription is cleanliness. How difficult it sometimes is to be clean—to the poor, the selfish, the indolent. And even to the generous and good, because it must take time to clean the city, to build more healthy dwellings, to fetch fresh water from the hills. Suppose that instead of the protracted rain there had been one long season of burning heat, what fearful visitations of disease we might be groaning under. Further, in "a time of much rain," we may consider that it will certainly help on the cause of the universal brotherhood. Anything which makes people dependent upon others must help on that cause. If the harvest in England is partly a failure, it will be the gain of many in other parts of the world to supply that which is lacking. Free trade certainly will never save the soul, but if it be mingled with that which will become one of the heralds of the great King. "A time of much rain" may be taken as a prophecy of the coming of the time when that kingdom shall come in all its fullness and completeness. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and causeth it to bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that cometh forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I have sent it." But all these lessons and uses arising out of a time of much rain will be comparatively lost upon us if we do not seek for ourselves and others the rich rains of grace; the time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Much rain should suggest much grace. It is frequently used in Scripture as a figure of spiritual blessing. We are not without blessing, but do we not need more? Are there no hard things in us that need softening, no weak things that need strengthening, no dry things that need to be revived? Do we not need more repentance and penitence, stronger faith, more love? Are we not in need of the two-fold blessing known us to by the name of edification and conversion? Directly the showers